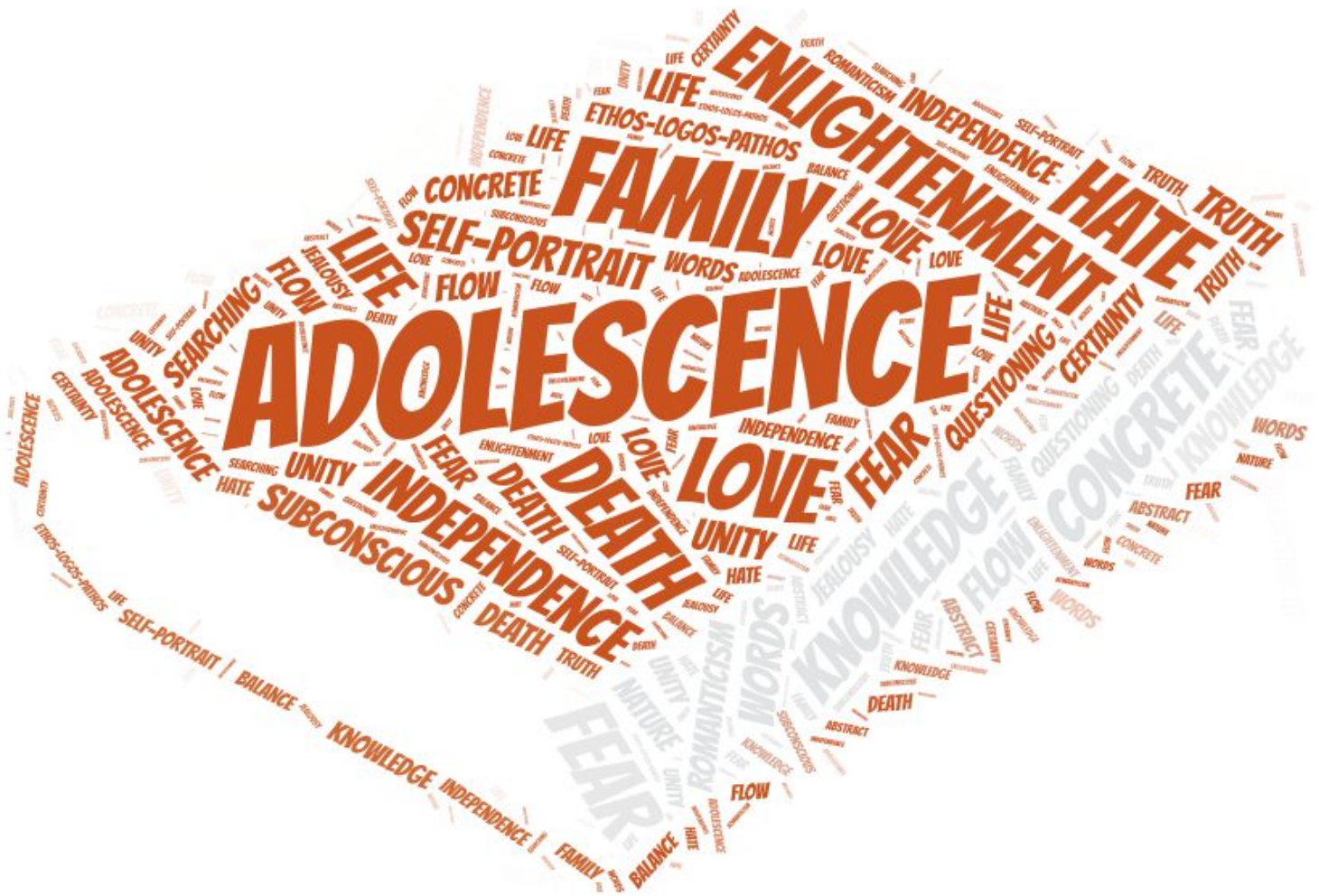


Key words:

adolescence	enlightenment	romanticism	style	ethos-logos-pathos
independence	concrete	abstract	family	unity
knowledge	balance	words	questioning	life
death	flow	self-portrait	certainty	love
hate	fear	jealousy	searching	truth
nature	friendship	self	mask	identity

Word "Cloud" (by tagul.com)



Annotated Bibliography Semester 2

Adichie, Chimamanda Ngozi. *Purple Hibiscus*.

Purple Hibiscus is a novel about a Nigerian girl Kambili's struggle to survive with the love of her family and the turmoil of her father and her country. It explores that the idea of **love** towards a person in excess actually leads to a **fear** and then a **hatred**— such is the case of Papa's overly-strict "regime" for his children. Although his morals and the rectitude in many of his actions made him "seem immortal" (287), Kambili mentioned that she and her brother were motivated around their father only because "[they] were terrified [they] couldn't" (226) — Papa's fear creates a reign of terror for their children. Amaka, Kambili's cousin, is similar to Frankenstein's monster, who views well-off human beings with **hate** and a bitter **jealousy**; the both change near the end of their respective novels to realize that their **hatred** was unfounded and that their spiteful revenge would give no benefit.

Benson, Stacy. "Typography Self Portrait."

Making the phrase "a picture is worth a thousand words" literal, Benson creates an image of herself out of words, a **self-portrait** conveyed not only through the physical aspect but also the meaning of the words. Like any story, certain **words** are emphasized, such as "daughter," "twin," "Chicago" — effectively building a story with bits and pieces of her fragmented, **word**-oriented life. Contrary to Siddhartha's beliefs, Benson uses **words** to portray a complete story by adding the shape and size of the words, showing the audience that it is not only the meaning of words that matter, but sheer numbers and placement that can give it another dimension, another level towards reality. Similar to "Hole," Benson appears to be depressed, looking down in a reflective manner, perhaps ashamed at herself for the mistakes in her past; unlike "Hole," however, this provides a visual idea of her sadness.

Cisneros, Sandra. "Abuelito Who."

"Abuelito Who" is a poem that illustrates the speaker's changing emotions towards her grandfather: a man first of "dough and feathers ... [and] watch and glass of water" that becomes "is sick ... is tired ... is the rain." The poem has a very unique **style**, using very **concrete words** such as "fur," "watch," "dough," "feathers," and "glass of water" to describe an object that is so much more and very much different than those objects: a living person. She is forming a unique **identity**, a multifaceted and **abstract** portrait created from many different **concrete** and lesser items, as well as forging her **love** in the beginning and her **fear** at the end of his degradation. Mihaly's TED Talk is similar to this poem because there is a correlation between **love** and concern for a person for a person that is similar to his diagram of challenge and skill — with just the beginning of the poem with Cisneros' adoration of Abuelito, or just the ending with her **fear** of his disappearance, the poem was incomplete; only with both elements combined in this

poem did Cisneros' true love for her grandfather show, just as "flow" would need both challenge and skill.

Csikszentmihalyi, Mihaly. "What Makes a Life Worth Living? FLOW: The Secret to Happiness!"

In this TED Talk, Mihaly explores the conclusion of his own research to discover what gives people the most enjoyment: what many of his interviewees called "**flow**." Not success or money, but the feeling of the constant **search** for **knowledge** in a state "so intense it fe[els] like you don't even exist" — a spontaneous moment of clarity, of epiphany. This all overshadows the central idea of **balance** that spurs the whole idea: he demonstrates in a chart that a slight change in either skill or challenge level can greatly affect mood, and any movement from the center of his diagram could give birth to the entire plethora of emotions. This is described by Victor Frankenstein, who loses himself in a state of **flow** as he builds the monster, "engaged, heart and soul, in the pursuit of the discoveries [he] had hoped to make" (51); unfortunately, the satisfaction that he gains is very temporary, and it shows that Csikszentmihalyi's theory can backfire.

Hesse, Hermann. *Siddhartha*.

On the ultimate quest for **knowledge**, young and ambitious Siddhartha leaves his home to seek Nirvana, ultimately finding it in **nature**, the "**unity** of all things" (137). He repeatedly notices that **words** and teachers cannot provide the most complete experiences, because "he did not think it would teach him anything new" (28): that all ideas have to be learned and are two-sided, a spectrum and a **balance**, "everything, together without distinction, forming Om" (136), but **words** and teachings are "one-sided" (142) for practicality's sake. This is similar to Victor Frankenstein in one way: Siddhartha seeks **enlightenment** and Nirvana, a **search** for **knowledge**; Victor, however, searches to get away from the **enlightenment** philosophy because it is what leads to his dreadful experience with the monster.

Porter, Andrew. "Hole."

The narrator recalls the traumatic childhood memory of the **death** of his best **friend** and the unexpected circumstances from which it arose — the narrator was "listening to the Top 40 countdown on the radio, already wearing [his bathing suit, waiting ... [to] go swimming at the Bradshaws' pool" (1). Throughout the narration, there is a sense of distance from the memory that happened "mid-July, twelve summers ago" (1), something that allows one to "remember events that occurred years before more vividly than you could even a day or two after you experienced them" (2), something that removes the initial sense of shock and allows one to consider the story from multiple perspectives. Similar to *Catcher in the Rye* and *Frankenstein*, this story is written as a memory from an older self, a memory written in vivid detail and a commentary that adds an invaluable amount of meaning to the story.

Salinger, J. D. *Catcher in the Rye*.

This is a book about Holden-Caulfield, a do-no-gooder teenager who reflects on his life, with past experiences of boredom and failures in a very negative light — around him, life is “depressed,” “lousy,” “stinking,” “crooked,” “crumby,” “phony.” Throughout the novel, he struggles to settle down peacefully and with some satisfaction in his life, without the **uncertainty** that he always experiences in his meaningless wandering — so much that he reassured himself with “don’t let me disappear” (193) — and at the very end he discovers the happiness he receives going back to his **family**, to his roots, to where he began, where he “felt so damn happy” (213). This is very similar to Siddhartha in his **search** for **truth**, but instead of finding the greatest contentment in his own experiences, he finds what he originally took for granted — his family — as the ultimate source of happiness.

Shelley, Mary. *Frankenstein*.

This is a horror story about Victor Frankenstein, an ambitious boy who creates with science a “wretch” (58), a being who is born benevolent but is turned into a terrible monster when he attempts in vain to avenge his horrible stature on the humans who rejected him. Throughout the book, Victor was a battleground of the ideals of **Enlightenment** — such as the science behind the monster that put him into a “nervous fever ... for several months” (61) — and **Romanticism** — such as the **love** for his **family** and the “serene joy” (62) he felt in his friend Clerval — that left him always in a state of **uncertainty** between his loyalties. Victor was in many ways similar to Holden from *Catcher in the Rye*, both of them having unintentionally created the problems for themselves: Victor who was “deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge” (38) who created the monster and Holden who did the opposite who created a dull, boring, underachieving life for himself.

Shortliffe, Del. “As of May 2002.”

“As of May 2002” is a poem consisting of the author’s beliefs, a list of random thoughts connected by anaphora and occasional anadiplosis. It involves both the **abstract** and the **concrete** as Shortliffe **questions** the world around him, defining death as “silence and no thinking, no remembrance, no concern” and saying his “bank account is too slim.” Although it is difficult to pinpoint a general meaning, there is the central theme of a general clinging to **life**, a hopeful pessimism similar to that of Victor Frankenstein when he hopelessly pursues the monster with the inkling of apprehension of actually killing it. There is also the theme of **words** being insignificant, similar to Siddhartha’s belief, that “**words** are too small for life” and his “beliefs are no great matter” — instead, he believes that **words** are a decoration, a little treat, “sea glass on [his] tongue and a lovely crackling to [his] ears.” In other words, the **words** are not significant for their meaning per se, but it is the wonderful effect that word combinations have that can greatly influence a person.

Quotes from Purple Hibiscus

“It was what Aunty Ifeoma did to my cousins, I realized then, setting higher and higher jumps for them in the way she talked to them, in what she expected of them. She did it all the time believing they would scale the rod. And they did. It was different for Jaja and me. We did not scale the rod because we believed we could, we scaled it because we were terrified that we couldn’t” (226)

“I had never considered the possibility that Papa would die, that Papa could die. He was different from Ade Coker from all the other people they had killed. He had seemed immortal” (287)

“ ... that I want [to see Papa] so much I sometimes make my own dreams, when I am neither awake nor asleep: I see Papa, he reaches out to hug me, I reach out, too, but our bodies never touch before something jerks me up and I realize that I cannot control even the dreams that I have made. There is so much that is still silent between Jaja and me. Perhaps we will talk more with time, or perhaps we never will be able to say it all, to clothe things in words, things that have long been naked” (306)

“[Aunty Ifeoma] seemed so happy, so at peace, and I wondered how anybody around me could feel that way when liquid fire was raging around me, when fear was mingling with hope and clutching itself around my ankles” (174)

“The educated ones leave, the ones with the potential to right the wrongs. They leave the weak behind. The tyrants continue to reign because the weak cannot resist. Do you see that it is a cycle? Who will break that cycle?” (245)