

APPENDICES

Appendix A: The Experts Who Gave-Validations

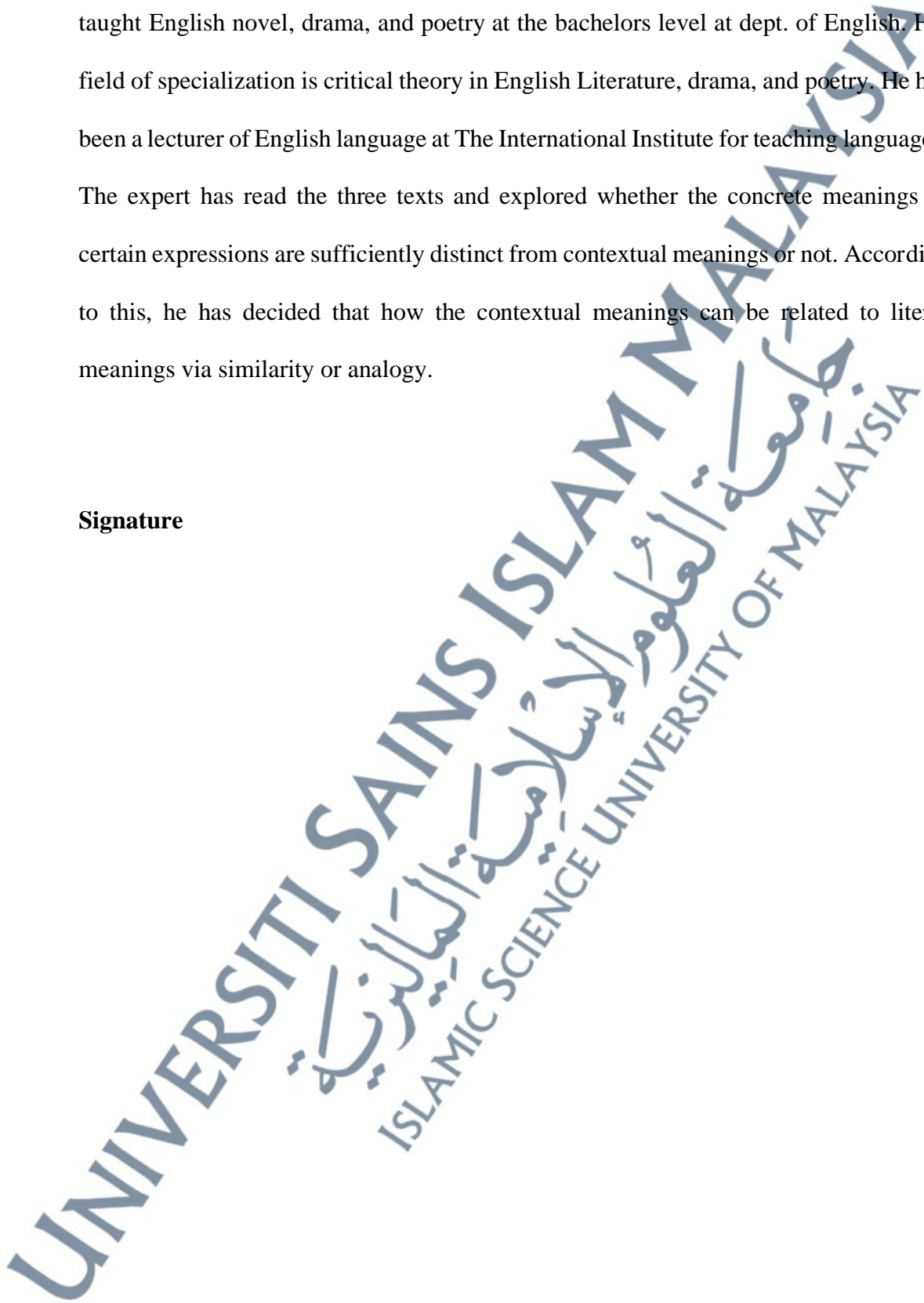
An anonymous expert (PhD) has taught English linguistics and grammar at all levels for bachelor students. He joined the Department of English Language and has taught English general linguistics. He is specialized in English General Linguistics, Applied Linguistics and Discourse Analysis. His researches are on 'The Use of Equivocation in the Theatre of Absurd: A Study of the Selected Plays of Samuel Beckett, Harold Pinter, and Tom Stoppard'. He published many researches in English General Linguistics and Applied Linguistics, which include A lexicographic study of English Dictionaries, The Noun Phrase: Formal and Functional Perspective and others. He is a member of the editorial board at Journal of Literature and Arts.

The expert has identified whether concrete meanings (literal) are related to abstract meanings (metaphorical) or not. On this basis, he could have found of metaphorical expressions out of analogy or similarities between two or more entities

Signature

An anonymous expert (M.A in English) has taught English literature. He has taught English novel, drama, and poetry at the bachelors level at dept. of English. His field of specialization is critical theory in English Literature, drama, and poetry. He has been a lecturer of English language at The International Institute for teaching languages. The expert has read the three texts and explored whether the concrete meanings of certain expressions are sufficiently distinct from contextual meanings or not. According to this, he has decided that how the contextual meanings can be related to literal meanings via similarity or analogy.

Signature



Appendix B: Process and Procedure for Selecting Texts in Analysing Metaphor

These sentences are taken from Morrison' *The bluest Eye*, *Sula* and *Beloved* according to their symbolic manifestation. Due to the adopted theory and frame of analysis, the research discusses how the sources of motivation (metaphor and metonymy) play a significant role in creating iconic text.

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>It never occurred to either of us that the earth itself might have been unyielding. We had dropped our seeds in our own little plot of Black dirt just as Pecola's father had dropped his seeds in his own plot of Black dirt. Our innocence and faith were no more productive than his lust or despair (from second Prologue).</i>	√	√
<i>It had occurred to Pecola some time ago that if her eyes, those eyes that held the pictures, and knew the sights—if those eyes of hers were different, that is to say, beautiful, she herself would be different. (1.3.18).</i>	√	√
<i>The birdlike gestures are worn away to a mere picking and plucking her way between the tire rims and the sunflowers, between Coke bottles and milkweed, among all the waste and beauty of the world—which is what she herself was. All of our waste which we dumped on her and which she absorbed. And all of our beauty, which was hers first and which she gave to us. (4.11.5).</i>	√	√
<i>Love is never any better than the lover. Wicked people love wickedly, violent people love violently, weak people love weakly, stupid people love stupidly, but the love of a free man is never safe. There is no gift for the Beloved. The lover alone possesses his gift of love. The loved one is shorn, neutralized, frozen in the glare of the lover's inward eye (4.11.8)</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>Adults, older girls, shops, magazines, newspapers, window signs – all the world had agreed that a blue-eyed, yellow-haired, pink-skinned doll was what every girl child treasured. 'Here,' they said, 'this is beautiful, and if you are on this day "worthy" you may have it.'</i> (1.1.38)	√	
<i>Certain seeds it will not nurture, certain fruit it will not bear and when the land kills of its own volition, we acquiesce and say the victim had no right to live.</i> (4.11.7)	√	√
<i>Outdoors, we knew, was the real terror of life. The threat of being outdoors surfaced frequently in those days. Every possibility of excess was curtailed with it.</i> (1.1.28)	√	
<i>She eats the candy, its sweetness is good. To eat the candy is somehow to eat the eyes, eat Mary Jane. Love Mary Jane. Be Mary Jane.</i> (1.3.33)	√	√
<i>It was their contempt for their own Blackness that gave the first insult its teeth. They seemed to have taken all of their smoothly cultivated ignorance, their exquisitely learned self-hatred, their elaborately designed hopelessness and sucked it all up into a fiery cone of scorn that had burned for ages in the hollows of their minds – cooled – and spilled over lips of outrage, consuming whatever was in its path.</i> (2.4.12)	√	√
<i>The birdlike gestures are worn away to a mere picking and plucking her way between the tire rims and the sunflowers, between Coke bottles and milkweed, among all the waste and beauty of the world – which is what she herself was. All of our waste which we dumped on her and which she absorbed. And all of our beauty, which was hers first and which she gave to us.</i> (4.11.5)	√	√
<i>Here was an ugly little girl asking for beauty....A little Black girl who wanted to rise up out of the pit of her Blackness and see the</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>world with blue eyes. His outrage grew and felt like power. For the first time he honestly wished he could work miracles. (3.9.21)</i>		
<i>Never did he once consider directing his hatred toward the hunters. Such an emotion would have destroyed him. They were big, White, armed men. He was small, Black, helpless. His subconscious knew what his conscious mind did not guess – that hating them would have consumed him, burned him up like a piece of soft coal. (3.6.61)</i>	√	√
<i>The line between colored and nigger was not always clear; subtle and telltale signs threatened to erode it, and the watch had to be constant. (2.5.14)</i>	√	√
<i>This disrupter of seasons was a new girl in school named Maureen Peal. A high-yellow dream child with long brown hair braided into two lynch ropes that hung down her back. She was rich, at least by our standards, as rich as the richest of White girls, swaddled in comfort and care. The quality of her clothes threatened to derange Frieda and me. (2.4.3)</i>	√	√
<i>She was never able, after her education in the movies, to look at a face and not assign it some category in the scale of absolute beauty, and the scale was one she absorbed in full from the silver screen. (3.7.22)</i>	√	√
<i>She, like a Victorian parody, learned from her husband all that was worth learning – to separate herself in body, mind, and spirit from all that suggested Africa. (3.9.7)</i>	√	√
<i>124 was spiteful. Full of a baby's venom. The women in the house knew it and so did the children. For years each put up with the spite in his own way, but by 1873 Sethe and her daughters Denver were its only victims. (1.1)</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>Within two months, in the dead of winter, leaving their grandmother, Baby Suggs; Sethe, their mother; and their little sister, Denver, all by themselves in the gray and White house on Bluestone Road. It didn't have a number then, because Cincinnati didn't stretch that far. In fact, Ohio had been calling itself a state only seventy years when first one brother and then the next stuffed quilt packing into his hat, snatched up his shoes, and crept away from the lively spite the house felt for them. (1.1)</i>	√	√
<i>Not only did she have to live out her years in a house palsied by the baby's fury at having its throat cut, but those ten minutes she spent pressed up against dawn-colored stone studded with star chips, her knees wide open as the grave, were longer than life, more alive, more pulsating than the baby blood that soaked her fingers like oil. (1.16)</i>	√	√
<i>We could move," she suggested once to her mother-in-law. "What'd be the point?" asked Baby Suggs. "Not a house in the country ain't packed to its rafters with some dead Negro's grief." (1.17-18)</i>	√	√
<i>He believed he was having house-fits, the glassy anger men sometimes feel when a woman's house begins to bind them, when they want to yell and break something or at least run off. He knew all about that—felt it lots of times—in the Delaware weaver's house, for instance. But always he associated the house-fit with the woman in it. This nervousness had nothing to do with the woman [...] Also in this house-fit there was no anger, no suffocation, no yearning to be elsewhere. He just could not, would not, sleep upstairs or in the rocker or, now, in Baby Suggs' bed. So, he went to the storeroom. (11.14)</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>A truth that waved like a scarecrow in rye: they were only Sweet Home men at Sweet Home. One step off that ground and they were trespassers among the human race. (13.1)</i>	√	√
<p><i>The men at Sweet Home are treated like men. But what's the point when you can't carry that feeling around past the property grounds? What kind of freedom is that?</i></p> <p><i>In Lillian Garner's house, exempted from the field work that broke her hip and the exhaustion that drugged her mind; in Lillian Garner's house where nobody knocked her down (or up), she listened to the White woman humming at her work; watched her face light up when Mr. Garner came in and thought, It's better here, but I'm not. (15.22)</i></p>	√	√
<i>When Sethe locked the door, the women inside were free at last to be what they liked, see whatever they saw and say whatever was on their minds. Almost. Mixed in with the voices surrounding the house, recognizable but undecipherable to Stamp Paid, were the thoughts of the women of 124, unspeakable thoughts, unspoken. (19.222-223)</i>	√	√
<i>She had not thought to ask him and it bothered her still that it might have been possible—that for twenty minutes, heard the preacher say at the funeral (and all there was to say, surely) engraved on her baby's headstone: Dearly Beloved. But what she got, settled for, was the one word that mattered. (1.15)</i>	√	√
<i>I sit the sun closes my eyes when I open them I see the face I lost Sethe's is the face that left me Sethe sees me see her and I see the smile her smiling face is the place for me it is the face I lost she is my face smiling at me doing it at last a hot thing now we can join a hot thing (22.10)</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>Suddenly he remembers Sixo trying to describe what he felt about the Thirty-Mile Woman. "She is a friend of my mind. She gather me, man. The pieces I am, she gather them and give them back to me in all the right order. It's good, you know, when you got a woman who is a friend of your mind." (27.96)</i>	√	√
<i>Although she has claim, she is not claimed. In the place where long grass opens, the girl who waited to be loved and cry shame erupts into her separate parts, to make it easy for the chewing laughter to swallow her all away. (28.2)</i>	√	√
<p><i>"Mister, he looked so... free. Better than me. Stronger, tougher. Son a bitch couldn't even get out of the shell himself but he was still king and I was..." Paul D stopped and squeezed his left hand with his right. He held it that way long enough for it and the world to quiet down and let him go on.</i></p> <p><i>"Mister was allowed to be and stay what he was. But I wasn't allowed to be and stay what I was. Even if you cooked him you'd be cooking a rooster named Mister. But wasn't no way I'd ever be Paul D again, living or dead. Schoolteacher changed me. I was something else and that something was less than a chicken sitting in the sun on a tub." (8.102-103)</i></p>	√	√
<i>He thought what they said had merit, and what they felt was serious. Deferring to his slaves' opinions did not deprive him of authority or power. It was schoolteacher who taught them otherwise. A truth that waved like a scarecrow in rye: they were only Sweet Home men at Sweet Home. (13.1)</i>	√	√
<i>"Wincing at the pain of his foot, he turned his head a little to the right and saw the face of a soldier near him fly off. Before he could register shock, the rest of the soldier's head disappeared under the inverted soup bowl of his helmet. (Morrison, 1973, p. 8)</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>"He knew the smell of death and was terrified of it, for he could not anticipate it. It was not death or dying that frightened him, but the unexpectedness of both."</i> (14p)	√	√
<i>"In that sombre house that held four Virgin Marys, where death sighed in every corner and candles sputtered, the gardenia smell and canary-yellow dress emphasized the funeral atmosphere surrounding them."</i> (25. p).	√	√
<i>"As Reverend Deal moved into his sermon, the hands of the women unfolded like pairs of raven's wings and flew high above their hats in the air."</i> (p. 65)	√	√
<i>"They swayed, for the rivulets of grief or of ecstasy must be rocked. And when they thought of all that life and death locked into that little closed coffin they danced and screamed not to protest God's will but to acknowledge it and confirm once more their conviction that the only way to avoid the Hand of God is to get in it." "They thought of all that life and death locked into that little closed coffin"</i> (p. 66).	√	√
<i>"She dreamed of a wedding in a red bridal gown until Sula came in and woke her"</i> (p. 71).	√	√
<i>"...she mentioned her dream of the wedding in the red dress...Neither one bothered to look it up for they both knew the number was 522 [p 74...]"She had thought it odd then, but the red in the dream confused her"</i> (p.74).	√	√
<i>"She rolled up to the window and it was then she saw Hannah burning. The flames from the yard fire were licking the blue cotton dress, making her dance. [...] Cut and bleeding she clawed the air trying to aim her body toward the flaming, dancing figure"</i> (p. 76).	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>The flames from the yard fire were licking the blue cotton dress, making her dance. [...] Cut and bleeding she clawed the air trying to aim her body toward the flaming, dancing figure.” (p. 76)</i>	√	√
<i>“Dying was OK because it was sleep and there wasn’t no gray ball in death, was there? Was there?” (p. 110).</i>	√	
<i>“Who said that? She tried hard to think. Who was it that had promised her a sleep of water always? “(p.149)</i>		√
<i>“Sula was a heavy brown with large quiet eyes, one of which featured a birthmark that spread from the middle of the lid toward the eyebrow, shaped something like a stemmed rose. It gave her otherwise plain face a broken excitement and blue-blade threat like the keloid scar of the razored man who (...)played checkers with her grandmother” (p. 52)</i>	√	√
<i>“The birthmark was to grow darker as the years passed, but now it was the same shade as her gold -flecked eyes“. (p. 53)</i>	√	√
<i>“She would be facing the Black rose that Jude had kissed and looking at the nostrils of the woman who had twisted her love for her own children into something so thick and monstrous...“(p.138)</i>	√	√
<i>For now her thighs were truly empty and dead too, and it was Sula who had taken the life from them and Jude who smashed her heart and the both of them who left her with no thighs and no heart just her brain ravelling away.” (p.111)</i>	√	√
<i>Jude [...] looked at this friend of his wife’s, this slight woman, not exactly plain, but not fine either, with a copperhead over her eye“(p103)</i>	√	√
<i>„Except for a funny-shaped finger and that evil birthmark, she was free of any normal signs of vulnerability“. (p.115).</i>	√	√

Extracts contain metaphors and metonymy from Morrison's <i>The Bluest Eye, Sula & Beloved</i>	Expert 1	Expert 2
<i>“But thinking that Sula had an odd way of looking at things and that her wide smile took some of the sting from that rattlesnake over her eye“(p104)</i>	√	√
<i>“It would be ten years before they saw each other again and their meeting would be thick with birds“(p.85)</i>	√	√
<i>“Accompanied by a plague of robins, Sula came back to Medallion [...] It was hard [...] to just sit on the front porch when robins were flying and dying all around you“ (p. 89)</i>	√	√
<i>“In spite of their fear, they reacted to an oppressive oddity, or what they called evil days, with an acceptance that bordered on welcome. Such evil must be avoided, they felt, and precautions must naturally be taken to protect themselves from it. [...] The purpose of evil was to survive it“. (p.90)</i>	√	√
<i>It was a fine cry- loud and long- but it had no bottom and it had no top, just circles and circles of sorrow. (P. 174).</i>	√	√