

GHS 12th Grade AP Literature and Composition Summer Reading Assignment

PART 1

“The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” by T. S. Eliot

PART 2

Two books from the GHS AP Independent Reading list

AP Literature and Composition students are expected to read and explore texts differently than they have in their previous English courses. We begin by making observations about the texts and how they are written. We observe elements such as diction (denotations and connotations of individual word choices), imagery, structure, and figurative language. Only after this type of close reading are we ready to develop assertions about the meaning of the text.

Please keep this in mind as you approach your summer reading assignment.

Part 1: Prufrock

1. Read through the poem several times.
2. After two or three readings, begin to take notes on the presence of literary elements in the text as well as other observations or questions you may have.
3. Craft a response in which you explore your observations about *diction*, *imagery*, *structure*, and *figurative language*. Be sure to pull examples from **THROUGHOUT** the poem. At the end of your response, use your examination of these elements to explain your current understanding of the poet’s intent (e.g., insight into human nature).

Part 2: Independent Reading Selection Guidelines

- a. You must pick books which represent opposites for example, a male author and a female author, a British writer and an American writer, authors from two opposite time periods, etc.
- b. Research several titles on the list before making your final choices. Ask friends, consult media specialists, talk to your parents, go online and research the author and title, etc.

Response Guidelines

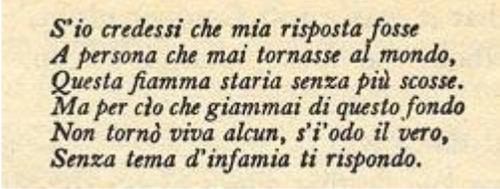
- a. For each of the **TWO** books that you select from the GHS AP Independent Reading list you must take notes in any form that enriches your understanding of the essential ideas of the work. Remember to pay careful attention to **author’s craft (how the author uses elements such as diction, imagery, structure, and figurative language to create meaning)**.
- b. You will be required to write an in-class response on one or more of your summer reading choices at the beginning of the course.

- c. Do not consult outside sources for your reading. We expect your notes to be original and authentic.

ALL OF YOUR WORK SHOULD BE READY TO SUBMIT
IN YOUR FIRST ENGLISH CLASS OF THE YEAR.

The Love-Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

By T.S. Eliot



*S'io credessi che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse.
Ma per ciò che giammai di questo fondo
Non tornò viva alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

"If I but thought that my response were made
to one perhaps returning to the world,
this tongue of flame would cease to flicker.
But since, up from these depths, no one has yet
returned alive, if what I hear is true,
I answer without fear of being shamed."

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question. . . 10
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

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

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap, 20

And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate; 30
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

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

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair— 40
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:--
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons, 50
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,

Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways? 60
And how should I presume?

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

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Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets 70
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

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

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And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? 80
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while, 90
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,

To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say, "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while, 100
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all." 110

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

I grow old . . . I grow old . . . 120
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

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

I do not think they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown 130
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

[1915]

AP Literature and Composition
GHS Summer Reading Titles

Titles you have already read for English elective courses are not eligible for Summer Reading Credit.

A

Absalom, Absalom by William Faulkner
The Age of Innocence by Edith Wharton
Alias Grace by Margaret Atwood
All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren
All the Pretty Horses by Cormac McCarthy
An American Tragedy by Theodore Dreiser
Anna Karenina by Leo Tolstoy
Another Country by James Baldwin
The Awakening by Kate Chopin

B

Beloved by Toni Morrison
A Bend in the River by V. S. Naipaul
Bleak House by Charles Dickens
Bless Me, Ultima by Rudolfo Anaya
The Bonesetter's Daughter by Amy Tan
Brave New World by Aldous Huxley
Breakfast of Champions by Kurt Vonnegut
The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao by Junot Diaz
The Brothers Karamazov by Fyodor Dostoevsky

C

Catch-22 by Joseph Heller
Ceremony by Leslie Marmon Silko
The Chosen by Chaim Potok
Cold Mountain by Charles Frazier
The Color Purple by Alice Walker
Cry, The Beloved Country by Alan Paton
The Crossing by Cormac McCarthy

D

Daisy Miller by Henry James
Dancing at Lughnasa by Brian Friel

David Copperfield by Charles Dickens
The Death of Ivan Ilyich by Leo Tolstoy
The Dewbreaker by Edwidge Danticat
The Dollmaker by Harriet Arnot
Dreaming in Cuban by Cristina Garcia

E

East of Eden by John Steinbeck
Emma by Jane Austen

F

A Farewell to Arms by Ernest Hemingway
Fathers and Sons by Ivan Turgenev
The Fixer by Bernard Malamud
For Whom the Bell Tolls by Ernest Hemingway
Frankenstein by Mary Shelley

G

A Gesture Life by Chang-Rae Lee
Going After Cacciato by Tim O'Brien
The Golden Bowl by Henry James
The Good Soldier by Ford Maddox Ford
The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck
Great Expectations by Charles Dickens
Go Tell It on the Mountain by James Baldwin
Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift

H

The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood
Hard Times by Charles Dickens
The Heart of the Matter by Graham Greene
House Made of Dawn by N Scott Momaday
The House of Mirth by Edith Wharton
The House of Seven Gables by Nathaniel Hawthorne

I

In the Time of Butterflies by Julia Alvarez

J

Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte
Jasmine by Bharati Mukherjee
Joseph Andrews by Henry Fielding
Jude the Obscure by Thomas Hardy

L

Light in August by William Faulkner
Lord Jim by Joseph Conrad
The Loved One by Evelyn Waugh
Love Medicine by Louise Erdrich

M

Main Street by Sinclair Lewis
Mansfield Park by Jane Austen

Middlemarch by George Eliot
Middle Passage by V. S. Naipaul
The Mill on the Floss by George Eliot
Moll Flanders by Daniel Defoe
My Antonia by Willa Cather

N

Native Son by Richard Wright
Never Let Me Go by Kazuo Ishiguro
1984 by George
Notes from the Underground by Fyodor Dostoevsky

O

Obasan by Joy Kogawa
Old School by Tobias Wolff
Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens
O Pioneers! by Willa Cather
The Optimist's Daughter by D. H. Lawrence
The Orestia by Aeschylus
Out of Africa by Isak Dinesen

P

A Passage to India by E. M. Forster
Persuasion by Jane Austen
The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde
Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man by James Joyce
A Prayer for Owen Meany by John Irving
Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen
The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie by Muriel Spark

R

Ragtime by E. L. Doctorow
The Remains of the Day by Kazuo Ishiguro
Reservation Blues by Sherman Alexie
The Return of the Native by Thomas Hardy
A River Runs Through It by Norman Maclean
The Road by Cormac McCarthy
A Room of One's Own by Virginia Woolf
A Room with a View by E. M. Forster

S

The Shipping News by E. Annie Proulx
Sister Carrie by Theodore Dreiser
Snow by Orhan Pamuk
Snow Falling on Cedars by David Guterson
Sons and Lovers by D. H. Lawrence
Sophie's Choice by William Styron
The Sound and the Fury by William Faulkner
The Street by Ann Petry
Sula by Toni Morrison

The Sun Also Rises by Ernest Hemingway
Swamplandia! by Karen Russell

T

Tess of the D'Urbervilles by Thomas Hardy
A Thousand Acres by Jane Smiley
Tom Jones by Henry Fielding
Tracks by Louise Erdrich
The Trial by Franz Kafka

U

Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe

V

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith
A Visit from the Goon Squad by Jennifer Egan

W

Washington Square by Henry James
We Were the Mulvaney's by Joyce Carol Oates
White Teeth by Zadie Smith
White Tiger by Aravind Adija
Wise Blood by Flannery O'Connor
Woman Warrior by Maxine Hong Kingston
The Women of Brewster Place by Gloria Naylor
Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte