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Next

Learning to read excerpt from the autobiography of malcolm x answers

“Learning to Read” excerpt from The Autobiography of Malcolm X
Born Malcolm Little on May 19, 1925, Malcolm X was one of the most articulate and powerful leaders of black America during the 1960s. A street hustler convicted of robbery in 1946, he spent seven years in prison, where he educated himself and became a disciple of Elijah Muhammad, founder of the Nation of Islam. In the days of the civil rights movement, Malcolm X emerged as the leading spokesman for black separatism, a philosophy that urged black Americans to cut political, social, and economic ties with the white community. After a pilgrimage to Mecca, the capital of the Muslim world, in 1964, he became an orthodox Muslim, adopted the Muslim name El Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, and distanced himself from the teachings of the black Muslims. He was assassinated in 1965.
In the following excerpt from his autobiography, coauthored with Alex Haley and published the year of his death, Malcolm X describes his self-education. I became increasingly frustrated at not being able to express what I wanted to convey in letters that I wrote, especially those to Mr. Elijah Muhammad. In the street, I had been the most articulate hustler out there. I had commanded attention when I said something. But now, trying to write simple English, I not only wasn’t articulate, I wasn’t even functional. How would I sound writing in slang—something such as, “Look, daddy, let me pull your coat about a cat…” Many who today hear me somewhere in person, or on television, or those who read something I’ve said, will think I went to school far beyond the eighth grade. This impression is due entirely to my prison studies. It really began back in the Charlestown Prison, when Bimbi first made me feel envy of his stock of knowledge. Bimbi had always taken charge of any conversations he was in, and I tried to emulate him. But every book I picked up had few sentences which didn’t contain anywhere from one to nearly all of the words that might as well have been in Chinese. When I just skipped those words, of course, I really ended up with little idea of what the book said. I saw that the best thing I could do was get hold of a dictionary—to study, to learn some words. I was lucky enough to reason also that I should try to improve my penmanship. It was sad. I couldn’t even write in a straight line. It was both ideas together that moved me to request a dictionary along with some tablets and pencils from the Norfolk Prison school. I spent two days just riffling uncertainly through the dictionary’s pages. I’d never realized so many words existed! I didn’t know which words I needed to learn. Finally, just to start some kind of action, I began copying. In my slow, painstaking, ragged handwriting, I copied into my tablet everything printed on that first page, down to the punctuation marks. I believe it took me a day. Then, aloud, I read back, to myself, everything I’d written on the tablet. Over and over, aloud, to myself, I read my own handwriting. I woke up the next morning, thinking about those words—immensely proud to realize Daniel Russell knows how to find the answers to questions you can’t get to with a simple Google query. In his weekly Search Research column, Russell issues a search challenge, then follows up later in the week with his solution—using whatever search technology and methodology fits the bill. This week’s challenge: Do you have X-ray vision? What kind of trees? Answer: Orange treesExtra credit answer: They were first planted on 28 January 1534.How to solve: I took the easy way out and did the most obvious thing. I just zoomed in on the sign over the door. (Yeah, I know a lot of you did Search-by-Image, which also works. I’m just taking the simplest route here.)Some very clever folks recognized the flags as those of Spain and Catalonia, which would confirm the identity and location of this image. It’s clearly the “Palau de Generalitat,” a simple search leads quickly to the Wikipedia page. (It means, “Palace of the Generality,” that is, the government of Catalonia.)After reading the page, I just searched the page for the word “trees,” and voila!This leads to a match in the photo gallery section of the page with one image labeled “Courtyard of the orange trees (Pati dels Tarongers),”Another search for [Pati dels Tarongers]Leads to the “Viquipèdia” (that is, the Catalan Wikipedia) page for “Pati dels Tarongers.”Unfortunately for us, the results are in Catalan. Luckily, it’s a quick step to look for [Google Translate] and then drop in the URL to get the English translation of the “Viquipèdia” page for “Pati del Tarongers.”The History section of the translated page tells the story: “The first planting in the garden of Palau was 24 orange(s), the 28 January of 1534, during the three years of Dionysius of Carcassonne.”Search lesson: Start simple, then keep following the trail. Even if it takes you to another language, there’s always Google Translate to help out!Next week… a much harder puzzle! Stay tuned.Answer: Do you have X-ray vision? | SearchReSearchDaniel M. Russell studies the way people search and research—an anthropologist of search, if you will. You can read more from Russell on his SearchReSearch blog, and stay tuned for his weekly challenges (and answers) here on Lifehacker. Analysis for Learning to Read by Malcolm X
Malcolm X, who used X to signify his lost African tribal name, was an American Muslim minister and a human rights activist. He stated in his excerpt “Learning to Read” from The Autobiography of Malcolm X, “[People] will think I went to school far beyond the eighth grade” (Learning to read, X.3). Malcolm X was kicked out of the school after 8th grade, and went to the prison. He learned how to read in the prison. Ever since then, he started to read books and think about the fate of black people’s. As I reading the excerpt, I was impressed by his wonderful writing skill and by how books influenced him like everybody who had read it. Two literary techniques that he used in the excerpt impressed the readers. He used…show more content…X established a tone of gratitude for books. X stated in the essay, “In fact, up to then, I never had been so truly free in my life” (X.11). In this sentence, “truly”, “in my life” showed his gratitude for books, also made the readers realize that the books really set him free, he appreciated the books. The tone was sincere. Another example in the text: “I never will forget how shocked I was when I began reading about slavery’s total horror” (X.26) showed his shameful and angry tone for slavery history. Readers could get his shame and anger from his choice of words “shocked” and “horror”. His tone made readers feel his emotion while reading the excerpt, thereby achieved his purpose of moving the readers. In conclusion, Malcolm X used two powerful techniques, hyperbole and tone, to express himself and impress the readers. He made me believe that “Ten guards and the warden couldn’t have torn me out of those books”(X.33). Between the lines, Malcolm X showed us his love, passion, and gratitude for books, and to his purpose of life, to promote human rights activities, especially for African-Americans. Readers could not feel him without all the techniques he Born Malcolm Little on May 19, 1925, Malcolm X was one of the most articulate and powerful leaders of black America during the 1960s. A street hustler convicted of robbery in 1946, he spent seven years in prison, where he educated himself and became a disciple of Elijah Muhammad, founder of the Nation of Islam. In the days of the civil rights movement, Malcolm X emerged as the leading spokesman for black separatism, a philosophy that urged black Americans to cut political, social, and economic ties with the white community. After a pilgrimage to Mecca, the capital of the Muslim world, in 1964, he became an orthodox Muslim, adopted the Muslim name El Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, and distanced himself from the teachings of the black Muslims. He was assassinated in 1965.
In the following excerpt from his autobiography (1965), coauthored with Alex Haley and published the year of his death, Malcolm X describes his self-education. It was because of my letters that I happened to stumble upon starting to acquire some kind of a homemade education. I became increasingly frustrated. at not being able to express what I wanted to convey in letters that I wrote, especially those to Mr. Elijah Muhammad. In the street, I had been the most articulate hustler out there – I had commanded attention when I said something. But now, trying to write simple English, I not only wasn’t articulate, I wasn’t even functional. How would I sound writing in slang, the way I would say it, something such as, “Look, daddy, let me pull your coat about a cat. Elijah Muhammad.” Many who today hear me somewhere in person, or on television, or those who read something I’ve said, will think I went to school far beyond the eighth grade. This impressio is due entirely to my prison studies. It had really begun back in the Charlestown Prison, when Bimbi first made me feel envy of his stock of knowledge. Bimbi had always taken charge of any conversations he was in, and I had tried to emulate him. But every book I picked up had few sentences which didn’t contain anywhere from one to nearly all of the words that might as well have been in Chinese. When I just skipped those words, of course, I really ended up with little idea of what the book said. So I had come to the Norfolk Prison Colony still going through only book-reading motions. Pretty soon, I would have quit even these motions, unless I had received the motivation that I did. I saw that the best thing I could do was get hold of a dictionary – to study, to learn some words. I was lucky enough to reason also that I should try to improve my penmanship. It was sad. I couldn’t even write in a straight line. It was both ideas together that moved me to request a dictionary along with some tablets and pencils from the Norfolk Prison Colony school. I spent two days just riffling uncertainly through the dictionary’s pages. I’d never realized so many words existed! I didn’t know which words I needed to learn. Finally, just to start some kind of action, I began copying. In my slow, painstaking, ragged handwriting, I copied into my tablet everything printed on that first page, down to the punctuation marks. I believe it took me a day. Then, aloud, I read back, to myself, everything I’d written on the tablet. Over and over, aloud, to myself, I read my own handwriting. I woke up the next morning, thinking about those words – immensely proud to realize that not only had I written so much at one time, but I’d written words that I never knew were in the world. Moreover, with a little effort, I also could remember what many of these words meant. I reviewed the words whose meanings I didn’t remember. Funny thing, from the dictionary first page right now, that “aardvark” springs to my mind. The dictionary had a picture of it, a long-tailed, long-eared, burrowing African mammal, which lives off termites caught by sticking out its tongue as an anteater does for ants. I was so fascinated that I went on – I copied the dictionary’s next page. And the same experience came when I studied that. With every succeeding page, I also learned of people and places and events from history. Actually the dictionary is like a miniature encyclopedia. Finally the dictionary’s A section had filled a whole tablet and I went on into the B’s. That was the way I started copying what eventually became the entire dictionary. It went a lot faster after so much practice helped me to pick up handwriting speed. Between what I wrote in my tablet, and writing letters, during the rest of my time in prison I would guess I wrote a million words. I suppose it was inevitable that as my word-base broadened, I could for the first time pick up a book and read and now begin to understand what the book was saying. Anyone who has read a great deal can imagine the new world that opened. Let me tell you something: from then until I left that prison, in every free moment I had, if I was not reading in the library, I was reading on my bunk. You couldn’t have gotten me out of books with a wedge. Between Mr. Muhammad’s teachings, my correspondence, my visitors… and my reading of books, months passed without my even thinking about being imprisoned. In fact, up to then, I never had been so truly free in my life.

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