

Lesson Plan #4

Name: Kristian Guttesen	
Group: 9 th Grade	boys: girls:
Date: Character Education/poetry #3	Duration of lesson: 1x 80 min
Aim of the lesson: For students to adopt the method of a philosophical dialogue to investigate questions that interest the students, and they decided to address.	Learning materials: Poems on slides or in handouts.
Status of the Students' Knowledge: The students have participated in two lessons involving a philosophical dialogue, and one lesson involving reading a poem and a philosophical dialogue about poetry and virtues.	
The content of the lesson (and justification): a) Poems will be read that the students reflect on and adapt to their own experience. By reflecting on the poems, the knowledge value of aesthetics and the knowledge value of humanity are illustrated in such a way that the students learn to take themselves seriously, when they find how an artistic perspective can shape the view of the world. To this end, the poem has an unequivocal pedagogical value. During this lesson, we will focus on the emotions of pride and shame. Pride is an emotion that springs from our achievements in the world. We can feel proud when we succeed in a mission and achieve our goals. It concerns the individual themselves, and arises from the construction or training of talents. It is dependent on personal success, for example, passing a difficult exam. [...] Pride has been overshadowed by pride and has often been confused with complacency, vanity, arrogance, or even obvious things, like being an Icelander. Some people never experience this feeling because they are too humble (Gunnar Hersveinn, 2005, p. 52). Shame is something you feel without being able to rid yourself of it, and which causes discomfort. This occurs when one is ashamed of something one has done or something has (rightly or wrongly) been said about one a person. To a great extent, shame is the opposite of pride.	
Approach (and justification): Creative and critical thinking is most efficiently developed through a dialogue of a community of peers that is committed to investigate together the questions they are interested in seeking answers to. Creating and developing a community of inquiry is an exciting and diverse project for students in preschool, primary-, or secondary school. Robert Fisher Ph.D. has described the development of a community of inquiry by comparing the behavioural patterns that characterise a group that is starting out as a community of inquiry with that of a	

group that has evolved into a developed community of inquiry. His method can be viewed [here](#) (Sigurðardóttir, 2013).

What does the teacher do?

The teacher has two roles, both the traditional one of a moderator, while he/she also tries to encourage the students to engage in the conversation so that they themselves keep it going and are at a certain liberty to determine the direction of the conversation.

At the start of the dialogue the teacher reminds the students of the dialogue rules, that the group has decided on, see e.g. the teacher's notes for the [Dialogue Rules](#).

The work process that we recommend in this assignment is basic recipe for a philosophical dialogue. This type of work is described in more detail in the teacher's notes for the [Basic Recipe for a Philosophical Dialogue](#). In the next column, you will find a glossary of the process.

When you moderate a philosophical dialogue, it is advisable to keep the following points in mind:

- It is the students who ought to talk amongst themselves. You should guide them in how to do it well.
- Listening is a basic condition for conversation to take place. You remind the students of that by saying, for example: 'did you catch what... said?' or 'can anyone summarise for the group what we are discussing now?'
- It is an indication of quality of a philosophical discussion when it goes into depth about the topic at hand, rather than just naming countless examples of the same thing. While students provide arguments, perspectives and examples that shed new light on the subject matter, the dialogue is still on the right track. If students start to jump from one thing to another or repeat what others have already said, the conversation will

What do the students do?

Have students sit in a circle so that everyone in the group can look at everyone else during the discussion.

You choose what suits you and the group best: sitting on the floor, sitting on chairs, sitting at a table or any other installation that springs to mind.

When the students have settled in, you distribute copies of the poem and the group reads it outloud together. Each student can read one sentence, and those who do not want to read just say 'pass'.

Call for questions from the students and write them up on the whiteboard so that everyone can see them. Write the name of the questioner after each question so that you can ask her/him for explanations or elaborations later on in the process.

When students do not have any more questions or the whiteboard is full, the students must choose one question (or a category of similar questions) to start the dialogue.

The voting process is quick, but if the group is just starting out, it may be fitting to keep the voting anonymous. It is a good idea to assign each question a number on the whiteboard, and have each student write down the number of the question he or she chooses. The tickets are collected by the teacher or a student, the votes are counted and then a conversation is held based on the chosen question.

become worse, and it is likely that the participants will soon get bored.

- Remember to take time at the end of the lesson to ask the students to summarise what they have heard and learned from the conversation. This can be done in various ways, for example by having everyone write in a notebook how they want to answer the original question or by taking turns and having everyone say what they want to they would like the question for the next session to be.

Emotion: **Pride**

A Poem About #EURO2016

Charge, tempo, offence, tempo, defence, tempo. The disappointment is made to be conquered, like the English, like hangovers and heatwaves are made to be conquered. We will not give up until the going gets tough, will not give up in the tailwind when everything is over, will not give up until later but it pays off to be well prepared and start training early. You can't just give up like that.

The field is made of grass, the grass is green and we are sinews, bones and beaten souls. The blue sky sprouts warriors in football boots that fall to the ground like pears, like landmines, like patriotic love. It is important to be celebrated; important that these eleven men we celebrate dance themselves like meshes in a net, move like water lilies on an ocean of grass, and that everyone make it home, despite the terrorism and the Russian hooligans. The game will not play itself and the most important things is that the other team loses, the most important thing is not to die, the most important is to win, participate and receive money from FIFA as well as ad revenues. In that order.

That is to say. Song, tempo, defence, tempo, the box, tempo, headbutts and all these amazing cuts, all these amazing passes, all these amazing changes. The game is made to be conquered, the odds are made to be conquered, Austrians, cues and defence are made to be conquered.

But one moment, please. These football boots are pink.

These abs sells underwear.

This head is a fashion statement that disrupts domestic harmony.

We flip the hour glass and everyone is allowed to lose control of their emotions while there's still sand in the upper compartment. Everyone can be demonic, love moulded as a 120 kilos of flesh, nothing but fat and bones, and everything that happens while there's still sand in the upper compartment will be forgiven, ninety minutes plus injury time again and again until it's all over, but please be home, under the covers, having turned off your fanatical shouts of joy before the last grain of sand has dropped.

The metal detector gates are narrow as the squinted eyes of the Icelandic supporters in the sun are narrow and they stare at little blue men playing a ball game.

History is written by investors, bureaucrats and oligarchs in undersized team jerseys.

History is written by a brave man with goalkeeper gloves, written in the soil with barely used football boots, written in the goalposts and the goal-lines.

It is crucial that you get a ticket for the game or smuggle your way in and remember to write history when you come home, it is crucial to write it on parchment and carve it into flag-colored diaries, turn the diaries in to the National Archive and pass out in your own bed after the game.

Nothing can last forever but history lasts forever, like love, like the motherland, like the starting lineup.

What I wanted to say: The songs, tempo, the goal bar, tempo, the penalties, tempo, Brexit, tempo, the children who sew the balls and their bloody fingers. The common agricultural policy. I feel that we are losing our grips.

No.

Fight on.

Tempo.

Concentrate.

The game is either about to get won or get even.

We cannot afford to let the mood dampen, the tempo drop.

Tempo.

Everyone who's not on the pitch is the twelfth man, except for Gudjohnsen, who's on the bench.

Tempo.

The disappointment was made to be celebrated. The disappointment was made to be learned from. The disappointment is tearing us apart, like love. Icelanders, like love, are made to conquer themselves; the motherland, like love, to conquer itself; everything is made to conquer itself, to drive itself into the dust accompanied by the thunderous applause of supporters, fireworks and cheers from a surprisingly partial referee.

The humiliation is total and the euphoria of victory numbing.

The humiliation will make you free and the euphoria of victory comes with withdrawal symptoms, defeat and surrender.

The humiliation belongs to the victors, the wrath, the spite and the disappointment belong to the victors; the euphoria of victory is chaos, hubris and joie de vivre. I mean, Weltschmerz. I mean sisu. Walking Spanish.

We've probably already lost anyway.

Ball games are for children, like love, ball games are meant to kindle our patriotism, our dignity, our grace, like love, to give children stronger identities.

Ball games are fillers, something to insert between advertisements.

Ball games are the opium of the people, the coo of hummingbirds, the leisurely hilarity of the working classes and an excuse to differentiate between strangers, the up-and-coming and the burnouts; an excuse to pick teams, draw groups, vent one's nationalist prejudice and perform the role of a whole, all as one, I become you and you become me and we become you and you become something totally different from every one else; an excuse to do nothing; an excuse to fight over something that – for once – has no significance, and everyone of us is born offside in the eyes of the referee, everyone of us guilty and injured.

Stars fall on the stadium carrying the logos of insurance companies and breweries, crying about yellow cards and crying about red cards and crying about the colors of the rainbow, the rush of the crowd and other people's homesickness, stars fall and disappear into the night to drown themselves in the world's most shallow beers, fall exhausted fully dressed on a hotel bed leaving their face paint on the pillowcase, stars fall while the days run out one after the other in the sun, on Instagram, in poetic descriptions in sixty different languages conjoining in a scream of totality and from this scream the earth is made.

Which explains the shape of it.

And so forth and so forth.

– Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl

Initial Question and Individual Assignment (Optional):

Is it impossible to understand a poem, if it contains foreign or incomprehensible words? What words?

How does football relate to pride? Is it good or bad? (Give arguments for your answer)

Now, a philosophical dialogue, based on the students' questions, begins. First, the dialogue rules must be introduced. The class has a limited amount of time to reach a conclusion. If no agreement is reached, the teacher can for example call for an election.

A Possible Group Assignment

Rephrase the poem in one sentence.

Tilfinning: Blygðun

Miniver Cheevy

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,

Albeit he had never seen one;

He would have sinned incessantly

Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace

And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;

He missed the mediæval grace

Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,

But sore annoyed was he without it;

Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,

And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,

Scratched his head and kept on thinking;

Miniver coughed, and called it fate,

And kept on drinking.

– Edwin Arlington Robinson

Initial Question and Individual Assignment (Optional):

Retell the poem using as few words as possible.

What kind of shame is being described?

Is it or is it not justifiable? Give arguments for your answer.

Now, a philosophical dialogue, based on the students' questions, begins. First, the dialogue rules must be introduced. The class has a limited amount of time to reach a conclusion. If no agreement is reached, the teacher can for example call for an election.

A Possible Group Assignment:

Poetry slam/Poetry rap (Valdimarsdóttir & Sigtryggsdóttir, 2011).

Emotion: **Shame**

Visiting Hours

The old chants never leave one untouched:

Why can you
not be like him?

I steel myself a new day
and in my search for a crime
appropriate to the fine
I am visiting you again for the last time.

I say: So, you have a TV.
I say: God damn, I was hungover yesterday.
I say: And when are you coming home?

But maybe it was none of that
which caused your hopelessness
and unexpected frustration.
Maybe you knew more than I did.
Maybe the questions haunted you.

Do I live in his mind? In the mind of the other?

I do not know myself
in the mind of whom
or which ones
nor how I live.

The old chants never leave one untouched.

My only consolation is the memory of the day
when I will come
into the living room and see you on your feet in one piece.

– Anton Helgi Jónsson

Initial Questions:

What is the difference between the guilt spoken of in the poem and an unspoken shame?

What is meant by the conclusion of the poem? How is it related or not related to shame? (Give arguments for your answer)

Now, a philosophical dialogue, based on the students' questions, begins. First, the dialogue rules must be introduced. The class has a limited amount of time to reach a conclusion. If no agreement is reached, the teacher can for example call for an election.

A Possible Individual Assignment (Optional)

Write a reply to Jónsson's poem.

Emotion: Shame

sustainable interrogation

I knew myself best humiliated
in the presence of power my tongue split into three :
they licked the eyes, the ears and the lips –

but that is the reason people swim in vain blue water like tall flowers
from the flesh of a child decorate
and therefore people go to the barber without the veins being cut

and therefore men go to haircuts without cutting veins
so deep the trust hollows out the stone

the maid polishes her nails with a sharp knife: but no one dies
sperm banks bear fruit in tie knots

The women who tie the knots control the mood better than a weather god
forgetfulness soothes agitation more precise than calm

I knew myself best humiliated
in the presence of power my tongue split into three :
like blind snakes that lack instinct

– Kristín Ómarsdóttir

Initial Questions:

Now, a philosophical dialogue, based on the students' questions, begins. First, the dialogue rules must be introduced. The class has a limited amount of time to reach a conclusion. If no agreement is reached, the teacher can for example call for an election.

A Possible Individual Assignment (Optional)

Emotion: **Shame**

Rivertown

I'm a kid in Rivertown, a suburb of R., and awake the morning after a carnival which is a yearly event in the district. When I've finished my cereal I go out into the hallway and notice that the doors on the apartment opposite mine are open; a nasty smell comes out through the door and when I walk down the stairs I hear the dog whining and he runs after me, snatches at the legs of my pants and barks like he wants to show me something but I kick him, go outside and close the door behind me.

The tables and the hats with the red dots are still there and the clothes are still hanging across the sky from cords over the yard; the adults are lying on the ground and some of them have their eyes closed but others are awake staring at the sky or mumbling. I walk to the cemented football-field and swing in the net of one of the goals but then I move to the playground and the tubes which are old sewage-tubes and sit in one of them and think.

All around me it's quiet like the district is waiting for something. Nearby, in the gravel outside the tube, lies a man with a bottle of wine. I stand up and look at the bottle which is black; near the spout there's a cork or something with a hollow in it and inside the hollow there's a small, golden goblet like sea-pirates drink from. I figure the goblet fits like a glass inside my doll's house and start tugging the bottle away from the man, stand on his shoulder and he lets go.

I use my knife to pluck away the goblet which is beautiful and tiny and I put it in my pocket; then I walk round the yard finding more black bottles and plucking the goblets loose and collecting them and then I walk into the neighbouring yard where I meet a girl who's alone like me and collecting cigarettes and stubs for smoking. I help her in finding stubs and searching the adults and then we go inside her home, she puts the telly on and watches a cartoon and smokes and I try smoking but not much. After the cartoon is finished we go back outside and try and break into the store but it's locked and we're afraid to break the windows.

On the parking-lot by the store stands the bookmobile; it's open, we enter it and the driver isn't there. We search for the keys so we can take the car for a drive but we don't find them and

sweep the books from the shelves, scream and run screaming outside and down Lavaroad but the screams are fake, nobody's there to follow us or stop us.

We walk down to the river, the girl says she hates school and we reach the dam. Above the dam is the lagoon which is green but below everything's white and dry except for a puddle with a fish in it; he's stuck in the puddle. We climb down towards the puddle and start worrying if maybe the lagoon will be emptied but we go anyway and sit by the puddle and watch the fish try and hide itself between the rocks but its back sticks out and he can't hide. We smoke and the girl says I don't know how to smoke and teaches me to say amen when I inhale the smoke and before I blow it away from me again. I say amen amen, often in a row, and she laughs at me and starts collecting rocks to throw at the fish who's as big as a salmon. When the girl starts throwing the rocks I watch the fish get scratches on his back when the rocks hit him and white spots and some of them are pinkish. I smoke and begin to have strange thoughts about the fish, sea-monsters and pirate-ships, I don't feel good and everything spins. I start puking bent over and notice a white rock in the ground and the cereal floats in chunks above it. I don't know if the girl has left because I can't turn my head to look. My eyes are closed, I hold my arms over my head and later, when I look around, I'm in the doll's house, the girl is with me, we're locked inside and it's night; we sit on the floor by an old slice of cucumber, we talk and try to organise something and drink from the goblets.

– Steinar Bragi

Initial Question:

Núna hefst heimspekileg samræða út frá spurningum nemenda sem fram komu. Fyrst þarf að kynna samræðureglur. Bekkurinn hefur takmarkaðan tíma til að komast að niðurstöðu. Ef ekki næst sátt, þá getur kennarinn t.d. kallað eftir kosningu.

A Possible Group Assignment (Optional)