

ENG 255 Women in Literature
Dr. Halbert
Spring 2016 Final Exam Quote Guide

QUOTE: The sentiment which she entertained for Robert in no way resembled that which she felt for her husband, or had ever felt, or ever expected to feel. She had all her life long been accustomed to harbor thoughts and emotions which never voiced themselves. They had never taken the form of struggles. They belonged to her and were her own, and she entertained the conviction that she had a right to them and that they concerned no one but herself.

SOURCE: Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*, p. 1290 (Vol. A)

QUOTE: He reproached his wife with her inattention, her habitual neglect of the children. If it was not a mother's place to look after children, whose on earth was it? He himself had his hands full with his brokerage business. He could not be in two places at once; making a living for his family on the street, and staying at home to see that no harm befell them.

SOURCE: Kate Chopin. *The Awakening*. P1257.

QUOTE: He had fancied that a woman can shed her past like a man. But now he saw that Alice was bound to hers both by the circumstances which 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 had so many shares in his wife's personality and his predecessors were his partners in the business.

SOURCE: Edith Wharton, "The Other Two", p. 54 (Vol. B)

QUOTE: It was a double solitude; for she had always thought a great deal more of the people who came to see the House than of the people who came to see her.

SOURCE: Edith Wharton. "The Angel at the Grave." P37.

QUOTE: Whether she is a passive angel or an active monster, in other words, the woman writer feels herself to be literally or figuratively crippled by the debilitating alternatives her culture offers her, and the crippling effects of her conditioning sometimes seem to "breed" like sentences of death in the bloody shoes she inherits from her literary foremothers.

SOURCE: Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic*, p. 57

QUOTE: "Cleaner than me?" her eyebrows went up, her white arms and neck and her fragrant person seemed to scream at him like a band of outraged nymphs. Something flashed through his mind about a man who was turned into a dog, or was pursued by dogs, because he unwittingly intruded upon the bath of beauty.

SOURCE: Willa Cather. "Coming, Aphrodite!". Vol B. Pg.98

QUOTE: It had never occurred to Hedger that any one would mind using the tub after Ceasar;- but then, he had never seen a beautiful girl caparisoned for the bath before.

SOURCE: "Coming, Aphrodite!" Willa Cather, P99

QUOTE: "When he took his over-coat from its place against the partition, a long ray of yellow light shot across the dark enclosure,-- a knot hole, evidently, in the high wainscoating of the west room. He had never noticed it before, and without realizing what he was doing, he stooped and squinted through it."

SOURCE: Willa Cather, "Coming, Aphrodite!" P99

QUOTE: She was thinking that she was young and handsome and had a good lunch, that a very easy-going, light-hearted city lay in the streets below her; and she was wondering why she found this queer painter, with lean bluish cheeks and heavy black eyebrows, more interesting than the smart young men she met at the teacher's studio.

SOURCE: Willa Cather. "Coming, Aphrodite" p.104

QUOTE: Yet from her earliest childhood she had not one conviction or opinion in common with the people about her,—the only people she knew. Before she was out of short dresses she had made up her mind that she was going to be an actress, that she would live far away in great cities, that she would be much admired by men and would have everything she wanted.

SOURCE: Willa Cather. "Coming, Aphrodite!" P105.

QUOTE: "Yes it was all a peaceful life for Lena. The other girls, of course, did tease her, but then that only made a gentle stir within her."

SOURCE: Gertrude Stein, "The Gentle Lena," P144

QUOTE: So Lena always saved her wages, for she never thought to spend them, and she always went to her aunt's house for Sundays because she did not know that she could do anything different.

SOURCE: Gertrude Stein, "The Gentle Lena", p. 148 (Vol. B)

QUOTE: "She just dragged around and was careless with her clothes and all lifeless, and she acted always and lived on just as if she had no feeling. She always did everything regular with the work, the way she always had had to do it, but she never got back any spirit in her."

SOURCE: Gertrude Stein, "The Gentle Lena", Vol B Pg. 161

QUOTE: Herman Kreder now always lived a very happy, very gentle, very quiet, very well content alone with his three children. He never had a woman any more to be all the time around him. He always did all his own works in his house, when he was thought every day with the

work he was always doing for his father. Herman was always alone, and he always worked alone, until his little ones were big enough to help him. Herman 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," (163)

QUOTE: "Why did you turn back, that hell should be reinhabited of myself thus swept into nothingness?"

SOURCE: H.D., "Eurydice" P286

QUOTE: hell is no worse than your earth

SOURCE: H.D. *Eurydice*. Vol B. Pg.288

QUOTE: you have flayed us
 with your blossoms,
 spare us the beauty
 of fruit-trees

SOURCE: H.D. *Orchard*. Vol B. Pg.283

QUOTE: One day, Mrs. Hopewell had picked up one of the books the girl had just put down and opening it at random, she read, "Science, on the other hand, has to assert its soberness and seriousness afresh and declare that it is concerned solely with what-is. Nothing—how can it be for science anything but a horror and a phantasm? If science is right, then one thing stands firm: science wishes to know nothing of money."

SOURCE: Flannery O'Connor, "Good Country People," pg. 897

QUOTE: After dinner Joy cleared the dishes off the table and disappeared and Mrs. Hopewell was left to talk with him. He told her again about his childhood and his father's accident and about various things that had happened to him. Every five minutes or so she would stifle a yawn. He sat for two hours until she finally told him she must go because she had an appointment in town. He packed his Bibles and thanked her and prepared to leave, but in the door way he stopped and wrung her hand and said that not on ant of his trips had he met a lady as nice as her and he asked if he could come again. She has said she would always be happy to see him.

SOURCE: Flannery O'Connor, *Good Country People* (P899)

QUOTE: The kiss, which had more pressure than feeling behind it, produced that extra surge of adrenalin in the girl that enables one to carry a packed trunk out of a burning house, but in her, the power went at once to the brain. Even before he released her, her mind, clear and detached and ironic anyway, was regarding him from a great distance, with amusement but with pity.

SOURCE: Flannery O'Connor, "Good Country People," p903

QUOTE: Without the leg she felt entirely dependent on him. Her brain seemed to have stopped thinking altogether and to be about some other function that it was not very good at.

SOURCE: Flannery O'Connor. "Good Country People." P905.

QUOTE: Dr. Harry spread a warm paw like a cushion on her forehead where the forked green vein danced and made her eyelids twitch. "Now, now, be a good girl, and we'll have you up in no time." "That's no way to speak to a woman nearly eighty years old just because she's down. I'd have you respect your elders, young man."

SOURCE: Katherine Anne Porter. "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall." P340.

QUOTE: "Yes, she had changed her mind after sixty years and she would like to see George. I want you to find George. Find him and be sure to tell him I forgot him. I want him to know I had my husband just the same and my children and my house like any other woman."

SOURCE: Katherine Anne Porter, "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall" page 344

QUOTE: "I'm not going, Cornelia. I'm taken by surprise. I can't go."

SOURCE: Katherine Anne Porter, "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall", P346

QUOTE: Delia 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. Looka heah, Sykes, you done too fur. Ah been married to you fur fifteen years, Sweat,sweat,sweat! Work and sweat, cry and sweat, pray and sweat!

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston, "Sweat" p.350

QUOTE: Anything like flowers had long ago been drowned in the salty stream that had been pressed from her heart. Her tears, her sweat, her blood. She had brought love to the union and he had brought a longing after the flash. Two months after the wedding, he had given her the first brutal beating.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston. "Sweat." P351.

QUOTE: "We oughter take Skye an' dat stray 'oman uh his'n down in Lake Howell swamp an' lay on de rawhide until they cani't say Lawd a' mussy.' He allus wuz uh ovahbearin' niggah, but since dat white 'oman from up north done teached 'im how to run a automobile, he done got too biggity to live- an' we oughter kill 'im." Old man Anderson advised.

A grunt of approval went around the porch. But the heat was melting their civic virtue and Elijah Mosekey began to bait Joe Clarke.

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

QUOTE: "She avoided the villagers and meeting places in her efforts to be blind and deaf."

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston, Sweat, P353

QUOTE: Delia's work-worn knees crawled over the earth in Gethsemane and up the rocks of Calvary many, many times during these months.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston. "Sweat," P353.

QUOTE: Don't think Ah'm gointuh be run 'way fum mah house neither. Ah'm goin' tuh de white folks bout you, mah young man, de very nex' time you lay yo' han's on me. Mah cup is done run ovah.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston, "Sweat", p335

QUOTE: "All the terror, all the horror, all the rage that man possibly could express, without a recognizable human sound."

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston, "Sweat," P357

QUOTE: Among the thousand white persons, I am a dark rock surged upon, and overswept, but through it all, I remain myself. When covered by the waters, I am; and the ebb but reveals me again.

SOURCE: Zora Neale Hurston. "How it Feels to Be Colored Me." P359.

QUOTE: Three of the men approached me. The fourth stood at a distance, looking at the slow crawling hands of a watch. The three men took me not unkindly, but quite without compassion, one by the head, one by the feet, one sprawled above me, holding my hands down at my hips. All of life's problems had now been reduced to one simple act to swallow or to choke. As I lay in passive revolt, a quizzical thought wandered across my beleaguered mind: This, at least, is one picture that will never go into the family album.

SOURCE: Djuna Barnes, "How It Feels to Be Forcibly Fed" p.461

QUOTE: "He had inserted the red tubing with the funnel at the end, through my nose into the passage of the throat. It is utterly impossible to describe the anguish of it."

SOURCE: Djuna Barnes, How it Feels to Be Forcibly Fed, P461

QUOTE: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' It meant, she said, that one should be like all people and oneself, then, she said, one was both ruined and powerful.

SOURCE: Djuna Barnes. "How It Feels to Be Forcibly Fed." P466.

QUOTE: I pushed, and there she was, sitting up in the bed with the child, and she and the child were making that buzzing cry, and no human sound between them, and as usual, everything was in disorder.

SOURCE: Djuna Barnes, "Cassation," pg. 467

QUOTE: Oh, oh, you will be sorry for that word!
Give back my book and take my kiss instead.
Was in my enemy or my friend I heard,
"What a big book for such a little head!"

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay, "[Oh, oh, you will be sorry for that word!]," pg 445

QUOTE: "Oh, if instead she'd left to me the thing she took into the grave! That courage like a rock, which she has no more need of, and I have."

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay, "The Courage that my Mother Had." Page 457

QUOTE: "That courage like a rock, which she has no more need of, and I have."

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay, The Courage that my mother had, P457

QUOTE: "And I thought, as I wiped my eyes on the corner of my apron: This is an ancient gesture, authentic, antique, In the very best of tradition, classic, Greek,"

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay, "An Ancient Gesture." Page 458

QUOTE: She rose, lifting my arm, and set her cold shears against me, –snip-
snip;
Her knuckles gouged my breast. My drooped eyes lifted to my
guarded eyes in the glass, and glanced away as from someone
they had never met.

SOURCE: Edna St. Vincent Millay. *The Fitting*. Vol B. Pg.456

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

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker, "News Item" p488

QUOTE: "You might as well live"

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker, "Resume," P488

QUOTE: I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to have my tonsils out, I'd love to be in a midnight fire at sea. Well, it's too late now. We're getting underway. *Oh*. Oh,

dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, this is even worse than I thought it would be. I suppose that's the one dependable law of life- everything is always worse than you thought it was going to be.

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker, "The Waltz", p. 491 (Vol. B)

QUOTE: Ah, now why did he have to come around me, with his low requests? Why can't he let me lead my own life? I ask so little- just to be left alone in my quiet corner of the table, to do my earning brooding over all my sorrows. And he must come, with his bows and scraped and his may-I-have-this ones. 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. But what could I do? Everyone else at the table had got up to dance, except him and me. There I was, trapped. Trapped like a trap in a trap.

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker, "The Waltz" (P491)

QUOTE: I hate this creature I'm chained to. I hated him the moment I saw his leering bestial face.

SOURCE: Dorothy Parker, "The Waltz", p492

QUOTE: "Believe that even in my deliberateness I was not deliberate."

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks, "the Mother" P781

QUOTE: the damp small pulps with a little or with no hair, the singers and workers that never handled the air, and you will never neglect or beat, them or silence or buy with a sweet.

SOURCE: Gwendolyn brooks, "the mother" p.781

QUOTE: "I have heard in the voices of the wind the voices of my dim killed children. I have contracted. I have eased."

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks "the mother". Vol B. Pg. 781

QUOTE: Believe me, I loved you all. Believe me, I knew you, though faintly, and I loved, I loved you All.

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks. "the mother." P781.

QUOTE: "We Lurk late. We Strike straight. We Sing sin. We Thin gin. We Jazz june. We Die soon."

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks *We Real Cool*. Vol B. Pg. 787

QUOTE: "I've stayed in the front yard all my life, I want a peek at the back. Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows, A girl gets sick of a rose."

SOURCE: Gwendolyn Brooks, "A Song in the Front Yard." Page 782.

QUOTE: I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
 Whatever I see I swallow immediately.
 Just as it, unmisted by love or dislike.
 I am not cruel, only truthful-

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath. "Mirror" p1050

QUOTE: I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
 She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
 I am important to her. She comes and goes.
 Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
 In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
 Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath, "Mirror" pg. 1050

QUOTE: "Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me, searching my reaches for what she really is. Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon. I see her back, and reflect it faithfully."

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath "Mirror". Vol B. Pg. 1050

QUOTE: "Daddy, I have had to kill you. You died before I had time-."

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath "Daddy". Vol B. Pg.1057

QUOTE: "So I never could tell where you put your foot, your root, I could never talk to you. The tongue stuck in my jaw."

SOURCE: Sylvia Plath, "Daddy." Page 1058

QUOTE: "These verbally talented individuals insisted that their names were important to them, and flatly refused to part with them."

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin *She Unnames Them*. Vol B. Pg. 954

QUOTE: Most of them accepted namelessness with the perfect indifference with which they had so long accepted and ignored their names. Whales and dolphins, seals and sea otters consented with particular grace and alacrity, sliding into anonymity as into their element. A faction of yaks, however, protested. They said that "yak" sounded right, and that almost everyone who knew they existed called them that.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin, "She Unnames Them," pg. 953

QUOTE: But as soon as they understood that the issue was precisely one of individual choice, and that anybody who wanted to be called Rover, or Froufrou, or Polly, or even Birdie in the personal sense, was perfectly free to do so, not one of them had the least objection to parting with the lowercase (or, as regards the German creatures, uppercase) generic appellations "poodle," "parrot," "dog," or "bird," and all the Linnaean qualifiers that had trailed along behind them for two hundred years like tin cans tied to a tail.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin, "She Unnames Them", p954

QUOTE: None were left now to unnamed, and yet how close I felt to them when I saw one of them swim or fly or trot or crawl across my way or over my skin, or stalk me in the night, or go along beside me for a while in the day. They seemed far closer than when their name had stood between myself and them like a clear barrier: so close that my fear of them and their fear of me became on same fear. And the attraction that many of us felt, the desire to smell one another's smells, feel or rub or caress on another's scales or skin or feathers or fur, taste one another's blood or flesh, keep one another warm- that attraction was now all one with the fear, and the hunter could not be told from the hunted, nor the eater from the food.

SOURCE: Ursula K. Le Guin, "She Unnames Them" (P954)

QUOTE: "I'm not sure," I said. "I'm going now. With the-" I hesitated, and finally said, "With them, you know," and went on out. In fact I had only just then realized how hard it would have been to explain myself. I could not chatter always as I used to do, taking it all for granted. My words now must 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" (P955)

QUOTE: Carrying the baby to the well shows loving. Otherwise abandon it. Turn its face into the mud. Mothers who love their children take them along. It was probably a girl; there is some hope of forgiveness for boys.

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston, "No Name Woman", 1236-1237

QUOTE: The Chinese are always very frightened of the drowned one, whose weeping ghost, wet hair hanging and skin bloated, waits silently but the water to pull down a substitute.

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston. *No Name Woman*. Vol B. Pg.1237

QUOTE: "In China your father had a sister who killed herself. She jumped into the family well. We say that your father has all brothers because it is as if she had never been born."

SOURCE: Maxine Hong Kingston, "No Name Woman." Page 1229

QUOTE: Next her father emerged, also alone, something in his arms (it was the picture, she realized), and, going over to the bathhouse woodpile, he threw the picture on the ground and picked up the axe.

SOURCE: Hisaye Yamamoto, "Seventeen Syllables", p842

QUOTE: I promise, Rosie said. But for an instant she turned away, and her mother, hearing the familiar glib agreement, released her. Oh, you, you, you, her eyes and twisted mouth said, you fool. Rosie, covering her face, began at last to cry, and the embrace and consoling hand came much later than she expected.

SOURCE: Hisaye Yamamoto, *Seventeen Syllables* (P844)

QUOTE: And Mary, that's my mother, she was right. Every now and then she would stop dancing long enough to tell me something important and one of the things she said was that they never washed their hair and they smelled funny. Roberta sure did. Smell funny, I mean.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison, "Recitatif," pg. 996

QUOTE: "Oh, Twyla, you know how it was in those days: black-white. You know how everything was. But I didn't know. I thought it was just the opposite."

SOURCE: Toni Morrison *Recitatif*. Vol. B Pg. 1004

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", p. 1005 (Vol. B)

QUOTE: And you were right. We didn't kick her. It was the gar girls. Only them. But, well, I wanted to. I really wanted them to hurt her. I said we did it, too. You and me, but that's not true. And I don't want you to carry that around. It was just that I wanted to do it so bad that day—wanting to is doing it.

SOURCE: Toni Morrison. "Recitatif." P1009.

QUOTE: In other words, other than melanin and subject matter, what, in fact, may make me a black writer? Other than my own ethnicity—what is going on in my work that makes me believe that it is demonstrably inseparable from a cultural specificity that is Afro-American?

SOURCE: Toni Morrison. *Unspeakable Things Unspoken*. P1015.

QUOTE: But at last, Phillis, we understand. No more snickering when your stiff, struggling, ambivalent lines are forced on us. We know now that you were not an idiot or a traitor; only a sickly little black girl, snatched from your home and country and made a slave...

SOURCE: Alice Walker, *In Search of Our Mother's Gardens*, p1299

QUOTE: To be an artist and a black woman, even today, lowers our status in many respects, rather than raises it: and yet, artists we will be.

SOURCE: Alice Walker, *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens*, p. 1300 (Vol. B)

QUOTE: This town with its silly pride for a bronze pecan the size of a baby carriage in front of the city hall. TV repair shop, drugstore, hardware, dry cleaner's, chiropractor's, liquor store, bail bonds, empty storefront, and nothing, nothing, nothing of interest. Nothing one could walk to, at any rate. Because the towns here are built so that you have to depend on husbands.

SOURCE: Sandra Cisneros. "Woman Hollering Creek." P1404.

QUOTE: But we still have sorrows that are passed to us from early generations, sorrows to handle in addition to our own, and cruelties lodged where we cannot forget them. We have the need to forget.

SOURCE: Louise Erdrich. "The Shawl." P1413.