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## Create dangerously sparknotes

Buy this Create Dangerous, for people who read dangerously. That's what I've always thought it meant being a writer. Write, knowing that no matter how trivial your words may look like, one day, somewhere, someone can risk his or her life to read it. - Create dangerous in this deeply personal book, the celebrated Haitian-American writer Edwidge Danticat reflects on art and exile, examining what it means to be an immigrant artist from a country in crisis. Inspired by Albert Camus's lecture, Create dangerous, and combining memoirs and essay, Danticat tells the stories of artists, including herself, who create despite, or because of, the horrors they drove from their homelands and who continue to haunt them. Danticat eulogizes an aunt who guards her family's home in the Haitian countryside, a cousin who died of AIDS while in Miami as an undocumented alien, and a well-known Haitian radio journalist whose political assassination shocked the world. Danticat writes about the Haitian novelists she first read as a girl at the Brooklyn Public Library, a woman maimed in a mask attack that became a public witness torture, and the work of Jean-Michel Basquiat and other artists of Haitian descent. Danticat also suggests that the aftermath of natural disasters in Haiti and the United States reveals that the countries are not as different from many Americans might want to believe. Creating dangerous is an eloquent and moving expression of Danticat's belief that immigrant artists are obliged to testify when their countries suffer from violence, oppression, poverty and tragedy. Danticat is at her best when she writes from within Haiti. . . . As [her] retelling, her singing performance is not to have recreated the real Haiti, but to recreate it. She wounded the dust of Haitian life in her work and made it accessible to a wide audience of Americans and other outsiders. . . . Danticat's soft new book about loss and the undetachable passion for homeland lets us remember the powerful material from which most fiction is performed: it comes from a small, and place. No matter her geographical and temporary distance from this, Danticat writes about them with the immunity of love. — Amy Wilentz, New York Times Book Review A Skinny Collection of Jaw horrors side by side with bright insights. . . . In Danticat's many remarkable stories and pensées of the intestines, one finds the imitative power of truth. Authorship becomes an act of subdivision when one's words can be read and acted by someone who risks his or her life if you just read it. — Publishers Weekly Danticat's writing is bright and clear, reminiscent of what the very best essay writes once to be. . . . Not just another author's book about writing, this volume delves into the suffering suffering artists who suspend themselves from time and place to create. . . . Her book should be read by students, historians and lovers of well-made writing. — Nedra Crowe-Evers, Library Journal Danticat is a wonderful writer, mixing of personal anecdotes, history and larger reflections without changing the immigrant writer into a victim, misunderstood by everyone. — Sandip Roy, San Francisco Chronicle [Edwidge Danticat's] mission as a writer was to speak of the diaspora for Haiti's dissatisfaction and silenced. . . . That responsibility weighs heavily in these essays, which live on her personal sorrows as much as that of the Haitian masses. . . . Her illiterate Haitian family calls her a journalist, a journalist who wrote with a purpose. She doesn't let them down. — Amanda Heller, Boston Globe Danticat's prose is spare and soaking; she doesn't waste words. Her ideas are never dressed in low metaphor, but each sentence has a lyrical, convincing quality. . . . Within this movable collection, one theme made me stronger than any other: for artists, to create the row victories about everything else. Or it should. . . . Creating dangerous means telling the truth — without or in spite of fear. — Jennifer Levin, Santa Fe New Mexican Or his profiling of a brave Haitian photo journalist, writes about a visit to family in a rural town, or meditates on the career of Jean-Michel Basquiat. Danticat is always writing about her responsibilities as part of what is called, in Creole, the dyaspora. [T]fierce, powerful. — Adam Kirsch, Barnes and Noble Review Whether the subject of Haiti's war of independence is, 9/11, the artist, musician and actor Jean-Michel Basquiat, the January earthquake and his aftermath, Danticat writes with compassionate insight, but without a trace of sentimentals. Her prose is energetic, her vision is clear, the tragedies apparently speak for themselves. — Betsy Willeford, Miami Herald invite Danticat's writing, beautiful and honest. - Color Online [Danticat] avoids great demands on the insights of the exile- while honoring the complexity of the immigrant artist's role, with his uncertainty and his drive to make connections. Scott McLemee, National What's best in this collection are the gripping portraits of the author's childhood in Haiti (and then as a book-obsessed teenager visiting the library in Brooklyn), mixed with return trips to visit family members, collect bags of coffee and observe the nation changes. There are sharp thoughts about Basquiat, Hurricane Katrina and the 2010 Haitian earthquake. - Steven Poole, Guardian Focused on her medium of 'word art,' though incorporating theatre and visual arts, Danticat pieces together a multi-essay response to the creative's lamentation . . . how do, and we must create, in this at best and at the worst dangerous world? - Kristin Theil, Oregonian Have you ever started reading a book that draws you in within the first few sentences and let you not put it down to the very last word and then, because it surprises and moves you more than anything you can remember, you immediately read it again? . . . Creating dangerous, is one of those books. . . . Danticat is that rare writer who can make you smile as your soul pain. Although Creating Dangerous is not an easy book to read, it is disturbing and especially controversial in places, it is nevertheless consistently passionate, deeply thinking and highly important book that needs to be read, reread and then transferred to new hands. — Josh Rosner, Canberra Times Danticat's voice offers a clear, enorgative call for the recognition of the suffering of so many in the world, and of their irreprintable desire to make life more meaningful by accepting art despite it all, no matter the cost. —Kerri Shadid, Blogcritics.org Throughout Create Dangerous, Ms. Danticat catalogues by personal narratives many of the dilemmas facing immigrant writers: readers and critics who question the 'truth' of the stories; the accompanying guilt of the accusation that he was a 'parasite', and my personal favorite, the 'bringing in' into the lives of family and friends. - Geoffrey Philp blog Danticat's essays and her memoir are highly finessed and subtle. She violates the outward fault lines between the real and the surreal, between writing and archeiopoietos, between lòt bò dlo, and anba dlo. . . . [Create dangerous] we ask to consider art and literature as vehicles for authenticity and self-expression, but dangerous it can be. This performance is effortless and extremely compelling, with not one syllables or sentiment under guappa. — Michelle Cahill, Mascara Literary Review That Danticat engages and gets involved again [the] complicated, important, and perennial questions of life and creates is one of the many reasons to read this book. — Danielle Georges, Women's Review of Books This is the most powerful book I've read in years. Although delicate in its prose and civilian in its tone, it hits like a cargo train. It is a call to weapons for all immigrants, all artists, all who choose to witness, and all who choose to listen. And though it describes great turmoil, tragedy and injustice, it is full of humour, warmth, grace and light. — Dave Eggers, author of Zeitoun and What are the ones that Edwidge Danticat is a great literary artist. She is also a great cultural critic whose wisdom and compassion are great in this beautiful book. Cornel West, Princeton University Edwidge Danticat's prose has a Chekhovian simplicity—an ability to develop the most pressing truths in a measured and patiently ordinary style that collects a bright energy as it moves outdoor In this book, she makes a strong case that art, for immigrants from countries where human rights and even survival are often in danger, should be appealing to testify if it is not a diaper luxury - Madison Smartt Bell, author of Toussaint Louverture: A Biography Create Dangerously is an intelligent and passionate book about the role of the immigrant artist. As in her fiction, the brightness and humility of Edwidge Danticat's prose has a quiet force. This book is as much a testimonial to the spirit of resistance and opposition as it is an elagi for those who have died and disappeared; it is so much an provocation for the artist because it is a book of mourning. —Saidiya V. Hartman, author of Lose Your Mother: A Journey Alongside the Atlantic Slave Route [Chapters 1 & 2] [Chapters 3, 4 & 5] CHAPTER 6 Grieving Aunt and niece is a conversation, and at some point in the conversation the aunt realizes not only with her niece, but with her niece that is the famous writer and she says , People are talking. They say that everything they say to you ends up being written down somewhere. Writing her niece, Because she was my eldest, my beloved aunt, I bowed my head in shame and wished I could apologise for it . . . I wanted to ask her forgiveness for the essay I had already written in my mind. Most I could do, however, was to promise her not to use her real name... It's a funny moment between writer and somewhat unwilling close family subject, and it reminded me of Art Spiegelman's somewhat rancorous experiences with his close topic - his father - for his work Maus. I remember being caught between understanding the writer's desire to tell an important story, and his father's (rightful) insistence on privacy, which Spiegelman obviously disobeyed. Finally, the azealous reader opposed me (rather sheepish) with Spiegelman, and I felt the same way about Danticat in this case. However, like Spiegelman's work, and the work of any author based on the lives of his or her family members or friends, the essay questions about representation (fair or dirty) and about writers who write about others without their consent - questions that can or may not be easily resolved by law. CHAPTER 7 In this essay, she caresses the relationship between the United States and Haiti as its investigation that axis about Haiti's past and present. She began by revisiting Haiti's glorious claim to be the Western Hemisphere's second republic, second only to the United States, and the bloody twelve-year slave insurgency, which led to Haiti's independence, the only time in the history of the world that servants successfully overthrow their masters and shaped their own state. And of the big what-as she's considered is What if the United States doesn't last as long waited decades) to recognize Haiti's independence? Would Haiti prosper and did it give a righteous chance at the beginning? In essay she collects myths, historical facts and speculation as she repeats one of the book's running themes on the problems concerning cultural/national/representation and the complex inconvenience in light of Haiti by Haiti, and the view of Haiti through the rest of the world. CHAPTER 8 The eighth essay in the book continues (of the seventh one) to focus on the disturbing view of Haiti through the rest of the world. She points out how natural disaster has a way of uniting people's experiences and uniting countries (large, small, rich, poor and in between) in ways that can be very unpredictable. But while the voice in the previous essay where she began to focus on the view of Haiti by outsiders is speculative and interviewed, the voice in this eighth essay is full of irritation and accusation. There is considerable irritation to those who continue to be blind to the things we unite, and/or continue to stress on our differences. Except for mention are the following comments by Soledad O'Brien, a week after Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans: You know, to some extent, when you look at the original photos . . . if you turned off the sound on your television, if you didn't know where you were, you might think it was Haiti or maybe one of those African countries... (Don't just marvel when they use the foreign phrase to describe what would make much more sense in the mother tongue?) In essay, Danticat, in ordinary American English, speaks to those of us whose first instinct is to react beyond borders to give meaning to the local natural disaster. She tells us it is also America — The America of the needy and never-enough, the America of the undocumented, the unemployed and the unemployed . . . An America that remains invisible until a rebellion breaks out, rings out shootings, or a flood rages through. CHAPTER 9 This ninth essay connects literary, non-literary, literal, and figurative ideas of flying and is one of my favorites. She takes us on a circle route from her fear of flying, after the 911 images of sabotage and death, to the Insurance Salesman's suicide note in Toni Morrison's Song of Solomon, and through it all flight is considered frightening, final, matter-of-fact, and eloquent!— eloquently as the salesman's suicide note (she says), which she quotes in part: Wednesday the 18th of February 1931, I will take away from Grace and fly away on my own wings. Please forgive me. For the salesman, flying was literal. He actually made wings, stabbed them on his arms and flew off from the top of the building until his death. His note, probably, becomes only eloquent when increased to a higher level of meaning within the context of the narrative. But Danticat's flying motive Okay, even if one holds with that particular leap. Setting up countries countries gripping in memoriam. She pays tribute to Michael Richards, a New York sculpture who lived in Jamaica, who had a special fascination with aircraft and flight. Richards was one of the victims of the 911 attack. [Coming Thursday: More chapter highlights and my conclusion]

