

LITERATURE & LOGIC

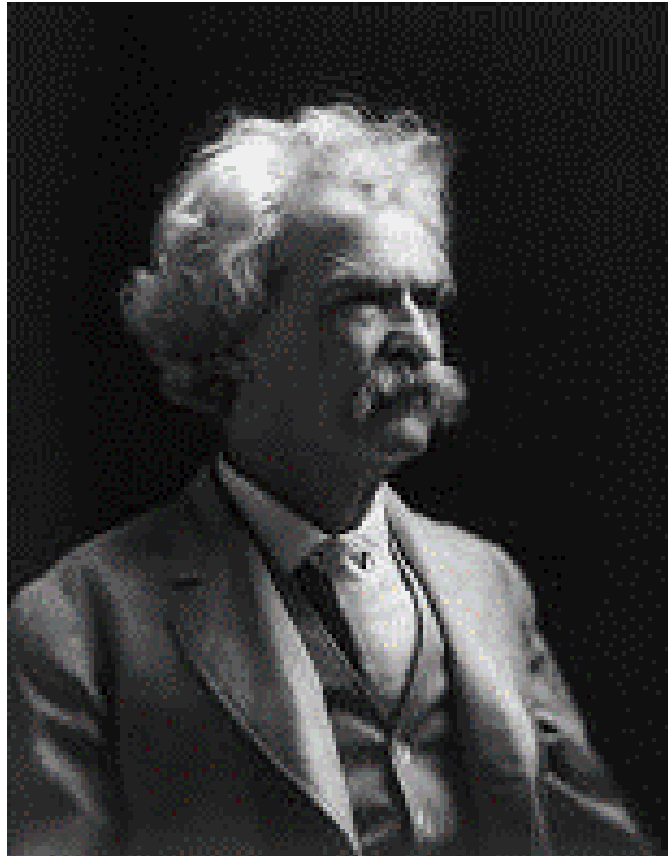
THE LITTLE LOGIC BOOK SERIES



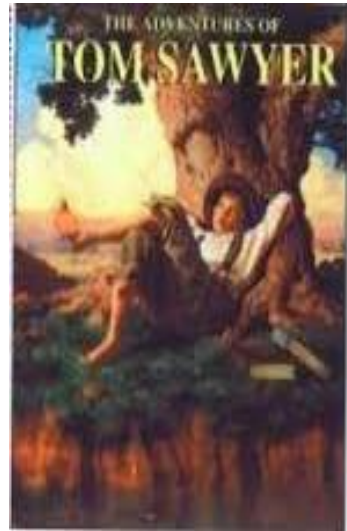
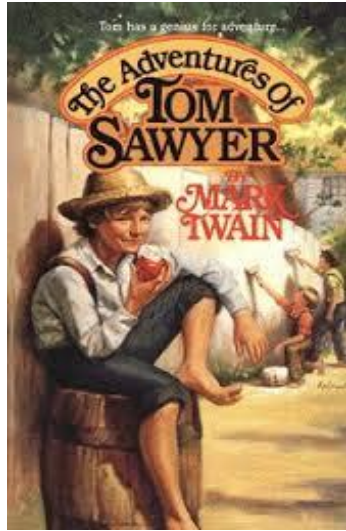
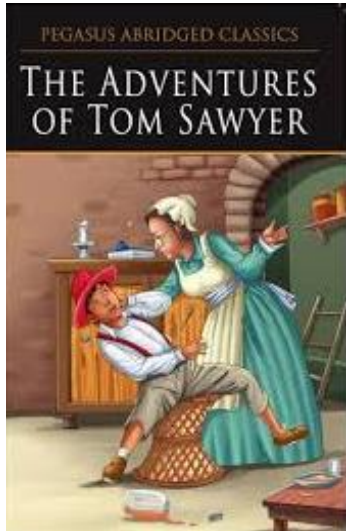
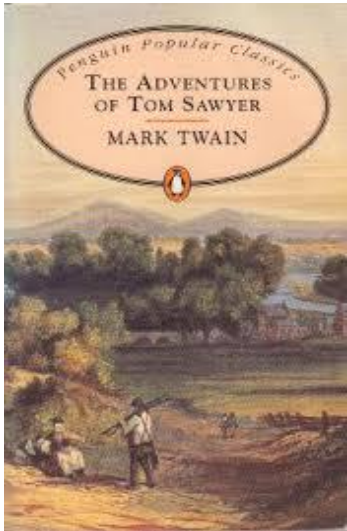
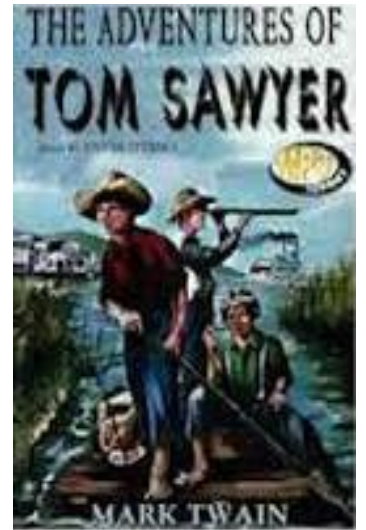
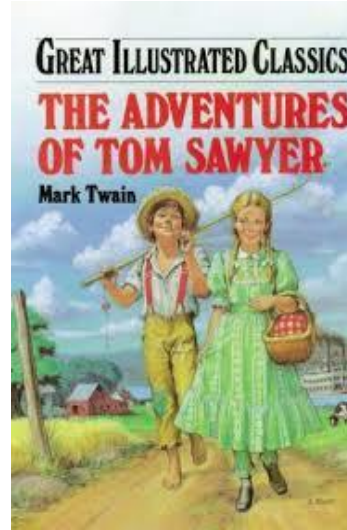
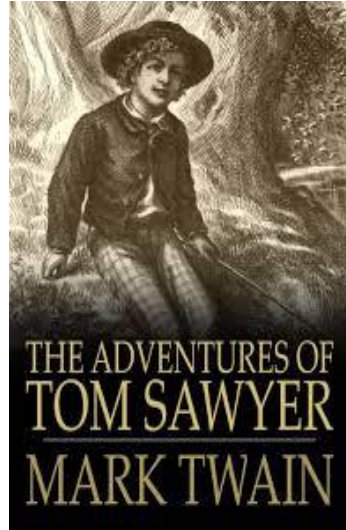
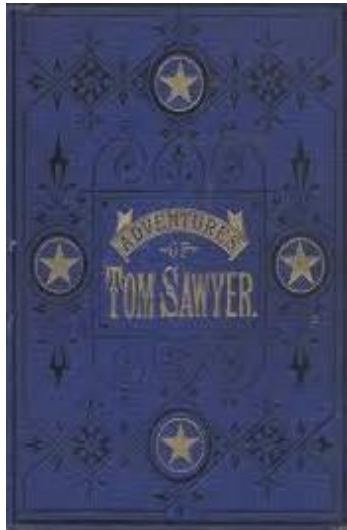
Michael Round

Center for *auto*SOCRATIC EXCELLENCE

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***"A classic is something
everybody wants to have read,
but no one wants to read."***



THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER
BY MARK TWAIN

CHAPTER I

"TOM!"

No answer.

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"What's gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!"

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The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *through* them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style," not service—she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and then said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear:

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"I never did see the beat of that boy!"

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and "jimpson" weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance and shouted:

"Y-o-u-u TOM!"

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

"There! I might 'a' thought of that closet. What you been doing in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What *is* that truck?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Well, I know. It's jam—that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air—the peril was desperate—

"My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambled up the high board-fence, and disappeared over it.

His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn an old dog new tricks, as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long he can torment me before I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and spile the child, as the Good Book says. I'm a laying up sin and suffering for us both, I know. He's full of the Old Scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him, somehow. Every time I let him

off, my conscience does hurt me so, and every time I hit him my old heart most breaks. Well-a-well, man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, as the Scripture says, and I reckon it's so. He'll play hookey this evening, * and [* Southwestern for "afternoon"] I'll just be obleged to make him work, tomorrow, to punish him. It's mighty hard to make him work Saturdays, when all the boys is having holiday, but he hates work more than he hates anything else, and I've *got* to do some of my duty by him, or I'll be the ruination of the child."

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very good time. He got back home barely in season to help Jim, the small colored boy, saw next-day's wood and split the kindlings before supper—at least he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work. Tom's younger brother (or rather half-brother) Sid was already through with his part of the work (picking up chips), for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, trouble-some ways.

While Tom was eating his supper, and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions that were full of guile, and very deep—for she wanted to trap him into damaging revelations. Like many other simple-hearted souls, it was her pet vanity to believe she was endowed with a talent for dark and mysterious diplomacy, and she loved to contemplate her most transparent devices as marvels of low cunning. Said she:

"Tom, it was middling warm in school, warn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Powerful warm, warn't it?"

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"Didn't you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?"

A bit of a scare shot through Tom—a touch of uncomfortable suspicion. He searched Aunt Polly's face, but it told him nothing. So he said:

"No'm—well, not very much."

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom's shirt, and said:

"But you ain't too warm now, though." And it flattered her to reflect that she had discovered that the shirt was dry without anybody knowing that that was what she had in her mind. But in spite of her, Tom knew where the wind lay, now. So he forestalled what might be the next move:

"Some of us pumped on our heads—mine's damp yet. See?"

Aunt Polly was vexed to think she had overlooked that bit of circumstantial evidence, and missed a trick. Then she had a new inspiration:

"Tom, you didn't have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it, to pump on your head, did you? Unbutton your jacket!"

The trouble vanished out of Tom's face. He opened his jacket. His shirt collar was securely sewed.

"Bother! Well, go 'long with you. I'd made sure you'd played hookey and been a-swimming. But I forgive ye, Tom. I reckon you're a kind of a singed cat, as the saying is—better'n you look. *This* time."

She was half sorry her sagacity had miscarried, and half glad that Tom had stumbled into obedient conduct for once.

But Sidney said:

"Well, now, if I didn't think you sewed his collar with white thread, but it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!"

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out at the door he said:

"Siddy, I'll lick you for that."

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"She'd never noticed if it hadn't been for Sid. Confound it! sometimes she sews it with white, and sometimes she sews it with black. I wish to gee-miny she'd stick to one or t'other—I can't keep the run of 'em. But I bet you I'll lam Sid for that. I'll learn him!"

He was not the Model Boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though—and loathed him.

Within two minutes, or even less, he had forgotten all his troubles. Not because his troubles were one whit less heavy and bitter to him than a man's are to a man, but because a new and powerful interest bore them down and drove them out of his mind for the time—just as men's misfortunes are forgotten in the excitement of new enterprises. This new interest was a valued novelty in whistling, which he had just acquired from a negro, and he was suffering to practise it un-disturbed. It consisted in a peculiar bird-like turn, a sort of liquid warble, produced by touching the tongue to the roof of the mouth at short intervals in the midst of the music—the reader probably remembers how to do it, if he has ever been a boy. Diligence and attention soon gave him the knack of it, and he strode down the street with his mouth full of harmony and his soul full of gratitude. He felt much as an astronomer feels who has discovered a new planet—no doubt, as far as strong, deep, unalloyed pleasure is concerned, the advantage was with the boy, not the astronomer.

The summer evenings were long. It was not dark, yet. Presently Tom checked his whistle. A stranger was before him—a boy a shade larger than himself. A new-comer of any age or either sex was an impressive curiosity in the poor little shabby village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed, too—well dressed on a week-day. This was simply

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While still at Moor Park (1696-99), Swift had written *Tale of a Tub*, defending the middle position of the Anglican and Lutheran churches. The Puritans were attacking the Anglican church from the left, while the Roman Catholics were assailing it from the right.

Swift also wrote the *Battle of the Books* during his period at Moor Park. In this work, Swift takes the part of the ancients and Temple against the moderns and Bentley. The ancients believed in the superiority of the classics and the humanities. The moderns upheld the superiority of modern science, modern scholarship, modern politics, and modern literature. Temple had gotten involved in a quarrel by defending an edition of a spurious Greek author, Phalaris. Swift liked Temple, and he was irritated by the exaggerated praise that the moderns lavished on human nature and progress.

Swift composed many political pamphlets in a clear and vivid style, with effective use of irony and detail. His early pieces supported the Whig side, and Swift became friendly with the leaders, who appreciated his forceful propaganda.

Swift's literary skill and his friendship with influential Whigs persuaded the Irish church to send him on a mission to London in 1709. He was to plead for financial support for the struggling Irish church, which wanted the crown to excuse it from paying certain taxes. The Whig leaders were sympathetic to the Puritans and dissenters and therefore did not support Swift's plea. Swift also clashed with the Whigs over the Test Act. They sought to abolish some of the civil and religious disabilities imposed on dissenters. As a strong Church of England man, Swift wished to make sure that there was no chance of the dissenters and Puritans gaining power. He consequently shifted his allegiance to the Tories in 1710.

The Tories supported Swift's efforts on behalf of the Irish church, so he began writing for them. His real allegiance, however, was always to the church. At this time Swift became friendly with such writers as Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. His friends were generally Tory, Church of England, and sympathetic to the ancients. Swift became famous and enjoyed his reputation with the Tories. He was gratified by their vociferous admiration even though he mocked his own fame in his poems and in his *Journal to Stella*.

Swift's period in the sunshine of power was brief. For several reasons the Tory government fell. Queen Anne had favored them, but

she was dying. Many Englishmen suspected that the Tories were going to try to restore the Roman Catholic Stuarts to the English throne. The suspicion was not entirely groundless. The Tories had negotiated the Peace of Utrecht, which ended the War of the Spanish Succession. The treaty did not satisfy English public opinion because it did not attempt to punish France severely. Further, the two Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke, were quarreling with each other.

Swift had hoped that the Tories would reward him for his work on their side by offering him an attractive appointment in the Church of England. The Tories did not do so for a number of reasons. The queen and her circle objected to his style and to his outspoken defense of the church. She might also have taken exception to parts of *Tale of a Tub*. Swift's friend Harley might have got him a good position. Instead, Harley gave the available English bishoprics to members of his own family and their friends. Finally, in 1713, Swift accepted the deanship of St. Patrick's in Dublin. He remained in Ireland for most of the rest of his life. He began to write pamphlets defending the Irish against English political and commercial exploitation.

When the Tory government fell in 1714, they were attacked by the Whigs for political blunders and accused of intriguing with the Stuarts. Swift uses these political quarrels in *Gulliver's Travels*.

When he was living in London, Swift had joined an informal literary club, the Martinus Scriblerus Club. Pope, Arbuthnot, and others of Swift's friends were members. The club proposed to write a satire exposing various abuses of learning and science. Swift developed much of the material he uses in Book III of the *Travels* while he was a member of this group. He also got his idea for the form of the *Travels* from this association.

After Swift went to Ireland in 1713, he became one of the most consistent and effective defenders of Ireland. In one of his satires, *A Modest Proposal*, he wrote one of the greatest works of sustained irony in English or any other language. In it, Swift employs a satiric technique that he perfected. He makes abstract English commercial theories detailed and concrete. Instead of arguing that English taxes and shipping laws are choking Irish commerce, he describes starving Irish families. Instead of maintaining that English laws prevent the Irish from manufacturing anything to sell, he argues that the only items of commerce that the English don't restrict are Irish babies. He finally reasons that the Irish would be better off as cattle to be butchered than as a colony to be starved by the English.

Cliff Notes

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

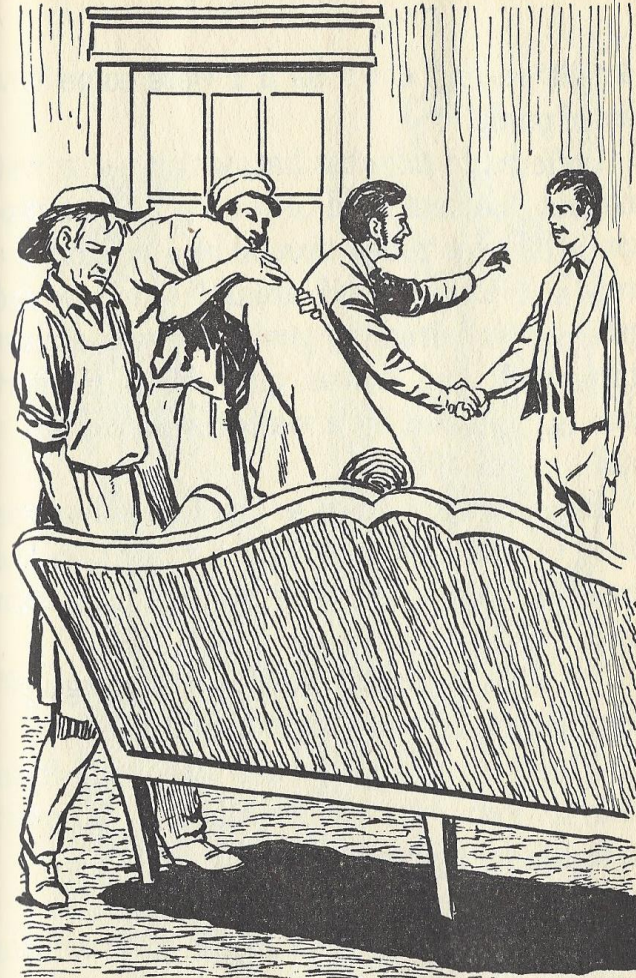
GREAT EXPECTATIONS

instructed him to count it out for me.

Herbert was delighted with the splendid appearance of our rooms and shook my hand several times a day for the next week to express the pleasure he took in them. The redecoration was no sooner finished than I learned I was to have a visitor, one who would be unable to distinguish between my Oriental rug and the ugly carpet in my sister's parlor.

Biddy had written that Joe was set on visiting me, and my return letter confirmed the day. In truth, I didn't want to see him. If I could have paid the dear man to stay away, I would have done so. But how could I tell him that I was no longer the Pip he had once known?

On the appointed day, I heard him clumping up the stairs. When he reached my door, I thought he would never finish wiping his feet. I was about to lift him bodily off the mat, but at last he came in. With his face all aglow, he seized both my hands and worked them



Pip Buys Elegant New Furniture.



Classics Illustrated
CRIME & PUNISHMENT

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"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn an old dog new tricks, as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long he can torment me before I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and spile the child, as the Good Book says. I'm a laying up sin and suffering for us both, I know. He's full of the Old Scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him, somehow. Every time I let him



"Classics cut to fit fifteen-minute radio shows, then cut again to fill a two-minute book column, winding up at last as a ten- or twelve-line dictionary resume ... [N]ow at least you can read all the classics; keep up with your neighbours."

"Give the people contests they win by remembering the words to more popular songs or the names of state capitals or how much corn Iowa grew last year. Cram them full of non-combustible data, chock them so damned full of 'facts' they feel stuffed, but absolutely 'brilliant' with information."

Ray Bradbury
FAHRENHEIT 451

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER
BY MARK TWAIN

CHAPTER I

"TOM!"

No answer.

"TOM!"

No answer.

"What's gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!"

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *through* them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style," not service—she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and then said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear:

"Well, I lay if I get hold of you I'll—"

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching under the bed with the broom, and she needed breath to punctuate the punches with. She resurrected nothing but the cat.

"I never did see the beat of that boy!"

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and "jimpson" weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance and shouted:

"Y-o-u-u TOM!"

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

"There! I might 'a' thought of that closet. What you been doing in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What *is* that truck?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Well, I know. It's jam—that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air—the peril was desperate—

"My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambled up the high board-fence, and disappeared over it.

His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn an old dog new tricks, as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long he can torment me before I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and spile the child, as the Good Book says. I'm a laying up sin and suffering for us both, I know. He's full of the Old Scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him, somehow. Every time I let him

A Long Novel

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

A Short Poem

***My Difficulty in
Reading Does
Not Discriminate
Based on
Quantity***

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

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I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

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I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

ROBERT FROST

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And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
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By Dana Dusbiber (6/13/2015)

I am a high school English teacher. I am not supposed to dislike Shakespeare. But I do. And not only do I dislike Shakespeare because of my own personal disinterest in reading stories written in an early form of the English language that I cannot always easily navigate, but also because **there is a WORLD of really exciting literature out there that better speaks to the needs of my very ethnically-diverse and wonderfully curious modern-day students.**

I do not believe that I am “cheating” my students because we do not read Shakespeare. I do not believe that a long-dead, British guy is the only writer who can teach my students about the human condition. I do not believe that not viewing “Romeo and Juliet” or any other modern adaptation of a Shakespeare play will make my students less able to go out into the world and understand language or human behavior. Mostly, **I do not believe I should do something in the classroom just because it has “always been done that way.”**

I am sad that so many of my colleagues teach a canon that some white people decided upon so long ago and do it without question. I am sad that we don’t believe enough in ourselves as professionals to challenge the way that it has “always been done.” **I am sad that we don’t reach beyond our own often narrow beliefs about how young people become literate to incorporate new research on how teenagers learn,** and a belief that our students should be excited about what they read — and that may often mean that we need to find the time to let them choose their own literature.

I was an English major. I am a voracious reader. I have enjoyed reading some of the classics. And while I appreciate that many people enjoy re-reading texts that they have read multiple times, I enjoy reading a wide range of literature written by a wide range of ethnically-diverse writers who tell stories about the human experience as it is experienced today. Shakespeare lived in a

pretty small world. It might now be appropriate for us to acknowledge him as chronicler of life as he saw it 450 years ago and leave it at that.

What I worry about is that as long as we continue to cling to ONE (white) MAN’S view of life as he lived it so long ago, we (perhaps unwittingly) promote the notion that other cultural perspectives are less important. In the 25 years that I have been a secondary teacher, I have heard countless times, from respected teachers (mostly white), that they will ALWAYS teach Shakespeare, because our students need Shakespeare and his teachings on the human condition.

So I ask, why not teach the oral tradition out of Africa, which includes an equally relevant commentary on human behavior? Why not teach translations of early writings or oral storytelling from Latin America or Southeast Asia other parts of the world? Many, many of our students come from these languages and traditions. Why do our students not deserve to study these “other” literatures with equal time and value? And if time is the issue in our classrooms, perhaps we no longer have the time to study the Western canon that so many of us know and hold dear.

Here then, is my argument: If we only teach students of color, as I have been fortunate to do my entire career, **then it is far past the time for us to dispense with our Eurocentric presentation of the literary world. Conversely, if we only teach white students, it is our imperative duty to open them up to a world of diversity through literature that they may never encounter anywhere else in their lives.** I admit that this proposal, that we leave Shakespeare out of the English curriculum entirely, will offend many.

But if now isn’t the time to break some school rules and think about how to bring literature of color to our student’s lives, when will that time be?

Let’s let Shakespeare rest in peace, and start a new discussion about middle and high school right-of-passage reading and literature study.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

ROBERT FROST

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And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

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And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
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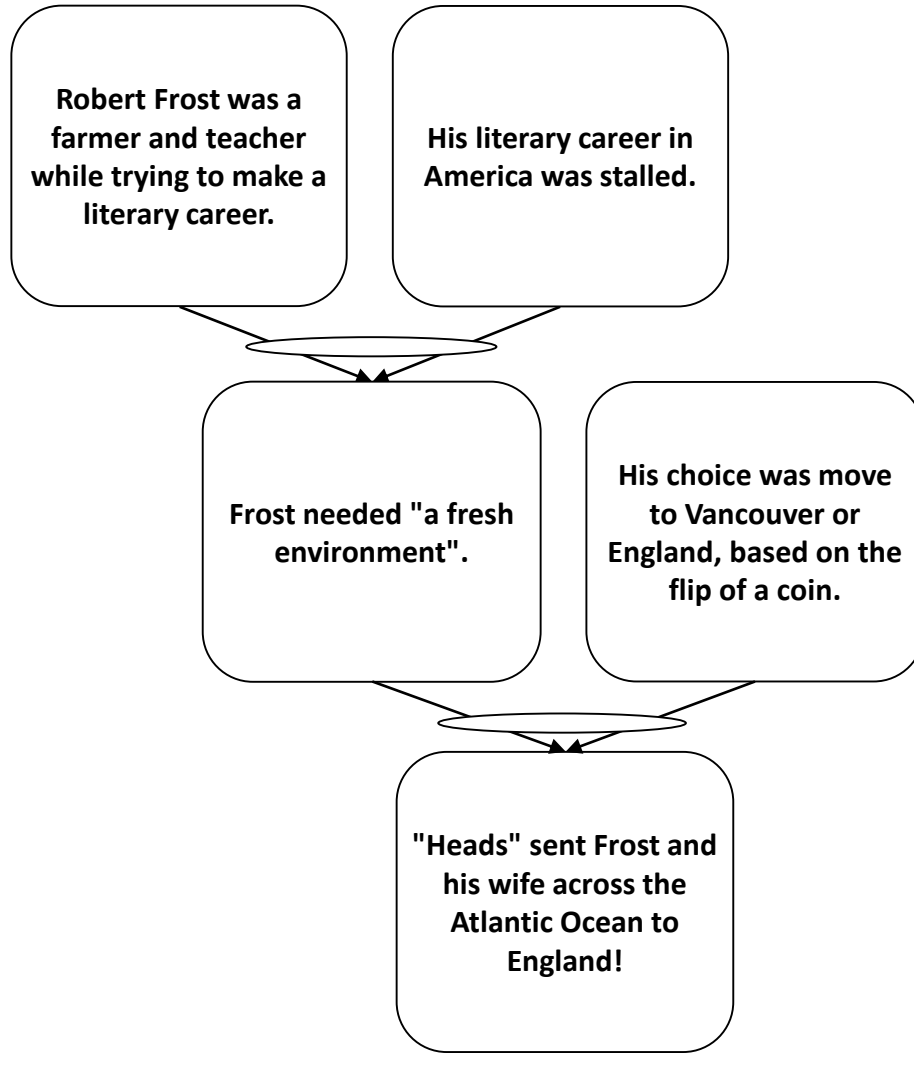
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Oh, I kept the first for another day!
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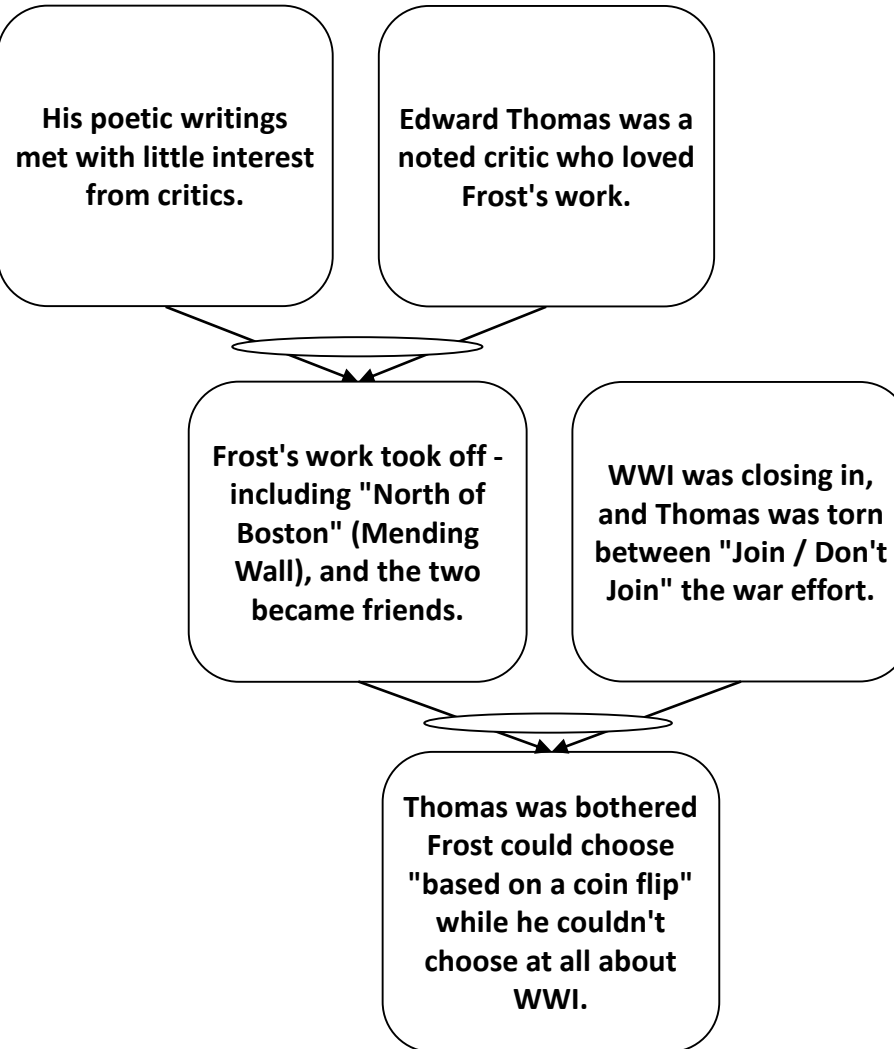
ROBERT FROST: A BACKGROUND

To pursuit his literary career, Frost gave up his farm and teaching position and moved to England.



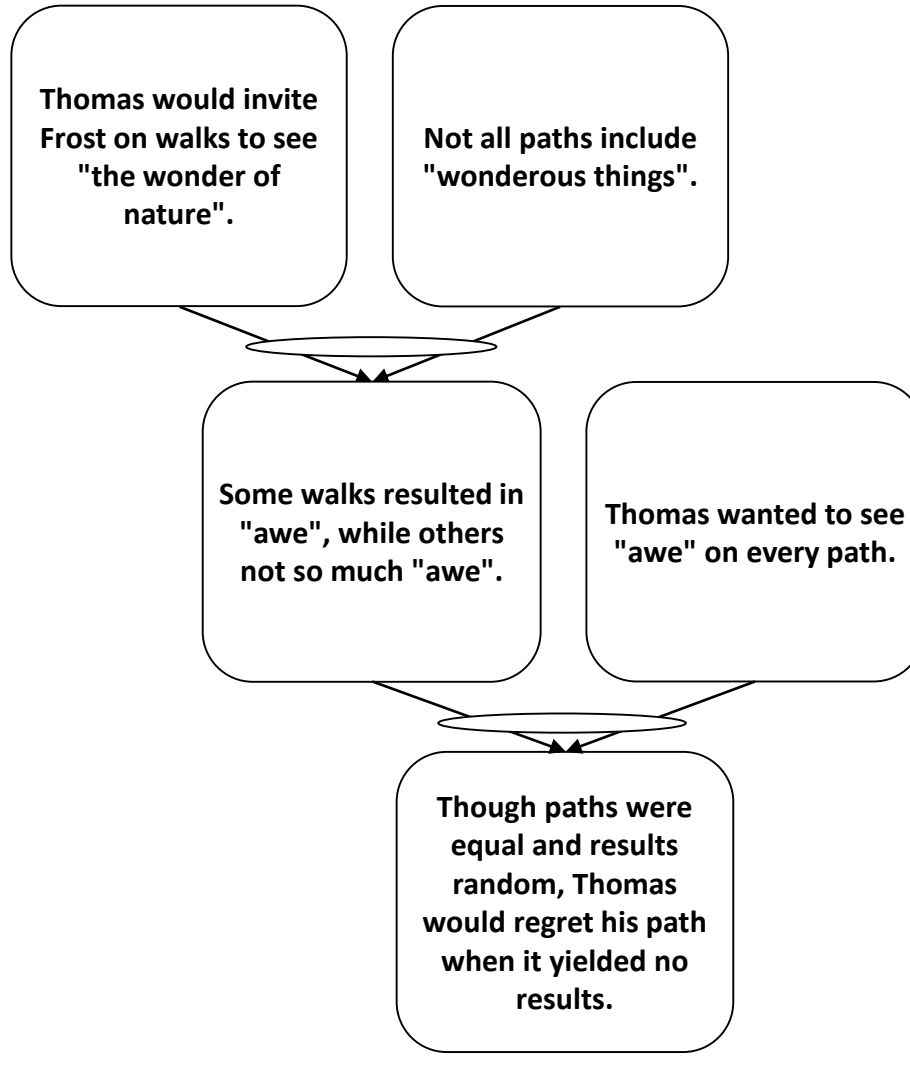
A FORTUNATE REVIEW

Frost met Edward Thomas, a critic who loved his work, and Frost's work took off.



REGRET

Thomas and Frost would take walks, but Thomas would regret the route chosen when it was unproductive.



LITERARY MOCKING

Frost wrote "THE ROAD NOT TAKEN" to mock Thomas' sense of "regret" and indecision.

Thomas was bothered
Frost could choose
"based on a coin flip"
while he couldn't
choose at all about
WWI.

Though paths were
equal and results
random, Thomas
would regret his path
when it yielded no
results.

Thomas' life was filled
with indecision and
regret.

Frost's life was filled
with "Just Choose".

Frost wrote "THE
ROAD NOT TAKEN" to
mock Thomas' sense
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indecision.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

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THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

ROBERT FROST

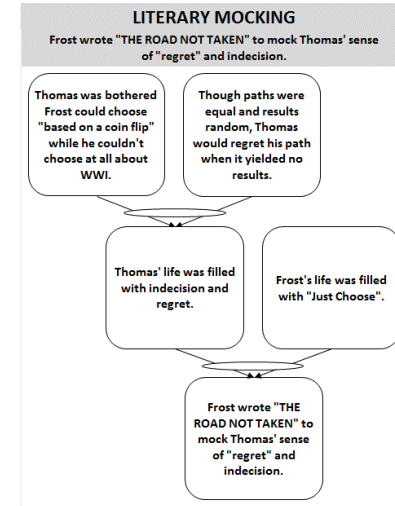
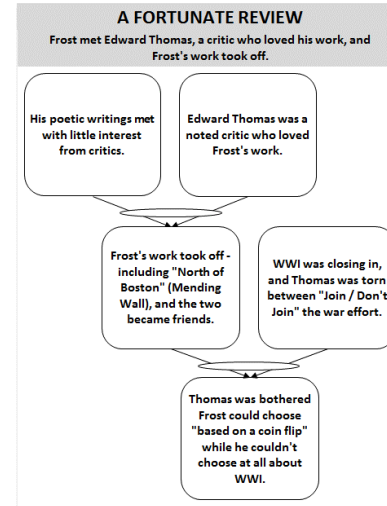
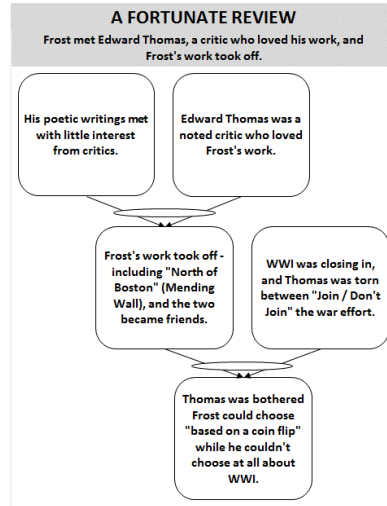
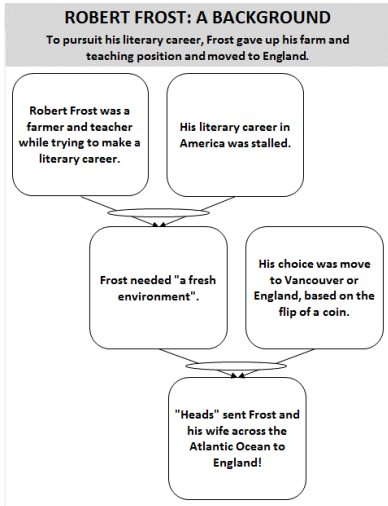
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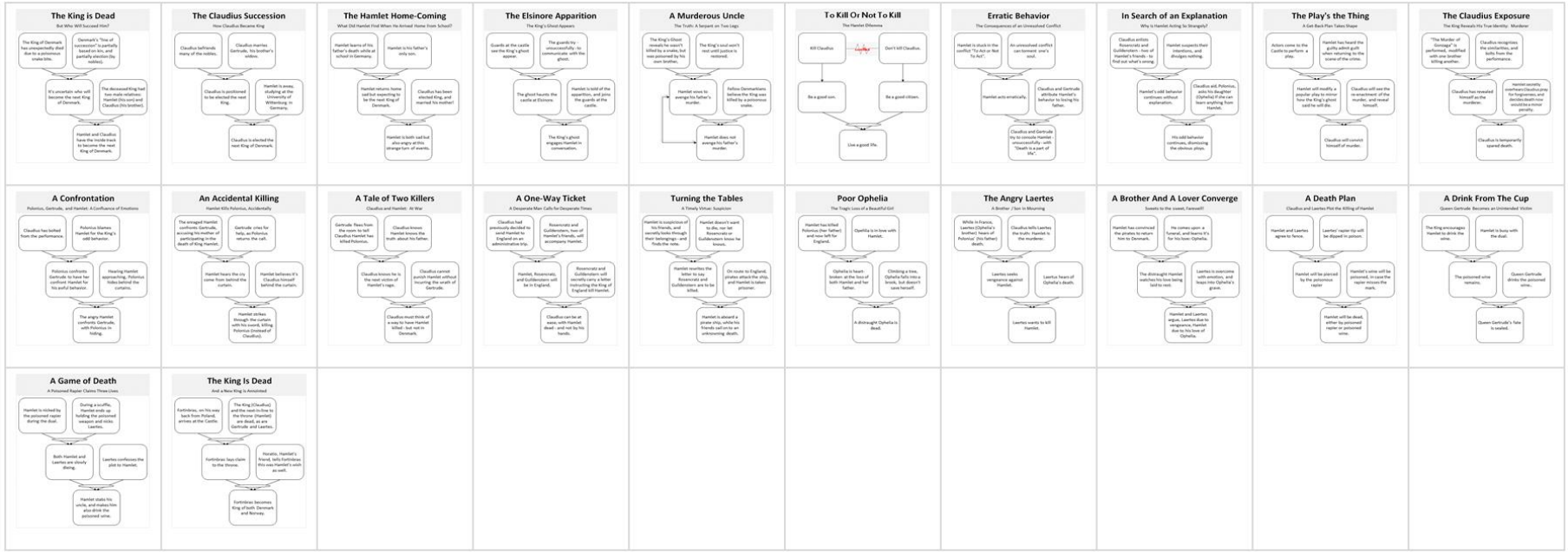
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LITTLE LOGIC BOOK



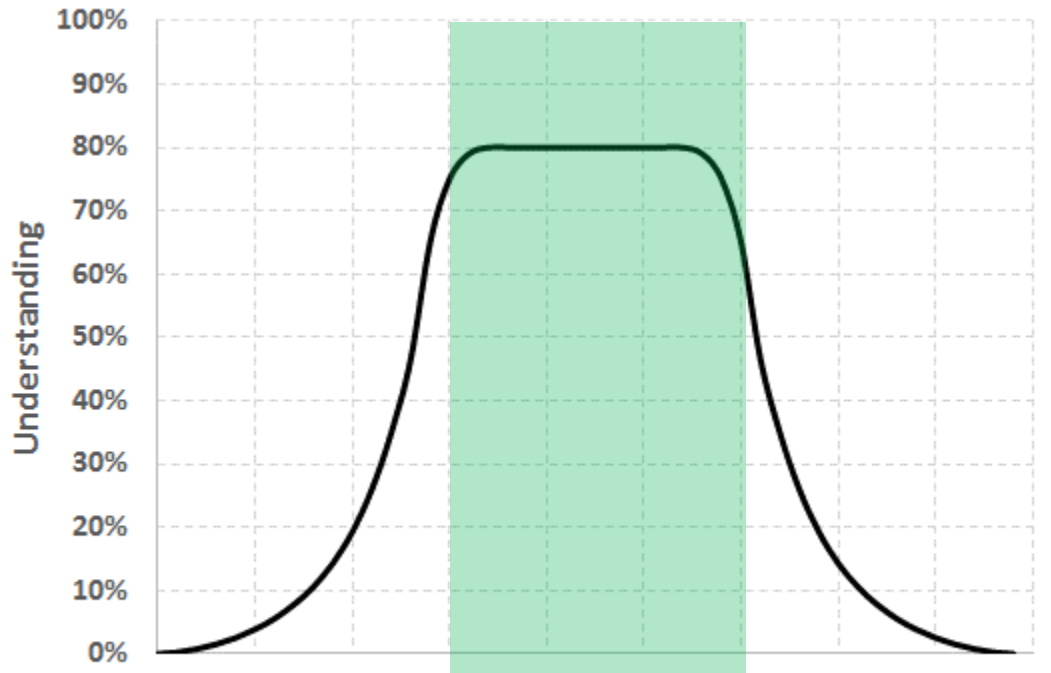
What amount of information is “GOOD ENOUGH”?



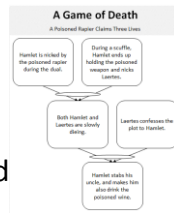
The Logical QuickStart Book!

The goal: An incredible understanding of the book in 30 minutes. How? By creating a logical flow to a story with enough detail a reader would:

- be able to put three of the books in their back pocket.
- get through the book in 20-30 minutes. Tops.
- have a great grasp of the story.
- want to run to the store and buy the actual book.

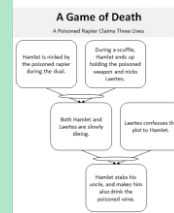


TOO FEW
I don't understand anything.



Logical Chains

GOOD ENOUGH
I get "the Forest and the Trees".



TOO MUCH
I don't read anything

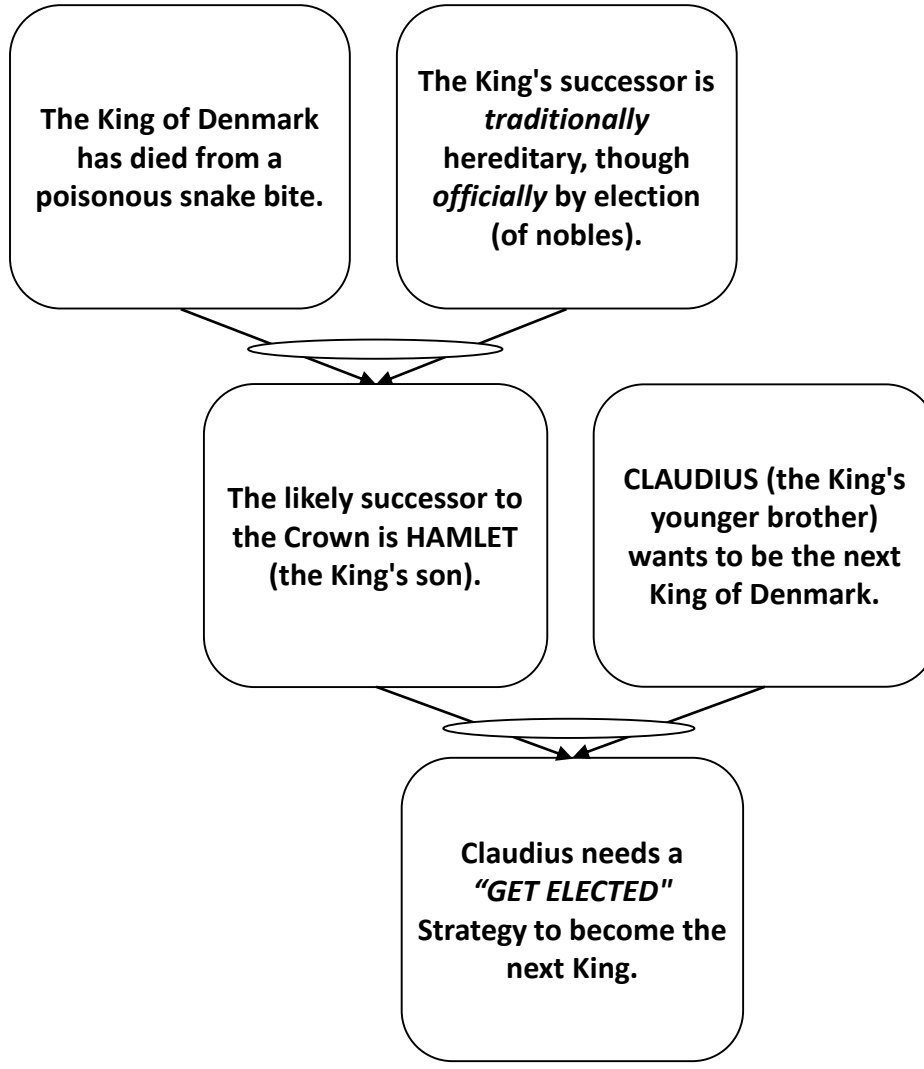
FINISHED (or Nearly Finished) QuickStart Books
(However, I make corrections, changes, and additions to these all the time)



This is a great start – but they're still separate books here. What are the general ideas permeating many books. We're now in a position to answer that question!

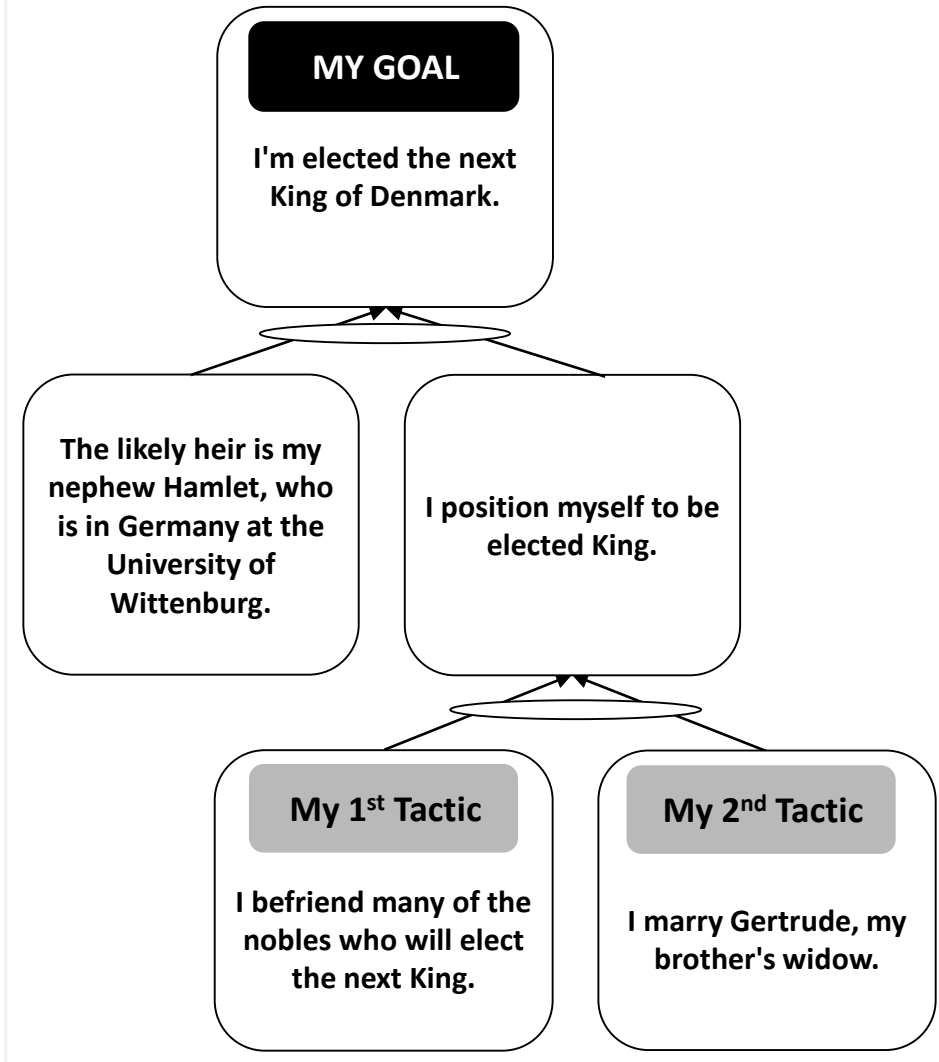
The Death of a Danish King

The unexpected death of the King of Denmark leaves a void to be filled.



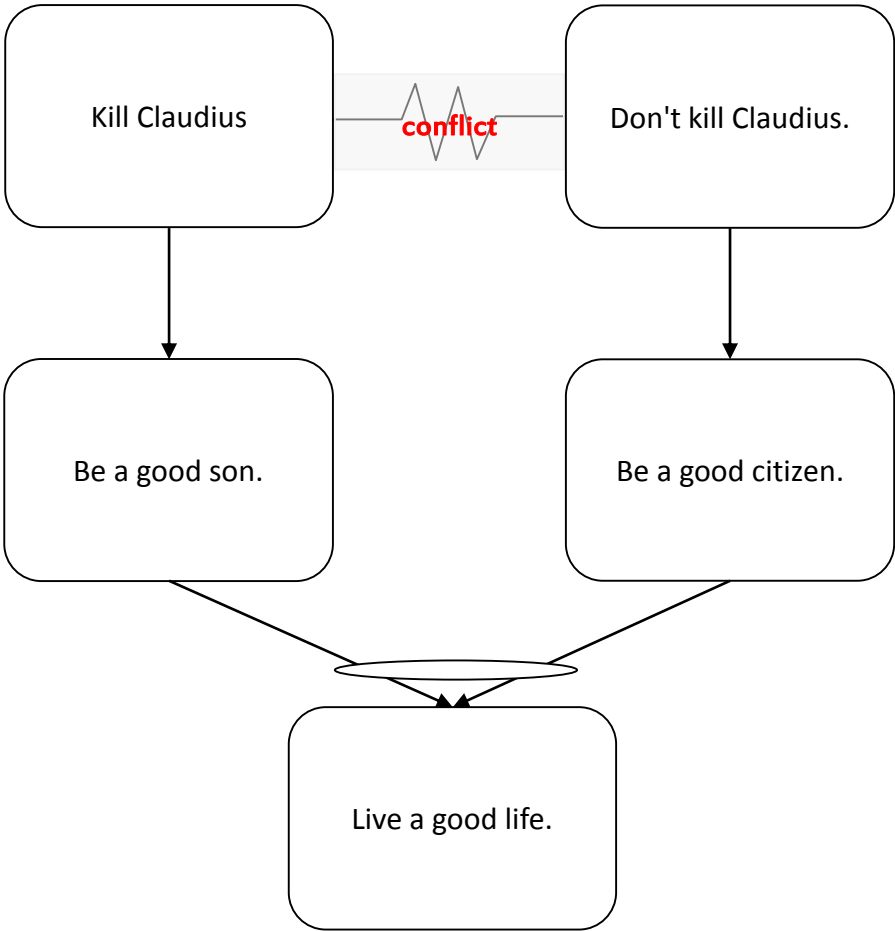
THE CLAUDIUS STRATEGY

Claudius devises a strategy to become the next King of Denmark.



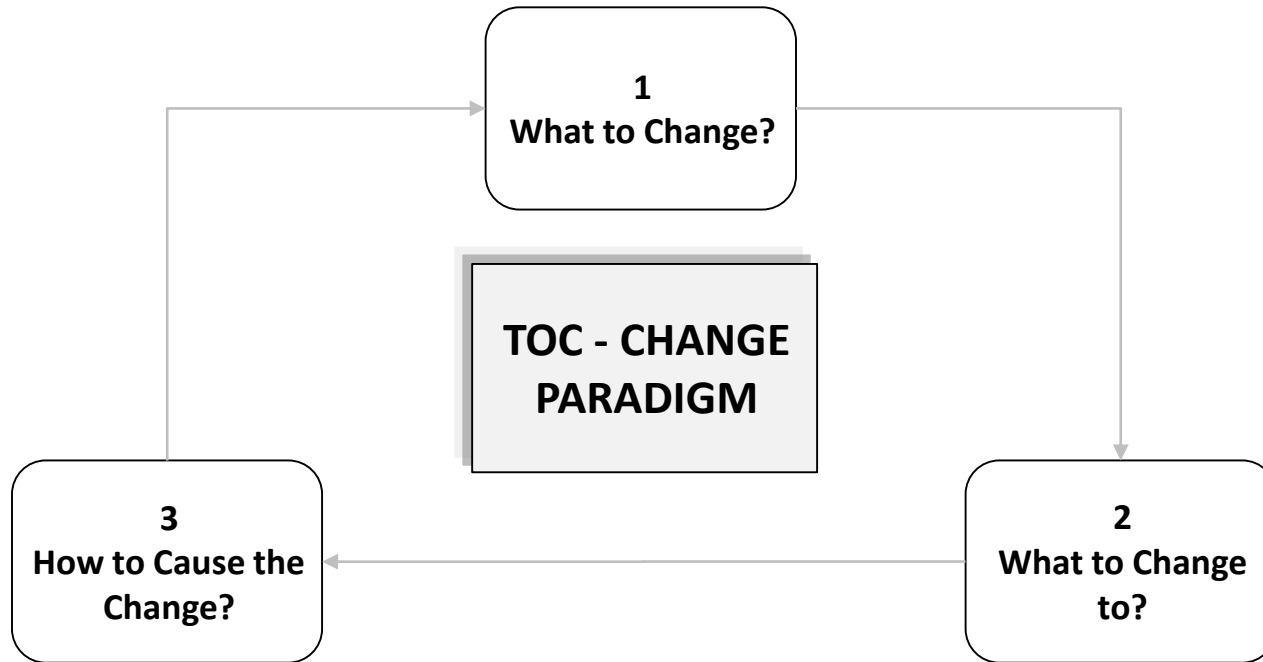
To Kill Or Not To Kill

The Hamlet Dilemma

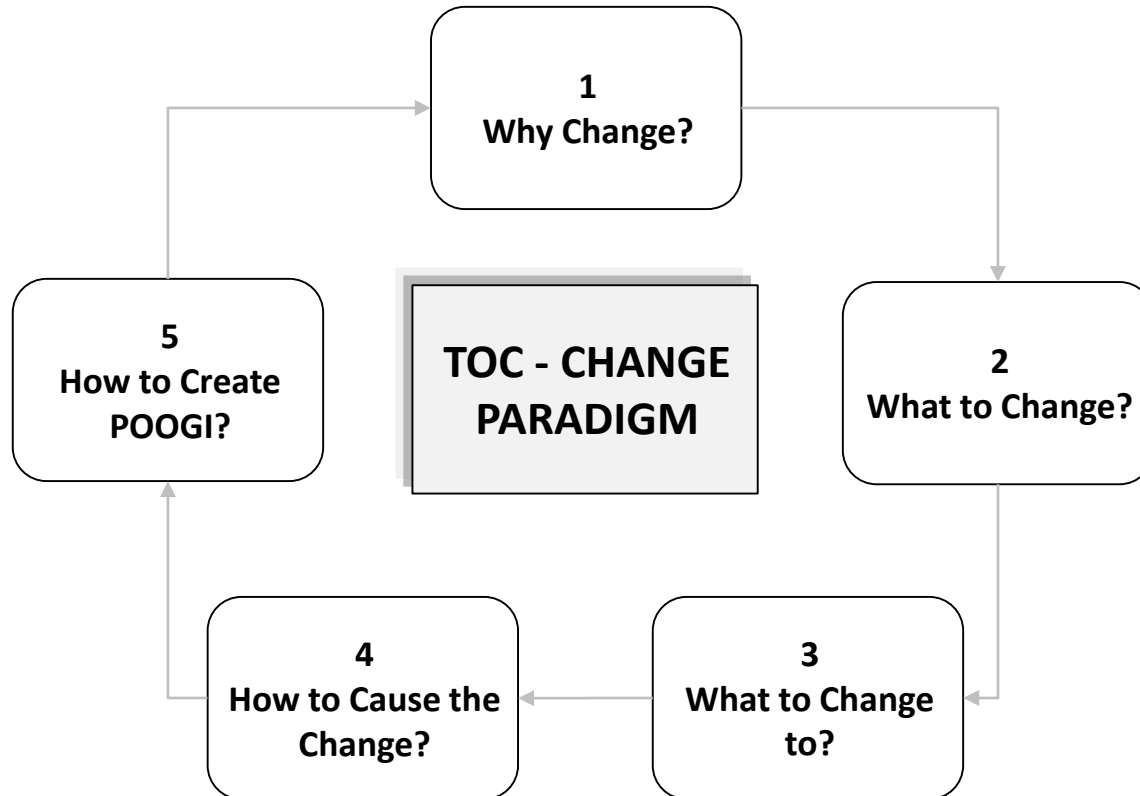




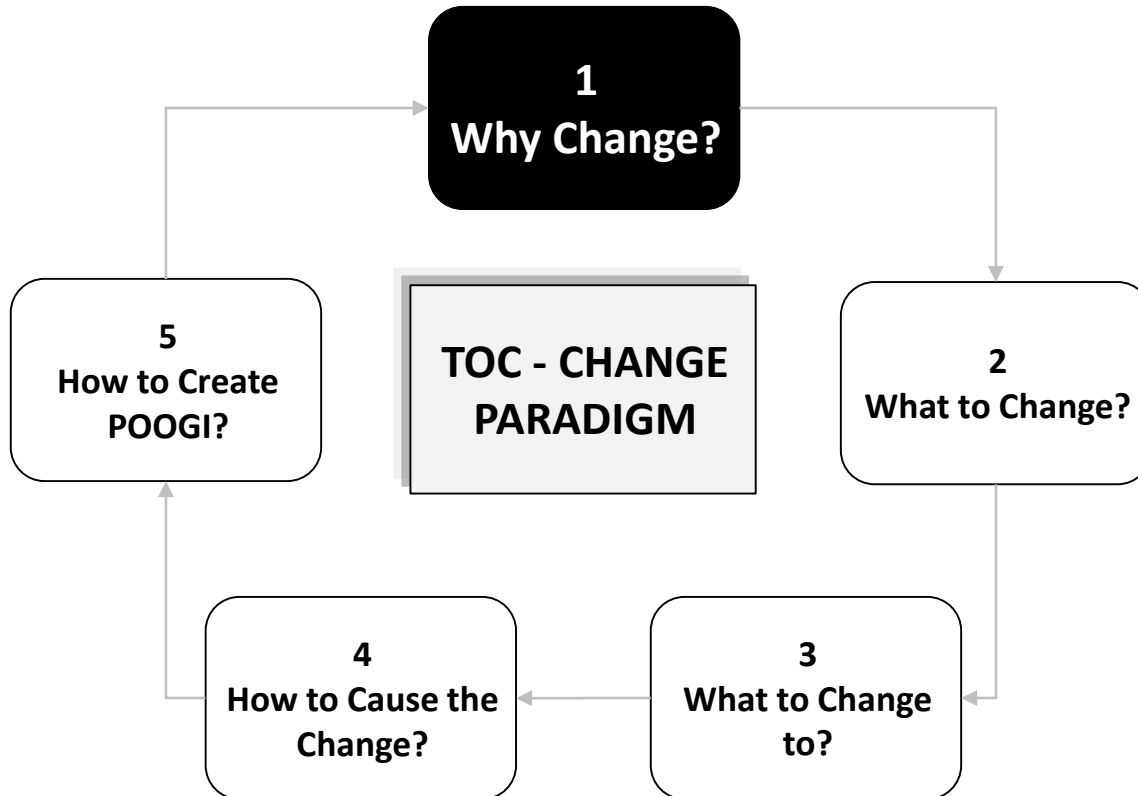
My Understanding of the TOC-CHANGE PARADIGM



In Alan Barnard's PhD Thesis



In Alan Barnard's PhD Thesis



FAHRENHEIT 451

by Ray Bradbury

*An Adaptation via Thinking Processes Affording
Joy in Learning and Logical Analysis*

an anSOCCRATIC QUICK-START publication

Michael Lee Round



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

by Arthur C. Clarke

*An Adaptation via Thinking Processes Affording
Joy in Learning and Logical Analysis*

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Michael Lee Round



2001: A Space Odyssey

In 2001: A Space Odyssey, man-ape is content being thin, despite being shown how to hunt for good food.

Man-ape has a new future.

2001: A Space Odyssey

In 2001: A Space Odyssey, man-ape is content being thin, despite being shown how to hunt for good food.

Watching well fed and happy apes on the screen, man-ape becomes dissatisfied.

Man-ape has a new future.

“Moon-Watcher felt the first faint twinges of a new and potent emotion. It was a vague and diffuse sense of envy – of dissatisfaction with his life.”

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY
Arthur C. Clarke

Fahrenheit-451

In Fahrenheit, Montag is content being a fireman and burning books.

Montag becomes a "freedom fighter".

“He was not happy. He was not happy. He said the words to himself. He recognized this as the true state of affairs. He wore his happiness like a mask and the girl had run off across the lawn with the mask and there was no way of going to knock on her door and ask for it back.”

FAHRENHEIT-451
Ray Bradbury

Fahrenheit-451

In Fahrenheit, Montag is content being a fireman and burning books.

Clarisse asks Montag: **"Are you happy?"**

Montag becomes a "freedom fighter".

2001: A Space Odyssey

In 2001: A Space Odyssey, man-ape's behavior is unchanged despite being able to kill near-by animals.

Watching well fed and happy apes on the screen, man-ape becomes dissatisfied.

Man-ape has a new future.

Fahrenheit-451

In Fahrenheit, Montag is content being a fireman and burning books.

Montag answers "No" to Clarisse's question, "Are you happy?"

Montag becomes a "freedom fighter".

"WHY CHANGE"
becomes infinitely
more important than
"WHAT TO CHANGE"?

SOME CLOSING THOUGHTS

WHAT ABOUT THE BOOK?

Having done all of this, I'm now in a position to read the book if I want to. Sometimes I do, sometimes not. When I do, I can – WITHOUT EXCEPTION – open the book anywhere and know immediately what is going on, and follow along.

INTERDISCIPLINARY ...

Every idea in every story has the seeds of every discipline within it. With the “Lay of the Land”, now they have a chance to grow. But it's up to you to do the farming!

STRUCTURE AND FREEDOM

Are not opposites – THEY FEED OFF ONE ANOTHER – IF GIVEN A CHANCE!



The “Little Logic Book” Process

The World in the Palm of Your Hands



Michael Round

Center for *auto*SOCRATIC EXCELLENCE

www.autosocratic.com

www.littlelogicbooks.com