



2023 Humanities Texas Webinar

“I Hear America Singing”:
Poetry, Patriotism,
and These United States

Coleman Hutchison
The University of Texas at Austin

Some Definitions

Some Forms

Some Occasions

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Some Occasions

POP

QUIZ!



Question: What is most American poetry about?

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Answer: *America* and/or *poetry*; sometimes *American poetry*.

American literary nationalism, *n.*

A largely nineteenth-century literary movement aimed at developing a distinct and distinctive American literature.

THE
COLUMBIAD

A POEM.

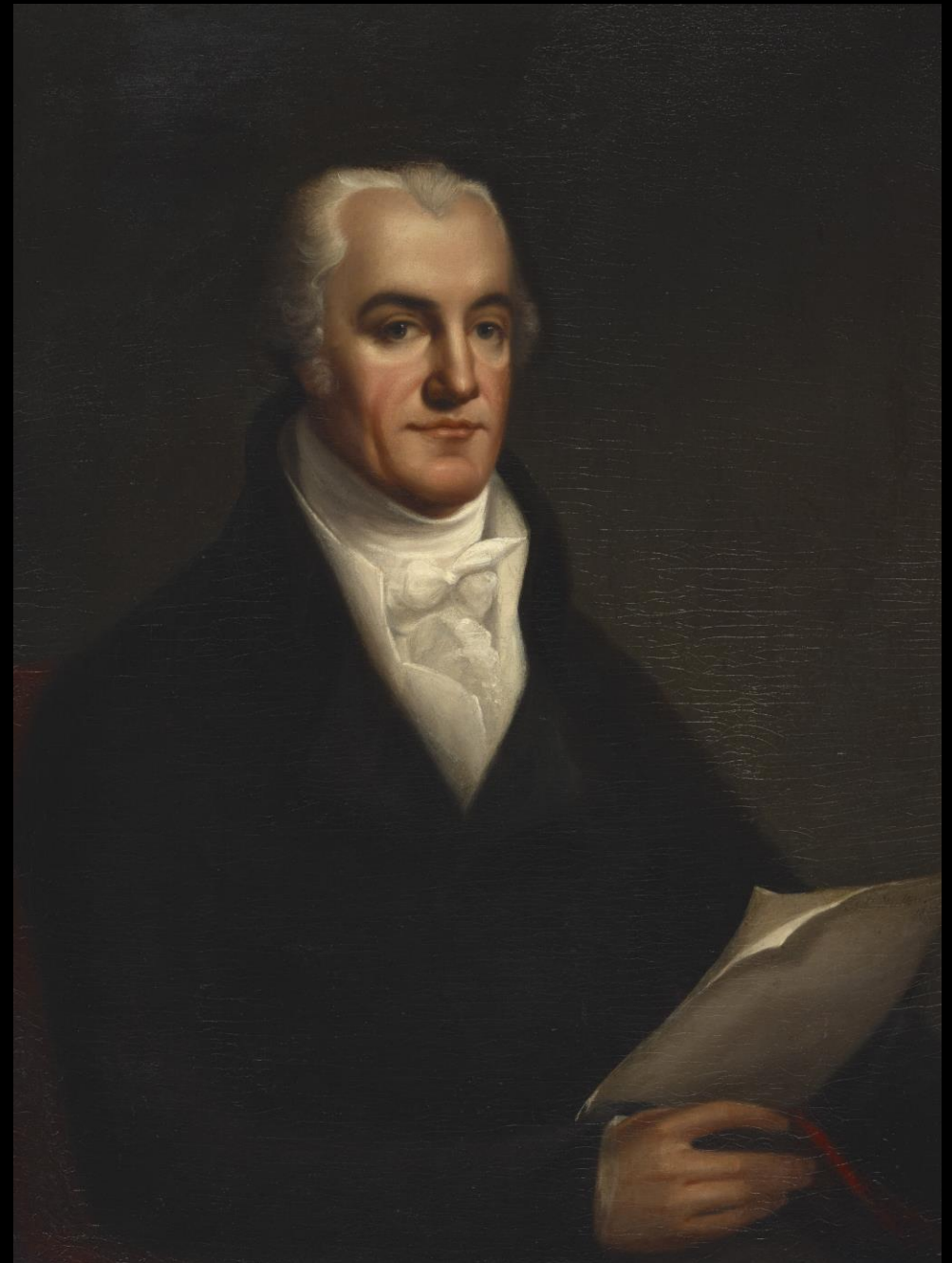
BY JOEL BARLOW.

Tu spiegherai, Colombo, a un novo polo
Lontane sì le fortunate antenne,
Ch'a pena seguirà con gli occhi il volo
La Fama, ch' hà mille occhi e mille penne.
Canti ella Alcide, e Bacco; e di te solo
Basti a i posteri tuoi, ch' alquanto accenne:
Chè quel poco darà lunga memoria
Di poema degnissima, e d'istoria.

GIERUS. LIB. Can. xv.

PRINTED BY FRY AND KAMMERER
FOR C. AND A. CONRAD AND CO. PHILADELPHIA; CONRAD, LUCAS AND CO. BALTIMORE.

PHILADELPHIA:
1807.



I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In these fair confines of descending day;
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore,
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
Pursued by avarice and defiled with blood,
The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil
Snatch'd from his hand, and slaughter'd for their spoil.

[...]

Almighty Freedom! give my venturous song
The force, the charm that to thy voice belong;
Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,
To nerve my country with the patriot lay,
To teach all men where all their interest lies,
How rulers may be just and nations wise:
Strong in thy strength I bend no suppliant knee,
Invoke no miracle, no Muse but thee.

Producing a “Self-Reliant” American Literature: Emersonian Literary Nationalism

- Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions, that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves.
- Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over influence. The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearized now for two hundred years.
- We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe.

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson, “The American Scholar” (1837)

I look in vain for the poet whom I describe. We do not, with sufficient plainness, or sufficient profoundness, address ourselves to life, nor dare we chaunt our own times and social circumstance. If we filled the day with bravery, we should not shrink from celebrating it.... Our logrolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our Negroes, and Indians, our boasts, and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues, and the pusillanimity of honest men, the northern trade, the southern planting, the western clearing, Oregon, and Texas, are yet unsung. Yet America is a poem in our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres.

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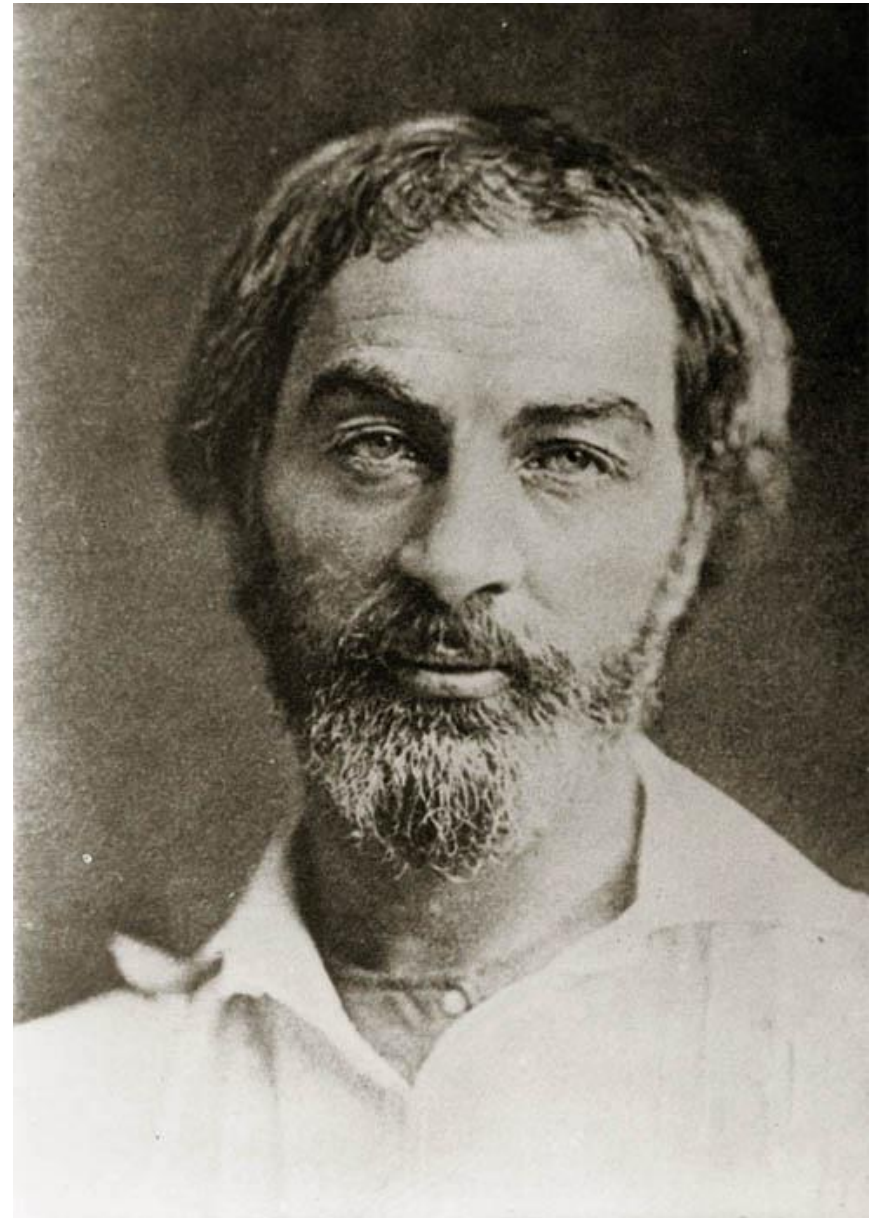
~ Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The Poet" (1844)

The Americans of all nations at any time upon the earth have probably the fullest poetical nature. The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem. In the history of the earth hitherto the largest and most stirring appear tame and orderly to their ampler largeness and stir. Here at last is something in the doings of man that corresponds with the broadcast doings of the day and night. Here is not merely a nation but a teeming nation of nations. Here is action untied from strings necessarily blind to particulars and details magnificently moving in vast masses. Here is the hospitality which forever indicates heroes....

~ Walt Whitman, "[Preface to *Leaves of Grass* (1855)]"

[Whitman] freely admitted that he could never have written his poems if he had not first “come to himself,” and that Emerson helped him to “find himself.” I asked if he thought he would have come to himself without that help. He said, “Yes, but it would have taken longer.” And he used this characteristic expression: “I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil.”

~ J.T. Trowbridge,
“Reminiscences of Walt Whitman” (1902)



Walt Whitman, "I Hear America Singing" (1867)

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on
the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon
intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing
or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

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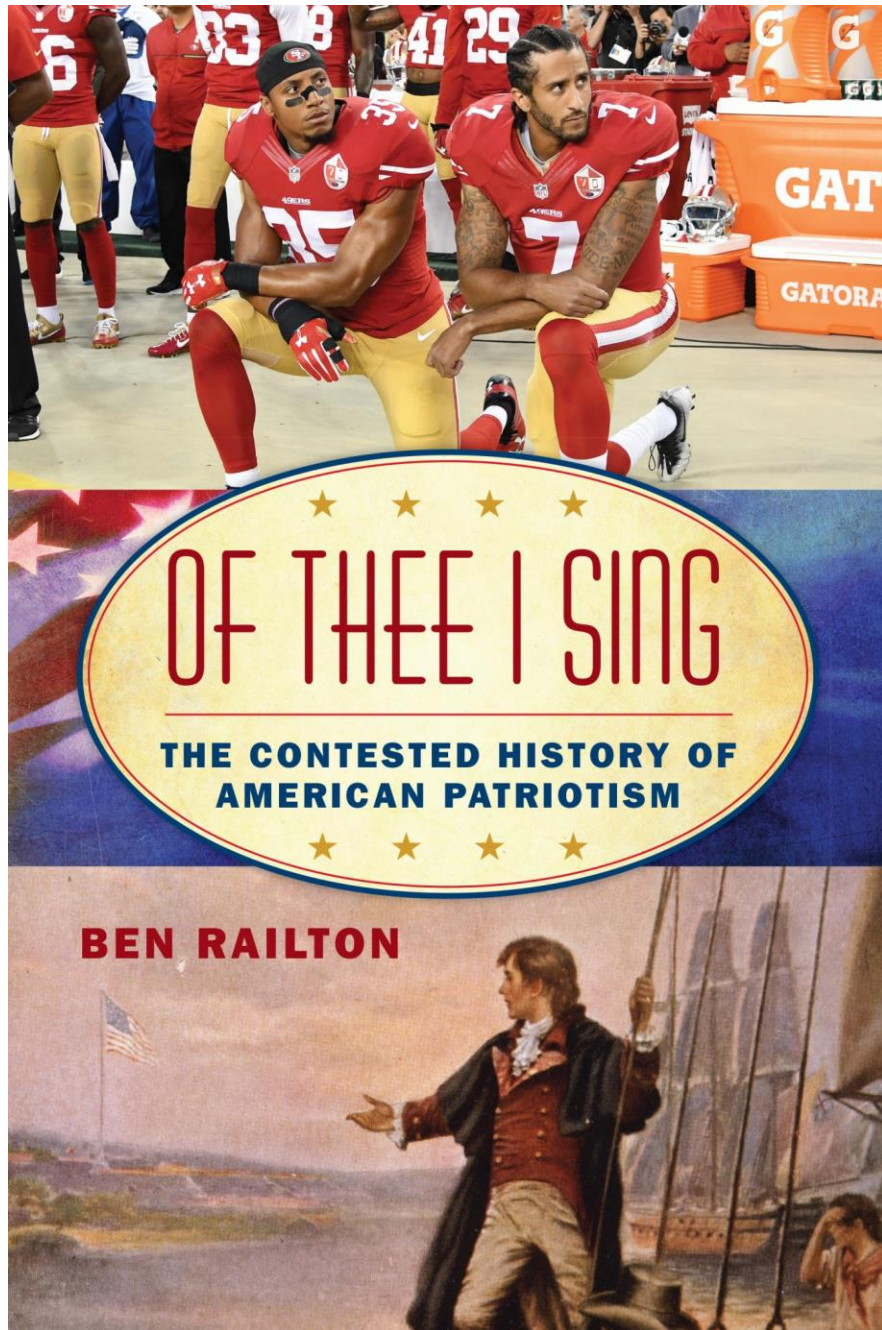
patriotism, *n.*

The quality of being patriotic; love of or devotion to one's country.

patriotic, *adj.*

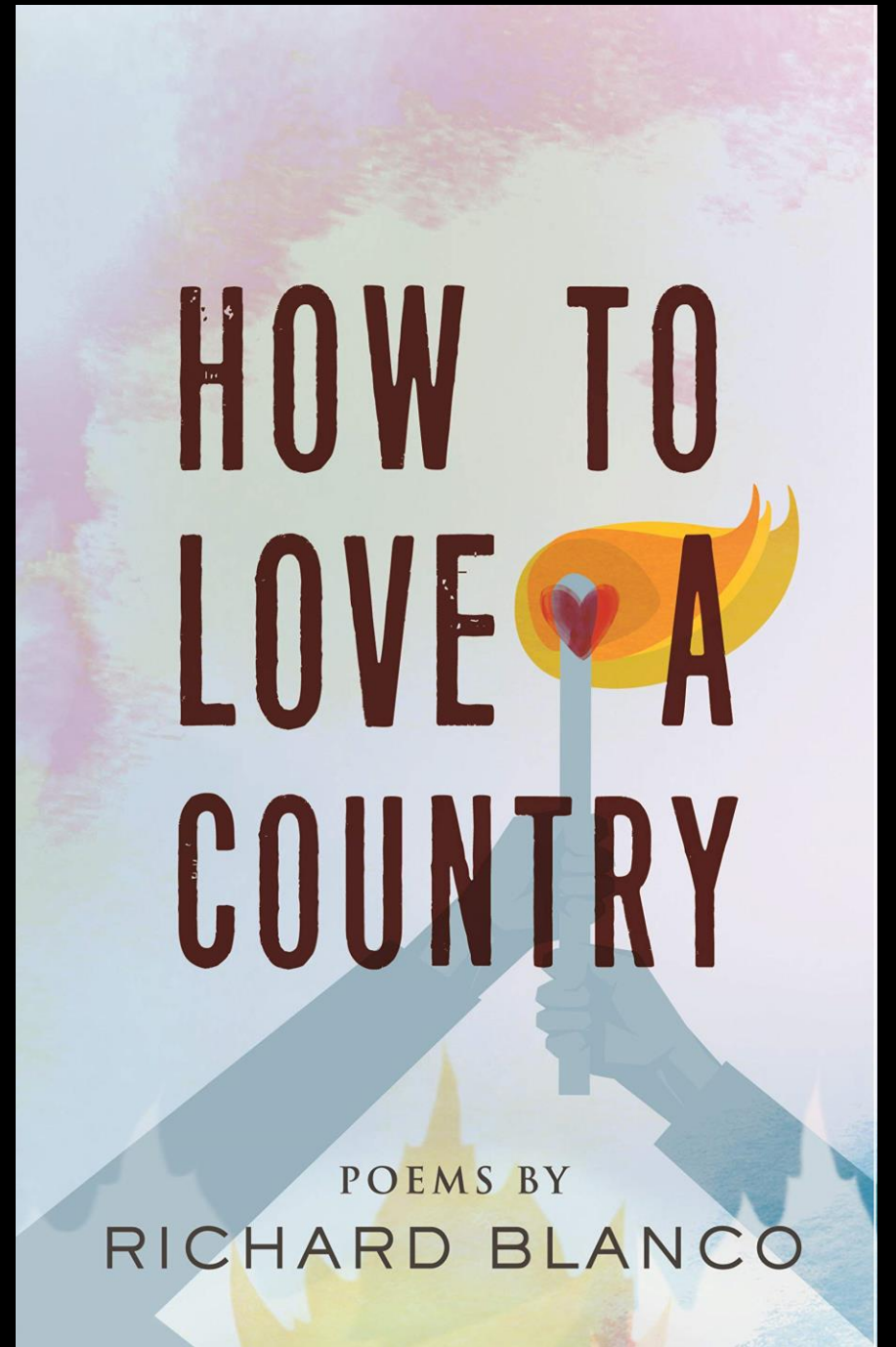
2. a. Having the character of a patriot; worthy or characteristic of a patriot; marked by devotion to the well-being or interests of one's country.

~ *Oxford English Dictionary*



Four Versions of American Patriotism

- Celebratory: The communal expression of an idealized America
- Mythic: The creation of national myths that exclude certain communities
- Active: Acts of service and sacrifice for the nation
- Critical: Arguments for how the nation has fallen short of its ideals that seek to move us toward that more perfect union



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2016 NOBEL LECTURE IN LITERATURE

Bob Dylan

*Recorded 4 June, 2017
Los Angeles, CA*

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Photo: William Claxton



THE
STAR SPANGLED BANNER

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

Baltimore. Printed and Sold at CARRS Music Store 36 Baltimore Street.

Air, Anacreon in Heaven.

Con Spirito

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so
proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes & bright stars thro'
perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming, And the
Bockets' red glare, the Bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our

(1886.)

(Adap^d & Arr^d by T.C.)

(P)

2^d time Chorus.

Flag was still there, O! say does that star spangled Banner yet wave, O'er the
Land of the free, and the home of the brave

L.H.

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses,
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, No more, their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
In full glory reflected new shines in the stream, 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave, From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star spangled banner, in triumph doth wave,
O'er the Land &c.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—'In God is our Trust';
And the star spangled banner, in triumph shall wave,
O'er the Land &c.

For the Flute.

Con Spirito

Song.

(1886.)

(Adap^d & Arr^d by T.C.)

(PL2.)

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. IX.—FEBRUARY, 1862.—NO. LII.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

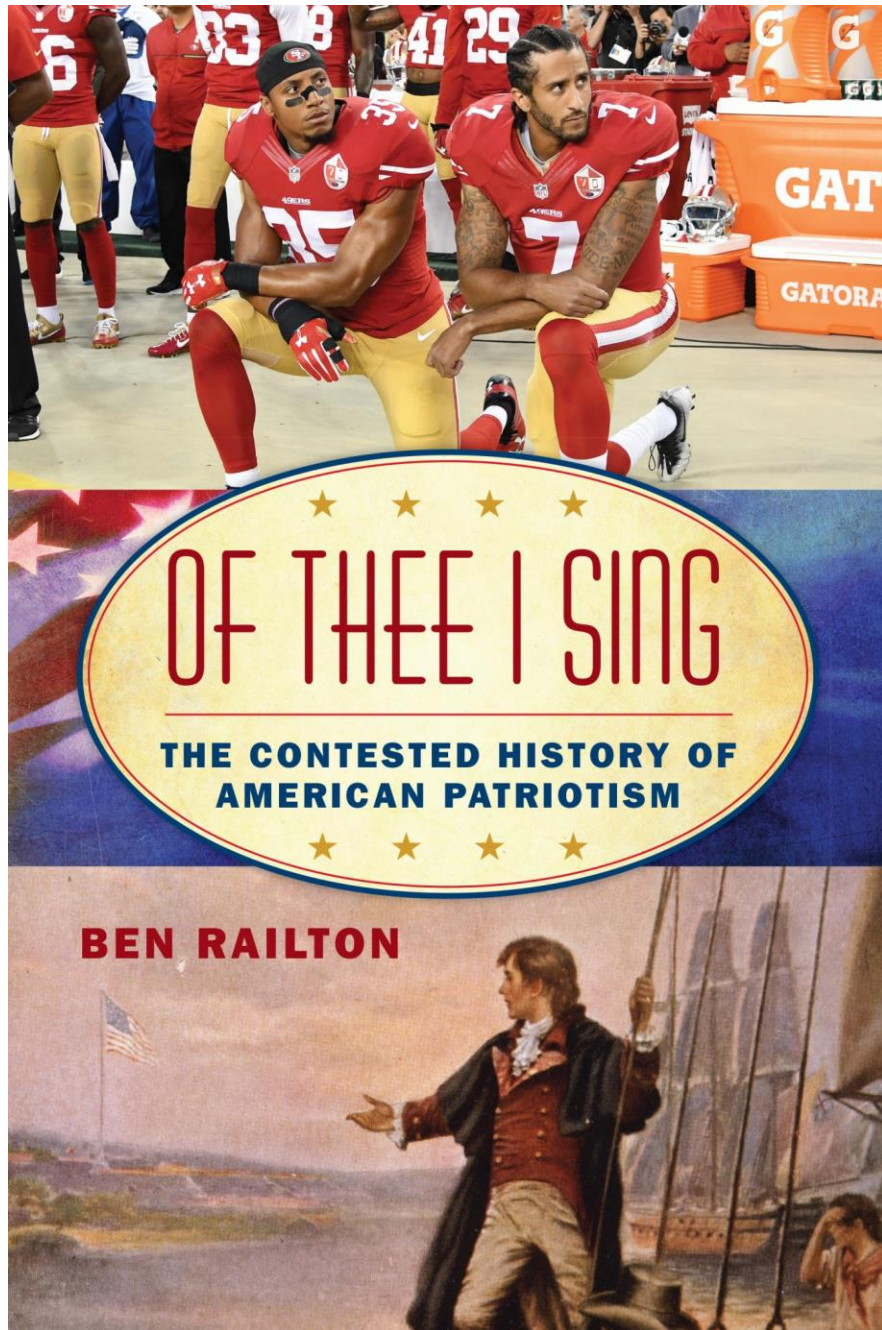
I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :
“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat :
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me :
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Katharine Lee Bates, “America the Beautiful” (1893)

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!



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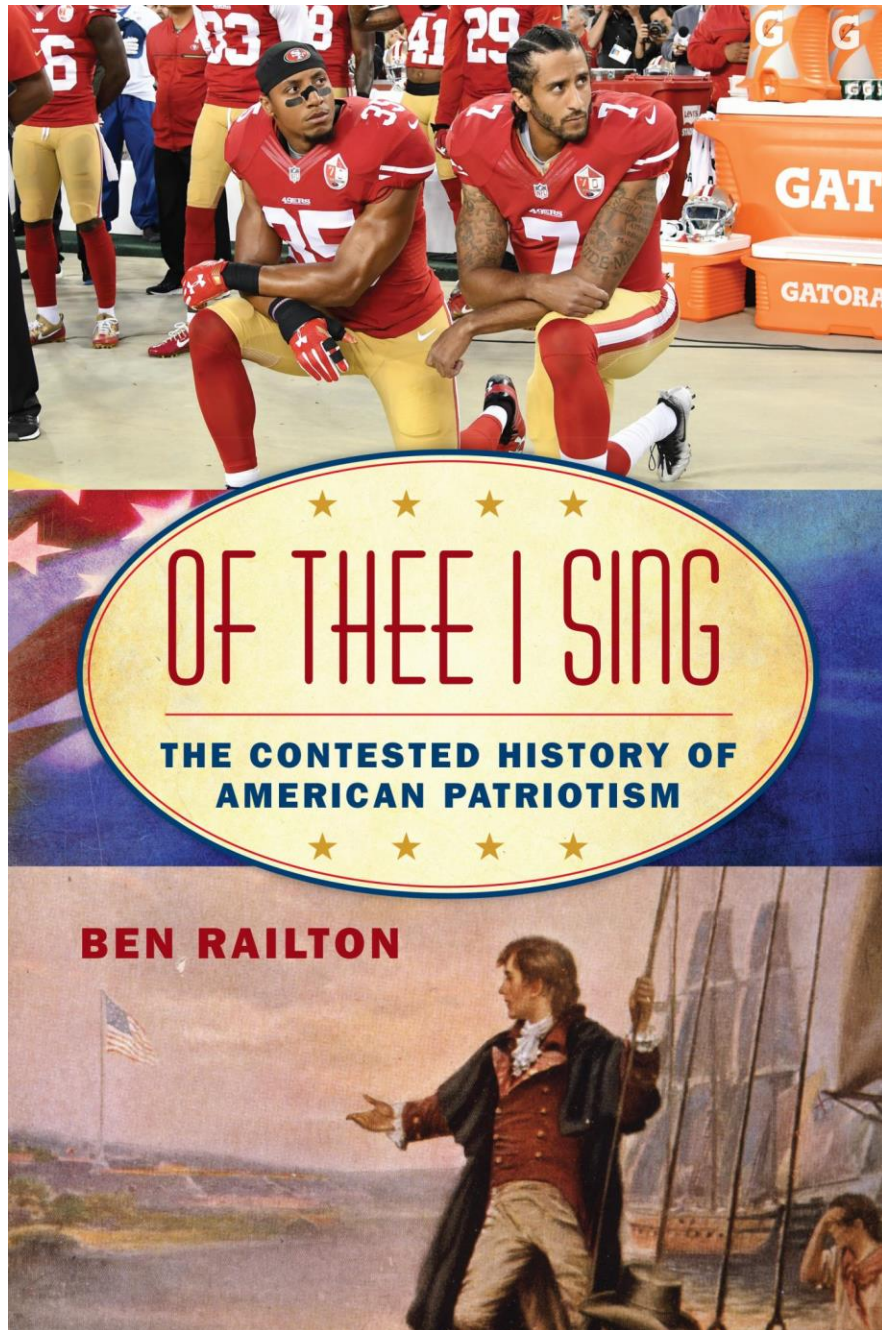
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O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

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Whose **stern**, impassioned stress
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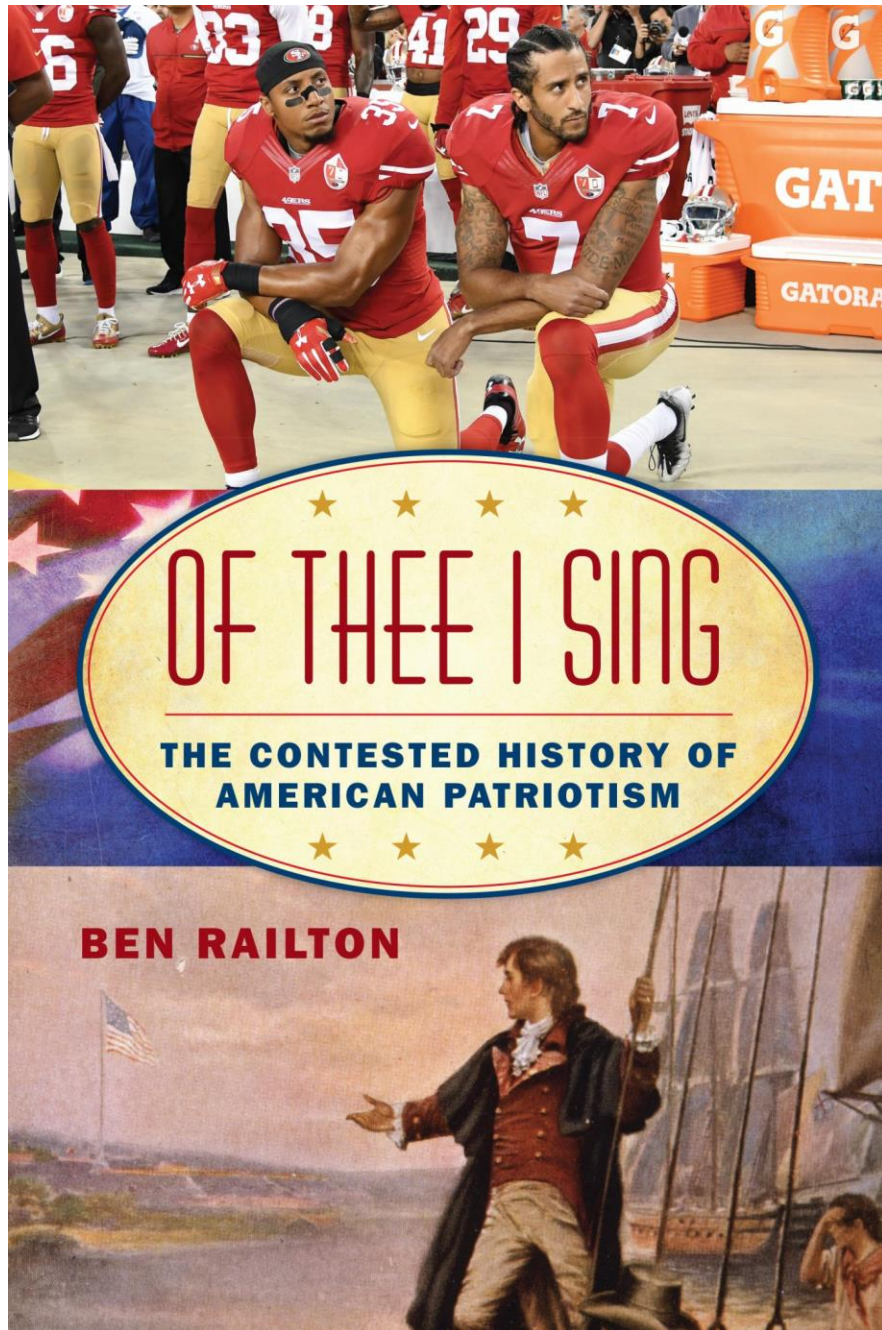
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Woody Guthrie, "This Land Is Your Land" (1956)

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway;
I saw below me that golden valley;
This land was made for you and me.

[...]

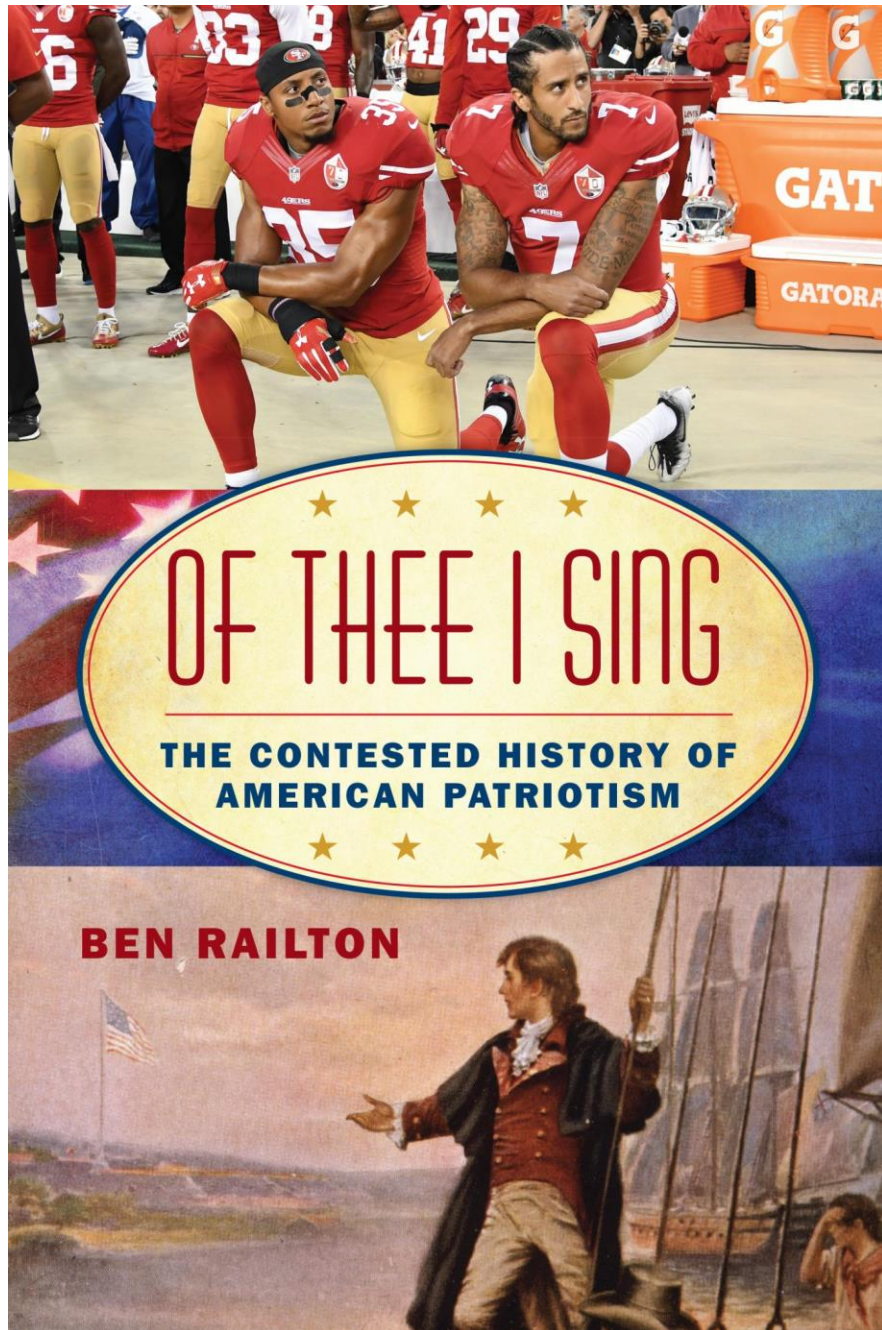


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As I went walking I saw a sign there,
And on the sign it said “No Trespassing.”
But on the other side it didn't say nothing.
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?



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Bruce Springsteen, "Born in the U.S.A." (1984)

Born down in a dead man's town,
The first kick I took was when I hit the ground.
You end up like a dog that's been beat too much
Till you spend half your life just covering up.

I was born in the U.S.A.

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Born in the U.S.A.

Got in a little hometown jam,
So they put a rifle in my hand;
Sent me off to a foreign land
To go and kill the yellow man

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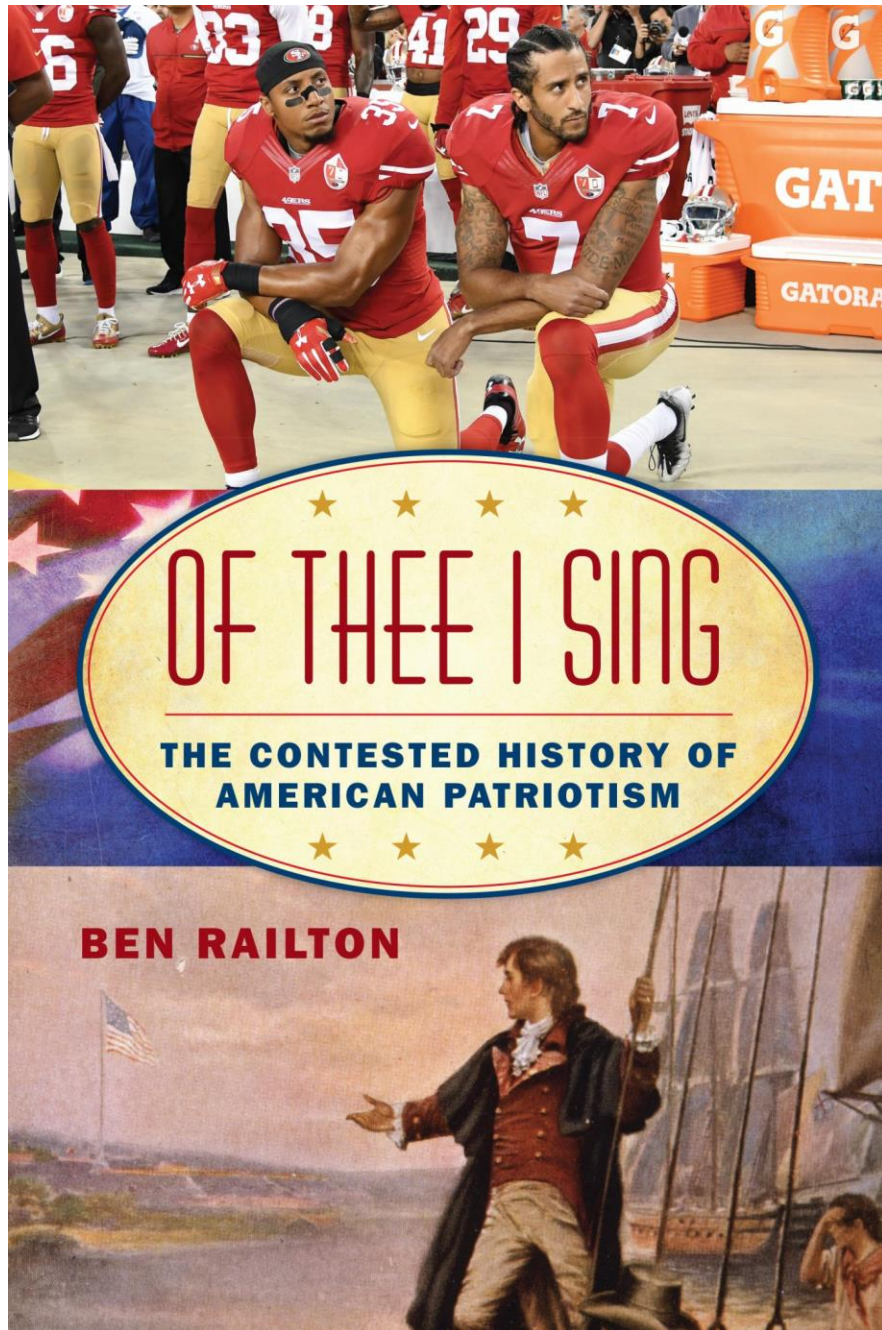
[...]

Come back home to the refinery,
Hiring man says “Son if it was up to me...”
Went down to see my V.A. man.
He said “Son, don’t you understand?”

I had a brother at Khe Sahn fighting off the Viet Cong.
They’re still there, he’s all gone.
He had a woman he loved in Saigon.
I got a picture of him in her arms now.

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary
Out by the gas fires of the refinery
I’m ten years burning down the road
Nowhere to run ain’t got nowhere to go

[...]



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Sonnet

A 14-line poem with a variable rhyme scheme originating in Italy and brought to England by Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the 16th century. Literally a “little song,” the sonnet traditionally reflects upon a single sentiment, with a clarification or “turn” of thought in its concluding lines.

There are many different types of sonnets. The *Italian* sonnet divides the 14 lines into two sections: an eight-line stanza (octave) rhyming ABBAABBA, and a six-line stanza (sestet) rhyming CDDCEE. *English* (or Shakespearean) sonnet, which condenses the 14 lines into one stanza of three quatrains and a concluding couplet, with a rhyme scheme of ABABCDCDEFEFGG.

Examples: Sidney, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth. E.B. Browning, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Terrance Hayes

Emma Lazarus, "The New Colossus" (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

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Claude McKay, "America" (1921)

Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,
And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,
Stealing my breath of life, I will confess
I love this cultured hell that tests my youth.
Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,
Giving me strength erect against her hate,
Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.
Yet, as a rebel fronts a king in state,
I stand within her walls with not a shred
Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.
Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,
And see her might and granite wonders there,
Beneath the touch of Time's unerring hand,
Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.

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E.E. Cummings, ““next to of course god america i” (1926)

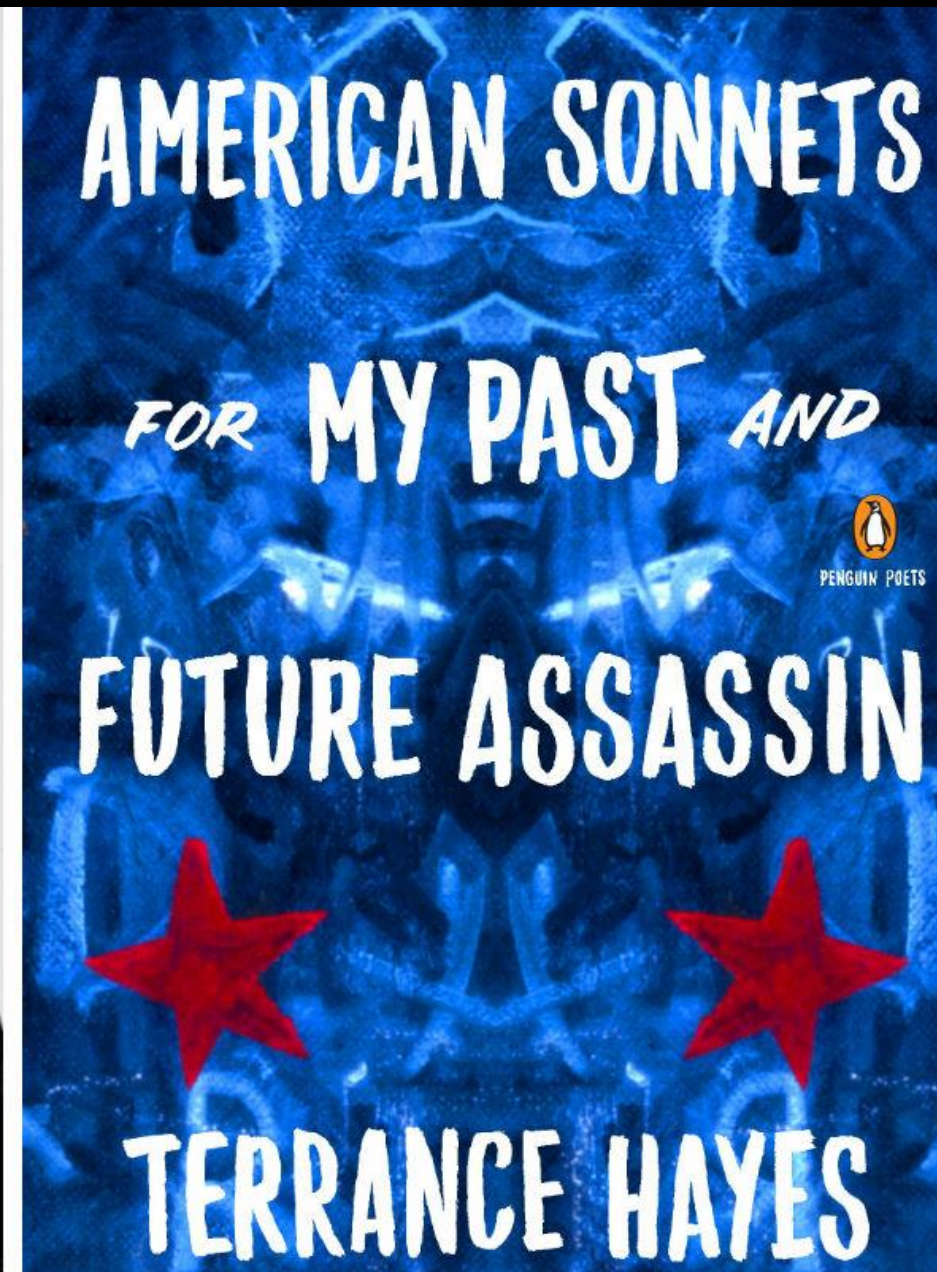
“next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims’ and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn’s early my
country ’tis of centuries come and go
and are no more what of it we should worry
in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-
iful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?”

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water.

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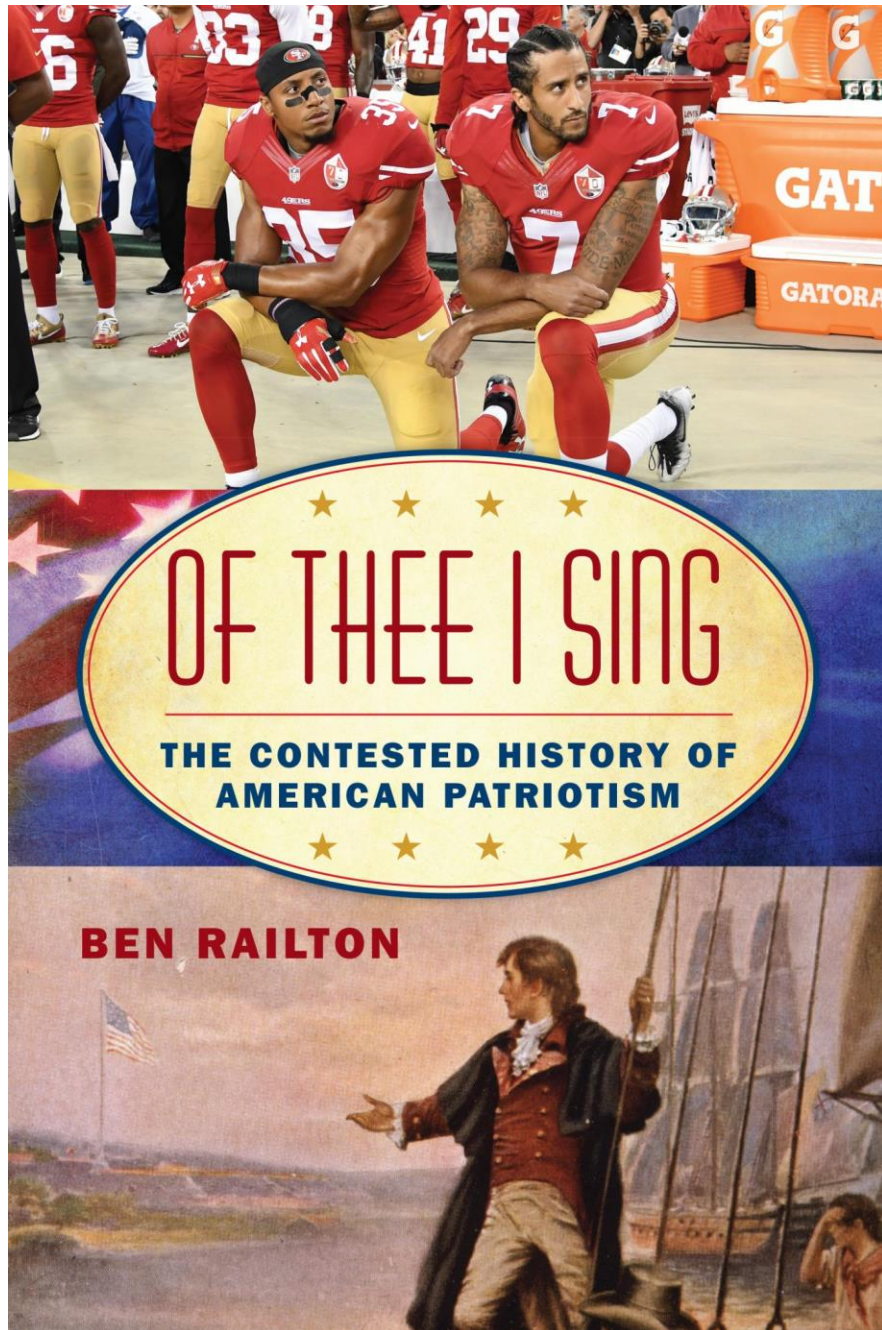


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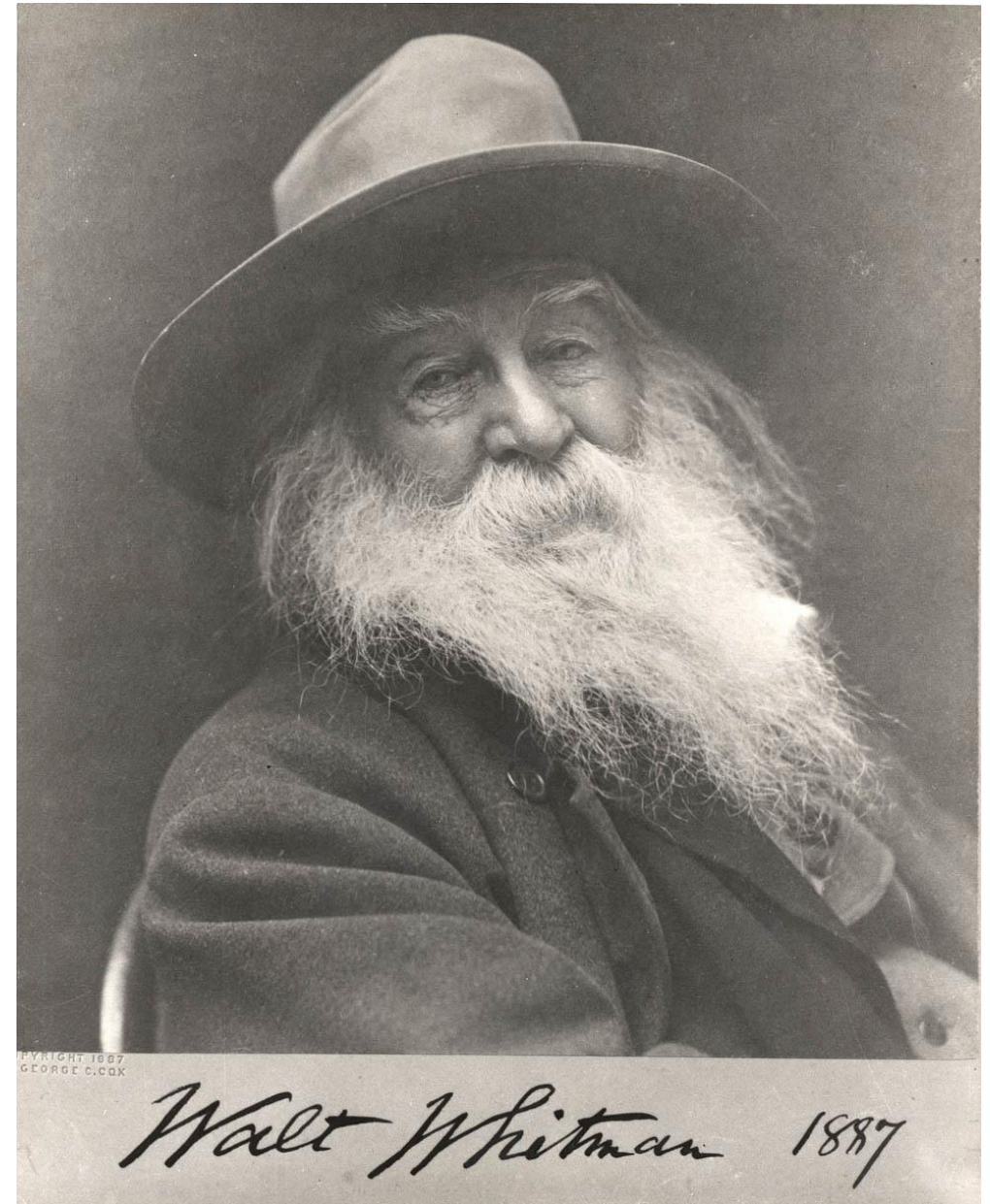


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Walt Whitman (1819–1891)

- Printer, journalist, novelist, clerk, nurse, lecturer
- Inveterate reviser of his work, including six editions of *Leaves of Grass*: 1855, 1856, 1860–1861, 1867, 1871–1872, 1881–1882
- Other books include: *Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps* (1865); *Democratic Vistas* (1871); *Memoranda during War* (1876); *Specimen Days* (1882)
- “Will saltpeter explode? Is Walt Whitman a true poet? Doubts to be solved by the wise futurity which shall pay of our national debt.” ~ T.W. Higginson



Walt Whitman, "I Hear America Singing" (1867)

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
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Langston Hughes (1902–1967)

- Has a long, prolific, and restless career
- Travels widely in the U.S., Europe, and Africa, recording the cultures of people of African descent
- Publishes *The Weary Blues* in 1926—at age 24—before completing college
- His later poetry is increasingly political—radical, even
- Becomes one of the most influential poets of the twentieth century
- Invested throughout his career in orality, musicality, blues, and jazz

Langston Hughes, "I, Too" (1926)

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

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I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

Julia Alvarez (born 1950)

- Born in New York but raised in the Dominican Republic, Alvarez is a prolific poet, novelist, and essayist
- Widely considered a major American literary figure, Alvarez has enjoyed an unprecedented combination of popular and critical acclaim
- Known for their admixture of languages and cultures, her major works include: *Homecoming* (1984); *How the García Girls Lost Their Accents* (1991); *In the Time of the Butterflies* (1994); *Yo!* (1997); *Something to Declare* (1998); *The Woman I Kept to Myself* (2004)



Julia Alvarez, "I, Too, Sing América" (2002)

I, Too, Sing América.

*I know it's been said before
but not in this voice
of the plátano
and the mango,
marimba y bongó,
not in this sancocho
of inglés
con español.*

*Ay, sí,
it's my turn
to oh say
what I see,
I'm going to sing America!*

Walt Whitman, "I Hear America Singing" (1867)

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on
the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon
intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing
or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

Langston Hughes, "I, Too" (1926)

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

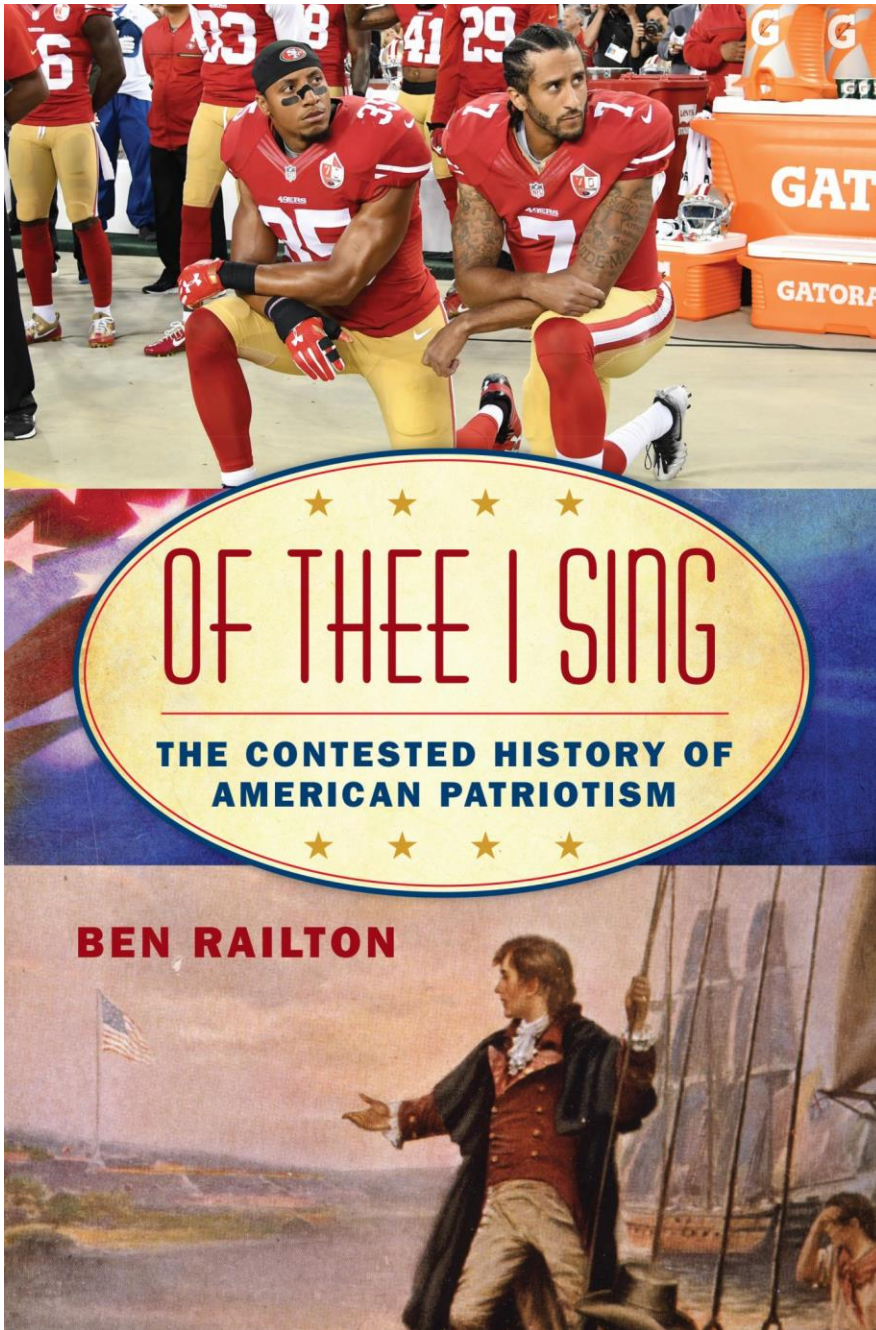
I, too, am America.

Julia Alvarez, "I, Too, Sing América" (2002)

I, Too, Sing América.

*I know it's been said before
but not in this voice
of the plátano
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I'm going to sing America!*



Four Versions of American Patriotism

- **Celebratory**: The communal expression of an idealized America
- **Mythic**: The creation of national myths that exclude certain communities
- **Active**: Acts of service and sacrifice for the nation
- **Critical**: Arguments for how the nation has fallen short of its ideals that seek to move us toward that more perfect union

Some Definitions

Some Forms

Some Occasions

Take national anthems, for example, sung on national holidays. **No matter how banal the words and mediocre the tunes, there is in this singing a moment of simultaneity.** At precisely such moments, people wholly unknown to each other utter the same verses to the same melody. The image: **unisonance.** Singing the Marseillaise, Waltzing Matilda, and Indonesia Raya provide occasions for unisonality, for **the echoed physical realization of the imagined community....** How selfless this unisonance feels! If we are aware that others are singing these songs precisely when and where we are, we have no idea who they may be, or even where, out of earshot, they are singing. **Nothing connects us all but imagined sound.**

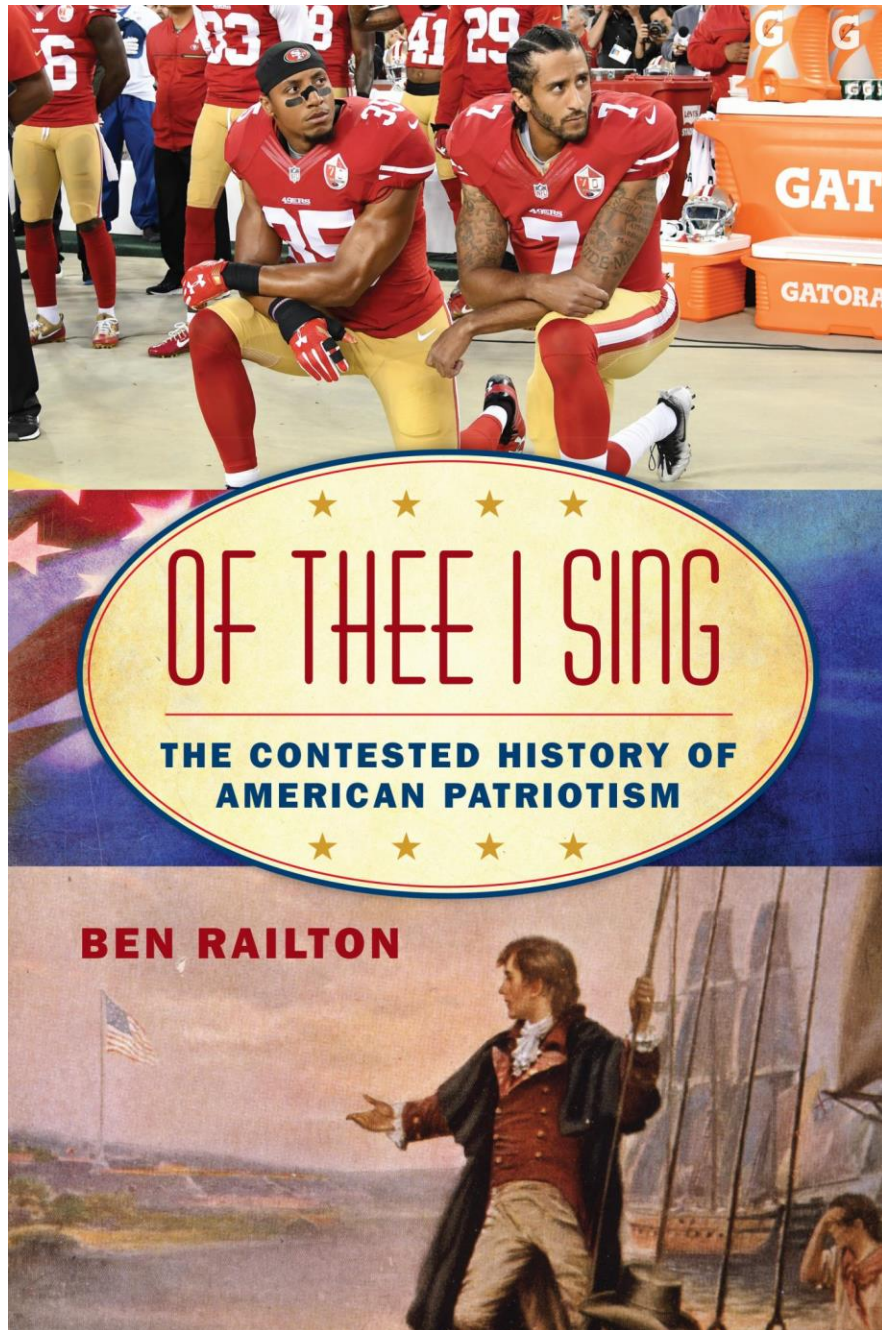
~ Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities* (1991)











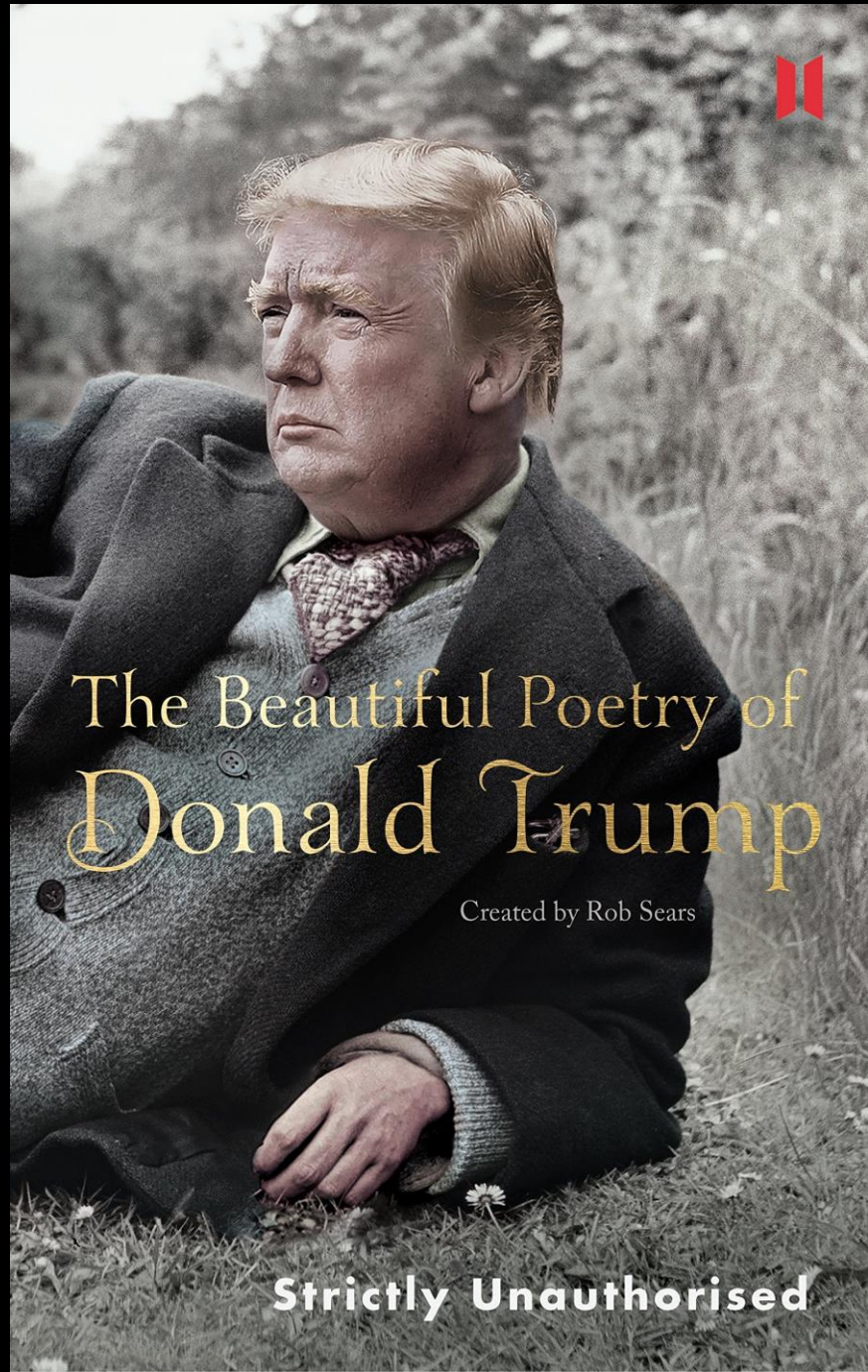
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Inaugural Poets and Poems

- Robert Frost, “The Gift Outright” / “Dedication” (1961—Kennedy)
- Maya Angelou, “On the Pulse of Morning” (1993—Clinton)
- Miller Williams, “Of History and Hope” (1997—Clinton)
- Elizabeth Alexander, “Praise Song for the Day” (2009—Obama)
- Richard Blanco, “One Today” (2013—Obama)
- Amanda Gorman, “The Hill We Climb” (2021—Biden)



The Beautiful Poetry of
Donald Trump

Created by Rob Sears

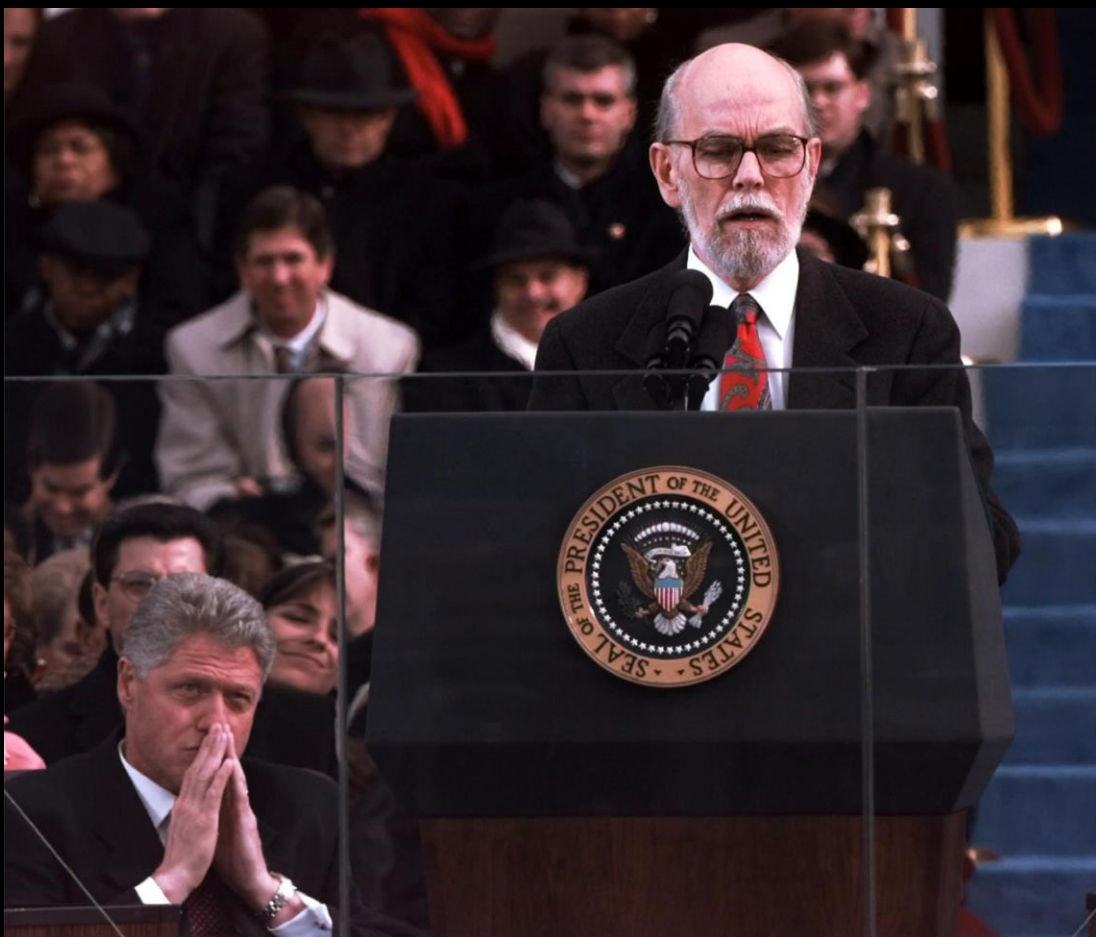
Strictly Unauthorised

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Amanda Gorman, “The Hill We Climb” (2021)

[...]

When day comes, we ask ourselves:
Where can we find light
In this never-ending shade?
The loss we carry, a sea we must wade.

We’ve braved the belly of the beast.
We’ve learned that quiet isn’t always peace,
And the norms and notions of what “just is”
Isn’t always justice.

And yet the dawn is ours before we knew it. Somehow, we do it.
Somehow, we’ve weathered and witnessed
A nation that isn’t broken, but simply unfinished.

Suggestions for Further Reading

Ben Railton, *Of Thee I Sing: The Contested History of American Patriotism* (2021)

Paul Fussell, *Poetic Meter and Poetic Form* (1979)

Shira Wolosky, *The Art of Poetry: How to Read a Poem* (1996)

David Orr, *Beautiful and Pointless: A Guide to Modern Poetry* (2011)

Edward Hirsch, *How to Read a Poem and Fall in Love with Poetry* (2000)

---., *The Heart of American Poetry* (2022)

Library of America: The American Poetry Anthology (5 volumes: 1993–2007)

Kevin Young, *African American Poetry: 250 Years of Struggle and Song* (2020)

Links

Academy of American Poets: <https://www.poets.org/>

The Poetry Foundation: <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/>

Poetry Out Loud: <http://www.poetryoutloud.org/>

Pennsound: <http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/>

Critical Readers Toolkit: <http://www.criticalreaderstoolkit.org/>

Walt Whitman Archive: <http://www.whitmanarchive.org/>

Whitman, Alabama: <http://www.whitmanalabama.com/>

Favorite Poem Project: <https://www.favoritepoem.org/index.html>

Inaugural Poetry: <https://poets.org/inaugural-poems-history>

Teaching “The Hill We Climb”: <https://blogs.loc.gov/catbird/2021/01/teaching-with-amanda-gormans-the-hill-we-climb/>



Patriotic Poem Assignments

- Find an “America” poem
- Memorize and recite an “America” poem
- Set an “America” poem to music
- Rewrite an “America” poem
- Socially annotate an “America” poem
- Pair an “America” poem with a piece of visual art
- Trace responses to an “America” poem



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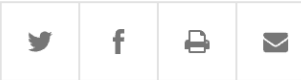
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America

BY KOFI AWOONOR

A name only once

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INSPIRING STUDENTS



POETRY OUT LOUD



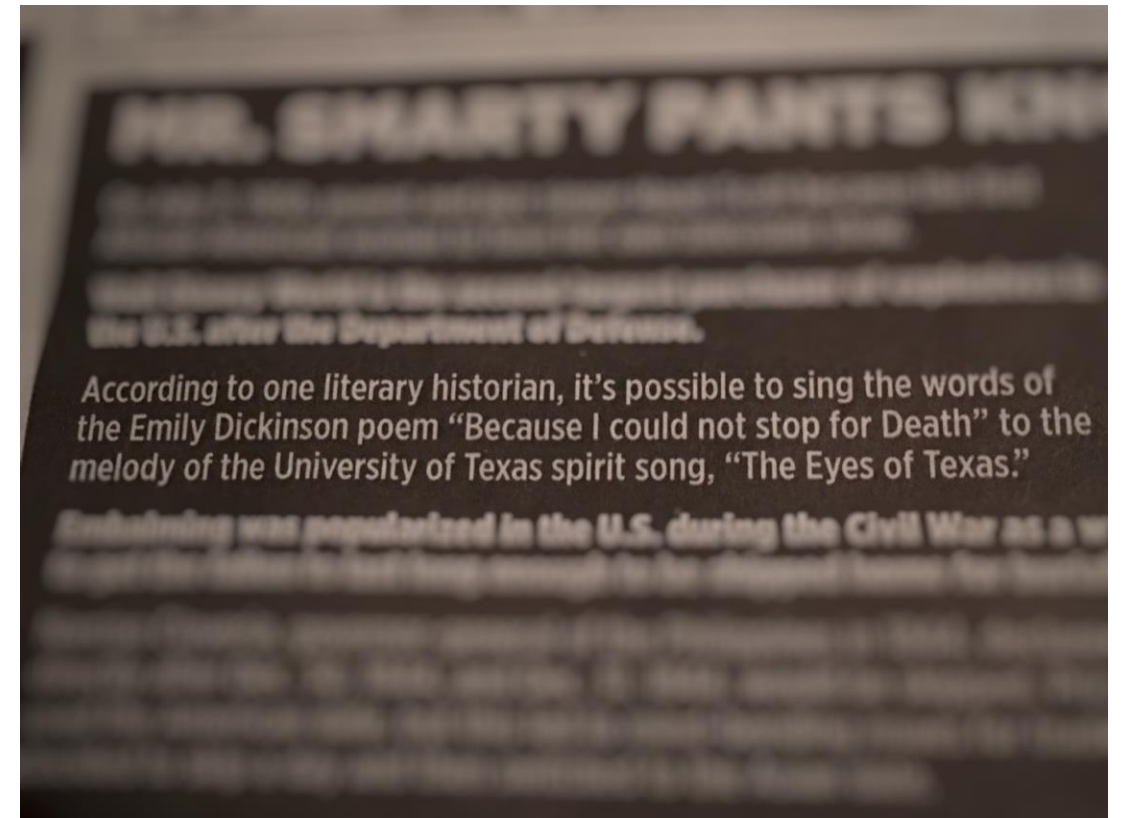


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Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –And
Immortality.

We slowly drove –
He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –





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Friday Night Lights #7

This week's FNL will ask you—okay, force you—to be creative. Please rewrite and/or reimagine one of the following poems from your own perspective and for our contemporary moment:

- Amy Lowell, “September, 1918”
- William Carlos Williams, “This Is Just to Say”
- Ezra Pound, “A Pact”
- Wallace Stevens, “Anecdote of the Jar”
- E.E. Cummings, “O sweet spontaneous” or “Buffalo Bill’s”

Once you have penned your poem, please write a paragraph or two describing what you learned from this creative exercise. How does this help you to better understand the poet and his or her project? What does this teach you about the form of the original poem? What about its content or theme(s)? NB: Needless to say, this FNL will be assessed in terms of effort.

COLLEGE FOOTBAL

Texas wide receiver Lil'Jordan Humphrey is not playing at life

His poetry and social media following say he's woke



UP NEXT FROM SPORTS

Texas wide receiver Lil'Jordan Humphrey is not playing at life

By John Harris

'I can't be Tony Parker anymore'

By Marc J. Spears

Patrick Mutombo isn't who you



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NEWS

Read All The Lyrics To Drake's New Album 'Honestly, Nevermind'

He surprise-released the album at midnight.

by Leah Degrazia / Jun 17 2022



NEWS
Read All The Lyrics To Logic's New Album 'Vinyl Days'

NEWS
Drake Links Up With 21 Savage On New Song "Jimmy Cooks"

NEWS
Read All The Lyrics To Perfume Genius' New Album 'Ugly Season'

<https://genius.com/>

<https://web.hypothes.is/>

Hypothesis in Your LMS

Hypothesis is an easy to use pedagogical tool that enables students and teachers to have conversations in the margins of digital texts. Using social annotation gives you new ways to foster student success by building community, critical thinking, and a deeper understanding of readings.

Hypothesis makes reading...



Active

"I want students to learn the profits and pleasures of careful, engaged reading...Hypothesis finally delivers on the promise of digital annotation."

Lawrence Hanley, Professor, Department of English, San Francisco State University



Visible

"I finally found a way to get students to read, and engage with one another about their reading, before class."

Andrew Martin, Professor, Department of Ecology & Evolutionary Biology, University of Colorado Boulder



Social

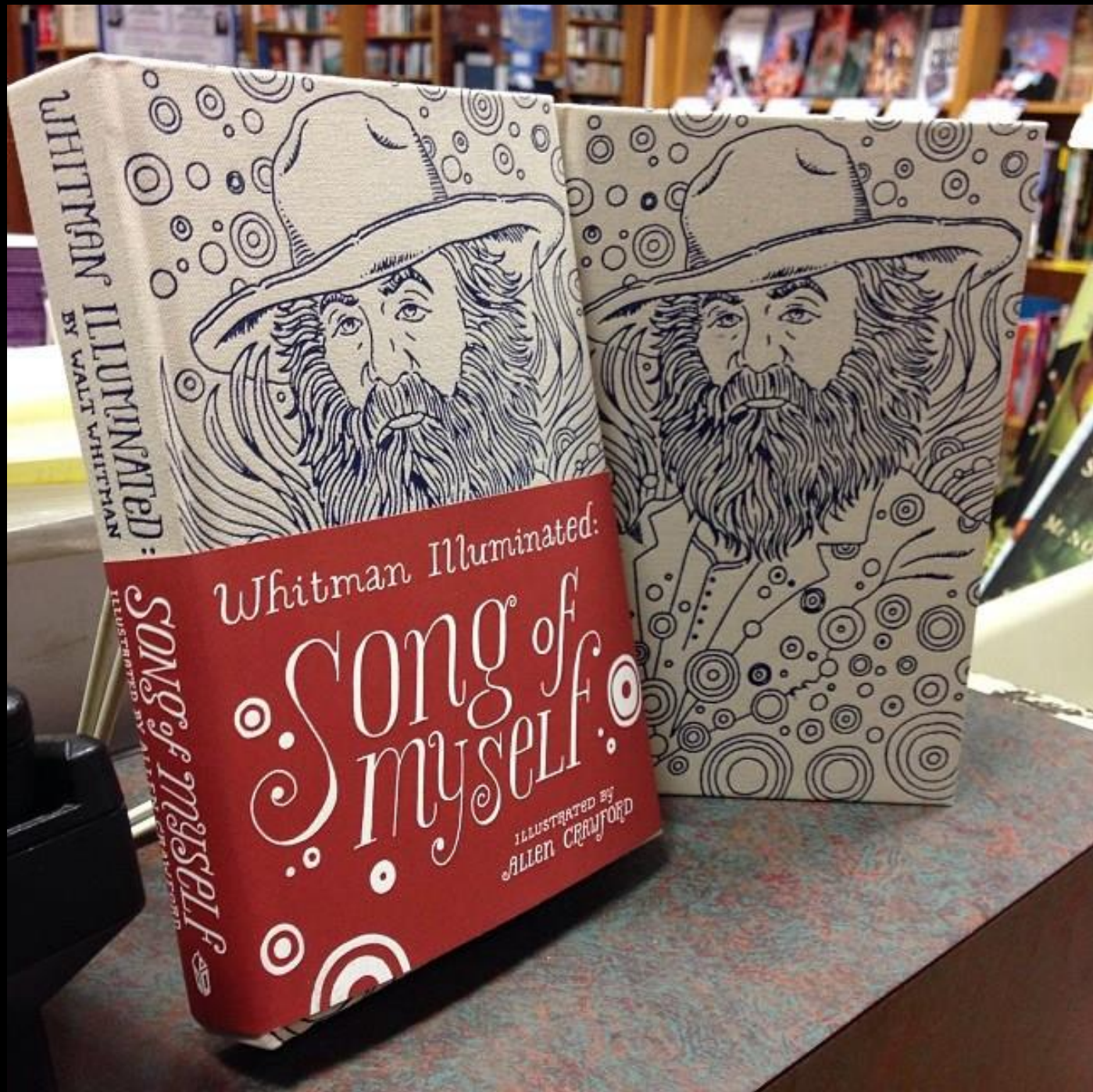
"Hypothesis is my literary Facebook. When I'm reading I sometimes wonder, does anyone actually understand this? Am I crazy? With this brilliant tool I know I'm not alone."

Shannon Griffiths, Student, Plymouth State University



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WHITMAN ILLUMINATED:
BY WALT WHITMAN

Whitman Illuminated:

Song of myself:
ILLUSTRATED BY ALLEN CRAWFORD

SONG OF MYSELF
ILLUSTRATED BY ALLEN CRAWFORD

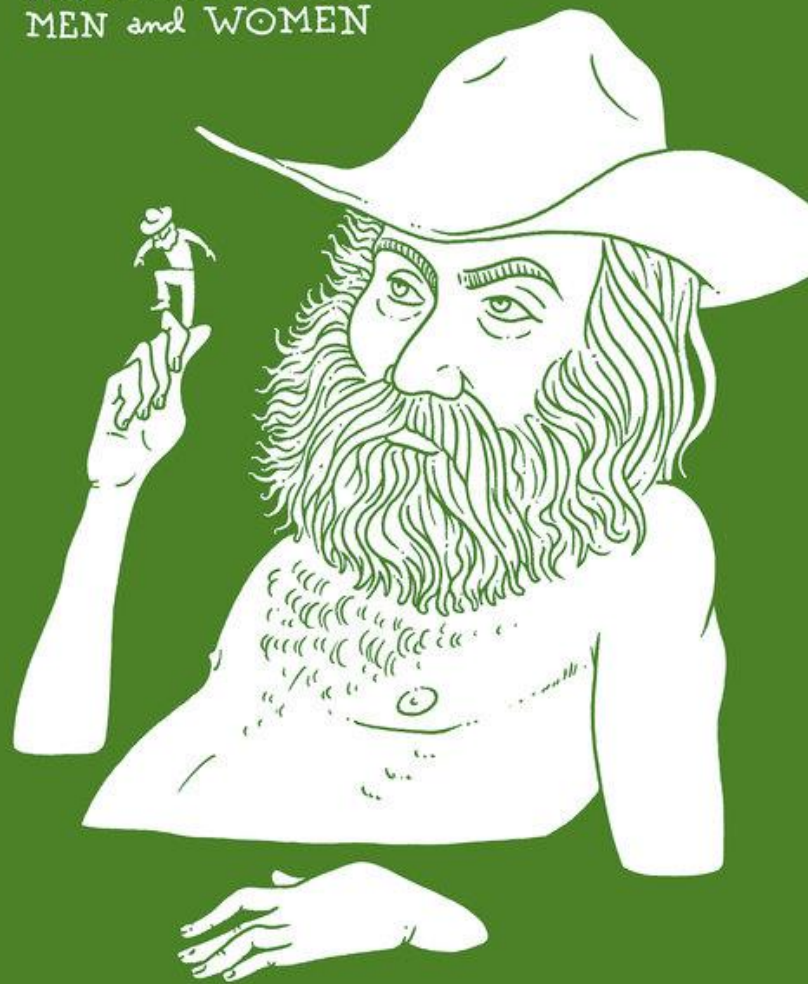
Walt Whitman

an AMERICAN,
ONE of the ROUGHS,
a KOSMOS,
DISORDERLY FLESHY
and SENSUAL
o o o o



EATING DRINKING
and BREEDING,
NO SENTIMENTALIST
o o o o

NO STANDER above
MEN and WOMEN



or APART
FROM them o o o o
NO MORE MODEST
than IMMODEST.





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Friday Night Lights #4

Friday Night Lights #4 has three parts:

1. Choose any author or text from the syllabus to date. (You'd do best to choose an author or text that you found particularly compelling.)
2. Find one relatively contemporary response to or adaptation of your author/text. (Let's define "contemporary" as in your lifetime. As in most things, Google is your friend: "Benjamin Franklin commercial" or "Washington Irving tv show" will reveal wonders. As for Poe and Whitman, the possibilities are endless....)
3. Describe how the response/adaptation updates or reimagines your author/text. NB: 3-4 sentences minimum; formal writing is required.