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Quicksand nella larsen quotes

"The joke is on you, Dr. Anderson. My father was a gambler who deserted my mother, a white immigrant. It is even uncertain that they were married. As I said at first, I don't belong here." Helga's biting comment to Dr. Anderson at the close of Chapter Three reveals the central theme of race and identity. This comment is made in response to Dr. Anderson's reference to Helga's good "breeding," which she finds particularly insulting as she interprets it as a reference to her skin color. The quote illustrates how Helga's mixed-race background informs her identity and search for belonging. Her frequent desire to act impulsively, often to wound, reveals her ongoing sense of alienation, of not belonging in Black society or among white society. Helga's later regret in saying this to Dr. Anderson reveals an ongoing internal conflict that Helga will struggle with throughout the course of the novel. Quote 2 "She began to make plans and to dream delightful dreams of change, of life somewhere else. Some place where at last she would be permanently satisfied." Helga's search for belonging is further explored at the end of Chapter Ten when she receives Uncle Peter's letter and check and decides to act on his advice to go to Denmark. This is the third of her moves, from Naxos to Chicago to Harlem to Denmark, following the pattern of enthusiasm followed by her mixed-race identity. While much of this struggle is explored internally through Helga's thoughts, it cannot be divorced from the way each setting in the book treats racial relations. In Naxos, Helga finds the educational institutions mimicry of white sensibilities to be a betrayal of Black culture and individuality. In Harlem, Helga finds her peers' focus on "the race problem" also blurs her individuality and causes her to feel shame about the fact she is a mixed-race woman. In Copenhagen, Helga deals with the Danes' simultaneous exoticization and erasure of her identity and feel a true sense of belonging. Quote 3 "Life wasn't a miracle, a wonder. It was, for Negroes at least, only a great disappointment. Something to be got through with as best one could." As Helga recovers from the birth of her fourth child in Chapter Twenty-Four, she has a renewed cynical perspective on how America's racist attitudes have influenced the outcome of her life. She has lost her briefly strong faith and now sees religion explicitly as a tool whites use to keep Black people quiet and in their place. Here, Larsen uses the tragedy of Helga's fate to explore the effect of America's racist society on Black Americans, painting the tragedy of Helga's life as inevitable. Helga's worry over the future of her children provides another example of the internal struggle she continues to grapple with when it comes to her identity. The novel's ending serves as an example of how American society's insistence on defining individuals by their race, particularly Black and mixed-race people such as Helga, is damaging to both those individuals by their race, particularly Black and mixed-race people such as Helga, is damaging to both those individuals by their race, particularly Black and mixed-race people such as Helga, is damaging to both those individuals and to society as a whole. Quicksand is a 1928 novel by Nella Larsen (1891 - 1964) based on the author's personal experiences with what was called "the color line." This sensitive novel came just one year before her masterwork, the 1929 short novel Passing. Helga Crane, the main character, is the mixed-race daughter of a white Danish mother and a black father, as Larsen was. The plot takes her back and forth from Denmark, "Naxos" (a thinly veiled version of the Tuskegee Institute, where Larsen worked briefly), and Harlem. Wherever Helga goes, she fails to find a community in which she can be comfortable with who she is. Nella Larsen's fictional young women of mixed race — in this book and in Passing — grapple for a sense of identity and belonging, her soul. But though she was contemptuous, she was being too well entertained to leave. And it was, at least, warm and dry........... "Somewhere, within her, in a deep recess, crouched discontent. She began to lose confidence in the fullness of her life, the glow began to fade from her conception of it. As the days multiplied, her need of something, something vaguely familiar, but which she could not put a name to and hold for definite examination, became almost intolerable. She went through moments of overwhelming anguish. She felt shut in, trapped." RELATED POSTS had strayed. Or — she would have to die.".....*These are Bookshop Affiliate and Amazon Affiliate links. If a product is purchased by linking through, Literary Ladies Guide receives a modest commission, which helps maintain our site and helps it to continue growing!

