

# Cortlan Wickliff

*Young and Driven Overdrive-*

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## George Gissing

*New Grub Street -*

Alfred Yule, Mrs. Yule, Marian Yule

Jasper Milvain, Maud Milvain, Dora Milvain, Mrs. Milvain

Edwin Reardon, Amy Reardon

Biffen

The Carter's

66 – First installment of intellectual yearning (Edwin / Amy)

94 – Intellectual incompatibility between parents and the effect on children (Yules)

123 – Idea generation: “There were floating in his mind five or six possible subjects for a book”

125 – The Odyssey

127 – The “ideal” wife: intellectual compatibility

142 – On Editions: “I prefer the Wunder, please.”

143 – Greek Meter

145 – 19<sup>th</sup> century discussion on realism

187-189 – Jasper/Marian, fundamental lust & the intellectual pursuit

222 – His shakespeare, his homer: “He stood before his bookshelves and began to pick out the volumes which he would take away with him. Just a few, the indispensable companions of a bookish man who still clings to life— his Homer, his Shakespeare—

360 – On intellectual bondage in marriage and emancipation in divorce: Amy Reardon's “new” mode of readership

“The Valley of the Shadow of Books”: George Gissing, *New Women*, and Morbid Literary Detachment  
Marisa Palacios Knox

- In the lectures that formed *Sesame and Lilies* (1865), John Ruskin championed both the emotional acuity of the girl reader should “apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations” that the male historian “too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement”
- In the first part of this essay, I show how Gissing marks a gendered divide between creative expression and morbid professionalism in *New Grub Street*. Marian Yule explicitly connects the loss of her womanliness with her emotional dissociation from the texts that she reads and writes about.

- In the late nineteenth century, literary men and women were increasingly vying for success on the same professional terrain.
- Eliza Lynn Linton, one of the first women admitted as a reader to the British Museum Reading Room in the mid nineteenth century
- Herbert Spencer put it more bluntly in *The Principles of Biology* (1864–67): “absolute or relative infertility is generally produced in women by mental labour carried to excess.
- Marian is thus tainted in her former fiancé’s mind by her labor in his own profession, and eulogized in the past tense as a perennial “school-girl” in unflattering contrast to the fully developed Amy, whose only work is to support her husband’s professional literary ambitions.
- The difference between Marian and Reardon is that Reardon’s professional woes do not impinge upon his affective relationship with literature. When he and his wife Amy separate, Reardon cannot part with certain beloved books, despite his straitened circumstances: depicts his hack “literary work” as a profane activity in proximity to Homer and Shakespeare. This recurring allusion in Gissing’s writing emphasizes the sacred importance of maintaining an emotional connection with literature, unsullied by the detached exertions of “literary work.” Reardon and his fellow author Harold Biffen do not believe in God, but they believe in Greece—or rather, the Golden Age of literature it represents for them.

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## John Ruskin

It is not possible to trace the development of nineteenth century culture or its legacies without knowledge of his work.

For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly until I have contradicted myself at least three times.

In the *Lamp of Memory*, he argues for the sacredness of age as the central index for the value in a building.

The study of architecture, like nature or painting, is bound up with the use of memory. It can only prosper if we value what we see more than our powers of insight.

Ruskin on Iron

Oxygen in fire oxidizes iron in clay once it heat treated

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## Marquis De Sade

## *The Misfortunes of Virtue* (1787)

Juliette and Justine were orphaned at the ages of 15 and 12 before parting ways in their adolescence. Juliette, having come to a ripe age, submitted herself to prostitution, ruining countless men, and sinning her way to prosperity. Justine, on the other hand, hadn't the same notion for what prosperity looked like. Her denial of vice and strict adherence to virtue has time and time again afforded her the worst outcomes. Whether sentenced to death for crimes she didn't commit, forced wretchedness upon her innocence (rape), beckoned to committing murder by which her denial made her privy to designs that orchestrated her exile... Justine has not prospered by any sense of the word.

The bulk of the story transacts from Justine to Juliette, but as grown women they do not recognize one another. Justine has been accused of treachery upon the Lyon estate – Juliette's residence – and the subjected criminal contends for her innocence by relating the history of her misfortunes to her sister.

Seemingly, Justine encounters a great deal of religious deniers, which plays into the horrors she is to experience. Set before the French revolution, it is no surprise this be the case, for

“All religions start from a false premise. Each one assumes the need for belief in a creator. When the strong first set out to enslave the weak, they convinced their victims that God sanctified the chains that bound them. And the weak, their wits crushed by poverty, believed what they were told. All religions are the destructive consequences of this first fiction and merit the same contempt as its source deserves. There is not one of these fairy tales which does not march under the banner of imposture and stupidity.” P.37

### Brutalizing orgy in the monastery

“I will pick the flower which intemperance has left for me.... But this I now discovered, and with such a degree of violence that the natural pain of the loss of my virginity was the least of the agonies which I was required to bear during this terrifying onslaught. Antonin marked the moment with such furious whooping and bellowing, murderous assault on every part of my body.... I could not bear the horrible idea that I had now at last the treasure of my maidenhood for which I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times over.” P.75

### Jstor Article on Sade

Will McMorran. (2017). The Marquis de Sade in English, 1800–1850. *The Modern Language Review*, 112(3), 549–566. <https://doi.org/10.5699/modelangrevi.112.3.0549>

Maurice Heine argued in the same decade that Matthew Lewis's *The Monk* (1796) was influenced by Justine, *ou les malheurs de la vertu* (1791). As often as Sade's name has been mentioned in the context of Gothic fiction, and of authors such as Radcliffe and Lewis in particular, the question of his actual influence on the genre has yet to be explored in any depth

[https://www.jstor.org/stable/pdf/26380216.pdf?refreqid=fastly-default%3A141603f064fec62c82690d0f7eb2ffc4&ab\\_segments=0%2Fspellcheck\\_phrase\\_search%2Ftest&initiator=search-results&acceptTC=1](https://www.jstor.org/stable/pdf/26380216.pdf?refreqid=fastly-default%3A141603f064fec62c82690d0f7eb2ffc4&ab_segments=0%2Fspellcheck_phrase_search%2Ftest&initiator=search-results&acceptTC=1)

this text was reworked by Sade, who created three substantially different versions. The first, a short story, was not published until the 1930's. The second, published in 1791, is the version Phillips has translated. The last version, published in 1797, is longer (it clocks in at more than seven hundred pages in the Pléiade edition), crueler, and much more obscene than the two previous versions. The 1791 version of *Justine* offers the long expositions of Sade's philosophy that the reader encounters in all of Sade's novels

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## Woolf

### *A Room of One's Own*

The middle-class woman began to write. For if *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE* matters, and *MIDDLEMARCH* and *VILLETTE* and *WUTHERING HEIGHTS* matter, then it matters far more than I can prove in an hour's discourse that women generally, and not merely the lonely aristocrat shut up in her country house among her folios and her flatterers, took to writing.

Mary is tampering with the expected sequence. First she broke the sentence; now she has broken the sequence. Very well, she has every right to do both these things if she does them not for the sake of breaking, but for the sake of creating. Which of the two it is I cannot be sure until she has faced herself with a situation. I will give her every liberty, I said, to choose what that situation shall be; she shall make it of tin cans and old kettles if she likes; but she must convince me that she believes it to be a situation; and then when she has made it she must face it. She must jump. And, determined to do my duty by her as reader if she would do her duty by me as writer, I turned the page and read... I am sorry to break off so abruptly. Are there no men present? Do you promise me that behind that red curtain over there the figure of Sir Charles Biron is not concealed? We are all women you assure me? Then I may tell you that the very next words I read were these—'Chloe liked Olivia...' Do not start. Do not blush. Let us admit in the privacy of our own society that these things sometimes happen. Sometimes women do like women. 'Chloe liked Olivia,' I read. And then it struck me how immense a change was there. *Chloe liked Olivia perhaps for the first time in literature.*

The wonder is that any book so composed holds together for more than a year or two, or can possibly mean to the English reader what it means for the Russian or the Chinese. But they do hold together occasionally very remarkably. And what holds them together in these rare instances of survival (I was thinking of *WAR AND*

PEACE) is something that one calls integrity, though it has nothing to do with paying one's bills or behaving honorably in an emergency. **What one means by integrity, in the case of the novelist, is the conviction that he gives one that this is the truth. Yes, one feels, I should never have thought that this could be so; I have never known people behaving like that. But you have convinced me that, so it is, so it happens.** One holds every phrase, every scene to the light as one reads—for Nature seems, very oddly, to have provided us with an inner light by which to judge of the novelist's integrity or dis-integrity. Or perhaps it is rather that Nature, in her most irrational mood, has traced in invisible ink on the walls of the mind a premonition which these great artists confirm; a sketch which only needs to be held to the fire of genius to become visible.

*Mrs. Dalloway*

## Characters

- Clarissa Dalloway – fifty years old, lived in Westminster for twenty years
- Hugh Whitbread – Hugh the admirable Hugh / Clarissa's friend
- Lucy
- Rumpelmayer
- Peter Walsh – close friend of Clarissa, used to be in love with her
- **Elizabeth Dalloway** Seventeen years old; the daughter of Clarissa and Richard Dalloway.
- Septimus – British world war one veteran
- Sally Seton – Clarissa Ex
- Lady Burton – Richards affair

## Narration

Peter Walsh is known for his sayings

Middle of June and Clarissa is in London, the war was over

Clarissa is talking to herself about her marriage with Richard, and her stance with Peter Walsh  
Peter Walsh married a girl he met on a boat going to India

**Elizabeth Dalloway** is being heavily influenced by her tutor, Miss Kilman, a black woman who is very religious. She is falling in love with the black women.

A motor engine car exploded as Clarissa was shopping, and rumors begin to circulate surrounding this event

There was British royalty in the car, the queen, which caused a huge mob to form, following the car and waiting outside the gates of Buckingham's place. And as they sat outside the gates a plane began to fly overhead, forming letters in the sky, a distraction, for the car entered unseen by anyone as Clarissa's double, Septimus offers a contrast between the conscious struggle of a working-class veteran and the blind opulence of the upper class. His troubles call into question the legitimacy of the English society he fought to preserve during the war.

Clarissa returns home and gets a phone call, it is Lady Burton asking Mr. Dalloway out to lunch, what appears to transact like a date

Mr. Bentley finds his belonging with the church

Peter Walsh makes a surprise return from India, they reminisce, and talk about their past experiences, he tells her he is in love, eventually as they prepare to leave and a moment between the two is developing, she is interrupted by her daughter Elizabeth.

There is a theme of interruption for Clarissa, Shopping for flowers is interrupted by the car, her moment with Sally Seton is interrupted by the gentleman rambling about the stars, and her moment with Peter Walsh is interrupted by Elizabeth

The death of Clarissa Soul, as Peter Walsh opined, was discovering that Sally Seton had a baby

Clarissa meets Richard at a party by introducing him as Wickham, he said "My name is Dalloway" Peter notices immediately what is to happen between them

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## Quotes

"Oh, is she could have her life over again! She thought, stepping onto the pavement, could have looked even differently... She had the oddest sense of being herself invisible, unseen; unknown; there being no more marrying, no more having of children now, but only this astonishing and rather solemn progress with the rest of them, up Bond Street, this being Mrs. Dalloway; not even Clarissa anymore; this being Mrs. Richard Dalloway."

"Year in year out she wore that coat; she perspired; she was never in the room five minutes without making you feel her superiority, your inferiority; how poor she was; how rich you were; how she lived in a slum without a cushion or a bed or a rug or whatever it might be, all her soul rusted with that grievance sticking in it, her dismissal from school during the War-poor embittered unfortunate creature! For it was not her one hated but the idea of her, which undoubtedly had gathered in to itself a great deal that was not Miss Kilman; had become one of those specters with which one battles in the night; one of those specters who stand astride us and suck up half our life-blood, dominators and tyrants; for no doubt with another throw of the dice, had the black been uppermost and not the white, she would have loved Miss Kilman! But not in this world. No."

"Feeling herself suddenly shriveled, aged, breastless... her body and her brain which now failed, since Lady Burton, whose parties were extraordinary, had not asked her."

"She could not dispel a virginity preserved through childbirth which clung to her like a sheet"

"it was something central which permeated; something warm which broke up surfaces and rippled the cold contact of man and woman"

"That is MY Elizabeth" as Clarissa says to Peter, insinuating that Clarissa will cling hardly to her daughters conventional Victorian values, and that Peter cannot drag her away from them.

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**Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina***

## **Narrative modeling by Part**

Part 1 - each main character enters a new state of mental capacity. Whether forced upon, or intentionally sought, each character finds themselves on one side of a forbidden, or otherwise broken romance. At the end of part one each character returns to their “starting point” – Anna, Vronsky, and Levin by train.

Part 2 - Horse races from Vronsky POV, Horse races from AK POV / cutoff to the start of Levin agriculture

Part 3 - Levin’s work in the fields leaves him with the life question, until he spots Kitty riding out to Dolly’s house in the countryside / immediate switch to Karenin

## **Mental gymnastics: the justification of cheating in Anna Karenina**

- "It is heavenly, when I overcome my earthly desires; but nevertheless, when I'm not successful, it can also be quite pleasurable" p. 40
- “But the role of a man who was pursuing a married woman, and who made it the purpose of his life at all cost to draw her into adultery, was one which had in it something beautiful and dignified and could never be ridiculous.” P.128
- Karenin was being confronted with life - with the possibility of his wife's loving somebody else, and this seemed stupid and incomprehensible to him, because it was life itself. He had lived and worked all his days in official spheres, which deal with reflections of life, and every time he had knocked up against life itself he had stepped out of its way. He now experienced a sensation such as a man might feel who, while quietly crossing a bridge over an abyss, suddenly sees that the bridge is being taken to pieces and that: he is facing the abyss. The abyss was real life; the bridge was the artificial life Karenin had been living. It was the first time that the possibility of his wife's falling in love with anybody had occurred to him, and he was horrified.
- I did not notice it this evening, but, judging by the impression created, all present noticed that you behaved and acted not quite as was desirable.' "Really, I don't understand at all' said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. “It is all the same to him” she said to herself. "But Society noticed, and that disturbs him!"

## **Levin and Tolstoy: learning Tolstoy from the character sketches of Levin Dmitritch**

- “A candle gradually lit up the study and its familiar details became visible: the stag's horns, the bookshelves, the looking glass, the hot-air aperture of the stove with its brass lid, which had long needed repair, his father's couch, the large table on which were an open volume, a broken ashtray, and an exercise-book in his handwriting. When he saw all this, he was overcome by a momentary doubt of the possibility of starting the new life of which he had been dreaming on his way. All these traces of his old life seemed to seize hold of him and say, 'No, you will not escape us and will not be different, but will

remain such as you have been full of doubts; full of dissatisfaction with yourself, and of vain attempts at improvement followed by failures, and continual hopes of the happiness which has escaped you and is impossible for you.' p.93

## Interpretations

Out from George Elliot's *Middlemarch* Tolstoy would have learned to balance two contrasting stories: urban and rural, artificial and natural, marital discord and total devotion.

The problem of removing himself from the novel and yet maintaining his moral perspective was solved by identifying himself with the main actor in the story that runs parallel to Anna Karenina's, Constantine Levin.

### Part 2, Chapter 16 – The selling of Dolly's forest

- When Levin says he will buy it, Stiva's selective honor pops up and he refuses to go back on his promise to sell the forest to Ryabinin. Stiva is a man of his word to this merchant, but not to his wife?

### The Agricultural Question: Tolstoy's obsession with the weeds

Part 3, chapter 12 - Levin is coming to terms with and figuring out how "best" to farm his land, what it means to put in work, to work with others, how others will take advantage of land for opportunity (The selling of Dolly's forest in part 2, chapter 16), and how modern and evolving ideas fit into a larger picture. I think the answer to his agricultural thesis is also an answer to having a successful marriage.

### Quotes

“VRONSKY was particularly fortunate in that he had a code of rules which clearly defined what should and should not be done. This code covered a very small circle of conditions, but it was unquestionable, and Vronsky, never going beyond that circle, never for a moment hesitated to do what had to be done. The code categorically determined that though the cardsharp must be paid, the tailor need not be; that one may not lie to a man, but might to a woman; that one must not deceive anyone, except a husband; that one must not forgive an insult but may insult others, and so on. These rules might be irrational and bad, but they were absolute, and in complying with them Vronsky felt at ease and could carry his head high. Only quite lately, in reference to his relations to Anna, had he begun to feel that his code did not quite meet all circumstances, and that the future presented doubts and difficulties for which he had no guiding principle.”

## *The Kreutzer Sonata*

Triangle: MC, Wife, Troukhatchevsky

“I turned the conversation upon his skill as a violinist, and he answered that, contrary to what I had heard, he now played the violin more than formerly. He remembered that I used to play. I answered that I had abandoned music, but that my wife played very well.” ½

“Singular thing! Why, in the important events of our life, in those in which a man’s fate is decided,—as mine was decided in that moment,—why in these events is there neither a past nor a future? My relations with Troukhatchevsky the first day, at the first hour, were such as they might still have been after all that has happened.” 2/2

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## Theodore Fontae

### *Effi Briest*

#### **Characters:**

Effi

Frau von Briest

Barom von Geert Innstetten

Gieshubler – alchemist friend

Crampass – military family friend

Roswitha – maid

Little Annie – Daughter

#### **Narrative:**

- Effi Briest is young, seventeen, helping her mom in the gardens of Hohen-Cremmen with needle work when three friends arrive. The three friends talk about marriage, and Effi talks about her mothers past with the upcoming visitor
- Her mom runs inside and makes preparations for some out of town governor to drop in, when she is called inside to change. Once inside her mom tells her that the governor, Innstetten, has proposed to marry her.
- While making preparations for the wedding, Effi and her mom Frau visit cousin Briest in Berlin, and Frau notices her daughters inkling for the man. She even goes as far as to question her about it.
- Effi and Innstetten embark on their honeymoon all through Europe, visiting plenty of art galleries and musemes. This narrative procedure installs cultural and intellectual incompatibilities, and Effi’s parents read this out of her letters that she sends home

- Post honeymoon, Innstetten takes Effi to his estate in Kressin, and upon arrival Fontae works place very well
- After the first night in Kessin, Effie wakes up at 9am, Innstetten is already out. She slept late on account of the noises she was hearing above her, to which Joanne the house keeper says it was the curtains in the drawing room. the new weds wait for a visit from G- the chemist, and he shows up late after Innstetten has already left.
- She gets a tour of the house and in the drawing room there is a chair with a photo of the chinamen on it, despite innstetten swearing there was nothing in there.
- The couple spends aprox. 3 weeks visiting aristocratic / noble friends in the country and Effi is not well received. The night of their return she is rather lonely, and she takes to reading a book. She reads \_\_\_\_\_, which compounds with the gothic. That same night she has a nightmare about the chinamen, Rollo the dog runs to her aid, and Joanna the maid explains the chinamen photo on the chair ordeal.
- After the nightmare Effi is relieved to see her husband but he is no consolation. They quarrel about whats real versus what can actually be done in response, when Fredrick the servant brings a letter from Gieshubler that is an invitation to watch Marietta Trippeli perform on the piano. They accept the invite.
- Innstetten suggests going on a sleigh ride up to an inn / trainstation beforehand, so they do. On the way they pass the real chinamen's grave, which prompts the story of old man Thompson, his granddaughter Nina's wedding, and the real clinamen's death / burial.
- They get to the inn, eat dinner, and visit the trainstation which posts a train headed west to berlin. Effi cries at the sight of it.
- On the way back from the in effi is in better spirits. They arrive to the Tripelli performance where Fontane enters a musical / cultural flow state with song and description. The etiquette of a dinner party, etc. (p. 88)
- The holiday season passes, and Effi writes more letters to her parents. We see these in epistolary
- By summer, Effi is watching the newcomers for the beach, bath, and Kessin hotel when she see's a hearse coming into the neighboring house. Its for the registrars widowed wife, who passed away. Her family from berlin comes in for the services, but they are not in earnst. It it after the services in the sand dunes graveyard where effi finds Roswitha, formerly the registars chambermaid who is now unemployed. Effi calls upon her to be the nurse for her baby, despite her being catholic.
- Between August and September Effi goes back to hohen cremmen for 6 weeks with the newborn. (p.112)
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### Quotes:

- “And then, I'm amazed to find someone like yourself, a Briest, so upset and scared. It's as if you came from a family of petty bourgeois. A ghost is a privilege, like a family tree and things like that, and I know families that would as soon lose their family arms as their "white lady" - who may equally well be a black one, of course.”

“I'm only surprised that he hasn't taken some leave for a quick visit to see you. When someone has got such a young wife...

Eff blushed because she was thinking exactly the same thing.

But she didn't want to admit it. “After all, I'm not going to run away from him. I'm his. If someone is too affectionate ... and then there's the difference in age... people just smile.

'Yes, Effi, so they do. But one must put up with that. By the way, not a word about this, not even to your mother.

**It's so difficult to know what and what not to do.** It's a big subject.”

- After the childbirth, a new conflict emerges with Innstetten's triangular relationship with permission and other men. Effi wants to ride horses, he objects, and it is the major who has to procure a horse for her in order for him to agree. The party happens upon a seal and a seal hunt is proposed, he disagrees and Crampas picks up on his lack of willingness to be open / permissible.

<https://mostlyaboutstories.com/fontane-effi-briest-review/#:~:text=The%20Daughter%20of%20the%20Air%20%E2%80%93%20Effi%20Briest%20at%20home>

“the Germanists have tried to make Effi stand among *Anna* and Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* as one of the best realist novels of the 19th Century, but I can't help but feel the comparison just leaves Effi looking silly, a little girl next to these older and more experienced women”

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## Kiese Laymon

**Heavy-**

“I wanted to write a lie. I wanted that lie to be titillating. I wrote that lie. It was titillating. You would have loved it. I discovered nothing. You would have loved it. I started over and wrote what we hoped I'd forget.”

“I wanted to write a lie.  
You wanted to read a lie.  
I wrote this to you instead...”

Very few folk in this nation has any desire to reckon with where we've been, which means very few folk in this nation want to be free.

“You gave me a southern black laboratory to work with words. In that space I learned how to assemble memory and imagination when I most wanted to die.”

Swim in the deep end... metaphor fused with intoxication and substance abuse? Alleviating the weight, you carry?

“I got on my knees and prayed to God not to hear you wailing under the weight of a revolutionary black man from Mississippi...I downed a few mason jars of box wine until I forgot the shape of the sound I was running from...The wailing did not stop. I hated my body.... Early the next morning, I had my first wet dream. I was afraid to tell you what my body did while you were with Malachi Hunter because I knew you’d ask me why.”

His parent to child relationship is unbelievably sexually charged. I can afford the single mother to only son dynamic close-knit relations but I’m not sure I can engage the titillation of this text. I am certain, it is not just a Kiese Laymon thing.

The weaponization of shame in the context of white supremacy.

I will tell you that white folk and white power often helped make me feel gross, criminal, angry, and scared as a child, but they could never make me feel intellectually incapable because I was your child

I will show her how much softer my thighs have gotten over the years since I stopped trying to disappear

*Heavy* – Analytical Essay

*Our Kind of Ridiculous* - Analytical Essay

*How to Kill Yourself Slowly in America 2013 Edition: Authors Note* –

“I was slowly coming to understand that the novel I wanted to be read would never be published.”

“I wanted my work to be a site of the catastrophic and the pleasurable, the public and the private, and the awkwardly destructive and the wholly sublime.”

“[M]y most meaningful discoveries about the act of being human have come through the solitary act of listening to turning pages, rereading clumsy passages, and marking up the shifty sides of texts.”

“I’m not sure I’ve done anything I hoped to do, but I’m thankful you’ve given the voices and sentences in my blood, a chance to work with you. This is how to slowly kill yourself and others in America.”

*Prologue – We will Never Ever Know: Letters to Uncle Jimmy* –

“What makes me despicable is that one of the responsibilities of American writers is to broaden the confines, sensibilities, and generative capacity of American literature by broadening the audience to whom we write, and hoping that broadened audience writes back with brutal imagination, magic, and brilliance. Echo.”

### *Worst of White Folk-*

“I understood that when Mama said, ‘white folks,’ she meant the worst of white folks. I knew this literally because there were so many different types of white folks on television, and the only white folks I knew personally at the time... were complicated, caring white folks who didn’t want me dead. The truth was that you didn’t have to know white folks personally to understand what the worst of white folks nudged you and your family to feel and do.”

### *How They Do In Oxford-*

“I’m wondering what it means for me to claim ownership over Black culture in Mississippi after having been away for the same amount of time I’ve lived there. The moral authority to critique Mississippi generally, and Oxford specifically, definitely belongs to someone. I’m not at all sure that someone is me.”

### *Echo: Mychal, Darnell, Kiese, Kai, and Marlon-*

“[Even] though I knew, the first time that I tried to end my life, that I needed help more than the helping profession needed me.... Dreams, when I could actually sleep, were a welcome escape from life.”

“We are experts in the art of killing because we know what it’s like to be killed, maligned, have our spirits deadened, and our bodies pillaged. We know. But we cannot demonstrate our knowledge by rearticulating the very violences that have been used to murder us.”

*I need your help,  
Kiese Laymon*

“You’re right Kiese, love can’t be attained through ownership- love is a relationship that must be cultivated through honesty. The truth can hurt, but a lie will never set you free.... Please love me enough to tell me the truth.”

“But what of the scars that you can’t see? You ever go so deep and remember the things you didn’t know you were reminding yourself to forget?”

### *You are the Second Person-*

Real black writers.

In case you dig the vision.

“You know far too well why a first or third person could self-righteously claim innocence in matters of love and loss”

Double entendrum? First person point of view, third person point of view?

“I can create an audience for this novel with these essays I’ve been writing.”

The confidence, the ambition, the faith in his work when nobody else believed in him.

“Wanda’s book, and all the other covers, really did look like greasy children’s menus at Applebee’s. Your eyes watered as you googled the published authors Brandon had signed two years after he signed you. You wanted your name on an Applebee’s menu too.”

““You’re the second person I’ve diagnosed with this today.... You seem like you’re holding something in. Fear is okay, you know. Do you have any questions?”

I don’t know what’s wrong with me. I just want my grandma to think I am a real writer.”

“I can’t put my name on a book that you want written and its apparent that you won’t put your companies name on the book I want read.”

“You wondered why you started the piece with ‘Alone you...’ You are the I to no one in the world, not even yourself.”

“I’ve written my way out of death and destruction before. I’m trying to do it again.”

“You look up.

You close your eyes.

You breathe.

You look down and you keep on writing, revising, and imagining, because that’s what real black writers do.”

### *Long Division*

Prefatory quote from ‘Da Art of Storytelling’

I was reading Octavia Butler's *Kindred* at the time *Aquemini* came out. Steeped in all that stank, I conceived of a book within a book within a book, written by a young Southern Black girl whose parents disappear. "I'm a round runaway character" was the first sentence my narrator wrote. I decided that she would be an emcee, but I didn't know her name. I knew that she would tell the world that she was an ellipsis, a runaway ellipsis willing to do any and all things to stop her Black Southern community from being written off the face of the Earth. I scribbled these notes on the blank pages of *Kindred* while *Aquemini* kept playing in the background. By the time the song "Liberation" was done, *Long Division*, my first novel, had been born.

## **Characters**

City

LaVander Peeler

Toni  
Octavia  
Principal Reeves  
Baize Shepard  
Shayla Crump  
Couch Stroud – Used to install intergenerational political conflict concerning white people and inheriting rights

### **Narrative**

- Rap battle on the blacktop at lunch in preparation for the Can you use that word in a sentence contest
- Citoyen is called to the principals office for calling LaVander a nigger, and it is there that he finds Long Division on the book shelf. Unclaimed, unfinished, just existing. Baize Shepards name appears
- LaVander's father drives the two boys to the Colosseum and they prepare for match when the first prejudiced encounter happens between the boys and one of the directors
- City gets the word niggardly and misuses it. His episode begins, resulting in his removal. He walks home and watches the rest of the contest on television
- LaVander makes it to the last round and has his chance to win, he wins, and then intentionally sells himself so as to disrupt the organizers plan of having a Mexican's versus Blacks contest
- Citoyen's mom doesn't say a word, just puts him on the Greyhound bus to Melahatchie to get whopped and baptized by grandma.
- Post whooping, Citoyen goes to MyMy's house (white girl) and they start off in the woods before she guides him to the rusty manhole from the book
- Interaction between Coach stroud and City installs intergenerational political conflict in a way that wouldn't or couldn't happen between his mom or grandma
- City buys a watermelon with MyMy when SoSad and white men jump him.
- Return to Grandma's house, eating soul food watching movies before walking in on Grandma and UFA getting active.
- Uncle Relle takes City to the library where they use the internet to look up the contest. City's revelation, there's no trace of long division on the internet
- City goes out with Shay, a black girl, and gets his balls busted for the internet. They eventually scheme up to expose the pastor for having nude photographs when City gets attacked by wasps
- City ventures to the shed to see if the rumor about SoSad being locked up is true. He find's so sad and underneath him he finds another copy of *Long Division*
- City is baptized in front of LaVander, the deacon, and company
- Grandma kills SoSad and the boys venture through the manhole

### **Book Two**

- Book two begins with 1985 version of Citoyen and introduction for Shayla Crump. She asks him about the future during the winter, he leaves for home again, at spring break she takes him to 2013 where they

see Baize Shepard on the porch. She has a computer, she is a writer, and she has a copy of Long Division.

- City introduces himself as Voltron (important) and he steals a laptop, phone, and copy of the book from Baize in 2013. He brings it back with him to 1985.
- In 1985 City and Shayla Crump are looking at their items when a Jewish white man named Evan takes them back to 1964.
- In 1964 City becomes estranged and wanders off to a strange store called the Co-Op, which Laymon uses to install progressive friction with segregation. City is then saved by Evan and Shayla from the Klan, at which point he goes back to 2013 to retrieve help from Baize
- City and Baize venture back to 1964 to save their friends when he it is revealed that Baize is City and Shayla Crumps daughter.
- City and Baize return to Shayla Crump and Evan in 1964 to find the grandfather dead, killed by the clan
- The 4 kids send the Klansmen through the hole into a different year
- Shayla Crump makes the decision to stay behind and fight for civil rights, Baize Shepard, as a result, ceased to exist. She only exists as an ellipsis.

### Quotes

“Their eyes ain’t gotta be everywhere you are. Y’all too damn old to care about them so much. They can only do as much harm as you let them, and y’all oldheads are letting them do way too much.” p.71

“Fuck a book. Aint nan nigga reading no books in 2013 unless you already a star or talking about some damn vampires and wolfmen. Like Jigga said, everyday a star is born. He aint say a writer. A star, nigga! Today that star is my nephew.”

- “Seeing my picture when I googled niggardly broke my heart. I just couldn’t figure out how I became the face of niggardly.” ½
- “Long Division, a book that, according to the internet at the Melahatchie local library, didn’t exist at all.” 2/2 p. 88

“That man, that truck, this day, ain’t none of it as real as you think. Treat it like it never happened you hear me? You are a smart child, an educated young man. You try to act grown in front of them cameras? Well, grown black folks forget what they need to forget. That’s what grown black folk do.” P.89

But the Bible was better than those other spinach-colored Classic books that spent most of their time flossing with long sentences about pastures and fake sunsets and white dudes named Spencer. I didn't hate on spinach, fake sunsets, or white dudes named Spencer, but you could just tell that whoever wrote the sentences in those books never imagined they'd be read by Grandma, Uncle Relle, La Vander Peeler, my cousins, or anyone I'd ever met.

"This writing thing, it ain't like that hip-hop shit, City. For li'l niggas like you," he told me, "this writing thing is like a goddamn porta potty. It's one lil nigga at a time, shitting in the toilet, funk'ing up the little space he get. And you shit a regular shit or a classic shit. Either way," he said. "City, you gotta shit classic, then get your Black ass on off the pot." He actually grabbed my hand. "You probably think I'm hyping you just for the money. It ain't just about the money. It's really not. It's about doing whatever it takes for you to have your voice heard. So I don't know what you're writing in that book you always carrying around, but it better be classic because you ain't gonna get no two times to get it right, you hear me?"

In that hole, right in that second, I felt as far away from fake and I felt as close to a real character as I had ever felt. And the craziest thing is that I wasn't sure if that was a good, bad, or sad thing. With La Vander Peeler's head on my shoulder, we started rereading Long Division from the beginning, knowing that all we needed to know about how to love better in Mississippi was in our hands. Baize was right. The sentences had always been there

"I'd be an ellipsis."

"What's that?"

"That's the dot-dot-dot you were talking about. That's what's on all those pages in that book." She let go of my hand and sat up while leaning on both of her hands. "The ellipsis always knows something more came before it and something more is coming after it. It connects sentences, but it holds space for itself, too."

I re-read it. And I wondered. And I wandered. And I wrote.

And I reread that. And I wrote more. And I erased some lies.

And I wrote more. And I erased some truth. And I thought about honors English teachers and librarians. And I forgot about them. And I thought about what people like Shalaya, Baize, Evan, and me needed to read in school to prepare to fight, love, and disappear. And I forgot about that. And I wrote more. And the more I wrote and erased, the more I felt Baize and other characters slowly-word by word, maybe even sense by sense-coming back.

Helping Baize really reappear was going to be harder than making her disappear, harder than anything I'd ever done in my life.

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## James Baldwin

*The Fire Next Time: Letter to my nephew* -

"It is not permissible that the authors of devastation should also be innocent. For it is the innocence which constitutes the crime."

“One thing I cannot forgive my countrymen of is that they are killing tens of thousands and they do not know it and they do not want to know it.”

Anybody who depends on the goodwill of white people is himself delusional.

It will be hard, James, but you come from sturdy, peasant stock, men who picked cotton and dammed rivers and built railroads, and, in the teeth of the most terrifying odds, achieved an unassailable and monumental dignity. You come from a long line of great poets, some of the greatest poets since Homer. One of them said, *The very time I thought I was lost, My dungeon shook, and my chains fell off.*

You know, and I know, that the country is celebrating one hundred years of freedom one hundred years too soon. We cannot be free until they are free. God bless you, James, and Godspeed.

Your uncle,  
James

- James Baldwin

*Stranger in the Village* -

“The strain of denying the overwhelmingly undeniable forces Americans into rationalizations so fantastic, that they approached the pathological.”

“People who shut their eyes to reality simply invite their own destruction, and anyone who insists on remaining in a state of innocence long after that innocence is dead turns himself into a monster.”

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## Ralph Ellison

*Harlem is Nowhere*-

“Not that the negro is worse off in the north than in the south, but that in the north he surrenders and does not replace certain important supporters to his personality... He surrenders the protection of his peasant cynicism- his refusal to hope for the fulfillment of hopeless hopes and his sense of being ‘at home in the world’ gained from confronting and accepting (for day-to-day living, at least) the obscene absurdity of his predicament.”

*Harlem is Nowhere*- Analytical Essay

*Richard Wright's Blues*-

“His response was likewise violent, and it has been his need to give that violence significance which has shaped his writings.”

“For the Negro there is relative safety as long as the impulse towards individuality is suppressed. (Lynchings have occurred because Negroes painted their homes.) And it is the task of the Negro family to adjust the child to the Southern milieu.”

### *What America Would Be Like Without Blacks-*

“For today it is the black American who puts pressure upon the nation to live up to its ideals. It is he who gives creative tension to our struggle for justice and for the elimination of those factors, social and psychological, which make for slums and shaky suburban communities. It is he who insists that we purify the American language by demanding that there be a closer correlation between the meaning of words and reality, between ideal and conduct, our assertions and our actions. Without the black American, something irrepressibly hopeful and creative would go out of the American spirit, and the nation might well succumb to the moral slobbism that has always threatened its existence from within.”

“A language evolved from the king’s English but, basing itself upon the realities of the American land and colonial institutions – or lack of institutions – began quite early as a vernacular revolt against the signs, symbols, manners and authority of the mother country. It is a language that began by merging the sounds of many tongues, brought together in the struggle of diverse regions. And whether it is admitted or not, much of the sound of that language is derived from the timbre of the African voice and the listening habits of the African ear. So there is a de’z and do’z of slave speech sounding beneath our most polished Harvard accents, and if there is such a thing as a Yale accent, there is a Negro wail in it.”

### *The Haverford Statement-*

“The only way to be an effective negro is by being the most perceptive and responsible American Intellectual.”

“Far too frequently black youth have been forced to depend upon the intellectuals of other groups for interpretations of their relationship to the larger society. In fact, other groups of intellectuals have given more time to the task than we have ourselves.”

“But instead of plunging in and testing themselves against the unknown, they choose rather to argue with the deficiencies of the past and to direct accusations against their parents. They accuse us of lacking manhood and courage, and they have declared themselves a new breed, which perhaps they are.”

### *The Art of Fiction: An Interview-*

“If the Negro, or any other writer, is going to do what’s expected of him, he’s lost the battle before he takes the field.”

“Interviewer: Would you say that the search for identity is primarily an American theme?”

“Ellison: It is the American theme. The nature of our society is such that we are prevented from knowing who we are.”

Invisible man is always on the run and doesn’t question where or whence he is going.

*That Same Pain That Same Pleasure: An Interview* –

“It was important for me to know a boy who could approach the intricacies of electronics with such daring and whose mind was intellectually aggressive. Knowing him led me to expect much more of myself and of the world.

“Although it was not a part of my own life, I never thought they were not for me simply because I happened to be a negro.”

“There’s a world in which you wear your Sunday clothes every Sunday, and there’s a world in which you wear your Sunday clothes every day.”

Definitely believed in the upward social mobility of negroes and a societal meritocracy. “If you worked for it...you could finally achieve it.”

ELLISON: I can remember very vividly. Richard Wright had just come to New York and was editing a little magazine. I had read a poem of his which I liked, and when we were introduced by a mutual friend, he suggested that I try to review a novel for his magazine. My review was accepted and published and so I was hooked.

ELLISON: Dissatisfied? I was too amazed with watching the process of creation. I didn't understand quite what was going on, but by this time I had talked with Wright a lot and he was very conscious of technique. He talked about it not in terms of mystification but as writing know-how. "You must read so-and-so," he'd say. "You have to go about learning to write consciously. People have talked about such and such a problem and have written about it.”

“Our negro situation is changing rapidly, but so much which we’ve gleaned through the harsh discipline of negro American life is simply too precious to be lost.... Times change, but these possessions must endure forever. Not simply because they define us as a group, but because they represent man’s triumph over chaos.”

“As for my writer's necessity of cashing in on the pain undergone by my people, and remember, I write of the humor as well, writing is my way of confronting, often for the hundredth time, that same pain and that same pleasure. It is my way of seeing that it be not in vain.”

*Indivisible Man* – Essay

“Perhaps future sociologists will say that they possess superior athletic abilities because of biological advantages peculiar to blacks; but perhaps by then each of these black boys will have gained enough of a sense of who he is to reply, ‘I’m good at what I do because I practiced it all my life.’ The encouragement of this sort:

self-definition, has become almost a crusade with Ellison. But I also recognize that if I ran down and waved my arms and shouted to them, "Did you know that Ralph Ellison watches you play every afternoon?" they would continue to shoot at the basket and answer, "Who is Ralph Ellison?"

"He spoke at Tugaloo last year," a black exchange student at Santa Cruz told me. "I can't stand the man."  
"Why?"

"I couldn't understand what he was saying. He wasn't talking to *us*."

All of these experiences seem to have equal weight in his mind... he is likely to begin a discussion with observations he made when he was a shoeshine boy.

"The underlying assumption is that whites have a monopoly on individuality and intelligence and in order for a black man to lay claim to his, own he must change colors.

"Over and over, I see black kids' who are dropping out or rejecting intellectual disciplines as though what exists now will always exist and as though they don't have the possibility of changing it by using these disciplines as vehicles to affirm their sense of what a human life should be. It's there where I get upset."

Deliberate repetition as it concerns condemning black boys for not prioritizing education but acknowledging the vehicles of white supremacy that inform this culture. Reference the *Haverford Statement*: "But instead of plunging in and testing themselves against the unknown, they choose rather to argue with the deficiencies of the past and to direct accusations against their parents... they have declared themselves a new breed, which perhaps they are."

"When blacks come right along they said, you've been brainwashed: well, they don't realize that they're the ones who have been programmed."

"Wright was right. We have that and have always had it. American writers have not yet learned to use what has been available to us: that listening post, that point of observation, which puts one in the position of making judgments, of seeing, or of exercising sympathy."

Ralph Ellison's comments on notions presented by Richard Wright in his novel *The Outsiders*: an attempt to project the possibilities of negro writers with their position as the black domestic, housekeeper, and servant; the ability to be inside the American experience whilst concurrently being outside of it.

"When we study the position of great writers by social class, or by function, we find that they were in the position to observe from the very top of the society to the very bottom.... These are positions of observation, positions where values can be studied in action. And we have to do more of that. We have to project the imagination." 

“But I do say that sometimes you can get so uptight about your disadvantages that you ignore your advantages. And sometimes we are encouraged to talk about how bad we are treated, and this becomes a sort of perverse titillation for white people.”

“A writer writes out of his own family background, out of his own immediate community, during his formative period. And he writes out of his own talent and his own individual vision. Now if he doesn't, if he tries to get away from that by bending it in some ideological line, then he is depriving the group of his uniqueness.”  
He must interpret the experience of the group through his own anecdotal presentation.

### Invisible Man – Novel

“A matter of construction of their inner eyes, those eyes with which they look through their physical eyes upon reality.”

It's all behind the eyes.

“Something in this man's thick head had sprung out and beaten him within an inch of his life.”

“Beware of those who speak of the spiral of history; they are preparing a boomerang. Keep a steel helmet ready.”

“To be unaware of one's form is to live a death. I myself, after existing some twenty years, did not become alive until I discovered my invisibility.”

“And so, I play the invisible music of my isolation. The last statement doesn't seem just right, does it? But it is; you hear the music because music is heard and seldom seen, except by musicians.”

Boomeranging of my expectations. ?!?!?!

“I the knowledge which each of you, daughters and granddaughters, sons and grandsons of slaves, all of you partake in the dream in the bright and well-equipped classrooms.”

“For though I had not intended it, any act that endangered the continuity of the dream was an act of treason.”

There's always an element of crime within freedom.

Invisibility is employed analogous to the white folks expecting nothing and very little of you

“Thoughts evaded me, hiding in the vast stretch of clinical whiteness to which I seemed connected only by a scale of receding greys... There was no getting around it, I could no more escape than I could think of my identity.”

Chapter 11- Invisible man undergoes his personality altering procedure in the factory hospital after his accident, which is when he says “Somehow I felt responsible” ... “Nor was I up to being both criminal and detective, though why criminal I don’t know.”

In the conversation he has with his former factory employer, where he is fired from his job, he asks himself, “Is he in on it too? Does he know Mr. Norton or Bledsoe?”

“We, he, him, my mind and I were no longer getting around in the same circles.

Page 285- Employment of the word shame, Context: the couple in their 80’s is evicted and they have nothing on the street to show for it, they are a law abiding people, so they ferociously and gracefully clear the streets and sidewalk of clutter and return the stuff where it belongs.

From *Blinded by the Whites* by Ikard, “Being active in this instance means that he turns the tables on Monopolated Power and Light, putting them on the run as they scramble to find the source of this power loss.”

“These (coffee filters) I got just lets through the grounds along with the coffee, the good with the bad. I don’t know though, even with the best of filters you apt to find a ground or two at the bottom of your cup.”

“garbage is garbage. I just didn’t want to throw it in the street. I didn’t know that some kinds of garbage were better than others.

Never mind your impertinence. I’m sick and tired of having you southern negros mess up things for the rest of us.”

*The Novel as a Function of American Democracy* –

“Some voices had to be raised to remind Americans that they were not Europeans... Emersons essays fulfilled a need”

“There is nothing like having a harsh reality nudging you along to make you feel that there is some virtue in song... When we are closest to the tragic realities of human existence, we have a deeper appreciation for song and for the lyric mode.”

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## **Martin Luther King Jr.**

*Letter From a Birmingham Jail* – Analytical Essay

“We can never forget that everything 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. But I am sure that if I had lived in Germany during that time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers even though it was illegal. If I lived in a Communist country today where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I believe I would openly advocate disobeying these anti-religious laws.”

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## **Fredrick Douglass**

*What to the Slave is the Fourth of July-*

“Fellow citizens, I am not wanting in respect for the fathers of this republic... They were peace men, but they preferred revolution to peaceful submission to bondage. They were quiet men, but they did not shrink from agitating against oppression. They showed forbearance; but that they knew its limits. They believed in order, but not in the order of tyranny. With them, nothing was settled that was not right. With them, justice, liberty, and humanity were final, not slavery and oppression. You may well cherish the memory of such men. They were great in their day and generation. But their solid manhood stands out the more we contrast it with these degenerate times.”

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## **Derick Bell**

*Faces at the Bottom of the Well-*

“By requiring the discriminators to publicize his overt racism... the law may dilute both the financial and the psychological benefits of racism. Today even the worst racist denies being a racist. Most whites pay a tremendous price for their reflexive and often unconscious racism, but few are ready to post their racial preference on a public license...”

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## **Michael Kimmel**

*Angry White Man-*

“Aggrieved entitlement can mobilize one politically, but it is often a mobilization toward the past, not the future, to restore that which one feels has been lost. It invariably distorts one’s vision and leads to misdirected anger often at those just below you on the ladder, because clearly, they deserve what they are getting far less than you do.”

“We are a nation of many races and many cultures, that is true, it has been true from the beginning, but in the past people would come over and become Americans. Now they come over and they want you to become them.”

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## Toni Morrison

### *Playing in the Dark-*

“Living in a nation of people who decide that their worldview would combine agendas for individual freedom and mechanisms for devastating racial oppression presents a singular landscape for the writer.”

“How compelling is the study of those writers who take responsibility for all of the values they bring to their art. How stunning is the achievement of those who have searched for and mined a shareable language for the words to say it.”

“As a writer reading, I came to realize the obvious: the subject of the dream is the dreamer.”

“When matters of race are located and called attention to in American literature, critical response has tended to be on the order of a humanistic nostrum, or a dismissal mandated by the label "political". Excising the political from the life of the mind is a sacrifice that has proven costly. I think of this erasure as a kind of trembling hypochondria always curing itself with unnecessary surgery. A criticism that needs to insist that literature is not only "universal" but also "race-free" risks lobotomizing that literature and diminishes both the art and the artist.”

“These images of impenetrable whiteness need contextualizing to explain their extraordinary power, pattern, and consistency. Because they appear almost always in conjunction with representations of black or Africanist people who are dead.”

“For in that construction of blackness and enslavement could be found not only the not-free but also, with the dramatic polarity created by skin color, the projection of the not-me.”

### *Beloved-*

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## Brady Gibson

### *Use Your X-*

“I conquer your existence until I let you conquer mine.”

“There is no more or less you and I could have done to save us from inquiries that author devastation in the space that I’ve created for you today. Did she love you more than I did? Says a mother to her lifeless son. A catoptric tristesse note was left in my room, explaining why she asks what she does. I returned to my room and rid the paper of construction. Not the ink. It’s been a little over two years and my mom might ask herself what she asks me every night. I hope the ink on these pages can help her find the answers that she needs, but no book has the spine to carry what I’ve done.”

“The pique blinking cursor on my screen can free us from the hidden detriment of our minds. Blinks that will tear us (me) down from the algebraic scaffolding that produces something from the nothing that X gives. When silence was the only answer afforded to me. Realizing that the absence of conversation says far more and translates deeper than words could ever.”

A biracial person starts passing as Brazilian so he can see what his kids would endure, if he chooses to marry a Brazilian. He’s collecting

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## John Steinbeck

*The Grapes of Wrath*—

Chapter 14—

“If this tractor were ours, it would be good, not mine, but ours. Not my land, but ours. We could love that tractor then as we loved our land when it was ours... But that tractor does two things: it turns the land and turns us off of it.”

“Keep these two squatting men apart; make them hate, fear, suspect each other. Here is the anlage of the thing you fear. This is the zygote. For here ‘I lost my land’ is changed; a cell is split and from its splitting grows the thing you hate. ‘We lost our land.’ The danger is here, for two men are not as lonely and perplexed as one.”  
“[T]he quality of owning freezes you forever into ‘I’, and cuts you off forever from the ‘we’.”

Chapter 18—

“Ma’s face blackened with anger.”

“Well, you ain’t in your country now. You’re in California and we don’t want you goddamn okies settling here.”

“Well you ain’t gonna get no steady work. You gonna scrabble for your dinner every day. And you gonna do her with people looking mean at you. Pick cotton, an’ you gonna be sure them scales aint honest.”

“Pa asked slowly, “Aint it nice out there at all?... Sure, nice to look at, but you can’t have none of it.”

Tom looked down into the water, and he dug his heels into the sand. “S’pose a fella got work an’ saved, couldn’ he get a little lan’?”

The older man laughed and he looked at his boy, and his silent boy grinned almost in triumph. And the man said, “You ain’t gonna get no steady work. Gonna scabble for your dinner ever’ day. An’ you gonna do her with people lookin’ mean at you. Pick cotton, an’ you gonna be sure the scales ain’t honest. Some of ’em is, an’ some of ’em ain’t. But you gonna think all the scales is crooked, an’ you don’ know which ones. Ain’t nothin’ you can do about her anyways.”

Pa asked slowly, “Ain’t—ain’t it nice out there at all?”

“Sure, nice to look at, but you can’t have none of it. They’s a grove of yella oranges—an’ a guy with a gun that got the right to kill you if you touch one. They’s a fella, newspaper fella near the coast, got a million acres——”<sup>1</sup>

Casy looked up quickly, “Million acres? What in the worl’ can he do with a million acres?”

“I dunno. He jus’ got it. Runs a few cattle. Got guards ever’place to keep folks out. Rides aroun’ in a bullet-proof car. I seen pitchers of him. Fat, sof’ fella with little mean eyes an’ a mouth like a ass-hole. Scairt he’s gonna die. Got a million acres an’ scairt of dyin’.”

Casy demanded, “What in hell can he do with a million acres? What’s he want a million acres for?”

## Chapter 19-

“Only means to destroy the revolt were considered, while the causes of the revolt went on.”

“a man might fight for land he's taken food from. Get him off quick! He'll think he owns it. He might even die fighting for the little plot among the Jimson weeds. We got to keep these here people down or they'll take the country. They'll take the country. Outlanders, foreigners. Sure, they talk the same language, but they ain't the same. Look how they live. Think any of us folks'd live like that? Hell, no!”

“Three hundred thousand. If they ever moved under a leader - the end.”

“And the association owners knew that someday the praying would stop. And there’s the end.”

Jesus, what I could do with a couple pigs!

Well, it ain't yourn, an' it ain't gonna be yourn.

What we gonna do? The kids can't grow up this way.

In the camps the word would come whispering, There's work at Shafter. And the cars would be loaded in the night, the highways crowded—a gold rush for work. At Shafter the people would pile up, five times too many to do the work. A gold rush for work. They stole away in the night, frantic for work. And along the roads lay the temptations, the fields that could bear food.

That's owned. That ain't our'n.

Well, maybe we could get a little piece of her. Maybe—a little piece. Right down there—a patch. Jimson weed now. Christ, I could git enough potatoes off'n that little patch to feed my whole family!

It ain't our'n. It got to have Jimson weeds.

Now and then a man tried; crept on the land and cleared a piece, trying like a thief to steal a little richness from the earth. Secret gardens hidden in the weeds. A package of carrot seeds and a few turnips. Planted potato skins, crept out in the evening secretly to hoe in the stolen earth.

Leave the weeds around the edge—then nobody can see what we're a-doin'. Leave some weeds, big tall ones, in the middle.

Secret gardening in the evenings, and water carried in a rusty can.

And then one day a deputy sheriff: Well, what you think you're doin'? I ain't doin' no harm.

I had my eye on you. This ain't your land. You're trespassing.

The land ain't plowed, an' I ain't hurtin' it none.

You goddamned squatters. Pretty soon you'd think you owned it. You'd be sore as hell. Think you owned it. Get off now.

And the little green carrot tops were kicked off and the turnip greens trampled. And then the Jimson weed moved back in. But the cop was right. A crop raised—why, that makes ownership. Land hoed and the carrots eaten—a man might fight for land he's taken food from. Get him off

quick! He'll think he owns it. He might even die fighting for the little plot among the Jimson weeds.

Did ya see his face when we kicked them turnips out? Why, he'd kill a fella soon's he'd look at him. We got to keep these here people down or they'll take the country. They'll take the country.

Outlanders, foreigners.

Sure, they talk the same language, but they ain't the same. Look how they live. Think any of us folks'd live like that? Hell, no!

In the evenings, squatting and talking. And an excited man: Why'n't twenty of us take a piece of lan'? We got guns. Take it an' say, "Put us off if you can." Why'n't we do that?

They'd jus' shoot us like rats.

Well, which'd you ruther be, dead or here? Under groun' or in a house all made of gunny sacks? Which'd you ruther for your kids, dead now or dead in two years with what they call malnutrition? Know what we et all week? Biled nettles an' fried dough! Know where we got the flour for the dough? Swep' the floor of a boxcar.

Talking in the camps, and the deputies, fat-assed men with guns slung on fat hips, swaggering through the camps: Give 'em somepin to think about. Got to keep 'em in line or Christ only knows what they'll do! Why, Jesus, they're as dangerous as niggers in the South! If they ever get together there ain't nothin' that'll stop 'em.

How can you frighten a man whose hunger is not only in his own cramped stomach but in the wretched bellies of his children? You can't scare him—he has known a fear beyond every other.

## Chapter 20-

“Tom tried to restrain his hard smothered sobbing.”

“Rich fellas come up and they die and their kids' ain't no good and they die out but Tom we keep a coming don't you fret none, tom. A different time is coming.”

Closest resemblance of Slave hope that I've seen so far. Chapter 20 is where Steinbeck highlights the lost humanity, deterrence and degenerating human spirit.

End of chapter 20 we see Ma comforting Tom in an era when the Man is born to provide, protect and strengthen.

The poor people's global unit is being strengthened by display of Ma feeding children, Casey sacrificing himself for Tom, and the exchange between Al and bull simple as he asks for new stuff.

## Chapter 22 –

Tom Joad gets some work with his new neighbors in a government camp. The bank owns the farm they working at and by default the bank owns Thomas, the former owner of the farm.

## *The Pearl –*

The Songs that play, music of the pearl, the songs of the undersea, the songs of hurt; all family heritage considered, what songs do I hear today? A call to my origins and belief systems alike, the music I hear when I need to lock in renders the same melodies as the Song of the Pearl that Might be.

“But in the song there was a secret little inner song, hardly perceptible, but always there, sweet, and secret and clinging, almost hiding in the countermelody, and this was the Song of the Pearl That Might Be, for every shell thrown in the basket might contain a pearl. Chance was against it, but luck and the gods might be for it. And in the canoe above him Kino knew that Juana was making the magic of prayer, her face set rigid and her muscles hard to force the luck, to tear the luck out of the gods' hands, for she needed the luck for the swollen shoulder of Coyotito. And because the need was great and the desire was great, the little secret melody of the Pearl that Might be was stronger this morning. Whole phrases of it came clearly and softly into the Song of the Undersea”  
“The essence of pearl mixed with essence of men and a curious dark residue was precipitated.

Every man suddenly became related to Kino's pearl, and Kino's pearl went into the dreams, the speculations, the schemes, the plans, the futures, the wishes, the needs, the lusts, the hungers, of everyone, and only one person stood in the way and that was Kino, so that he became curiously every man's enemy. The news stirred up something infinitely black and evil in the town; like hunger in the smell of food, or like loneliness when love is withheld. The poison sacs of the town began to manufacture venom, and the town swelled and puffed with the pressure of it.”

“This was to be the day from which all other days would take their arrangement, this they would say ‘It was two years before we sold the pearl’ or ‘it was six weeks after we sold the pearl’.”

“But the secret hand behind the desk missed in its precision. The coin stumbled over a knuckle and slipped silently into the dealer’s lap...

And his right hand went behind the desk and pulled another coin from his pocket and the coin rolled back and forth over his knuckles.”

"We do know that we are cheated from birth to the overcharge on our coffins. But we survive. You have defied not the pearl buyers, but the whole structure, the whole way of life, and I am afraid for you." "What have I to fear but starvation?" Kino said.

“And when they came to the water's edge they stopped and stared out over the Gulf. And then Kino laid the rifle down, and he dug among his clothes, and then he held the great pearl in his hand. He looked into its surface and it was gray and ulcerous. Evil faces peered from it into his eyes, and he saw the light of burning. And in the surface of the pearl he saw the frantic eyes of the man in the pool. And in the surface of the pearl he saw Coyotito lying in the little cave with the top of his head shot away. And the pearl was ugly; it was gray, like a malignant growth. And Kino heard the music of the pearl, distorted and insane. Kino's hand shook a little, and he turned slowly to Juana and held the pearl out to her. She stood beside him, still holding her dead bundle over

her shoulder. She looked at the pearl in his hand for a moment and then she looked into Kino's eyes and said softly, "No, you." And Kino drew back his arm and flung the pearl with all his might. Kino and Juana watched it go, winking and glimmering under the setting sun. They saw the little splash in the distance, and they stood side by side watching the place for a long time.

And the pearl settled into the lovely green water and dropped toward the bottom. The waving branches of the algae called to it and beckoned to it. The lights on its surface were green and lovely. It settled down to the sand bottom among the fern-like plants. Above, the surface of the water was a green mirror. And the pearl lay on the floor of the sea. A crab scampering over the bottom raised a little cloud of sand, and when it settled the pearl was gone.

And the music of the pearl drifted to a whisper and disappeared.”

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## Mark Twain

### *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer-*

“Work consists of whatever the body is obliged to do. Play consist of whatever the body is not obliged to do.”

“That’s a mighty good nigger Tom. He likes me because I don’t ever act as if I was above him. Sometimes I set right down and eat with him. But you needn’t tell that, a body’s got to do things when he’s awfully hungry he wouldn’t want to do as a steady thing.”

Huck Finn has no pangs of conscience. He feels no qualms about having lifted (stolen) or borrowed certain items; he feels no compunction to live by the rules of society that has made him the outcast that he is. In fact, Huck has had a marvelous day because he is getting more to eat than he usually gets in the village.

“When you talked about notching ears and slitting noses, I judged that was your own embellishment, because white men don’t take that sort of revenge. But an Injun? That’s a different matter altogether.”

“Grub comes too easy, look here Tom, being rich aint what its cracked up to be, it’s just worry and worry and sweat and sweat.”

To loose / Not to loose

“A robber is higher toned than what a pirate is, as a general thing. In most countries they’re awfully high up in the nobility, dukes, and such.”

### *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn-*

A named black character in 19<sup>th</sup> century American literature !

### Chapter 11

When Huck discovers that Jim is in danger, he does not think about society's judgment and simply reacts. In Huck's view, the pursuing men are after both of them, even though the consequences for Huck would be minimal. In other words, Huck unconsciously places Jim's safety above his own, and their separate struggles for freedom become one.

### Chapter 16 – 18

Once the boys are near Cairo, Jim begins to preach for his freedom and claims to buy his children back. Despite feeling guilty about helping Jim escape, when Huck and Jim are separated at the Grungerford estate, it is the local slaves who help them find their raft, repair it, and ultimately find each other.

### *The One Million Dollar Bank Note -*

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## David Ikard

### *Blinded by the Whites -*

### *Nation of Cowards-*

You attest that Holden alludes to an America in which all people, Black White and Brown, meet difficulty speaking openly in discussions of race. This contradicts notions presented by in class discussion and the assertions of Robin DiAngelo, that white people specifically have the hardest time talking about race. Do you think this is because over time, your heritage and complexion has become what grants the license to talk about race?

Is Obama, a magical negro, in his own mind? Is he the enlightened exceptionalism?

“Even though a population of black folks are doing well socially and economically in this country, they are unfortunately the exceptions not the rule. To view their success as evidence that "race" is no longer a major obstacle to socioeconomic upward mobility for blacks is to render invisible the reality that those who have "made it" have done so despite racial obstacles not because racial obstacles no longer exists.”

“From 1960 to 2006, black children living in single parent homes increased by 155 percent. Comparably, white children living in single parent homes increased by a staggering 229 percent.”

“We propose that to foster the kind of grassroots social movement necessary to press our nation and post racial minded president into action about these crucial race issues, African American communities must first get their house in order by having uncomfortable conversations about longstanding, taboo cultural issues that inform and,

at times, distort African Americans' thinking about political agency and self-determination. For these uncomfortable conversations to be useful and transformative, they must expose, challenge and, in some cases, explode the social terms on which black communities cope with extant white oppression and related acts of self-imposed victimization. Suffice it to say that a distinct, and perhaps inevitable, possibility exists that such conversations will be misappropriated in the mainstream by political conservatives and/or many post-racial thinkers-including some blacks to abdicate white culpability in African American suffering.”

*Lovable Racist, Magical Negroes, and White Messiahs-*

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## CLR James

*The Black Jacobins: Toussaint L'Ouverture and the San Domingo Revolution* –

Mulattoes were originally afforded liberty because their whiteness was respected. However, the white intentions commanding this liberation were flaunt with hedonistic intentions, and the mulattoes were intended to work the low wage, demeaning jobs that weren't slavery, but also too degrading for a white man. Unanticipated, was the mulattoes rise to power and property ownership. White employed restrictive measures to mulatto people, which was of their distaste, henceforth their position in the revolution, working towards political rights and recognition. Inadvertently, contrasting agendas divided and pitted the mulattoes against the slaves, exacerbating an already existing feud between the two peoples.

The revolutionary origins were threefold:

- Whites to protect the state of their nation.
- Blacks to be liberated.
- Mulattoes to be appointed political rights.

The colonial assembly believed the only way to save the colony, post-unification, circa 1792, was to grant mulatto rights in hopes that they would police the negroes.

Major conflict arose between the little and big whites (poor/rich). Although the first initial slave revolt was suppressed, slaves lost were still to be considered property, and debt from these assets was still to be owed. Legislative enforcement in France refused to acknowledge the prospect of waiving these dues. Feuillants and Jacobins in France, whites, and Mulattoes in San Domingo, were still looking upon the slave revolt as a huge riot which would be put down in time, once the division between the slave-owners was closed.

Toussaint, with freedom for all in his mind, was in those early months of 1792 organizing out of the thousands of ignorant and untrained blacks an army capable of fighting European troops.

LeCap becomes home to the birth of a revolt, gathered around the tree of life in a place called Bois Caimen, slaves from across the African continent and latin America united by you dou

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## Ralph Waldo Emerson

### *Intellect, Essay* –

“The most wonderful inspirations die with their subject if he has no hand to paint them to the senses. The ray of light passes invisible through space and only when it falls on an object is it seen. When the spiritual energy is directed on something outward, then it is a thought. The relation between it and you first makes you, the value of you, apparent to me.”

“There is an inequality, whose laws we do not yet know, between two men and between two moments of the same man, in respect to this faculty.”

“How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity. Every thought is a prison also. I cannot see what you see, because I am caught up by a strong wind and blown so far in one direction that I am out of the hoop of your horizon.”

“The angels are so enamored of the language that is spoken in heaven that they will not distort their lips with the hissing and unmusical dialects of men, but speak their own, whether there be any who understand it or not.”



### *Experience* –

How many individuals can we count in society? how many actions? how many opinions? So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours. The history of literature takes the net result of Tiraboschi, Warton, or Schlegel-is a sum of very few ideas and of very few original tales; all the rest being variation of these. – Reference the American Scholars essay by Waldo Emerson

On the platform of physics, we cannot resist the contracting influences of so-called science. Temperament puts all divinity to rout. I know the mental proclivity of physicians. I hear the chuckle of the phrenologists. Theoretic kidnappers and slavedrivers, they esteem each man the victim of another, who winds him round his finger by knowing the law of his being; and, by such cheap signboards as the color of his beard or the slope of his occiput, reads the inventory of his fortunes and character. The grossest ignorance does not disgust like this impudent knowingness.

Life itself is a mixture of power and form, and will not bear the least excess of either. To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom.

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## Thomas Mann

### *Death In Venice*

Aschenbach had once given direct expression—though in an unobtrusive place to the idea that almost everything conspicuously great is great in despite: has come into being in defiance of affliction and pain; poverty, destitution, bodily weak-ness, vice, passion, and a thousand other obstructions.

And that was more than observation—it was the fruit of experience, it was precisely the formula of his life and fame, it was the key to his work.

Outsiders might be pardoned for believing that his Maia world and the epic amplitude revealed by the life of Frederick were a manifestation of great power working under high pressure, that they came forth, as it were, all in one breath. It was the more triumph for his morale; for the truth was that they were heaped up to greatness in layer after layer, in long days of work, out of hundreds and hundreds of single in-spirations; they owed their excellence, both of mass and detail, to one thing and one alone; that their creator could hold out for years under the strain of the same piece of work, with an endurance and a tenacity of purpose like that which had conquered his native province of Silesia, devoting to actual composition none but his best and freshest hours.

Gustave Aschenbach was the spokesman of all those who labour at the edge of exhaustion; of the overburdened, of those who are already worn out but still hold themselves upright; of all our modern moralizers of accomplishment, with stunted growth and scanty resources, who yet contrive by skilful husbanding and prodigious spasms of will to produce, at least for a while, the effect of greatness. There are many such, they are the heroes of the age. And in Aschenbach's pages they saw themselves; he justified, he exalted them, he sang their praise and they, they were grateful, they heralded his fame.

### Tonio Kroger

Triangles – MC, Secondary Character, Art

Chapter 1 Triangle – Tonio, Hans, Don Carlos

Chapter 2 Triangle – Tonio, Inge, Immense / Early Poetry

Chapter 4 Triangle – Tonio, Lisa Ivon, Lifetime of Art

“Hans created pangs of jealousy and frustration in Antonio, who made futile attempts to create a mental and spiritual rapport with him. For oddly enough, while Tonio envied Hans Hansen for his mode of life, he constantly tried to draw him over to his own, succeeding at best for moments at a time and then only

superficially... ‘I’ve just read something wonderful, something incredible... you’ve got to read it, Hans – its Schillers Don Carlos. I’ll lend it if you like.’”

“Hans would read Don Carlos, and then they’d have something to share that neither Jimmerthal nor anyone else could participate in! How well they’d understand each other!”

“First couple, *en avant!*” said Herr Knaak, and no words can possibly describe how impeccably he enunciated the nasals... “First couple, *en avant!*” said Herr Knaak, for a new couple was coming. “*Compliment! Moulinet des dames! Tour de main!*” And no words could capture how gracefully he swallowed the silent e in *de*.

“Why, why was he here? Why wasn’t he at home in his room, by the window, reading Storm’s *Immensee?* and occasionally gazing out into the twilit garden, where the old walnut tree ponderously creaked? That was his place.”

“Had she (Inge Holm) laughed at him too, like all the others? Yes, she had, much as he would have preferred to deny it for both their sakes. And yet it was purely his self-oblivion in her presence that had made him join her *moulinet de dames!* But what did it matter. Eventually they might stop laughing! Hadn’t a magazine recently accepted a poem of his?... Though it would make no impression – that was the problem.”

“For happiness is not, he told himself, being loved; that is only a nauseating satisfaction of the ego. Happiness is loving and perhaps snatching brief moments of deceptive closeness to the object of your love.”

“A banker who writes stories – that’s a rarity, isn’t it? But a noncriminal banker, a respectable and irreproachable banker who writes stories – there’s no such person.”

“Literature doesn’t understand that life may want to go on living, that life is not ashamed to do so after being articulated and ‘taken care of’”

“The kingdom of art is growing, and the kingdom of health and innocence is shrinking on earth. We should gather any remnants of the latter kingdom and meticulously preserve them, and we should not try to inveigle people into reading poetry if they prefer books about horses, illustrated with high-speed photos.”

“He (The lieutenant) had falsely assumed that you can pluck a tiny leaf, a single tiny leaf from the laurel tree of art and not pay with your life.”

### **Blood of the Walsungs**

**Gladus Dei** – A monk visits an art store in Munich square. Mann on monasticism, the proper use of art in culture, and artistically sensible / literate people.

“Glance around, look in the windows of the bookshops! Your eyes encounter such titles as *The Art of Elegant Living Since the Renaissance*, *The Formation of the Sense of Color*, *The Renaissance in Modern Arts and Craft*,

*The Books as a Work of Art, The Decorative Arts, The Hunger for Art* – and you ought to know that these stimulating volumes are read by the thousands and that these selfsame topics are the contents of lectures given every evening to packed houses.”

“The large russet photograph, framed with the utmost taste in old gold, stood on an easel in the middle of the window space. It was a Madonna, a thoroughly modernist work free of all convention... Two youths stood next to Hieronymus, discussing the picture, two young men with books under their arms, books they had gotten from the national library, men well versed in art and science.”

***The Wunderkind*** – A young Greek boy gives the symphony. Mann on prodigy, and envy driven by wasted potential.

***Harsh Hour*** – A poet struggles to write during the harsh hour. Mann on talent, discipline, and achieving greatness with art.

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## Sammuel Johnson

### ***History of Rasselas – Prince of Abyssinia***

“there is more in life to be endured than enjoyed and that the world holds little worth desiring”

" It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life.... He that has built for use, till use is supplied, must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the uttermost power of human performance, because he may not be soon reduced to form another wish." It is the hunger of imagination, Johnson concludes, that is the cause of our wretchedness, by continually making us long for that which we have not got.

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion, by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it; having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He for a few hours regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

Let us therefore, at length, cease to dispute, and learn to live; throw away the encumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim: that deviation from nature is deviation from happiness."

To live according to nature, is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to cooperate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

We will divide the task between us: you shall try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford most opportunities of doing good; for, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune, too low for great designs, and too high for penury and distress."

"I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children and those who marry early, with their partners."

The group enters the pyramid, Pekuah is captured by Arabian prince and held for ransom.

"Of the various conditions which the world spreads before you, which you shall prefer," said the sage, "I am not able to instruct you. I can only tell that I have chosen wrong. I have passed my time in study without experience; in the attainment of sciences which can, for the most part, be but remotely useful to mankind./ I have purchased knowledge at the expense of all the common comforts of life; I have missed the endearing elegance of female friendship, and the happy commerce of domestic tenderness. If I have obtained any prerogatives above other students, they have been accompanied with fear, disquiet, and scrupulosity; but even of these prerogatives, whatever they were, I have, since my thoughts have been diversified by more intercourse with the world, begun to question the reality. When I have been for a few days lost in pleasing dissipation, I am always tempted to think that my inquiries have ended in error, and that I have suffered much and suffered it in vain."

"Variety" said Rasselas, "is so necessary to content, that even the Happy Valley disgusted me by the recurrence of its luxuries; yet could not forbear to reproach myself with impatience, when I saw the monks of St. Anthony support, without complaint, a life, not of uniform delight, but uniform hardship."

"of these wishes that they had formed they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated awhile what was to be done, and resolved, that when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia."

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## David Goggins

### *Can't Hurt Me*

This was war alright, but it wouldn't be fought on some foreign shore. This one, like most battles we fight in life, would be won or lost in our own minds.

I had to choose between mental suffering in the moment, and the mental anguish of wondering if that one missed [pull up, that last lap in the pool, the quarter mile I skipped on the road or trail, would end up costing me an opportunity of a lifetime.

What the fuck are you doing here? This isn't for you! You cant fucking swim. You're an imposter and they will find out!"

There's a good chance you not gone make it Goggins. This ain't you bro. This ain't you. You weren't born for this.

But when you have no confidence, it becomes easy to value other people's opinion without considering the mind that generated them.

"If it's your teacher, then start doing work of high quality. Spend extra time on your assignments. Write papers for her that she didn't even assign! Come early to class. Ask questions. Pay attention. Show her who you are and want to be. Get to work before them. Leave after they go home. Make sure they see that shit, and when it's time to deliver, surpass their maximum expectations. Whoever you're dealing with, your goal is to make them watch you achieve what they could never have done themselves. You want them thinking how amazing you are. Take their negativity and use it to dominate their task with everything you've got. Take their motherfucking soul!"



"My disadvantages had been callousing my mind all along and had prepared me for that moment in that pool with Psycho Pete"

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## Karl Marx 1848

### My Spill

Is the United States anti-communist posture informed by the absence of a historical background that communism appears to be built upon?

"We see, therefore, how the modern bourgeoisie is itself the product of a long course of development" – a class of people informed greatly by institutionalized and systematic means, but contemporarily, a great deal of folks would say this same process is irrelevant when it comes to African Americans to the tune of something that reads "slavery was 400 years ago"

The proletariat and Bourgeoisie are moving metrics, the circumstances requisite to fall upon these categories are constantly changing... Who are the Bourgeoisie now?

### Communist Manifesto

“It is high time that Communists should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish their views, their aims, their tendencies, and meet this nursery tale of the Spectre of Communism with a manifesto of the party itself.” – The telos behind communist manifesto, the driving purpose as to why they drafted the document

**Bourgeois** – the class of modern capitalists, owners of the means of social production (eg, factory owners) and employers of wage labour.,

**Proletariat** – the class of modern wage labourers who, having no means of production of their own, are reduced to selling their labour power in order to live.

“Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild-master<sup>1</sup> and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.” - Pretty convincing set up to an argument for communism if I don't say so myself

**“Feudalism”** was the major economic and political arrangement of the Middle Ages. A feudal lord owned a single, vast estate and offered protection and housing to many people (Marx lists them here) in exchange for their labor—farming, fighting, etc. This system concentrated much power in the hands of a very small number of lords. – Although the status quo has changed, the condition of suffering for many has not

The rise of new industry put to end feudalism as closed guilds no longer met demand for the growing enterprise of trade.

relationships between people have become solely transactional, driven by self-interest and financial exchange.

Capitalism has replaced the more disguised forms of exploitation (hidden behind religious and political justifications) with a direct, explicit, and harsh form of exploitation.

“The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into **civilisation**. The cheap prices of commodities are the heavy artillery with which it batters down all Chinese walls, with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilisation into their midst, i.e., to become bourgeois themselves. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.”

- The employment of the word civilization is critical here. The cheap prices of commodity function in markets analogous to heavy artillery in war; a force not to be reckoned with, only to be understood and comply.

The forced reliance upon classes, the east to the west, the peasants to the bourgeois, barbarians to civilized, the rural to urban, has left consequence of a centralized government. – “Independent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments, and systems of taxation, became lumped together into one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class-interest, one frontier, and one customs-tariff.”

**“The less the skill and exertion of strength implied in manual labour, in other words, the more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labour of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age**

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<sup>1</sup> Guild-master, that is, a full member of a guild, a master within, not a head of a guild. [Engels's footnote]

and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity for the working class. All are instruments of labour, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.”

“The modern labourer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the process of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth.”

The Cash Nexus – new way of relations

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## The Four Voyages of Christoforo Colon

Christopher's principal illusion, that he had made the voyage to Asia, was fostered by his need to provide rapid success or victories in order to get renewed backing his exploration. The islands he discovered was not rich.... The only wealth of the country lay in its human inhabitants, who could be made to work as slaves in either Spain or at home. The settlers forced them to dig for non-existent gold, and Columbus advocated almost at the start for their export to Spain as laborers.

Engaging the teleological structure behind some early accounts for slavery, self-interest and desire have always been the crux of psychological applications for the slave master, but this one arises in a different context. Highlights the reach of slavery as a global institution.

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Takeaways from the written historical account of the Indies by Captain Fernando Gonzalez de Oviedo (Madrid, 1478 - Santo Domingo, 1557), and the Daily Log Book of Christopher Columbus as he sailed across the Atlantic

Columbus's proposals were rejected by Royal England and Portugal. He used God as his vehicle of relation to garner interest from the Spanish crown. This was only possible due to occupation of the Hesperides Islands by the Kingdom of Spain under Hesperus's rule in 1650 B.C.. Columbus parlayed this notion into the hands of his contemporary Spanish Crown, illustrating that it was of God's grace that allotted their returned control of the Indies.

Columbus was only granted resource after Spain finished dealing with the Moors; their last occupation being in the city of Granada, 1492.

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Columbus lost the Santa Maria on the shore of Hispaniola. The King of the island went to great lengths to help prompting this note to the Royal King and Queen of Spain: “They are so affectionate and have so little greed and are in all ways so amendable that I assure your Highness that there is in my opinion no better people and no better land in the world.”

He used the lumber and materials from the Santa Maria to build a settlement on the island called Navidad. He left some Christians there to learn the language and grow familiar with the land. He had one ship left to return to Castile. "He decided to make no further explorations since he now had only one ship and if this were wrecked their catholic sovereigns would have no knowledge of these kingdoms which he had just acquired for them."

A great storm frustrates the return to Castille. Columbus throws two "Last" Notes explaining their voyage efforts and demise into the sea in case of death. The Nina reach finally reaches the Azores, a Portuguese Island. Here, the Admiral and his crew seek to fulfil their promise to pray for the other ship when the Natives and king of the land hold the Spaniards captive.

"When he heard this, the Admiral called on everyone in the caravel to bear witness, and in answer to the Portuguese Captain he swore he would not leave the caravel until they have captured a hundred Portuguese whom they would take home as prisoners and depopulate the island for Spanish taking."

\*\* Columbus later found out that the King of Portugal ordered to seize possessions and take the Admiral prisoner by "any means necessary". Interesting to put in conversation with the reality that Portugal rejected Columbus and called him a fool for his proposals.

The Admiral found himself approaching the Kingdom of Portugal at sea and asked permission to anchor, letting it be known he would use any force necessary to protect himself and his findings in fear that the Portuguese would attempt to defame the Kingdom of Castille.

full-length studies of the Admiral's life: Samuel Eliot Morrison's *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* (Boston, 1942), which is strongest on the side of navigation, since its author followed most of the Admiral's journeys from port to port in his own yacht; and Salvador de Maradiaga *Christopher Columbus* (London, 1949), an exhaustive psychological study, which advances an interesting theory of Columbus's Jewish origins. The latest work, Björn Lindstrom's *Columbus* (London, 1967), is particularly illuminating on the subject of Columbus's ships, their provisions and equipment.

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## Walter Pater

***Renaissance Conclusion (Essay)*** - Claiming prestige for yourself regardless of social class. Learning to smell the roses on your way to whatever occupation

"Experience, already reduced to a group of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world."

“Philosophy is the microscope of thought. The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or of what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.”

One of the most beautiful passages of Rousseau is that in the sixth book of the Confessions, where he describes the awakening in him of the literary sense. An undefinable taint of death had clung always about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biassed by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire.

as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve: we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest, at least among the children of this world, among art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion - that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

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## Joseph Conrad

### *The Heart of Darkness* –

“All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz”

Marlow’s conversation with the intended and she says they are left with nothing to show for it can be representative of colonization, how the great powers come in, turn a profit, and leave everybody with nothing

The employment of Marlow telling lies as to be symbolic of the moral progression of a person as they grow to understand the realities of life within and outside of the heart of darkness.

“They were intruders whose knowledge of life was to me an irritating presence because I felt so sure they could not possibly know the things I knew.”

“What possible restraint? Was it superstition, disgust, patience, fear – or some kind of primitive honor? No fear can stand up to hunger, no patience can wear it out, disgust simply does not exist where hunger is and as to superstition, beliefs, and what you may call principles, they are less than chaff in a breeze. Don’t you know the deviltry of lingering starvation, its exasperating torment, its black thoughts, its somber and brooding ferocity?”

“Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest.”

“We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness... We were wanderers on a prehistoric earth, on an earth that wore the aspect of an unknown planet.”

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The black man lays a claim on the white man which is well-nigh intolerable. It is the laying of this claim which frightens and at the same time fascinates Conrad, "the thought of their humanity—like yours . . . Ugly."

This reflects Darwinism which, at the time, was about fifty years received so relatively new. Not only did Darwin indirectly present that black people and white people are descendant of the same being, but it's captured by Conrad in his assertion that he could see his own humanity in the Africans. Also present is that humans reflect their environment, opposed to individual of it

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## Jean Rhys

Wide Sargasso Sea –

### Characters

Antoinette – main character

Annette – Antoinette's mother

Christophine – the slave who was a wedding gift

Pierre – Antoinette's disabled brother

Mr. Luttrell – the crazy neighbor who disappeared

Tia – Antoinette's slave friend

Mr. Cosway – Antoinette's Father, Annette's first husband

Mr. Mason – Annette's second husband, a rich English man

Maillotte, Christophine's friend

Sandi – Antoinette's BLACK cousin of whom she has an affair with

### Quotes / Interpretation

WSS effectively demonstrates the triumph and victory of Slaves in the region, something that was relatively unexplored at the time of drafting

Luttrell's shooting of the dog as symbolic of many things concerning the white planters: unrest, unwillingness to wait, and "if I can't win everybody loses" attitude

Tia and Antoinette switching dresses as confirmation that the roles are switching, then Mr. Cosway subsidized an operation to get new dresses made of Muslin, at which point they are transitioning again. – there's a moment at the end of part one, where Tia throws a rock at Antoinette, a rock thrown from the working class as she enters civilization

Christophine is allotted superiority over the slaves because she practices Obeah

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“These are the new people at Nelsons Rest. They called themselves Luttrell, but English or not English they were not like old Mr. Luttrell. Old Luttrell spit in their face if he see how they look at you. Trouble walk into the house this day. Trouble walk in”

Directly after this, Antoinette states that she feels her life is about to change. I draw correlations between the old and new Luttrell's because even though things are going to change, her life won't get any less crazy.

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“They're {negros} too damn lazy to be dangerous. This is the exact same kind of underestimation that allocated for the Haitian slave revolt, so although not accurate, its accurate for an English man to say

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“The black people did not hate us quite so much when we were poor. We were white but we had not escaped and soon we would be dead fore we had no money left. What was there to hate?”

Binary classism – either you have it, or you don't. I think this did, and still does, work to provide a liaison between races today, but only for poor people. I think rich black folks and rich white folks are two different entities, but starvation knows no colors and that's why historically it has united the po.

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Slavery in the context of Rochester being bought, funding his insecurity and desire to control others

Good morning, Midnight

Let them call it Jazz

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## Amon Saba Saakana

*The Colonial Legacy in Caribbean Literature* –

“generally before war the Ashanti of Ghana took an oath of victory or death” which influenced the nature of slaves in the Caribbean

“Oath swearing played a larger role in the massive rebellion of 1831 led by Sam Sharpe, in which sum 20,000 Africans participated

Period of apprenticeship before emancipation

“The first indication of a continuation of the unequaled relationship was the awarding of some twenty million pounds to the planters, and nothing to the Africans. This demonstrates that any vestige of morality which some writers placed on emancipation was a figment of their imagination.”

Because of the colonization of the mind, the writer has had no choice but to write in the tradition of the colonizer's literature

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## Henry Louis Gates

*Black in Latin America*

*Brazil*

*Haiti*

My Takeaways:

Many countries refused to recognize Haiti as a country or as an independent Black Nation. Struggling to be recognized, they were forced to pay over 1 billion dollars in reparations to France and other European countries for the Haitian Slave revolt to maintain trade relations with these countries. With this in mind, will reparations for African Americans in the United States ever be paid? Under the framework of extortion that France employed, African Americans would need leverage over the United States government in order to demand reparations in the way that they wanted.

Once the former slave Toussaint L'Ouverture assumed control over the once independent black nation that we now call Haiti, he employed forced labor tactics in order to maintain sugar production and prop up the economy, however, he met serious backlash and was regarded as extreme for his actions. After being set up and arrested by France, his successor, Henry Christophe destroyed anything resembling plantation lifestyle and slavery. After doing so, the economy fell into a pitfall so travestied that Haiti has never recovered and can now be identified as one of the poorest countries in the world. Was Toussaint L'Ouverture really the bad guy for employing forced labor or was he striving to prop up and maintain the booming economy? Is this the framework for American capitalism?

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**James Joyce**

## *The Dead* –

Gabriel Conroy – Irish teacher and literary reviewer

Gretta Conroy – Gabriel's Wife

Lily – Caretaker

Kate – Gabriel's Aunt

Julia – Gabriel's Aunt

Mary Jane – Kate and Julia's Niece

Micheal Furey – Gretta's previous lover who died for her

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Waltz – a ballroom dance

West Brit - an abbreviation of West Briton, is a derogatory term for an Irish person who is perceived as Anglophilic in matters of culture or politics. West Britain is a description of Ireland emphasizing it as subject to British influence.

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### **Narration**

A bunch of guests inside the Waltz the sisters are hosting

Guests in the drawing room listen to Mary Jane as she plays a very complex chord on the piano

Gabriel and Mrs. Ivors dance together, he gets called a west brit, and proclaims that he doesn't like his city but can offer no explanation why

Aunt Julia goes crazy singing, and Aunt Kate gets mad because the Pope sent out all the girls from the quire and replaced them with punk boys just because they are male.

The dance party, holiday festivities, dinner setting, and cuisine plays a huge role in presenting Irish culture. I feel very immersed.

Mount Melleray is the place of Monks who sleep in coffins at night to make up for sin

The Three Graces of the Dublin Musical world

Gabriel is Orator and Rhetor of the Millenia, clearly. He bring Aunt Julia to tears and receives marvelous applause.

The character of Mr. D'Arcy. He is sick, his voice is raspy, he waits all night to sing and when he finally does it is that song.

I have a theory about Joyce's teleological engagement with the snow, Gabriel was an academic, an author, a writer, and an orator, so maybe the characters perspective on death and the insignificance of individual life reflects James Joyce experience writing. I know, as an author myself, when you don't have any work published, and I'm down walking around Vanderbilt campus alone and its 16 degrees, its really easy to feel like nothing

that I'm writing or working on matters because you don't have rhetorical agency. You don't have an audience, and I know that is something Joyce struggled with was getting published. Furthermore, when Gabriel starts comparing himself to Micheal Furey, he is appalled that the person with so much command over his wife's feelings is a gas worker. I think that really captures the snow. That all us humans, regardless of occupation, are the same.

## Quotes / Interpretation

Descendance is a key theme – both traditionally, inheritance, and descent of man: the passing of man after his last end.

“The tradition of genuine warmhearted courteous Irish hospitality, which our forefathers have handed down to us and which we in turn must hand down to our descendants, is still alive among us.”

“In one letter that he had written to her then he had said: ‘Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?’”

Micheal Furey – Gretta's previous lover who died for her

He did not like to say, even to himself, that her face was no longer beautiful, but he knew that it was no longer the face for which Micheal Furey had braved for death.”

“His own identity was fading out into a gray impalpable world: The solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.”

“He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lovers' eyes when he had told her he did not wish to live.”

“The coffin, said Mary Jane, is to remind them (Monks in the Mount Melleray church” of their last end.”

He mentions how bracing the air was when describing Mount Melleray, as if it was prepared for something to fall down. Snow.

“One by one they (His old aunts) were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into the other world...it had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight... His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the Universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.”

Gabriel was an academic, an author, a writer, and an orator, so maybe his perspective on death and the insignificance of individual life reflects James Joyce's experience writing. I know, as an author, and essayist,

when you don't have any work published, its real easy to feel like nothing matters because you don't have rhetorical agency.

**Araby** –

The teenage love serves to highlight phenomena surrounding personal fable and egocentrism, hes justifiably mad at the world, but he does not know why, because in his mind he is upset relishing the opportunity to purchase a gift for his girl

Unnamed boy Playing in the street with his friends, dark and cold settings

Mangan's Sister is his crush

Refers to her as a brown figure, but later on says the light caught her white neck

His uncle is late to give him money for the fair, he goes anyways and rides the train up to Bazaar, most stalls are closed, he examines the stall of some English accented people before the lights all go out. He is mad as fuck but in my opinion it is unjust, however I do understand

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### **W.E.B. Du Bois**

- February 23, 1868, Great Barrington, Massachusetts
  - *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903)
  - *Black Reconstruction in America* (1935)
  - *The Crisis Magazine* (founded 1910)

### **Langston Hughes**

- February 1, 1902, Joplin, Missouri
  - *The Weary Blues* (1926)
  - *Not Without Laughter* (1930)
  - *Montage of a Dream Deferred* (1951)
  - *The Negro Speaks of Rivers* (1921)

### **Alain Locke**

- September 13, 1886, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
  - *The New Negro* (1925)
  - *The Negro in America* (1944)
  - *Art or Propaganda* (1934)

### **Richard Wright**

- September 4, 1908, Natchez, Mississippi
  - *Uncle Tom's Children* (1938)
  - *Native Son* (1940)
  - *Black Boy* (1945)
  - *The Outsider* (1953)

### **Ralph Ellison**

- March 1, 1914, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
  - *Invisible Man* (1952)
  - *Shadow and Act* (1964)
  - *Going to the Territory* (1986)

#### **Zora Neale Hurston**

- January 7, 1891, Notasulga, Alabama
  - *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937)
  - *Mules and Men* (1935)
  - *Dust Tracks on a Road* (1942)

#### **James Baldwin**

- August 2, 1924, New York City, New York
  - *Notes of a Native Son* (1955)
  - *The Fire Next Time* (1963)

#### **Margarett Walker**

- July 7, 1915, Birmingham, Alabama
  - *Jubilee* (1966)
  - *For My People* (1942)
  - *This Is My Century: New and Selected Poems* (1989)

#### **Toni Cade Bambara**

- March 25, 1939, New York City, New York
  - *Gorilla, My Love* (1972)
  - *The Salt Eaters* (1980)
  - *Those Bones Are Not My Child* (1990)

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## **Alan Locke – The New Negro**

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- Does not mention violence, kept in the arenas of thought
- For this New Negro, Wright became his most eloquent spokesperson – *Notes of a Native Son*

“Similarly the mind of the Negro seems suddenly to have slipped from under the tyranny of social intimidation and to be shaking off the psychology of imitation and implied inferiority.”

“But the desire to be understood would never in itself have been sufficient to have opened so completely the protectively closed portals of the thinking Negro's mind.”

- Ralph Ellison's *Harlem is Nowhere* – surrendering the peasant cynicism

“This is what, even more than any "most creditable record of fifty years of freedom," requires that the Negro of to-day be seen through other than the dusty spectacles of past controversy. The day of "aunties," "uncles" and "mammies" is equally gone. Uncle Tom and Sambo have passed on<sup>2</sup>, and even the "Colonel" and "George" play barnstorm roles from which they escape with relief when the public spotlight is off. The popular melodrama has about played itself out, and it is time to scrap the fictions, garret the bogeys and settle down to a realistic facing of facts.”

“if it ever was warrantable to regard and treat the Negro en masse it is becoming with every day less possible, more unjust and more ridiculous.”

- Reference to Ralph Ellison – emphasis on individualistic thinking, negroes were lynched for painting their homes, keep these two squatting men apart,

“No sane observer, however sympathetic to the new trend, would contend that the great masses are articulate as yet, but they stir, they move, they are more than physically restless.”

- Strong predictive emotion

“A transformed and transforming psychology permeates the masses.”

“In the intellectual realm a renewed and keen curiosity is replacing the recent apathy; the Negro is being carefully studied, not just talked about and discussed. In art and letters, instead of being wholly caricatured, he is being seriously portrayed and painted.”

- LaFargue Psychiatric Clinic – 1946 - 1958

“Subtly the conditions that are molding a New Negro are molding a new American attitude.”

- Reference to Baldwin’s *Stranger in the Village* “The time has come to realize that the interracial drama acted out on the American continent has not only created a new black man, but it has also created a new white man, too.”

“the belief in the efficacy of collective effort, in race co-operation. This deep feeling of race is at present the mainspring of Negro life. It seems to be the outcome of the reaction to proscription and prejudice; an attempt, fairly successful on the whole, to convert a defensive into an offensive position, a handicap into an incentive.”

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<sup>2</sup> “Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima are dead, their places taken by an amazingly well-adjusted group of young men and women, almost as dark, but ferociously literate...” – Notes of a Native Son

- Reference to Invisible Man / Blinded by the Whites – “implored his adult children to educate his grandchildren to use their social invisibility as a weapon.”

“Fortunately from some inner, desperate resourcefulness has recently sprung up the simple expedient of fighting prejudice by mental passive resistance, in other words by trying to ignore it. For the few, this manna may perhaps be effective, but the masses cannot thrive upon it.”

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## Zora Neale Hurston

### *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

“Ah was born back due in slavery, so it wasn’t for me to fulfill my dreams of what a woman oughta be and to do.”

“Got a house bought and paid for, sixty acres of land across the road... Dats the very prong all us black women get hung on.”

“You behind a plow! You ain’t got no more business behind a plow than a hog has got with a holiday!”

“Colored folks too envious of one another. That’s how come we don’t get no further that we do. We talk about the white man keeping us down. Shucks! He don’t have to! We keep our own selves down.”

“my wife don’t know nothing bout no speech making. I never married her for that. She’s a woman and her place is in the home.”

“So when speakers stood up when the occasion demanded and said, ‘Our beloved mayor’ it was one of those statements everybody says but nobody actually believes, like ‘God is everywhere’. It was a handle to wind the tounge with.”

“Folks sat on the store porch while he was busy inside and discussed him.”

“But at dat, we needs him. The town wouldn’t be nothing if it wasn’t for him.”

“The headrag irked her endlessly, but joe was set on it. Her hair was NOT going to show in the store.”

““She was borned in slavery time when folks, dat is black) folks, didn't sit down anytime dey felt lak it. So sittin' on porches lak de white madam looked lak uh mighty fine thing tuh her. Dat's whut she wanted for me- don't keer what it cost. Git up on uh highchair and sit dere. She didn't have time tuh think whut tuh do after you got up on de stool uh do nothin'. De object wuz tuh git dere. So Ah got up on de high stool lak she told me, but Pheoby, Ah done nearly languished tuh death up dere. Ah felt like de world wuz cryin' extry and Ah ain't read de common news yet.””

“They made them kiss... one went outside and chewed grass like a sick dog, he said to keep it from killing him.”

“Day by day now the hordes of workers piled in.... Fifty or sixty men slept around each fire, but they had to pay the man whose land they slept on.”

“There was a suppressed murmur when she picked up a basket and went to work.”

“Even if they don't take us in with the whites they oughta make us a class to ourselves.”

“Of course he wasn't dead. He could never be dead until she herself had finished feeling and thinking.”

Percival Punter – somebody Hurston fell in love with during her studies in new York

Hurston was not a radical liberal feminist; she was a traditional individualistic who espoused conservative views including the idea that slavery did not impede black self-determination and those who made such claims were tragically colored.

Although Janie's self-defense killing of tea cake dispels hegemonic manhood in the black community, its expressly evident that tea cake never dies and this push towards autonomy is a facade. In fact, tea cake is promoted to legend and hero status, which reinforces that the primary obstacles to Janie and black women's empowerment, the black working-class women detractors on the porch and in Mrs. Turner.

Chapter 13, instead of pointing the finger at tea cake for stealing her money, she points the finger at fictional porch sitting women for critiquing and condemning tea cake and her marriage.

Consider her condemning of her classmates for disapproving of her rapist father despite not knowing his name, when Janie herself didn't know him. Further, Janie elects her father deserves empathy, not vilification, because in seeking out Leafy's hand in marriage he demonstrates regret for his crimes.

Janie is emasculating to Joe Starks exactly how Mrs. Turner is to Tea Cake and Mr. Turner

“de nigger women can kill up all the men they want... a white man and a nigger woman is the free-est thing on earth.” A prevailing cultural notion that black women do not suffer as much racial oppression as black men because they do not pose as serious of a threat to white power and masculinity.

Mrs. Turner refuses to submit and becomes dominated by Tea Cake as he trashes her restraint. Analogous, after Janie humiliated him in the grocery store, Joe Starks dominates her by just dying and getting his lasting wishes.

The progression of the novel can be read as relationship based or politically centered around the black community

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## Daniel Defoe

### *Moll Flanders*

‘Perhaps,’ said I, ‘it may be some poor widow like me, that had packed up these goods to go and sell them for a little bread for herself and a poor child and are now starving and breaking their hearts for want of that little they would have fetched.’ And this thought tormented me worse than all the rest, for three- or four-days’ time. BUT my own distresses silenced all these reflections, and the prospect of my own starving, which grew every day more frightful to me, hardened my heart by degrees, for now I should be driven by the dreadful necessity of my circumstances to the gates of destruction, soul and body.

I began to examine it. It is with horror that I tell what a treasure I found there; ’tis enough to say, that besides most of the family plate, which was considerable, I found a gold chain, an old-fashioned thing, the locket of which was broken, so that I suppose it had not been used some years, but the gold was not the worse for that; also a little box of burying-rings, the lady’s wedding-ring, and some broken bits of old lockets of gold, a gold watch, and a purse with about 24 *l.* value in old pieces of gold coin, and several other things of value. THIS was the greatest and the worst prize that ever I was concerned in; for indeed, though, as I have said above, I was hardened now beyond the power of all reflection in other cases, yet it really touched me to the very soul when I looked into this treasure,

### *Roxana*

#### Characters

- Roxana – French by birth but raised English and well accommodated.
- Husband – Jolly, Handsome, Dumb, “Eminent Brewer in the City”, goes clear his debt then leaves for ever on a “hunting” trip
- Mother – Died.
- Father – Died.

- Brother – Trustee for Roxana’s portion gifted by her father.
- Aunt and Aunt’s Poor Old Woman –Help Roxana out of her ruin and scheme to leave the five kids with fathers relative.
- Maid Amy
- The dead husbands brother-in-law
- Landlord – gives Rox free rent for a year, then gets all sweet on her (shady imo)
- The prince who takes after roxana after the landlords death as a jeweler in paris
- Honest Dutch merchant
- The Jew
- The Banker Robert Clayton

## Narrative

- Born in France, parents moved family to England to avoid religious prosecution
- Set up to Marry her husband, father gives her portion to Roxana’s brother.. brother loses all the money.
- Husband inherits the brewery, doesn’t know anything about the business, goes bankrupt from it.
- Roxana and Husband had 5 kids, 4 in the parish, one in a house.
- Mother and father dead, the husband has left Roxana forever on his hunting trip.
- Roxana applies to her family and her husband’s family for help, the only people who help are her husband’s aunt, the aunts maid, and The Maid Amy.
- Depart from children scheme takes place on page 60-61: Amy takes kids to doorstep and leaves them. The aunts old women goes incognito to visit and convince the aunt that no other remedy for the children exists.
- Dead husbands brother-in-law convinces his wife to take in all five children and he solicits support from her family members. The wife is not supportive
- The landlord helps Roxana and Amy out of their ruin, and after long discussions about his designs, he proposes to marry Roxana, and she cannot “logically” say no
- Roxana delivers Amy to be undone
- Husband has business in Paris, so they both go to Paris and stay much longer than expected.
- Husband gets robbed and killed, Roxana Widow’d again
- on this account I was soon made very public, and was known by the name of La belle veuve de Poitou, or ‘The pretty widow of Poitou.’
- The Prince of —— has now succeeded in lying with and courting Roxana on account for her beauty. “My quality sets me at a distance from you and makes you ceremonious, your beauty exalts you to more than an equality”
- Roxana becomes pregnant with the prince’s child, birthing a “son with bent arms”
- In the palace of Versailles, Roxana runs into her first husband the brewer
- Roxana and Amy follow the husband to Orleans where they set out to learn his condition. He is till nothing but a fool, and he spends all his days scamming people for money
- Roxana and the prince went to Italy for two years where she visits Rome, Naples, Florence and Venice. She has a son there but he dies young.
- Return to Paris, Amy and the surrogate family are well and Roxana has her third child by the prince

- The Princess grows sick and dies, turning point in conduct / perception
- Now single, no relationship, Roxana meets with a dutchman to sell her jewels from the English Jeweler who was killed eight years prior. Thus commences the dutchman and the Jew episode
- The dutch merchant gives Roxanna directions to leave for Amsterdam and to sell her stuff there. This commences the boating / sea - repentance episode.
- Roxana reaches Amsterdam and after 3 months she learns that her first husband is dead
- The Merchant follows Roxana to Rotterdam, and he proposes to marry her, practically begs. After rejecting his proposal and revealing their child together, he flees back to Paris and Roxana takes up a serious occupation in London
- Roxana has a party in her London lodgings where she earns the name Roxana
- After years of hosting balls, Roxana retires and enters an agreement with a new respectable Lord. This Lord has his way with Amy in a similar way that her first husband did
- They have committed the search for Roxana's 5 English children, 3 alive – 2 girls, one boy
- Roxana has been enslaving her own daughter, eventually they figure out the story and set her on the same path of learning / culture as her brother
- Roxana diverts from her children's affairs and becomes a quaker woman so as to re-invent herself so she can get acquainted with her kids without being recognized
- It is here that she sees the Dutch merchant in London and she spend a year and a half cogitating what to do. She sends Amy to France, holland, and Rouen to look after him which is how she arrives at the 4 men report
- Eventually, the dutchman finds Roxana's address at the Quakers house, they acquaint, there is a hiccup because the prince invites her to be a German prince, but eventually they marry.

## Quotes

there's abundance of charity begins in that vice, and he is not so unacquainted with things as not to know that poverty is the strongest incentive, a temptation against which no virtue is powerful enough to stand out; he knows your condition as well as you do." "Well, and what then?" "Why, then he knows too that you are young and handsome, and he has the surest bait in the world to take you with."

Hitherto I had not only preserved the virtue itself, but the virtuous inclination and resolution; and had I kept myself there I had been happy, though I had perished of mere hunger; for, without question, a woman ought rather to die than to prostitute her virtue and honour, let the temptation be what it will.

We heard no more of him for two days, but the third day he came again ; then he told me, with the same kindness, that he had ordered me a supply of household goods for the furnishing the house

It was plain now that he intended to lie with me, but how he would reconcile it to a legal thing like a marriage, that I could not imagine.

I received his kindness at the dear expense of body and soul, mortgaging faith, religion, conscience, and modesty for (as I may call it) a morsel of bread, or, if you will, ruined my soul from a principle of gratitude and gave myself up to

the devil to show myself grateful to my benefactor.

my circumstances were my temptation; the terrors behind me looked blacker than the terrors before me, and the dreadful argument of wanting bread, and being run into the horrible distresses I was in before, mastered all my resolution, and I gave myself up, as above.

Nay, Amy, you see your mistress has put you to bed, 'tis all her doing, you must blame her." So he held her fast, and the wench being naked in the bed with him, 'twas too late to look back, so she lay still and let him do what he would with her.

I have given you the whole detail of this story, to lay it down as a black scheme of the way how unhappy women are ruined by great men; for though poverty and want is an irresistible temptation to the poor, vanity and great things are as irresistible to others.

I confess it was a circumstance that it might be reasonably expected should have wrought something also upon me. I that had so much to reflect upon more than the Prince, that had now no more temptation of poverty or of the powerful motive which Amy used with me—namely, comply and live, deny and starve — say, that I that had no poverty to introduce vice

had I had any religion, or any sense of a Supreme Power managing, directing, and governing in both causes and events in this world, such a case as this would have given anybody room to have been very thankful to the Power who had not only put such a treasure into my hand, but given me such an escape from the ruin that threatened me; but I had none of those things about me.

That the very nature of the marriage contract was, in short, nothing but giving up liberty, estate, authority, and everything to the man, and the woman was indeed a mere woman ever after, that is to say, a slave. — Marriage contract 2/2

"It is not you," says I, "that I suspect, but the law of matrimony puts the power into your hands, bids you do it, commands you to command, and binds me, forsooth, to obey."

it began to be public that Roxana was, in short, a mere Roxana, neither better nor worse, and not that woman of honour and virtue that was at first supposed.

I began to be known in the town, not by my name only, but by my character too, which was worse.

"He would so have married me and have carried me into Germany with him; and that his commission was still to assure me that the Prince would marry me if I would come to him"

So fast a hold has pride and ambition upon our minds, that when once it gets admission, nothing is so chimerical but under this possession we can form ideas of, in our fancy, and realise to our imagination.

He told me that money purchased titles of honour in almost all parts of the world, though money could not give principles of honour, they must come by birth and blood; that, however, titles sometimes assist to elevate the soul and to infuse generous principles into the mind,

at last the passionate creature flew out in a kind of rage, and said to Amy that if she was not her mother, Madam Roxana was her mother then, for one of them, she was sure, was her mother

## Interpretations

- he pulled out a silk purse which had three-score guineas in it, and threw them into my lap, and concluded all the rest of his discourse with kisses and protestations of his love, of which, indeed, I had abundant proof. – “Abundant proof” money and love become one
- I thought all his face looked like a death’s head, and then immediately I thought I perceived his head all bloody, and then his clothes looked bloody too; and immediately it all went off and he looked as he really did. Immediately I fell a-crying and hung about him.” My 4ear,” said I, “ I am frightened to death; you shall not go; depend upon it, some mischief will befall you.” I did not tell him how my vapourish fancy had represented him to me; that, I thought, was not proper; besides, he would only have laughed at me, and would have gone away with a jest about it. – 1/2

But all these promises came to nothing, for he was set upon in the open day and robbed by three men on horseback, masked, as he went; and one of them, who it seems rifled him while the rest stood to stop the coach, stabbed him into the body with a sword, so that he died immediately. – 2/2

Narrative procedures being thus blunt, extracted from the desire to prolong them. Clairvoyance as a narrative quality.

- Now, madam,\*\* says the Prince,“ give me leave to lay aside my character, let us talk together with the freedom of equals. My quality sets me at a distance from you and makes you ceremonious, your beauty exalts you to more than an equality ;
- such men as he stormed warmly, so, if repulsed, they made no second attacks; and indeed it was but reasonable, for as it was below their rank to be long battering a woman’s constancy, so they ran greater hazards in being exposed in their amours than other men did.

How strong are your morals when hunger strikes.

What happens when you start to bake emergency into the sense of self

Being a woman in the 18<sup>th</sup> century is a state of emergency

Yet this nothing-doing wretch I was obliged to watch and guard against, as against the only thing that was capable of doing me hurt in the world. I was to shun "him as we would shun a spectre, or even the devil if he was actually in our way,

- actually in our way

- On Cynicism: I thought it was far safer for the sex not to be afraid of the trouble, but to be really afraid of their money; that if nobody was trusted, nobody would be deceived, and the staff in their own hands was the best security in the world. P.148 Online
- Commodification of virtue warrants cynicism: once your products are for sale you have to worry about being stolen
- Circumstances qualify the severity of cynicism
- Cynicism is lessened by a marital contract

I secretly wished that a storm would rise that might drive the ship over to the coast of England whether they would or not,

- Ariel in the tempest

One of these ladies was dressed most exquisitely fine indeed, in the habit of a virgin lady of quality of Georgia, and the other in the same habit of Armenia, with each of them a woman slave to attend them.

- They had slave

I had not only learnt to dress like a Quaker, but so used myself to “thee” and “thou,” that I talked like a Quaker too, as readily and naturally as if I had been born among them and, in a word, I passed for a Quaker among all people that did not know me.

- “Among all the people that did not know me”

**Narrative procedure on pages 241-243 that install “prolonged” character into literary cannons.** They are letters from Amy sending updates on the Dutch Merchant, the Prince, the Jew, and the Brewer husband  
With reference to gothic, wh does the narrative crash onto the shoals of violence in the end as Amy kills susan

## Eliza Haywood

***Fantomina*** (1725)

### Characters

Fantomina, Celia, Widow Bloomer

Beauplastir

The two servants

### Narrative

A noble born woman dresses as a whore named Fantomina to court the illustrious Beau, they become acquainted  
Our protagonist then dresses as Celia, the country girl, in order to seduce Beau at Bath house, they become acquainted

Our protagonist then dresses as Widow Bloomer in order to court Beau and procure a ride back to London

When she gets to London she writes Beau two letters, one as Fantomina and one as Widow Bloomer, when she realizes he your typical cheater

She then schemes up the resolving plot, hiring two men from St. James park to deliver an unsigned handwritten letter to Beau, inviting him to dinner

## Interpretation

The road as a chronotope: our protagonist does not profit from her travels, she is just pushed along in her journey, which is something I think reinforces my theory of Haywood's control agenda. She is paid sexual advances in every case, and, if sex was her only goal or if love was the didactic imperative we might've seen moments of digesis. But we don't, everything is calculated so as to fit into her schemes, every character from the hotel staff to the Italian bravo's, all calculated. Only the mother doesn't fit into her scheme and chronotopically I think that's because she's related to the mother and

Dispelling the rigor of class in social realism.

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## Aphra Behn

### *The Rover*

#### Character Exchange

- Florinda is courting Belville – Don Antonio tries to step out of Florinda's engagement for Angelica, but he is not successful
- Hellena is courting Willmore (the rover), But Wilmore steps out of the engagement for Angelica
- Blunt courting Lucetta
- Fredrick courting Valeria

#### Narrative

- Willmore takes down the picture of Angelica, Don Antonio fights him for it before everybody, English and Spanish, begin to fight – Act 2
- Helena has caught Wilmore cheating on their engagement – Act 3
- Blunt gets backdoored by Lucetta
- Willmore the rover rapes Florinda in front of Belville AND Don Pedro
- Willmore duels Don Antonio (Florinda's Brother)
- Belville dresses as Antonio to fight for florinda's love
- Wilmore dresses as Fredrick to avoid being captured for the rape

#### Questions / Observation

- Why is Belville cast out? What variable or paradigm calls for it?

- Helena, characterization: commitment to non-commitment
- Florinda, characterization: seems to be in the wrong play – she knows what she wants and who she wants
- Characters in the play are meant to be confused with the switching of costume / dress, but we the audience should be inclined to keep these characters in order
- Telos behind the carnival: social performative identity – let people act the way they want, let them express and release that desire, but post carnival there will be a return to life.
- “for I have considered, captain, that a handsome woman has a great deal to do whilst her face is good.” P.55 – Behn is employing logic bounded by time, time has an aging property to it, and its linear
- Angelica’s constantly referencing the past places her outside of the constant present, outside of the Carnival

Money centers our understanding of this time but the removal of money between Angelica and Willmore.

The portrait is a chronotope: “spatial and temporal indicators are fused into one carefully thought-out, concrete whole.” (The portrait) “Time becomes visible; likewise, space becomes responsive to the movements of time (The carnival responds to movements in the courtesans youth), plot and history.” Space, the courtesan in this carnival, captures the momentous passage of time because her youth is on display.

The question, then, is how does time become visible, and how does space respond to movements in time, plot, or history

## Sammuel Richardson

### *Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded*

- if you find the least attempt made upon your virtue, be sure you leave everything behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all covered with rags, and even follow you to the churchyard, than have it said, a child of ours preferred any worldly conveniences to her virtue.
- Be sure don't let people's telling you, you are pretty, puff you up; for you did not make yourself, and so can have no praise due to you for it. It is virtue and goodness only, that make the true beauty. Remember that, Pamela.
- He called to me, and said, Be secret; I charge you, Pamela; and don't go in yet, as I told you. O how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little must they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!
- Have I done you any harm? Yes, sir, said I, the greatest harm in the world: You have taught me to forget myself and what belongs to me, and have lessened the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor servant.

- My father and mother are poor and low in the world, it is true. I have often grudged myself the affluence I have lived in, while they have lived so hardly.
  - My dear poor parents, I say that word with pleasure; for your poverty is my pride, as your integrity shall be my imitation.
  - But, said I, come to my arms, *my dear third parcel*, the companion of my poverty, and the witness of my honest
  - “I cannot forbear smiling at the absurdity of persons who value themselves upon their ancestors merits, rather than their own. Is this not as much as to say they are conscious they have none of their own?”
  - But, said I, come to my arms, *my dear third parcel*, the companion of my poverty, and the witness of my honest
  - I say no more, lest commit this letter to the happy tiles.
- 

## Francis Burney

### *Evelina*

#### Characters

Evelyn

Evelina

Mr. Villars

Lord Orville

Sir Clement Willoughby

Madame Duval

Captain Duval

Sir John Belmont (Evelina’s father)

Mrs. Branghton

Mr. Branghton

Miss Polly Branghton

Mr. Smith (a lodger with the Branghtons)

Lady Howard (friend of Mr. Villars)

Mrs. Selwyn (a sharp-tongued, intelligent widow)

Mr. Macartney (a melancholy Scotsman)

Mr. Lovel (a fashionable fop)

Lady Louisa Larpent (connected to Lord Orville)

Quotes / Scenes:

Then, seating himself, and making me sit by him, he continued, “I must now guess again: perhaps you regret the loss of those friends you knew in town;-perhaps you miss their society, and fear you may see them no more?-perhaps Lord Orville-”

I could not keep my seat; but, rising hastily, said, “Dear Sir, ask me nothing more!-for I have nothing to own,-nothing to say;-my gravity has been merely accidental, and I can give no reason for it at all.-Shall I fetch you another book?-or will you have this again?”

For some minutes he was totally silent, and I pretended to employ myself in looking for a book. At last, with a deep sigh, “I see,” said he, “I see but too plainly, that though Evelina is returned,-I have lost my child!”

“In your London journal, nobody appears in a more amiable, a more respectable light than Lord Orville; and perhaps-”

“I knew what you would say,” cried I, hastily, “and I have long feared where your suspicions would fall; but indeed, Sir, you are mistaken: I hate Lord Orville,-he is the last man in the world in whose favour I should be prejudiced.”

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## Colette

Claudine at School

Gigi

Music-Hall Sidelights

Cheri

The Last of Cheri

Mitsou

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## EM Forster

**Howards End**

*She approaches just as Helen's letter had described her, trailing noiselessly over the lawn and there was actually a wisp of hay in her hands. She seemed to belong not to the young people and their motor, but to the house and to the tree that overshadowed it. One knew that she worshipped the past, and that the instinctive wisdom that the past alone can bestow had descended upon her – that wisdom to which we give the clumsy name: Aristocracy.*

Her speeches fluttered away from the young man like birds. If only he could talk like this, he would have caught the world. Oh, to acquire culture! Oh, to pronounce foreign names correctly! Oh, to be well-informed, discoursing at ease on every subject that a lady started! But it would take one year. With an hour at lunch and a few shattered hours in the evening, how was it possible to catch up with leisured women who had been reading steadily from childhood? His brain might be full of names, he might have even heard of Monet and Debussy; the trouble was that he could not string them together into a sentence, he could not make them "tell," and he could not quite forget about his stolen umbrella. Yes, the umbrella was the real trouble. Behind Monet and Debussy the umbrella persisted, with the steady beat of a drum. "I suppose my umbrella will be all right," he was thinking. "I don't really mind about it. I will think about music instead. I suppose my umbrella will be all right." There had always been something to worry him ever since he could remember, always something that distracted him in the pursuit of beauty. For he did pursue beauty, and, therefore, Margaret's speeches did flutter away from him like birds.

She knew this type very well, the vague aspirations, the mental dishonesty, the familiarity with the outsides of books.

Leonard Bast: "It was a concert the Queen's Hall. I think you will recollect," he added pretentiously, "when I tell you that it included a performance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven."

Helen: "We hear the Fifth practically every time it's done, so I'm not sure I do."

"No affection gathered round the card, but it symbolized the life of culture, that Jacky should never spoil. At night he would say to himself: "Well, at all events, she doesn't know about that card."

She went up to Wickham Place. Leonard returned in her absence. The card, the fatal card, was gone from the pages of Ruskin

And the voice in the gondola rolled on, piping melodiously of Effort and Self-Sacrifice, full of high purpose, full of beauty, full even of sympathy and love of men, yet somehow eluding all that was actual and insistent in Leonard's life. For it was the voice of one who had never been dirty or hungry, and had not guessed successfully what dirt and hunger are.

They had all passed up that narrow, rich staircase at Wickham Place, to some ample room, whither he could never follow them, not if he read for ten hours a day. Oh, it was no good; this continual aspiration. Some are born cultured; the rest had better go in for whatever comes easy. To see life steadily and to see it whole was not for the likes of him.

*Where Angels Fear to Tread*

*The Longest Journey* - DNF

Forster Letter

- **Nov. 13** - Lust, whether strong or weak, is akin to Romance. The human being of our dreaming is impossible. Lust idealizes. Love is passion for an actual person, & the purer the closer it keeps to the fact. Both are good. Lust too can be pure, & dream of unity of souls instead of bodies. But in action it is disillusion & vanity, for souls like bodies can never merge. - The Beatific vision a reflection of lust, not love.

Christ, the Virgin, are due to yearnings, not experiences. Christ the ideal husband, not one's husband idealized. S' Sebastian the ideal Tommy?

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## Jorge Amado

*Sea of Death*

*Pen, Sword, Camisole*

*Tent of Miracles*

*Captain of the Sands*

*Jubiaba*

*The Violent Land* -

Badaro Brothers – Sihno and Juca

Colonel Horacio, His wife Ester, the Lawyer Virgilio

Captain João Magalhães

Antonio Victor

Negro Damião

Father Jeremias

### Language

- Nobody ever came back from the land of cacao
- Margot had a flea in her ear
- P. 263 Virgilio was engaged in planting horns on Horacio's eyebrows

### Quotes

P. 11 "He told himself that he was going to make money for her and the child, and that he would be back within a year. Land was easily had in Ilhéus; he would plant cacao, would harvest the fruit, and then would come back for Ivonne and the young one. True, her father had not returned, and here was an old man saying that no one ever came back from the land of cacao, not even a man with a wife and two children."

P. 26 "There are times when I feel like the captain of one of those slavers in the old days. As the mate did not reply he went on to explain, "One of those ships that brought blacks over to sell them as slaves." He pointed to the sleeping figures, to Antonio Victor who was still smiling, "What difference is there?"

P. 30 "The giant wood before them is the world's past, the beginning of the world."

P. 31 “He as well as the others knew that this was the dwelling place of spirits. But what Juca Badaro beheld was not the forest, not the beginning of the world. His eyes were filled with another vision. All he could see was that black earth, the best in the world for planting cacao... He could see plantation after plantation stretching over the land where now the forest stood, and a beautiful sight it was.”

P.85 “I was a lad during the days of slavery, the old man said as he rose. “My mother was a slave, my father also. But it wasn’t any worse than it is today.”

P. 87 “She knew that he was going to take her tonight; he always closed the door between the two bedrooms when he wanted to poses her. But tonight – and this was the strangest if all the strange things that had happened that evening, for the first time Ester did not have that obscure feeling whenever Horacio sought to make love... Was it, possibly, for the reason that, while her eyes from the darkness of the room might be spying on Horacio, her mind was in the front bedroom where Virgilio was sleeping?... The very presence of Virgilio in the other room gave her an expansive feeling.”

P.177 “The city lay between the river and the sea, a truly lovely site, with cocoa palms growing all around. A poet who once had come to Ilhéos to give a lecture had referred to it as "the city of palms in the wind," a bit of imagery that the local papers were fond of quoting every so often. And in truth all the palms did was to grow and be tossed by the breeze. The shrub that really influenced Ilhéos life was the cacao tree, even though not a single one was to be seen inside the city itself. But it was there, behind all the life that went on in São Jorge dos Ilhéos. Behind every business deal that was made, behind every house that went up. behind every shot that was fired in the street—it was there. There was no conversation in which the word "cacao" did not play an essential part. Over warehouses, railway trains, ships' holds, wagons, and citizenry there hovered, ever, the odour of chocolate, which is the odour of dried cacao.”

P.178 “From the whole of northern Brazil people came down to this land of southern Bahia. Its fame had travelled far; it was said that money rolled in the streets there and that no one thought anything of a two-milreis piece. Ships came choked with immigrants, bringing adventurers of every sort, including women of all ages, for whom Ilhos was either the first hope or the last. In the city all mingled together; for the poor man of today might be the rich man of tomorrow, the pack-driver might be a big plantation-owner, and the worker who did not know how to read might one day be a respected political leader. Cases in point were cited, and they never failed to mention Horacio, who had begun as a mule-driver and was now one of the largest planters in the region. And the rich man of today might be the poor man of tomorrow, if another richer than he, with the aid of a lawyer, worked a clever "ouster" and succeeded in taking his land away from him. What was more, any of today's living might tomorrow be lying dead in the street, a bullet-hole in his chest. For over and above the court of justice, the judge, the prosecutor, and the citizen jury was the law of the trigger, which in Ilhéos was the court of final appeal.”

P.190 “As a result, Captain João Magalhães had let himself in for a monumental series of lies.”

## Interpretations

- P.72 “At the edge of the forest Negro Damião was waiting for a man in ambush. In the light of the moon he was seeing hallucinatory visions, and he was suffering. At the edge of another forest, in the drawing-room of the Big House, Dr. Virgilio was putting his knowledge of the law at the service of the two colonels and their ambition, and was discovering love in Ester's frightened eyes.”
- In The Forest, Negro Damião overhears a conversation between the Badaro Brothers: “Do you enjoy killing people? Don’t you feel anything at all? Nothing on the inside?” And from this exchange Negro Damião questions his humanity. Whether it be that of a human, a black human, or just an assasian, these questions posed to him open his mind to the morals of the land, and in turn, he misses his shot on Firmo... And then, of a sudden, the terrifying idea shot through his head: suppose that Dona Terreza were pregnant?
- Similarly, Lawyer Virgilio is due to give the order for Juca Badaro’s assassination. Lawyer Virgilio questions his own moral standing, and the morals of those present: “Yes for them it was easy to kill, and for this Virgilio had given little attention to this strange fact. But now he found himself viewing differently these rude men of the plantations... How would he ever be able to look Don Oglá in the face?

The rivalry between the brothers Juca and Sinho Badaro, and Colonel Horacio Silveira, results in an endless chain of violence. Their implacable enmity also highlights the gulf between those who inherit land and those who gradually acquire and monopolize it by dubious means.

Prolific, versatile and inevitably uneven, Amado comes close to persuading us that Bahia is the heart of Brazil and indeed the universe.

### Is Jorge Amado the Gateway to Brazil

Bosi, when classifying the novel from 1930s, defines the works of Jorge Amado, Marques Rebelo, and Érico Veríssimo as novels with minimal tension: “There is conflict, but it is mainly in terms of verbal opposition, sentimental [opposition] at most: the characters do not distinguish themselves viscerally from the structure and background that condition them”).

Oliven is concerned with being Brazilian (with the image foreigners have of Brazil) but with a different idea of being Brazilian than the one Amado documents. After all, the majority of the Brazilian population is located in the southeast and south of the country, and the Brazilian customs North Americans are acquainted with—Brazilian food such as rice and black beans, Brazilian music such as bossa nova, and Brazilian literature by

writers other than Amado, such as Machado de Assis and Clarice Lispector—are very different from those in the northeast.

Gabriela, Clove, and Cinnamon, which stands as the true dividing line between Amado as a novelist of social engagement and Amado as a novelist intent on public success.

There are already several new portals to Brazil, but Amado will continue being the one that is always open to a time that has passed, a time to which we return through one of Amado's epigraphs: "O cheiro de cravo/A cor de canela/Eu vim de longe/Vim ver Gabriela" (The smell of cloves/ The color of cinnamon/ I've come from afar/ I've come to see Gabriela).

Review:

"Novels aren't any worse for having no 'social message'; but it's strange to find one which handles so much social material without taking it somewhere, only moving it from place to place."

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## Norman Doidge

*The Brain That Changes Itself*

<https://www.brainmaster.com/software/pubs/brain/contrib/The%20Brain%20That%20Changes%20Itself.pdf>

Neurons that fire together wire together. The use and disuse of neuronal pathways that permit brain reorganization via neuroplasticity.

"The discovery of the critical period became one of the most famous in biology in the second half of the twentieth century. Scientists soon showed that other brain systems required environmental stimuli to develop. It also seemed that each neural system had a different critical period, or window of time, during which it was especially plastic and sensitive to the environment, and during which it had rapid, formative growth. Language development, for instance, has a critical period that begins in infancy and ends between eight years and puberty. After this critical period closes, a person's ability to learn a second language without an accent is limited. Second languages learned after the critical period are not processed in the same part of the brain as is the native tongue."

"Learning in the critical period is effortless because during that period the nucleus basalis is always on. But now he was asking, could the critical period of effortless learning be extended?"

"Schwartz wondered whether patients could shift the caudate "manually" by paying constant, effortful attention and actively focusing on something besides the worry, such as a new, pleasurable activity." p.121

## Chapter 4: What Neuroplasticity Teaches Us About Sexual Attraction and Love-

### Learning and Unlearning

“In grief, we learn to live without the one we love, but the reason this lesson is so hard is that we first must unlearn the idea that the person exists and can still be relied on.”

“Critical periods lay the groundwork for our types, but falling in love in adolescence or later provides an opportunity for a second round of massive plastic change.”

### Pleasure Centers

“When the pleasure centers are turned on, everything we experience gives us pleasure. A drug like cocaine acts on us by lowering the threshold at which our pleasure centers will fire, making it easier for them to turn on. It is not just cocaine that can lower the threshold at which our pleasure centers fire... falling in love lowers the threshold at which the pleasure centers will fire.”

“The enamored person falls in love not only with the beloved but with the world and romanticizes his view of it.”

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## Books

Black authors are recognized for their merit, whereas black musicians are not

### *The Privileged Poor* –

Privileged Poor – Low Income, Private School

Doubly Disadvantaged – Low Income, Public School

“For the doubly disadvantaged college is less about finding opportunities than it is about discovering new constraints”

“At Harvard, 40 percent of students go into management consulting. 40 percent of students don’t come to Harvard thinking about management consulting.”

### Ian Watt’s *The Rise of the Novel*

The present inquiry therefore takes another direction: assuming that the appearance of our first three novelists within a single generation was probably not sheer accident, and that their geniuses could not have created the new form unless the conditions of the time had also been favorable, It attempts to discover what these favorable

conditions in the literary and social situation were, and in what ways Defoe, Richardson and Fielding were its beneficiaries.

The 'realism' of the novels of Defoe, Richardson and Fielding is closely associated with the fact that Moll Flanders is a thief, Pamela a hypocrite, and Tom Jones a fornicator.

Defoe and Richardson were unprecedentedly independent of the literary conventions which might have interfered with their primary intentions, and they accepted the requirements of literal truth

With Defoe this closeness is mainly physical, with Richardson mainly emotional, but in both we feel that the writer's exclusive aim is to make the words bring his object home to us in all its concrete particularity, whatever the cost in repetition or parenthesis or verbosity.

Considering formal realism as an authentic form, how do you figure the class of reading people factors into the equation? If Moll Flanders life is authentic to somebody who doesn't read, and the class who does read is dominantly gentle, classy, people, how does authenticity register?

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## Articles

1. <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2533683/>

“Here, we report an association between one of the human *genotype variations in the* RS3 and traits reflecting pair-bonding behavior in men, including partner bonding, perceived marital problems, and marital status, and show that the RS3 genotype of the males also affects marital quality as perceived by their spouses.”

Out of the many self-help and psychology books I read, the only one to mention the RS3 334 allele as described above was *Incognito: The Secret Lives of The Brain* by David Eagleman. There he writes that if society became scientifically literate and informed, every woman would want their potential spouses tested for genotype variations in the RS3 334 allele because the variations of this gene link to behavioral changes so drastic that direct correlations can be drawn between gene reception and infidelity.

2. <https://www.jstor.org/stable/24504272?searchText=Simulated+traces+of+four+targets+being+simultaneously+encoded+by+eSTST+model+%28top%29+during+a+sustained+attentional+episode+at+100+ms+stimulus+onset+asynchrony&searchUri=%2Faction%2FdoBasicSearch%3FQuery%3DSimulated%2Btraces%2Bof%2Bfour%2Btargets%2Bbeing%2Bsimultaneously%2Bencoded%2Bby%2BeSTST%2Bmodel%2B%2528top%2529%2Bduring%2Ba%2Bsustained%2Battentional%2Bepisode%2Bat%2B100%2>



Sinners Article – <https://readingreligion.org/blog/theology-meets-southern-gothic-horror-in-ryan-cooglers-sinners/>

By Amber Lowe

- The title *Sinners* invites a theological reading. Who are the sinners, and what is sin? In a world where whiteness proclaims itself as salvation, Remmick's declaration—"I am the way"—parodies Christian soteriology while invoking a colonial logic of civilizing mission. This dynamic echoes W.E.B. Du Bois' indictment of the "religion of whiteness" in his essay "The Souls of White Folk," where he argues that whiteness is a faith unto itself—one that sacralizes conquest, purity, and domination as moral imperatives.
- The vampire as metaphorical savior is particularly potent in Coogler's parable, and Remmick's racial identity as an Irish immigrant-turned-vampire adds another layer to the metaphor. Once a colonial subject under the British Empire, he now reproduces colonial violence in the American South. Cedric Robinson's theory of racial capitalism illuminates this reversal
- Cyclical temporality is quietly displayed in one of the film's most haunting scenes, where Delta Slim hums the blues after recounting the lynching of a close friend by the Klan. This moment links grief to musical transmission and trauma to aesthetic survival. Coogler refuses to visualize both the lynch mob and the slain friend. Instead, he layers the soundscape with disembodied voices—moans, shouts, hushed chants—that bleed into Delta Slim's blues humming as he recounts the lynching. These voices are not anchored to visible bodies but drift through the scene like a spectral force, a sonic manifestation of the afterlife of slavery. Coogler uses sound not simply to recall the dead but to stage their ongoing presence—unresolved, unburied, and unfinished—within the living. The scene becomes a sonic archive, where trauma is transmitted not through spectacle but through resonance, echo, and breath.



## List of Terms to Dissect

### Literature

- Narrative Procedure
- Syntax
- Lexicon
- Realism
- Genre
- Archetype
- Form
- Staging
- Omission
- Enjambment
- Hypotaxis
- Parataxis
- Entendre
- Idiosyncrasy
- Baconian Program
- Fiction / Fancy
- Observation
- Point of View
- Fragment

## List of Terms to Dissect

### Music

- Timbre
- Syncopate
- Dissonance
- Assonance
- Polyrhythm
- Singing in the Throat
- Spontaneity
- Riff, lick
- Groove
- Dialogism
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- Aimé Césaire
- Amon Saba Saakana
- Ann Radcliffe
- Aphra Behn
- Brady Gibson
- Charles Darwin
- Charlotte Brontë
- Charlotte Lennox
- Chinua Achebe
- C.L.R. James
- Colette
- Cortlan Wickliff
- Daniel Defoe
- David Goggins
- David Ikard
- David Walker
- Derrick Bell
- E.M. Forster
- Edgar Allan Poe
- Eliza Haywood
- Emily Brontë
- Ernest Hemingway
- Evan Mandery (*Poison Ivy*)
- Francis Burney
- Francis Bacon
- Franz Kafka
- Freud
- Fredrick Douglass
- Fyodor Dostoevsky
- George Elliot
- Harriet Jacobs
- Harriet E. Wilson (*Our Nig*)
- Henry Fielding
- Henry Louis Gates
- Horace Walpole
- Ian Watt
- Jane Austen
- James Baldwin
- James Hogg
- James Joyce
- Jamaica Kincaid
- Jay Gould
- Jean Rhys
- Jesmin Ward
- John Ruskin
- John Steinbeck
- Jorge Amado
- Joseph Conrad
- Karl Marx ; Fred Engels
- Kiese Laymon
- Lalita Tademy (*Cane River*)
- Laurence Stern
- Leo Tolstoy
- Lenn E. Goodman
- Mark Twain
- Martin Luther King Jr.
- Mathew “Monk” Lewis
- Marquis De Sade
- Michael Kimmel
- Micheal McKeon
- Mikhail Bakhtin
- Nella Larsen
- Norman Doidge
- Octavia Butler
- Paul Conkin
- Ralph Ellison
- R.F. Kuang
- Richard Rothstein (*Color of Law*)
- Ralph Waldo Emerson
- Richard Wright
- Sally Rooney
- Samuel Johnson
- Samuel Richardson
- Shakespeare
- Sutton E. Griggs
- Theodore Fontae
- Theodore Storm
- Thomas Mann
- Toni Cade Bambara
- Toni Morrison
- Virginia Woolf
- Walter Pater
- W.E.B DuBois
- William Blake
- William Faulkner
- Zora Neale Hurston
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