

FINAL EXAM QUOTATION GUIDE
ENG 255—HALBERT—SPRING 1017

QUOTE: “. . . How do I know when another nation will come and conquer you as you white men conquered us? And they will have another marriage rite to perform, and they will tell us another truth, that you are not my husband, that you are but disgracing and dishonouring me, that you are keeping me here, not as your wife, but as your—your *squaw*.”

SOURCE: E. Pauline Johnson [Tekahionwake]. *A Red Girl's Reasoning*, P1423, volume I

QUOTE: “It would have been a difficult matter for Mr. Pontillier to define to his own satisfaction or any one else's wherein his wife failed in her duty toward their children. It was something which he felt rather than perceived, and he never voiced the feeling without subsequent regret and ample atonement.”

SOURCE: Kate Chopin. *The Awakening*. Vol A. Pg. 1258

QUOTE: But that night she was like the little tottering, stumbling, clutching child, who of a sudden realizes its powers, and walks for the first time alone, boldly and with over-confidence. She could have shouted for joy. She did shout for joy, as with a sweeping stroke or two she lifted her body to the surface of the water.

SOURCE: Kate Chopin. *The Awakening*, P1274 volume I

QUOTE: She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue grass meadow that she had transversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and end.

SOURCE: *The Awakening*. Kate Chopin (P 1344).

QUOTE: It had long been secretly regarded as a “visitation” by the great man's family that he had left no son and that his daughters were not “intellectual.” The ladies themselves were the first to lament their deficiency, to own that nature had denied them the gift of making the most of their opportunities.

SOURCE: Edith Wharton “The Angel at the Grave” pg. 32

QUOTE: He had fancied a woman that could shed her past like a man. But now he saw that Alice was bound to hers both by the circumstances that forced her into continued relation with it, and by the traces it had left on her nature. With grim irony Waythorn compared himself to a member of a syndicate. He held so many shares in his wife's personality and his predecessors were his partners in the business.

SOURCE: “The Other Two.” Edith Wharton (P 54).

QUOTE: It rankled that he had been so vanquished by her disdain.

SOURCE: Willa Cather “Coming, Aphrodite!” p. 99

QUOTE: There stood his master and this woman, laughing at him! The woman was pulling the long black hair of this mightiest of men, who bowed his head and permitted it.

SOURCE: Willa Cather. "Coming, Aphrodite!" P114-5, volume II

QUOTE: In time they quarreled, of course, and about an abstraction,- as young people often do, as mature people almost never do.

SOURCE: "Coming, Aphrodite!" Willa Cather (P 115).

QUOTE: The woman was pulling the long black hair of this mightiest of men, who bowed his head and permitted it.

SOURCE: Willa Cather. "Coming, Aphrodite!" P115.

QUOTE How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees, bringing to his antlers

The buck in the snow.
How strange a thing--a mile away by now, it may be,
Under the heavy hemlocks that as the moments pass
Shift their loads a little, letting fall a feather of snow--
Life, looking out attentive from the eyes of the doe.

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay," The Buck in the Snow"

QUOTE: "Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand;

Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!"

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Second Fig*. Vol B. Pg. 445

QUOTE: "... I have the fervor of myself for a presence /

and my own spirit for light; /
and my spirit with its loss /
knows this; /
though small against the black, /
small against the formless rocks, /
hell must break before I am lost; ..."

SOURCE: H.D. Eurydice (VIII). Vol B. Pg. 288-289

QUOTE: Mrs. Haydon could not believe that any girl not even Lena, really had no feeling about getting married.

SOURCE: Gertrude Stein, "The Gentle Lena," (P149)

QUOTE: Hermen Kreder was very well content now and he always lived very regular and peaceful, and with every day just like the next one, always alone now with his three good, gentle children.

SOURCE: Gertrude Stein. "The Gentle Lena," P163, volume II

QUOTE: Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

SOURCE: Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, "The Revolt of 'Mother'"

QUOTE: "It was good to be strong enough for everything, even if all you made melted and changed and slipped under your hands, so that by the time you finished you almost forgot what you were working for."

SOURCE: Katherine Anne Porter. "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall". Vol B. Pg. 343

QUOTE: Digging post holes changed a woman. Riding country roads in the winter when women had their babies was another thing: sitting up nights with sick horses and sick negroes and sick children and hardly ever losing one. John, I hardly ever lost one of them! John would see that in a minute, that would be something he could understand, she wouldn't have to explain anything!

SOURCE: Katherine Anne Porter. "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall", P343 volume II

QUOTE: "Delia's habitual meekness seemed to slip from her shoulders like a blown scarf. She was on her feet; her poor little body, her bare knuckly hands bravely defying the strapping hulk before her."

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston. "Sweat". Vol B. Pg. 350

QUOTE: After that she was able to build a spiritual earthworks against her husband. His shells could no longer reach her.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston, "Sweat," Pg. 351.

QUOTE: It's too bad, too, cause she wuz a right pretty lil trick when he got huh. Ah'd uh mah'ied huh mahseff if he hadnter beat me to it.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston "Sweat". Vol 2 pg. 352

QUOTE: Clarke spoke for the first time. "Taint no law on the earth dat kin make a man be decent if it ain't in 'im. There's plenty men dat takes a wife lak dey do a joint uh sugar-cane. It's round, juicy an' sweet when dey gits it. But dey squeeze an' grind, squeeze an' grind an' wring

tell dey wring every drop uh pleasure dat's in 'em out. When dey's satisfied dat dey is wrung dry, dey treats 'em jes lak dey do a cane-chew. Dey throws 'em away. Dey knows whut dey is doin' while dey is at it, an' hates themselves fuh it but they keeps on hangin' after huh tell she's empty. Den dey hates huh fuh bein' a cane-chew an' in de way."

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston, "Sweat," (P352)

QUOTE: No, I do not weep at the world—I am too busy sharpening my oyster knife.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston. "How It Feels to Be Colored Me." P358.

QUOTE: No one on earth ever had a greater chance for glory. The world to be won and nothing to be lost. It is thrilling to think--to know that for any act of mine, I shall get twice as much praise or twice as much blame. It is quite exciting to hold the center of the national stage, with the spectators not knowing whether to laugh or to weep.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston "How it Feels to be Colored Me", pg. 359

QUOTE: You must not argue with me – above all we must have no arguments, no talk about man and his destiny – man has no destiny – that is my secret.

SOURCE: Djuna Barnes "Cassation" p. 466

QUOTE: "I'm of the glamorous ladies, /
At whose beckoning history shook. /
But you are a man, and see only my pan, /
So I stay at home with a book."

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker. "Song of One of the Girls." Vol B. Pg. 489

QUOTE: And I had to go and tell him that I'd adore to dance with him. I cannot understand why I wasn't struck right down dead. Yes, and being struck dead would look like a day in the country, compared to struggling out a dance with this boy.

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker "The Waltz" Vol 2 pg. 491

QUOTE: Why he so scarcely knows my name, let alone what it stands for. It stands for Despair, Bewilderment, Futility, Degradation, and Premeditated Murder, but little does he wot. I haven't any idea what it is.

SOURCE: "The Waltz." Dorothy Parker (P 491).

QUOTE: Men seldom make passes/ At girls who wear glasses.

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker, "News Item," (P488)

QUOTE Who are these people at the bridge to meet me? They are the villagers—
 The rector, the midwife, the sexton, the agent for bees.
 In my sleeveless summery dress I have no protection,
 And they are all gloved and covered, why did nobody tell me?
 They are smiling and taking out veils tacked to ancient hats.

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath, "The Bee Meeting"

QUOTE: An engine, an engine / Chuffing me off like a Jew. / A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz,
Belsen. / I began to talk like a Jew. / I think I may well be a Jew.

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath "Daddy" Vol 2 pg. 1058

QUOTE: That melts to a shriek.
 I turn and burn.
 Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

SOURCE: "Lady Lazarus." Sylvia Path (P 1063).

QUOTE: Thirty years now I have labored
 To dredge the silt from your throat.

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath "Colossus" p. 1048

QUOTE: Though why should I whine, / Whine that the crime was other than mine?— / Since
anyhow you are dead. / Or rather, or instead, / You were never made.

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks "The Mother", pg. 781

QUOTE: Abortions will not let you forget. / You remember the children you got that you did not
get.

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks "The Mother", Vol 2 pg. 781

QUOTE: He opened us –
 who was a key.
 who was a man.

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks "Malcolm X" p. 790

QUOTE: As a child she had sometimes been subject to the feelings of shame but education had
removed the last traces of that as a good surgeon scrapes for cancer; she would no more have felt
it over what she was asking than she would have believed in his Bible.

SOURCE: Flannery O'Connor "Good Country People" p. 905

QUOTE: “ Why that looks like a nice dull young man that tried to sell me a bible yesterday,” Mrs. Hopewell said, squinting. He was so simple,” he said, “ but I guess the world would be better off if we were all that simple.”

SOURCE: “Good Country People.” Flannery O’Connor (P 905).

QUOTE: “Give me my leg!” she screeched. He jumped up so quickly that she barely saw him sweep the cards and the blue box into the Bible and throw the Bible into the valise. She saw him grab the leg and then she saw it for an instant slanted forlornly across the inside of the suitcase with a Bible at either side of its opposite ends. He slammed the lid shut and snatched up the valise and swung it down the hole and stepped through himself.

SOURCE: Flannery O’Connor, “Good Country People”

QUOTE: But achievement is smaller than men think. What is large is the sky, the earth, the sea, the soul.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin. “Sur.” P946.

QUOTE: We discussed leaving some kind of mark or monument, a snow cairn, a tent pole and flag; but there seemed no particular reason to do so. Anything we could do, anything we were, was insignificant, in that awful place.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin, “Sur” (P951)

QUOTE: Only those who had concealed from her what she most needed to know were to blame.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin, “Sur,” Pg. 952

QUOTE: My words must now be as slow, as new, as single, as tentative as the steps I took going down the path away from the house, between the dark-branched, tall dancers motionless against the winter shining.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin, “She Unnames Them,” Pg. 955

QUOTE: We didn’t like each other all that much at first, but nobody else wanted to play with us because we weren’t real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were dumped. Even the New York City Puerto Ricans and the upstate Indians ignored us. All kinds of kids were in there, black ones, white ones, even two Koreans.

SOURCE: “Recitatif.” Toni Morrison (P 997).

QUOTE: We got along all right, Roberta and me. Changed beds every night, got F’s in civics and communications skills and gym. The Bozo was disappointed in us, she said. Out of 130 of us state cases, 90 were under twelve. Almost all were real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were the only ones dumped and the only ones with F’s in three classes including gym.

So we got along—what with her leaving whole pieces of things on her plate and being nice about not asking questions.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison. *Recitatif*, P998 volume II

QUOTE: Out of 130 state cases, 90 were under twelve. Almost all were real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison “Recitatif” Vol 2 pg. 998

QUOTE: A black girl and a white girl meeting in a Howard Johnson’s on the road and having nothing to say.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison “Recitatif” p. 1003

QUOTE: Joseph was on the list of kids to be transferred from the junior high school to another one at some far-out-of-the-way place and I thought it was a good thing until I heard it was a bad thing. I mean I didn't know. All the schools seemed dumps to me, and the fact that one was nicer looking didn't hold much weight.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison “Recitatif” pg. 1005

QUOTE: Roberta’s mother looked down at me and then looked down at Mary too. She didn’t say anything, just grabbed Roberta with her Bible-free hand and stepped out of line, walking quickly to the rear of it.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison, “Recitatif”

QUOTE: Women in the old Chin did not chose. Some man had commanded her to lie with him and be his secret evil. I wonder whether he masked himself when he joined the raid of her family.

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston “No Name Woman”, Vol 2 pg 1231

QUOTE: But women at sex hazard birth and hence lifetimes.

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston, “No Name Woman,” Pg. 1232

QUOTE: The frightened villagers, who depended on one another to maintain the real, went to my aunt to show her a personal, physical representation of the break she had made in the "roundness." Misallying couples snapped off the future, which was to be embodied in true offspring. The villagers punished her for acting as if she could have a private life, secret and apart from them.

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston “No Name Woman”, pg. 1235

QUOTE: It was probably a girl; there is some hope of forgiveness for boys.

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston, "No Name Woman," (P1237)

QUOTE: Modern painters have "borrowed," copied, or otherwise extrapolated the art of tribal cultures and called it cubism, surrealism, symbolism. The music, the beat of the drum, the Blacks' jive talk. All taken over.

SOURCE: Gloria Anzaldua "The Path of the Red and Black Ink", pg. 1257

QUOTE: I knew I'd stir during the night and need to put on more bandages and we didn't want me to wake you up.

SOURCE: Rebecca Brown "Forgiveness". Vol 2 pg. 1432-1434

QUOTE: "How it was that when you asked me, I believed you and I told you yes. How, though I had tried a long time to replace what you had hacked away from me, I could never undo the action of your doing so, that I had, and only ever would have, more belief in your faulty memory, your stupid sloppy foresight, than in your claims of change."

SOURCE: Rebecca Brown. "Forgiveness". Vol B. Pg. 1436

QUOTE: I learned to do things differently. To button my shirts, to screw and unscrew the toothpaste cap, to tie my shoes. We didn't think of this. Together, we were valiant, brave and stoic. Though I couldn't quite keep up with you at tennis anymore.

SOURCE: Rebecca Brown, "Forgiveness".

QUOTE: I slept on the couch in the den because I was still bleeding, even through the bandages, and I knew I'd stir during the night and need to put on more bandages and we didn't want me to wake you up.

SOURCE: Rebecca Brown. "Forgiveness." P1432.

QUOTE: Throwing away this spirituality was their pathetic attempt to lighten the soul to a weight their work-worn, sexually abused bodies could bear.

SOURCE: Alice Walker *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens* p. 1297

QUOTE: This sickly, frail black girl who required a servant of her own at times—her health was so precarious—and who, had she been white, would have easily been considered the intellectual superior of all the women and most of the men in the society of her day.

SOURCE: Alice Walker, *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens*, Pg. 1298

QUOTE: Guided by my heritage of a love of beauty and a respect for strength—in search of my mother’s garden, I found my own.

SOURCE: Alice Walker. *In Search of Our Mothers’ Gardens*. P1303.

QUOTE: Even then, he knew that this broken place inside him would not be mended, except by some terrible means.

SOURCE: Louise Endrich, “The Shawl,” Pg. 1411

QUOTE: He became, for us, a thing to be avoided, outsmarted, and exploited. We survived off him as if he were a capricious and dangerous line of work. I suppose we stopped thinking of him as a human being, certainly as a father.

SOURCE: Louise Erdrich. “The Shawl”. P1411.

QUOTE: Suddenly, he was my father. And when I knelt down next to him, I was his son. I reached for the closest rag, and picked up this piece of blanket that my father has always kept with him for some reason. And as I picked it up and wiped the blood off his face, I said to him, Your nose is crooked again. He looked at me, steady and quizzical, as though he had never a drink in his life, and I wiped his face again with that frayed piece of blanket.

SOURCE: Louise Erdrich, “The Shawl”

QUOTE: Somehow one ought to live one’s life like that, don’t you think? You or no one. Because to suffer for love is good. The pain is all sweet somehow. In the end.

SOURCE: Sandra Cisneros, “Woman Hollering Creek,” (P1401)

QUOTE: This woman found on the side of the interstate. This one pushed from a moving car. This ones cadaver, this one unconscious, this one beaten blue. Her ex-husband, her husband, her lover, her father, her brother, her uncle, her friend, her co-worker. Always.

SOURCE: Sandra Cisneros, “Woman Hollering Creek”, Pg. 1405