

LESSON PLAN: "CLUB BANGER #2: THE UTOPIAN FUTURE WORLD"

*ADAPTED FROM THE YOUNG CHICAGO AUTHORS' CURRICULUM FOR SPLIT THIS ROCK YOUTH PROGRAMS.

OBJECTIVE: To write a poem/song of the world to come, a world they hope to inhabit.

<p>KEY TERMS:</p>	<p>Repetition – The action of repeating something that has already been said or written.</p> <p>Utopia - An ideally perfect place, especially in its social, political, and moral aspects.</p>	
<p>STANDARDS:</p>	<p>Virginia 9.1, 9.3 – 12.3 F, 9.4 A, C-M, 9.6-10.6 A, 9.6 B, E, H, 10.6 C, F, 12.7</p>	<p>Common Core</p> <p><i>Reading</i> Grades 6-8: 2, 4-6, 9 Grades 9-12: 2, 4-6</p> <p><i>Writing</i> Grades 6-8: 3.a-d, 4, 5 Grades 9-12: 3.a-d, 4, 5</p> <p><i>Speaking and Listening</i> Grades 6-8: 1.b-d, 2 Grades 9-12: 1.c-d, 2</p> <p><i>Language Standards</i> Grades 6-8: 3, 5, 6 Grades 9-12: 3, 5</p>



<u>INTRODUCTION:</u>	Have students create some lists: What would a city/county look like in an ideal world? What would everyone have? How many hours a week would we work? What would we do for work? Where would we live? etc.
<u>STEP ONE:</u>	Discuss various utopian ideas and projects and then listen to Aesop Rock's song. Talk about its abstractions and its manifesto in the chorus.
<u>STEP TWO:</u>	Read Espada's piece and ask students what they like and remember about all pieces. Note the inversion of traditional power relations and the repetition of "this is the year" in both pieces.
<u>STEP THREE:</u>	Have students imagine the world that will be, the world that they would like to live in that is just and equitable. Have students imagine and re-imagine traditional relationships in the future.
<u>STEP FOUR:</u>	Write an anthem about this world: students may use the phrase "this is the year." Write for 10-15 minutes, encouraging them to fill a whole page. Then stop writing and read around.

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

“9-5ers Anthem” by Aesop Rock

[Aesop Rock]

Zoom in to the fuming of an aggravated breed
Via the study of post-adolescent agitated seeds.
Half the patients wasted self prior to commencement,
So I focus on the urban oxygen samples, the half that made it breathe.
This old Pompeii impression sways infection in 12 steps or less,
And cretins swiftly tippy-toe on hard to swallow barter concepts.
The give-it/get-it never let itself past wrought iron stubbornness.
Martyrs talk funny causes into a harvesting Spartacus and so on...
I throw long Hail Mary bombs
Toward cookie-cutter Mother Nature's bedazzled synthetic fabrics.
Life treats the peasants like
They tried to f*** his woman while he slept inside,
While they're merely chasing perfectionist emblems.
When the clock strikes nine
I'll be waking with the best of the routine caffeine team players
For the cycle of it.
Under a dusted angel harp-string, Big Brother is watching
My odometer like buzzard to fallen elk, hawkin' stealth.
We got babies, rubber stamps, and briefcase parts.
We on some door-to-door now,
Order ten dollars or more, we'll shove it down your throat for free.
I sacrifice my inborn tendencies for copper pennies
From one commander 'gimme that' so he

can retain baby fat.
Mega biter snake bedlam,
Holocaust freak heckle shiesty brain headroom shake planet.
Make a move, pause, make a move, break cannon.
Bend barrel 180 u-turn, squeeze, end it.
It's on like it's never been,
It's bleeding well,
It's bigger than a breadbox,
It corrodes my leaky finance.
I take my seat atop the Brooklyn Bridge
With a Coke and a bag of chips
To watch a thousand lemmings plummet
Just because the first one slipped.
Sometimes I laugh at victory, kissing these little question marks.
I tend to underestimate my average.
Just another bastard savage.
Someday you'll all eat out of my cold hand
Cuz every dog has its day
At which point, I'll pull it away.
We the American working population
Hate the fact that eight hours a day
Is wasted on chasing the dream of someone that isn't us.
And we may not hate our jobs,
But we hate jobs in general
That don't have to do with fighting our own causes.
We the American working population
Hate the nine-to-five day-in/day-out
When we'd rather be supporting ourselves
By being paid to perfect the pass-times
That we have harbored based solely on the fact
That it makes us smile if it sounds dope...

It's the Year of the Silkworm.
Everything I built burned yesterday.
Let's display the purpose that these stilts
serve.
Elevate the spreading of the silk germ.
Trying to weave a web, but all I believe in
is dead.
Nah brother, it's the Year of the Jackal.
Saddle up on high horse.
My torch forced Polaris embarrassed.
Shackle up the hassle by the doom and
legend marriage.
I bought some new sneakers,
I just hope my legacy matches.
It's the Year of the Landshark.
Dry as sand-parched-damn, get these
men some water.
They're out there being slaughtered
In meaningless wars so you don't have to
bother
And can sit and soak the idiot box, trying
to f*** their daughters.
Man, it's the Year of the Orphan.
Seated adjacent to the fireflies circling
the torches on your porches.
Trying to guard the fortress of a king
they've never seen or met,
But all are trained to murder at the first
sign of a threat.
Maybe it's the Year of the Water Bug.
Cockroach. Utter thug specimen.
Fury spawned from dreaming of your
next of kin.
I'm still dealing with this mess I'm in.
I've been the object of your ridicule.
You've been a b**** lieutenant.
God, it's the Year of the Underpaid
Employee,
Spitting forty-plus a week
And trying to rape earth in my off time.
You bored dizzy, I can't keep myself busy
enough
So you can run, run, run,
And I'ma let you think you won.
EVERYBODY!

We the American working population
Hate the fact that eight hours a day
Is wasted on chasing the dream of
someone that isn't us
And we may not hate our jobs,
But we hate jobs in general
That don't have to do with fighting our
own causes.
We the American working population
Hate the nine to five day-in/day-out
But we'd rather be supporting ourselves
By being paid to perfect the pass-times
That we have harbored based solely on
the fact
That it makes us smile if it sounds dope.

OUTRO

Fumble outta bed and stumble to the
kitchen.
Pour myself a cup of ambition,
And yawn and stretch, my life is a mess,
And if I never make it home today, God
bless.
Fumble outta bed and stumble to the
kitchen.
Pour myself a cup of ambition,
And yawn and stretch, my life is a mess,
And if I never make it home today, God
bless.

From "Imagine the Angels of Bread" by Martin Espada

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,
gazing like admirals from the rail
of the roofdeck
or levitating hands in praise
of steam in the shower;
this is the year
that shawled refugees deport judges
who stare at the floor
and their swollen feet
as files are stamped
with their destination;
this is the year that police revolvers,
stove-hot, blister the fingers
of raging cops,
and nightsticks splinter
in their palms;
this is the year
that darkskinned men
lynched a century ago
return to sip coffee quietly
with the apologizing descendants
of their executioners.

This is the year that those
who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands
pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth that sprouts the vine,
the hands canning tomatoes
are named in the will
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;
this is the year that the eyes
stinging from the poison that purifies toilets
awaken at last to the sight
of a rooster-loud hillside,
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;
this is the year that cockroaches
become extinct, that no doctor
finds a roach embedded
in the ear of an infant;
this is the year that the food stamps
of adolescent mothers
are auctioned like gold doubloons,
and no coin is given to buy machetes

for the next bouquet of severed heads
in coffee plantation country.

If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.

So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread.

SPLIT THIS Rock YOUTH PROGRAMS

