

AP Literature and Composition

Summer Reading Assignment

All due the first day of school!

Special note: Please refrain from plagiarizing! This assignment, and all of our future assignments, is about your personal examination and interpretation of various texts. We have had too many students find ideas elsewhere - from family and friends, or on some site on the internet. I cannot help you if you cannot find a way to be your own examiner of text.

Breakdown of your summer reading assignment:

1. Choice selection from the final four titles and the graphic organizer.
2. View the following:
 - a. How to annotate text while reading:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w5Mz4nwcIWc>
 - b. Annotate with Me: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EJ8nhlzYx9o>
 - c. Annotating a Book With Me: Part 1 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MYXS-oNWNqE>
3. Read *Why I Read (+ a Dozen Book Recommendations)* by Leo Babauta:
<https://zenhabits.net/why-read/>
4. Select any title from Babauta's recommended list and follow the directions posted below
5. *A Prayer for Owen Meany* by John Irving and activities explained below
6. Choice of four poems from those attached (Addendum 2) and corresponding activities

What is to be submitted/graded:

1. Graphic Organizer for Core Four title read
2. For choice from Babauta's list - annotations, notes brought to class for an in-class assignment. Focus on character analysis, literary devices and their effect, theme.
3. For *A Prayer for Own Meany*, develop:
 - a. Theme trace - Choose one concept in the text and trace its development. At the end of your reading and note-taking, develop a thematic statement (see addendum 1) for the work; include a list of text that supports it and an explanation as to how the text supports the theme.
 - b. You will also be writing an in-class process essay for this text the second week of school.
4. For the poems (addendum 2), select **four** of the poems provided (there are eight), print out a copy, annotate the copy for devices at play, and identify theme and/or tones.

Again, these activities are due the first day of school!

But activities, essay, will, most likely, occur in week two.

Addendum 1

CREATING THEME STATEMENTS:

A good theme statement is an assertion (yours) of what you feel to be the author's main argument (philosophical, moral, world-view, etc.) in the work.

"Material wealth is a theme in *The Great Gatsby*."

The above is not an appropriate statement of theme. It says nothing.

"The Buchanans illustrate the evil influences of wealth."

This also is not an appropriate statement of theme.

"Material wealth corrupts the rich and destroys the poor."

Now, this is an appropriate statement of theme. WHY?

It is in the form of a complete declarative sentence.

It expresses an opinion.

It is written in a general format without specific references to characters or situations in the novel.

Addendum 2

Poems:

The Naked And The Nude

Robert Graves (1895-1985)

For me, the naked and the nude
(By lexicographers construed
As synonyms that should express
The same deficiency of dress
Or shelter) stand as wide apart
As love from lies, or truth from art.

Lovers without reproach will gaze
On bodies naked and ablaze;
The Hippocratic eye will see
In nakedness, anatomy;
And naked shines the Goddess when
She mounts her lion among men.

The nude are bold, the nude are sly
To hold each treasonable eye.
While draping by a showman's trick
Their dishabille in rhetoric,
They grin a mock-religious grin
Of scorn at those of naked skin.

The naked, therefore, who compete
Against the nude may know defeat;
Yet when they both together tread
The briary pastures of the dead,
By Gorgons with long whips pursued,
How naked go the sometimes nude!

Magic Lessons

Debora Kuan

This is my face,
a spinning plate.
I'm unraveling
as a mother does
a knot from a bow
to astonish you.
In time, you'll master
the fact that every woman
has been sawed in half
at least a dozen times
before sunset.
Some of us walk through
that wall.
Some of us burrow beneath it.
The rest spend their lives as
bespoke assistants.
Younger siblings.
Bottom drawers
unsticking.
And then a lifetime ignites.
For you, I'll wish for something else.
I want you to be
a student of impossible binds,
a magician of
a bloom from a fist,
a dove from a dove from a dove.

Monologue for an Onion

Suji Kwock Kim

I don't mean to make you cry.
I mean nothing, but this has not kept you
From peeling away my body, layer by layer,
The tears clouding your eyes as the table fills
With husks, cut flesh, all the debris of pursuit.
Poor deluded human: you seek my heart.
Hunt all you want. Beneath each skin of mine
Lies another skin: I am pure onion--pure onion
Of outside and in, surface and secret core.
Look at you, chopping and weeping. Idiot.
Is this the way you go through life, your mind
A stopless knife, driven by your fantasy of truth,
Of lasting union--slashing away skin after skin
From things, ruin and tears your only signs
Of progress? Enough is enough.
You must not grieve that the world is glimpsed
Through veils. How else can it be seen?
How will you rip away the veil of the eye, the veil
That you are, you who want to grasp the heart
Of things, hungry to know where meaning
Lies. Taste what you hold in your hands: onion-juice,
Yellow peels, my stinging shreds. You are the one
In pieces. Whatever you meant to love, in meaning to
You changed yourself: you are not who you are,
Your soul cut moment to moment by a blade
Of fresh desire, the ground sown with abandoned skins.
And at your inmost circle, what? A core that is
Not one. Poor fool, you are divided at the heart,
Lost in its maze of chambers, blood, and love,
A heart that will one day beat you to death.

The Indifferent

by John Donne

I can love both fair and brown,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,
Her who loves loneliness best, and her who masks and plays,
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
O we are not, be not you so;
Let me, and do you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
Grow your fixed subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who are false to you.

What the Living Do

by Marie Howe

Johnny, the kitchen sink has been clogged for days, some utensil probably fell down there.
And the Drano won't work but smells dangerous, and the crusty dishes have piled up

waiting for the plumber I still haven't called. This is the everyday we spoke of.
It's winter again: the sky's a deep, headstrong blue, and the sunlight pours through

the open living-room windows because the heat's on too high in here and I can't turn it off.
For weeks now, driving, or dropping a bag of groceries in the street, the bag breaking,

I've been thinking: This is what the living do. And yesterday, hurrying along those
wobbly bricks in the Cambridge sidewalk, spilling my coffee down my wrist and sleeve,

I thought it again, and again later, when buying a hairbrush: This is it.
Parking. Slamming the car door shut in the cold. What you called that yearning.

What you finally gave up. We want the spring to come and the winter to pass. We want
whoever to call or not call, a letter, a kiss--we want more and more and then more of it.

But there are moments, walking, when I catch a glimpse of myself in the window glass,
say, the window of the corner video store, and I'm gripped by a cherishing so deep

for my own blowing hair, chapped face, and unbuttoned coat that I'm speechless:

I am living. I remember you.

You and I are Disappearing

by Yusef Komunyakaa

The cry I bring down from the hills
belongs to a girl still burning
inside my head. At daybreak

 she burns like a piece of paper.

She burns like foxfire
in a thigh-shaped valley.

A skirt of flames
dances around her
at dusk.

 We stand with our hands
hanging at our sides,
while she burns

 like a sack of dry ice.

She burns like oil on water.
She burns like a cattail torch
dipped in gasoline.

She glows like the fat tip
of a banker's cigar,
 silent as quicksilver.

A tiger under a rainbow
at nightfall.

She burns like a shot glass of vodka.

She burns like a field of poppies
at the edge of a rain forest.

She rises like dragonsmoke
to my nostrils.

She burns like a burning bush
driven by a godawful wind.

Blackberrying

by Sylvia Plath

Nobody in the lane, and nothing, nothing but blackberries,
Blackberries on either side, though on the right mainly,
A blackberry alley, going down in hooks, and a sea
Somewhere at the end of it, heaving. Blackberries
Big as the ball of my thumb, and dumb as eyes
Ebon in the hedges, fat
With blue-red juices. These they squander on my fingers.
I had not asked for such a blood sisterhood; they must love me.
They accommodate themselves to my milkbottle, flattening their sides.

Overhead go the choughs in black, cacophonous flocks—
Bits of burnt paper wheeling in a blown sky.
Theirs is the only voice, protesting, protesting.
I do not think the sea will appear at all.
The high, green meadows are glowing, as if lit from within.
I come to one bush of berries so ripe it is a bush of flies,
Hanging their bluegreen bellies and their wing panes in a Chinese screen.
The honey-feast of the berries has stunned them; they believe in heaven.
One more hook, and the berries and bushes end.

The only thing to come now is the sea.
From between two hills a sudden wind funnels at me,
Slapping its phantom laundry in my face.
These hills are too green and sweet to have tasted salt.
I follow the sheep path between them. A last hook brings me
To the hills' northern face, and the face is orange rock
That looks out on nothing, nothing but a great space
Of white and pewter lights, and a din like silversmiths
Beating and beating at an intractable metal.

Here

Philip Larkin

Swerving east, from rich industrial shadows
And traffic all night north; swerving through fields
Too thin and thistled to be called meadows,
And now and then a harsh-named halt, that shields
Workmen at dawn; swerving to solitude
Of skies and scarecrows, haystacks, hares and pheasants,
And the widening river's slow presence,
The piled gold clouds, the shining gull-marked mud,

Gathers to the surprise of a large town:
Here domes and statues, spires and cranes cluster
Beside grain-scattered streets, barge-crowded water,
And residents from raw estates, brought down
The dead straight miles by stealing flat-faced trolleys,
Push through plate-glass swing doors to their desires –
Cheap suits, red kitchen-ware, sharp shoes, iced lollies,
Electric mixers, toasters, washers, driers –

A cut-price crowd, urban yet simple, dwelling
Where only salesmen and relations come
Within a terminate and fishy-smelling
Pastoral of ships up streets, the slave museum,
Tattoo-shops, consulates, grim head-scarfed wives;
And out beyond its mortgaged half-built edges
Fast-shadowed wheat-fields, running high as hedges,
Isolate villages, where removed lives

Loneliness clarifies. Here silence stands
Like heat. Here leaves unnoticed thicken,
Hidden weeds flower, neglected waters quicken,
Luminously-peopled air ascends;
And past the poppies bluish neutral distance
Ends the land suddenly beyond a beach
Of shapes and shingle. Here is unfenced existence:
Facing the sun, untalkative, out of reach.

