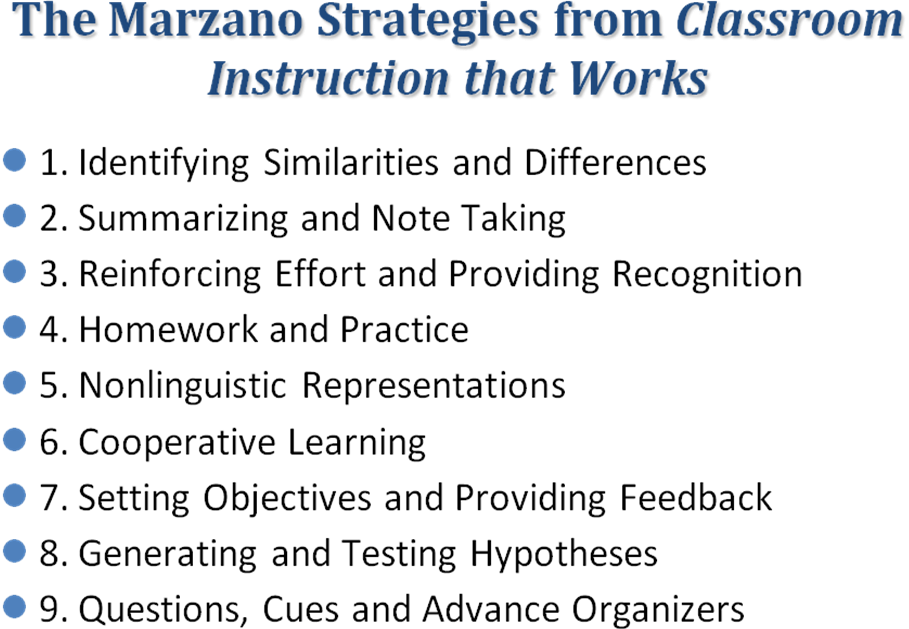
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| High-Order Thinking to “Gogh”  Breaking Down Marzano Strategies for Teachers with a “Special Guest”  Presented by Travis Dimmitt |





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| **Based on what you just heard and saw, what kind of life do you think Vincent van Gogh led? Why?** |
| **Draw a picture that illustrates what you believe to have been Vincent’s single overwhelming emotion throughout his life.** |

**Vincent van Gogh: Overview**

**Birth Year : 1853   
Death Year : 1890   
Country : Netherlands**   
  
Vincent van Gogh, for whom color was the chief symbol of expression, was born in Groot-Zundert, Holland. The son of a pastor, brought up in a religious and cultured atmosphere, Vincent was highly emotional and lacked self-confidence.

Between 1860 and 1880, when he finally decided to become an artist, van Gogh had had two unsuitable and

unhappy romances and had worked unsuccessfully as a clerk in a bookstore, an art salesman, and a preacher in the Borinage (a dreary mining district in Belgium), where he was dismissed for overzealousness. He remained in Belgium to study art, determined to give happiness by creating beauty. The works of his early Dutch period are somber-toned, sharply lit, genre paintings of which the most famous is "The Potato Eaters" (1885). In that year van Gogh went to Antwerp where he discovered the works of [Rubens](http://www.rubens-gallery.com) and purchased many Japanese prints.   
  
In 1886 he went to Paris to join his brother Théo, the manager of Goupil's gallery. In Paris, van Gogh studied with Cormon, inevitably met [Pissarro](http://www.pissarrogallery.com), [Monet](http://www.cmonetgallery.com), and [Gauguin](http://www.gauguingallery.com), and began to lighten his very dark palette and to paint in the short brushstrokes of the Impressionists. His nervous temperament made him a difficult companion and night-long discussions combined with painting all day undermined his health. He decided to go south to Arles where he hoped his friends would join him and help found a school of art. [Gauguin](http://www.gauguingallery.com) did join him but with disastrous results. In a fit of epilepsy, van Gogh pursued his friend with an open razor, was stopped by [Gauguin](http://www.gauguingallery.com), but ended up cutting a portion of his ear lobe off. Van Gogh then began to alternate between fits of madness and lucidity and was sent to the asylum in Saint-Remy for treatment.   
  
In May of 1890, he seemed much better and went to live in Auvers-sur-Oise under the watchful eye of Dr. Gachet. Two months later he was dead, having shot himself "for the good of all." During his brief career he had sold one painting. Van Gogh's finest works were produced in less than three years in a technique that grew more and more impassioned in brushstroke, in symbolic and intense color, in surface tension, and in the movement and vibration of form and line. Van Gogh's inimitable fusion of form and content is powerful; dramatic, lyrically rhythmic, imaginative, and emotional, for the artist was completely absorbed in the effort to explain either his struggle against madness or his comprehension of the spiritual essence of man and nature.

Cornell Two-Column Notes

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| --- | --- |
| Questions  Summary | Notes |

Six-Word Essay

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| Thoughts to help me form my six-word essay about van Gogh |
| My six-word essay about Vincent van Gogh |

***The Underground Railroad***

**Author Unknown**

**OVERVIEW**

*A letter dated June 13, 1858, to William Still is evidence of the difficulties facing those who*

*helped slaves escape to the North via the stations on the secret Underground Railroad. Those*

*who became involved put their lives at risk. Their courage was responsible for enabling an*

*unknown number of people—perhaps as many as 100,000—to make their way to freedom.*

***GUIDED READING***

Mr. Still:—I writ to inform you that we stand in need of help if ever we

wonted help it is in theas day, we have Bin trying to rais money to By a hors

but there is so few here that we can trust our selves with for fear that they may

serve us as tom otwell [a traitor] served them when he got them in dover Jail.

But he is dun for ever, i wont to no if your friends can help us, we have a Road

that more than 100 past over in 1857. It is one we made for them, seven in

march after the lions had them [the seven runaways that Tom Otwell had

turned over to the Dover police] there is no better [Road] in the State, we are

7 miles from Delaware Bay. you may understand what i mean. I wrote last

december to the anti Slavery Society for James Mot and others concerning of

purchasing a horse for this Bisnes if your friends can help us the work must stil

go on for ther is much frait pases over this Road, But ther has Ben but 3

conductors for sum time. you may no that there is but few men, sum talks all

dos nothing, there is horses owned by Collard peopel but not for this purpose.

We wont one for to go when called for, one of our best men was nigh Cut

[caught] By keeping of them too long, By not having means to convay them

tha must Be convad if they pass over this Road safe tha go through in 2 nights

to Wilmington, for i went there with 28 in one gang last November, tha had

to ride for when thea com to us we go 15 miles, it is hard Road to travel i had

sum conversation with mr. Evens and wos down here on a visit. pleas try what

you can do for us this is the place we need help, 12 mile i live from mason and

Dixson Line. I wod have come but cant have time, as yet there has been some

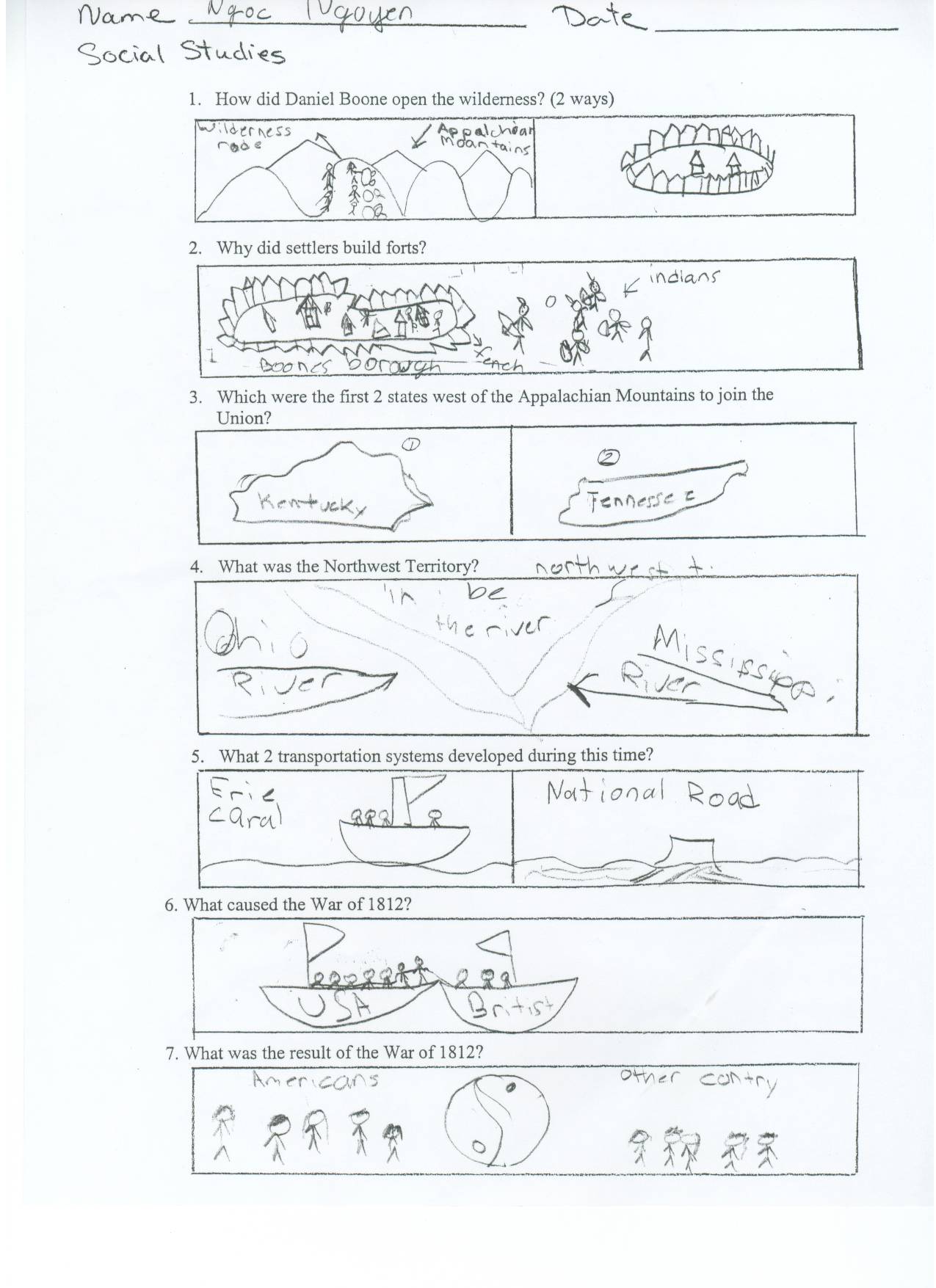
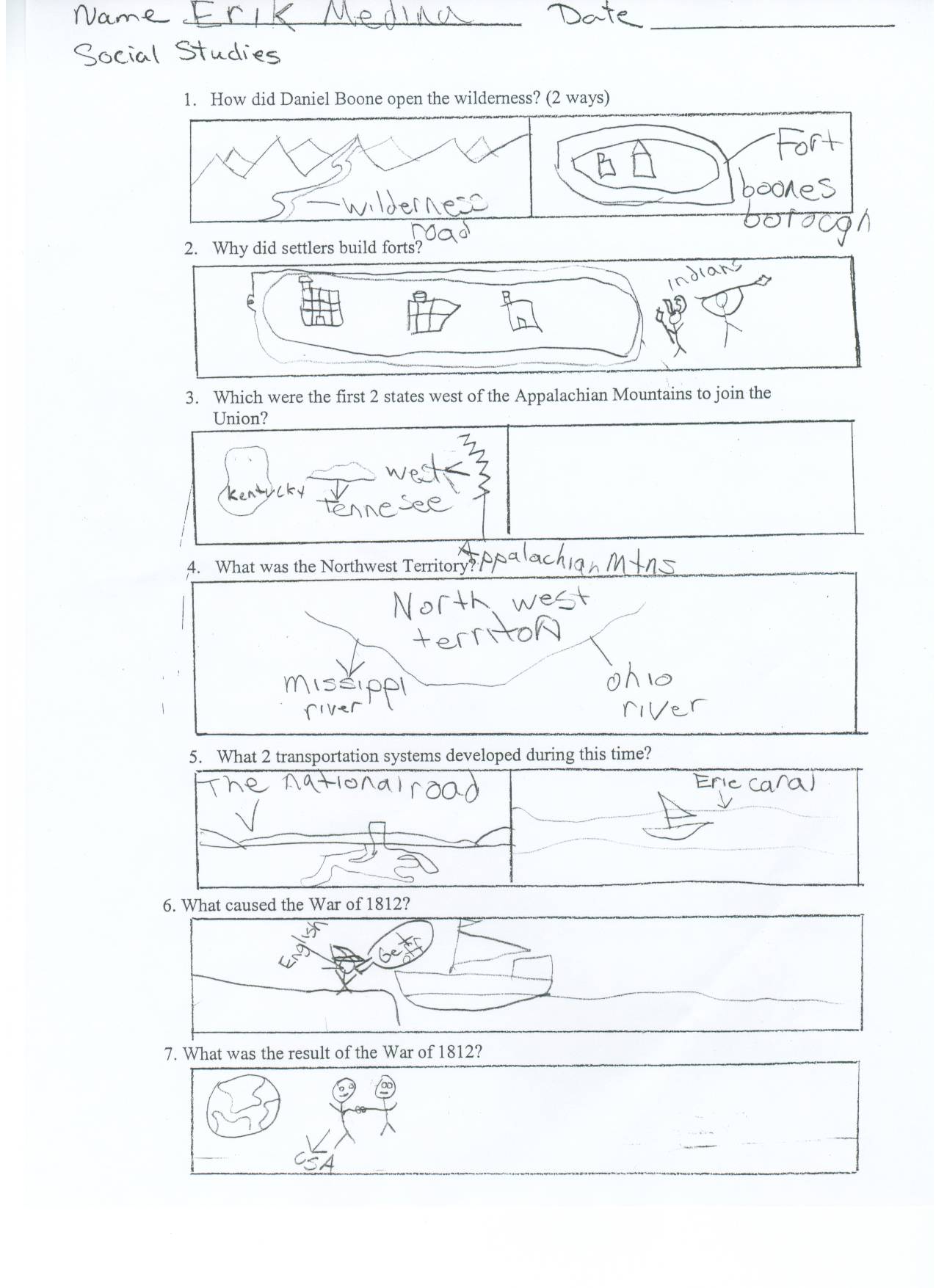
fuss about a boy ho lived near Camden, he has gone away, he ses me and my

brother nose about it but he dont. . . .

. . . Ancer this letter.

Pleas to writ let me no if you can do anything for us. I still remain your friend.

**MY ONE WORD SUMMARY IS:**



**VOCABULARY TERM**

**NON-LINGUISTIC REPRESENTATION**

**NOTES, QUESTIONS, ETC.**

**SENTENCE TO DEMONSTRATE UNDERSTANDING**

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| PREDICT THROUGH A PICTURE! |
| Was your prediction correct? Why or why not? |

**FIND SOMEONE WHO . . .**

1. Has taught longer than you.
2. Has taught a shorter period of time than you.
3. Has used a Marzano strategy in his or her classroom before. (Name the strategy.)
4. Has been to another country.
5. Can describe his or her teaching hero. (Describe the hero.)
6. Knows the percentage gain brought about by using the identifying similarities and differences strategy.
7. Can describe a way to integrate one-word summary into a lesson.
8. Knows a foreign language. (Make the person speak in the language.)
9. Can give a six-word essay about his or her family. (Make the person say it aloud.)
10. Has won or lost money in Las Vegas.
11. Can give an example of how he or she uses nonlinguistic representations in the classroom.
12. Can describe the relationship between cooperative learning and at least one other Marzano strategy.

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| 3. Write five words or phrases that Orwell uses to reinforce the idea of a dystopian society in 1984. | 1. 1984 has been called a “dystopian” novel. Based on your reading of the initial pages of 1984, what does “dystopian” mean? | **TOPIC: *1984 by George Orwell*** |
| 4. SUM UP – Draw a picture of a dystopian society. Be prepared to describe what you drew. | 2. Now, write the actual definition of dystopian in this square. How close was your definition to the actual? Talk about it in exactly one sentence. |  |

**Excerpt from Chapter 1 of 1984 – by George Orwell**

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a colored poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a meter wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black mustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine, and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagerness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the Party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there weemed to be no color in anything except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The black-mustachio’d face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston’s own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the Police Patrol, snooping into people’s windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Behind Winston’s back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away about pig iron and the overfulfillment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it; moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live – did live, from habit that became instinct – in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

I am going to try…..

because…..

I think I will see/find/discover/learn

Notes:

Effect on me…

Effect on students…

ADDITIONAL NOTES