

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

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## APPENDICES

### A. Selected Poems

#### 1. A Native Person Looks up from the Plate (by Alice Walker)

(Or, owning how we must look to a  
person who has become our food)

They are eating  
Us.  
To step out of our doors  
Is to feel  
Their teeth  
On our throats.

They are gobbling  
Up our  
Lands  
Our waters  
Our weavings  
& our artifacts.

They are nibbling  
At the noses  
Of  
Our canoes  
& moccasins.

They drink our oil  
Like cocktails  
& lick down  
Our jewelry  
Like icicles.  
They are siphoning  
Our songs.

They are devouring  
Us.  
We brown, black,  
Red, and yellow  
Unruly  
white  
Morsels  
Creating Life  
Until we die:  
Spread out in the chilling sun  
That is  
Their plate.

They are eating  
Us raw  
Without sauce.

Everywhere we  
Have been  
We are no more.  
Everywhere we are  
Going  
They do not want.  
They are eating  
Us whole.  
The glint of their  
Teeth  
The light  
That beckons  
Us to table  
Where only they  
Will dine.

They are devouring  
Us.  
Our histories.

Our heroes.  
Our ancestors.  
And all appetizing  
Youngsters  
To come.

Where they graze  
Among the  
People  
Who create  
Who labor  
Who live  
In beauty  
And walk  
So lightly  
On the earth—  
There is nothing  
Left.

Not even our roots  
Reminding us  
To bloom.

Now they have wedged  
The whole  
Of the earth  
Between their  
Cheeks.

Their  
Wide bellies  
Crazily  
Clad  
In stolen  
Goods  
Are near  
To bursting

With  
The fine meal  
Gone foul  
That is us.

**2. The Anonymous Caller** (by Alice Walker)

The anonymous caller

Begins

His diatribe

*You shitty*

*Bitch*

Ends it

With

A threat:

*I Know*

*Where*

*You*

*Live.*

I can tell

By his

Voice

That he is

Young

Unaware

That

As far

As Calamity

Is concerned

As far

As Death

Is concerned

All of us

Share

The same

Address;

All

Of us

Live

In the

Same

House.

### 3. **Still I Rise** (by Maya Angelou)

You may write me down in  
history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?  
Why are you beset with gloom?  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil  
wells  
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,  
With the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like  
teardrops,  
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don't you take it awful hard  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold  
mines  
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your  
words,

You may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your  
hatefulness,  
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?  
Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I've got  
diamonds  
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame  
I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in  
pain  
I rise  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and  
wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the  
tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror  
and fear  
I rise  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously  
clear  
I rise  
Bringing the gifts that my  
ancestors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the  
slave.



I rise  
I rise  
I rise.

#### 4. Our Grandmothers

(by Maya Angelou)

(1)She lay, skin down on the moist dirt,  
the canebrake rustling  
with the whispers of leaves, and  
loud longing of hounds and  
the ransack of hunters crackling the near  
branches.

(2)She muttered, lifting her head a nod toward  
freedom,  
I shall not, I shall not be moved.

(3)She gathered her babies,  
their tears slick as oil on black faces,  
their young eyes canvassing mornings of madness.  
Momma, is Master going to sell you  
from us tomorrow?

(4)Yes.  
Unless you keep walking more  
and talking less.  
Yes.  
Unless the keeper of our lives  
releases me from all commandments.  
Yes.  
And your lives,  
never mine to live,  
will be executed upon the killing floor of  
innocents.  
Unless you match my heart and words,  
saying with me,

I shall not be moved.

(5) In Virginia tobacco fields,  
    leaning into the curve  
        of Steinway  
pianos, along Arkansas roads,  
    in the red hills of Georgia,  
into the palms of her chained hands, she  
    cried against calamity,  
You have tried to destroy me  
    and though I perish daily,

I shall not be moved.

(6) Her universe, often  
    summarized into one black body  
falling finally from the tree to her feet,  
made her cry each time in a new voice.  
    All my past hastens to defeat,  
and strangers claim the glory of my love,  
    Iniquity has bound me to his bed,

yet, I must not be moved.

(7) She heard the names,  
    swirling ribbons in the wind of history:  
    nigger, nigger bitch, heifer,  
mammy, property, creature, ape, baboon,  
    whore, hot tail, thing, it.  
    She said, But my description cannot  
    fit your tongue, for  
I have a certain way of being in this world,

and I shall not, I shall not be moved.

(8) No angel stretched protecting wings  
    above the heads of her children,  
fluttering and urging the winds of reason

into the confusion of their lives.  
They sprouted like young weeds,  
but she could not shield their growth  
from the grinding blades of ignorance, nor  
shape them into symbolic topiaries.

She sent them away,  
underground, overland, in coaches and  
shoeless.

(9)When you learn, teach.  
When you get, give.  
As for me,

I shall not be moved.

(10)She stood in midocean, seeking dry land.  
She searched God's face.  
Assured,  
she placed her fire of service  
on the altar, and though  
clothed in the finery of faith,  
when she appeared at the temple door,  
no sign welcomed  
Black Grandmother. Enter here.

(11)Into the crashing sound,  
into wickedness, she cried,  
No one, no, nor no one million  
ones dare deny me God. I go forth  
alone, and stand as ten thousand.

(12)The Divine upon my right  
impels me to pull forever  
at the latch on Freedom's gate.

(13)The Holy Spirit upon my left leads my  
feet without ceasing into the camp of the

righteous and into the tents of the free.

(14) These momma faces, lemon-yellow, plumpurple,  
honey-brown, have grimaced and twisted  
down a pyramid of years.  
She is Sheba and Sojourner,  
Harriet and Zora,  
Mary Bethune and Angela,  
Annie to Zenobia.

(15) She stand  
before the abortion clinic,  
confounded by the lack of choices.  
In the Welfare line,  
reduced to the pity of handouts.  
Ordained in the pulpit, shielded  
by the mysteries.  
In the operating room,  
husbanding life.  
In the choir loft,  
holding God in her throat.  
On lonely street corners,  
hawking her body.  
In the classroom, loving the  
children to understanding.

(16) Centered on the world's stage,  
she sings to her loves and beloveds,  
to her foes and detractors:  
However I am perceived and deceived,  
however my ignorance and conceits,  
lay aside your fears that I will be undone,  
for I shall not be moved.

## **B. Author's Biographies**

### **1. Alice Walker**

Born as Alice Malsenior Walker on February 9, 1944 in Eatonton, Georgia, U.S., she was the eighth child of African-American sharecroppers parents, she grew up to become a highly acclaimed novelist, essayist and poet. Alice Walker, her famous call, is best known for her *The Color Purple* in 1982, which successfully won Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in the next year and soon was adapted for the big screen by Steven Spielberg. Walker is also known for her work as an activist.

The youngest daughter of Willie Lee Walker and Minnie Lou Tallulah Grant, she grew up poor, with her mother working as a maid to help support the family's eight children. At 8 years old, Walker was shot in the right eye with a BB pellet while playing with two of her brothers. Whitish scar tissue formed in her damaged eye, and she became self-conscious of this visible mark. Her mother gave her a typewriter, allowing her to write instead of doing chores.

After the incident, Walker largely withdrew from the world around her. "For a long time, I thought I was very ugly and disfigured," she told John O'Brien in an interview that was published in *Alice Walker: Critical Perspectives, Past and Present* (1993). "This made me shy and timid, and I often reacted to insults and slights that were not intended. She found solace in reading and writing poetry. Living in the racially divided South, Walker showcased a bright mind at her segregated schools, graduating from high school as class valedictorian.

With the help of a scholarship, Walker was able to attend Spelman College in Atlanta. She later switched to Sarah Lawrence College in New York. While at Sarah Lawrence, Walker visited Africa as part of a study-abroad program. She graduated in 1965—the same year that she published her first short story.

After college, Walker worked as a social worker, teacher and lecturer. She became active in the Civil Rights Movement, fighting for equality for all African Americans. She also began teaching and publishing short stories and essays. She married in 1967, but the couple divorced in 1976.

## **2. Maya Angelou**

Maya Angelou was born Marguerite Johnson in St. Louis, Missouri, on April 4, 1928. She grew up in St. Louis and Stamps, Arkansas. She was an author, poet, historian, songwriter, playwright, dancer, stage and screen producer, director, performer, singer, and civil rights activist. She was best known for her seven autobiographical books: *Mom & Me & Mom* (Random House, 2013); *Letter to My Daughter* (Random House, 2008); *All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes* (Random House, 1986); *The Heart of a Woman* (Random House, 1981); *Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas* (Random House, 1976); *Gather Together in My Name* (Random House, 1974); and *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* (Random House, 1969), which was nominated for the National Book Award.

Among her volumes of poetry are *A Brave and Startling Truth* (Random House, 1995); *The Complete Collected Poems of Maya Angelou* (Random House, 1994); *Wouldn't Take Nothing for My Journey Now* (Random House, 1993); *I Shall Not Be Moved* (Random House, 1990); *Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?* (Random House, 1983); *Oh Pray My Wings Are Gonna Fit Me Well* (Random House, 1975); and *Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water 'fore I Diiie* (Random House, 1971), which was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize.

In 1959, at the request of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Angelou became the northern coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. From 1961 to 1962 she was associate editor of *The Arab Observer* in Cairo, Egypt, the only English-language news weekly in the Middle East, and from 1964 to 1966 she was feature editor of the *African Review* in Accra, Ghana. She returned to the United States in 1974 and was appointed by Gerald Ford to the Bicentennial Commission and later by Jimmy Carter to the Commission for International Woman of the Year. She accepted a lifetime appointment in 1982 as Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. In 1993, Angelou wrote and delivered a poem, "On The Pulse of the Morning," at the inauguration for President Bill Clinton at his request. In 2000, she received the National Medal of Arts, and in 2010 she was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Barack Obama.

The first black woman director in Hollywood, Angelou wrote, produced, directed, and starred in productions for stage, film, and television. In 1971, she wrote the



original screenplay and musical score for the film *Georgia, Georgia*, and was both author and executive producer of a five-part television miniseries "Three Way Choice." She also wrote and produced several prize-winning documentaries, including "Afro-Americans in the Arts," a PBS special for which she received the Golden Eagle Award. Angelou was twice nominated for a Tony award for acting: once for her Broadway debut in *Look Away* (1973), and again for her performance in *Roots* (1977).

Angelou died on May 28, 2014, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where she had served as Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University since 1982. She was eighty-six.