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Review, Pages 4 (931 words) Views Review, Pages 4 (931 words) The written text and photograph of Judith Ortiz Silent Dancing reflect Cofer's unfortunate confused childhood. Cofer recalls most of his memories of a silent video; both history and photography paint a garden of gray memories of isolation, disturbing situations, the struggles of assimilation and the sadness she experiences as a child. My purpose of this essay is to compare and explain the similarities of Cofer's text to the photo on the cover of her book. Don't waste your time. Get a verified writer to help you with Judith Ortiz's Silent Dance Cofer Book Review HIRE verified writer \$35.80 for a 2-page Cofer written text article and photography convey very similar ideas about the difficulty of assimilating to an unknown culture. Often throughout the text Ortiz refers to the gray color, symbolizing a sense of unhappiness. According to Ortiz, this unique color washes throughout the period (68). The photograph is in a dull sepia tone, suggesting the sadness Ortiz experiences through the difficulties of adaptation while growing up in New Jersey and throughout childhood. Cofer's text expresses a sense of isolation as it grows in the El building. To assimilate to America, his father was obsessed with getting the family out of the neighborhood (70). As most tenants were Latino, Cofer was never allowed to form bonds with the people who lived there (70). The neighborhood where Cofer lived became a quarantine place. Because of the guilt of isolating the family, Cofer's father celebrated Christmas with a real tree, and bought a television. Television shows acted as an example of what American culture should look like and how they should act. Leading writers Chris Al Verified writer 4.9 (478) Marine pro writer Verified writer 5 (204) Prof. Evander Verified writer 4.8 (654) HIRE verified writer Cofer photo suggests this same issue of isolation. In the photo, she is inside and seems disconnected and disinterested in the toy she is holding, possibly yearning for the photographer's attention. In the silent dancing story there are several references to disturbing situations that Cofer faces. Cofer conveys a dream she has of this New Year's Eve memory and the short film. His dreams reflect the silent dances sliding forward and back to his face as they were in the camera in the home video. She questions them for answers that no one could or would give her an explanation in the past. Ortiz recalls that he saw his mother hold a doll and say "It was so big when she threw it in the toilet" (74). According to Cofer, this is an image that haunted her for a long time. A half interpreted old woman of her dreams sheds some light on her questions. Claiming that she is his aunt, she learned of cousin being pregnant, and then her realms of what killing the child were true. The summary was that her cousin was Julia 3 corrupted by American culture, and was eventually sent to live in Puerto Rico. In the end, Cofer's cousin incarnately incarnated what she was struggling to achieve: a La Gringa (74). The downside was that the connotation with which she was marked was not the one she expected. The photograph expresses a feeling of fear of americanizing and becoming the La Gringa that her aunt spoke so badly. The photo also displays Cofer's demoralizing experiences as a child. Cofer's eyes seemed haunted with disorientation and sadness. Confused about what to do with all the adult conversations they hear, Cofer experiences an anxiety of intriguing memories of her past and is forced to use her imagination to fill in the blanks. In keeping with Cofer's confusion, in his poem Lessons from the Past, Cofer states: "Things have changed, and some nights he has not returned home. I remember her crying in the kitchen. I sat in my chair learning to count one, of, three. With one parent wanting to assimilate and the other wanting to remain the same, Cofer felt unsure which way to lean. Cofer's mother struggled to maintain her island heritage; she always saw herself as being in temporary isolation. She clung on the traditions and family values she knew well. Cofer's father, on the other hand, thought that in the course of his children having the best educational and career opportunities, he had to fight hard to disassociate himself from his beloved Island. This disconnect is expressed through the dull, sad and empty look on your face. These two opposing worldviews have created a disconnect that Cofer tries to resolve through his writing. In addition to his confusion and difficulties in assimilation, Ortiz finds many differences between Puerto Rico's life and neighborhoods. She was used to single family life, and was forced to be quiet and watch television. Television helped Americanize the family. Having a television sets them apart from the rest of the community; other women entered their economic status and considered them rich. The photograph shows Cofer's wealth as she sits in a beautiful Sunday dress. The level of wealth along with his ethnic origin made it difficult to fit in and assimilate into his new life in Jersey. Cofer's story weaves a memory memory as photography reflects the difficulties and shows his emotions. Dreams act as a manifestation of unanswered fears and questions. Dreams may answer some of the questions Cofer had, but she's dissatisfied. The distorted people in her dream echo the last words of the old woman, La Gringa. She relates the people in her life to the silent dancers, circling in her dance and always keeping while your dreams tell you the Photography exudes confusion, isolation and difficulties in assimilation. All this comes at a time when Cofer is too young to join the big picture. The Silent Dance, by Judith Ortiz Cofer Book Review, (2016, Apr 03), Recovered from t waste time. Get a verified writer to help you with Judith Ortiz Cofer's The Silent Dancing Cofer Book Review HIRE verified writer \$35.80 for a 2-page newspaper... CALIFORNIA CALIFORNIA AN INTERPRETIVE STORY TENTH EDITION James J. Rawls Diablo Valley College History Instructor Walton Bean Late Professor at History University of California, Berkeley TM TM CALIFORNIA: AN INTERPRETIVE HISTORY, TENTH EDITION Published by McGraw-Hill, a business unit of The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Copyright © 2012 by McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc. All rights reserved. Previous editions © 2008, 2003 and 1998. No part of this publication may be reproduced or distributed in any way or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written consent of McGraw-Hill, Inc. Companies, including, but not limited to, any network or other electronic storage or transmission, or transmitted to distance learning. Some accessories, including electronic and printed components, may not be available to customers outside the United States. This book is printed on acid-free paper. 1234567890 QFR/QFR 10987654321 ISBN: 978-0-07-340696-1 Vice President: Kamp; Editor: Michael Ryan Vice President EDP/Central Publishing Services: Kimberly Mennerwerth David Publisher: Christopher Freitag Sponsor Editor: Matthew Bushridge Executive Marketing Manager: Pamela S. Cooper Editorial Coordinator: Nikki Weissman Project Manager: Erin Melloy Design Coordinator: Margarite Reynolds Cover Designer: Carole Lawson Cover Image: Albert Bierstadt, American.... Words: 248535 - Pages: 995 What is the ROBLOX password on roblox? Asked by Wiki user Jerry Seinfeld Was asked by the wiki user if she was born? Asked by the wiki user what is a pink hink laugh 50 percent? Asked by the wiki user what is the pink hink for money blue green? Asked by the wiki user who is roblox 10000000000 user? Asked by the wiki user how much a \$100 roblox gift card get you in robby? Asked by Wiki User Año ang pinakamalit na kontinente sa mundo? Asked by the wiki user what is a summary of silent dance? Asked by the wiki user What is the growing action of faith love and Dr. Lazar? Asked by the wiki Difference between writing reports em writing research? But what is the Imaginary drawing that divides the world on different days? Perúano wiki or queer personality do re acrisio? Pergunte por Wiki User Año ang mga Kasabihan sa aking kababata? Asked by the wiki user What is the signature of the time of the song Atu Pung Singings? Asked by Wiki user Año ang katangian ng salawikain? Asked by Atwan Wiki user Robert, ed. Convergences, 2nd ed. Boston: Bedford/St. Martin's. Silent Dance Judith Ortiz Cofer We have a homemade movie of this party. Several times my mom and I watched it together, and I asked questions about the silent revelers coming in and out of focus. It's grainy and short-lived, but it's a great visual aid to my life memory at that moment. And it's in color - the only complete scene in color that I can remember from those years. We lived in Puerto Rico until my brother was born in 1954. Soon after, because of economic pressures on our family, my father joined the United States Navy. He was assigned to service on a ship in Brooklyn Yard - a place of cement and steel that would be his base in the United States until his retirement more than twenty years later. He left the island first, alone, going to New York and tracking down his uncle who lived with his family across the Hudson River in Paterson, New Jersey. There my father found a small apartment in a huge tenement that once housed Jewish families, but was being taken over and turned by Puerto Ricans, overflowing from New York City. In 1955 he sent us looking for us. My mother was only 20 years old; I was not only three years old, and my brother was a child when we arrived at El Building, as the place had been christened by its newest residents. My memories of life in Paterson during those early years are all in shades of gray. Perhaps I was too young to absorb vivid colors and details, or to discriminate between the blue slate of the winter sky and the darker shades of the snow clouds, but this unique color washes throughout the period. The building we lived in was gray, as were the streets, full of mud in the first few months of my life there. The coat my father had bought for me was of similar color and very large; he sat heavily in my thin frame. I remember the way the heater pipes hit and shook, scaring us all out of sleep until we got so used to the sound that we automatically shut it down or raise our voices above the racket. The violin sonata punctuated my sleep (which was always appropriate) as a non-human presence in the room - a sleeping dragon at the entrance to my childhood. But the pipes were also a connection to all the other lives that were being lived around us. Having come from a house designed for a single family in Puerto Rico, my mother's family home, it was curious to know that strangers lived under our floor and above our heads, and that the heating pipes passed through everyone's apartments, first beating in Paterson came as a result of playing songs in the pipes of my room to see if there would be answer.) My mother was as young in this concept of hive life as I was, but she had received strict orders from my father to keep the doors locked, the noise down, ourselves to ourselves. Looks like Dad learned some painful lessons about prejudice while looking for an apartment in Paterson. Only years later I heard how much resistance he had encountered with owners who were panicking about the flow of Latinos in a neighborhood that had been Jewish for a few generations. It made no difference that it was the American phenomenon of ethnic turnover that was changing Paterson's urban core, and that human flood could not be held back with one audience finger. You Cuban?, a man asked my father, pointing to his badge on the Navy uniform - even though my father had the light skin and light brown hair of his past in northern Spain, and the name Ortiz is as common in Puerto Rico as Johnson is in the United States. No, my father answered by looking beyond his finger into his opponent's angry eyes. I'm Puerto Rican. Same shirt. And the door closed. My father could have passed as a European, but we couldn't. My brother and I have our mother's black hair and olive skin, and then we live in El Building and visit our great uncle and his children just on the next block. It was their private joke that they were the German branch of the family. A few years later, this area would also be mainly Puerto Rican. It was as if the heart of the city map was gradually being colored brown - caf con leche brown. Our color. The film begins with a sweep of the living room. It is typical Puerto Rican immigrant for the time. The sofa and chairs are square and hard-looking, upholstered in bright colors (blue and yellow in this case), and covered with transparent plastic that furniture sellers were so adept at convincing women to buy. The linoleum on the floor is light blue; if it had been subjected to skewer jumps (as it was in most places), there were ten-cent-sized setbacks everywhere that could not be seen in this film. The room is full of people dressed: dark suits for men, red dresses for women. When I asked my mother why most women are in red that night, she shrugged. I don't remember. It's just a coincidence. She doesn't have my obsession with attributing symbolism to everything. The three women in red sitting on the couch are my mother, my 18-year-old cousin, and her brother's girlfriend. The novia is just up the island, which is apparent in your body language. She formally sits her dress pulled over her knees. She is a pretty girl, but her posture makes her look insecure, lost in her full skirt dress, which she carefully placed around her to make room for my beautiful future sister-in-law. My cousin grew up in Paterson and is his senior year of high school. It doesn't have a trace of what Puerto Ricans call la mancha (literally the stain): the brand of the new immigrant - something about posture, voice, or human behavior that makes it obvious to everyone that the person has just arrived on the continent). My cousin is wearing a tight dress, sequins, cocktail. Her brown hair has been lit with peroxide around the fringe, and she is holding a cigarette skillfully between her fingers, bringing it up to her mouth in a sensual arc of her arm as she talks excitedly. My mother, who came to sit between the two women, both just a few years younger than herself, is somewhere between the poles they represent in our culture. It became my father's obsession to leave the neighborhood, and so we were never allowed to bond with the place or with the people who lived there. However, El Building was a comfort to my mother, who never got over the longing for La Isla. She felt surrounded by her tongue: the walls were thin, and voices speaking and arguing in Spanish could be heard all day. Salas exploded off the radios, on early in the morning and left it on for company. The women seemed to cook rice and beans perpetually - the strong aroma of boiling red beans permeated the aisles. Although Dad preferred us to do our grocery shopping when he got home over the weekend, my mother insisted that she could only cook with products whose labels she could read. Consequently, during the week I accompanied her and my younger brother to La Bodega. There we squeezed three narrow corridors stuck with various products. Goya and Libby - these were the trademarks entrusted by their mother, so my mother bought lots of Cans of Goya beans, soups and condiments, as well as small cans of Libby fruit juices for us. And she also bought Colgate toothpaste and Palmolive soap. (The en is pronounced in both products in Spanish, so for many years I believed that they were manufactured on the island. I remember my surprise at hearing a commercial on television where Colgate rhymed with ate. We always stayed in La Bodega, because that's where Mom breathed better, taking the familiar aromas of the food she knew from Mom's kitchen. It was also there that she was able to talk to the other women at El Building without violating her father's dictates against fraternization with our neighbors. However, Dad did his best to make our assimilation painless. I can still see him carrying a real Christmas tree up several flights of stairs to our apartment, leaving a trail of aromatic pine. He carried it formally, as if it were a flag in a parade. We were the only ones in El Building who knew what presents on Christmas Day and Christmas Day the day the Three Three brought gifts for Christ and for Hispanic children. Our ultimate luxury in El Building was to have our own television. It must have been the result of dad's feelings of guilt about the isolation he imposed on us, but we were among the first in the neighborhood to have one. My brother quickly became an avid observer of Captain Kangaroo and Jim of the Jungle, while I loved all the series showing families. When I started in the first series, I could have drawn a map of Middle America as exemplified by the lives of characters from Father Knows Best, The Donna Reed Show, Leave It to Beaver, My Three Sons, and (my favorite) Single Father, where John Forsythe treated his teenage daughter adore like a princess because he was rich and had a Chinese caretaker to do everything for him. Actually, compared to our neighbors in El Building, we were rich. My father's Navy check gave us financial security and a standard of living that factory workers envied. The only thing his money couldn't buy was a place to live away from the neighborhood. In the home movie, the men are then shown sitting around a card table set up in a corner of the living room, playing dominoes. The lack of the ivory pieces was a familiar sound. I've heard it in many houses on the island and in many apartments in Paterson. In Leave It to Beaver, the Cleavers played bridge in all other episodes; in my childhood, men began all social occasions with a round of dominoes much debated. The women sat and watched, but never participated in the games. Here and there you can see a small child. The children were always taken to parties and whenever they slept, they were placed in the bed of the host's room. Being a nanny was a concept not recognized by the Puerto Rican women I knew: a responsible mother didn't leave her children with any strangers. And in a culture where children are not considered intrusive, there was no need to leave children at home. We went where our mother went. From my preschool years, I only have impressions: the sharp bite of the wind in December as we walk with our parents toward the illuminated shops in the center; as if it were like a plush doll in my heavy coat, boots and gloves; how nice it was to get into the five and ten and sit on the counter drinking hot chocolate. On Saturdays, our whole family would go downtown to shop at the big Broadway department stores. Mom bought all our clothes at Penney's and Sears, and she liked to buy her dresses in the specialized stores of women like Lerner and Diana. At some point, we'd go to Woolworth's and sit on the soda fountain to eat. We never met other Latinos in these stores or when we ate out, and it became clear to me just years after the women of El Building mainly elsewhere - shops owned by other Puerto Ricans or Jewish merchants philosophically accepted our presence in the city and decided to make us their good customers, if not neighbors and real friends. These establishments were not located in the center, but in the blocks around our street, and they were referred to generically as La Tienda, El Bazar, La Bodega, La Botonica. Everyone knew what was done. These were the shops where his face didn't turn an employee to stone, where his money was as green as anyone else. One New Year's Eve we were dressed as children's models in the Sears catalog: my brother in a miniature man suit and bow tie, and me in patent black leather shoes and a frilled dress with several layers of crinoline underneath. My mother wore a bright red dress that night, I remember, and thorny heels; her black long hair hanging at the waist. The father, who normally wore his Navy uniform during his short visits home, had put on a dark civilian suit for the occasion: We had been invited to a big celebration at his uncle's house. Everyone was excited because my mother's brother, Herman, a bachelor who could indulge in luxuries, had bought a home theater camera, which he would be experiencing that night. Even the home film cannot fail in the sensory details like a meeting left printed on a child's brain. The thick sweeteness of female perfumes mixing with the ever-present smell of food cooking in the kitchen: meat and banana pastries, as well as the ubiquitous rice dish made special with pigeon peas - gandules - and seasoned with precious sofrito sent from the island by someone's mother or smuggled by a recent traveler. Sofrito was one of the items that women accumulated, since it was almost never in stock in La Bodega. It was the taste of Puerto Rico. The men drank Palo Viejo rum, and some of the younger ones were left crying. The first time I saw a grown man cry was at a New Year's eve party: he had been reminded of his mother by the smells in the kitchen. There was also the music. Long-term albums were treated like precious porcelain in these houses. Mexican recordings were popular, but the songs that brought tears to my mother's eyes were sung by the melancholy Daniel Santos, whose life as a drug addict was a thing of legend. Felipe Rodriguez was a favorite of couples, as he sang about infiadas women and heartbroken men. There is a rapture of a because you don't ... I must have heard a thousand times since the idea of a bed made of stone, and its connection to love, first troubled me with its disturbing images. The five-minute home movie ends with people dancing in a circle. It's comical and sad to see the silent dance. As there is no justification for the absurd movements that music provides to some of us, people seem frantic, their faces shamefully intense. It's like you're watching sex. However, for years I had dreams in the form of this home movie. In a recurring scene, familiar faces push each other forward in the eyes of my mind, plastering their features into distorted close-ups. And I'm asking them, who is she? Who's the old lady I don't recognize? Is she an aunt? Someone's wife? Tell me who she is. See the beauty mark on her face as big as a hill in the lunar landscape of her face - well, that runs in the family. The women on their father's side of the family roar early; it's the price they pay for this fair skin. The young woman with the green stain on her wedding dress is La Novia: just up the island. See, she lowers her eyes as she approaches the camera, as she should. Decent girls never look you directly in the face. Humble, humble, a girl must express humility in all her actions. She'll be a good wife to your cousin. He should consider himself lucky to have met her just weeks after she got here. If he marries her quickly, she will make him a good Puerto Rican wife: but if he waits too long, she will be corrupted by the city - just like her cousin there. She means me, I do what I want. This is not a primitive island I live on. They expect me to wear a black mantilla on my head and go to mass every day? Not me. I'm an American, and I'm going to do whatever you want. I can type faster than anyone in my senior class at Central High, and I'm going to be a secretary to a lawyer when I graduate. I can pass an American girl anywhere. I hate rice and beans - that's what makes these women fat. Your cousin is pregnant with that man she's been sneaking around with. Would I lie to you? I'm his Aunt Policia, his great-uncle's common law wife, the one he left on the island to marry his cousin's mother. I wasn't invited to this party, of course, but I came anyway. I've come tell you this story about your cousin you have wanted to hear it. Remember the comment your mother made to a neighbor who always haunted you? The only thing you heard was your cousin's name, and then you saw your mother pick up her doll on the couch and say. It was as big as that doll when they threw it in the toilet. This image has been bothering you for years, hasn't it? You had nightmares about babies being flushed down the toilet, and you wondered why someone would do such a horrible thing. You didn't dare ask your mother about it. She just told you that you didn't hear her right, and she yelled at you for listening to adult conversations. But later, when you were old enough to know about abortions, you suspected. I'm here to tell you that you were right. Your cousin was growing an American in her belly when this movie was made. Soon after she put something long and pointy in her beautiful eye, thinking that maybe she could get rid of the problem before breakfast and still make it to her first class in high school. Nina, her screams could be heard downtown. Her aunt, her mother, who had been a midwife on the island, managed to pull the little thing out, yes, they probably flushed it down the toilet. What else could they do with it - give him a Christian burial in a white coffin with blue ties and ribbons? No, one wanted that baby, let alone her father, a teacher at her school with a house in West Paterson that he was filling up with real children, and a wife who was a natural blonde. Girl, the scandal sent your uncle back to the bottle. And guess where your cousin ended up? Irony of ironies. She was sent to a village in Puerto Rico to live with a relative on her mother's side: a place so far from civilization that you have to ride a mule to reach her. A real change of scenery. She found a man there, women like that can't live without male company, but believe me, men in Puerto Rico know how to put a saddle on a woman like her. La Gringa they call her. Ha ha ha. La Gringa is what she always wanted to be... The old woman's mouth becomes a cavernous black hole in which I fall. And when I fall, I feel the reverberations of her laughter. I hear the echoes of his last words mocking: La Gringa, La Gringa! And the conga line keeps moving silently for me. There's no music in my dream for dancers. When Odisu visits Hades to see his mother's spirit, he makes an offering of sacrificial blood, but as all souls crave an audience with the living, he has to listen to many of them before he can ask questions. I also have to listen to the dead and the forgotten speak in my dream. Those who are still part of my life remain silent, walking around and around in their dance. The others keep pressing their faces forward to say things about the past. The my father's is last in line. He is dying of alcoholism, covering and covering like a monkey, his a mass of wrinkles and broken arteries. As he approaches, I realize that in his characteristics I can see my whole family. If you stretch that rubber flesh, you could find my father's face, and at the bottom of that face - my own. I don't want to look at those black-eyed eyes. In a few years he will retreat in silence, and take a long, long time to die. Back off, Uncle, I'll tell him. I don't want to hear what you have to say give the dancers room to move. It'll be midnight soon. Who's the New Year's Fool this time? Time?

