

Source:

#ref #ret

1 | Prompt

Assignment guidelines

After reading and analyzing Kincaid's book, you have a better understanding of rhetorical purpose and tone.

In addition to your pastiche, please provide a short reflection. You should explain your rhetorical purpose.

Prompts

Conflicts in identity and place: In *A Small Place* Kincaid describes a conflicted relationship with identity and place.

Responsible travel: Kincaid begins her text with a mockery of "you," an assumed pasty-faced (read: white) tourist.

3. Solutions for issues based in poverty: Critiques of philanthropy often suggest it is motivated by a desire for credit.

1.1 | pt 1

Provide details about the following:

- 1) What prompt have you selected? (There are three options)
- 2) What rhetorical devices or stylistic choices are you drawn to from Kincaid's *A Small Place*? (you need to choose at least 5)
 - Parentheses
 - 1st and 2nd person
 - Criticism
 - Sarcasm/Irony
 - Repetition
 - Contrast / Juxtaposition
 - Long sentences (multiple clauses)
 - Guilt/Shame
 - Rhetorical Questions
- 3) To whom will you address your pastiche?

1.2 | Out. Lining.

const I = 'I'

Main idea: address to Canadian immigration office

Identify crisis in that hate America but love America?

Crap on America, while saying "But it's my homeeee :((wwoe is me)"

- the bad.

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- the good?
- formal immigration document
 - start with “imagine you move to America,” second person
 - talk about how truth gets destroyed due to fake news and such
 - talk about the obesity rates, and ect.
 - talk about the land of dreams
 - talk about the innovation, and how to be successful this is the best place to do it.
 - now imagine you are me, and see that nothing’s changed.
 - maybe: talk about how in modern times, I can escape the bad and still have access to the good?

1.3 | Righting Thyme.

(unedited)

Imagine you lived in America. Where the sun always shines (except when it doesn’t, but that doesn’t matter), where the rain is always refreshing, and where all dreams can come true. You look around and see America, the land of dreams! — Of freedom, of innovation, of equality, ect. You notice the air is filled with hope (it’s almost sickly sweet, or maybe just sickly), and the eyes are filled with phones. You move on, not thinking too much about it, because how could some phones ruin (shatter your conception of) the magnificent, great, elitist land of America? The land of success, where all the tech giants reside — Apple, Amazon, Google — and you reside here to! You can’t pass that up for anything if you want to be successful like them. You watch the entertainment — the entertainment here is great! you think to yourself; the entertainment is reality. Or maybe it isn’t. Doesn’t matter. You talk with others in your gated bubble of a community (inescapable) about the latest crazy thing that someone, somethem, did, all the while patting yourself on the back for being an intellectual, for being an informed citizen, for exercising your rights in this wonderful functioning (functioning?) democracy (not disagreeing, of course — that would be horrendous — only affirming beliefs here. But are they beliefs?). You become united, defined, under your shared “beliefs” with those in your bubble, (which you give a name, because the beliefs themselves are irrelevant), then find connection, maybe tribal connection, but connection nonetheless in being a part of whichever name you have given your belief system, but it’s all okay (of course), because you are having conversations, you are reading the news, you aren’t like those them people with their lies and false beliefs, their stubbornness and misinformation. You watch the news all day, all night, because you have to be an informed citizen, (popcorn out of frame in virtuous social media post), constantly being warned of fake news, of the fake news, of the them news. How do you find this news? Oh, well, that’s simple: does it fall under your ideology? Yes? Great. Send it to your friends (with an inspirational message). Does it not? Great. Send it to your friends (with a laughing emoji or deep, sad message about the state of this country / the news / the society / your mental state. The news, the supposed reporters of reality, invade your society, your conversation, your home, your dinner table, your mind. Funny how each Marvel movie replaces the news for a short period. You watch it with glee, (or watch it with hate, looking down on those who enjoy this type of stuff instead of the educated, elitist media you consume) talk about it with others in your bubble, then, when the novelty fades, you go back to the news. What did you miss? Nothing; everything (doesn’t matter, no one else was talking about it anyways). You distract from your own problems (or your own empty) by sending disgust, not hate (but hate), towards those with a different name to their ideology — you are helping the world! Now you can keep wasting time and still feel fulfilled. Maybe water the plant too, that will get you a bit fulfillment, a bit more time you can waste without crumbling in your own un-impactfulness. Sometimes, rarely, you ‘converse’ with another human who disagrees with you (you aren’t used to this; you don’t like this; this doesn’t make you feel good, or included, or right) — you leave, writing them off as one of the evil disgusting, not hated (hated) them. You are so much better! you think to (assure) yourself. You water the plant again, grab some more popcorn, and open up your preferred media that aligns itself with your ideology (or one that doesnt, if you want to get some laughs / feel (project your) sad (ness)). Now imagine you’re me. The America I grew up in is making me a shell, and I won’t have it anymore. That is why I want to, why I must, move to a place of sanity, a place where others share my ideology.

1.3.1 | **Reflection!**

In my pastiche, I tried to replicate the style of the first section in Jamaica Kincaid's *A Small Place*. Stylistically, the primary way this section differs from the rest of the book is through Kincaid's overwhelming use of second person point of view. This technique served as a sort of transport mechanism for Kincaid's true messages, usually delivered with sarcasm while being hidden in parenthesis. I focused on this combination of techniques heavily in my pastiche.