

		sheet for Mr. Behrman. Collect everything you know about him.
8 19.3.	Josefitag, no class	
9 25.3.	Bohemian New York: Greenwich Village and Chelsea "The Chelsea Hotel" "The Last Leaf", O'Henry	
10 26.3.	The Beat Generation: Allen Ginsberg, "Howl" Jack Kerouack, <i>On the Road</i>	Read: Nik Cohn, "Chinatown" and write a found poem based upon the text. (Moodle and printout)
	HAPPY EASTER	Read your novel!!! See instructions in session 1
???	TEST: In order to prepare for the test reread the stories and extracts that we have discussed so far. Try to slip into these characters' shoes and see the city through their eyes. Collect good phrases to describe their experiences efficiently. Text types: narrative writing: (short-story and letter)	
11 8.4.	Jewish New York: "The Whore of Mensa", Woody Allen	
12 9.4.	The Black Experience: Langston Hughes, "Go tell it on the mountain." "Harlem Finally Rides the Economy's A-Train"	
	April 14th to April 23rd Kansas City	
	April 23rd to April 27th (28th) New York	
13 29.4.	Sharing trip memories "Snapshots of Life in America" Working on our NY poetry and short-stories book	
14. 30.4.	continued	
May	Book Presentations: In the footsteps of... Group presentations: Join a group that seems suitable for your novel and prepare a presentation showing a certain neighborhood or aspect of NYC as seen through the eyes of your fictional characters. Compare their experiences with your own. Show the settings on a city map and use pictures to illustrate your points.	

Year 6: Culture through Literature

Literature reflects various aspects of the life and culture of a society. Let's look at people, places, issues and trends through the eyes of writers. What do they have to say about their social environment and culture?

We will use our trip to America as a basis for this topic.

Assignments:

1. Project: *A Literary Mosaic of New York City :In the footsteps of...*

Read one novel that plays in New York. In what places and areas of NYC does the story play?

Keep a **regular reading diary** – include your own experiences in New York wherever suitable.

Analyze the role of the setting in the story. Authors use settings very consciously to convey a certain atmosphere. Every setting carries lots of connotations, be aware of these. Find the settings on the map. Find out background information about each setting and the time-period. Collect pictures (your own or internet pictures) or draw/paint your own based on the descriptions you find in the novel.

List the different places and prepare an **illustrated story map** following the main character through the city. **Present** the character's wanderings through the city to the class. Make a poster, or use OHTs or powerpoint to illustrate your presentation.

What do(es) the setting(s) say about the society and time? (values, problems, wishes...) Why do certain episodes happen at certain places?

Answer all these questions in a **2 page essay-paper + the story map**(12pt). Find a clear thesis statement that explains what the story says about New York and its society at a certain time. Could the novel play somewhere else? If so, where?

Project due: first week of May

2. Reading Short Stories and Poetry

Read the assigned literature and do the little tasks (homework and group-work). Focus mainly on the importance of the settings. What do the settings imply? What are the connotations? Why has the writer chosen this setting? What atmosphere is conveyed? What is the tone? Does the text say anything about the society of the time? What do you know about the time (politics, social problems, historical events)? Be ready to discuss these issues in class.

3. Snapshots of Life in America: Poetry Project and Short stories

a: Observations: This step has to be done during our trip!!!!

Choose a place in New York or Kansas City that you find especially interesting. Take 10 minutes to observe the place in detail and take notes of your observations.

Note the following info:

What is the atmosphere right now?

What contributes to this atmosphere? Jot down bits and pieces, what are people doing, what do you see, hear, smell? What is the temperature and weather? You might also want to take a few pictures. (Please respect peoples' privacy. Do not behave like a paparazzo!)

Collect bits of information that will help you write a poem (a haiku or a short free verse poem) and a short story about this place.

b: Back home: Write a haiku or a short free verse poem about your experience. Prepare a well designed, illustrated page that will be "published" in our book of *Snapshots of Life in America*. See the two haiku pages for details.

c: Short story: Use one of the characters in your observation in a brief short story. The main purpose of your story is to recreate and convey the atmosphere of the moment. Bring your short story for a peer conference. Then revise it carefully.

Write a 3rd draft and illustrate your story if possible (use photos you took in New York). We will publish the stories in our *Snapshots of America* book.

List of New York Novels:

Choose one of the following novels. Read it carefully and show your understanding and reflections about the novel in your reading diary. (Be creative, don't write a summary.) Mark all the references to the New York settings for your literature essay and presentation.

Please buy one of the books immediately and read it **before you go to America**. It will be a great experience for you to really see the places you are reading about.

Most of the novels will be available at the English Bookshop. If you order from Amazon – do it now – don't wait till it's too late to get them.

NEW YORK:

- J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*
- Paul Auster, *The New York Trilogy*
- Henry Roth, *A Diving Rock on the Hudson*
- Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*
- Scott F. Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*
- Truman Capote, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*
- Ernesto Quinonez, *Bodega Dreams*
- Bret Easton Ellis, *American Psycho*
- Jay McInerney, *Bright Lights, Big City*
- Jay McInerney, *Brightness Falls*
- Tom Wolfe, *The Bonfire of Vanities*
- John Dos Passos, *Manhattan Transfer*
- Claude Brown, *Manchild in the Promised Land*
- Henry Roth, *Call it Sleep*
- James Baldwin, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*
- Sister Souljah, *The Coldest Winter Ever*
- Gwen Kinkead, *Chinatown, A Portrait of a Closed Society* (non-fiction)

KANSAS CITY:

- Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*

Writing Haikus

A haiku is a minimalist form of poetry. The writer has 17 syllables through which to convey an experience.

A haiku is like a written snapshot. It recreates the atmosphere of a moment in 3 lines (5 syllables, 7 syllables, 5 syllables). Modern English haikus do not always follow this rule very strictly.

The content of a haiku is typically, but not always, focused on a small but important moment in a person's everyday life. Part of writing a haiku is finding the 'awe' that is usually passed by without notice – the act of creating a haiku is the act of focusing our attention more closely than we might otherwise do. It is like a picture in close-up.

Sometimes haikus deal with important realizations (epiphanies) in a person's life. Read the following examples and try to visualize the scenes and take in the atmosphere or understand the important realization.

midday hush
the rasp of a mallard
calling his mate

Ray Rasmussen

street musicians resting –
red maple leaf
lands on the keyboard

Tompkins Square –
an old man teaches Tai-Chi
to a crowd of pigeons

Paul Mena

what is that building?
cobble-stoned streets, glass canyons.
I'm tired. my feet hurt.

Margaret Hinchcliffe

sunrise:
I forget my side
of the argument

George Swede
thundering surf
seagull cries on the
bitter winds

Stonecrow

on every icicle's tip
a drop
of sunlight

Alexey Andreyev

a supermarket:
in someone's cart – beef, beer,
flowers and a child

Alexey Andreyev

hand counting ballots.
who is your president now?
no Y2K bug.

with a flourish
the waitress leaves behind
rearranged smears

Dee Evetts

second husband
painting the fence
the same green

Carol Montgomery p.
the smell of the iron
as I come down the stairs
winter evening

Lee Gurga



What it's about

The Sunflower Project NYC started in the Spring of 2002 as a living memorial planting project to remember the people lost on September 11th, to honor their families, to thank the people everywhere who contributed to the recovery, and to make our world better, one patch at a time.

The idea is for individuals, groups and communities to create their own sunflower memorials everywhere-- to remember and honor life with living, growing symbols of renewal and hope.

☀️ A fork in my bag.
Next to my comb some wet seeds.
Armed and dangerous.

☀️ Dig hole with chopstick
Make sure seed goes into hole
Mission accomplished

☀️ Watering something?
Not me, I just spilled water...
for the seventh time

☀️ In New York, Cher can
strut nude--no notice. Plant seeds?
People stop. What's that?

☀️ Armed with black seeds
I glance around furtively
then complete my task

☀️ Look at me strangely
Wonder why I'm poking dirt
Doesn't everyone?

☀️ Planting sunflowers.
Large Federal Agent says
"Let's see some ID".

☀️ Small dog and small mind
in tow, local Tree Lady
watches me closely.

Text sample: 4

Dorothy Parker:

1893 - 1967

Men

They hail you as their morning star
Because you are the way you are.
If you return the sentiment,
They'll try to make you different;
And once they have you, safe and sound,
They want to change you all around.
Your moods and ways they put a curse on;
They'd make of you another person.
They cannot let you go your gait;
They influence and educate,
They'd alter all that they admired.
They make me sick, they make me tired.

SYMPTOM RECITAL

I do not like my state of mind;
I'm bitter, querulous, unkind.
I hate my legs, I hate my hands,
I do not yearn for lovelier lands.
I dread the dawn's recurrent light;
I hate to go to bed at night.
I snout at simple, earnest folk.
I cannot take the gentlest joke.
I find no peace in paint or type.
My world is but a lot of tripe.
I'm disillusioned, empty-breasted.
For what I think, I'd be arrested.
I am not sick, I am not well.
My quondam dreams are shot to hell.
My soul is crushed, my spirit sore;
I do not like me any more.
I cavil, quarrel, grumble, grouse.
I ponder on the narrow house.
I shudder at the thought of men .
I'm due to fall in love again.

General Review of the Sex Situation

Woman wants monogamy;
Man delights in novelty.
Love is woman's moon and
sun; Man has other forms of
fun. Woman lives but in her
lord; Count to ten, and man is
bored. With this the gist and
sum of it, What earthly good
can come of it?

Resume

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

Social Note

Lady, lady, should you meet
One whose ways are all discreet,
One who murmurs that his wife
Is the lodestar of his life,
One who keeps assuring you
That he never was untrue,
Never loved another one...
Lady, lady, better run!

Unfortunate Coincidence

By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

extra stuff.....

Jewish

See also: [American Jews](#)



Two girls wearing banners with the slogan "ABOLISH CHILD SLAVERY!!" in English and [Yiddish](#). Probably taken during the May 1st, 1909 New York labor parade.

The [New York metropolitan area](#) is home to the largest Jewish population in the world outside [Israel](#). The New York metropolitan area's Jewish population in 2001 was approximately 1.97 million, 600,000 fewer than in Israel's largest metropolitan area, denoted as Gush Dan. In 2002, an estimated 972,000 [Ashkenazic](#) Jews lived in New York City and constituted about 12% of the city's population. New York City is also home to the world headquarters of the Hasidic [Chabad-Lubavitch](#) group and the [Bobover](#) and [Satmar](#) branches of [Hasidism](#), ultra-Orthodox sects of Judaism.

The Jewish presence in New York City dates to the 17th century, when a Jewish community relocated from [Recife](#) in Brazil, seeking freedom of worship. Major immigration of Jews to New York began in the 1880s, with the increase of [antisemitic](#) actions in Central and Eastern Europe. The number of Jews in New York City soared throughout the beginning of the 20th century and reached a peak of 2 million in the 1950s, when Jews constituted one-quarter of the city's population. New York City's Jewish population then began to decline because of low fertility rates and migration to [suburbs](#) and other states, particularly [California](#) and [Florida](#). A new wave of [Ashkenazi](#), [Bukharian](#), and [Georgian Jewish](#) immigrants from the former [Soviet Union](#) began arriving in the 1980s and 1990s. Sephardic Jews including Syrian and other Jews of non-European origin have also lived in New York City since the 17th century. Many Jews, including the newer immigrants, have settled in Queens, south Brooklyn, and the Bronx, where at present most live in middle-class neighborhoods such as [Riverdale](#).

Nineteenth-century Jewish immigrants settled mainly in the tenement houses of the [Lower East Side](#) of Manhattan. Today New York City's Jewish population is dispersed among all the boroughs; Brooklyn's Jewish population in 2003 was estimated as 456,000, and Manhattan's as 243,000.

While three-quarters of [New York Jews](#) do not consider themselves religiously observant, the [Orthodox](#) community is rapidly growing due to the high birthrates of Hasidic sects, while the numbers of Conservative and Reform Jews are declining.

Like the Irish, the Jewish community has played an important role in New York City's politics; Jewish voters traditionally vote in large numbers and have often supported politically liberal policies.



JEWISH NEW YORK

A History & Heritage Map

Old New York

First Jewish Settlers, 1654
Twenty-three Sephardic Jews from Brazil arrive in New Amsterdam.

First Synagogue, 1730
Shearith Israel on 40th St.

Oldest Jewish Cemetery, 1856-1853
St. James Pl. near Chelsea Sq.



New York Board of Rabbis ©2007

Jewish Exiles from Eastern Europe
U.S. Immigration Station, Ellis Island, 1905-1954

The Lower East Side
The center of Home St. and Ludlow St., 1925

Jewish Business Success
Albany: American partners with Isaac Bankers, success at Macy's, 1892

Jewish Labor Movement
Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire opens Jewish trade union movement, 1911

Jewish Education
Success with the Yeshiva system, 1912

New York's Jewish Mayors
Albany: Mayor (1914-17)
Edward Koch (1978-92)
Michael Bloomberg (2002-)

The Lower East Side of Manhattan by Victor Hernández Cruz

By the East River
of Manhattan Island
Where once the Iroquois
canoed in style—
A clear liquid
caressing another name
for rock,
Now the jumping
Stretch of Avenue D
housing projects
Where Ricans and Afros
Johnny Pacheco / Wilson Pickett
The portable radio night—
Across the Domino sugar
Neon lights of the Brooklyn shore

Window carnival of
megalopolis lights
From Houston Street
Twenty kids take off
On summer bikes
Across the Williamsburg
Bridge
Their hair flying
With bodega bean protein
Below the working class
jumping like frogs—
Parrots with new raincoats
swinging canes of bamboo
Like third legs
Down diddy-bop 6th Street
of the roaring Dragons
Strollers of cool flow

When winter comes they fly
In capes down Delancey
Past the bites of pastrami
Sandwiches in Katz's
Marching through red bricks
aglow dragging hind leg
Swinging arms
Defying in simalcas

Hebrew prayers inside
metallic containers
Rolled into walls
Tenement relic
Roofs of pigeon airports

Horse-driven carts
arrive with the morning
Slicing through the venetian
blinds
Along with a Polish English
Barking peaches and melons
Later the ice man a-cometh
Selling his hard water
cut into blocks
The afternoon a metallic

slide intercourses buildings
which start to swallow
coals down their basement
Mouths.

Where did the mountains go
The immigrants ask
The place where houses
and objects went back
Into history which guided
Them into nature

Entering the roots of plants
The molasses of fruit
To become eternal again,
Now the plaster of Paris
Are the ears of the walls
The first utterances in Spanish
Recall what was left behind.

People kept arriving
as the cane fields dried
Flying bushes from another
planet
Which had a pineapple for
a moon
Vegetables and tree bark
popping out of luggage
The singers of lament
into the soul of Jacob Riis
Where the prayers Santa Maria
Through remaining fibers
of the Torah
Eldridge Street lelolai
A Spanish never before seen
Inside gypsies.
Once Cordova the cabala
Haberdasheries of Orchard Street
Hecklers riddling bargains
Like in gone bazaars of
Some Warsaw ghetto.

Upward into the economy
Migration continues—
Out of the workers' quarters
Pieces of accents
On the ascending escalator.

The red Avenue B bus
disappearing down the
Needle holes of the garment
factories—
The drain of a city
The final sewers
Where the waste became antique
The icy winds
Of the river's edge
Stinging lower Broadway
As hot dogs
Sauerkraut and all
Gush down the pipes
of Canal

After Forsyth Park

is the beginning of Italy
Florence inside Mott
Street windows—
Palermo eyes of Angie
Flipping the big
hole of a 45 record
The Duprees dusting
Like white sugar onto
Fluffed dough—
Crisscrossing
The fire escapes
To arrive at Lourdes'
railroad flat
With knishes
she threw next to
Red beans.

Broome Street Hasidics
with Martian fur hats
With those ultimatum brims
Puerto Ricans supporting
pra-pras
Atop faces with features
Thrown out of some bag
Of universal race stew—
Mississippi rural slang
With Avenue D park view
All in exile from broken
Souths
The horses the cows the
chickens
The daisies of the rural
road
All past tense in the urbanity
that remembers
The pace of mountains
The moods of the fields.

From the guayaba bushels
outside of a town
With an Arowak name
I hear the flute shells
With the I that saw
Andalusian boats
Wash up on the beach
To distribute Moorish
eyes.

The Lower East Side
was faster than the speed
Of light
A tornado of bricks
and fire escapes
In which you had to grab
on to something or take
Off with the wayward winds—

The proletariat stoop voices
Took off like Spauldine
rubber balls
Hit by blue broomsticks
on 12th Street—
Wintertime summertime
Seasons of hallways and roofs

Between pachanga and doo-wop
A generation left
The screaming streets of
passage
Gone from the temporary
station of desire and disaster

I knew Anthony's
and Carmen
Butchy
Little Man
Eddie
Andrew
Tiny
Pichon
Vigo
Wandy
Juanito
Where are they?
The windows sucked them up
The pavement had mouths that
ate them
Urban vanishment
Illusion
I too
Henry Roth
"Call It Sleep."

Night Funeral in Harlem by [Langston Hughes](#)

Night funeral
In Harlem:

Where did they get
Them two fine cars?

Insurance man, he did not pay--
His insurance lapsed the other day--
Yet they got a satin box
for his head to lay.

Night funeral
In Harlem:

Who was it sent
That wreath of flowers?

Them flowers came
from that poor boy's friends--
They'll want flowers, too,
When they meet their ends.

Night funeral
in Harlem:

Who preached that
Black boy to his grave?

Old preacher man
Preached that boy away--
Charged Five Dollars
His girl friend had to pay.

Night funeral
In Harlem:

When it was all over
And the lid shut on his head
and the organ had done played
and the last prayers been said
and six pallbearers
Carried him out for dead
And off down Lenox Avenue
That long black hearse done sped,
 The street light
 At his corner
 Shined just like a tear--
That boy that they was mournin'
Was so dear, so dear
To them folks that brought the flowers,
To that girl who paid the preacher man--
It was all their tears that made
 That poor boy's
 Funeral grand.

Night funeral
In Harlem.

Broadway

by: Carl Sandburg (1878-1967)

**I shall never forget you, Broadway
Your golden and calling lights.**

**I'll remember you long,
Tall-walled river of rush and play.**

**Hearts that know you hate you
And lips that have given you laughter
Have gone to their ashes of life and its roses,**

**Cursing the dreams that were lost
In the dust of your harsh and trampled stones.**

More [poems by Carl Sandburg](#)

Broadway

by: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

**What hurrying human tides, or day or night!
What passions, winnings, losses, ardors, swim thy waters!
What whirls of [evil](#), bliss and sorrow, stem thee!
What curious questioning glances--glints of [love](#)!
Leer, envy, scorn, contempt, hope, aspiration!
Thou portal--thou arena--thou of the myriad long-drawn lines
and groups!
(Could but thy flagstones, curbs, facades, tell their inimitable
tales;
Thy windows rich, and huge hotels--thy side-walks wide;)
Thou of the endless sliding, mincing, shuffling feet!
Thou, like the parti-colored world itself--like infinite, teeming,
mocking [life](#)!
Thou visor'd, vast, unspeakable show and lesson!**

East-Side: New York

by: Maxwell Bodenheim (1892-1954)

**An old Jew munches an apple,
With conquering immersion
All the thwarted longings of his life
Urge on his determined teeth.
His face is hard and pear-shaped;
His eyes are muddy capitulations;
But his mouth is incongruous.
Softly, slightly distended,
Like that of a whistling girl,
It is ingenuously haunting
And makes the rest of him a soiled, grey background.
Hopes that lie within their grave
Of submissive sternness,
Have spilled their troubled ghosts upon this mouth,
And a tortured belief
Has dwindled into tenderness upon it ...
He trudges off behind his push-cart
And the Ghetto walks away with him**

New York at Night

by: Amy Lowell (1874-1925)

**A near horizon whose sharp jags
Cut brutally into a sky
Of leaden heaviness, and crags
Of houses lift their masonry
Ugly and foul, and chimneys lie
And snort, outlined against the gray**

**Of lowhung cloud. I hear the sigh
The goaded city gives, not day
Nor night can ease her heart, her anguished labours stay.**

**Below, straight streets, monotonous,
From north and south, from east and west,
Stretch glittering; and luminous
Above, one tower tops the rest
And holds aloft man's constant quest:
Time! Joyless emblem of the greed
Of millions, robber of the best
Which earth can give, the vulgar creed
Has seared upon the night its flaming ruthless screed.**

**O Night! Whose soothing presence brings
The quiet shining of the stars.
O Night! Whose cloak of darkness clings
So intimately close that scars
Are hid from our own eyes. Beggars
By day, our wealth is having night
To burn our souls before altars
Dim and tree-shadowed, where the light
Is shed from a young moon, mysteriously bright.**

**Where art thou hiding, where thy peace?
This is the hour, but thou art not.
Will waking tumult never cease?
Hast thou thy votary forgot?
Nature forsakes this man-begot
And festering wilderness, and now**

**The long still hours are here, no jot
Of dear communing do I know;
Instead the glaring, man-filled city groans below!**

[Aesthetic Realism Looks at New York City: Poetry](#)

Martha Baird

Man and Nature in New York and Kansas

Have you ever seen the fields of wheat, nothing but
wheat, from here to the horizon?
Ah, then, you have missed something.
I remember the wheat in Lane County, Kansas,—
Named for James H. Lane, "Jim Lane, of Kansas,"
a hero at the time of "bleeding Kansas", a brave
man who worked hard and took chances so that
no human being should be owned by any other
human being in Kansas.
So Lane County, Kansas, is named for him,
And I remember the wheat fields there.
Let me tell you how it was.
The earth is even, west of Dighton,
And the road is straight.
On both sides, there is the wheat,
As far as you can see; And it waves
In the wind.
The heads of the wheat are heavy
And the stems are slim.
The heads have a deeper color than the stems,
Deeper green in spring, Deeper amber later.
And so there is waving green,
Or waving amber,
Mile on mile.
The sky is blue and wide and bright,
And the wheat waves under it.
I remember the wheat, and I hear the wheat saying:
"See what nature and man can do!
See what nature and man can do!
Be happy,
We are the wheat."

Have you ever seen the high buildings of Manhattan ,
near sundown, on a cold, gray day?
Ah, then, you have missed something.
Let me tell you how it is.

Walk down Lexington Avenue Towards 57th Street,
And look to the west.
Look up and see
The Great tall buildings,
The cold stone buildings,
High against the sky.
Look! The great stone buildings are pink!
The setting sun is making them rosy!
They are solid and rosy,
And give forth light.
The gray sky is confused and scurrying;
It is rosy too, in spite of itself.
The proud gorgeous buildings
Love the light
They love the sun for making them rosy,
Showing what they can be.
Busy people go about their business,
Eyes on the ground,
While the proud gorgeous buildings say with the
wheat fields:
"See what nature and man can do! See what nature and
man can do!
Be happy,
We are the rosy buildings and the wheat."

from *Nice Deity*(New York: [Definition Press](#), 1955)

[Back](#)

Louis Dienes

Lunch Hour in New York

Trees, each with a shape,
However seldom noticed and related
To other shapes,
But there,
Sway in the wind
In Uptown Central Park
In early afternoon
In bright July.

Grass, green, with a fragrance,
With a softness,
Moves a little

And people are there on it or on benches.

It is lunch hour in New York;
The milk from containers, cool, is drunk,
The sandwiches and fruit are eaten;
The inertia feeling,
The full feeling, comes over the people
And they sit around and walk around
And lie around,
Their shapes in their clothing containing
Meaning in middle afternoon
In bright July.

Robert Clairmont

The Tan Suit Person and Importance in New York

The chances are
You are making
Just about as important an impression
In the life
Of the person in the tan suit
Who is looking at you
From the top of an omnibus
In New York, New York,
As the tan suit person
Is making in yours.

From *Quintillions* (NY: American
Sunbeam Publisher, 2005)