Passage from a Novel

Illustrate a passage of at least ten lines from the assigned novel. This example should represent what you consider good style in writing. It should also be a quote of particular significance in the novel. Include title, author, and page number. Arrange the passage neatly on the page, taking into consideration margins, white spaces, and emphasis through line breaks and shape. Illustrate appropriately. Make sure your name and hour are on the front if you want a grade.

On separate paper, write a paragraph explaining the elements of good writing you find in this passage and why this passage is significant in the context of the novel. Use specific examples to support your opinion.
Calligraphy Unit

General Guidelines

1. All projects should be on unlined paper or posterboard. If you write on unlined paper, mount the paper attractively to posterboard or construction paper. Although construction paper is too absorbent to write on, it may be used for mounting.

2. Use rule lines for upper and lower case. Without a mid-line, letters will be disproportionate. Use a guide sheet under your paper, or draw very light pencil lines and erase them neatly after you finish.

3. Illustrate all projects. You may use colors, shapes, larger initial letters, graphic designs, original art, stickers, pictures cut from magazines, photocopies, flat objects, etc.

4. Arrangement on the page or posterboard is very important. You must leave space around the edges to “frame” the writing. Plan ahead so that your writing will fit attractively in the space you have.

5. Follow directions for size and format on each project. When you trim poster board to a smaller size, draw a line with a ruler and cut your poster board neatly. I won’t grade any project that exceeds these maximum sizes:

   - Posters = 12” x 18”  (one-half standard posterboard)
   - File Folders = 12” x 19”  (opened standard letter size folder)
   - All Else = 11” x 14”  (1” margin all sides of standard typing paper)

6. You may use any color you like for ink, paper, poster board, and construction paper.

7. Mount all items with rubber cement or a glue stick. Remove excess glue carefully before turning in your projects.

8. Write your name and hour in small letters on the front of anything you want graded.

9. Pay careful attention to spelling, punctuation, and capitalization. To avoid mistakes, write all projects lightly in pencil and have someone proofread before you begin in ink.

10. Neatness counts.
Calligraphy Project Grading Guide: PASSAGE

1. Written on unlined poster board or unlined paper mounted appropriately.
2. Used straight rule lines that were erased afterwards.
3. Regular size of letters indicated use of mid-line rule for upper and lower case (erased).
4. Illustrated with colors, shapes, larger initial letters, graphic designs, original art, stickers, pictures cut from magazines, photocopies, flat objects, etc.
5. Arranged so that space around the edges “frames” the writing.
6. Did not “crowd” the margins, run out of space, or use hyphens because of poor planning.
7. Trimmed to the appropriate size and all cuts were straight and neat.
8. Mounted materials used rubber cement or a glue stick.
9. Name and hour appear on front.
10. Avoided mistakes in spelling.
11. Avoided mistakes in punctuation.
12. Avoided mistakes in capitalization.
13. Written legibly.
15. Chose an appropriate quote.
17. Wrote a paragraph which stated quote, attributed it, and explained to 30 why the quote was chosen.

TOTAL _______________ out of 30 points possible.

(Follows TABOO rules as appropriate.)
I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me. Like the bodiless heads you see sometimes in circus sideshows, it is as though I have been surrounded by mirrors of hard, distorting glass.
Perhaps you'll think it strange that an invisible man should need light, desire light, love light. But maybe it is exactly because I am invisible. Light confirms my reality, gives birth to my form.

- Invisible Man, p. 6

Christina Warner
“Nothing, storm or flood, must get in the way of our need for **light** and ever more and brighter **light**. The truth is the **light** and the **light** is the truth.”

- Invisible Man.
The truth is the light & the light is the truth.
Though invisible, I am in the great tradition of tinkers. That makes me kin to Ford, Edison and Franklin. Call me, since I have a theory and a concept, a "thinker-tinker."

—Ralph Ellison
What did I do to be so Black and Blue?
I was looking for myself
And asking everyone but myself
Questions which only I could answer.
I am nobody but myself.
Oh, long green stretch of campus... If real, why is it that I can recall in all that island of greenness no fountain but one that was broken... instead of the odor of seed bursting in springtime, only the yellow contents of the cistern spread over the lawn's dead grass? Why? And how? How and why?
“Ah, those days of ceaseless travel, those youthful days, those springtime days; fertile, blossomy, sun-filled days of promise. Ah, yes, those indescribably glorious days.”

~Ralph Ellison

Invisible Man
A Mockingbird trilled a note from where it perched upon the hand of the moonlit founder, flipping its moonmad tail above the head of the eternally kneeling slave. I went up the shadowy drive, heard it trill behind me. The street lamps glowed brilliant in the moonlit dream of the campus, each light serene in its cage of shadows.

~ Invisible Man 
Ralph Ellison
"Be Your Own Father...

And remember the world is possibility only if, you'll discover it..."

Cereshwo of the vet Borside in Chapter 7, 156
If It’s Optic White, It’s the Right White
...I seemed to be telling myself in a rush: You were trained to accept the foolishness of such old men as this, even when you thought them clowns and fools; you were trained to pretend that you respected them and acknowledged in them the same quality of authority and power in your world as the whites before whom they bowed and scraped and feared and loved and imitated, and you were even trained to accept it when, angered or spiteful, or drunk with power, they came at you with a stick or strap or cane and you made no effort to strike back, but only to escape unmarked.

-from *Invisible Man*, pg. 225

calligraphed by Melissa J. McCandie
Left alone, I lay fretting over my identity. I suspected that I was really playing a game with myself and that they were taking part. A kind of combat.
When I discover who I am, I'll be free.
It only all the contradictory voices shouting inside my head would calm down and sing a song in unison, whatever it was I wouldn’t care as long as they sang without dissonance; yes, and avoided the uncertain extremes of the scale. But there was no relief. I was wild with resentment, but too much under “selfcontrol,” that frozen virtue, that freezing vice. And the more resentful I became the more my old urge to make speeches returned. While walking along the street words would spill from my lips in arumble over which I had little control. I became afraid of what I might do.

—Ralph Ellison

Invisible Man

Ellie Harmon
5-20-98 259
1st hr Calligraphy Passage
The Yam

But not yams, I had no problem concerning them and I would eat them whenever and wherever I took the notion. Continue on the yam level and life would be sweet—though somewhat yellowish. Yet the freedom to eat yams on the street was far less than I had expected upon coming to the city. An unpleasant taste bloomed in my mouth now as I bit the end of the yam and threw it into the street; it had been frostbitten.

_Invisible Man_ by Ralph Ellison p. 267

Eric Hejdiski
And it was as though I myself was being dispossessed of some painful yet precious thing which I could not bear to lose; something confounding, like a rotted tooth that one would rather suffer indefinitely than endure the short, violent eruption of pain that would mark its removal. And with this sense of dispossession came a pang of vague recognition:

from *The Invisible Man* by Ralph Ellison

page 273

Ryan Discenza
Cheese cake?
I've never heard of it.”
it would be a great mistake to assume that the dead are absolutely powerless.
History makes harsh demands of us all. But they were demands that had to be met if men were to be the masters and not the victims of their times.
I watched them, feeling very young and inexperienced and yet strangely old, with an oldness that watched and waited quietly within me.

From Invisible Man
"Silence is consent."

"Jack the Bear" from Chapter 16 of *Invisible Man* by Ralph Ellison
"Sisters! Brothers!
We are the true patriots!
The citizens of tomorrow's world!
We'll be dispossessed
No Thore!"
The applause struck
like a clap of thunder.

Cat Berry 6/3/94
Ras would not sacrifice his black brother to the white enslaver. Instead, he cry

Ras is a mahn—no white man have to tell him that—and Ras cry

_Invisible Man_
by Ralph Ellison
Sarah Ellis 18th hr
"...becoming aware that there were two of me: the old self that slept a few hours a night and dreamed sometimes of my grandfather and Bledsoe and Brockway and Mary, the self that flew without wings and plunged from great heights; and the new public self that spoke for the Brotherhood and was becoming so much more important than the other that it seemed to run a foot race against myself."

[Paper cut-out images]
You start Saul, and end up Paul.
Well, I wasn’t always same, and I’m not really now ‘cause the doctors can’t find anything wrong with that leg. They say it’s sound as a piece of steel. What I mean is I got this limp from dragging a chain.
Bread and Wine,
Bread and Wine,
Your cross ain't nearly so heavy as mine...
Clifton's *Blood*

"He fell in a heap like any man and his blood spilled out like any blood; red as any blood, wet as any blood and reflecting the sky and the buildings and birds and trees, or your face if you'd looked into its dulling mirror—and if dried in the sun as blood dries. That's all. They spilled his blood and he bled. They cut him down and he died..."

p. 456
“We are Americans, all of us, whether black or white, regardless of what the man on the ladder there tells you, Americans.”
Still, could he be all of them: Rine the runner and Rine the gambler and Rine the briber and Rine the lover and Rinehart the Reverend? Could he be both rine and heart? His world was possibility and he knew it... The world in which we lived was without boundaries. A vast seething, hot world of fluidity, and Rine the rascal was at home. Perhaps only Rine the rascal was at home in it. It was unbelievable, but perhaps only the unbelievable could be believed.

INVISIBLE MAN
“My entire body started to itch, as though I had just been removed from a plaster cast and was unused to the new freedom of movement.”

-Invisible Man, p.499

Laura Allman
5-20-93 1st hour
I began to accept my past and, as I accepted it, I felt memories welling up within me. It was as though I'd learned suddenly to look around corners; images of past humiliations flickered through my head and I saw that they were more than separate experiences. They were me; they defined me. I was my experiences and my experiences were me, and no blind men, no matter how powerful they became, even if they conquered the world, could take that, or change one single itch, taunt, laugh, cry, scar, ache, rage or pain of it. They were blind, but blind, moving only by the echoed sounds of their own voices. And because they were blind they would destroy themselves and I'd help them.
They were me. I was my experiences and my experiences were me, and no blind men, no matter how powerful they became, even if they conquered the world, could take that, or change one single itch, taunt, laugh, cry, scar, ache, rage or pain of it.

—Ralph Waldo Ellison

from: Invisible Man

Milena Govich 508
"...I knew it was better to live out one's own absurdity than to die for that of others..."

-Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*

p. 559

Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you in honesty and decency...
How does it feel to be free of ILLUSION...

And now I answered, "Painful and Empty."
There is, by the way, an area in which a man's feelings are more rational than his mind, and it is precisely in that area that his will is pulled in several directions at the same time.
But live you must, and you can either make passive love to your sickness or burn it out and go on to the next conflicting phase.

Invisible Man
Ralph Ellison

Rachel Hasler 576