

Passage from a Novel

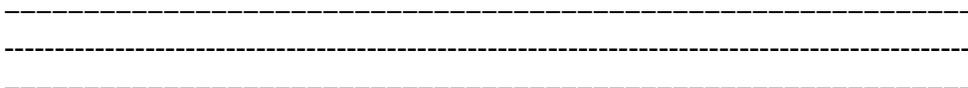
Illustrate a passage of at least ten lines from the assigned novel. This example should represent what you consider good style in writing. It should also be a quote of particular significance in the novel. Include title, author, and page number. Arrange the passage neatly on the page, taking into consideration 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.

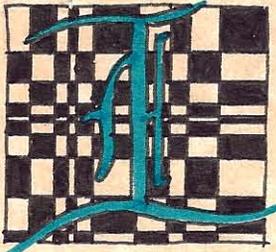
Name _____ Hour _____ Date _____

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.
- _____ 14. Neat.
- _____ 15. Chose an appropriate quote.
- _____ 16. Attributed passage fully (author, title, page number).
- _____ 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



"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

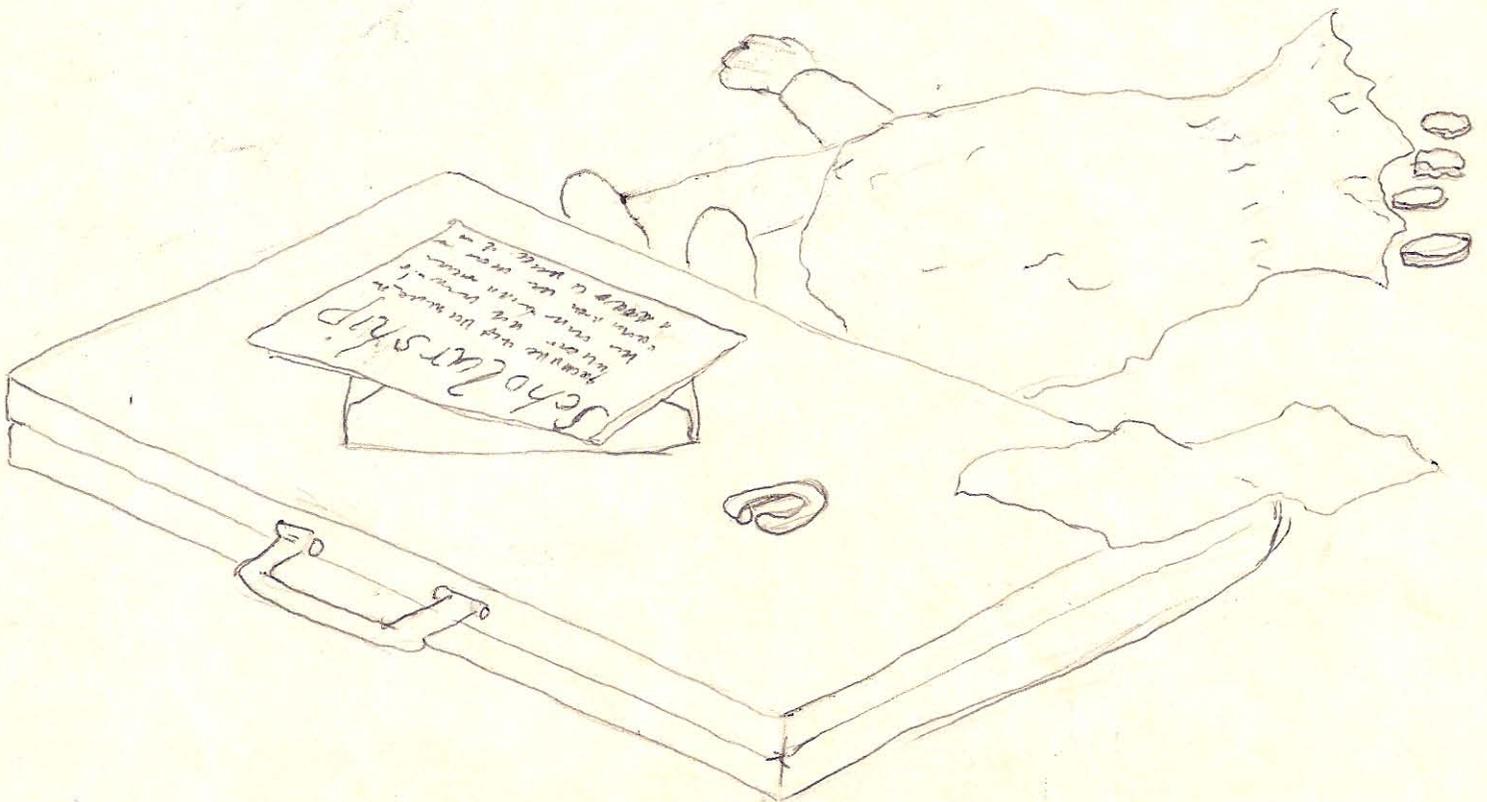
do to

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.

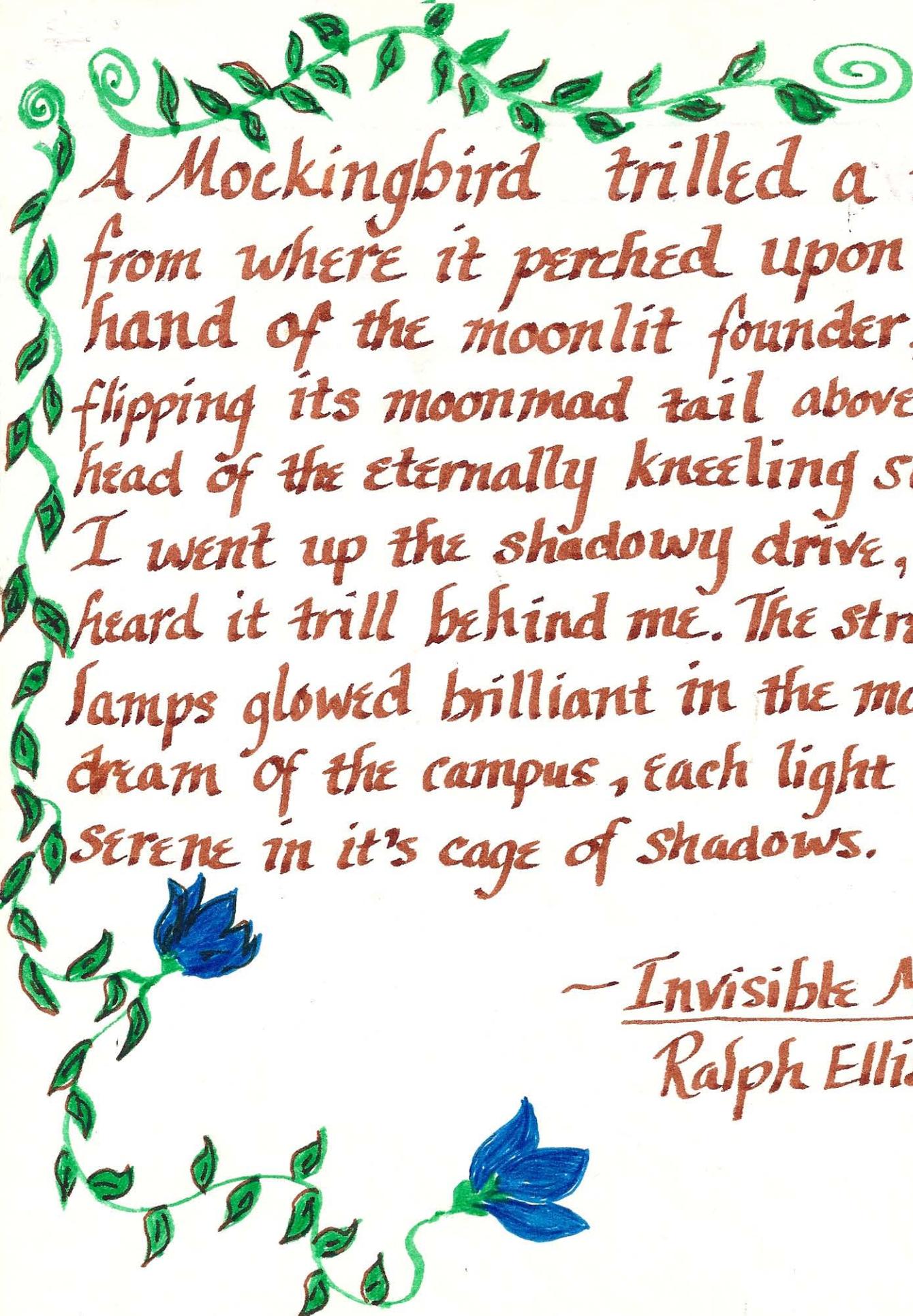


Oh, long green stretch of campus... If real, why
is it that I can recall in all that island of greenness
no fountain but one that was broken... instead
of the odor of seed bursting in springtime, only
the yellow contents of the cistern spread over
the lawn's dead grass? Why? And how?
How and why?



“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 it's cage of shadows.

~ Invisible Man
Ralph Ellison

" Be Your Own

Father....."

And remember
the World
Is
Possibility
only if, you'll

Discover It..."

Censhaw & the vet Boonside in Chapter 7 p156

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. McDaniel

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.

p. 243 Invisible Man

If 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 streets words would spill from my lips in a mumble over which I had little control. I became afraid of what I might do.

--Ralph Ellison
Invisible Man

ELLIE HARMON

5-20-95 259

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 Hazelidine



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:

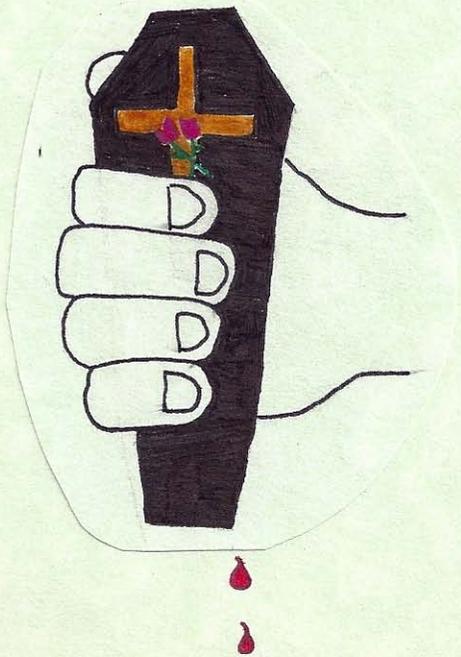
from The Invisible Man
by Ralph Ellison
page 273

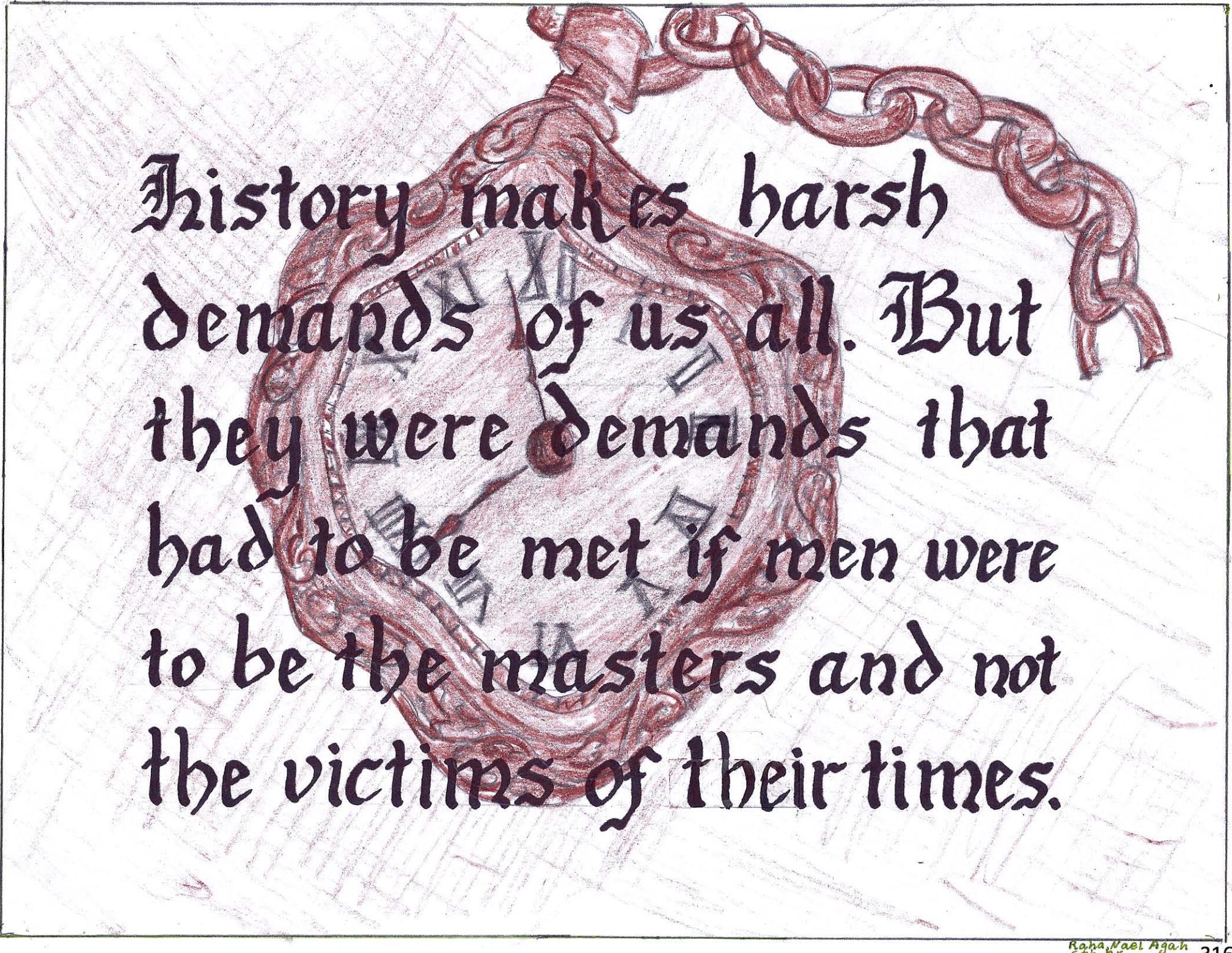
Ryan Discenza



Gayton Lannoway
5/19/92
INVISIBL MAN

it would be a
great mistake
to assume that
the dead are
absolutely powerless.

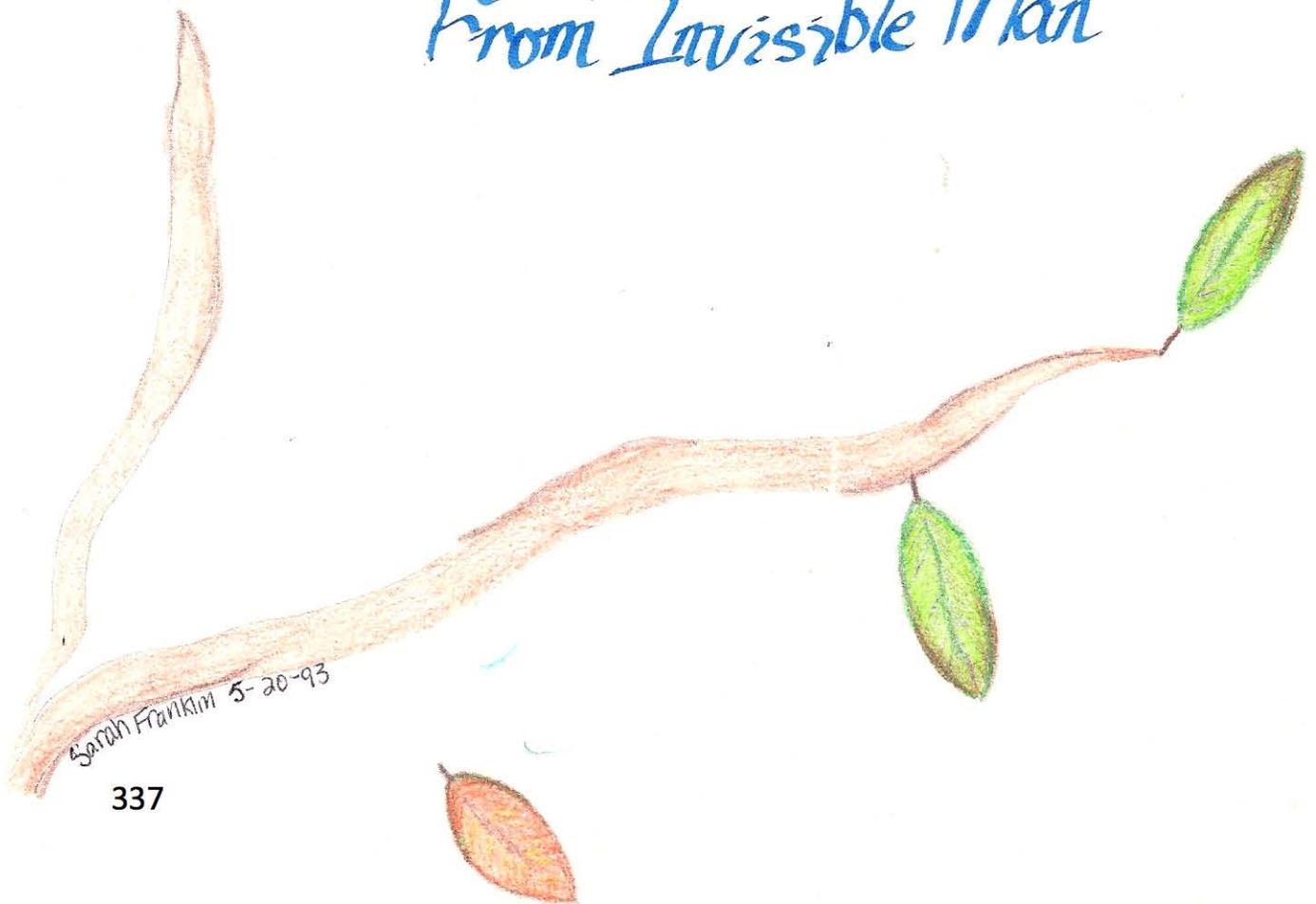




History makes harsh
demands of us all. But
they were demands that
had to be met if men were
to be the masters and not
the victims of their times.

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*



Sarah Franklin 5-20-93

“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 More!"

The applause struck
like a clap of thunder.

Eat Berry 6th hr

RAS

Ras would not sacrifice his black
brother to the white enslaver

Instead he **cry**

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

and

Ras

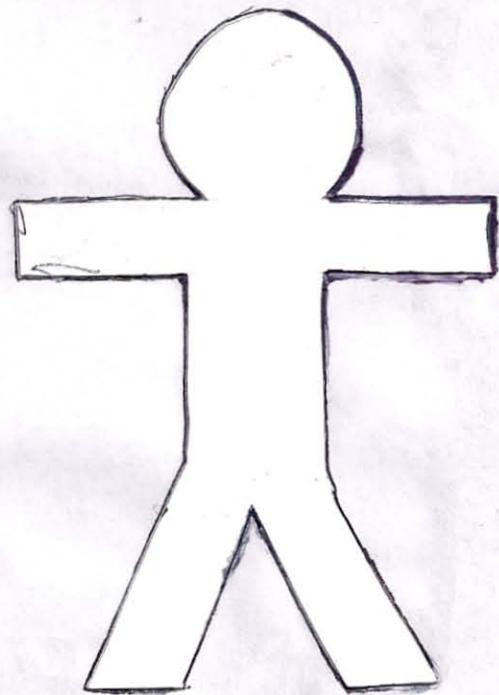
cry

Invisible Man

by Ralph
Ellison

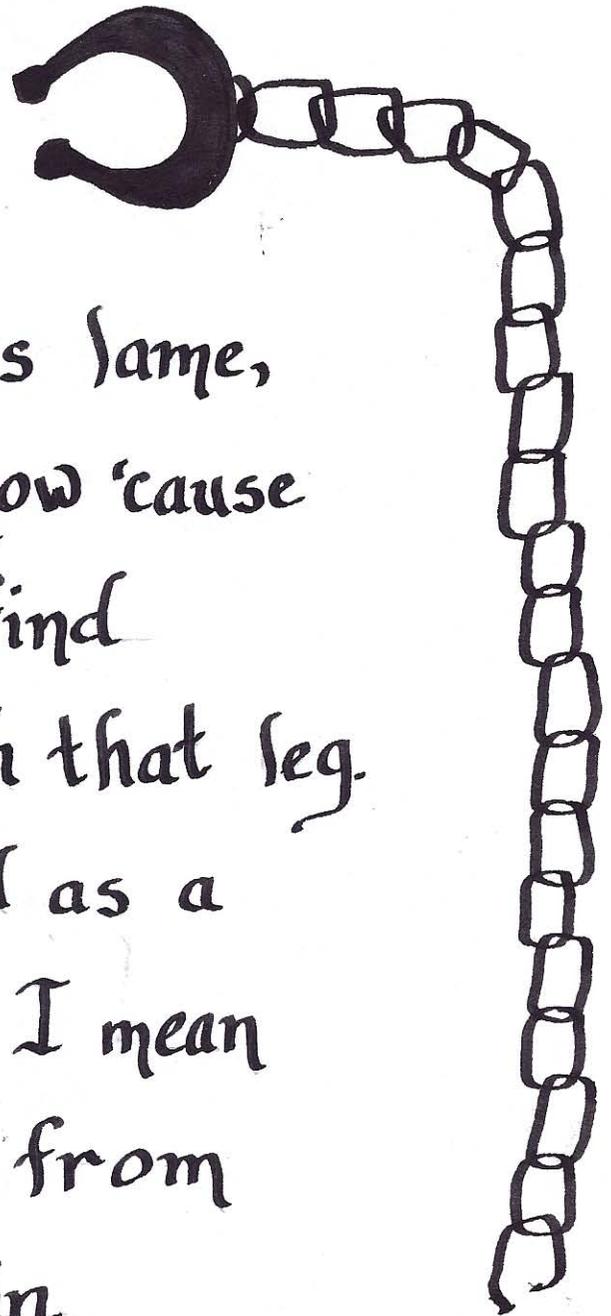
Sarah Ellis

"...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 I seemed to run a foot race against myself."



You start
Saul, and
end up Paul.

Well, I wasn't always lame,
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."



Adrienne
Alexander 481



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

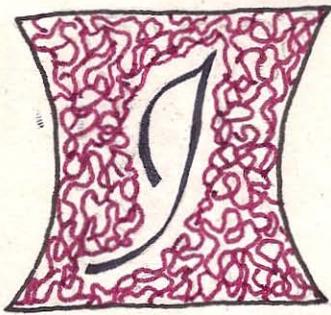
Perhaps **ONLY** the unbelievable
could be believed.

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



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*

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

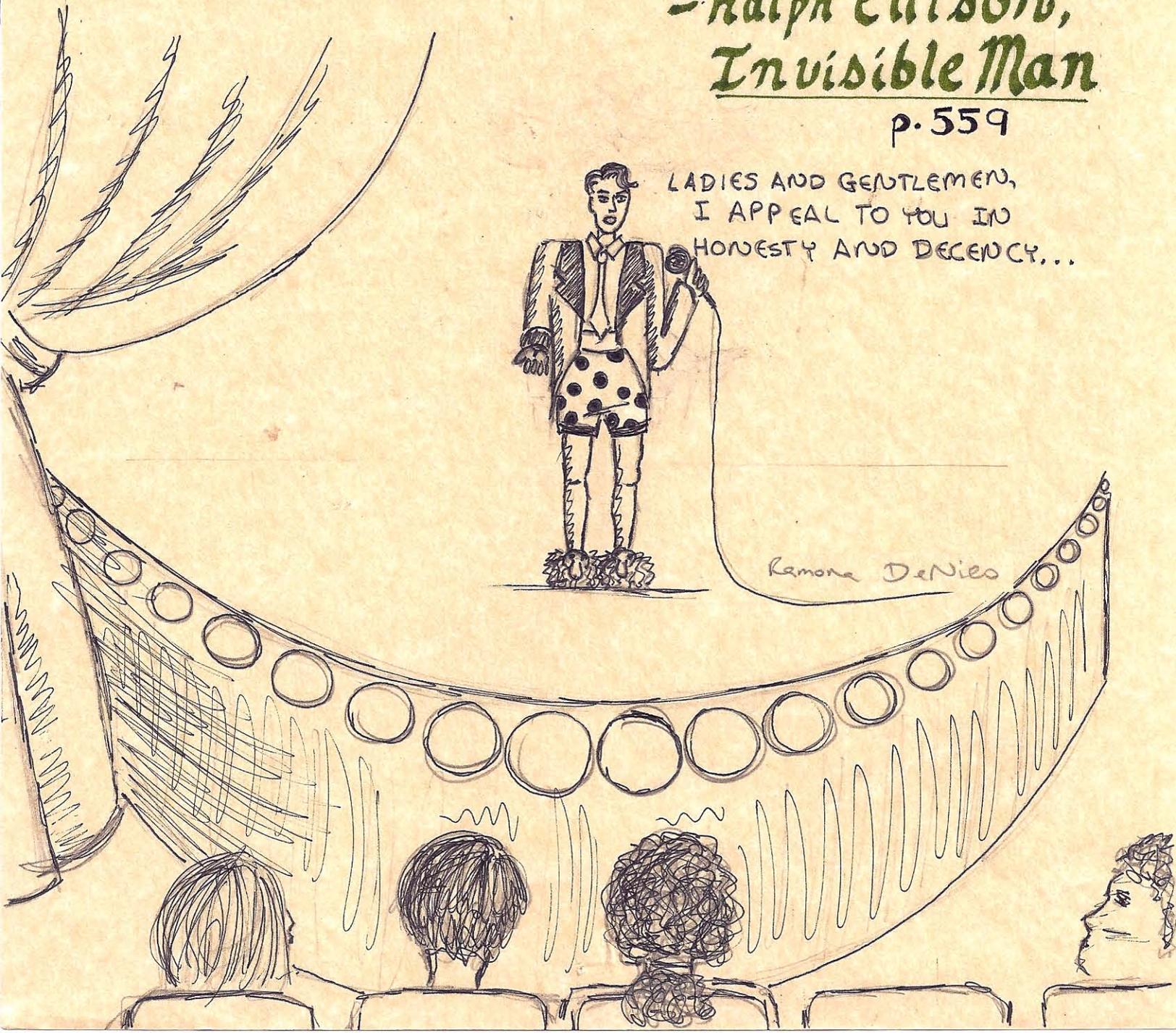
-Ralph Ellison,
Invisible Man

p. 559

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
I APPEAL TO YOU IN
HONESTY AND DECENCY...

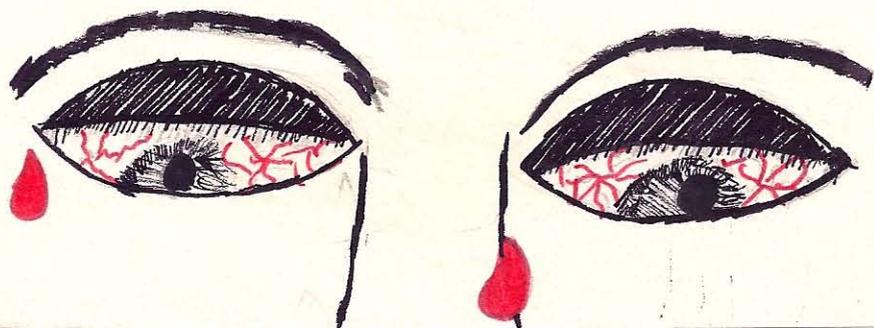


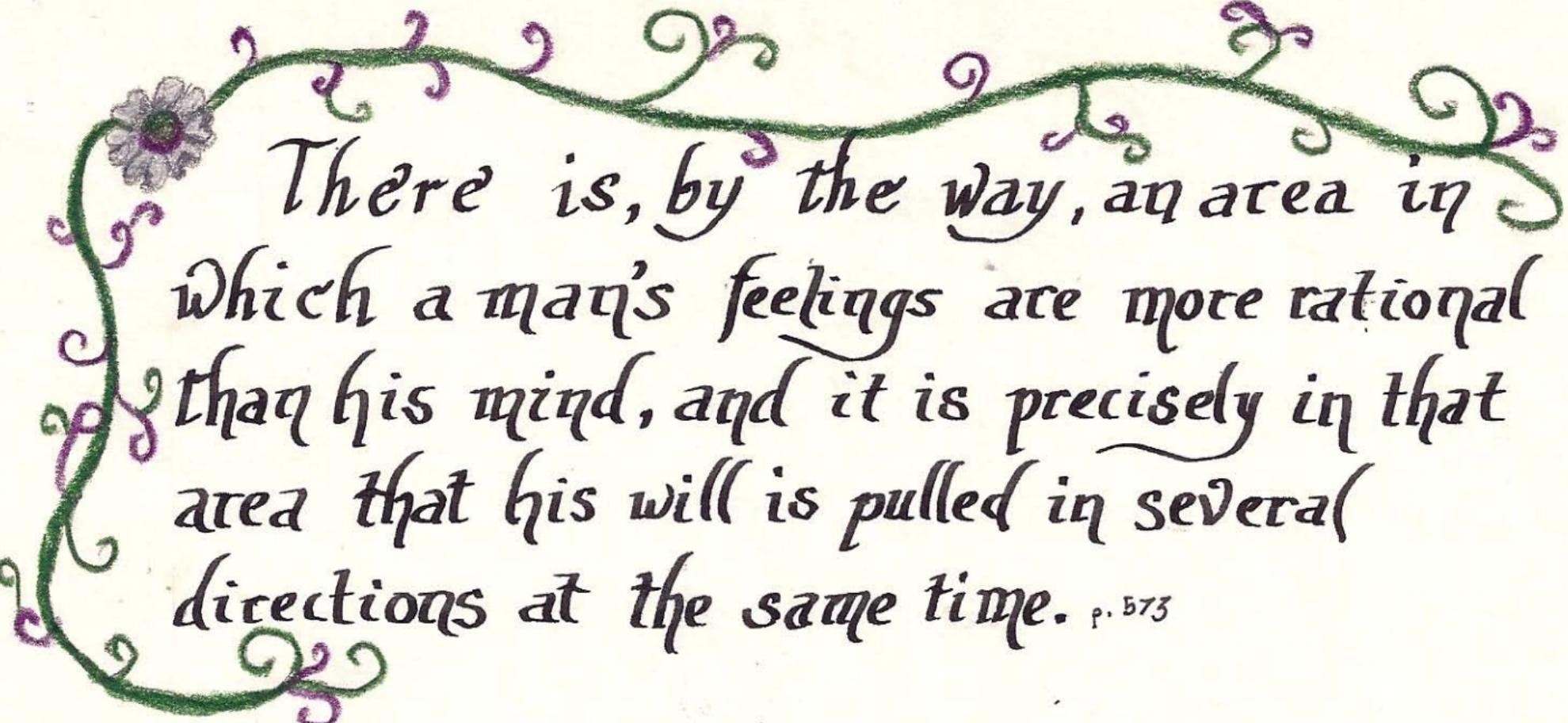
Ramona DeNico



How does it
Feel
to be free of
ILLUSION...

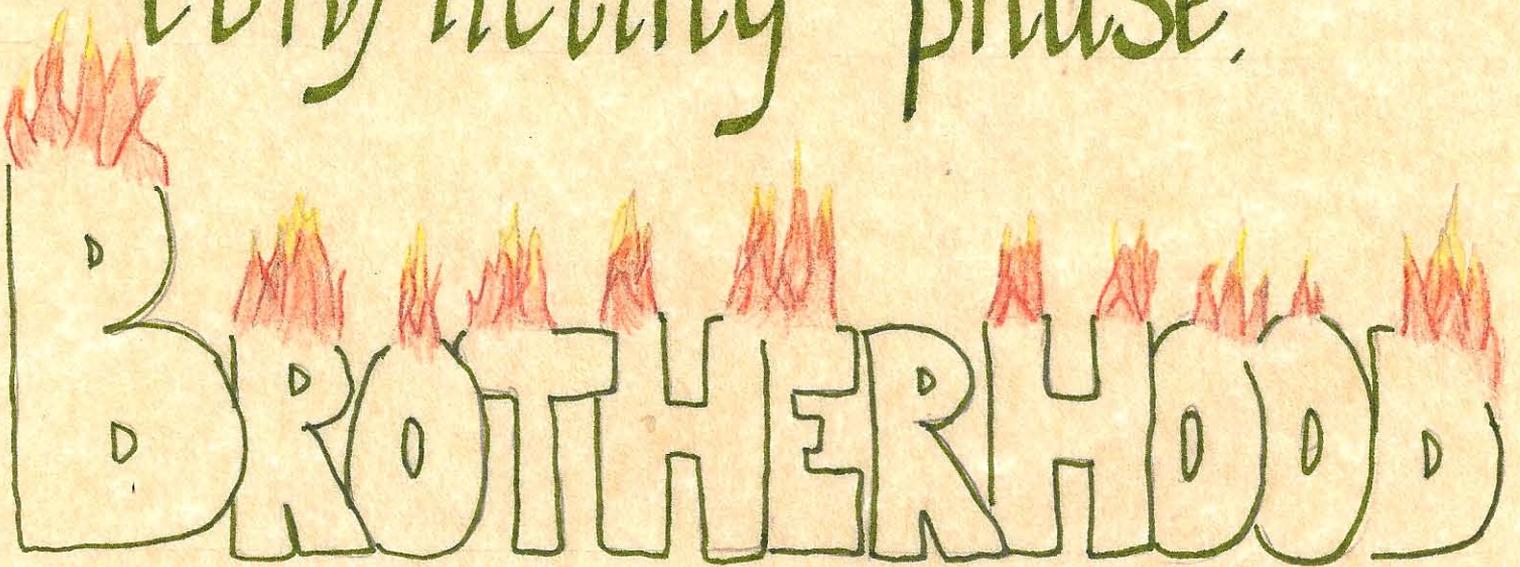
And now I
answered,
"Painful and Empty."





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. p. 573

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.

BROTHERHOOD

Invisible Man
Ralph Ellison