

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Per: \_\_\_\_\_

## Unit 6: Race Matters

### AP Language and Composition

#### (Wed 3/1) Thurs 3/2

- Share "I Am What I Am Not" poems
- Intro to Race Matters unit
- Watch "I Have a Dream" and mark text <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=smEqnnkIFys>
- Compare rhetorical analysis of this speech to "Letter from Birmingham Jail"

HW: Notebook check; Read "[Just Walk on By](#)" by Brent Staples. Type introduction to a Rhetorical Analysis paper: "In paragraphs 1-5 of "Just Walk on By," Staples describes his experience of being stereotyped on the basis of sex and race. Write an essay analyzing the rhetorical strategies he uses to achieve his purpose." (150-200 words)

#### (Fri 3/3) Mon 3/6

- Notebook check #6
- Watch "[Racist Coffee](#)." What is the *argument* being made in the video?
- **RA Intro Due**
- Discuss "Just Walk on By" discussion questions [*Absent? Type responses to any 4*]
- "Just Walk on By" Practice [AP multiple-choice quiz](#)
- Read/[listen](#) to "Taboo" by Geoffrey Nunberg, annotate and SOAPStone
- **Argument Intro:** Type an intro including a thesis statement for an argument paper in which you agree, disagree, or qualify Nunberg's article. This should be a college-level introduction to what could be an incredible paper (150-200 words).

HW: Type argument essay introduction.

#### (Tues 3/7) Wed 3/8

- **Argument introduction due**--sharing and critiquing
- "[Growing Up Asian](#)" reading and marking (*Collections 11* textbook, p. 187)—Books are in my classroom (or click this link)
- "Growing Up Asian" triads:
  - Statements about the text
  - Evidence For/Against
  - Compare/Contrast Kesaya Noda and Hester Prynne
  - Top Hat Organizer

HW: PRINT "War Against Black Men" by Lee Habeeb article **outside** of school. *No need to read.* <http://www.nationalreview.com/node/337929/print>

#### (Thurs 3/9) Fri 3/10

- Watch: "[Substitute Teacher](#)"; what does this have to say about race?
- Sign up for Socratic Seminar topic
- Read, mark, and SOAPStone article: "War against Black Men"
- **Argument Intro:** Type an introduction to an AP argument essay that defends, challenges, or qualifies Lee Habeeb's quotation: "*Fathers matter. And though it is possible for a young man to get along without a father, it is difficult for young men to get along in fatherless communities, or in fatherless cities*" (150-200 words).

HW: Type argument introduction

#### (Mon 3/13) Tues 3/14

- Argument introduction sharing and critiquing
- Watch *Seinfeld* clip. What does this have to say about race issues?
- Discuss Black Minstrelsy in America
- PowerPoint presentation of examples
- Discuss "Progress" cartoon and complete questions
- *Bamboozled* clip
- Is Black minstrelsy alive? Yellow minstrelsy? Brown minstrelsy? White minstrelsy? Examples?
- Watch [Sweet Brown](#) and other examples

HW: Prepare for Socratic Seminar

#### (Wed 3/15) Thurs 3/16

- Watch and clips we missed
- Introduction to the synthesis essay
- Moving to Socratic Seminar (a form of synthesizing sources)

HW: You must have an argument prepared that addresses your Socratic Seminar topic, along with the major point and quoted sources. This will resemble an outline of sorts.

#### (Fri 3/17) Mon 3/20

- Socratic Seminar
  - **Essential Question #1:** "What is the state of race relations today in America?" Use evidence from any of the pieces we studied this unit.
  - **Essential Question #2:** "How is race portrayed in television, movies, and music today?" Use evidence from any of the pieces we studied this unit.

#### **Dates to Know:**

**Friday, 4/21: 1200-1600**

Full AP Language practice test (60 multiple-choice, three FRQs, 4 hours). This is mandatory, as it is our semester two exam. Please make all necessary preparations now.

**Wednesday, 5/10: 0800-1200**

AP Language exam. Arrive at 0700 for breakfast in the IC

## Notebook and Supply Check

You'll need the following for our notebook check (**Fri 3/3**) **Mon 3/6**. You need ALL the pieces to receive credit. No partial credit offered on this. You need two tabs labeled with the following:

### LA Handouts:

- Unit guide 6 (on top)
- Unit guide 5
- Rhetorical Terms Packet
- SOAPS handout (unit guide 1 p. 5)
- **Generic AP Rubric**
- Essay Graphic Organizer for Rhetorical Analysis (unit 2, p. 5)
- Syntax Overview(unit 2, p. 13-16)
- "Letter from Birmingham Jail" (from mrcoia.com)
- "Good Country People" short story (from mrcoia.com)
- "I Know Why a Caged Bird Can't Read"
- "Salvation" (unit 2, p. 7-8)
- "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" sermon (unit guide 2)
- Sedaris/Alexie Readings
- AP Scam readings
- "Composing Rhetorically" chapter 3 of *Writing America*
- **Past Argument Essay Prompts**
- "How Do I Format My Paper?" (unit guide 1 p. 3-4)
- Class Rules sheet, initialed

### LA Classwork:

Notes from lectures, presentations, mini-lessons. Remember you should be taking notes each class period. You will also have at least 25 sheets of loose-leaf paper.

### **CCRS Unit Objectives:**

#### CCR.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.1

Read closely to determine what the text says explicitly and to make logical inferences from it; cite specific textual evidence when writing or speaking to support conclusions drawn from the text.

#### CCR.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.4

Interpret words and phrases as they are used in a text, including determining technical, connotative, and figurative meanings, and analyze how specific word choices shape meaning or tone.

#### CCR.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.6

Assess how point of view or purpose shapes the content and style of a text.

#### CCR.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.9

Analyze how two or more texts address similar themes or topics in order to build knowledge or to compare the approaches the authors take.

#### CCR.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.SL.1

Prepare for and participate effectively in a range of conversations and collaborations with diverse partners, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively.

#### CCR.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.L.1

Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Per: \_\_\_\_\_

## **“I Have a Dream” by the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Aug. 28, 1963**

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation. Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity.

But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men would be guaranteed the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check -- a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to open the doors of opportunity to all of God's children. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of the Negro. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges. But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which

to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at a table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state, sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring."

And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California!

But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Per: \_\_\_\_\_

## “Growing Up Asian in America” by Kesaya E. Noda

### Reading for Meaning Activity

1. **Select text:** “Growing Up Asian in America” Collections 11 p. 187 (*black text in my classroom*)
2. Generate list of **Statements about Text**. Students will preview these statements before reading the piece.
  - Kesaya is embarrassed about her Japanese heritage.
  - Kesaya is an immigrant.
  - The face that is the most difficult for Kesaya to live is \_\_\_\_\_.
  - The purpose of this piece is to help America change its view of Japanese Americans.
  - The author seems to have some against Chinese people.
  - Kesaya and I are alike in how we look at race.
3. **Read and mark the piece.**
4. As individuals, have students **record evidence** for and against each statement

Evidence For	Statement	Evidence Against
	Kesaya embraces her Japanese heritage.	
	Kesaya admires her family.	
	Author uses long, complicated sentences.	
	<student writes a statement>	
	<student writes a statement>	

5. **Small Groups:** Students discuss evidence in pairs or small groups. Whole-group sharing on various evidence from the text. (Teacher evaluates understanding of the text based on these responses.)

**6. Going-Deeper Questions for further discussion**

- Is the essay written in first, second, or third person point of view? Evidence
- Identify an example of figurative language.
- Identify the symbols found on lines 232-237
- What is the significance of the shrine?
- In lines 148-150, the author writes that “our neighbor is so much a part of our family that my mother never passes her house at night without glancing at the lights to see if she is home and safe.” Why does she explain the relationship?
- What does the author mean when she points out that her “mother is a woman who speaks with her life as much as with her tongue”?
- Why can the reader (you) infer that the author did not look to her own mother as a role model?
- How are the author’s feelings of being “less than” and “alien” grounded?
- Explain why this story is significant to the author.
- What is author’s attitude toward being racially Japanese?

**Compare and Contrast**

7. Description: Using the two pieces, complete this grid to describe both women.

<b>Kesaya Noda</b>	<b>Criteria</b>	<b>Hester Prynne</b>
	Age and Ethnicity	
	Family	
	Key Issue	
	Tone of writing or attitude	
	<student creates a criterion>	

8. Comparison using Top Hat graphic organizer:

<b>Kesaya Noda</b>	<b>Hester Prynne or Abigail Adams</b>
Summarize/list contrast	Summarize/list contrast
<b>Similarities</b>	

“Taboo”

Geoff Nunberg

"Fresh Air" commentary, Dec. 9, 2003

It was one of those political correctness stories the media are always dining out on. A white employee at the University of Virginia Medical Center was talking with some co-workers about the names of football teams, and remarked that having a team named the Redskins was as derogatory to Indians as having a team called Niggers would be to blacks. His use of *nigger* was enough to provoke some of the staff to organize a protest. The university president called the employee's remark "unfortunate," "offensive" and "insulting." And Julian Bond, who's now a history professor at the University, demanded that the employee apologize and that he be required to take sensitivity training.

It's hard to find any word to describe that reaction short of obtuse. After all, the employee had only mentioned the word *nigger* as an example of an unacceptable racial epithet. But there was also something disingenuous about the way critics ridiculed the episode as another example of political correctness run amok, as if it revealed the fatuity of all our concerns about offending ethnic sensitivities. The fact is that nowadays a word like *nigger* has acquired a kind of incantatory power that even the most benign intentions can't entirely bleach away.

I remember something that happened one day last spring when I was talking to an undergraduate linguistics class about the origins and use of racial epithets. That's clearly as neutral and clinical a context as anyone could imagine. But when I pronounced the word *nigger*, one black student raised his eyebrows. "You sure you're not getting any secret satisfaction out of being able to say that word?" I told him maybe a little defensively that I was just mentioning the word, not using it. But the fact is that I had felt a complicated twinge when I said the word. I recalled making an effort to say it as offhandedly as possible, without betraying my unease with a telltale pause or change in pitch. It was the same feeling that I have when I have to mention a four-letter word in the course of making some recondite point about English syllable structure. I know that linguists have a dispensation to say those words, but it doesn't entirely dispel the sense of transgression.

That's what it means to say a word like *nigger* is taboo. It has become an incantation that evokes all the ugly violence of racial hatred, in exactly the same way that dirty words are contaminated by the things they refer to, with a taint that bleeds through any quotation marks you put around them.

Of course for us *taboo* is a secular and ironic word -- when we talk about "taboo subjects" or "taboo words," it's usually to make light of other people's uptight squeamishness. But in the Melanesian and Polynesian cultures that we originally borrowed the word from, it signified what Sir James Frazer described in *The Golden Bough* as "contagious magic." If a dead body was taboo, then so was the man whose shadow fell on it, and the utensils he touched and the meals he prepared with them -- and so was his name. Each of them became dangerous to other people and to itself. That's exactly the sense of taboo that attaches to what we call "dirty words" -- the sense

that a name can be contaminated by the thing it's connected to. It's no different from the beliefs of the Polynesians, except that when we hold them, we don't describe them as superstitions.

Taboos are always a guide to the deepest fears and inhibitions of a culture. We have no memory of the sacral power that a reference to God's wounds or God's blood could conjure up in Shakespeare's time. And we find it amusing to imagine the horror that Henry James would feel if he could have seen an episode of "The Sopranos." But then James would be puzzled at our age's almost physical aversion to ethnic epithets, to the point where some people are uncomfortable when they have to read *Huckleberry Finn* or a Flannery O'Connor short story. Not that James was the sort of person who would have used *nigger* in his own speech. But he would have avoided it because it was vulgar, not because it was foul.

The shift is implicit in the way people talk about "the N-word," with the same coy formula that parents adopt when they want to upbraid their children for using forbidden language without actually having to pronounce the words themselves. And that may have been what was behind that recent story about the Louisiana second-grader who was sent home for using a bad word when he told a classmate that his mother was gay.

If those reports are true, of course, the teacher was even more stupefyingly clueless than the people who got worked up over the remark made by that unfortunate University of Virginia employee. To believe that *gay* is a bad word isn't just misinformed -- it implies that homosexuality might be so abhorrent that its very name could be impure, so that it becomes something literally unspeakable. But as demented as that misapprehension is, I suspect it wouldn't have occurred to that teacher thirty years ago, before the notion of magical taboo was extended to words like these.

That's the trouble with sacralizing these epithets -- it risks turning attitudes like racism and homophobia into guilty pleasures. Taboos always confirm the dark power of the ideas they suppress. Describing *nigger* as "the N-word" doesn't just mark it as something we're not supposed to say in public -- it also ensures that it will have an intriguingly transgressive force when we say it in private. Not that anyone should ever mention the word for any reason without a sense of its considerable power, but it doesn't deserve the awe that a taboo implies. Let it lie in the sun to rot.

<http://people.ischool.berkeley.edu/~nunberg/taboo.html>

Listen to this here: <http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=1539100>

**“Just Walk on By: Black Men and Public Space”** by Brent Staples

*Brent Staples (b. 1951) earned his Ph.D. in psychology from the University of Chicago and went on to become a journalist. The following essay originally appeared in Ms. Magazine in 1986, under the title, “Just Walk on By.” Staples revised it slightly for publication in Harper’s a year later under the present title. As you read, think about why this piece might be appropriate for a publication intended primarily for women.*

**My first victim was a white woman, well dressed, probably in her early**

**twenties.** I came upon her late one evening on a deserted street in Hyde Park, a relatively affluent neighborhood in an otherwise mean, impoverished section of Chicago. As I swung onto the avenue behind her, there seemed to be a discreet, uninflamatory distance between us. Not so. She cast back a worried glance. To her, the youngish black man – a broad six feet two inches with a beard and billowing hair, both hands shoved into the pockets of a bulky military jacket – seemed menacingly close. After a few more quick glimpses, she picked up her pace and was soon running in earnest. Within seconds she disappeared into a cross street.

(2) That was more than a decade ago. I was twenty-two years old, a graduate student newly arrived at the University of Chicago. It was in the echo of that terrified woman’s footfalls that I first began to know the unwieldy inheritance I’d come into – the ability to alter public space in ugly ways. It was clear that she thought herself the quarry of a mugger, a rapist, or worse. Suffering a bout of insomnia, however, I was stalking sleep, not defenseless wayfarers. As a softy who is scarcely able to take a knife to a raw chicken – let alone hold one to a person’s throat – I was surprised, embarrassed, and dismayed all at once. Her flight made me feel like an accomplice in tyranny. It also made it clear that I was indistinguishable from the muggers who occasionally seeped into the area from the surrounding ghetto. That first encounter, and those that followed, signified that a vast, unnerving gulf lay between nighttime pedestrians – particularly women – and me. And soon I gathered that being perceived as dangerous is a hazard in itself. I only needed to turn a corner into a dicey situation, or crowd some frightened, armed person in a foyer somewhere, or make an errant move after being pulled over by a policeman. Where fear and weapons meet – and they often do in urban America – there is always the possibility of death.

(3) In that first year, my first away from my hometown, I was to become thoroughly familiar with the language of fear. At dark, shadowy intersections, I could cross in front of a car stopped at a traffic light and elicit the thunk, thunk, thunk of the driver – black, white, male, or female – hammering down the door locks. On less traveled streets after dark, I grew accustomed to but never comfortable with people crossing to the other side of the street rather than pass me. Then there were the standard unpleasanties with policemen, doormen, bouncers, cabdrivers, and others whose business it is to screen out troublesome individuals before there is any nastiness.

(4) I moved to New York nearly two years ago, and I have remained an avid night walker. In central Manhattan, the near-constant crowd cover minimizes tense one-one-one street encounters. Elsewhere, in Soho, for example, where sidewalks are narrow and tightly spaced buildings shut out the sky – things can get very taut indeed.

(5) After dark, on the warrenlike streets of Brooklyn where I live, I often see women who fear the worst from me. They seem to have set their faces on neutral, and with their purse straps strung across their chests bandolier-style, they forge ahead as though bracing themselves against being tackled. I understand, of course, that the danger they perceive is not a hallucination. Women are particularly vulnerable to street violence, and young black men are drastically overrepresented among the perpetrators of that violence. Yet these truths are no solace against the kind of alienation that comes of being ever the suspect, a fearsome entity with whom pedestrians avoid making eye contact.

(6)It is not altogether clear to me how I reached the ripe old age of twenty-two without being conscious of the lethality nighttime pedestrians attributed to me. Perhaps it was because in Chester, Pennsylvania, the small, angry industrial town where I came of age in the 1960's, I was scarcely noticeable against the backdrop of gang warfare, street knifings, and murders. I grew up one of the good boys, had perhaps a half-dozen fist fights. In retrospect, my shyness of combat has clear sources.

(7)As a boy, I saw countless tough guys locked away; I have since buried several too. There were babies, really – a teenage cousin, a brother of twenty-two, a childhood friend in his mid-twenties – all gone down in episodes of bravado played out on the streets. I came to doubt the virtues of intimidation early on. I chose, perhaps unconsciously, to remain a shadow – timid, but a survivor.

(8)The fearsomeness mistakenly attributed to me in public places often has a perilous flavor. The most frightening of these confusions occurred in the late 1970's and early 1980's, when I worked as a journalist in Chicago. One day, rushing into the office of a magazine I was writing for with a deadline story in hand, I was mistaken as a burglar. The office manager called security and, with an ad hoc posse, pursued me through the labyrinthine halls, nearly to my editor's door. I had no way of proving who I was. I could only move briskly toward the company of someone who knew me.

(9)Another time I was on assignment for a local paper and killing time before an interview. I entered a jewelry store on a city's affluent Near North Side. The proprietor excused herself and returned with an enormous red Doberman Pinscher straining at the end of a leash. She stood, the dog extended toward me, silent to my questions, her eyes bulging nearly out of her head. I took a cursory look around, nodded, and bade her goodnight.

(10)Relatively speaking, however, I never fared as badly as another black male journalist. He went to nearby Waukegan, Illinois, a couple of summers ago to work on a story about a murderer who was born there. Mistaking the reporter for the killer, police officers hauled him from his car at gunpoint and but for his press credentials, would probably have tried to book him. Such episodes are not uncommon. Black men trade tales like this all the time.

(11)Over the years, I learned to smother the rage I felt at so often being taken for a criminal. Not to do so would surely have led to madness. I now take precautions to make myself less threatening. I move about with care, particularly late in the evening. I give a wide berth to nervous people on subway platforms during the wee hours, particularly when I have exchanged business clothes for jeans. If I happen to be entering a building behind some people who appear skittish, I may walk by, letting them clear the lobby before I return, so as not to seem to be following them. I have been calm and extremely congenial on those rare occasions when I've been pulled over by the police.

(12) And, on late-evening constitutionals I employ what has proved to be an excellent tension-reducing measure: I whistle melodies from Beethoven and Vivaldi and the more popular classical composers. Even steely New Yorkers hunching toward nighttime destinations seem to relax, and occasionally they even join in the tune. Virtually everybody seems to sense that a mugger wouldn't be warbling bright, sunny selections from Vivaldi's Four Seasons. It is my equivalent of the cowbell that hikers wear when they know they are in bear country.

## Socratic Seminar Grading Criteria

Total \_\_\_\_\_/20

### *Race Matters Unit*

- Essential Question #1: "What is the state of race relations today in America?" Use evidence from any of the pieces we studied this unit.
- Essential Question #2: "How is race portrayed in television, movies, and music today?" Use evidence from any of the pieces we studied this unit.

Name of Speaker (who is the student you are grading?): \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Evaluator (that's you!): \_\_\_\_\_

### **A. Number of comments**

0	1	2	3	4	5
<hr/>					
Doesn't speak	1 comment	2 comments	3 comments	4 comments	5 comments

### **B. Quality of comments** (*earning a 0 -2 on above rubric limits this category to a 0-3*)

0	1	2	3	4	5
<hr/>					
Doesn't speak	repeats other comments		original ideas	original, deep comments	

### **C. Addresses essential question and stays to the text**

0	1	2	3	4	5
<hr/>					
Never	once or twice		Often	Insightful and thought-provoking	

### **D. Discussion Etiquette** (*listens to others, allows others to speak, avoids dominating and cutting others off*)

0	1	2	3	4	5
<hr/>					
Not engaged/slouching	Listening only	Appears only mildly interested in discussion		actively engaged and good part	

**How would you describe and explain what you saw from the Speaker's performance in this activity? What impressed you? What needed more work?**

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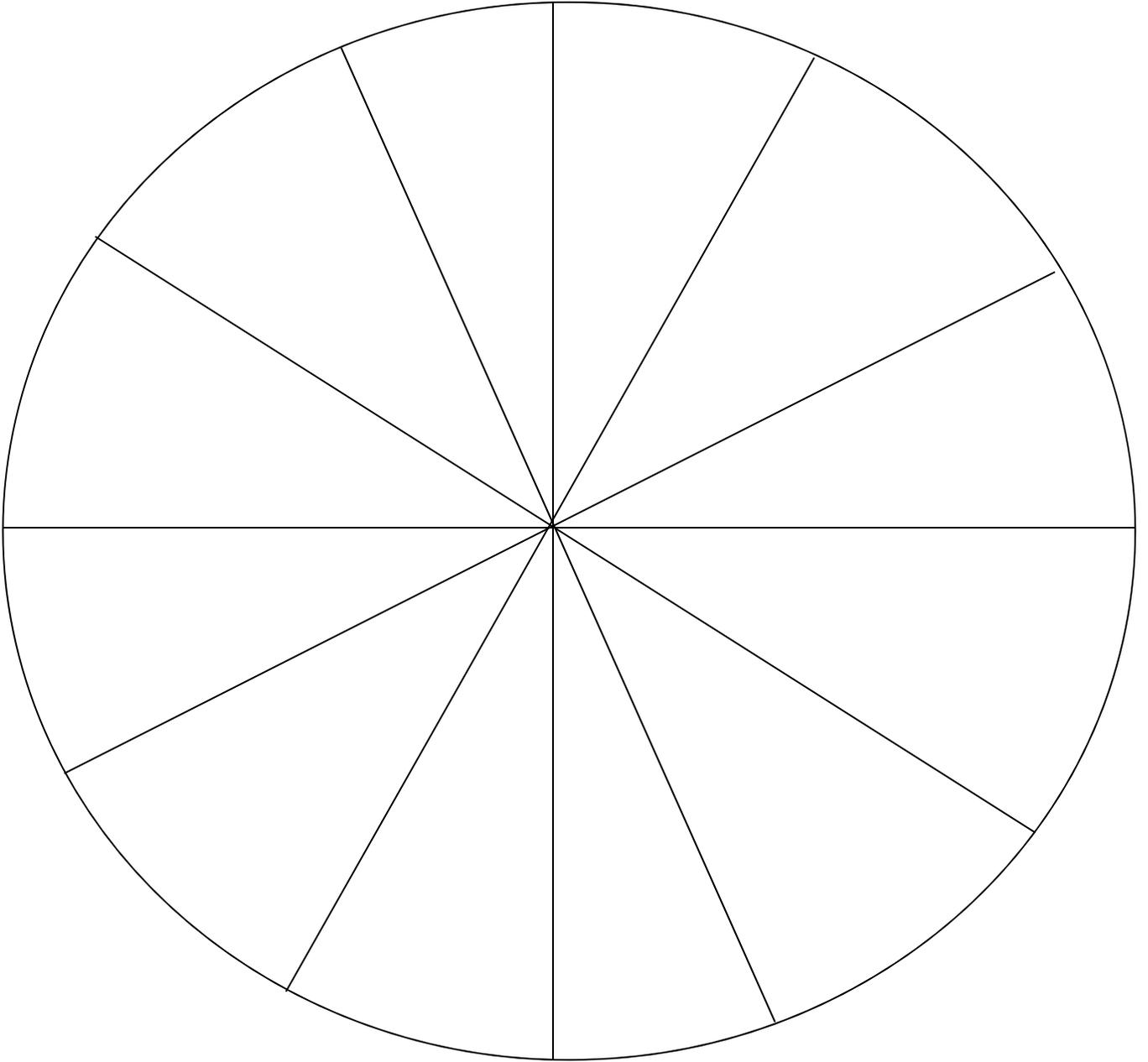
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**Socratic Seminar Circle**

**Evaluator's Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

*Put student names on the outside of each wedge to represent the circle. Tick off each time a person speaks, and jot down important comments. While you will take notes on all students, your focus will be on your partner.*

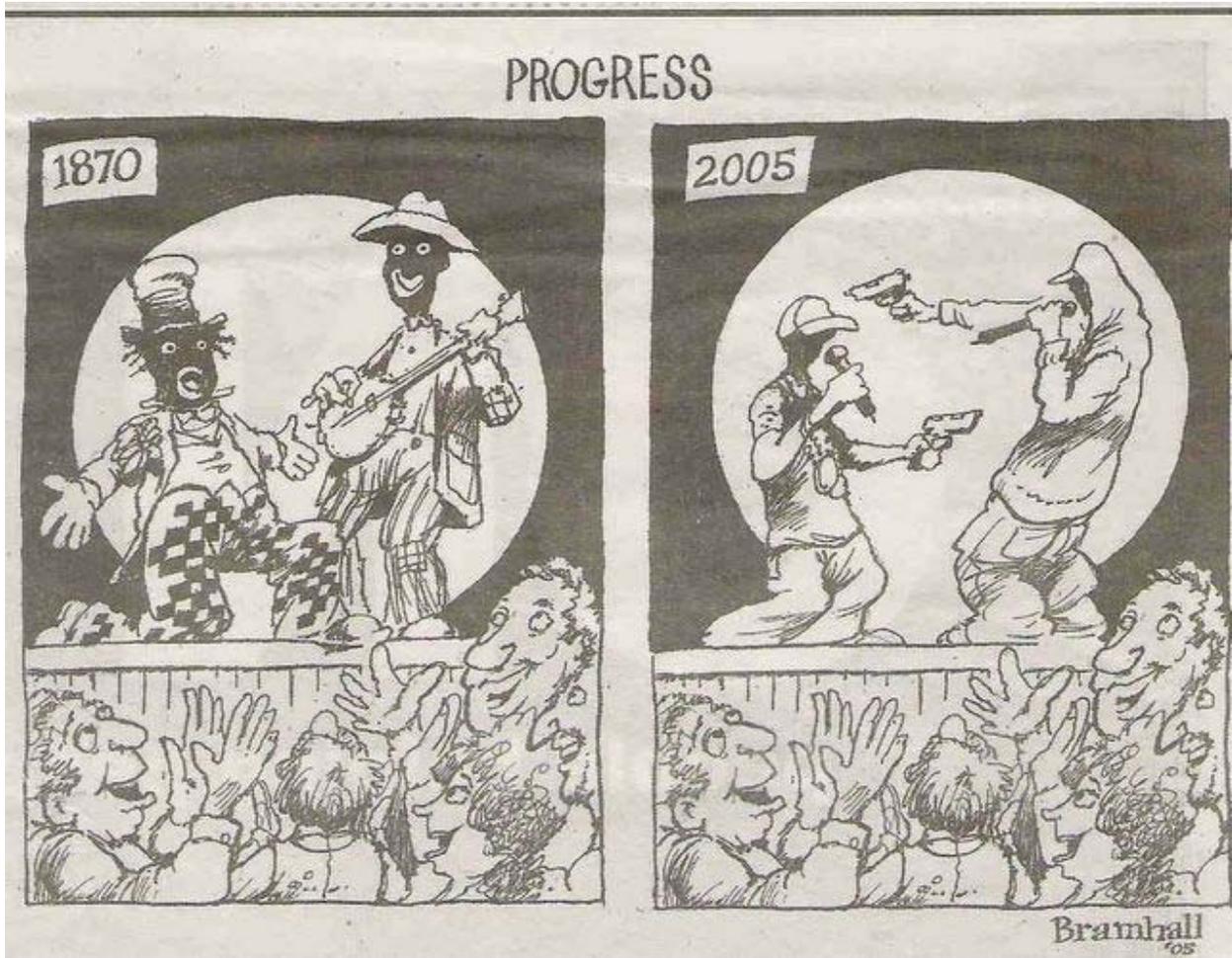


**Additional Comments**

**Discussion Questions: "Just Walk on By: Black Men and Public Space" by Brent Staples**

1. What is the effect of the opening paragraph on the reader? Does Staples draw you in or distance you?
2. Staples structures his essay around personal experiences. Why does he include so many? Does each have a specific purpose, or could one or more have been excluded? (Note the changes in time period, his age, and place.)
3. In paragraph 4, he writes, "I understand, of course, that the danger they [women] perceive is not a hallucination." What is the purpose of this statement?
4. Paragraphs 7, 8, 9, and 11 all end with a similar sentence. What is the similarity? What is the effect of this parallelism?
5. Why does Staples juxtapose seemingly formal language (such as "errant move," "wee hours," and "constitutional") with informal expressions (such as "dicey")?
6. What does Staples mean by his final sentence: "It is my equivalent of the cowbell that hikers wear when they know they are in bear country"? Does this statement change the terms of the "hunter and hunted" he has established in the essay?
7. What examples of irony do you find throughout the essay?

# "Progress"



What is the message of this comic?

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Defense of the message:

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Critique of the message:

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