



Prince George High School

7801 Laurel Spring Road • Prince George, VA 23875 • 804-733-2720

June 23, 2020

Dear Advanced Placement Language and Composition students and parents:

Welcome to the Advanced Placement Language and Composition class for next year. Advanced Placement Language and Composition is a demanding college level course designed to develop exceptionally skilled writers with intelligent and perceptive insight into literature. Near the end of the course, all students take the National AP Examination.

This course will concentrate on a variety of subjects with the focus on rhetoric, tone analysis, argumentation, diction, and the use of metaphor. The method by which we explore these skills will include the close reading of primarily non-fiction short works. American novels and poetry will also be included in our study. Timed composition assignments focus on the critical analysis and evaluation of literature. The course will also entail several oral presentations and a research assignment for each 9 weeks. In addition students will post to an online blackboard discussion forum that is secured & open only to their class.

The National AP Examination (additional fee - \$75-\$95) will be taken in early May and is a requirement for every student taking the class. If a student performs well on the exam the student may receive college credit (3-6 hours) and/or exempt freshmen writing requirements. The course is designed to resemble a university course. **Therefore the student should expect to spend at least 1 to 1 ½ hours a night on reading and writing assignments.**

Advanced Placement courses are the most challenging classes offered at Prince George High School. If a student fails to maintain an appropriate G.P.A. or fails to come prepared for class on a regular basis, the student will be reassigned to a regular level class.

Over the summer it will be necessary to **read four items to prepare for the first weeks of school.** The works have been given to each student and some have assignments attached. **These assignments should be completed by the first day of class and be included in a single subject spiral bound journal of about 70 pages.** In addition to the written assignments, there will be one 20 question true and false quizzes on the plot of the novel during the first week of school.

1. *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Novel)
2. *Letter from Birmingham Jail* by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
3. Excerpt from *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* (Short Selection)
4. Collection of New York Times articles

I look forward to meeting each of you on the first day and the parents at *Back to School Night*. If you have any questions in the meantime please email me at cwaugaman@pgs.k12.va.us or call me at 733-2720.

Sincerely,

Chris Waugaman
AP Language and Composition Teacher

AP Assignments for Summer Reading
Mr. Waugaman

1. *Scarlet Letter* – This novel deals with a specific society within the framework of our American history. This group defined a lifestyle and set of ethical standards. Your reading of the novel and your response will give you an opportunity to explore some of the major themes and stylistic devices each author implores before class begins.

70 pgs

In a spiral bound notebook (§ subject) keep a running dialogue of each chapter as you read noting use of imagery, narrative voice, and theme. Some of the major events in each novel that you should comment on are listed below. There is no length requirement but for novels of such length, you should devote at least 5-10 pages front and back to the novel.

Following is an example of a journal entry for the first paragraph of *The Scarlet Letter*.

A throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments and gray, steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

throng – size, unorganized, random gathering

bearded men – male dominated society

sad-colored garments and gray – somber tone, stoic, unemotional

intermixed women, some wearing hoods – not dominant fixtures in society, reserved

wooden edifice, heavily timbered with oak, studded with iron spikes – traditional, unwavering, judgmental, harsh, and punished

Scarlet Letter events to note – opening prison scene, three scaffold scenes, opening conversation with Chillingworth, Chillingworth and Dimmesdale interacting, Pearl's reaction to the letter in the woods, Dimmesdale's best sermon, Dimmesdale penance.

Again – don't forget during the first week of school you will be given a quiz of 20 questions on the novel.

2. Read the *Letter From Birmingham Jail* by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. – you can find a copy at kenyonencyclopedia.stanford.edu

Please respond to it in your journal in a similar fashion to the novel above. On the left side of the paper, write down lines and quotes from his letter. Next to those remarks on the right, give your commentary on why he chooses to include such statements.

3. Read the excerpt from *Frederick Douglass's Narrative* and answer the journal questions in your journal. The questions are on the following handout and the tonal vocabulary that will help answer some of the questions follows that handout.

4. Read the NY Times articles from the columns **On Language** and summarize in your own words what the subject and purpose of each article is in two sentences. In addition to the summary, find examples of metaphors from any of the articles and identify the metaphor and the meaning of the comparison. Lastly, using your tonal vocabulary sheet, list two tones used in each work and the sentence that conveys the particular tone.

English 11 Journal Entries
Frederick Douglass: Learning to Read
Page 428 in *The Norton Reader*

Born into slavery, Frederick Douglass lived to become one of the most influential figures in African American history. As a young man and a slave in Maryland, Frederick Douglass was recognized as a bright young man by both blacks and whites. During his life as a slave in Baltimore he learned to read and write and passed his knowledge along to other blacks in Baltimore. Many of the leading black figures of the time were critical of Douglass. They did not believe that justice could ever be achieved for Blacks in this country, while Douglass maintained an optimistic vision for America.

Trace the change in tone and attitude throughout his narrative keeping in mind the general purpose of why he shares his experiences.

Part 1: Individual Paragraphs

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| Paragraph 1: | What is the subject of the work?
What is the tone?
State the attitude toward his mistress |
| Paragraph 2: | List as many descriptors as possible. Group them as being negative or positive with their connotation.
What effect does describing his mistress have on the piece? |
| Paragraph 3: | What is the tone?
How does this paragraph differ structurally? Reason? |
| Paragraph 4: | What action does "prudence" forbid him from acting out?
How does this differ from previous and following actions?
What effect do the questions in this paragraph have on the audience? |
| Paragraph 5: | What is the purpose of his sharing the dialogue that he read in <i>The Columbian Orator</i> ? |
| Paragraph 6: | Locate at least two paradoxes that are stated. How do they seem to conflict with his pursuit of literacy?
Identify his use of imagery and metaphor with freedom.
Identify a rhetorical device in the last part of the paragraph. What is the effect?
What is the subject of this paragraph? How does it affect the tone? |
| Paragraph 7: | Comment on his experience with the term "abolitionist." |
| Paragraph 9: | What is his purpose?
Who is his audience? |

Part 2: The Narrative's Purpose

Why is it important for Douglass to share with his audience his voyage to literacy?
What is his general and specific reactions to all those individuals which intentionally or unintentionally helped him?

Learning to Read and Write by Frederick Douglass

I lived in Master Hugh's family about seven years. During this time, I succeeded in learning to read and write. In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me, had, in compliance with the advice and direction of her husband, not only ceased to instruct, but had set her face against my being instructed by anyone else. It is due, however, to my mistress to say of her, that she did not adopt this course of treatment immediately. She at first lacked the depravity indispensable to shutting me up in mental darkness. It was at least necessary for her to have some training in the exercise of irresponsible power, to make her equal to the task of treating me as though I were a brute.

My mistress was, as I have said, a kind and tender-hearted woman; and in the simplicity of her soul she commenced, when I first went to live with her, to treat me as she supposed one human being ought to treat another. In entering upon the duties of a slaveholder, she did not seem to perceive that I sustained to her the relation of a mere chattel, and that for her to treat me as a human being was not only wrong, but dangerously so. Slavery proved as injurious to her as it did to me. When I went there, she was a pious, warm, and tender-hearted woman. There was no sorrow or suffering, for which she had not a tear. She had bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and comfort for every mourner that came within her reach. Slavery soon proved its ability to divert her of these heavenly qualities. Under its influence, the tender heart became stone, and the lamb-like disposition gave way to one of tiger-like fierceness. The first step in her downward course was in her ceasing to instruct me. She now commenced to practice her husband's precepts. She finally became even more violent in her opposition than her husband himself. She was not satisfied with simply doing as well as he had commanded; she seemed anxious to do better. Nothing seemed to make her more angry than to see me with a newspaper. She seemed to think that here lay the danger. I have had her rush at me with a face made all up of fury, and snatch from me a newspaper, in a manner that fully revealed her apprehension. She was an apt woman; and a little experience soon demonstrated, to her satisfaction, that education and slavery were incompatible with each other.

From this time I was most narrowly watched. If I was in a separate room any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself. All this, however, was too late. The first step had been taken. Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the inch, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the ell.

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent to errands, I

always took my book with me, and by doing one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids not that it would injure me, - but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offense to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Dargin and Bailey's shopyard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, "I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, but I am a slave for life! Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was brought forward by time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as, well as impressive things in reply to his master's things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had

already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition, without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Anything, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me. There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate. The silver trumpet of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now appeared, to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

I often found myself regretting my own existence, and wishing myself dead; and but for the hope of being free, I have no doubt but that I should have killed myself, or done something for which I should have been killed. While in this state of mind, I was eager to hear anyone speak of slavery. I was a ready listener. Every little while, I could hear something about the abolitionists. It was some time before I found what the word meant. It was always used in such connections as to make it an interesting word to me. If a slave ran away and succeeded in getting clear, or if a slave killed his master, set fire to a barn, or did anything very wrong in the mind of a slaveholder, it was spoken of as the fruit of abolition. Hearing the word in this connection very often, I set about learning what it meant. The dictionary afforded me little or no help. I found it was "the act of abolishing," but then I did not know what was to be abolished. Here I was perplexed. I did not dare to ask anyone about its meaning, for I was satisfied that it was something they wanted me to know very little about. After a patient waiting, I got one of our city papers, containing an account of the number of petitions from the North, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave trade between the States. From this time I was spoken, expecting to hear something of importance to myself and fellow-slaves. The light broke in upon me by degrees. I went one day down on the wharf of Mr. Waters; and seeing two fishermen unloading a scow of stone, I went, unasked, and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, "Are ye a slave for life?" I told him that I was. The good fisherman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the North; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. While men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away. I

looked forward to a time at which it would be safe for me to escape. I was too young to think of doing so immediately; besides, I wished to learn how to write, as I might have occasion to write my own pass. I consoled myself with the hope that I should one day find a good chance. Meanwhile, I would learn to write.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's shipyard, and frequently seeing the ship carpenters, after hewing, and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece of timber was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked thus-"L." When a piece was for the starboard side, it would be marked thus-"S." A piece for the larboard side forward, would be marked thus-"L.F." When a piece was for starboard side forward, it would be marked thus-"S.F." For larboard aft, it would be marked thus-"L.A." For starboard aft, it would be marked thus-"S.A." I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the shipyard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, "I don't believe you. Let me see you try it." I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time, my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these, I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster's Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking in the book. By this time, my little Master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class meeting at the Wilk Street meeting-house every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in master Thomas's copy-book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long, tedious effort for years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.

Taken from: <http://www.gildasmagazine.com/learning%20to%20read.htm>

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"Letter from Birmingham Jail"

16 April 1963

My Dear Fellow Clergymen:

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling my present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would have little time for anything other than such correspondence in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and that your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I want to try to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and "reasonable" terms.

I think I should indicate why I am here in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the view which argues against "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty-five affiliated organizations across the South, and one of them is the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Frequently we share staff, educational and financial resources with our affiliates. Several months ago the affiliate here in Birmingham asked us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented, and when the hour came we lived up to our promise. So I, along with several members of my staff, am here because I was invited here. I am here because I have organizational ties here.

But more basically, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the prophets of the eighth century B.C. left their villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, and just as the Apostle Paul left his village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to the far corners of the Greco-Roman world, so am I compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my own home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial, "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds.

You deplore the demonstrations taking place in Birmingham. But your statement, I am sorry to say, fails to express a similar concern for the conditions that brought about the demonstrations. I am sure that none of you would want to rest content with the superficial kind of social analysis that deals merely with effects and does not grapple with underlying causes. It is unfortunate that demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham, but it is even more unfortunate that the city's white power structure left the Negro community with no alternative.

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: collection of the facts to determine whether injustices exist; negotiation; self-purification; and direct action. We have gone through all these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gainsaying the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community. Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of brutality is widely known. Negroes have experienced grossly unjust treatment in the courts. There have been many unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any other city in the nation. These are the hard, brutal facts of the case. On the basis of these conditions, Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the latter consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

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Then, last September, came the opportunity to talk with leaders of Birmingham's economic community. In the course of the negotiations, certain promises were made by the merchants—for example, to remove the stores' humiliating racial signs. On the basis of these promises, the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to a truce on all demonstrations. As the weeks and months went by, we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. A few signs, briefly removed, returned; the others remained.

As in so many past experiences, our hopes had been blasted, and the shadow of deep disappointment settled upon us. We had no alternative except to prepare for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and the national community. Mindful of the difficulties involved, we decided to undertake a process of self-purification. We began a series of workshops on nonviolence, and we repeatedly asked ourselves: "Are you able to accept blows without retaliating?" Are you able to endure the ordeal of jail? We decided to schedule our direct action program for the Easter season, realizing that except for Christmas, this is the main shopping period of the year. Knowing that a strong economic withdrawal program would be the by-product of direct action, we felt that this would be the best time to bring pressure to bear on the merchants for the needed change.

Then it occurred to us that Birmingham's mayoral election was coming up in March, and we speedily decided to postpone action until after election day. When we discovered that the Commissioner of Public Safety, Eugene "Bull" Connor, had piled up enough votes to be in the run-off, we decided again to postpone action until the day after the run-off so that the demonstrations could not be used to cloud the issues. Like many others, we waited to see Mr. Connor defeated, and to this end we endured postponement after postponement, having added in this community need, we felt that our direct action program could be delayed no longer.

You may well ask: "Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches and so forth? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are quite right in calling for negotiation. Indeed, this is the very purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. My citing the creation of tension as part of the work of the nonviolent resister may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word "tension." I have earnestly opposed violent tension, but there is a type of constructive, nonviolent tension which is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, so must we see the need for nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood.

The purpose of our direct action program is to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. I therefore concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in a tragic effort to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

One of the basic points in your statement is that the action that I and my associates have taken in Birmingham is untimely. Some have asked: "Why didn't you give the new city administration time to act?" The only answer that I can give to this query is that the new Birmingham administration must be prodded about as much as the outgoing one, before it will act. We are sadly mistaken if we feel that the election of Albert Boutwell as mayor will bring the millennium to Birmingham. While Mr. Boutwell is a much more gentle person than Mr. Connor, they are both segregationists, dedicated to maintenance of the status quo. I have hope that Mr. Boutwell will be reasonable enough to see the futility of massive resistance to desegregation. But he will not see this without pressure from devotees of civil rights. My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined, legal and nonviolent pressure. Lamentably, it is an historical fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up

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their unjust posture but as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups tend to be more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have yet to engage in a direct action campaign that was well timed" in the view of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word "Wait" it rings in the ear of every Negro with piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." We must come to see, with one of our distinguished jurists, that justice too long delayed is justice denied."

We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward gaining political independence, but we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward gaining a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate filled policemen curse, kick and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six year old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that "untown is closed to colored children, and see ominous clouds of inferiority beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her personality by developing an unconscious inferiority complex; when you have to concoct an answer for a five year old son who asks: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross county drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger," your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs.," when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and are plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into the abyss of despair. I hope, sir, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, at first glance it may seem rather paradoxical for us consciously to break laws. One may well ask: "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer lies in the fact that there are two types of laws: just and unjust. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that an unjust law is no law at all.

Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine whether a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of St. Thomas Aquinas: A just law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal law and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. Segregation, to use the terminology of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, substitutes an "I it" relationship for an "I thou" relationship and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. Hence segregation is not only morally wrong but also sociologically unsound. It is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Tillich has said that sin is separation. Is not segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, his awful

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estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? Thus it is that I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court, for it is morally right; and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances, for they are morally wrong.

Let us consider a more concrete example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a numerical or power majority group compels a minority group to obey but does not make binding on itself. This is difference made legal. By the same token, a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow and that it is willing to follow itself. This is sameness made legal.

Let me give another explanation. A law is unjust if it is inflicted on a minority that, as a result of being denied the right to vote, had no part in enacting or devising the law. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up that state's segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout Alabama all sorts of devious methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters, and there are some counties in which, even though Negroes constitute a majority of the population, not a single Negro is registered. Can any law enacted under such circumstances be considered democratically stricken?

Sometimes a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I have been arrested on a charge of parading without a permit. Now, there is nothing wrong in having an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade. But such an ordinance becomes unjust when it is used to maintain segregation and to deny citizens the First Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and protest.

I hope you are able to see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law, as would the rabid segregationist. That would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law.

Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was evidenced sublimely in the refusal of Socrates to obey the laws of the Athenians; it was evidenced manfully in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar; on the ground that a higher moral law was at stake. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians, who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks rather than submit to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience. In our own nation, the Boston Tea Party represented a massive act of civil disobedience.

We should never forget that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. Even so, I am sure that, had I lived in Germany at the time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers. If today I lived in a Communist country where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I would openly advocate disobeying that country's antireligious laws.

I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the past few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in his stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens' Council or the Ku Klux Klan; but the white moderate, who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says: "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I cannot agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically believes he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by a mythical concept of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait for a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

Advanced Placement -- Language Developing A Tone Vocabulary

admiring--complimentary, favorable
alarmed--excited
allusive--suggestive, hinting
aloof--haughty, distant
ambivalent--indecisive, having mixed emotions
angry--irate
anxious--uneasy, brooding
apathetic--uncaring, uninvolved
apologetic--regretful
audacious--bold, insolent
belligerent--contentious
benevolent--kindly
bitter--hating, malicious, resentful, rancorous
candid--frank, truthful
captious--ready to detect trivial faults
censorious--severely critical, condemnatory
clinical--detached, coolly dispassionate
cold--unemotional
complacent--self-satisfied, smug
condescending--showing superiority, patronizing
confident--certain, full of conviction
confused--perplexed, disconcerted
contemptuous--scornful, disdainful, disrespectful, irrelevant
critical--judging harshly
cynical--contemptuously distrustful of human nature and motives, misanthropic
delirious--suggesting frenzied excitement
depressed--dejected
desperate--showing a loss of hope
detached--unconcerned, aloof, distant, unbiased
didactic--instructive
dispassionate--unaffected by strong feeling;
showing coolness of judgment

dogmatic--authoritative, assertive, arrogant
dreamy--vague, in a state of reverie, appearing tranquil
effusive--excessively demonstrative, gushing
elated--joyful; happy
elegiac--expressing sorrow
fanciful--whimsical
flippant--lacking proper respect or seriousness
forgiving--pardoning, excusing
frivolous--lacking seriousness, playful, silly
giddy--lightheartedly silly
hesitant--reluctant
impartial--unbiased, objective
impassioned--ardent, fervent, fervid
importunate--overly persistent in demand
incredulous--not believing
indignant--showing anger at injustice
insolent--arrogant, overbearing, impudent
ironic--expressing the opposite of literal meaning
irreverent--disrespectful
jocular--joking, humorous
lugubrious--dismal, mournful
matter-of-fact--concerned with fact only, not imaginative or fanciful; objective
melancholy--depressed, dejected, sad
optimistic--inclined to expect the best possible outcome
pedantic--narrowly or unimaginatively academic;
ostentatiously learned
pessimistic--inclined to expect the worst possible outcome, fatalistic
pompous--arrogant, self-important
puerile--childish, juvenile
pungent--caustic, stinging, biting
restrained--reserved

sardonic—disdainfully humorous,
sarcastic
satirical—ridiculing, ironic, mocking,
taunting
sentimental—affectedly emotional,
maudlin
skeptical—questioning, doubting
somber—serious, solemn, gloomy, grave,
melancholy

supercilious—haughtily contemptuous
sympathetic—favoring, pitying
tongue-in-cheek—ironic, facetious,
sarcastic
threatening—menacing
urgent—urging insistently, earnest
vexed—annoyed, agitated
vindictive—vengeful, spiteful, vicious
zealous—eager, passionate, fervent

The language of a passage has control over tone. Language can be categorized as formal, informal, scientific, clinical, etc. **We often need words to describe language-** to describe the force or quality of the diction, images, and details. These words qualify how the work is written, ***not the attitude or tone.***

jargon	pedantic	poetic	plain
vulgar	euphemistic	moralistic	simple
scholarly	pretentious	slang	homespun
insipid	sensuous	idiomatic	colloquial
precise	exact	concrete	artificial
esoteric	learned	cultured	emotional
connotative	symbolic	picturesque	grotesque
obscure	colorful	prosaic	

January 4, 2009
ON LANGUAGE

Bleeping Expletives

By WILLIAM SAFIRE

Today we are going to deal with the media coverage of profanities, expletives, vulgarisms, obscenities, execrations, epithets and imprecations, nouns often lumped together by the Bluenose Generation as coarseness, crudeness, bawdiness, scatology or swearing. But roundheeled readers should stop smacking their lips and rubbing their hands because the deliberately shocking subject can be treated with decorum, in plain words, without the titillating examples of "dirty words." (Titillating, from the Latin *titillare*, "to tickle," is clean.)

If you want to fulminate about such prissiness about prurience in print, feel free to rattle your jowls, blow your stack and otherwise express your outrage with the typographical device to which cartoonists have resorted for generations: !#*&%@%!!!

The need for today's review is the coverage given to the participial modifier employed with great frequency and immortalized on recordings of telephone conversations made by the F.B.I. as its shocked — shocked! — agents eavesdropped on Rod Blagojevich, the Illinois governor. His favorite intensifier was reproduced in many newspapers and Internet sites with dashes as "----ing" or with asterisks as "*****ing" and was substituted in broadcasts, telecasts and Netcasts as a word descriptive of the sound called bleep. The Wall Street Journal went almost all the way, using both the first letter and three dashes in the participle before "golden," the word it modified.

Here's how The Washington Post handled it (with italics mine): "The governor, whose alleged dishonesty was matched only by his profanity, was secretly recorded by federal investigators saying that the Senate seat is 'a [expletive] valuable thing, you don't just give it away for nothing.' [Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald, in his news conference Tuesday, thoughtfully replaced each of the governor's obscenities with 'bleep' or 'bleeping.' " But in trying not to use the same word twice, the writer used three words with related but different meanings and etymologies.

Profanity has to do with irreverence toward the sacred; the Latin *fanum* means "temple." Profane language disrespects, desecrates and separates itself from religion. Heavy profanity borders on blasphemy, but a mild profanity is "damnation!" that can be made milder by the euphemism "darn." The Commandment about taking the Lord's name in vain is regularly violated by "fer Crissakes" or finessed by blurring the name of Jesus to an innocent "gee whiz." Although the meaning has been stretched in our time to a general "abusive; contemptuous; degrading," profanity still retains its religious origins, and profane has an antonym in "secular."

Members of the Vocabulary Constabulary insist that a profanity is no obscenity. The adjective obscene, rooted in ancient words for "filth," has a strong connotation of blatant or illicit sex: "immodest to an offensive degree; lewd; appealing to prurience" (the root of that word is "itching, as for intercourse"). An obscenity referred to by taste-conscious news-media outlets as "the F-word," avoiding a term used often in English since the 14th century, was long left out of dictionaries for commercial reasons but is

now included and labeled "obscene" or "vulgar." Although cable television has done much to erode the taboo of obscenities, our society's disapproval has increased on racial and ethnic slurs, as they have been described as "the true obscenities." But however you treat obscenity, it is not semantically a profanity. The distinction is worth preserving.

Expletive began as padding; a word or phrase to fill up a line, often an inoffensive oath like "by gum," but has added the sense of an exclamation or outcry interjected for emphasis. It gained popularity during the Watergate unpleasantness as words were primly excised from transcripts of the Nixon tapes and the space filled with a bracketed "expletive deleted."

"Vulgarism in language," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son in 1749, "is the . . . distinguishing characteristic of bad company and a bad education." From *vulgus*, Latin for "the common people," it meant "manners and language below the aristocratic standards of the well bred," but in the decline of snootiness, the meaning changed to a harsher "crude; indecent; tasteless." Examples are familiar one-syllable words in the field of scatology (Greek root *skat*, "dung") describing disposal of bodily wastes, now most often expressed in a shout after stubbing your toe in the dark.

An epithet is a derogation or slur not as "dirty" as a vulgarism or as explosive as an expletive, with which it is often confused. Tagging an intellectual as an "egghead" or labeling a passionate partisan as a "nut case" is using an epithet, or mildly disparaging word. In "show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser," sometimes used in the locker room, the last "loser" is an epithet.

Imprecation brings us full circle to religion. Based on the Latin *precare*, "to pray," the noun imprecation — along with its synonym execration, which shares a root with "sacred" and has nothing to do with excrement — are curses, usually married to the verb "mutter," calling down punishment from on high. These bookish terms of excessive condemnation are out of critical fashion, merely evoking the exclamation by Snoopy, the cartoon character from *Peanuts*, "Curse you, Red Baron!"

A bleep is a "squeak" — the echoic word for a high-pitched sound, especially one made by electronic equipment, lately embraced as a self-censoring word by Chicago prosecutors to avoid reading obscenities aloud in publicizing arrests. Our oral and instant messages are now heralded by the sound of the bleeper. Earliest use in the *Oxford English Dictionary* is from *The New York Herald Tribune* in 1953: "The bleeps of Geiger counters make 'penny stocks' on the country's exchanges palpitate into investors' bonanzas." More sophisticated plays today have made investors bleeping furious.

March 5, 2006

On Language

It Is What It Is

By WILLIAM SAFIRE

"We went through it thoroughly yesterday," said Scott McClellan, the White House press secretary, somewhat testily after being badgered recently about the Cheney hunting accident. "*It is what it is*, and I think it's time to move on."

"I made a mistake," said the pop icon Britney Spears, who was photographed driving with her baby son on her lap instead of strapped in a seat, "and so *it is what it is*, I guess."

The coach of the U.S. hockey team, arriving at the Turin Olympics, concerned about his travel-worn players going up against a well-rested Latvian squad, said in a resigned tone, "We're going to do the best that we can. It is *what it is*."

The phrase, racing through the language, shows no sign of tiring. The first use I can find is in the Newspaper Archive, from a column by J.E. Lawrence in The Nebraska State Journal in 1949 about the way that pioneer life molded character: "New land is harsh, and vigorous, and sturdy. It scorns evidence of weakness. There is nothing of sham or hypocrisy in it. *It is what it is, without apology.*"

Databases show a steady buildup in usage toward the end of the 20th century. A burst of the sentence's activity followed Billy Frolick's movie with that title in 2001. The jam band the String Cheese Incident used it a year later. Gary Mihoces of USA Today examined a dozen uses of the cliché by sports figures in 2004. On Election Day 2004, when exit polls showed the Democrat John Kerry in the lead, Time magazine reported that President George W. Bush, avoiding any show of pessimism to his aide Karen Hughes, said only, "*Well, it is what it is.*"

Yahoo! (which, in the wake of its kowtowing to Chinese censors, is being punctuated Yahoo? by critics) shows 1.1 million hits to date; the sustained popularity of the phrase is remarkable. Does *It is what it is* have a definition that could be called definitive? No; as another student of the third-person singular, present indicative of the verb *be* might put it, it all depends on what the meaning of *It is what it is* is.

What *it is* is not is a redundancy; the Squad Squad, constantly on guard against the unnecessary repetition of an idea in a different word, can relax. Instead, it is a deliberate tautology (the Greek *tauto* means "the same") designed to define itself by repetition of itself. Because it needs a name, let's call it a "tautophrase." Often accompanied by a shrug, it is used to deflect inquiry with panache.

Few people say *no comment* anymore; that phrase was made famous by Winston Churchill in 1946, who told reporters after a White House meeting with President Truman and a U.S. diplomat: "I think '*no comment*' is a splendid expression. I got it from Sumner Welles." It is rarely used by politicians today because it is too gruff a cliché, slamming the door petulantly, a brushoff by a clumsy amateur. The trick to assertive deflection is in the ducking of a question in a way that sounds forthright.

In the synonymy of tautophrasal evasion, *What's done is done* implies an irretrievable action. *Boys will be boys* (often followed by a heh-heh) means "a natural act requires no further explanation," and *That was then, now is now* means "changing circumstances make the need for a different position self-evident." The semitautologous *It speaks for itself* is a way of saying "Do not look to me for amplification of the obvious." The duplicative *same-old, same-old waves* off nagging questions by pretending boredom.

Not tautophrases but in the ballpark are *I don't have any more information on that*, which flatly pleads ignorance, and *I'll have to get back to you on that*, which gains the evader only temporary respite. Let's move on, previously the most popular refusal to provide more fuel to a continuing embarrassment, connotes, "I don't have time to waste on pursuit of this exhausted subject."

For additional nuance, I turn to Joe Pickett, executive editor of the American Heritage Dictionary. "*It is what it is* is also a way of expressing philosophical resignation over a disappointment, of saying that the situation just has to be put up with. Athletes will say it about a missed catch or a bad call by the referee; it means that they don't want to dwell on the situation. A variation of *It is what it is* is *What's done is done*; you'd never say that about a person, but you can say *She is what she is*. It reminds me of a phrase rampant here in Boston: '*That's just Manny being Manny*,' to refer to the weird behavior of the Red Sox slugger Manny Ramirez. It must be a variation on '*Let Reagan be Reagan*.'" (That tautophrasal political slogan was based on the 1981 *Let Poland be Poland*.)

I.I.W.I.I., to use space-saving initialese, has another sense of a mild put-down, as if to say, "That's all you can expect." A Denver Broncos wide receiver who was short on receptions last year was described in the sports pages of The Denver Post as having reached the "*he-is-what-he-is stage*." But another tautophrase intended to cut off further debate or questioning carries a powerful note of finality. The linguist Geoffrey Nunberg, whose book on right-wing rhetoric is coming in June, steered me to Chapter 19, Verse 22 of the Gospel according to John. The Roman Pontius Pilate, asked to amend the words he had ordered inscribed on Jesus' cross, rejected all objection with "*What I have written I have written*."

In these reflections on deflections, my favorite assertion of tautophrasal philosophy was by Popeye the Sailor Man in a 1930's comic strip by Elzie Segar: "*I yam what I yam an' that's all that I yam!*" (That statement speaks for itself.)

Will the vogue use of *It is what it is* become fixed in the farrago of unresponsive responses? The answer is in its own future tense, sung in the Spanish *Que será será*: "*What will be will be*."

April 19, 2009
On Language

Baseball Lingo

By WILLIAM SAFIRE

Where would pols, pundits and morose mucky-mucks be without the language of baseball?

Here's the pitch: Despite distractions, you have to keep your eye on the ball. You have to be aware of something unexpected coming out of left field, and only if your ad-libbed response is not off base will your home team go to bat for you. You can't be born on third base and think you hit a triple. Last year, candidate Obama took the sting out of criticism by the scribes for playing ball with a Chicago fixer by admitting, right off the bat, that his property purchase was bonheaded. Palin showed she had something on the ball, considered 2008 a warm-up in the bullpen and took a rain check for 2012, when she hopes to knock the ball out of the park, unless she gets thrown a curve by the rise of Romney, now in the catbird's seat.

THE BREAKUP METAPHOR

Meanwhile, the boss of G.M. ("Government Motors") was knocked out of the box, and the investment banker sent in to pinch-hit as industry czar could hit a home run or go down swinging. Voices in populism's bleacher seats look at the too-big-to-succeed banking-corporate conglomerations and shout, "Break up the Yankees!"

On that last trustbusting slogan, I turn to Paul Dickson, lexicographer of the new, updated and expanded "Dickson Baseball Dictionary" (Norton, \$50). He defines that sense of break up as "to dismantle a winning team by trading or releasing players." By poking around in ProQuest Historical Newspapers, he reports the earliest known usage in a 1927 Chicago Daily Tribune: "The well-wishers would have the league break up the Yankee combination and distribute the strength among the weak clubs." That was when the "Murderer's Row" — a term first used in baseball in 1905 in Cleveland, picked up in New York in 1918 and applied in 1927 to the Yankees' Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bob Meusel and Tony Lazzeri — won the American League pennant and swept the World Series. The "Row" was born again in 1939, with a lineup of Keller-DiMaggio-Dickey-Selkirk-Gordon dominating the baseball world. When a 1939 Collier's article was headlined, "Break Up the Yankees" — suggesting a plan for a 1,000-player draft in which the worst teams would have the first picks — the Washington Post sportswriter Shirley Povich reacted: "It would certainly break up the Yankees, but it would also break up baseball."

Parenthetically (so why don't I just put this in parenthesis?), Howard Schmitt of Pittsburgh, a reader with a great memory, hit the archive button on the Times Web site and sent me what he called my Op-Ed "Jeremiads" of April 16, 1998, Sept. 5, 2002, and April 12, 2004, railing against repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act, which had kept banks from ballooning into too-big-to-fail conglomerates, and banging my spoon against the highchair to demand close federal oversight of dangerous derivatives and secretive hedge funds. Now we hear break up the Yankees directed at Wall Street colossi.

Lordly federal budgeteers as well as groveling financial tycoons now toss about what they call ballpark figures. The term is not from women's softball. Dickson's discursive dictionary — a delight for former sandlot players, lexical scholars and members of the hot-stove league — defines it as "a rough estimate, within a reasonable or acceptable range." But the hard-hitting lexie adds that "the term has an odd

connection to baseball given that most figures having to do with the game (such as batting averages and earned-run averages) are relentlessly precise." He cites The Times's 1965 reporting that a government order for 200 aircraft "was accepted in qualified quarters as an 'accurate ballpark figure,' " a contradiction in terms because a ballpark is a large area. First use, in The Los Angeles Times in 1963, was about the costs of art in a public building (apparently drawn from the phrase in the ballpark, in contrast to knocked out of the ballpark). In the era of today's huge stadiums, the word field is vanishing into a "field of dreams" and the nostalgic ballpark is preserved only in metaphoric modifiers.

PUNDITITIS

I used to be a political pundit, a punditizing player in the world of punditry and a member of the media's talking-headed, talking-pointed punditariat, that last a recent coinage of Lorrie Goldstein of The Toronto Sun. The root word attracted a trail of sniffing suffixes: pundit, from the Sanskrit "learned man," was publicized by Henry Luce as a courtesy title when he started Time magazine in 1923. Its offspring are hot today because at their best they can denote fresh reporting with an unconcealed point of view.

The latest is pundicity, a Web site of "informed opinion and review" edited by Grayson Levy of the set New York Sun. I caught it because he reprinted an opinion article by Judith Miller, a former Times reporter and now a Fox News contributor, from the April 6 New York Post headlined, "Jailing Reporters: Why the U.S. Needs a Shield Law." It's about David Ashenfelter of The Detroit Free Press, a Pulitzer winner threatened with jail next week for refusing to reveal a source for his article about a 2004 investigation of a federal prosecutor who was later indicted for withholding evidence. (Shades of the Ted Stevens case.) The prosecutor, who was later acquitted, sued Justice and demanded that the reporter testify about his sources. The judge threatens jailing for contempt. "Every word he wrote was true," says Lucy Dalglish, the lawyer who heads the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, "yet now he faces jail and possible bankruptcy for doing his job."

Here goes some punditry: In the age of pundicity, where are the other outraged blogs? Why is the Web-footed punditariat ducking? Where's Instapundit?