

§4.2. Two orders of social force are always at work. One set is centripetal and works to hold a given class stable. Another set is centrifugal and works to break a given class apart.

The first set runs from identity, through familiarity, to lethargy, to fear of difference—all of which work to hold a class together. These are the forces that the networking situation must appeal to, requisition, and exploit.

The second set has to do, however, with the needs and desires that define the class in the first place: hunger, sex, ambition in any one of a dozen directions—spatial to economic to aesthetic to intellectual. These forces militate for breaking up a class, driving it apart, and sending individuals off into other class arenas. This is the level where, in a democracy, contact functions as an anti-entropic method for changing various individuals' material class groundings. The reason these forces work the way they do is simply that when such desires and needs concentrate at too great a density in too small a social space over too long a time, they become that much harder to fulfill—even when you pay generous honoraria to people who might help fill them, to move briefly into that crowded social space and dispense data about the process, without dispensing the actual rewards and benefits that those involved in the process seek. Love/desire/awe/fear/ discomfort/terror/ abjection (horror) is the human response range to greater or lesser power differentials.

The centripetal forces work to tame the components of that response. Those components underlie and are the centrifugal forces.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT LESSONS

1795

The first book of a series which I intended to have written for my unfortunate girl.

LESSON I

CAT. Dog. Cow. Horse. Sheep. Pig. Bird. Fly.
Man. Boy. Girl. Child.
Head. Hair. Face. Nose. Mouth. Chin. Neck. Arms. Hand. Leg. Foot. Back.
Breast.
House. Wall. Field. Street. Stone. Grass.
Bed. Chair. Door. Pot. Spoon. Knife. Fork. Plate. Cup. Box. Boy. Bell.
Tree. Leaf. Stick. Whip. Cart. Coach.
Frock. Hat. Coat. Shoes. Shift. Cap.
Bread. Milk. Tea. Meat. Drink. Cake.

LESSON II

Come. Walk. Run. Go. Jump. Dance. Ride. Sit. Stand. Play. Hold. Shake.
Speak. Sing. Cry. Laugh. Call. Fall.
Day. Night. Sun. Moon. Light. Dark. Sleep. Wake.
Wash. Dress. Kiss. Comb.
Fire. Hot. Burn. Wind. Rain. Cold.
Hurt. Tear. Break. Spill.
Book. See. Look.

Sweet. Good. Clean.
Gone. Lost. Hide. Keep. Give. Take.
One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.
White. Black. Red. Blue. Green. Brown.

LESSON III

STROKE the cat. Play with the Dog. Eat the bread. Drink the milk. Hold the cup. Lay down the knife.
Look at the fly. See the horse. Shut the door. Bring the chair. Ring the bell. Get your book.
Hide your face. Wipe your nose. Wash your hands. Dirty hands. Why do you cry? A clean mouth. Shake hands. I love you. Kiss me now. Good girl.
The bird sings. The fire burns. The cat jumps. The dog runs. The bird flies. The cow lies down. The man laughs. The child cries.

LESSON IV

LET me comb your head. Ask Betty to wash your face. Go and see for some bread. Drink milk, if you are dry. Play on the floor with the ball. Do not touch the ink; you will black your hands.
What do you want to say to me? Speak slow, not so fast. Did you fall? You will not cry, not you; the baby cries. Will you walk in the fields?

LESSON V

COME to me, my little girl. Are you tired of playing? Yes. Sit down and rest yourself, while I talk to you.
Have you seen the baby? Poor little thing. O here it comes. Look at him. How helpless he is. Four years ago you were as feeble as this very little boy.
See, he cannot hold up his head. He is forced to lie on his back, if his mamma does not turn him to the right or left side, he will soon begin to cry. He cries to tell her, that he is tired with lying on his back.

LESSON VI

PERHAPS he is hungry. What shall we give him to eat? Poor fellow, he cannot eat. Look in his mouth, he has no teeth.
How did you do when you were a baby like him? You cannot tell. Do you want to know? Look then at the dog, with her pretty puppy. You could not help yourself as well as the puppy. You could only open your mouth, when you were lying, like William, on my knee. So I put you to my breast, and you sucked, as the puppy sucks now, for there was milk enough for you.

LESSON VII

WHEN you were hungry, you began to cry, because you could not speak. You were seven months without teeth, always sucking. But after you got one, you began to gnaw a crust of bread. It was not long before another came pop. At ten months you had four pretty white teeth, and you used to bite me. Poor mamma! Still I did not cry, because I am not a child, but you hurt me very much. So I said to papa, it is time the little girl should eat. She is not naughty, yet she hurts me. I have given her a crust of bread, and I must look for some other milk.
The cow has got plenty, and her jumping calf eats grass very well. He has got more teeth than my little girl. Yes, says papa, and he tapped you on the cheek, you are old enough to learn to eat? Come to me, and I will teach you, my little dear, for you must not hurt poor mamma, who has given you her milk, when you could not take any thing else.

LESSON VIII

YOU were then on the carpet, for you could not walk well. So when you were in a hurry, you used to run quick, quick, quick, on your hands and feet, like the dog.

Away you ran to papa, and putting both your arms round his leg, for your hands were not big enough, you looked up at him, and laughed. What did this laugh say, when you could not speak? Cannot you guess by what you now say to papa? — Ah! it was, Play with me, papa! — play with me!

Papa began to smile, and you knew that the smile was always — Yes. So you got a ball, and papa threw it along the floor — Roll — roll — roll; and you ran after it again — and again. How pleased you were. Look at William, he smiles; but you could laugh loud — Ha! ha! ha! — Papa laughed louder than the little girl, and rolled the ball still faster.

Then he put the ball on a chair, and you were forced to take hold of the back, and stand up to reach it. At last you reached too far, and down you fell: not indeed on your face, because you put out your hands. You were not much hurt; but the palms of your hands smarted with the pain, and you began to cry, like a little child.

It is only very little children who cry when they are hurt; and it is to tell their mamma, that something is the matter with them. Now you can come to me, and say, Mamma, I have hurt myself. Pray rub my hand: it smarts. Put something on it, to make it well. A piece of rag, to stop the blood. You are not afraid of a little blood — not you. You scratched your arm with a pin: it bled a little; but it did you no harm. See, the skin has grown over it again.

M. NOURBESE PHILIP ZONG!

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		means	evidence
			means
		mortality	
		means	policy
			means
truth	means		
means		voyage	
	overboard	means	market
sufficient	means		means
means		slaves	
	support	means	more
foul	means		means
means		dead	
	three butts	means	want
necessity	means	water	
means		means	water
	provisions		
perils	means		