

Name: _____ Per: _____

Unit 6: Race Matters

AP Language and Composition

Wed 2/20 (Thurs 2/21)

- Intro to Race Matters unit
- Speed Dating activity with topics
 - Why is this such a controversial idea?
- Discuss: What does America Represent?
- Read: "Let America Be America Again"
- Discuss/analyze
- Create six-line stanza that responds to the italicized question in the form of Hughes.

HW: **Type stanza** for display

Fri 2/22 (Mon 2/25)

- Watch "[Racist Coffee](#)." What is the *argument* being made in the video?
- Share stanzas
- Read and discuss "Those Who Don't" by Cisneros
- Read "[Just Walk on By: Black Men in Public Space](#)" by Brent Staples.
- Discuss "Just Walk on By" discussion questions [*Absent? Type responses to any 4*]

HW: Notebook check prep; finish reading/marking

Tues 2/26 (Wed 2/27)

- **Notebook check #5**
- Watch: "[Substitute Teacher](#)"; what does this have to say about race?
- "Just Walk on By" Practice [AP multiple-choice quiz](#)
- Rhetorical Analysis review
- Write **RA intro**: "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)

HW: Type RA introduction

Thurs 2/28 (Mon 3/4)

- **RA Intro Due** for "Just Walk on By"
- Read/[listen](#) to "Taboo" by Geoffrey Nunberg, annotate and SOAPStone
- Discussion on Nunberg's thesis
- Read: "[Why the N-Word Doesn't Go Away](#)"
- **Argument Intro**: Write an intro including a thesis statement for an argument paper in which you agree, disagree, or qualify Nunberg's or Holmes'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 3/5 (Wed 3/6)

- **Argument Intro due**
- Read, mark, and SOAPStone "Notes of a Native Speaker" by Eric Liu
- Discussion: Is assimilation a negative idea? How do we assimilate?
- Create a short poem in the style of Liu's "Ways in which I am _____" (consider a different race, gender, religion, culture, etc.) 20-30 lines

HW: TYPE your "Ways in which I am _____" poem

Thurs 3/7 (Fri 3/8)

- Share "Ways in which I am _____" poems
- 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 3/11 (Tues 3/12)

- **Argument introduction** sharing and critiquing
- Read/mark Nikki Giovanni's "[Race, Hope, Fatherhood, and Roots](#)"
- Role Play: What would Giovanni and Habeeb discuss? Areas of agreement? Disagreement?
- **Creative Writing response** on this topic. Your thoughts on fathers and their role? A letter to your dad? A poem? A story? An op-ed response?

HW: Type Creative Writing piece

Wed 3/13 (Thurs 3/14)

- Sharing Creative Writing
- Sign up for Socratic Seminar topic
- Watch *Seinfeld* clip. What does this have to say about race issues?
- Read/mark poem, "The Business of Fancydancing" by Sherman Alexie
- Mini-rhetorical analysis on poem

Fri 3/15 (Mon 3/18)

- Discuss Black Minstrelsy in America
- PowerPoint presentation of examples
- Discuss "Progress" cartoon and complete questions
- [Bamboozled](#) clip
- Is Black minstrelsy alive? Yellow minstrelsy?
- [Gov Northam](#) controversy
- SNL on [VA Blackface](#). What is the satire directly addressing?
- Yellow face? Brown minstrelsy? White minstrelsy? Examples?

Tues 3/18 (Wed 3/20)

- Writing a **Synthesis essay** on your essential question

HW: You must have a TYPED paper that addresses your Socratic Seminar topic, along with the major point and quoted sources.

Thurs 3/21 (Fri 3/22)

- Socratic Seminar
 - **Essential Question #1**: "Should we continue to look to the past when discussing race relations?" 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:

Wednesday, 5/1: 1300-1730 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, 5/15: 0700-1200 AP Language exam. Arrive a 0700 for breakfast in the IC

Assignment Checklist

- Poem: America Stanza
- RA Intro: "Just Walk on By"
- Argument Intro: "Taboo" "or "Why N-Word..."
- Poem: "Ways in Which I'm _____"
- Argument Intro: "War Against Black Men"
- Creative Writing: Fathers
- Synthesis Essay: Socratic Seminar topic

Notebook and Supply Check

You'll need the following for our notebook check **Fri 2/22 (Mon 2/25)**. You need ALL the pieces to receive credit. No partial credit offered on this. You need two tabs labeled with the following:

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. 13)
- Writing an Introductory Paragraph in Four Parts (Unit 2, p. 11-12)
- RA: Answering the Big Central Question (unit 3, p.3-4)
- Essay Graphic Organizer for Rhetorical Analysis (unit 2, p.10)
- Syntax Organizer (unit 2, p. 15-16)
- "Slip or Trip Activity" (unit 4, p. 7-8)
- AP Argument Prompts (unit 4, p. 15-16)
- List of Argument Essay Topics (unit 4, p. 20-21)
- Quotations to Discuss (Living Deliberately) (unit 3, p.5)
- "Letter from Birmingham Jail" (from mrcoia.com)
- "Salvation" (unit 2, p. 7-9)
- "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" reading
- "The Singer Solution" (unit 4, p. 9-14)
- "I Know Why a Caged Bird Cannot Read" (mrcoia.com)
- "Superman and Me" Reading
- AP Scam readings
- "Composing Rhetorically" chapter 3 of *Writing America*
- How Do I Format My Paper? (unit 1, p. 5-6)
- 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.

CCRSL 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.

Let America Be America Again
Langston Hughes, 1902 - 1967

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

*Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?*

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying
need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean—
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home—
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay—
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where every man is free.
The land that's mine—the poor man's, Indian's,
Negro's, ME—
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's
lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green states—
And make America again!

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?
8. Compare Staples's and Cisneros's views of race and how it affects them.

“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.

“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>

Why the n-word doesn't go away

By Steven A. Holmes, CNN

Updated 12:34 PM ET, Mon July 16, 2018

(CNN)Warning: This article contains offensive language.

There's that word again, nigger, muscling its way into the public square, prompting sharp intakes of breath, embarrassed silences, euphemisms and lots and lots of heated discussion. This time, the speaker was John Schnatter, founder and public face of the Papa John's pizza chain, who used it last week in a conference call with the company's marketing firm.

"Colonel Sanders called blacks niggers," Schnatter said on the call evoking another well-known marketing figure for a rival fast-food chain to defend himself against charges of racism. Schnatter later apologized, but was forced to resign as head of the company. But, whether followed by expressions of contrition or sanitized by the euphemism "the n-word," its use by others, including the former President of the United States, keeps forcing all of us to deal with that hateful (to some), endearing (to some) and confusing (to many) word.

"Racism, we are not cured of it," President Barack Obama said in an interview in 2015 for the podcast "WTF With Marc Maron."

"And it's not just a matter of it not being polite to say 'nigger' in public. That's not the measure of whether racism still exists or not. It's not just a matter of overt discrimination. Societies don't, overnight, completely erase everything that happened 200 to 300 years prior."

Whether or not his point is valid, there are, no doubt, millions of people saying, why did he have to use that word? Why does anyone have to use it anymore? Why won't it just go away? Like those other words did.

Like the one in the headline Anthony Federico wrote in 2012, the one that cost him his job at ESPN. Jeremy Lin, at the time a Chinese-American point guard for the New York Knicks, had been lighting up NBA scoreboards with his play and generating a wave of rapturous excitement among fans. Finally, the player had an error-filled game, prompting Federico, 28 at the time, to note Lin's fall from grace with the headline, "Chink in the Armor: Jeremy Lin's 9 Turnovers Cost Knicks in Streak-stopping Loss to Hornets."

The outcry over what many considered a racist headline was immediate. ESPN promptly fired Federico, who apologized and defended himself by saying that he had used the term in hundreds of headlines and that he had connected it in his mind to Lin's play, not his race. "This had nothing to do with me being cute or punny," he said. If true, Federico can hardly be faulted for his failure to draw the link between the word and its history as a pejorative for Asian-Americans.

Over the years, a curious phenomenon has taken place. So many of the racial and ethnic pejoratives for a whole host of groups -- Irish, Italians, Jews, Latinos, Poles, even, with the exception of a notable football team, Native Americans -- thankfully have virtually disappeared from the lexicon. Terms such as "Spic" or "Polack," which used to be fighting words back in the day, now elicit blank stares and confusion when mentioned to teenagers, millennials or Gen Xers. Blank stares or answers like I got from Justin Morton, a 35-year-old grad student from New York,

Wop.

"What?" asked Morton, who is black, when I spoke with him and tossed out some old-time epithets.

Wop. W-o-p.

"I don't know. We used to chant, 'wop, wop, wop' at concerts when we wanted to boo somebody off the stage."

Mick.

"Never heard of it."

Dago.

"No."

Kike.

"Is that for somebody who's gay?"

No one can argue that the reduction in the use of traditional racial and ethnic slurs means that American society has rid itself of all its prejudices. At the same time, it is undeniable that so many racial and ethnic slurs have been driven out of the public square by a general view that uttering such words is unacceptable. And that's a good thing.

"These are hard, hard, bigoted words," says Abraham Foxman, national director of the Anti-Defamation League. "There are consequences for their use -- social consequences, political consequences, commercial consequences."

To be sure, there are new terms generally targeting immigrants, just like the old pejoratives that were directed at folks just off the boat from Europe. "Terrorist" has become a euphemism for Arabs and Muslims, whether or not they are law-abiding. "Illegal" is used for Latinos, no matter what their citizenship status. And, as former Seattle Seahawks star Richard Sherman has noted, black people, especially black men, have collectively become "thugs." What binds these new terms is that they are ambiguous.

In today's supposedly more-tolerant society, they serve a dog whistle function that allows users to denigrate people without suffering social consequences.

"People can evade accusations of racism," says Paul Garrett, associate professor of linguistic anthropology at Temple University. "But everybody knows exactly who you are talking about."

There is, of course, one slur that has refused to be consigned to the dustbin of linguistic history and one whose target is clear: nigger.

The n-word's resiliency is probably because of two major factors.

It is evidence that bigotry against black people is more virulent than animus toward any other racial or ethnic group. Sure, it's been driven underground too. As Obama noted, it's no longer polite to use it in public -- at least in its use among white people. But, it seems to dwell there like subsurface magma rather than die out like other slurs. While white use of "nigger" may occasionally burst through to the surface, no one is going to produce a cell phone video of a bunch of frat boys singing, "there will never be a guinea in SAE."

But let's face it, another reason the n-word has a half-life that rivals plutonium is that black people keep it alive; and not just alive in the code-switching way where it is bandied about in private, but shunned in public.

"When I was growing up, black people would get together in a group, and we would use it," says Randall Kennedy, a Harvard law professor and author of "Nigger: The Strange Career of a Troublesome Word." "But it was for in-group use only, and we would be watchful that other people didn't hear us.

"Today, you're on a bus, or in the subway or in a mall and people are just out-and-out using it. There's no self-consciousness, no embarrassment. It's normalized. That too has led to its singular prominence in the society."

The generational divide in the black community over the use of the word has been noted many times. But black baby boomers like myself have to acknowledge our role in keeping it alive. Go to any barber shop or beauty parlor with a black clientele on a Saturday afternoon, and you will hear phrases like the dismissive putdown, "nigger, please," uttered repeatedly in storytelling, followed by riotous guffaws from 50-, 60- and 70-year-old men and women.

And it was members of my generation who, 40 years ago, laughed uproariously at Richard Pryor's brilliant albums like "That Nigger's Crazy," and his n-word-infused comedy routines in front of mixed audiences that helped give the term its shaky public acceptability.

Who are we now to wag our fingers at rappers like Trinidad James? Can we ask whites and other blacks to not use the word and not give up our love of Chris Rock?

So, for better or worse, what the n-word has -- and what other racial and ethnic slurs lack -- is a constituency, a broad-based coalition whose component parts have embraced the word for their own reasons.

There are white racists who use it because they are, well, white racists.

There are black baby boomers who may decry the term, but use it in private settings and are loath to fess up to the fact that it is they who let "nigger" out of the black closet.

There are black rappers and other entertainers who make millions of dollars exploiting a word associated with poor people in the ghetto.

There are younger black people who have embraced it as a hip term of endearment.

There are whites who are not racists but who want to sound cool and feel protected by black people's use of the term. And now there are analysts such as President Obama who will make use of the term apparently to get our attention as they seek to explain the country's still-volatile racial dynamic.

In the face of this army of the "n-word," do those who wish it would go the way of the ethnic slurs of yesteryear really have a chance? We may have to resign ourselves to the idea that, despite the hand-wringing, this nettlesome word sadly isn't going away anytime soon.

“Notes of a Native Speaker” by Eric Liu

Here are some of the ways you could say I am "white":

I listen to National Public Radio.
I wear khaki Dockers.
I own brown suede bucks.
I eat gourmet greens.
I have few close friends "of color."
I married a white woman.
I am a child of the suburbs.
I furnish my condo a la Crate & Barrel.
I vacation in charming bed-and-breakfasts.
I have never once been the victim of blatant discrimination.
I am a member of several exclusive institutions.
I have been in the inner sanctums of political power.
I have been there as something other than an attendant.
I have the ambition to return.
I am a producer of the culture.
I expect my voice to be heard.
I speak flawless, unaccented English.
I subscribe to *Foreign Affairs*.
I do not mind when editorialists write in the first person plural.
I do not mind how white television casts are.
I am not too ethnic.
I am wary of minority militants.
I consider myself neither in exile nor in opposition.
I am considered "a credit to my race."



(2) I never asked to be white. I am not literally white. That is, I do not have white skin or white ancestors. I have yellow skin and yellow ancestors, hundreds of generations of them. But like so many other Asian Americans of the second generation, I find myself now the bearer of a strange new status: white, by acclamation. Thus it is that I have been described as an "honorary white," by other whites, and as a "banana," by other Asians. Both the honorific and the epithet take as a given this idea: To the extent that I have moved away from the periphery and toward the center of American life, I have become white inside. Some are born white, others achieve whiteness, still others have whiteness thrust upon them. This, supposedly, is what it means to assimilate.

(3) There was a time when assimilation did quite strictly mean whitening. In fact, well into the first half of this century, mimicry of the stylized standards of the WASP gentry was the proper, dominant, perhaps even sole method of ensuring that your origins would not be held against you. You "made it" in society not only by putting on airs of anglitude, but also by assiduously bleaching out the marks of a darker, dirtier past. And this bargain, stifling as it was, was open to European immigrants almost exclusively; to blacks, only on the passing occasion; to Asians, hardly at all.

(4) Times have changed, and I suppose you could call it progress that a Chinaman, too, may now aspire to whiteness. But precisely because the times have changed, that aspiration -- and the imputation of the aspiration -- now seems astonishingly outmoded. The meaning of "American" has undergone a revolution in the 29 years I have been alive, a revolution of color, class and culture. Yet the vocabulary of "assimilation" has remained fixed all this time: fixed in whiteness, which is still our metonym for power; and fixed in shame, which is what the colored are expected to feel for embracing the power.

(5) I have assimilated. I am of the mainstream. In many ways I fit the psychological profile of the so-called banana: imitative, impressionable, rootless, eager to please. As I will admit in this essay, I have at times gone to great lengths to downplay my difference, the better to penetrate the "establishment" of the moment. Yet I'm not sure that what I

did was so cut and dried as "becoming white." I plead guilty to certain charges: achieving, learning the ways of the upper middle class, distancing myself from radicals of any hue. But having confessed, I still do not know my crime.

(6) To be an accused banana is to stand at the ill-fated intersection of class and race. And because class is the only thing Americans have more trouble talking about than race, a minority's climb up the social ladder is often willfully misnamed and wrongly portrayed. There is usually, in the portrayal, a strong whiff of betrayal: The assimilationist is a traitor to his kind, to his class, to his own family. He cannot gain the world without losing his soul. To be sure, something is lost in any migration, whether from place to place or from class to class. But something is gained as well. And the result is always more complicated than the monochrome language of "whiteness" and "authenticity" would suggest.

(7) My own assimilation began long before I was born. It began with my parents, who came here with an appetite for Western ways already whetted by films and books and music and, in my mother's case, by a father who'd been to the West. My parents, who traded Chinese formality for the more relaxed stance of this country. Who made their way by hard work and quiet adaptation. Who fashioned a comfortable life in a quiet development in a second-tier suburb. Who, unlike your "typical" Chinese parents, were not pushy, status-obsessed, rigid, disciplined or prepared. Who were haphazard about passing down ancestral traditions and "lessons" to their children. Who did pass down, however, the sense that their children were entitled to mix or match, as they saw fit, whatever aspects of whatever cultures they encountered.

(8) I was raised, in short, to assimilate, to claim this place as mine. I don't mean that my parents told me to act like an American. That's partly the point: They didn't tell me to do anything except to be a good boy. They trusted I would find my way, and I did, following their example and navigating by the lights of the culture that encircled me like a dome. As a function of my parents' own half-conscious, half-finished acculturation, I grew up feeling that my life was Book II of an ongoing saga. Or that I was running the second leg of a relay race. Slap! I was out of the womb and sprinting, baton in hand. Gradually more sure of my stride, my breathing, the feel of the track beneath me. Eyes forward, never backward.

(9) Today, nearly seven years after my father's death and two years after my marriage into a large white family, it is as if I have come round a bend and realized that I am no longer sure where I am running or why. My sprint slows to a trot. I scan the unfamiliar vista that is opening up. I am somewhere else now, somewhere far from the China that yielded my mother and father; far, as well, from the modest horizons I knew as a boy. I look at my limbs and realize I am no longer that boy; my gait and grasp exceed his by an order of magnitude. Now I want desperately to see my face, to see what time has marked and what it has erased. But I can find no mirror except the people who surround me. And they are mainly pale, powerful.

(10) How did I end up here, in what seems the very seat of whiteness, gazing from the promontory of social privilege? How did I cover so much ground so quickly? What was it, in my blind journey, that I felt I should leave behind? And what did I leave behind? This, the jettisoning of one mode of life to send another aloft, is not only the immigrant's tale; it is the son's tale, too. By coming to America, my parents made themselves into citizens of a new country. By traveling the trajectory of an assimilationist, so did I.

"Notes of a Native Speaker" by Eric Liu

1. What is the purpose of the list that opens Liu's essay? Is it humorous? Is it meant to be? How does it engage the reader?
2. How would you describe Liu's attitude toward being "white, by acclamation" in paragraph 2?
3. What is his definition of "assimilation" as it develops in the next few paragraphs?
4. In paragraphs 7-10, Liu describes himself as being at a particular crisis point, or at least a time of transition. How has he arrived at that point?

NATIONAL REVIEW

The War Against Black Men

Chicago's murder statistics tell a story of young black males without fathers and at risk.
By Lee Habeeb — January 17, 2013

The date was January 12, 2013. You probably didn't hear about this tragedy involving guns and two teenage boys. But this was the headline in the *Chicago Tribune*: "Boys, 14 and 15, killed in separate shootings Friday." You didn't hear about it because such events aren't news in Chicago. They're ordinary daily occurrences. As we continue to hear calls for ever-tightening gun laws from the Obama administration, and from states such as New York, it is worth thinking about those headlines in Chicago. And in inner cities all around America, places where strict gun laws are already in place. Places where the weapon of choice isn't an AR-15 but a semiautomatic handgun — the same kind of weapon most Americans use reasonably, and safely, to secure their most precious assets: their loved ones and their property.

So let's go back to that wretched January 12 story from Chicago, President Obama's hometown. The murdered 14-year-old had a name, Rey Durante. He was gunned down by two shooters while standing on the porch of his Humboldt Park home. The two men opened fire, according to news accounts, near midnight, striking him multiple times in the chest.

When paramedics arrived on the scene, he was lying just inside his home, bleeding from several bullet wounds. He died there. Police found blood all over the front steps and more than half a dozen shell casings on the sidewalk. He would have turned 15 in a few days, his stepmother told reporters.

On the sidewalk near the crime scene, a local paper reported, the father of one of the boy's friends cried as he paced near a group of teenagers. When a neighbor asked him what had happened, his response was simple — and heartbreaking.

"A little boy just got murdered," he said.

Earlier that same day, a 15-year-old boy named Victor Vega was approached by a gunman in the Chicago neighborhood known as Little Village. The gunman shouted a gang slogan and then opened fire, striking the 15-year-old in the torso. Vega was taken to Mount Sinai Hospital, where he was pronounced dead at 7:19 P.M., according to the office of the Cook County medical examiner.

Both shootings were gang-related, police suspected.

Twenty children and six adults were killed in Newtown, Conn., last month, and the media quickly, and justifiably, descended to tell the tragic story. In the first few weeks of January in Chicago, 25 people have already been murdered. Most were young black and Hispanic men, murdered by other young black and Hispanic men.

In Chicago, it's Newtown every month. But the media haven't converged on Chicago this month.

You don't know the names of those kids and adults gunned down in Chicago this January, all by handguns. But the *Chicago Tribune's* RedEye website tracks the Chicago body count since January 1: Gregory Bady, 28; Damian Barnes, 22; Marcus Wallace, 23; Tyrone Soleberry, 39;

Brian Cross, 34; John Taylor, 23; Darville Brown, 24; Tyshawn Blanton, 31; Marcus Turner, 19; Lavonshay Cooper, 22; David Bartzmark, 25; Michael Kozel, 57; Ulysses Gissendanner, 19; Kevin Jemison, 29; Myron Brown, 30; Devanta Grisson, 19; Octavius Lamb, 20.

You don't know the names of the other 530 young people, most of them minorities, who were killed in Chicago between 2008 and January 2012 either. You don't know their names, and the national media haven't parked their media trucks in Chicago, because the liberal narrative does not offer easy answers to the problems haunting Chicago.

You don't know their names because the real racism that exists in the media is this: A young black male's life is not worth reporting when it is taken by another black male.

You don't know the names because the media don't or can't blame the deaths in Chicago on a weapon like the AR-15, or on the NRA.

You don't know their names because the media aren't interested in getting at the real cause of much of the senseless gun violence in America: fatherlessness.

About 20,000 people live in my hometown of Oxford, Miss., and there are probably twice as many guns. Folks own handguns, shotguns, rifles, and all kinds of weapons I've never even heard of. But I can't remember the last murder story in the local paper.

That's because my town has lots of guns, but lots of fathers, too.

Chicago doesn't have a gun problem; it has a father problem.

Gun control isn't the problem on Chicago's streets; self-control is.

When young men don't have fathers, they don't learn to control their masculine impulses. They don't have fathers to teach them how to channel their masculine impulses in productive ways.

When young men don't have fathers, those men will seek out masculine love — masculine acceptance — where they can find it. Often, they find it in gangs.

In my little town, if some boys tried to form a gang and do violence on our streets, the fathers wouldn't bother calling the sheriff. Those boys would face a gang of fathers hell bent on establishing order in our community. And if that meant using physical force, so be it.

Back in 2005, William Raspberry, the late *Washington Post* columnist and no conservative, wrote "The Elephant's Tale," a column on inner-city black fatherlessness.

It turns out that, some years before, game managers in South Africa had had a problem with an elephant herd at Kruger National Park. It was growing beyond the park's ability to sustain it. The experts came up with what they thought was a brilliant two-phase solution: They moved some of the herd to the Pilanesberg game park and killed off some of the elephants that were too big to transport.

But that decision had ramifications. Years later, some of young males started attacking Pilanesberg's herd of white rhinos, an endangered species.

Raspberry described the problem, and the solution:

The elephants used their trunks to throw sticks at the rhinos, chased them over long hours and great distances and stomped to death a tenth of the herd — all for no discernible reason.

Park managers decided they had no choice but to kill some of the worst juvenile offenders. They had killed five of them when someone came up with another bright idea: Bring in some of the mature males from Kruger and hope that the bigger, stronger males could bring the adolescents under control.

To the delight of the park officials, it worked. The big bulls, quickly establishing the natural hierarchy, became the dominant sexual partners of the females, and the reduction in sexual activity among the juveniles lowered soaring testosterone levels and reduced their violent behavior.

The new discipline, it turned out, was not just a matter of size intimidation. The young bulls actually started following the Big Daddies around, yielding to their authority and learning from them proper elephant conduct. The assaults on the white rhinos ended abruptly.

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.

So why don't the media focus on the epidemic of fatherlessness in our inner cities and on the tragic consequences for boys? The mostly white liberal editors and gatekeepers of the mainstream media would never admit that liberal policies of the 1960s have had disastrous consequences. They won't admit that government can't replace the essential role that marriage and family plays in raising, disciplining, and loving children.

Those same white liberal editors also assume that such stories won't draw ratings or readers, especially not from a white majority insulated from the problems of inner-city life.

And that assumption may be correct.

In a column last year in the *Wall Street Journal*, Juan Williams cited a comprehensive study by the Justice Department in 2005 on the subject that he said should have been a "clarion call" for the black community and the nation at large.

Almost one half of the nation's murder victims that year were black, and a majority of them were between the ages of 17 and 29. Black people accounted for 13 percent of the U.S. population in 2005. Yet they were the victims of 49 percent of all murders, and 93 percent of black murder victims were killed by other black people.

That's right. Almost half of murder victims in the entire country are black males and, all too often, young black males. And nine out of ten of those young black men were killed by other young black men.

So much for the war on women, a narrative the media sold relentlessly in the run-up to the November election. The real war in America is on men, and black men in particular.

Men need fathers, and need them desperately, but the out-of-wedlock birth rate in black America is 75 percent.

Fewer than half of young black men graduate from high school, and for far too many black boys public schools are jails before they get to real jails. Young men staring down such bleak prospects are young men without hope. And young men without hope can do desperate, senseless things.

That we are still not properly talking about this all-too-real race problem in America is a failure of imagination and conscience.

That the media have spent so little time on the body count in Chicago and other inner cities in this country is sheer malpractice.

Yes, the senseless murder of those children in Newtown was a tragedy of epic proportions, and our prayers should go out to every affected family and to all of their loved ones.

But white kids in suburbia are not getting gunned down with regularity. White suburban kids live, for the most part, on safe streets, free of gangs and drug dealers.

White suburban kids go to public schools that work, and work because having two parents matters when it comes to schools and the culture of schools.

The nation is still grieving the loss of those innocents in Newtown, and a nation continues to lift that community up with our prayers.

But while you are praying for the families in Newtown, say a prayer for all of the thousands of young black Americans whose lives were cut short by street violence. Say a prayer for the faceless, voiceless victims we never hear or read about or see on TV.

Say a prayer for all of those young black men without fathers.

And with the out-of-wedlock birth rate recently passing the 40 percent mark for all Americans, say a prayer for all of those young American men without dads.

Because they'll need them.

— *Lee Habeeb is vice president of content at Salem Radio Network.*

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).

“RACE, HOPE, FATHERHOOD, AND ROOTS ON THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF ALEX HALEY’S CLASSIC” by Nikki Giovanni May 20, 2016

I was born in Tennessee in the old Knoxville General Hospital. I was the first person in my family born in a hospital. When my sister and cousins and I would argue, they would say, “You don’t even belong to us.” I don’t think I believed them but I did look at my family in a different way, sort of. I knew they were just being mean, but I also thought, Well, what if they’re right? What if I was picked up by accident? What if I belonged to someone else?

We moved from Knoxville to Woodlawn, Ohio, which is north of Cincinnati. This was during the age of segregation. My mother and father had jobs which had not been possible in Knoxville. We rented a two-bedroom house: kitchen, sitting room, and we had an outhouse. I remember the outhouse and, for reasons I don’t understand, have a fondness for that memory. In fact, when I bought my own home I had Dan to make an outhouse out front to collect my mail. It’s a sentimental thing.

We were poor. That’s understood. When my parents saved enough money to purchase a home in Lincoln Heights, a segregated community just outside Cincinnati, we all felt we were big stuff. Lincoln Heights didn’t have garbage collection, so we had to burn our garbage. I loved it. The lot next door was empty, and I remember the rabbits lived over there. Probably other things, too. I would chase the rabbits but I was never successful. I only wanted to play with them but they didn’t understand that. I guess all they knew about me was that I burned garbage every night. I would stand and watch the fire. I don’t think I worried so much about burning the house down as I was simply fascinated by fire. Some evenings I watched the moon. Mostly I remember just dreaming.

Mommy taught third grade at St. Simon’s School. Gus, my father, taught math at Lincoln Heights Middle School. One day, for reasons totally unknown or not remembered, I decided to meet Gus, who walked up the hill every day to our home. I had a blue bike. As I started down the hill I seem to remember or thought I heard Gus say, “Look at that crazy kid coming down the hill.” By that time the bike was actually riding me. I still, at 72, have scars from that.

But I survived.

I’m trying to understand my father. A part of me thinks he was mean; a part thinks he drank too much; a part just doesn’t understand. But every Saturday night about 11 pm, if you asked what I was doing, I was hearing my father beat my mother. The saddest sound I ever heard one night was, “Gus, please don’t hit me.” It was a prayer.

I had an older sister but she was always friendly. She had girlfriends that she would spend the weekend with. She would come home Sunday late and talk about what a good time she had. I am not friendly. I stayed home. Until I couldn’t stay any more. My godmother, Baby West, died and left me fifty dollars. I walked to the bank in Lockland to see what I could do with it. I could take it, they said. I purchased a Butterfinger and a ticket to Knoxville. Our neighbor, Mr. Gray, who must surely have known what went on in our home, gave me a ride to the train station.

Grandmother must have known what I was trying to get away from yet we never even discussed it. I asked if I could stay with them. She and Grandpapa didn’t hesitate: Yes.

I read now about the need for black boys to have fathers in the homes, and I wonder. White boys have fathers at home, and they end up in the KKK. The white boys end up calling us names. Spitting at us and worse. Now the white boys are policemen shooting unarmed 14-year-olds to death. Or they are billionaires running for president. Stirring up hate. I’m not sure fathers are necessary beyond their biological function. If we are going to criminalize women for abortions, shouldn’t we also criminalize the men who impregnated them?

But we have a larger question. Alex Haley said we have Roots. He traced his back to Africa. What I really understand about my Roots is that the black woman mated, willfully or not, with the life form on this land they were brought to. No matter its color, race or religion. That life form would now like to deny its responsibility. But the black woman loved that which she incubated. And, for the most part, brought it forth to believe in the future.

Alex Haley did a good job. He reminded us of hope. All I’m saying is that everything has Roots. Our only question is, do we pull them up like weeds to be destroyed, or do we nurture them to allow them to blossom? I knew Alex Haley. He gave us, at a perilous time, reasons to go forth. He reminded us we all have Roots. Our human, our humane, job is to entwine and enrich.

This essay is part of the Pulitzer Prize Centennial Campfires Initiative, a joint venture of the Pulitzer Prize board and the Federation of State Humanities Council in celebration of the 2016 centennial of the Prizes.

The Business of Fancydancing
Sherman Alexie

After driving all night, trying to reach
Arlee in time for the fancydance
finals, a case of empty
beer bottles shaking our foundations, we
stop at a liquor store, count out money,
and would believe in the promise

of any man with a twenty, a promise
thin and wrinkled in his hand, reach-
ing into the window of our car. Money
is an Indian Boy who can fancydance
from powwow to powwow. We
got our boy, Vernon WildShoe, to fill our empty

wallets and stomachs, to fill our empty
cooler. Vernon is like some promise
to pay the light bill, a credit card we
Indians get to use. When he reach-
es his hands up, feathers held high, in a dance
that makes old women speak English, the money
for first place belongs to us, all in cash, money
we tuck in our shoes, leaving our wallets empty
in case we pass out. At the modern dance,
where Indians dance white, a twenty is a promise
that can last all night long, a promise reach-
ing into the back pocket of unfamiliar Levis. We

get Vernon there in time for the finals and we
watch him like he was dancing on money,
which he is, watch the young girls reach-
ing for him like he was Elvis in braids and an empty
tipi, like Vernon could make a promise
with every step he took, like a fancydance
could change their lives. We watch him dance
and he never talks. It's all a business we
understand. Every drum beat is a promise
note written in the dust, measured exactly. Money
is a tool, putty to fill all the empty
spaces, a ladder so we can reach

for more. A promise is just like money.
Something we can hold, in twenties, a dream we reach.
It's business, a fancydance to fill where it's empty.

Those Who Don't
Sandra Cisneros

Those who don't know any
better come into our neighborhood
scared. They think we're dangerous.
They think we will attack them with
shiny knives. They are stupid people
who are lost and got here by mistake.

But we aren't afraid. We know
the guy with the crooked eye is Davey
the Baby's brother, and the tall one
next to him in the straw brim, that's
Rosa's Eddie V., and the big one that
looks like a dumb grown man, he's
Fat Boy, though he's not fat anymore
nor a boy.

All brown all around, we are
safe. But watch us drive into a
neighborhood of another color and
our knees go shakity-shake and our
car windows get rolled up tight and
our eyes look straight. Yeah. That is
how it goes and goes.

Questions

1. How do outsiders view Esperanza's neighborhood?
2. How do the people who live in Esperanza's neighborhood view it?
3. How does Esperanza feel when she drives "into a neighborhood of another color?"

Style - Cisneros has a poetic style. She incorporates both vivid imagery and spare prose. She uses both to create a picture of the narrator's world.

1. What words does the narrator use to describe the trip into another neighborhood? How does this imagery reinforce the idea of segregation?
2. Esperanza points out both sides of the social separation issue. What words does she use to show both sides?

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
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
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
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
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?

Sstart _____

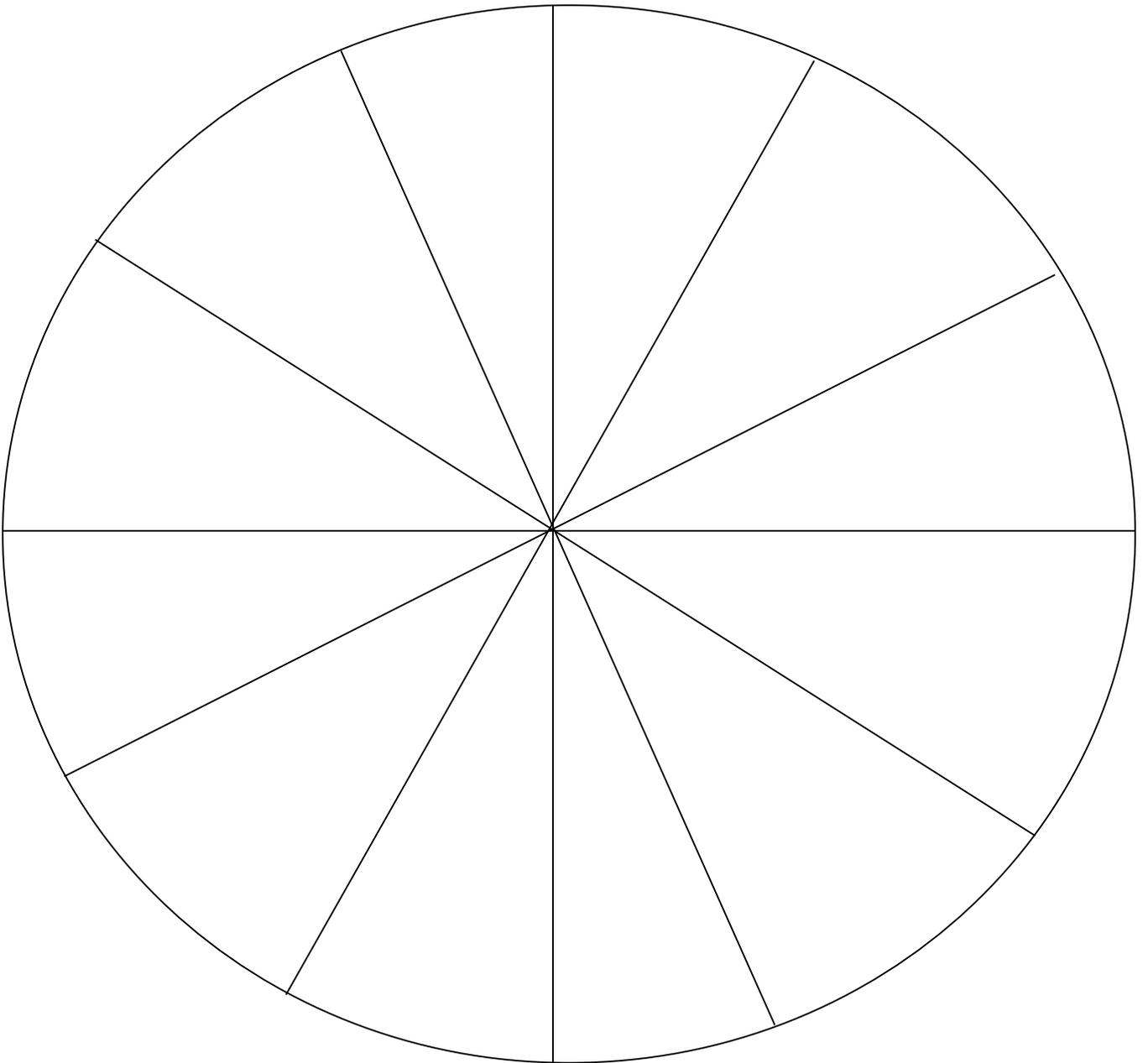
Stop _____

Continue _____

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

"Progress"



What is the message of this comic?

Defense of the message:

Critique of the message:
