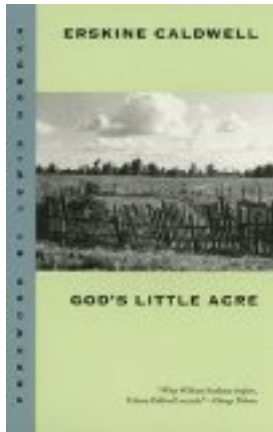


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# Erskine Caldwell

## God's Little Acre



Title: God's Little Acre

Author: Erskine Caldwell

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## Description

Ty Ty Walden is a Georgia farmer who suffers a severe case of gold fever. As testament to his affliction, the landscape of his farm has become a litter of excavations, holes dug in search of elusive gold, then abandoned in favor of Ty Ty's next best hope of a strike. In service to his obsession, Ty Ty and his family set off a sequence of events that proceed through sexual entanglements and betrayal and culminate in a murder.

## Insightful reviews

Roberta: "Will," Tay Tay disse, "quando un uomo è preso dalla febbre dell'oro non può pensare ad altro... Questo è il guaio. E per questo io non posso pensare al cotone. Io non posso pensare che a quelle cose gialle, le pepite... Anche se il cielo facesse piovere fuoco io continuerei a scavare. E anche se l'inferno scatenasse tutti i suoi diavoli su di me non smetterei di scavare che il giorno in cui trovassi il filone. Fino a quel giorno io non potrò fare altro."

"E' un brutto scherzo che il Signore ci ha giocato," Tay Tay disse. "Ci ha fatto con un corpo di animali e vuole che ci comportiamo da uomini. Se non ci avesse chiamato uomini tutto sarebbe a posto, l'ultimo di noi saprebbe come vivere. Ma così, con quello che abbiamo dentro di noi, e prestando insieme ascolto a quello che predicano i predicatori, non possiamo vivere..."

Un libro veramente privo di speranza, ambientato in una caldissima Georgia, nel podere di Tay Tay, afflitto dalla febbre dell'oro. E che continua nella valle delle filande in Carolina, dove abita la figlia di Tay Tay con il marito tessitore, alle prese con i tirannici proprietari della fabbrica in cui lavora. Angosciante.

Ned Mozier: Picked this up in a little independent bookstore while visiting Chapel Hill, NC, to have a little southern memento in the form of a little old (but well preserved) Signet pocket sized paperback. I think I payed \$3 in cash. A strange little tale of the south (Augusta Georgia) where Ty Ty (the elder) digs hole after hole in vain trying to find gold. He harangues and bullies and tricks his adult children into his pitiful endeavor. This book has all the strangeness of O'Conner or McCuthers yet is written in a simple, childish style with mature themes. Published in 1939, it is hard to image these simpletons exist (of course they did, and do), but they have a native, cunning sexual intelligence. It is about farmers and working men, and their love/hatred of labor control and capitalism. But the obsession is the primacy of O/sex, as when Ty Ty opines unabashedly and openly about his daughter in law:

p. 78. "I ain't ashamed of nothing", Ty Ty said heatedly. "I reckon Griselda is just about the prettiest girl I ever did see. There ain't a man alive who've ever seen a finer looking pair of rising beauties as she's got. Why? Man alive! They're that pretty it makes me feel sometimes like getting right down on my hands and knees like these old hound dogs you see chasing after a flowing bitch. You just ache to get down and lick something. That's the way, and its God's own truth as he would tell it himself if he could talk like the rest of us. You don't mean to sit there and say you've seen them, do you?" Will asked, winking at Griselda and Rosamond. "Seen them? Why, man alive! I spend all my spare time trying to slip up on her when she ain't looking to see them more. Seen them? Man alive! Just like a rabbit likes clover! When you've seen them once, that's the only start. You can't sit calm and peaceful and think of nothing else

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until you see them again. And every time you see them it makes you feel just a little bit more like that old hound dog I was talking about. You're sitting out there in the yard somewhere all calm and pleased and all of a sudden you'll get a notion in your head. You sit there, telling it to go away and let you rest, and all the time there's something getting up inside of you. You can't stop it. Because you can't put your hands on it, you can't talk to it, because you can't make it here.

The women are equally base, and sensual, as when the beautiful Griselda enjoys the strangeness of life in town, and feels the pulse of humanity and its crawling essence:  
p. 132. Through the open windows the soft summer night floated into the room. It was a soft night, and it was warm, but with the evening air there was something else that excited Griselda. She could hear sounds, voices, murmurs, that were like none she had ever heard before. A woman's laughter, a child's excited cry, and the faint gurgle of a waterfall somewhere below all came into the room together. There was a feeling in the air of living people just like herself, and this she had never felt before. The new knowledge that all those people out there, all those sounds, were as real as she herself was made her heart beat faster. Never had the noises of Augusta sounded like these, in the city there were other sounds of another race of people. It was gorillas.

The men revere the raw power of women, and fear them for their secret knowledge and power. The hapless Pluto observes the powerful Will, as he indulges his passion with purposeful ignorance of the consequences... he follows his desire like a wild animal, oblivious to bystanders:

p. 140. Beside her, Pluto was bewildered. He had not felt the things she had. She knew no man would. Pluto was speechless with wonder at Will and Griselda, but he was unmoved. Darling Jill had felt the surge of their lives pass through the room while Will stood before them tearing Griselda's clothes to shreds, and Rosamond had. But Pluto was a man, and he would never understand how they felt. Even Will, who brought it, had acted only with the guidance of his want with Griselda. She was stunning, standing in the windowsill naked.

A strange aspect of this book was the exact repetition of passages, for example the masses of young ladies in the mill, over and over...

p. 149. It looked as if everything would come true. Here in the millyard now were the mild eyed valley girls with erect breasts behind the mill windows they would look like morning glories.

The fear of urban life, represented by Pluto's terror, as he hopes to return to the country:

p. 156. He had become afraid of the man beside him, he was afraid the man would suddenly turn with a knife in his hand and cut his throat from ear to ear. He knew then that he was out of place in a cotton mill town. The country, back at home in Marion, was the place for him to go as quickly as possible. He promised himself he would never again leave it if only he could get back safely this time.

The alpha males rule in this tale, as the beautiful Griselda feels the power in the aging Ty Ty, and nostalgically connects to him:

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p. 162. I would have stayed with Will the rest of my life. Because when a man does that to a woman, Pa, it makes love so strong nothing in the world can stop it. It must be God in people to do that. It's something, anyway, I have it now. Ty Ty patted her hand. He could think of nothing to say, because there beside him sat a woman who knew as he did a secret of living. After awhile he breathed deeply, and lifted his head from her shoulder. "He'll never learn, Pa, Buck just isn't like you and Will. A man has to be born that way at the start."

Truthfully, I've never read so much misogyny and crudity – an uncivilized ragtag family with no scruples or education. They remind me of why we need the constraints of religion – to elevate the baseness of such people. But the book is told seductively, in a kind of secret code that I just could not seem to unravel. It was entertaining, and the mystery of these people (who are inexplicably never described in terms of age or physical appearance).

I'll read Caldwell again, and I'll see what others have to say about God's little acre (a metaphor for tithing, and how man tries to trick and cheat the almighty to line his own pockets).

Miamona: Szinte az első lapoktól megfogott a nyers, senkit, de legfőképpen saját magát és a benne foglalt embereket és életüket nem kíméli? humora. Márpedig humora az akad b?ven: abszurd, ironikus, szatirikus, groteszk, fájó és maró is. Néhol eluntam a sok „felesleges” szócséplést. Az első fele (a könnyedebb) határozottan jobban tetszett, mint a második. Elsősorban férfi olvasótársaimak ajánlom, persze hölgyeim, ne vegyétek zokon, szabad nekiesni bátran! :)

kesely embernyit b?vebben: <http://miamonakonyveldeje.blogspot.hu...>

Maxine: I want I'll provide this booklet 4.5 stars. it is so on the subject of being a 5, yet no longer quite. The novel is set the Waldens, a Southern kinfolk digging holes of their farmland in hopes of notable gold. "God's Little Acre" is a bit of land put aside for God, yet after Ty Ty Walden strikes the acre to make extra space for prospecting, every thing is going all to hell. In a big, messy, soiled way. It sounds like the purpose this is clear: dispose of God, undesirable stuff happens. However, i do not really imagine the publication is set that at all. The novel, with all its sexually deranged characters, isn't really attempting to be moral. Instead, it offers a global the place universal decency--and stereotypes in regards to the captivating South--are passed over thoroughly and the reader is left to ask yourself what the excellence among guy and animal relatively is. for those who can abdominal it, the scenes within the novel will seize you off defend in a very good way. i do know this e-book used to be banned and censored such a lot of instances that not anyone has even heard of it nowadays, yet it is a first-class book. you could brush aside it as a "shock value" novel, a racist novel, or a misogynist novel...but in case you do, you are lacking out.

SCARABOOKS: Ha un magnetismo tutto suo Caldwell. È secco, brutalmente essenziale nella trama, nella costruzione dei dialoghi, nel disegno dei personaggi, nella scelta degli aggettivi e delle metafore. united states un narratore che non si meraviglia di nessuna turpitudine o sventatezza; l'empatia poi los angeles deve ancora cercare nel vocabolario. Situazioni e comportamenti sono fuori da tutti i nostri schemi. O almeno, da quelli che siamo abituati a

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collegare con I. a. dignità, con los angeles gestione degli impulsi, con los angeles razionalità, con los angeles convivenza. los angeles bellezza della donne è selvaggia, ubriacante: los angeles subiscono e I. a. vivono compulsivamente, ingestibile in line with loro e in step with gli uomini. Gli uomini sono mossi da una una vitalità fuori controllo, sbattuti da forze interiori prima che storiche. Anche le scelte sulle cose della loro sopravvivenza (la coltivazione del cotone, I. a. fabbrica, I. a. ricerca dell'oro) le vivono come una febbre, come qualcosa di elementare che li rende irrazionali fino al delirio. I. a. stessa concept di Dio è ridotta al puro sentimento religioso innato. I. a. popularity domina su tutto, quella dei sensi e l'altra, incumbente. Sulla trama vale los angeles stessa essenzialità primordiale dei personaggi. Spiegazioni e dissolvenze di scena sono ridotte al minimo. Tutto tagliato con l'accetta. In certi passaggi sembra di essere ai limiti della credibilità, della accettabilità logica, prima che etica. Il modo di esprimerla (lo stile dei dialoghi, soprattutto) funziona però così bene, è così coerente con tutto questo universo, non solo da reggere, ma da portare il lettore a sentirla emotivamente, quella realtà. Ed è da questo risucchio emotivo, dalla potenza espressiva cruda, basica con cui vengono rese le determine umane ed il paesaggio che nasce il magnetismo di cui parlavo. Non è poco. Anche in step with los angeles possibilità che dà di vedere e soprattutto "sentire" un mondo pieno di grandissime suggestioni come quello del Sud americano degli anni tra los angeles Grande Crisi e I. a. Grande Guerra. Un'epoca che, in modo sinistro, sento abbia qualcosa di importante da dirci, in questo momento. Detto ciò, lascerei stare i paragoni siderali, Faulkner in testa. Ma anche i Malavoglia. Altri pianeti.

Tom: God's Little Acre is a brilliant exposition on man's dating with God. We make provides to God--Dedicate our little acre to him--and then flow it and alter our promise while issues do not figure out the way in which we planned. However, this overview is an excuse to inform of my assembly Erskine Caldwell. It used to be in Klamath Falls, Oregon, within the Waldorf Bar and Grill and pool hall. i used to be most likely approximately 14 years old. Roger Owens and that i used to save lots of a few bucks after which hitchhike into Klamath Falls to shoot pool on the Waldorf. I met many attention-grabbing characters there; sufficient to jot down many novels simply describing their lives. in the future i used to be engaged in a talk with a down and out inebriated who had evidently been on a numerous day binge. After speaking for a number of minutes, we brought ourselves. The inebriated said, and i'm paraphrasing the easiest to my memory, "I'm Erskine Caldwell. i am a writer. possibly you might have heard of me. I wrote God's Little Acre and a host of shit like that." I had learn God's Little Acre, so I smiled and stated my identify is Tom Sanders. happy to fulfill you. I patronised this bad delusional drunk, and advised the tale to my neighbors later that day. Then, a few days later, I learn within the usher in and information that Erskine Caldwell were to Klamath Falls for a publication speak and signing. they'd an image of him, and likely sufficient it was once the down-and-out inebriated I had talked to for over and hour. i assume Erskine had a bit an issue with alcohol, and used to vanish for weeks at a time, finishing up on skid row. So it goes. Oh--another fascinating little bit of trivia: Erskine Caldwell was once a heavy smoker and died of emphysema. he's is buried in Scenic Hills Memorial Park in Ashland, Oregon. for the reason that he died in Arizona, i do not be aware of why they introduced his physique to Ashland. maybe it was once the want of his fourth and ultimate wife.

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