Dr. Jeremy Dean
Genius
Well
It is a weeping
And a moaning
And a gnashing of teeth"
Mercy
Kanye West
Ft. 2 Chainz, Big Sean & Pusha T
Produced By: Hudson Mohawke, Kanye West, Lifted, Mike Dean & Mike Will
Made It
Verified Annotations By: Pusha T, Big Sean & 2 Chainz

[Intro: Fuzzy Jones]
Well
It is a weeping
And a moaning
And a gnashing of teeth
It is a weeping
And a mourning
And a gnashing of teeth
It is a
When it comes to my sound which is the champion sound
Believe (believe)

[Hook]
Okay Lamborghini Mercy (Swerve)
Your chick, she so thirsty
I'm in that two-seat Lambo with your girl
She tryna jerk me

Originally titled "Lamborghini, Murci," this cut is the first single from Cruel Summer.
The beat was originally produced by Lifted, who recently signed to G.O.O.D. Music. Kanye added the dancehall vocals which were provided by The Twilite Tone — sampling "Dust a Soundboy" by Super Beagle.
MERCY

Kanye West
Ft. 2 Chainz, Big Sean & Pusha T
Produced By: Hudson Mohawke, Kanye West, Lifted, Mike Dean & Mike WiLL
Made It

Verified Annotations By: Pusha T, Big Sean & 2 Chainz

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There are seven references to “weeping and gnashing of teeth” in the Bible. One such verse, (Matthew 13:42), states that “...into the furnace of fire. There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth.” This verse describes the plight of those who will be sent to Hell. Kanye is implying that his presence in the game brings Hell to other rappers.

The Biblical verse specifically refers to the penalty for one of the three stewards who wasn't wise and disobeyed his master. He was being sent to Hell for disobeying.
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Tone — sampling “Dust a Soundboy” by Super Beagle,
Track 3 on Cruel Summer

Producer Genius, G.O.O.D. Music, Rap Genius

271 Contributors

April 3rd, 2012

5,226,515 views
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Kanye West

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Mercy

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Produced By: Hudson Mohawke, Kanye West, Lifted, Mike Dean & Mike WiLL Made It

Verified Annotations By: Pusha T, Big Sean & 2 Chainz
40 million unique visitors a month

3,000 new accounts created daily
Royals
Lorde
Produced by Joel Little

"I've always been fascinated with aristocracy. I'm really interested in the Ivy Leagues, the final clubs, all the really old-money families, the con...

[Verse 1]
I've never seen a diamond in the flesh
I cut my teeth on wedding rings in the movies
And I'm not proud of my address
In the torn up town, no post code envy

Essentially, Lorde learned all she knows about diamonds and flashy jewelry from the movie stars, like most impressionable teenagers. But she'd never seen one in real life, like she was led to believe she would by the media.

"Cut my teeth" is a phrase used to describe where one learns about something. This means that she had only seen the true diamonds in the movies where there was a wedding.
7,978 Ratings for All Versions
TEXT
Black Star - Thieves in the Night - YouTube

www.youtube.com/watch?v=8X7m63nPvsQ

Artist: Black Star
Album: Mos Def & Talib Kweli Are Black Star
Released: 1998
Lyrics: Yo Do (What?) / Come on (Yeah...) / What? What? Come on / (Yeah)... Full lyrics on Google Play

Black Star – Thieves in the Night - Genius

rep.genius.com/Black-star-thieves-in-the-night-lyrics

Thieves in the Night” has some of its roots in an award-winning novel by Toni Morrison called The Bluest Eye, which focused on some really sick stuff, such as ...

Blackstar - Thieves In The Night - YouTube

www.youtube.com/watch?v=W5k8z7D3Ho

Jun 29, 2009 - Uploaded by ObliqueOfficial

ominor is a great lyricist, but he’s never made a track that progresses humanity (like this one does), therefore ...

Mos Def & Talib Kweli Are Black Star - Wikipedia, the free ...
en.wikipedia.org/.../Mos_Def_%26_Talib_Kweli_Are_Black...

The title is a reference to the Black Star Line, a shipping line founded by ... "Thieves In the Night" was inspired by author Toni Morrison’s novel The Bluest Eye.
Thieves in the Night

Black Star

Produced By: 88 Keys

[verse]
Yo D, what? Come on (Yeah)
What? What? Come on (Yeah)

[Verse 1: Talib Kweli]
"Give me the fortune, keep the fame," said my man Louis
I agreed, know what he mean because we live the truest lie
I asked him why we follow the law of the bluest eye
He looked at me, he thought about it, was like, "I'm clueless, why?"
The question was rhetorical, the answer is horrible
Our morals are out of place and got our lives full of sorrow
And so tomorrow coming later than usual
Waiting on someone to pity us while we finding beauty in the hideous
They say money's the root of all evil but I can't tell
You know what I mean, pesos, francs, yens, cowrie shells, dollar bills
Or is it the mindstate that's ill?
Creating crime rates to fill the new prisons they build
Over money and religion there's more blood to spill
The wounds of slaves in cotton fields that never heal, what's the deal?
A lot of cats who buy records are straight broke
But my language universal they be reciting my quotes
While R&B singers hit bad notes, we rock the boat of thought

Description by DEAkON & Dr. Jeremy Dean. 

"Thieves in the Night" has some of its roots in an award-winning novel by Toni Morrison called The Bluest Eye, which focused on some really sick stuff, such as incest, molestation and, most importantly of all, racism. The name of the book comes from an idea that one of the young black girls has that if she had blue eyes, then she would see herself differently and in turn so would the racist world around her. "Thieves in the Night" challenges that belief and says we shouldn't see ourselves differently to conform to stereotypes or oppression but rather we should be proud of who we are and not seek the approval of the oppressor.
The Bluest Eye (Excerpt: "Hid Like Thieves From Life")

Toni Morrison

And the years folded up like pocket handkerchiefs. Sammy left town long ago; Cholly died in the workhouse; Mrs. Breedlove still does housework. And Pecola is somewhere in that little brown house she and her mother moved to on the edge of town, where you can see her even now, once in a while. The birchike 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—what she was herself. 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. All of us—how knew her—felt so wholesome after we cleaned ourselves on her. We were so beautiful when we stood astride her ugliness. Her simplicity decorated us, her guilt sanctified us, her pain made us glow with health, her awkwardness made us think we had a sense of humor. Her inarticulateness made us believe we were eloquent. Her poverty kept us generous. Even her waking dreams we used—to silence our own nightmares. And she let us, and thereby deserved our contempt. We honed our egos on her, padded our characters with her frailty, and yawned in the fantasy of our strength.

And fantasy it was, for we were not strong, only aggressive; we were not free, merely licensed; we were not compassionate, we were polite; not good, but well behaved. We courted death in order to call ourselves brave, and hid like thieves from life. We substituted good grammar for intellect, we switched habits to
Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;  
If you can bounce high, bounce for her too;  
Till she cry "Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover,  
I must have you!"  
- Thomas Parke D'Invilliers.

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me  
some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just  
remember that all the people in this world haven't had the  
advantages that you've had."

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually  
communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant  
great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to  
reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curios  
natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran  
bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to  
this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came  
about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician,
Song of Myself
Walt Whitman

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

2

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
Young ladies. Just as on clear nights the stars decorate the heaven, and in the spring the flowers and budding shrubs adorn the green meadows and the hills, so, too, are good manners and polite conversation enhanced by witty remarks; and being brief, these remarks are even more suitable for women than for men, since it is less becoming in women than in men to speak at great length. The truth is, whatever the reason may be, whether it be our lack of intelligence or a singular enmity of the heavens to our times, today few, if any, women remain who know how to utter a witty remark at the opportune time or who understand one properly when it is delivered, and this is to the universal shame of every one of us. But since Pampinea has already spoken on this subject at some length, I do not intend to say any more about it; but in order to show you how beautiful such sayings can be when uttered at the appropriate time, I would like to tell you about a courteous remark made by a noble lady which imposed silence on a certain knight.

As many of you know, either by sight or by what you have heard said of her, not long ago in our city there lived a noble, gracious, and accomplished lady whose worth was such that her name does not deserve to go unmentioned. She was then called Madonna Oretta and was the wife of Messer Geri Spina; and one day she happened to be in the country, as all of us are right now, enjoying herself by going from one place to another with a party of ladies and knights who earlier that day had come to dine at her house.
Philemon 1 (NRSV)

St. Paul

1 Paul, a prisoner of Christ Jesus, and Timothy our brother, To Philemon our dear friend and co-worker,

2 to Apphia our sister, to Archippus our fellow soldier, and to the church in your house:

3 Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

4 When I remember you in my prayers, I always thank my God

5 because I hear of your love for all the saints and your faith toward the Lord Jesus.

6 I pray that the sharing of your faith may become effective when you perceive all the good that we may do for Christ.

7 I have indeed received much joy and encouragement from your love, because the hearts of the saints have been refreshed through you, my brother.

8 For this reason, though I am bold enough in Christ to command you to do your duty,
Differential Responses of Brain, Gonad and Muscle Steroid Levels to Changes in Social Status and ...

Varenka Lorenzi*, Ryan L. Earley, Matthew S. Grober

Produced By: PLOS ONE | www.plosone.org December 2012 | Volume 7 | Issue 12 | e51158

Abstract

Sex steroids can both modulate and be modulated by behavior, and their actions are mediated by complex interactions among multiple hormone sources and targets. While gonadal steroids delivered via circulation can affect behavior, changes in local brain steroid synthesis also can modulate behavior. The relative steroid load across different tissues and the association of these levels with rates of behavior have not been well studied. The bluebanded goby (Lythrypnus dalli) is a sex changing fish in which social status determines sexual phenotype. We examined changes in steroid levels in brain, gonad and body muscle at either 24 hours or 6 days after social induction of protogynous sex change, and from individuals in stable social groups not undergoing sex change. For each tissue, we measured levels of estradiol (E2), testosterone (T) and 11-ketotestosterone (KT). Females had more T than males in the gonads, and more E2 in all tissues but there was no sex difference in KT. For both sexes, E2 was higher in the gonad than in other tissues while androgens were higher in the brain. During sex change, brain T levels dropped while brain KT increased, and brain E2 levels did not change. We found a positive relationship between androgens and aggression in the most dominant females but only when the male was removed from the social group. The results demonstrate that...
Jonathan Feal

I legit spent 2 hours reading this. Rap genius. what are you doing to me?

Matt Hodgkinson

Excellent! I suggest adding the license: © 2012 Lorenzi et al. This is an open-access article distributed under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution License, which permits unrestricted use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided the original author and source are credited. (I'm a PLOS employee)

Chris Aldrich 782

How much better this article would be on the rapgenius platform if the footnotes were cross linked within the article itself? Additionally, cross linking the figures, graphs, et al as comment popups would be more interesting than needing to scroll down to see them separately. This platform for use in scientific papers is just great. For additional "ideas" take a look at Mendelay's group on reinventing the scientific paper.
"This is not a manifesto.
Michael Hardt (Fr. Antonio Negri) - Declaration: Take Up the Baton

When Toni Negri and I wrote this first sentence we joked that it is something like the painting by Magritte of a pipe with the words, “celui n’est pas une pipe” — this is not a pipe. I don’t mean to imply that we aren’t serious. We are. But our critique of the manifesto-form is done in a very manifesto-like way. I suppose we are trying to find a way to accomplish what manifestos have done in the past but without the pretense that the writers or intellectuals or any vanguard stands above the people in struggle.

"Felix Guattari has imagined a city where one would be able to leave one’s apartment, one’s street, one’s neighborhood, thanks to one’s (dividual) electronic card that raises a given barrier; but the card could just as easily be rejected on a given day or between certain hours; what counts is not the barrier but the computer that tracks each person’s position--licit or illicit--and effects a universal modulatio.
Gilles Deleuze (Fr. Michael Hardt) - Postscript on the Societies of Control

In 1990, when Deleuze published this essay, this description of the city of control society sounded like science fiction. Today, just over 20 years later, it sounds like a realistic description of the current forms of surveillance.

"These are the societies of control, which are in the process of replacing disciplinary societies.
Gilles Deleuze (Fr. Michael Hardt) - Postscript on the Societies of Control

This doesn’t mean that discipline is no longer effective, but rather that the walls that used to bound or constrain it have come down — and thus that discipline now spreads over the entire society. Prison discipline, for example, now affects all of us not just those within the prison walls; and military discipline not just those in the barracks. (Think the security regime.) Similarly, work discipline spreads outside the factory; you are subject to school discipline throughout your life (adult education, job retraining); and so forth. So a good first introduction to our current society of control, it seems to me, is to think of it in terms of generalized and overlapping forms of discipline.
The Author to her Book

Anne Bradstreet

Ft: Dr. Elisa New

Verified Annotations by: Dr. Elisa New

 Thou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Till snatch't from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad expos'd to public view,
   Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call.

I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight,
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretch thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet.

In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i' th' house I find.
In this array, 'mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam.
In Critics' hands, beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none;
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caus'd her thus to send thee out of door.
For two days she didn’t want to believe. People were always starting rumors about everything in Santo Domingo. Didn’t want to believe that the girl could have survived, could be alive in Outer Azua, of all places!

32. Those of you who know the Island (or are familiar with Kinito Méndez’s oeuvre) know exactly the landscape I’m talking about. These are not the campos that your folks rattle on about. These are not the guanábana campos of our dreams. Outer Azua is one of the poorest areas in the DR; it is a wasteland, our own homegrown sertão, resembled the irradiated terrains from those end-of-the-world scenarios that Oscar loved so much — Outer Azua was the Outlands, the Badlands, the Cursed Earth, the

This is one of my Melville footnotes, where I simply go buckwild. (“Get me a condor’s quill! Get me Vesuvius’ crater for an inkwell!”) The first editor I had on this novel wanted me to cut the footnotes. I’m so glad the second editor thought they were as important as I did to the book’s point about what narratives we authorize what narratives we don’t. In the end footnotes are not anything you want to fight about with your editor. I’ve been asked if I got my footnoting from David Foster Wallace—no disrespect to DFW but Jorge Luis Borges and Patrick Chamoiseau and William Vollmann were my inspirations, especially Chamoiseau.
Poetry in America is a multi-part HarvardX course taught by Dr. Elisa New beginning with "The Poetry of Early New England." Many of the texts for the course can be found here on Lit Genus and optional annotation assignments can be completed on the site as well.

To sign up for the course, visit edX.

HOT ON POETRY IN AMERICA

The Poetry of New England Syllabus by Dr. Elisa New

Huswifery by Edward Taylor

The Prologue by Anne Bradstreet

The Author to her Book by Anne Bradstreet

On my dear Grand-child Simon Bradstreet, Who dyed on 16. Novemb. 1669. being but a

A Letter to Her Husband Absent upon Public Employment by ...

See more tagged Poetry In America »
Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood (Immortality Ode) by William Wordsworth

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner In Seven Parts, from Sibylline Leaves (1817)

Ode to the West Wind by Percy Bysshe Shelley

The Mental Traveller by William Blake

To George Sand: A Recognition by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

A Musical Instrument by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Visions of the Daughters of Albion by William Blake

Fall 2014 Annotation Assignment 2: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The Wife of Usher’s Well by Traditional (Scottish)

The Daemon-lover by Traditional (Scottish)

Fall 2014 Annotation Assignment 1 by Elisa Beshero-Bondar

Beachy Head by Charlotte Smith

U. Pitt-Greensburg: Fa 2014 CLASS ROSTER for 19th-c Brit Lit

Nutting by William Wordsworth

Image: William Holman Hunt’s 1905 painting based on Alfred Lord Tennyson’s “The Lady of Shalott"
Annotate “Freedom (Good Neighbors excerpt)” by Jonathan Franzen on Lit Genius

The news about Walter Berglund wasn’t picked up locally—he and Patty had moved away to Washington two years earlier and meant nothing to St. Paul now—but the urban gentry of Ramsey Hill were not so loyal to their city as not to read the New York Times. According to a long and very unflattering story in the Times, Walter had made quite a mess of his professional life out there in the nation’s capital. His old neighbors had some difficulty reconciling the quotes about him in the Times (“arrogant,” “high-handed,” “ethically compromised”) with the generous, smiling, red-faced 3M employee they remembered pedaling his commuter bicycle up Summit Avenue in February snow; it seemed strange that Walter, who was greater than Greenpeace and whose own roots were rural, should be in trouble now for conniving with the coal industry and mistreating country people. Then again, there had always been something not quite right about the Berglunds.

Walter and Patty were the young pioneers of Ramsey Hill, the earliest years, when you could still drive a scooter from the old heart of St. Paul, to the summit, and then killed themselves for ten years renovating and twice broke into their car before they got the key across the alley to drink Schlitz and grill knockwurst on the sweatcoats and said, “Hey, you guys, you know, in high school and college and possessed a jock so helplessly conspicuous. Tall, ponytailed, absurdly bottles and burled-upon old snow, she might have been in a blizzard from her stroller. Behind her you could see the bristles of errands; ahead of her, an afternoon of public radio and latex paint; and then Goodnight Moon, then zzzz.

In the earliest years, when you could still drive a scooter from the old heart of St. Paul, to the summit, and then killed themselves for ten years renovating and twice broke into their car before they got the key across the alley to drink Schlitz and grill knockwurst on the sweatcoats and said, “Hey, you guys, you know, in high school and college and possessed a jock so helplessly conspicuous. Tall, ponytailed, absurdly bottles and burled-upon old snow, she might have been in a blizzard from her stroller. Behind her you could see the bristles of errands; ahead of her, an afternoon of public radio and latex paint; and then Goodnight Moon, then zzzz.

One of the things that I find most impressive about Freedom is Franzen’s ability to tell a story about primarily unremarkable circumstances/people that manages to be so engrossing. A lot of this has to do with the ways in which he creates tension through the novel, which I find in examples like this selection. Here Franzen juxtaposes the younger and older versions of his characters, leaving the intermediate part of their lives a mystery. This first paragraph, for instance, raises so many questions: Why did Walter move away from St. Paul? Why did he become so mean/corrupted? What did he do to make the Times? What isn’t right about the Berglunds? Franzen uses this same technique slightly later, in Patty’s autobiography. Teenage Patty is described as awkward, uncomfortable, and insole—a contrast to the early Patty we’re introduced to in this section, who is totally confident and polished in her life as a stay-at-home mom. Similar questions emerge from this comparison (How did Patty gain such poise? etc.). Freedom derives much of its intrigue from the immense character growth of its protagonists, specifically by first suggesting such development, and then actually relating the details of it. By hinting at the final, matured version of these main characters, each step along the way takes on purposeful significance.
Differential Responses of Brain, Gonad and Muscle Steroid Levels to Changes in Social Status and Sex in a Sequential and Bidirectional Hermaphroditic Fish

Varenka Lorenz, Ryan L. Earley, Matthew S. Grober

Published: December 10, 2012 • DOI: 10.1371/journal.pone.0051158

Abstract

Sex steroids can both modulate and be modulated by behavior, and their actions are mediated by complex interactions among multiple hormone sources and targets. While gonadal steroids delivered via circulation can affect behavior, changes in local brain steroid synthesis also can modulate behavior. The relative steroid load across different tissues and the association of these levels with rates of behavioral change have not been well studied. The bluebanded goby (Lythrypnus dalli) is a sex changing fish in which social status determines sexual phenotype. We examined changes in steroid levels in brain, gonad and body muscle at either 24 hours or 6 days after social induction of protogynous sex change, and from individuals in stable social groups not undergoing sex change. For each tissue, we measured levels of estradiol (E2), testosterone (T) and 11-ketotestosterone (KT). Females had more T than males in the gonads, and more E2 in all tissues but there was no sex difference in KT. For both sexes, E2 was higher in the gonads than in other tissues while androgens were higher in the brain. During sex change, brain T levels dropped while brain KT increased, and brain E2 levels did not change. We found a positive relationship between androgens and aggression in the most dominant females but only when the male was removed from the social group. The results demonstrate that steroid levels are responsive to changes in the social environment, and that their concentrations vary in different tissues. Also, we suggest that rapid changes in brain androgen levels might be important in inducing behavioral and/or morphological changes associated with protogynous sex change.

Introduction

Sex steroids have an important role in modulating social behavior [1], and social interactions can, in turn, influence steroid levels [2], [3], [4], [6]. For instance, territorial challenges simulated by acoustic playbacks increase 11-ketotestosterone (KT), the most potent fish androgen, in Gulf toadfish, Opsanus beta [8] and non-invasive administration of KT, in turn, modulates male calling behavior [7]. Although the vast majority of studies on steroids and aggression focus on...