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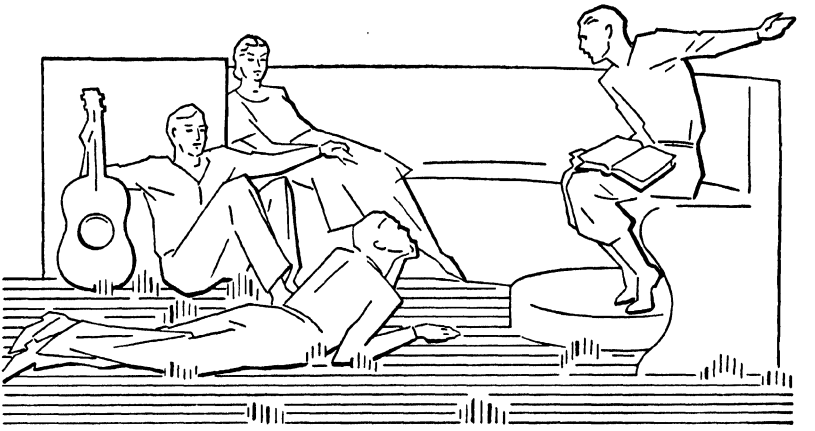
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READING TO OTHERS



Reading to Others

by ARGUS TRESIDDER

Madison College, Virginia

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Chicago Atlanta Dallas New York

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To the Teacher

I HAVE TALKED to the student all the way through this book. For a moment, though, I'd like to speak directly to the teacher who will use *Reading to Others* as a text.

Not all of us agree on what to call the course for which this material is intended; we even disagree on what shall be included in it. Nearly every convention of speech teachers has at least one sectional program during which somebody asks, "Just what are speech fundamentals?" or "What exactly should be the subject-matter of a course in Oral Interpretation?" And nobody ever knows the answers.

I am not concerned with what you may call your course. My purpose has been to write a comprehensive book, meeting the requirements of teachers with different teaching problems. For example, in many institutions only one course in Interpretation is offered. In it the teacher may have to present all the formal study of speech that his students will ever get (except, perhaps, for a course in Public Speaking). Other institutions have several courses, in one of which Speech Fundamentals are taught, in another Voice and Diction, in others Oral Interpretation, and so on. Some teachers deprecate speech mechanics; others dwell on mechanics. Speech clinics are not numerous. Each teacher, therefore, is bound to have individual problems in correction.

You may take your choice of the chapters in this book that meet your special needs. I have tried to include ample material for those who like the technical approach, as well as for those who prefer to work chiefly in meaning and emotion. The Appendix on diction, which has many carefully planned exercises, will serve for drill in speech correction as well as for special study in the problems of diction. The chapters on application of reading techniques should be useful for both specialized and general courses in Interpretation.

There may be some difference of opinion about the proper order in which to take up the various parts of this book. One way (and a perfectly good way to follow if the teacher doesn't mind taking up the chapters to come in another order) is to study first the mechanics of speech. It is true that we cannot effectively

communicate until we know something about our voices and the best use of them. On the other hand, unless we can get at the meaning and feeling of what we are going to say, the most beautiful diction in the world will not make us good interpreters. I shall start with meaning, as fundamental to interpretation, going next to emotion. Then, unless you prefer to skip that part, I shall plunge into the physiology of voice and the formation of speech sounds through phonetics, taking up finally the special applications of reading techniques to informal situations, dramatic interpretation, acting, radio, and verse speaking.

I should like to express here my gratitude to those who have helped me in the preparation of this book: to Professor C. K. Thomas, of Cornell University, who has patiently read at least twice all the technical material and who has offered suggestions throughout the manuscript; to Professor Alan Monroe, of Purdue University, who made a careful report on the first draft; to my colleague, Dr. Leland Schubert, with whom I have talked over many questions and upon whose good sense and understanding I have leaned heavily; to my colleague, Professor Conrad Logan, who has given me many useful hints about style and a liberal attitude; to Professor Louis Eich, of the University of Michigan, who read the proof and said helpful and encouraging things; to my secretary, Miss Ellen Miner, who took a weight-reducing interest in the problem of reprint permissions.

MAY 15, 1940 A. T.

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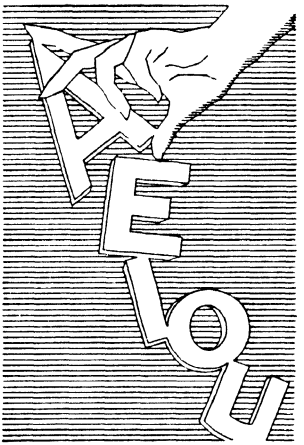
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Table of Contents

INTRODUCTION:	What It's All About	1
CHAPTER 1:	Interpreting Meaning	5
CHAPTER 2:	Interpreting Emotion	60
CHAPTER 3:	How the Voice Works	120
CHAPTER 4:	The Sounds of Speech	132
CHAPTER 5:	Controlling Volume and Pitch	155
CHAPTER 6:	Improving Tempo and Quality	176
CHAPTER 7:	Movement and Manners	215
CHAPTER 8:	Informal Reading	228
CHAPTER 9:	Dramatic and Narrative Reading	252
CHAPTER 10:	Across the Footlights	285
CHAPTER 11:	Before the Microphone	311
CHAPTER 12:	In Chorus	337
CHAPTER 13:	Enjoyment of Reading Aloud	369
APPENDIX:	Special Problems in Voice Improvement	397
	Prose for Oral Reading	449
INDEX		513

INTRODUCTION



What It's All About

MOST OF us are highly susceptible to the warnings and cajolery of advertisements. We like to eat breakfast foods of champions, to have school-girl complexions and fashionable figures and white teeth, to avoid dandruff, dishpan hands, and the numerous other offenses against society described by candid advertisers. That is, consciously or unconsciously we are tremendously influenced by what we are told in advertisements about our appearance, our personal habits, our manners, even our characters. No one, however, has so far thought of a way to make money by exploiting the voice as an element in social acceptability. We are "cosmetic-conscious," "style-conscious," "breath-conscious," "athlete's-foot-conscious," but not "voice-conscious."

A favorite subject of modern advertising is that of an attractive young man or woman discouraged because, in spite of charm and intelligence, he or she is not popular. Then along comes a real friend who drops a hint about dandruff or blotchy skin, and within a short time all is well. One dentifrice advertiser varies this theme by showing the picture of a beautiful girl with the sinister comment, "She was the belle of the ball until she opened her mouth." This is perhaps one of the most accurate statements in all advertising, but not simply because the young lady's teeth do not gleam. How many women there are—and men, too—who are good to look at and apparently charming, until they open their mouths and begin to talk!

Only within the last twenty years have educators (outside of

the old-fashioned "schools of expression") realized that people need to be taught to use their voices properly as well as to dissect frogs and read *Paradise Lost* and learn the date of the Battle of Marathon. There is still a foolish attitude among the die-hards that, since most of us start making vocal sounds a few minutes after we enter this world and become within a short time so proficient in the use of our native language that nearly everyone can understand us, there is no need to study speech. They argue that speech is natural, like breathing, and insist that English teachers can take care of such incidental difficulties as faulty pronunciation and give adequate instruction in reading. Why, everybody learns to read in grammar school! What's the use of hiring high-school and college teachers of reading?

In the first place, the teachers of reading in the elementary schools put far too much stress on silent reading, sacrificing diction —that is, enunciation, pronunciation, and melody—for the sake of speed. Most of them have had no work in speech themselves and are not interested in it. In the second place, there are about thirteen million people with speech defects in this country alone. Three million school children have speech faults, many of which could be remedied by the ear training and correctional work of well-directed reading aloud. In the third place, the occasions for speaking and reading are multiplying so rapidly in this age of public discussion and radio that people are beginning to feel their lack of articulate skill and are demanding instruction.

The social value of good speech is beginning to be recognized even though the advertisers have not discovered any profit in it. Beyond any doubt one of the important qualities in the poised, cultivated person is a pleasing voice which is well used and free of defects in diction and of conspicuous provincialism. People are becoming more and more critical of badly pitched voices, errors in enunciation and pronunciation, and inability to express ideas. Radio and talking pictures are helping to make us aware that how people *sound* is as important as how they *look*.

Even Mrs. Malaprop, who had no wish to make her niece a "progeny of learning," was anxious that, more than anything else, she should be "mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she

is saying." They understood, back in the eighteenth century, the social requirements of speech. We could still use Mrs. Malaprop's words, slightly edited, as a description of a course in oral interpretation. Some things might have to be added, and there would be less stress on spelling, but the chief emphasis is still on "reprehending" the true meaning of what we read and say.

Here, then, we have a social argument for the study of oral interpretation: Since others count our voices and speech habits in their estimate of us, we should give those things some attention. On the professional side are many other reasons: As executives, we want to be able to communicate ideas clearly, and we cannot afford to mispronounce or misuse words (unless we are Samuel Goldwyns!); as speakers, teachers, salesmen, lawyers, we should have the greatest possible control over our speech; as gregarious beings, we want to improve all the conditions of personality because they are elements in success.

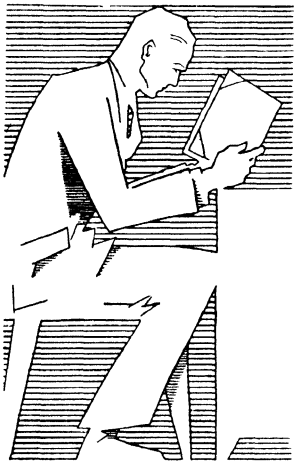
WHAT IS ORAL INTERPRETATION? It is the study of voice and the problems of communicating ideas from the printed page to a listener. That is, the *oral* part of the name means everything relating to the speaking apparatus: the physiology of voice plus diction, which includes the proper shaping of sounds, the proper choice of sounds, and the whole pattern of speaking. *Interpretation* means the examination of ideas, usually not the reader's, taken from a page of some sort, and the projection of those ideas to an audience. One half is more or less technical, dealing with the mechanics of breathing and phonation (the production of voice), speech sounds, and the correction of speech faults. The other half is psychological and emotional, taking up the meaning and mood of the material to be communicated.

We are not concerned in this book with any form of public speaking, which usually lays its stress on organization of material or speech composition and then upon delivery. The interpreter does not need to worry about outlines or rules of argumentation or exposition or the speaker's special problems of interest. He is reading someone else's words (or perhaps his own, written out or memorized). We shall start with the printed page, leaving to the rhetoricians and teachers of composition the actual writing. Our job is to learn all we can about the thought and feeling of the author and about the best ways in which to transmit them to hear-

ers. The interpreter must ask himself two questions. The first is, "How can I most intelligently and most responsively present the thought and feeling of what I am to read?" The second is, "How can I best employ my peculiar equipment for speaking so that my audience will hear me easily and accept my voice as reasonably free from defects in diction?"

In short, we are studying reading. It is a practical subject because all of us, at one time or another, either publicly or in front of the fireplace, will have to read aloud. It is a universal subject because we must learn to read everything, from the football scores to a paper before the Shakespeare Club. It is a cultural subject because through it we should not only acquire the speech habits expected in educated people but also a sensibly critical appreciation of literature. Oral interpretation is the ideal meeting-point of the English department and the Speech department. By its help we should be able to understand and enjoy and share with others the things that time and the scholars have left to us. "All that the university or final highest school can do for us is to teach us to read," said Carlyle.

CHAPTER 1



Interpreting Meaning

WHEN SOMEONE reads aloud, whatever his purpose—giving a scripture lesson, offering directions for assembling a vacuum cleaner or a model airplane, sharing a letter or editorial or story, or interpreting literature to an audience—we may expect certain things of him. We may want him to be clear, interesting, charming, to have a fine voice, beautiful diction, a sense of humor, imagination. Nature, however, does not distribute favors with an impartial hand. We cannot all be brilliant and attractive or have excellent voices. But we can know what we are talking about and be able to communicate that knowledge to others.

All reading aloud, whether of prose or of verse, has the same ultimate purpose: that of capturing and sustaining attention. No matter how good the interpreter's voice, no matter how well he is dressed, no matter how auspicious the occasion, his performance is a poor one if the audience is not interested. It is interested only if it has willingly given attention (since, as William James said, "What we attend to and what interests us are synonymous terms"). The chief problem of the reader, therefore, is "How can I most successfully interest my audience and thereby make sure of its attention?"

There is no easy road to good interpretation. An audience is not long fooled by a superficial reader, because if he is only glibly forming words, without taking the trouble to analyze either the thought or the mood of what he reads, if he is not himself inter-

ested in what he says, or if he is unable to make his audience interested in it, he cannot communicate ideas, and his hearers are inevitably confused or bored. Good interpretation demands five things: a thorough understanding of the meaning of all words, names, allusions, and images; a clear comprehension of the ideas presented; a knowledge of the interrelationships of phrases and the ability to express those interrelationships; and an insight into the attitude of the writer, as well as the skill to express that attitude.

In this chapter we shall take up the problems of meaning, leaving to the following chapter the discussion of emotion.

THE MEANING OF WORDS

The purpose of any communication is to convey meaning. Speech undoubtedly began when some savage ancestor of man discovered that he could express meanings in varying patterns of grunts and head-shakings. He was not concerned with ornamenting his symbols, though eventually he learned that if he grunted and shook dramatically, his audience was more likely to be interested than if he were apathetic or monotonous. The infant, shaking its head and rejecting the bottle or crying or smiling, is communicating simple meanings. It may even devise a technique, getting what it wants by shrewdly modulating its symbols.

Most of us can get along quite well within a limited range of expression because the simple wants of life can be filled through very elementary symbols of meaning. Bush tribes manage to get food, carry on family life, and have some form of social organization, even though their language may consist of a very few articulate words. A traveler in a foreign country whose speech is unfamiliar to him quickly picks up the dozen or so indispensable phrases and manages successfully to ask where something is and how much something costs, to order meals and lodging, and to phrase the everyday courtesies. Deaf mutes learn to communicate essential meanings by a system of swift, stark movements of the fingers. Brokers on the curb exchange in New York waste no words but communicate by meaningful gestures. The director of a radio broadcast, insulated by sound-proof studio walls, conveys meanings to the performers by signals through a plate-glass window.

The duty of any communicator is to perfect his control over the symbols at his command. The telegraph operator must know the significance of all the dots and dashes that he receives and transmits; the court reporter must be able to jot down all that he hears in his quick shorthand; the African native beating his jungle drum must be able to relay news efficiently; the Boy Scout waving his flags must know exactly how to send his message so that the distant observer will not mistake his meaning. Similarly the speaker or the reader must be in complete command of his medium of communication.

Everyone can express the basic ideas: I am hungry; I want to sleep; I am sick; I hate you; I love you. The interpreter, however, is called on to communicate not only simple but also complex things in all their infinite shadings of meaning. And we expect of him that he be interesting and vivid as well as clear. Now exactly how can the interpreter achieve clarity of thought, comprehensibility?

In the first place, he must unequivocably know the meanings of all the words he uses. Take a few sentences at random from the Victorian writers:

On the thick Hyperborean cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. THOMAS CARLYLE, Sartor Resartus

Picturesqueness . . . is Parasitical Sublimity.
JOHN RUSKIN, Seven Lamps of Architecture

The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. . . . It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "eo immitior, quia toleraverat," that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, Samuel Johnson

The whole course of my intellectual cultivation had made precocious and premature analysis the inveterate habit of my mind.
JOHN STUART MILL, Autobiography

Yet the romanticists are antinomian, too, sometimes, because the love of energy and beauty, of distinction in passion, tended naturally to become a little bizarre, plunging into the Middle Age, into the secrets of old Italian story. WALTER PATER, Romanticism

Or bring the point up to date with some quotations from contemporary writers:

"For you, Smire," Smike continued, "are the production of a dreamer whose dreams nowanights are superficial and bogus—of one who had the taste and talent of the dilettante along with such aspirations and pretensions as nothing would satisfy short of creating a vast and many-volumed cosmos which has been vitiated throughout into a necropolis by its basic venality and miscomprehension of economics."

JAMES BRANCH CABELL, Smire

The onset of exophthalmic goitre may be mistaken for neurasthenia, especially if there be no exophthalmos at the beginning. The emotional disturbances and the irritability of the heart may mislead the physician. In pronounced cases of nervous prostration the differential diagnosis from the various psychoses may be extremely difficult.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, The Principles and Practices of Medicine

Religion lost all its old contemplative and esoteric character, and became a frankly worldly enterprise, a thing of balance-sheets and ponderable profits, heavily capitalized and astutely manned. There was no longer any room for the spiritual type of leader, with his white choker and his interminable fourthlies.

H. L. MENCKEN, Puritanism As a Literary Force

Before attempting to read any of these passages, the interpreter would have to be sure of the words *Hyperborean, seraphic, parasitical, perverse, voracity, ferocity, precocious, demeanor, inveterate, despotic, antinomian, bizarre, bogus, dilettante, cosmos, vitiated, necropolis, venality, exophthalmic, neurasthenia, differential, psychoses, esoteric, ponderable, astutely, fourthlies.* The dictionary, of course, would give him the literal meanings. Words, however, have a way of lying inert and colorless in dictionary definitions. They come alive only when to their denotation (that is, their explicit meaning) is added their connotation, or implicit meaning. But connotation depends almost entirely on the past experience and knowledge of the speaker. Richness of association and implication are given to words only by those who are ob-

servant and informed. In short, to bring out the author's exact ideas, the interpreter should have not only a direct knowledge of the meaning of what he says but a background of reading and association.

By looking up the words in the sentence from Carlyle, for example, we could easily discover that a *Hyperborean* is one who lives beyond the north wind, and that *cherubic* and *seraphic* refer to angelic creatures. Literally the sentence means that heavenly reasoning and eloquence would be wasted on a mythical dweller in a far northern country. Knowing Carlyle (and having the help of the context), we would understand that his *Hyperborean* metaphorically describes any northern barbarian, in this case a Russian. *Cherubic* and *seraphic* are exaggerated ways of saying "unusually good."

We would have to know Ruskin's peculiar explanation of the word *parasitical* to understand its application to sublimity. He believed that picturesqueness in art is the overstressing of accidental lights and shades and of other merely pictorial qualities, as opposed to the essential forms of things. Picturesqueness is sublime, but subordinate to those essential forms.

The thoughts in Macaulay's and Mill's sentences are made clear when the literal meanings of the words are established. But note how much more vivid the pictures become if the connotations of such words as *voracity* (from the Latin word meaning *to devour*), *despotic* (like a tyrannical master), and *precocious* (developing early, as of something cooked beforehand) are understood. Macaulay's Latin phrase needs translation, of course. It means "therefore the more bitter because he had suffered." Pater's *antinomian*, literally "opposed to the law," had a special significance to him that the ecclesiastical sense of the word does not convey.

Cabell's words are often annoyingly obscure, but he does challenge us to use our dictionaries. *Dilettante*, which has come to have more meaning than the simple Italian of "one who takes delight in something," and *necropolis*, "city of the dead," are interesting words here. Osler's words are mainly technical. Mencken is an unconventional user of words, about which he knows a great deal. You may have some trouble in getting at his meaning of *fourthlies*. Try to figure it out.

Words, then, mean not only what they say but (1) what they may have once figuratively meant, (2) what changes occurred in

their meaning over a long period of time, and (3) what they may specifically mean, because of special experience, to the writer and to the interpreter.

The good speaker or reader must become interested in words. He must use the dictionary not merely as a handbook of literal meanings which he impatiently consults but as a treasure house of imagination and wisdom. Every time he learns a new word or a new meaning for an old word or discovers an interesting derivation, he adds to his ability to express himself forcefully and flexibly. For the speaker a flair for the exact word is a tremendous asset; for the interpreter an instinctive recognition of word values and the subtleties of meaning and implication marks the difference between a good reader and a dull reader.

Use your dictionary (which should be a good one, such as Webster's *New International* or, for desk use, Webster's *Collegiate,* both published by G. & C. Merriam Co.) with enthusiasm and insatiable curiosity. Let one word lead you to another, perhaps at random. That is the way to make the rich discoveries that await you in the formidable small print. Look up some of your words in the *Oxford English Dictionary,* which takes differences in meanings back to the exact time in which they were first used. Do what the novelist Norman Douglas once advised a friend to do: Read a page of the dictionary every day and learn the words that amuse you.

Exercises

1. Look up the following words, making sure of their pronunciation and writing down notes on their etymology and various meanings, if there are more than one. A bad habit of inexperienced readers is to jot down the first meaning listed under the word they are investigating, confusing nouns with verbs and archaic with colloquial usages:

assassin	thermodynamics	proscenium
automobile	quarantine	villain
agenda	affidavit	amanuensis
holograph	amortization	protocol
euthanasia	deciduous	hagiology
claustrophobia	narcissism	lithography
schizophrenia	congregation	ambidextrous

somnambulism	paleontology	ambition
syncopation	parthenogenesis	tantalize
poliomyelitis	brachycephalic	pantomime

2. Look up all unfamiliar words in the sentences on pages 7 and 8. Make certain that the meanings you apply are the ones intended by the authors.

3. Be sure that you know the pronunciation as well as the denotation and connotation of each of the words in the following selections, so that you can discuss them in class:

A. *To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shown; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or inquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit, than ability to prove them.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON, "Crabbed Age and Youth," from The Rambler

B. *Induction, A POSTERIORI, would have brought phrenology to admit, as an innate and primitive principle of human action, a paradoxical something, which we may call PERVERSENESS for want of a more characteristic term.* EDGAR ALLAN POE, The Imp of the Perverse

C. *I shoved the timber ope wi' my omoplat;*
And IN VESTIBULO—, i' the lobby, to-wit, . . .
Donned galligaskins, antigropiloes,
And so forth; and, complete with hat and gloves,
One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,
And ombrifuge (Lord love you!) case o' rain,
I flopped forth, 'sbuddikins! on my own ten toes.

C. S. CALVERLY, The Cock and the Bull
(a parody of Robert Browning)

D. *The sublimated wisdom*
Of China, Egyptian discernment, the cataclysmic torrent
Of emotion compressed in the verbs of the Hebrew language . . .

MARIANNE MOORE, England

E. *I have always found that this composition* [sassafras tea] *is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions; which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth of these unfledged practitioners . . .*

CHARLES LAMB, In Praise of Chimney-Sweepers

F. *Occasionally he still read Kant, and he would be as deep in absolutes, categories, moments of negation, and definitions of a concept, as she with all her complicated and extensive paraphernalia of phobias, complexes, fixations, and repressions.*

THOMAS WOLFE, Of Time and the River

NAMES AND ALLUSIONS

Unfamiliar proper names should be looked up as well as untamiliar words. Someone has said that the test of education is the number of names you can identify. An excellent way to be prepared for any such test is to let no opportunity slip to find out what you can about the people (and places and things) mentioned in your reading. Good dictionaries have biographical notes and gazetteers that give brief, bare facts about people and places. Encyclopedias, especially the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* are much more detailed. For facts about eminent English men and women the *Dictionary of National Biography* is the best source. The *Dictionary of American Biography* does the same thing for distinguished Americans. *Who's Who* (English) and *Who's Who in America* will tell you about living people. Many professional groups have their own lists of those who have become known in their special fields: Examples are *Who's Who in Education, Who's Who in the Theatre,* etc. *Living Authors* (Wilson, 1939), *Authors Today and Yesterday* (Wilson, 1938), and *American Authors, 1600-1900* (Wilson, 1938) give short biographies of literary people.

Some names from literature and mythology may require search in special books: *The Oxford Companion to English Literature,* compiled by Sir Paul Harvey (Oxford, 1932), is a very useful reference work, as are the Cambridge Histories of English and American Literature. For more recent allusions you may refer to *Contemporary American Literature* (1929) and *Contemporary British Literature* (1935), edited by J. M. Manly and E. Rickert. Ebenezer Brewer's *Reader's Handbook* and *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,* though over thirty years old, are still standard reference works. Chamber's *Cyclopedia of English Literature* has been revised and brought up to date. Mythological names may be found in Charles Mills Gayley's *Classic Myths.*

Other special reference books are John Champlin's *Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting* (1913), Josephus Larned's *History for*

Ready Reference (1913), *Harper's Encyclopedia of Art* (1937), Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1928), Percy Scholes's *The Oxford Companion to Music* (1938), James Cattell's *American Men of Science* (1927).

Allusions and quotations may be traced in Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and Hoyt's *New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations.*

Exercises

1. Look up and write down the main facts about the proper names in the following selections:

A. *The* DUOMO, *work of artists from beyond the Alps, so fantastic to the eye of a Florentine used to the mellow, unbroken surfaces of Giotto and Arnolfo, was then in all its freshness, and below, in the streets of Milan, moved a people as fantastic, changeful, and dreamlike.*
WALTER PATER, The Renaissance

B. *Taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats . . . —I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all.* MATTHEW ARNOLD, Essays in Criticism

C. *The great poet is not Cowley, imitated and idolized and reproduced by every scribbler of his time; nor Pope, whose trick of style was so easily copied that to this day we cannot trace his own hand with any certainty in the* ILIAD, *nor Donne, nor Sylvester, nor the Della Cruscans. Shakespere's blank verse is the most difficult, and Jonson's the most easy to imitate, of all the Elizabethan stock.*
ROBERT BUCHANAN, The Fleshly School of Poetry

D. *I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names* [South Carolina's]. *I claim them for countrymen, one and all, The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.* DANIEL WEBSTER, Reply to Hayne

E. *There are, who to my person pay their court.*
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Great Ammon's son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir, you have an eye"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see

All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
Just so immortal Mars held his head,
And when I die, be sure you let me know,
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

ALEXANDER POPE, The Dunciad

F. *Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy*
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call him up that left half-told,
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife . . .

JOHN MILTON, Il Penseroso

G. *No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous life-philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices! Dilettantism, Pococurantism, Beau-Brummelism, with perhaps an occasional, half-mad, protecting burst of Byronism, establish themselves.*

THOMAS CARLYLE, Past and Present

H. *Equally in the Middle Ages did literature avoid deviation into the credible. When carpets of brocade were spread in April meadows it was to the end that barons and ladies might listen with delight to peculiarly unplausible accounts of how Sire Roland held the pass at Roncevaux single-handed against an army, and of Lancelot's education at the bottom of a pond by Elfin pedagogues, and of how Virgil builded Naples upon eggshells. When English-speaking tale-tellers began to concoct homespun romances, they selected such themes as Bevis of Southampton's addiction to giant-killing, and Guy of Warwick's encounter with a man-eating cow eighteen feet long, and the exploits of Thomas of Reading, who exterminated an infinity of dragons and eloped with Prester John's daughter after jilting the Queen of Fairyland.*

JAMES BRANCH CABELL, Beyond Life

I. *Romanticism, as everyone has heard, was a revolt of the individual. The "Classicism" against which it was a reaction meant, in the domain of politics and morals, a preoccupation with society as a whole; and, in art, an ideal of objectivity. In* LE MISANTHROPE, *in* BERENICE, *in* THE WAY OF THE WORLD, *in* GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, *the artist is out of the picture: he would consider it artistic bad taste to identify his hero with himself and to glorify himself with his hero, or to intrude between the reader and the story and give vent to his personal emotions. But in* RENÉ, *in* ROLLA, *in* CHILDE HAROLD, *in* THE PRELUDE, *the writer is either his own hero, or unmistakably identified with his hero, and the personality and emotions of the writer are presented as the principal subject of interest.* EDMUND WILSON, Axel's Castle

J. *Magnifying and applying come I,*
Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters,
Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah,
Lithographing Kronos, Zeus his son, and Hercules his grandson,
Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha,
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix engraved
With Odin and the hideous faced Mexitli, and every idol and image,
Taking them all for what they are worth and not a cent more.
WALT WHITMAN, Song of Myself

K. *I'm a buffoon, he thought: I'm Troilus with a cold in his nose, not sighing but sneezing towards the Grecian tents. I'm Romeo under the wrong window, Ajax with a boil in his armpit, Priam with a hundred harelipped daughters, Roland with a pair of horns.*
ERIC LINKLATER, Magnus Merriman

2. Look up and record all words new to you, identify quotations and allusions, and master all the meaning of the following:

A. *Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,*
There's brisker pipes than poetry.
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
A. E. HOUSMAN, The Shropshire Lad, LXII

B. *How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea—*

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate—"

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation, and the stir in the kitchen.— PROCUL, O PROCUL ESTE PROFANI! *These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT, On Going a Journey

C. *While Waterloo with Cannae's carnage vies,*
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entailed Corruption; they no land
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making Kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LORD BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III

D. *Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold*
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS, On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

E. *Some things are so completely ludicrous that a man* MUST *laugh, or die. To die laughing must be the most glorious of all glorious deaths! Sir Thomas More—a very fine man was Sir Thomas More—Sir Thomas More died laughing, you remember. Also in the* ABSURDITIES *of Ranisius Textor there is a long list of characters who came to the same magnificent end. Do you know, however, . . . that at Sparta—which is now Palaeochori—at Sparta, I say, to the west of the citadel, among a chaos of scarcely visible ruins, is a kind of* SOCLE *upon which are still legible the letters* ΛΑΣΜ. *They are undoubtedly part of* ΓΕΛΑΣΜΑ. *Now at Sparta were a thousand temples and shrines to a thousand different divinities. How exceedingly strange that the altar of Laughter should have survived all the others!*

EDGAR ALLAN POE, The Assignation

GRAMMAR

That a knowledge of English grammar should be desirable in the interpreter is not an astonishingly original idea. Yet many a reader gets stuck in a complex sentence because he doesn't understand the grammatical relationship of the parts. Sometimes he just doesn't think to apply rules of grammar. Most sentences will break down under analysis and yield their reluctant meanings, though they remain stony enigmas to the interpreter who tries to force his way to their secrets by clumsy reasoning.

Study the following excerpts:

1. *Two little visual Spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into Dissolution.*

THOMAS CARLYLE, Sartor Resartus

2. *But only a host of phantom listeners*
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men.

WALTER DE LA MARE, The Listeners

3. *If you were April's lady,*
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers.
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, A Match

4. *Some men a forward motion love,*
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.
HENRY VAUGHAN, The Retreat

5. *For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings*
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Sonnet 29

6. *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.
WALT WHITMAN, Song of Myself

7. *Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,*
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
THOMAS GRAY, Elegy

8. *She, men would have to be your mother once,*
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was.
ROBERT BROWNING, The Bishop Orders His Tomb

9. *And here be it submitted that, apparently going to corroborate the doctrine of man's fall—a doctrine now popularly ignored—it is observable that where certain virtues pristine and unadulterate peculiarly characterize anybody in the external uniform of civilization, they will upon scrutiny seem not to be derived from custom or convention but rather to be out of keeping with these, as if indeed exceptionally transmitted from a period prior to Cain's City and citified man.*
HERMAN MELVILLE, Billy Budd, Foretopman

10. *I sent thee late a rosy wreath,*
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be. BEN JONSON, To Celia

Some of these constructions may be made clear by careful search for the proper grammatical relationships. In Gray's line, "And all the air a solemn stillness holds," "solemn stillness" is the object of "holds," not the subject. Shakespeare's "For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings" might seem in hasty reading to mean that the love remembered the wealth. Of course "remembered" modifies "love," which is the subject of the verb "brings." In de la Mare's lines the grammatical point at issue is the syntax of "then." Does it modify "dwelt" or "stood"? Browning's "she" should properly be an objective case, object of "envied": Old Gandolf envied me her who men once thought was your mother, because she was so beautiful.

Sometimes the grammar is more obscure. What is the subject of "to dissolve" in the sentence from Carlyle? Swinburne's

We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers

is very puzzling until the emergence of the image shows that "for hours" and "for days" do not mean the length of time the throwing and drawing go on, but are the prizes for throwing (as with dice, here leaves) and drawing (as with cards, here flowers). The meaning of the lines from Whitman requires a good deal of examination of the grammatical construction. What is the object of the verb "I harbor"? What do "in abeyance" and "sufficed" refer to? Should there be a pause after "check" so that "with original energy" modifies "nature" and not "check"? Melville's involved sentence takes some study before its meaning is revealed. The pronouns are rather vague, for one thing (as are the two *it*'s in the lines from Jonson). "They," at the beginning of the main clause, refers to "virtues," rather than to "anybody." "Pristine" and "unadulterate" modify "virtues." "Going," in the first line, is what the composition books call a dangling participle, modifying no apparent noun. What are the syntax and exact meaning of "late" and "there" in Ben Jonson's lines?

One of the commonest forms of grammatical construction is that of the subordinate clause or phrase. Yet readers constantly muddle meanings by failing to express the proper relationship between the dependent idea and the main idea. In the following sentence, taken from a speech by former Governor Ritchie of

Maryland, the subordination of the first clauses is absolutely necessary to a clear understanding of his point:

But when you view the "New Deal" policies as a whole—particularly those which change the basic structure of the American government, and threaten if they do not destroy the self-governing functions of the States and the free and independent spirit of the people—then I believe we see that the hope of these United States lies, as it always has, in the strength of a virile, unshaken, and abiding faith in the Constitution of the land, and in its adaptability to changing times and changing conditions.

This is far from being a model sentence, since it is very long and involved and full of clichés, but it is the sort of thing that often faces interpreters. Subordination is grammatically apparent in conjunctions and pronouns like *if, which, when, that, as,* etc. When ideas are equal, they are usually connected by coordinating conjunctions like *and, or,* and *but.* The reader should express these interrelationships by changes of pitch and volume and by pauses.

In poetry, as the illustrations above indicate, grammar is less orthodox than in most prose. A poet under the compulsion of meter or rhyme may with impunity violate one or another of the established rules. Sentences normally have subjects and verbs, number and case follow patterns of agreement, adjectives ordinarily modify nouns, and pronouns usually have discoverable antecedents. But the reader must know that in poetry many of these rules or conventions may be altered. Sentences may be incomplete or run together, adjectives may modify verbs, and pronouns may wander around without antecedents. The reader's task is to apply his knowledge of grammar in an effort to unravel the complexities; then if that doesn't work, to apply his common sense as well as his imagination.

Exercises

Study the following selections, making sure you understand the grammatical relationships in every sentence. Be prepared to explain and defend your interpretation. If you are doubtful about usage, consult a good handbook like Garland Greever and Easley Jones, *Century Collegiate Handbook* (Appleton-Century, 1939), or Porter G. Perrin, *An Index to English* (Scott, Foresman, 1939).

1. *Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,*
Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey;
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,
This day, when my soul's form bends to the East.
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on His cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made His own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands, which span the poles
And tune all spheres at once, pierced with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height, which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of His,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God for His apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On His distressed Mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and Thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as Thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to Thee but to receive
Corrections till Thy mercies bid Thee leave.
O think me worth Thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
Restore Thine image, so much, by Thy grace,
That Thou mayst know me, and I'll turn my face.

JOHN DONNE, Good Friday, 1613, Riding Westward

2. *Down the road someone is practising scales,*
The notes like little fishes vanish with a wink of tails,
Man's heart expands to tinker with his car
For this is Sunday morning, Fate's great bazaar,
Regard these means as ends, concentrate on this Now,
And you may grow to music or drive beyond Hindhead anyhow,
Take corners on two wheels until you go so fast
That you can clutch a fringe or two of the windy past,
That you can abstract this day and make it to the week of time
A small eternity, a sonnet self-contained in rhyme.

But listen, up the road, something gulps, the church spire
Opens its eight bells out, skull's mouths which will not tire
To tell how there is no music or movement which secures
Escape from the weekday time. Which deadens and endures.

LOUIS MACNEICE, Sunday Morning

3. *Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,*
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home!
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN, The Pillar of the Cloud

4. *Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He passed an*

arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Nose whiteflattened against the pane. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Glad to see us go we give them such trouble coming. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake. Then getting it ready. Laying it out. Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed. Pull it more to your side. Our windingsheet. Never know who will touch you dead. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Keep a bit in an envelope. Grow all the same after. Unclean job.

JAMES JOYCE, Ulysses

5. *How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,*
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

JOHN MILTON, On His Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three

PUNCTUATION

In the schools, punctuation is all too often made into a kind of painful mystery. Its chief purpose seems to be to harass students of composition, who doggedly supply commas, apostrophes, semicolons, and the like in the proper places and, when they graduate, triumphantly ignore punctuation all the rest of their lives. When any attention at all is given to reading aloud, the staple of instruction as far as punctuation is concerned is "Drop the voice at commas" and "Have an upward inflection when you come to a question mark."

Punctuation should be rather more to the interpreter than these two doubtful rules. On the other hand it should not be a mere leaning post. That it is useful in establishing meaning is apparent when we try to decipher a passage without punctuation. Children who scribble along, running ideas together without separation, and adults who write their letters in the same way are likely to be fuzzy thinkers. So are readers who disregard the pauses in what they are interpreting, whether or not the places are marked off by punctuation.

A few points about punctuation for the interpreter may be stated definitely:

1. Full stops—periods, semicolons, colons, question marks, exclamation points—always mark the ends of phrases and should therefore be indicated by pauses long enough for new breath, a quick survey of the next phrase, and possibly a change in emphasis.

2. Dashes usually indicate long pauses with change in tone-color or tempo.

3. Commas frequently mark phrase endings but not always. Unless the meaning requires a conclusive inflection, the reader will do well if he tends to keep his inflections level and forward-looking after commas. There is nothing so detrimental to interesting meaning as a melancholy series of dropped inflections.

4. Question marks may or may not demand an upward inflection. In normal conversation we do not really ask as many questions with the final upward inflection as elementary school teachers often prescribe. "Did he come?" we say, or, "Is this all we get?" or, "Shall I say anything about it?" all with upward inflection. But many of our questions end with a downward inflection: "How do you do?" "Where were you?" "Hasn't the weather been fine?" There is no rule that applies to all questions. If it "feels" right, the inflection, whether upward or downward, is probably accurate. But beware of asking all questions in the same way. Variation is still the secret of lively meaning.

Very often punctuation determines meaning. Notice how the meaning changes with the punctuation in the following passages:

1. *Woman, without her man, would be a savage.*
   Woman! Without her, man would be a savage.

2. *The sun went down in a red haze;*
The duchess had her tea;
With a live minnow the fisherman baited his line.

The sun went down; in a red haze
The duchess had her tea with a live minnow;
The fisherman baited his line.

3. *You can't take it with you.*
You can't? Take it with you!

4. *O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Romeo and Juliet

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

5. *Some folks I know are always worried.*
Some folks, I know, are always worried.

6. *One, who is not, we see: but one, whom we see not, is;*
Surely this is not that: but that is assuredly this.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE, The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell

One who is not we see but one; whom we see not is
Surely this; is not that but that; is assuredly this.

7. *The world is too much with us; late and soon,*
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us late and soon;
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

8. *I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,*
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers;
From the seas and the streams
I bear light shade for the leaves; when
Laid in their noonday dreams,
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one.

9. *If it were done—when 'tis done—then 'twere well*
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Macbeth

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success.

10. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, A Midsummer-Night's Dream

What does the Prologue mean when he speaks the lines above in the Pyramus and Thisbe play within the play? Theseus, Lysander, and Hippolyta, listening to the play, comment on the Prologue's delivery:

THESEUS

This fellow doth not stand upon points—

LYSANDER

He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop.
A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIPPOLYTA

Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder;
A sound, but not in government.

THESEUS

His speech was like a tangled chain: nothing impair'd, but all disordered.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, A Midsummer-Night's Dream

For all readers there is also a good moral in the principle, "It is not enough to speak, but to speak true."

11. *I saw a peacock with a fiery tail*
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail
I saw a cloud all wrapt with ivy round
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground
I saw a beetle swallow up a whale
I saw a foaming sea brimful of ale
I saw a pewter cup sixteen feet deep
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep
I saw wet eyes in flames of living fire
I saw a house as high as the moon and higher
I saw the glorious sun at deep midnight
I saw the man who saw this wondrous sight.

I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne
I saw King George shut up within a box
I saw an orange driving a fat ox
I saw a butcher not twelvemonth old
I saw a great-coat all of solid gold
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams
I saw my friends who wished I'd quit these themes.

ANONYMOUS

Put a comma after the first noun in each line and observe the difference in meaning.

Notice the effect of the following lines:

12. *Thine eyes, dear one, dot, dot, are like, dash, what?*
They, pure as sacred oils, bless and anoint
My sin-swamped soul which at thy feet sobs out,
O exclamation point, O point, O point!

Ah, had I words, blank, blank, which, dot, I've not,
I'd swoon in songs which should'st illume the dark
With light of thee. Ah, God (it's strong to swear)
Why, why, interrogation mark, why, mark?

Dot dot dot dot. And so, dash, yet, but nay!
My tongue takes pause; some words must not be said.
For fear the world, cold hyphen-eyed, austere,
Should'st shake thee by the throat till reason fled.

One hour of love we've had. Dost thou recall
Dot dot dash blank interrogation mark?
The night was ours, blue heaven over all
Dash, God! dot stars, keep thou our secret dark!

MARION HILL

13. *"The Sun Brothers are down on the bills for a colossal exhibition under canvas at the showgrounds east of the square Monday and Tuesday and Tuesday matinee. It is said there will be tumblers, iron-jawed wonders, clowns, acronasts and gymbats. The bills say it will be mighty, moral and meritorious, but do not leave out the comma."*

EDGAR HANFORD, "The Sun Still Shines,"
New York Times, Apr. 23, 1939

Exercises

Observe the crisp effect of the punctuation in the following selections by reading them aloud:

1. *"H'm, what's he like?"*

"Bit snuffy. Pillar of local Baptist Chapel. Good Templar—believe that's what they call 'em—doesn't smoke, swear, or tread any path of dalliance. Lives alone; chick nor child. Fond of work, money, and Sundays. About five feet high and stoops at that; no color anywhere; nose large and usually decorated with dew-drop; steel-rimmed glasses, baldish, grayish, loose lips, looks all gums, teeth brown ruins."

NEIL BELL, Life and Andrew Otway

2. *So dem boids don't tink I belong, neider. Aw, to hell wit 'em! Dey're in de wrong pew—de same old bull—soapboxes and Salvation army—no guts! Cut out an hour offen de job a day and make me happy! Three square a day, and cauliflowers in de front yard—ekal rights—a woman and kids—a lousy vote—and I'm all fixed for Jesus, huh? Aw, hell! What does dat get you? Dis ting's in your inside, but it ain't your belly. Feedin' your face—sinkers and coffee—dat don't touch it. It's*

way down—at de bottom. You can't grab it, and yuh can't stop it. It moves, and everything moves. It stops and de whole woild stops. Dat's me now—I don't tick, see?—I'm a busted Ingersoll, dat's what. Steel was me, and I owned de woild. Now I ain't steel, and de woild owns me. Aw hell! I can't see—it's all dark, get me? It's all wrong! Say, youse up dere, Man in de Moon, you look so wise, gimme de answer, huh? Slip me de inside dope, de information right from the stable—where do I get off at, huh?

EUGENE O'NEILL, The Hairy Ape

3. *Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hind head: man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, The American Scholar

4. *He stood—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in one view, with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards—his right leg from under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight—the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of science too;—for consider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up;—so that in this case the position of the leg is determined because the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.*

LAURENCE STERNE, Tristram Shandy

PHRASING AND CENTERING

PHRASING. The phrase is the basic unit of interpretation. It is the grouping of logically related words (not necessarily grammatical phrases) unseparated by stops for breathing. Phrasing depends upon meaning, of course. A good illustration of the necessity of phrasing is the well-known sentence, "That that is is that that is not is not." Read fast and without attention to pauses, it is meaningless. Properly phrased, it becomes "That—that is—*is;* that —that is not— is not." Only the slovenly or stupid or low-powered reader breaks up natural groups by interrupting them for breath or for meter or for any other reason except that of deliberate emphasis. For example, the reader who stops after "dreams" in the lines

> *For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams*
> *Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,*

is falsely phrasing and probably jingling. After "beams" is a short pause, concluding a logical group. The next phrase should end only at "Lee." In Lew Sarett's lines,

> *Let me go down to dust and dreams*
> *Gently, O Lord, with never a fear*
> *Of death beyond the day that is done,*

a pause after "dreams" (always made by the unwary or unprepared reader of these lines, simply because the verse ends) would make the next phrase absurd. "Gently" logically and grammatically belongs with "Let me go down to dust and dreams." "With never a fear" needs "of death" to complete its meaning. If the phrase is ended at "fear," the hearer's mind must adjust itself to an abruptly added qualification of fear. "Let me go down to dust and dreams . . . with never a fear" makes sense. But Sarett does not say that; he says, "With never a fear *of death.*"

Since phrasing is closely associated with breathing (indeed, phrases are sometimes identified with breath groups), poorly controlled spacing of inhalation may do fearful things to the logical phrases. Then the unfortunate reader may break up his sentences into groups like these:

On our recent—visit to the mountains we saw much rhododendron—and azalea our visit covered several of the Southern states.

The sinner guilty of such pitiful reading is either blind to meaning, short-winded, or simply careless about pauses (which provide rest-stops and opportunities for re-fueling). Worst offenders are those who either self-consciously or heedlessly read along until their breath supply gives out; whereupon they take new breath, regardless of the cost to meaning, and go on until they have to gasp again. Nearly as bad are those too fragile or indolent to take deep breath, who must sip daintily at air every three or four words.

Phrases are, then, marked off by pauses of varying length. The brief pause which indicates a shade of meaning or special emphasis (pausing just before a word makes it stand out from the rest of its phrase) does not, strictly speaking, mark a phrase; it should not be a stop for breath. The longer pause, always at full sentence stops and at breaks within sentences which grammatically or logically separate one part from another, may be and usually should be accompanied by inhalation. At these pauses the reader should

1. Take new breath.
2. Quickly survey the next phrase and determine its relationship to the last.
3. Give his hearers a chance to catch up.
4. *Change* tempo, volume, pitch, or vocal quality, if desirable (and some change is nearly always desirable).

Phrasing is not an established thing, governed by regular rules. Most of the long pauses are dictated by meaning, which may differ according to the reader's interpretation. For the most part, however, the principal stops in a given selection would be more or less the same for all speakers, though their tone color and inflections and force might vary widely. The shorter pauses would probably not agree at all. Very precise reading too, as to children, or formal reading or speaking makes for frequent pausing (and therefore short phrases); excited or informal reading makes for long phrases.

Too long phrases are objectionable because they crowd ideas together and encourage speed in speech. Even more objectionable are phrases that are too short, cutting ideas into ragged fragments, setting up an artificial rhythm, and constantly intruding noisy little snatches after breath. The following passage from Thack-

eray's *Newcomes* may illustrate phrases that are too long or too short:

As the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

If you ignore Thackeray's punctuation and pause only at the full stops, you will lose the flavor of these gentle words. If, on the other hand, you observe the punctuation too closely, waiting at every comma, your reading will pant asthmatically.

Punctuation is in general significant in determining phrases. But not all punctuation calls for pauses and not all pauses are marked by punctuation. Much more dependable is intelligent understanding of the material, so that when the idea changes the voice pauses and changes correspondingly. The old rule that one should pause at commas is, of course, to be disregarded unless the sense of the passage demands a pause. A fairly safe procedure is to make the pauses for breath—the long stops—come only at the unmistakable sentence breaks, but to make the fleeting pauses for emphasis or dramatic effect as frequent as the meaning and mood of the material allows.

The two following passages are acceptably phrased. Single bars indicate short pauses, double bars full phrase endings:

1. The future of poetry is immense, || because in poetry || where it is worthy of its high destinies, || our race, | as time goes on, | will find an ever surer and surer stay. || 2. There is not a creed which is not shaken, || not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, || not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. || 3. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, | in the supposed fact; || it has attached its emotion to the fact, || and now the fact is failing it. || 4. But for poetry the idea is everything; || the rest is a world of illusion, || of divine illusion. || 5. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; || the idea is the fact. || 6. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry. ||

MATTHEW ARNOLD, The Study of Poetry

There may be other short pauses, according to different interpretations, as for example after "poetry" in sentence 4, or after the first "is" in the same sentence, or after "today" in the last

sentence. Others might not pause at all for "as time goes on" in sentence 1. The important element is the *meaning*, which is never determined by arbitrary grouping of words.

1 *And the high gods took in hand*
2 *Fire, || and the falling of tears, ||*
3 *And a measure of sliding sand*
4 *From under the feet of the years; ||*
5 *And froth | and drift of the sea; ||*
6 *And dust of the laboring earth; ||*
7 *And bodies of things to be |*
8 *In the houses of death and of birth; ||*
9 *And wrought with weeping and laughter, ||*
10 *And fashioned with loathing and love, ||*
11 *With life before | and after ||*
12 *And death beneath | and above. ||*
13 *For a day | and a night | and a morrow, |*
14 *That his strength might endure for a span |*
15 *With travail and heavy sorrow, ||*
16 *The holy spirit of man. ||*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Atalanta in Calydon

Poetry *must* be read in phrases, not in metrical lines. As in the reading of prose, interpretation may greatly change many of the shorter pauses. In the above example, some readers might not want a pause after "froth" (line 5) or after "before" and "beneath" (lines 11 and 12) or might make brief pauses after "death" (line 8) and "weeping" (line 9) and "loathing" (line 10). Most of the full stops, however, both in prose and the verse, would be the same for all readers.

Intelligent understanding of the meaning of each line or sentence usually results in good phrasing. There is little excuse for poor phrasing, which means carelessness or inadequate control of the breathing mechanism or lack of understanding. Good phrasing, indeed, partly because of the usually dependable assistance of punctuation, is a rather easy skill. More difficult is the problem of centering.

CENTERING. Centering means emphasis on the word or words within a phrase that most clearly and most effectively bring out the thought of the phrase. Centering, like phrasing, is not arbitrary. The same passage may be read with equal meaningfulness in different ways by different readers according to their interpre-

tation. The good reader goes by no rigid rules in determining which words to center on; he gives emphasis according to meaning, emphasis that he flexibly directs and controls through proper use of the voice.

In general, nouns and verbs carry the most weight in phrases; prepositions, articles, conjunctions, and pronouns ordinarily are not centered; adjectives and adverbs may or may not be centers, depending on how much they contribute to the meaning. Thus, in the lines by Robert Frost,

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,

the centers might be "something," "love," "wall," "sends," "frozen," "ground-swell": two nouns, a strong pronoun, two verbs, one adjective. If the reader wanted to bring out the idea of "under," it too might be centered. But the center on "doesn't," made by many new readers, is probably wrong because it stresses an auxiliary and usually subordinates "love."

Most faulty centering comes from overstress on meter (in reading verse), on lack of comprehension, or on over-careful emphasis (as well as on too great speed in reading). Children, taught metrical rhythm by some hopeful teacher, bounce along with complete disregard for meaning in poetry, carefully banging at each accented syllable. Thus we have

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible form, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness.

This habit of jingling reading is hard to overcome. The stout-hearted iambic measure triumphs even over a desire to break rhythms. Shakespeare's

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes

comes with relentless stress on *in* and *and;* Blake's Tiger burns brightly "*in* the forests *of* the night"; Millay's

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood,

marches bravely along with nearly every sense-stress obscured by the meter. Occasionally the rhythmically intoxicated reader comes a cropper on an irregular line and looks very hurt when his regular beat fails:

> *Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds*
> *From the hid battlements of Eternity.*

Here the second line has an extra syllable that breaks up the iambic measure. The meaning determines the rhythm.

What the sturdy observer of iambs and trochees doesn't always realize is that the great poets were as interested in breaking their rhythms as he should be, that meter is after all only a poetic device for securing form. As such it has no necessary connection with meaning. Good advice for the reader of poetry is: Emphasize the words that carry the essential meanings and let the meter take care of itself. In good poetry rhythm is far from being synonymous with meter, which will be discussed in Chapter 2.

Compare the following stanzas:

> *Somebody said it couldn't be done,*
> *But he with a chuckle replied,*
> *That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one*
> *Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.*

> *It is an ancient Mariner,*
> *And he stoppeth one of three.*
> *"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,*
> *Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"*

In the first stanza the centers unmistakably fall on the metrically accented syllables. It is impossible to make the verses anything else than trivial, the writing of an adroit but uninspired craftsman who has little to say, but who has caught popular fancy with his jingling rhythms. The second stanza, of course, is by a poet known for his musical cadences. Yet see how intelligent centering breaks up the meter. Notice how three stressed words together, as in "long gray beard," slow up the line so that there is interesting variation in tempo.

Lack of comprehension is the second (and probably most com-

mon) reason for faulty centering. The reader may center on the right word but give it the wrong emphasis, or he may miss the center entirely. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's line is often misread:

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

The phrase, "When feeling out of sight for the ends of Being and ideal Grace" must have stress on "feeling," "sight," and "ends" to make clear the image of the soul groping beyond vision for the ideal purposes of life. Here, of course, the meaning of the words and the imagery must be understood before any centering at all will be satisfactory.

In the epigram by Alexander Pope,

Sir, I admit your genial rule,
That every poet is a fool,
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet,

the force of the neat insult depends upon the sly inference in the centering of the words "fool" and "poet" in the last line. In another epigram,

Thou swearest thou'lt drink no more: kind heaven, send
Me such a cook, or coachman: but no such friend,

the point is entirely lost without proper centering on "friend."

Limericks demand especially careful centering if the wit of their final lines is to be brought out. See the effect of the following jingles if the reader misses the points and centers vaguely;

There was a young lady of station.
"I love man!" was her sole exclamation.
But when men cried, "You flatter!"
She replied, "Oh, no matter!
Isle of Man, is the true explanation."

LEWIS CARROLL

There was an old lady from Hyde.
Of eating green apples she died.
The apples fermented
Within the lamented,
And made cider inside her inside.

The third cause of faulty centering is over-careful emphasis. Giving stressed value to the vowels of *the* and *a* and making every *of* and *from* stick out like a sore thumb are very irritating tricks.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,

solemnly chants the wretched interpreter, making the sentimental lines sound even worse than they are. Some people seem to be inherently unable to subordinate syllables when they read or to recognize the difference between weak and strong words. They whoop up all the unimportant words and divide up long words as if they were doing primer work:

This is the for-est pri-me-val. The mur-mur-ing pines and the hem-locks, Beard-ed with moss, and in gar-ments green, in-dis-tinct in the twi-light, Stand like Dru-ids of eld.

CONTRASTS AND ECHOES. Though there are no rigorous rules for centering, two forms of emphasis should have some attention. All *contrasts* (or *comparisons*, words or ideas balanced against each other, showing conflict, denial, or difference) must be centered, whether contrasts of single words or of whole phrases. "Don't run; walk" is a simple illustration of contrast. "This government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people shall not perish from the earth" is another. Notice the contrasts in the following lines:

. . . the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Thee, dear friend, a brother soothes,
Not with flatteries, but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
The light which dims the morning's eye.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

JOHN WILMOT, Epitaph on Charles II

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more: and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep; perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The second kind of emphasis is the *echo*, which is the repetition of a word or phrase. Any word or group of words which exactly or nearly repeats what has already been said may be called an echo. For example, in the lines,

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee,

ROBERT HERRICK

"heart" in lines 1, 2, and 4 echo the first "heart" in line 1. In the lines,

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently,

LEW SARETT

the second "speak gently" is an echo of the first. In the following excerpt from Burke's speech on Conciliation with America notice how often the word "peace" is echoed. The passage has been ac-

ceptably phrased and centered. The subdued emphasis on the echoes is indicated by the dotted underlines.

The proposition is peace. || Not peace through the medium of war; || not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; || not peace to arise out of universal discord, | fomented from principles, | in all parts of the empire; || not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing problems. || It is the simple peace, | sought in its natural course and its ordinary haunts. || It is peace sought in the spirit of peace, | and laid in principles purely pacific. ||

The first appearance of an emphatic word or idea is the most important one. Echoes are almost inevitably subordinated, certainly varied in emphasis from the word or phrase first used. In Burke's speech the word "peace," after the first vigorous "The proposition is *peace*," is subordinated to other words in each phrase. A dull reader would say, "To Dillman, the hero was now more than a hero," with equal stress on both appearances of the word "hero." The correct centering would be "To *Dillman*, the *hero* was now *more* than a hero." Poe's

The leaves they were crisped and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere,

would have most of the stress of the second line on the one new idea, "withering."

Synonyms may be echoes, like the words "sepulcher" and "tomb" in Poe's

In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

If most pronouns could be thought of as echoes, as they unmistakably are when they have a definite antecedent, they would not be so often over-stressed in reading:

I knew a black beetle, who lived down a drain,
And friendly he was, though his manners were plain;
When I took a bath he would come up the pipe,
And together we'd wash and together we'd wipe.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"I," "who," "he," "his," "I," "he," "we'd" in these lines should all be read without being centered. In general, good advice to inexperienced readers is, "Let up on pronouns. Center the nouns and verbs. Bring out the contrasts. Subordinate the echoes."

Exercises

Mark off the phrases and centers in the following passages, using the single bar to indicate short pauses, the double bar to indicate long pauses, and underscoring the centers. Remember that this is simply a mechanical device useful in the early stages of learning how to read. It is not under any circumstances to be made an inevitable part of preparation for reading or speaking. Correct phrasing becomes automatic as the student studies meaning. To depend regularly on diacritical marks of any kind in reading is to return us to the days of the elocutionists. The reader who knows what he is talking about does not need guide posts in his script. Nevertheless, a very good part of the spade work in oral interpretation is deliberate marking off of phrases. Don't do these exercises in the book and don't use a marked paper in actual reading. Learn to recognize the phrases without mechanical assistance.

1. *One for the blackbird, one for the crow,*
   One for the cutworms, and one to grow.

2. *Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.* PROVERBS

3. *The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.* PROVERBS

4. *The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.* MARK

5. *I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.* PSALM 34

6. *Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.* PROVERBS

7. *A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.* PROVERBS

8. *It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house.* PROVERBS

9. *He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.* PROVERBS

10. *He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.* ECCLESIASTES

11. *One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.* ECCLESIASTES

12. *If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.* MATTHEW

13. *Old men's prayers for death are lying prayers, in which they abuse old age and long extent of life. But when death draws near, not one is willing to die, and age no longer is a burden to them.* EURIPIDES

14. *It is better not to live at all than to live disgraced.* SOPHOCLES

15. *There is a fine circumstance connected with the character of a Cynic—that he must be beaten as an ass, and yet when beaten must love those who beat him, as the father, as the brother of all.* EPICTETUS

16. *Though thou be destined to live three thousand years and as many myriads besides, yet remember that no man loseth other life than that which he liveth, nor liveth other than that which he loseth.*

MARCUS AURELIUS

17. *Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away.* MARCUS AURELIUS

18. *I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.* THEODORE ROOSEVELT

19. *A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste*
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And, Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from. Oh, make haste!

EDWARD FITZGERALD, Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

20. *God give us men. The time demands*
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

21. *The sky is changed—and such a change! O night*
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.

LORD BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

22. *Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,*
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, The Deserted Village

23. *On his death-bed poor Lubin lies:*
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he may die;
His wife, that he may live."

MATTHEW PRIOR, A Reasonable Affliction

24. *Our fathers' God, to thee,*
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

25. *Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate; to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.*

BERTRAND RUSSELL, "A Free Man's Worship," from Mysticism and Logic

26. TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS is a book more people have heard of than read. Its author, Thomas Hughes, was English as a mutton chop. Chief interests of his life were cricket and Utopia.

In 1880, around a tract of land which he had bought in northeastern Tennessee, Utopia-hunting Tom Hughes founded a colony. Invited to join were the younger sons of English gentlemen, who were barred by tradition from inheritance, by custom from working for their living. The colony was named Rugby after Tom Hughes's old school, and more than 1,000 younger sons saw an opportunity, came from England to the U. S., where it was no shame to work.

A London barrister, an idealist, but no businessman, pink-faced Tom Hughes set the younger sons to laying out cricket fields, tennis courts, organizing a Rugby football team, dramatic societies, a cornet band. In the Tennessee mountains old English homes sprang up, a "Tabard Inn," a church, a library which included a practically complete set of Hughes first editions, a rare Dickens item, pamphlets by the younger Pitt, the entire series of Illustrator Kate Greenaway. Tom Hughes's mother moved there, lived out her life in "Uffington House." But Tom Hughes's wife thought the whole thing was silly. She insisted that he return to England. There, he settled down to a judgeship, and never went back to Utopia.

For three years after its founder deserted, the Tennessee Utopia lasted. Then typhoid fever, the rigors of manual labor, and an alien soil thinned the colonists' ranks. Only a handful stayed, and Rugby crumbled away into sleepy decadence, while the Tennessee pines sprouted on the cricket field, hid the little church.

Fifty years later Lumberman George T. Webb heard about these pines, took a look, last September bought up the stock of the Rugby Land Co. for $15,000. Soon his loggers began to fell the timber on the outskirts of the tract, getting closer and closer to the little village, until one pine crashed across the church fence. Aroused, tree lovers, historians, librarians of Tennessee, the few surviving Rugbyans protested. To their appeal for help, Congressman Bruce Barton of New York, who was born nine miles from Rugby, wired earnestly but distantly: "Only God can make a tree and it takes Him over 100 years." To the Chattanooga Woman's Press Club, Secretary of State Cordell Hull was less aloof: "Assuming that the trees are the ones I know, I join with you . . . in earnestly urging that they shall not be destroyed."

Woodman Webb said he would spare the trees for 30 days, to give Rugby's friends time to buy the land back. His price, including the trees: $60,000.

Time Magazine, "Trees," Dec. 25, 1939

27. *Let me not to the marriage of true minds*
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Sonnet 116

28. *There have been times in the history of the world when you had two or three nations that for the time being have been the trustees of civilization. One after another they have failed. They have not discharged their functions, and in spite of the efforts and the power they enjoyed in the days of their might one after another they went and new nations sprang up to take their place. The commission of trusteeship for civilization does not come from kings; it does not come from Senates and Parliaments nor councils. It comes from on high. When it comes, it does not come from the choice of the people; it comes from the will of God.* DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, Our Commission

29. *James Wylie is about to make a move on the dambrod, and in the little Scotch room there is an awful silence befitting the occasion. James with his hand poised—for if he touches a piece he has to play it; Alick will see to that—raises his red head suddenly to read Alick's face. His father, who is Alick, is pretending to be in a panic lest James should make this move. James grins heartlessly, and his fingers are about to close on the 'man' when some instinct of self-preservation makes him peep once more. This time Alick is caught: the unholy ecstasy on his face tells as plain as porridge that he has been luring James to destruction. James glares, and, too late, his opponent is a simple old father again. James mops his head, sprawls in the manner most conducive to thought in the Wylie family, and protruding his underlip, settles down to a reconsideration of the board. Alick blows out his cheeks, and a drop of water settles on the point of his nose.*

Stage direction at beginning of SIR JAMES BARRIE'S
What Every Woman Knows

30. Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you trampling with the foremost,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers! . . .

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN, Pioneers! O Pioneers!

THE PRÉCIS

With the meaning of the selection clearly established in all its parts, the next step for the beginning reader or for the advanced reader when he is preparing a difficult selection is the making of a précis. A précis is a condensation in your own words of the original. It is not a paraphrase; it is not a critical estimate; it adds nothing in the way of interpretation that the original does not explicitly say. Through such a summary or synopsis you can test your understanding of the selection. The précis must be unequivocably clear, omitting no significant point of the original, but discarding all ornamentation. It should as far as possible depart from the wording of the original without changing the person, the attitude, or the emphasis. In length précis vary, becoming shorter in proportion to the original as the selections get longer. The customary length for précis of selections like most of those in this book is about a third the length of the original. Extreme condensation is usually undesirable, but very short selections can be admirably summarized in one sentence. Keep between a third and a fourth the length of the original and you'll be safe. Make sure you are making a précis of the *whole* selection, not simply of the beginning. Keep the ideas in the order of the original. Eliminate all figures of speech and quotations. Keep the central thought uncluttered. *Don't paraphrase.*

A good précis should catch the mood of the original, without omitting any essential ideas or adding anything. It should be a stripped but grammatically correct and structurally acceptable condensation. Poe's "Ulalume" might be summarized as follows:

I walked with Psyche, my Soul, down a lane of cypress trees, in the mysterious, haunted forest of Weir, near the lake of Auber. It was on a night in October that marked an unhappy anniversary for me, but we did not realize what night it was or where we were. Toward morning we saw a curious light at the end of the lane, out of which arose the crescent of Astarte, the moon-goddess. I said, "This beautiful light has come to point out to us the path to the stars." But Psyche was frightened and begged me to go back. I calmed her fears, and we went on until we came to the door of a tomb, on which was the name "Ulalume." Then I remembered, to my deep sorrow, that on that very day the year before I had brought my dead beloved Ulalume to that very spot. We wondered if the merciful spirits of the forest of Weir had tried to hide the grim secret of the lost Ulalume by setting the phantom light before her tomb.

This précis is 181 words long, approximately one-fourth the length of the original. A shorter précis of this selection might be:

I walked with my Soul one night in October in the haunted forest of Weir. We talked without realizing what night it was or where we were. Suddenly we saw a light, and Psyche was frightened. I persuaded her to go on. The light was before the tomb of Ulalume. Then I remembered that on that same night the year before I had come to bury my lost beloved.

This shorter précis is 69 words long. The original poem is as follows:

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere:
It was night, in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year:
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere;
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian;
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs;
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies
And has come past the stars of the Lion,
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust—
His pallor I strangely mistrust:
Ah, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Ah, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—

We surely may trust to a gleaming,
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied: "Ulalume—Ulalume!—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume."

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried: "It was surely October
On THIS *very night of last year*
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon hath tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Said we, then—the two, then: "Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds—
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
Have drawn up the specter of a planet
From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Don't write précis like this one of "Ulalume": "In this poem this fellow is going along some kind of a shore. It's all very mys-

terious, with haunted woods in October. Psyche—that's his soul—is walking with this poet. They see a sort of a light, and Psyche gets nervous, but the fellow says it isn't anything and kisses her. All of a sudden they see a tomb, and the fellow finds out that it's the grave of Ulalume, who was probably his wife."

For a brief selection, appropriate for an exercise in the classroom (where a long poem might take up too much time), the following might be a satisfactory précis:

The church might wisely turn in upon itself its reforming instinct: For example, the ringing of bells to tell people it is time for church is unnecessary now that clocks are common; so is the reading of notices already printed in the papers; so too is the reading of the hymn by the clergyman. Moreover, the average clergyman is an extremely bad reader. He does not even read the Lord's prayer well because he does not know the value of pauses.

This précis is 81 words long or less than one-third of the original. The original selection of 268 words follows:

The church is always trying to get other people to reform; it might not be a bad idea to reform itself a little, by way of example. It is still clinging to one or two things which were useful once, but which are not useful now, rather are they ornamental. One is the bell ringing to remind a clock-caked town that it is church time, and another is the reading from the pulpit of a tedious list of "notices" which everybody who is interested has already read in the newspaper. The clergyman even reads the hymn through—a relic of an ancient time when hymn books were scarce and costly; but everybody has a hymn book, now, and so the public reading is no longer necessary. It is not merely unnecessary, it is generally painful; for the average clergyman could not fire into his congregation with a shotgun and hit a worse reader than himself, unless the weapon scattered shamefully. I am not meaning to be flippant and irreverent, I am only meaning to be truthful. The average clergyman, in all countries and of all denominations, is a very bad reader. One would think he would at least learn how to read the Lord's prayer, by and by, but it is not so. He races through it as if he thought the quicker he got it in, the sooner it would be answered. A person who does not appreciate the exceeding value of pauses, and does not know how to measure their duration judiciously, cannot render the grand simplicity and dignity of a composition like that effectively.

MARK TWAIN, A Tramp Abroad

Here is a précis for a brief poem:

Sometimes I am afraid that I may die before I have written all the wonderful things I have to say and before I've expressed all my love for you. Then I am isolated in spirit, thinking until Love and Fame fade into nothingness.

This précis of 43 words is about one-third the length of Keats's sonnet which numbers 112 words as follows:

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS, Sonnet

A good exercise is the oral précis. Before you read a selection aloud, try putting it briefly into your own words. Even though you may have worked out a précis on paper beforehand, you may still be tempted to disregard the meaning of what you are to read. Running over the thought-chain aloud will concentrate attention on meaning again.

Exercises

Write précis and word lists, including pronunciation and definition or identification of all unfamiliar words and names, and mark off the phrases and centers for the following selections. In practicing them for reading aloud, try to attend to the details of punctuation and grammar and all the other elements of meaning developed in this chapter.

1. *What is the present? Is it this minute, or day, or year? Is it our era? And what is our era? Not the past ten years certainly. Strictly speaking, the present can hardly be anything that is past; the very form*

of words precludes this. We may describe the present as an advancing line, and only a line between the future, of which we know nothing (save through a study of the past), and the past, from which, if we choose our methods wisely, we may learn much. Paradoxically enough, we can only know the present when it has ceased to be such, and has become history. The past is the field of human experience; if recorded, it is the field of human knowledge. Accordingly, for the individual, speaking more generally, the present is so much of human experience as he may at any moment revive within himself. For the artisan it may include his memory of the last strike; for the statesman it may embrace the political and economic history of Europe and America from the age of Pericles in Athens to this very day. It is one thing for Milton, who first relived the life of antiquity as a scholar, then served his country as an officer of state, and finally bequeathed the best he knew in human life to succeeding ages in his immortal poetry. It is another thing for the modern youth who hears the word "Czar" or "Kaiser," and does not recognize in it a Latin word which for twenty centuries has issued daily from the lips of living men; and who does not know that Christ is a Greek word that will never die.

LANE COOPER, Introduction to The Greek Genius and Its Influence

2. *There is only one thing by which I continue, with a foolish and persistent naïveté, to be surprised. I expect, somehow, that a student ten years after college will still have the brightness and enthusiasm, the disinterested love of ideas, and the impersonal passion for them that some develop during their undergraduate days. Time and again I have run into them, and wondered what the world has done to them that that passionate detachment should have gone. I know some of the things, brutal or familiar enough to the point almost of banality: a family, the struggle for a living, a disillusion with the status of contemplation in the nightmare of a violent world. But it is not revolution or disillusion that surprises me; both are intelligible. It is the death-in-life that assails the spirits of young men who had been alive when I knew them at college. A fierce hate, a transcendent revolutionary contempt for ideas, especially traditional ones, a revolt against the academy; all these things are not dismaying. They are symptoms that life is not dead and that spirit lives in some form, however tortured or fantastic or unprecedented. It is when spirit is utterly dead, when the one-time eager youth becomes precociously middle-aged, that one feels above all that education is a failure. One awakened something for a short time. But did one? Perhaps I have, like a good many teachers, flattered myself. It was not we who awakened them; it was the season of their lives, and the*

things and ideas which, despite us, for a moment—if only for a moment—stirred them. There are times when, if one thought about former students too much, one could not go on teaching. For the teacher meeting his former students is reminded of the fact that Plato long ago pointed out in the REPUBLIC. It is not what the teacher but what the world teaches them that will in the long run count, and what they can learn from the latter comes from habits fixed soon after birth and temperaments fixed long before it. There are just a few things a teacher can do, and that only for the sensitive and the spirited. He can initiate enthusiasms, clear paths, and inculcate discipline. He can communicate a passion and a method; no more. His most serious triumph as a teacher is the paradoxical one of having his students, while he is teaching them and perhaps afterwards, forget him in the absorption of the tradition or the inquiry of which he is the transient voice. Lucky for him if later his students feel his voice was just. As in the playing of music, it is the music, not the musician, that is ultimate. And in the art of teaching, it is what is taught that counts, not the teacher. It is a great tribute to an artist to say that he plays Beethoven or Bach, and puts nothing between them and his audience. But in so doing he becomes one with both the composer and the listener. In the listener's memory he anonymously shares the composer's immortality. The teacher, too, is best remembered who is thus forgotten. He lives in what has happened to the minds of his students, and in what they remember of things infinitely greater than themselves or than himself. They will remember, perhaps, that once in a way, in the midst of the routine of the classroom, it was something not himself that spoke, something not themselves that listened. The teacher may well be content to be otherwise forgotten, or to live in something grown to ripeness in his students that he, however minutely, helped bring to birth. There are many students thus come to fruition whom I should be proud to have say: "He was my teacher." There is no other immortality a teacher can have.

IRWIN EDMAN, Philosopher's Holiday

3. *By our best enemies we do not want to be spared, nor by those either whom we love from the very heart. So let me tell you the truth!*

My brethren in war! I love you from the very heart. I am, and was ever, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth.

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. Ye are not great enough not to know of hatred and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them! . . .

Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory! . . .

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you: It is the good war which halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims.

"What is good?" ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching." . . .

Resistance—that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

To the good warrior soundeth "thou shalt" pleasanter than "I will." And all that is dear unto you, ye shall first have it commanded unto you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, ye shall have it commanded unto you by me—and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life? What warrior wisheth to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brethren in war!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, Thus Spake Zarathustra

4. *One of the oldest jokes in the world, which recurs in almost every number of every humorous periodical, in comic strips and stage farces, is a variant, without much variety, of the idea that woman talks too much, that she talks more and says less than her superior brother, who, of course, invented the joke. Many centuries ago the unknown author of that excellent book, "Ecclesiasticus," which is relegated to the* APOCRYPHA, *wrote: "As the climbing of a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man." The ancient scribe was not a woman-hater, for he says a few lines later: "A married woman is a tower against death to her husband." Much sympathy has been wasted on Socrates because his wife Xantippe had a shrewd and tireless tongue, but it was not the abundance of her words so much as her ill temper that vexed the philosopher. He was not a silent man; indeed, if he had not spent much of his time talking (outside his house), we should never have heard of him.*

The theme of the loquacious lady has been turned over and over again in the comedies of all nations. Ben Jonson played with it in

EPICŒNE, or THE SILENT WOMAN. In Anatole France's amusing skit, THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE, when the woman is cured of her malady and finds her tongue she finds very much of it! The many jests on the lingual exuberance of women would fill volumes. Some are stupid. Others are witty, like the remark of the Yankee sailor that his wife talked so fast that the last word came first. . . .

There is underneath this joke an important fact entirely creditable to the fairer half of the human race and necessary to the intellectual development of the entire race, male and female alike, as God created us.

This is the momentous truth: women ought to talk as much as they do, or, if possible, more. If women were not natural, instinctive, unconscious chatterers, civilization would perish, and we should all grow up more stupid, ignorant, and uneducated than we are. Women are the source and fountain of language, pouring it forth at the time when we most need language, in the earliest years of childhood. We owe all that is most vital in our education to the provision of Nature that mother, grandmother, aunt, sister, nurse were garrulous women and kept the very air we breathed swarming with words from morning till night. From the moment when we wake up in the cradle and begin to cry for food until the hour when we are sung to sleep, it is women who flood our ears and brains with language.

JOHN MACY, "Why Women Should Talk," from About Women

5. Once in awhile, when doors are closed and curtains drawn on a group of free spirits, the miracle happens, and Good Talk begins. 'Tis a sudden illumination—the glow, it may be of sanctified candles, or more likely, the blaze around a cauldron of gossip.

Is there an ecstasy or any intoxication like it? Oh, to talk, to talk people into monsters, to talk one's self out of one's clothes, to talk God from His heaven, to say everything, and turn everything in the world into a bright tissue of phrases!

These Pentecosts and outpourings of the spirit can only occur very rarely, or the Universe itself would be soon talked out of existence.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, "Talk," from Trivia

6. Yes
Is made to bless
By natural largesse.
Yes is full sun,
Day well begun,
And labor done;

The high
Response of the beloved eye;
Approving sky;

Rich laughter; open hands;
The bright expanse
Of casual circumstance.

Yes
Is no less
Than God's excess.

No
Is the slow
Finality of snow,
The soft blow deadening
all that grow;

Locked brain;
The tight-lipped tugging
at the rein;
The blood stopped in the vein;

Dull dying without death;
Lost faith
Sick of its own breath.

No is the freezing look,
The closed book,
The dream forsook.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, Yes and No

I

7. *Men with picked voices chant the names*
of cities in a huge gallery: promises
that pull through descending stairways
to a deep rumbling.
The rubbing feet
of those coming to be carried quicken a
grey pavement into soft light that rocks
to and fro, under the domed ceiling,
across and across from pale
earthcoloured walls of bare limestone.

Covertly the hands of a great clock
go round and round! Were they to
move quickly and at once the whole
secret would be out and the shuffling
of all ants be done forever.

A leaning pyramid of sunlight, narrowing
out at a high window, moves by the clock:
disaccordant hands straining out from
a center: inevitable postures infinitely
repeated—

II

Two—twofour—twoeight!
Porters in red hats run on narrow platforms.
this way ma'am!
—important not to take
the wrong train!
Lights from the concrete
ceiling hang crooked but—
Poised horizontal
on glittering parallels the dingy cylinders
packed with a warm glow—inviting entry—
pull against the hour. But brakes can
hold a fixed posture till—
The whistle!

Not twoeight. Not twofour. Two!

Gliding windows. Colored cooks sweating
in a small kitchen. Taillights—

In time: twofour!
In time: twoeight!

—rivers are tunneled: trestles
cross oozy swampland: wheels repeating
the same gesture remain relatively
stationary: rails forever parallel
return on themselves infinitely.
The dance is sure.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, Overture to a Dance of Locomotives

8. *("The best," "the only," "the most costly!")*
Gilt frames melt into their donors' gold;
Stone floors glide smugly;
Ground-glass skylights shine too debonairly.
Blue and crimson oils shriek their gaucherie
Of impression.
A Botticelli shrinks into embarrassment,
Reluctant to become part of garishness,
Only owned and counted.
("Biggest endowment in the country outside of New York.")
A Rembrandt hides its eyes in gloom,
As if our briskness intruded on the quiet
Of three hundred years in mellowed galleries.
Vermeers, Romneys, Dürers, Titians
Cannot live in all this light and civic pride.
("A smart city's got to have culture!")

ARTHUR J. THOMAS, Art Gallery

9. *Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:*
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

These were to sweeten thee with song;
The blood of heroes made thee strong.
What heroes! Ah, for shame, for shame!
The worthiest dies without a name.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SIDNEY LANIER, The Stirrup-Cup

10. *I have a bookcase, which is what*
Many much better men have not.
There are no books inside, for books,
I am afraid, might spoil its looks.

But I've three busts, all second-hand,
Upon the top. You understand
I could not put them underneath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

Shake was a dramatist of note;
He lived by writing things to quote.
He long ago put on his shroud;
Some of his works are rather loud.
His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose.
I know there's dust upon his nose.
I'll have to give each nose a sheath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

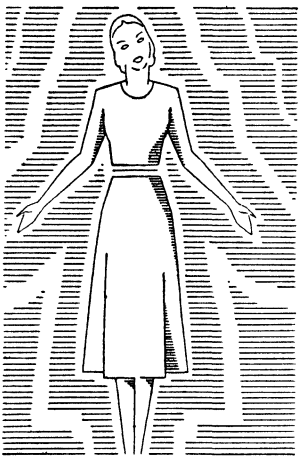
Mulleary's line was quite the same;
He has more hair, but far less fame.
I would not from that fame retrench—
But he is foreign, being French.
Yet high his haughty head he heaves,
The only one done up in leaves,
They're rather limited on wreath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

Go-ethe wrote in the German tongue:
He must have learned it very young.
His nose is quite a butt for scoff,
Although an inch of it is off.
He did quite nicely for the Dutch;
But here he doesn't count for much.
They all are off their native heath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

They sit there, on their chests, as bland
As if they were not second-hand.
I do not know of what they think,
Nor why they never frown or wink.
But why from smiling they refrain
I think I clearly can explain:
They none of them could show much teeth—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER, Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe

CHAPTER 2



Interpreting Emotion

THOUGH meaning is a primary requisite in good interpretation, meaning alone, drained of feeling, is mechanical and colorless. Unless the reader sympathetically responds to the mood of the author and to the emotions induced by the material, and unless he is able to communicate the mood and the emotions to his audience, he is not a good reader, however well he understands what he reads.

Frederick Prescott, in his book, *Poetry and Myth,* takes up the question: "Is poetry expressive of feeling or of thought?" He agrees with Middleton Murry, who said, "The feelings communicated by art are not simply feelings. They partake of the nature of feelings, they partake of the nature of thoughts; yet they are neither one nor the other." Professor Prescott goes on, "That is about as near as we can come to it; the burden of poetry is a 'thought-feeling.' Perhaps we may go a little further and say that as the poet's conscious thoughts are colored by his unconscious feelings, so his unconscious feelings are in part instructed—given new values and directions—by his conscious thoughts. Thus is his mental experience as a whole, if normal, made integral. But if there is this mingling and reaction between thought and feeling, it is perhaps finally the feelings, as so instructed, that are responsible for poetry. In other words, the poet's feelings, instead of being the mere elementary and instinctive emotions, are the workings of the heart of every sort, as these have been gradually improved—organized, elevated, and refined—not only by their contact with his intellectual thought, but by any other exercise or experience

whatsoever. Thus are developed the high intuitions as well as the delicacies and graces of feeling which are the poet's best subject matter."

In this chapter we shall discuss emotion in mood, the reader's personal reaction, imagery, sound, and poetic devices. Under poetic devices are included rhyme, assonance, alliteration, meter, rhythm, repetition, and unconventional rhythms and stanza patterns. The description of poetic devices necessarily takes up more space than the other elements of emotion, but you must not overestimate their importance in relation to mood, imagery, and sound.

EMOTION IN MOOD

Many readers are tripped up even by rather easy material because they do not recognize the attitude of the author. Only too common is the pathetic spectacle of an interpreter reading solemnly what is supposed to be funny or taking literally a piece of irony. Mood is the state of mind of the author at the moment of writing, expressed in a usually definite attitude toward himself, toward the person or thing he is writing about, or toward the world in general. Thus a man might write in a mood of anger, as Alexander Pope often did, or in a mood of indignation, as Wordsworth did in his sonnet, "The World Is Too Much with Us." He might write in a mood of despair, as Shelley did in his "Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples," or in a mood of sorrow, as Tennyson did in many stanzas of "In Memoriam." Or the mood might be cynical like that of Byron in "Don Juan," or ecstatic like that of Francis Thompson in his "Hound of Heaven." The list of moods could be extended indefinitely. There are moods of joy, pity, humility, satire, bitterness, pride, surprise, horror, tranquility, ardor, arrogance, candor, rage, suspicion, impudence, indifference, and so on.

How can you as a reader determine the mood of the author? There is no simple way through convenient signs. In music the composer often describes the mood of a passage by labeling it "amoroso" or "misterioso" or "dolce." But you must search out the mood of a poet or an essayist or an orator for yourself. He does not usually keep it a secret. Unless he speaks entirely in the person of a character, as a dramatist must do, you can learn by study of the ideas presented and the nature of their expression

how the author felt about them. No one but a dull person could mistake the mood of sincerity and idealism in Lincoln's words:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Similarly, the mood of indignation is immediately apparent in Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Old Ironsides":

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

The sophisticated, gay mood of Suckling's "Why So Pale and Wan" should be immediately apparent in the tone of the poem,

but many, many times are the bright lines read with grim seriousness:

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

Knowing something about Sir John Suckling and the little group of worldly Cavalier poets of the seventeenth century would help establish the mood proper to their work. Their attitude toward life is visible in every line they wrote, however, and the alert interpreter can adjust himself to their moods even though he knows nothing about the authors.

The mood of satire is often grievously misinterpreted. Stephen Crane's candid lines,

A man said to the universe,
"Sir, I exist!"
"However," replied the universe,
"The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation,"

need more than an understanding of the meaning of the words. So with the mood of bitterness, as in Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,

Nor coined my cheek to smiles—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo: in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such—I stood
Among them, but not of them—in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed [defiled] *my mind, which thus itself subdued.*

The delicate mood of fantasy can be only too easily destroyed by clumsy, insensitive reading, just as the mood of fierceness or roughness or power can be ruined by too gentle a manner. Note the difference in mood between de la Mare's

Suppose . . . and suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic
Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted,
To fly—and to fly,

and Carl Sandburg's

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders.

Or see what adjustment must be made in tone and manner between the mood of playfulness in Coventry Patmore's

"I saw you take his kiss!" "'Tis true."
"O modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep—at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept,"

and the mood of mysticism in Henry Vaughan's

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

In narrative and dramatic writing the mood of a writer is subordinated to the mood of the character represented, as in Amy Lowell's "Patterns" or Browning's "My Last Duchess."

Then the interpreter may have to apply some of the conditions of dramatic interpretation, which will be dealt with in a later chapter. Narrative prose or poetry, too, usually revealing an author's general tone (as Thomas Hardy frequently displays a mood of desolation in his descriptions or as Milton's mood of austerity comes through his lines), requires shifts in mood from character to character. This is also a problem of dramatic interpretation.

It must also be remembered that more than one mood is possible in the same piece. Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" reveals both anguish and zeal; Dickens may slip from sentiment into caricature; Chaucer may be both ironic and reverent within a few lines.

Exercises

Prepare to read the following selections aloud so that your reading correctly interprets the mood of each. Be sure that you suit the expression to the mood, not letting a melancholy tone tear the spirit out of a gay song or a harsh tone break the delicacy of an imaginative piece.

1. *My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!*
   Long years have o'er her flown;
   Yet still she strains the aching clasp
   That binds her virgin zone;
   I know it hurts her—though she looks
   As cheerful as she can;
   Her waist is ampler than her life,
   For life is but a span.

   OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, My Aunt

2. *The war against war is going to be no holiday excursion or camping party. The military feelings are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered than the glory and shame that come to nations as well as to individuals from the ups and downs of politics and the vicissitudes of trade. There is something highly paradoxical in the modern man's relation to war. Ask all our millions, north and south, whether they would vote now (were such a thing possible) to have our war for the Union expunged from history, and the record of a peaceful transition to the present time substituted for that of its marches and battles, and probably a handful of*

eccentrics would say yes. Those ancestors, those efforts, those memories and legends, are the most ideal part of what we now own together, a sacred spiritual possession worth more than all the blood poured out. Yet ask those same people whether they would be willing in cold blood to start another civil war now to gain another similar possession, and not one man or woman would vote for the proposition. In modern eyes, precious though wars may be, they must not be waged solely for the sake of the ideal harvest. Only when forced upon one, only when an enemy's injustice leaves us no alternative, is a war now thought permissible.

WILLIAM JAMES, The Moral Equivalent of War

3. *Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,*
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity! . . .
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars . . .
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration

4. *How solemn and beautiful is the thought that the earliest pioneer of civilization, the van-leader of civilization, is never the steamboat, never the railroad, never the newspaper, never the Sabbath-school, never the missionary—but always whiskey! Such is the case. Look history over; you will see. The missionary comes after the whiskey—I mean he arrives after the whiskey has arrived; next comes the poor immigrant, with axe and hoe and rifle; next, the trader; next, the miscellaneous rush; next, the gambler, the desperado, the highwayman, and all their kindred in sin of both sexes; and next, the smart chap who has bought up an old grant that covers all the land; this brings the lawyer tribe; the vigilance committee brings the undertaker. All these interests bring the newspaper; the newspaper starts up politics and a railroad; all hands turn to and build a church and a jail—and behold! civilization is established forever in the land. But whiskey, you see, was the van-leader in this beneficent work. It always is. It was like a foreigner—excusable in a foreigner—to be ignorant of this great truth, and wander off into astronomy to borrow a symbol. But if he had been conversant with the facts, he would have said, Westward the Jug of Empire takes its way.*

MARK TWAIN, Life on the Mississippi

5. *And did those feet in ancient time*
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pasture seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE, Milton

THE READER'S PERSONAL REACTION

We have been considering emotion as initiated by the author and expressed by the reader. But there is another aspect of emotion that may be quite independent of the mood of the author. It is the excitement of poetry itself, the sensuous pleasure of re-creating the beauty of sound and image, and the personal satisfaction of saying something that one may have deeply felt but never been able to express. Emily Dickinson described this subjective effect of poetry when she said, "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?" Poe too believed that the most important manifestation of what he called the poetic principle is "an elevating excitement of the Soul" in the reader.

The first emotional requirement of the interpreter is that he faithfully represent the mood of the author as manifest in the spirit of the selection. But beyond that he should express something of what he himself feels. Part of that feeling may be traced to the rhythms and choice of words (either for meaning or musical sound) of the writer or to technical devices like rhyme, stanza patterns, and so on. Part may be aroused by imagery. In the sincere interpreter much of the emotional response will be the sheer pleasure of repeating what Coleridge called "the best words in their best order" and the often inexplicable "sensations sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart," as Wordsworth described the joy of nature. That pleasure may be the product of experience. The more we have lived and done and read, the better able we are to understand the thoughts and feelings of

others. Or the pleasure may be instinctive, through some unconscious association. That is, in some measure, the reader makes what he reads his own. To it he brings not only what he is and thinks and feels, but the changing spirit of a changing world. He interprets in the light of his own personality and in the light of contemporary thought brought to bear upon what became a part of the past as soon as it was written.

When we try to analyze this personal emotional reaction to literature, we discover something of the fundamental value of great prose and poetry. The purpose of any art is to give pleasure; the highest forms of art satisfy our highest moral, ethical, and aesthetic needs. The interpreter, that is, not only shares with the writer the powerful feelings that we have called mood, but he also experiences other, more personal emotions that come to him through the revelation of truth and greatness of mind.

Let us try to illustrate this kind of emotion. Take for example Prospero's magnificent lines in *The Tempest:*

> *Our revels now are ended. These our actors,*
> *As I foretold you, were all spirits and*
> *Are melted into air, into thin air;*
> *And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,*
> *The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,*
> *The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*
> *Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve*
> *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
> *Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff*
> *As dreams are made on, and our little life*
> *Is rounded with a sleep*

The mood of the speaker is philosophical. An interpreter might take pleasure in the beauty of the words and images: "the baseless fabric of this vision," "insubstantial pageant," "our little life is rounded with a sleep," "cloud-capped towers." To the sensitive reader, however, there is something more than the beauty of phrase and even something more than the beauty of thought. It is the indefinable joy of contact with greatness, the sense of communion with someone whom we are proud to know. It is, moreover, our own peculiar reaction to the ideas and feelings presented, depending on our experience and personality. If to us at some time has occurred the wistful thought that all of our

selves and all of our achievements will one day vanish into thin air, Prospero's words have a special significance.

Exercises

What emotional suggestiveness do you find in the following selections? Try to explain it in terms of personal experience, not stressing the emotions aroused by imagery or sound or mood. That is, explain or describe the feelings of pleasure in the genius, nobility, sweetness of mind, or sincerity of the writer that you experience when you read these passages.

1. *O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,*
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canons 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Hamlet

2. *Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred . . . It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship—what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave—and what our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar? . . .*

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds . . . Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the banishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, A Defense of Poetry

3. *Oh, yet we trust that somehow good*
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON, In Memoriam

4. *With rue my heart is laden*
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

A. E. HOUSMAN

5. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no

sign. For which reason also, I am not angry with my accusers, or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.

PLATO, Apology

EMOTION IN IMAGERY

Before a reader can get a full comprehension of his material, he must understand the imagery used by his author. Of course there must also be a sharing of the imaginative flight, an emotional response to the author's pictures, appreciation, sympathetic reaction—but before the interpreter can experience any of these, he must know the meaning of the images.

Imagery may be expressed in deliberate figures of speech, such as metaphors or similes. (Similes express an explicit likeness. Something is *like* something else: "My love is like a red, red rose." Metaphors are implied likenesses; something *is* something else: "God is a vessel of wrath.") But more often imagery lies in the suggestibility of words and sentences and in sense impressions. A poet puts on paper his "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" or "rhythmically creates beauty" out of recollected vivid impressions. He chooses his words carefully so that they will convey not only the bare outlines of what he is attempting to say, but something of the excitement of his experience. He hopes that the reader will know exactly what he is describing and also feel some of the same emotion that he felt. That emotion is expressed either through the connotation of the words (that is, the pictures that they conjure up in the mind of the reader) or through powerful or beautiful description of a scene or a mood or through direct sensory images.

When Edgar Lee Masters wrote of Anne Rutledge in *The Spoon River Anthology:*

> *Out of me unworthy and unknown*
> *The vibrations of deathless music;*
> *"With malice towards none, with charity for all,"*

he was employing first the imagery of metaphor, then the imagery of rich connotation of a phrase familiar to all Americans. "Deathless music" means the beautiful spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Masters says in a few lyrical words that Anne inspired some of the greatness of her lover. The quotation of one of Lincoln's best-known phrases sums up Lincoln's broadness of vision. The words arouse some of the same instinctive emotion that we all feel when we see a picture or a statue of the Great Emancipator.

Keats, in the first lines of his "Ode to a Nightingale," uses sensory images as well as similes to establish his mood:

> *My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains*
> *My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,*
> *Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains*
> *One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.*

The words "aches," "drowsy," "numbness," "pains," "dull" suggest vivid physical sensations. To sensitive readers these images will bring either sympathetic muscular reactions or mental symbols of the ideas they express. Then the poet brings in a figurative image, "as though of hemlock I had drunk." He says that his mind is as torpid as if he had taken a deadly poison. The word "hemlock," usually associated with the execution of Socrates, may suggest the picture of a condemned man drinking poison from a Grecian goblet. Keats goes on, "Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains." The word "opiate" has many sinister connotations. It literally means a narcotic, but to most of us it suggests a De Quincey drinking laudanum or a stupefied Oriental smoking opium. We might have to look up the word "drains" to learn its meaning of "dregs"; it suggests the picture of *draining* a cup or glass. Then "Lethe-wards" brings up the image of the River of Forgetfulness in Hades. Every line must be closely studied to reveal the imagery. And how much more meaningful and beautiful does a poem become when we can see all the pictures painted by the author!

Sir Thomas Browne, in the *Religio Medici*, wrote:

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and swords point with them.

Before a reader could possibly interpret this difficult selection, he would have to untangle the parts. The image implied in the words, "I have not . . . shaken hands" is a figurative one. Technically it is called metonymy, a figure of speech in which one phrase is used which suggests another. Here, the act of shaking hands suggests an attitude of friendliness or approval. "Resolutions" refers to the men who have resolutions. It is another figure of speech, called synecdoche, in which the part is substituted for the whole. The imagery of the next part of the sentence is that of metaphor. The men of desperate resolutions are compared with foolhardy masters of ships who prefer to risk their rotting hulks on the sea than go to the expense of having them repaired. The word "bottom" is another example of synecdoche, the part being taken for the whole. The figure begun in the first phrase is amplified by the completing of the grammatical construction in "as to stand in diameter and swords point with them." Browne's image suggests an application of the whole idea of friendship in willingness to stand on the same line, as in fencing, engaging mutual antagonists. The whole sentence literally means, "I am not at all in sympathy with those who rashly depend upon their own resources, however meager, refusing the advice and assistance of others." The passage would be judged needlessly obscure in any modern estimate of Browne's style. Without a thorough understanding of its imagery no one could attempt to interpret it.

The appeal of imagery is universal. Most great literature is based on imaginative concepts. Our language is a storehouse of what some one has called "buried metaphors." Much of our slang is the result of vigorous play of imagination. In general, men are visual-minded and respond far more quickly to vivid pictures than to abstract reasoning. The reader who because of unimaginativeness or dullness of perception or poverty of experience cannot re-create the imagery of what he is attempting to interpret can never make the printed page come alive.

Exercises

1. Discover the "buried metaphors" in the following words, making notes for class discussion on their etymology and changes in meaning:

candidate	curfew	melancholy	tantalize
abominate	enthusiasm	pedagogue	carnation
agony	ambition	rehearse	gladiolus
auspicious	assassin	salary	narcissus
bonfire	extravagant	sarcophagus	rhododendron
canopy	impediment	supercilious	dandelion
companion	investigate	symposium	nasturtium

2. Identify the sensory images in the following selections, labeling them images of motion, touch, sound, sight, smell, taste:

A. *St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was;*
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

JOHN KEATS, The Eve of St. Agnes

B. *Whenas in silks my Julia goes,*
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.
Neat, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O, how that glittering taketh me!

ROBERT HERRICK, Upon Julia's Clothes

C. *Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees heaping up rich piles of foliage; the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades with the deer trooping in silent herds across them, the hare bounding away to the covert, or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the wing; the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom,*

and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

WASHINGTON IRVING, The Sketch Book

3. Analyze the imagery in the following selections. There is seldom much value, except to the rhetorician, in giving technical names to them. But be sure you understand their full significance so that you can report on them in class.

A. *Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals*
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, The Arsenal at Springfield

B. *My book should smell of pine and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Self-Reliance

C. *Drama . . . is—to me—one of the most interesting of the seven arts. With music and literature, it appeals to me more than all the others in combination. Unlike sculpture and painting, it is alive. It is quick, electric; genius in flame. It* IS *literature: they are Siamese twins. It* IS, *in Shakespeare and even in such as Rostand, music; music on the violins of metaphor, on the 'cellos of phrase, on the drums of rumbling adjectives and verbs.*

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, The Code of a Critic

D. *Flagg: Quirt, you've signed on for a cruise with this woman, and you can't jump ship. I can tell Aldrich to stand out of the way and let that old man go to headquarters with his story about you . . . And what chance has a lousy Marine sergeant got before an army court-martial when the majors start the iron ball rolling? . . . Don't be a hayshaker, Quirt. You can't play guardhouse lawyer in this country. You're in the army now, with a lot of western shysters sitting in the judge advocate general's room.*

MAXWELL ANDERSON and LAWRENCE STALLINGS, What Price Glory?

E. *When to the sessions of sweet silent thought*
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before,
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Sonnet 30

EMOTION IN SOUND

When Lanier said, "Music is Love in search of a word," he was really defining poetry. Poe, like Lanier, was tremendously interested in the relationship between music and poetry. He said, in his *Poetic Principle*,

Contenting myself with the certainty that Music, in its various modes of meter, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in Poetry as never to be wisely rejected—as so vitally important an adjunct that he is simply silly who declines its assistance—I will not now pause to maintain its absolutely essentiality. It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the Poetic Sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal Beauty. . . . There can be little doubt that in the union of Poetry with Music in its popular sense, we shall find the widest field for the Poetic development. The old Bards and Minnesingers had advantages which we do not possess.

Poetry, as all students of literature know, was first of all an exclusively spoken art, carried on by traveling minstrels, most of them probably unable to read, who recited their repertories at various courts. The very word *lyric* is a reminder of the custom of using a stringed instrument as accompaniment to the chanting. The ballads that were handed down from one generation to another, mainly improvisations of anonymous minstrels, remain today excellent illustrations of the effectiveness of sound and

rhythm in poetry. Ballads are still spontaneously composed, celebrating events like "The Execution of Sacco and Vanzetti," "Floyd Collins in the Cave," and "The Wreck of the 97." Carl Sandburg, Louise Pound, John Lomax, and others have done much to preserve the best of these. Sandburg's *American Songbag* (1927) is probably the best ballad collection since Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1883-98). In their crudest form, modern ballads seem to be most vital among "hill-billy" singers, who narrate their monotonous tales in countless radio broadcasts. That such entertainment is extremely popular in this country is evidence of the deep roots of similar spoken forms of poetry. The twanging, slow stories about minor domestic tragedies, sung or chanted to the accompaniment of a guitar or fiddle, are the direct descendants of the nobler tales of the bards.

The old ballads made direct appeal to the emotions not only through the stirring nature of the actions presented, but also, and especially, through the music of the words, the rhyme, the rhythm of the lines, and devices like repetitions of phrases and choruses. Take for example the ballad, "The Two Sisters of Binnorie":

There were two sisters sat in a bower;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.

The second and fourth lines were repeated after the first and third lines of the numerous stanzas. Audiences picked up the words, which were pleasing to the ear, and doubtless added their voices to the minstrel's voice. Note the simple rhythm, characteristic of the ballad, usually alternating four- and three-foot lines.

In the following stanzas from ballads observe carefully the use of sound as productive of emotional response:

1. *There were three ravens sat on a tree,*
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe.
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

2. *Hynd Horn's bound, love, and Hynd Horn's free,*
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Where was ye born, or in what countrie?
And the birk and the broom blows bonnie.

3. *O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?*
O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?
"I've been at my step-mother's; oh, mak my bed, mammie, now!
I've been at my step-mother's; oh, mak my bed, mammie, now!"

The use of musical or onomatopoetic (sound-imitative) words is one of the most important of the devices employed by writers for emotional effect. The poet's feeling for color and melody in words contributes greatly to the emotions suggested by his writing.

The liquid consonants l and r are pleasant to the ear. So, in general, are the "long" vowels, ē, ä, ô, and o͞o, and the diphthongs, ā, ō, ou, and ī. Matthew Arnold made full use of the liquids in his lines,

But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.

Poe was especially interested in harmonious combinations of vowels and consonants. He tells in his "Philosophy of Composition" how he came to choose the famous haunting refrain "Nevermore" for "The Raven." "That such a close," he says, "to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt, and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant."

Keats uses many musical vowels and several combinations of *-er, -or,* and *-ar* in the lines,

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain . . .

Tennyson had a good ear for musical consonants in "Sweet and Low":

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Much, of course, depends on the connotation of the sound-word. Some beautiful combinations of sounds may mean disagreeable or distasteful things. The *-or* sound that Poe thought exquisite is a horse of a different color in the words *snore* and *sore*. The name of Helen is euphonious. Many poets have thought so, anyway. Yet its rhymes *yellin'* and *felon* are unpleasant. A few years ago there was passing interest in lists of most beautiful and most ugly words in the language. Reporters asked people everywhere for their opinions. Mr. Wilfred Funk's list has probably been the most often reprinted since that time. He believed that the most beautiful words are *dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, golden, melody*. He said when he compiled the list, "The long vowel sounds and the soft consonants make these words flow smoothly." As a matter of fact, however, his words have a greater number of short vowels than long ones. Other people made lists, some of them facetious, including words like *cardiac* and *garbage*, which one man said were lovely words, if only they meant something pleasant. Edwin Markham's list included *reverberating, chryselephantine, empyrean, coliseum, Californian, Plutonian, ideal.* Gouverneur Morris liked words with *v*'s in them, like *vial, violet, vine, vermilion.* Best of all he claimed to like *syzygy*. About thirty years ago a New York lawyer won a contest for a list of what he considered the twenty-five most beautiful words. His list follows: *melody, splendor, adoration, grace,*

eloquence, virtue, innocence, modesty, faith, truth, peace, nobility, joy, honor, love, divine, heaven, hope, harmony, happiness, purity, justice, liberty, radiance, sympathy. The judges ruled out *grace, divine, justice,* and *truth* as harsh or metallic. The Italian Mazzini is said to have called *cellar-door* our most beautiful word. Among the ugly words were *cacophony, spit, belch, giggle, retch, gripe, egg, pug, belly, stink,* and many others. Notice that much of the beauty of the so-called beautiful words is in their connotation rather than in their vowels, though their sound values are important.

The deliberate use of imitation of sound is called onomatopoeia. Many common English words, such as *buzz, whizz, hum, hiss,* are onomatopoetic in origin. And many a forceful line in poetry is an artificial attempt on the part of the writer to make the words *sound* as much as possible like what they represent. Some examples of onomatopoeia are Milton's

> *Brusht with the hiss of rustling wings;*

and Gray's

> *Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,*
> *And all the air a solemn stillness holds,*
> *Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,*
> *And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;*

and Keats's

> *The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;*

and Carlyle's

> *And so it roars, and rages, and brays: drums beating, steeples pealing;*

and Stevenson's

> *We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant;*

and Tennyson's

> *I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,*
> *And the wild water lapping on the crag;*

and Browning's

> *Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife*

Poe's famous *tour de force*, "The Bells," is an illustration of onomatopoeia on a large scale:

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impells
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells,
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rime,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Exercises

1. For some of the selections in this book there are recordings by either the authors or well-known actors and interpreters. Among these recordings, which are made by the RCA Manufacturing Company (Camden, N. J.), the Columbia Recording Company (New York), The National Council of Teachers of English (Chicago), and the Linguaphone Institute (New York), are

the following. They may be obtained from the Gramophone Shop, 18 East 48th Street, New York, New York.

Shakespearean Readings (from nine plays and two sonnets), read by John Gielgud; scenes from *Richard II*, read by Maurice Evans

Other Shakespearean readings by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Henry Ainley, John Barrymore, Sybil Thorndike, Dame Ellen Terry, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

Noel Coward's *Private Lives* and *Tonight at 8:30*, read by Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence

T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, read by Robert Speaight

T. S. Eliot's *The Hollow Men* and *Gerontion*, read by T. S. Eliot

Robert Frost's *The Death of the Hired Man* and eleven Other Poems, read by Robert Frost

Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*, read by Charles Laughton

Walter de la Mare's *Silver Penny*, *England*, and eleven Other Poems, read by Walter de la Mare

Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*, *Matisse*, etc., read by Gertrude Stein

Poetry Recital (Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, Shakespeare's *When to the Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought*, Blake's *The Tiger*, Browning's *Prospice*, etc.), read by Clifford Turner

Passages of Standard Prose (Carlyle, Kingslake, Cowper, Addison, Lamb, Blackmore, Hazlitt), read by Walter Ripman

Robert Tristram Coffin's *The Secret Heart*, *The Fog*, *Lantern in the Snow*, read by Robert Tristram Coffin

E. E. Cummings's *Poem or Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal* and six Other Poems, read by E. E. Cummings

James Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, from *Finnegans Wake*, read by James Joyce

Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo*, read by Vachel Lindsay

The Voice of Poetry: thirty Poems by Shakespeare, Keats, Herrick, Masefield, etc., read by Edith Evans

Edwin Markham's *The Man with the Hoe*, *Abraham Lincoln*, and thirteen Other Poems, read by Edwin Markham

Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Twelfth Night*, complete Mercury Theatre texts, by Orson Welles and Mercury Theatre Company

Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*,, read by Raymond Massey, and others

Students will find study of these records instructive in improving their own readings. Notice, for example, Lindsay's changes of tempo in his recording of *The Congo*. Compare the record with the printed poem (in several anthologies), and see whether or not he follows his own directions printed in the margins.

2. Practice reading aloud the following selections, studying them for imagery and beauty of sound, determining the mood of the author, and considering the emotional effect of the ideas on yourself as interpreter. It might be good practice to list the images and examples of musical words and phrases.

A. *Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon*
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

JOHN KEATS, The Eve of St. Agnes

B. *Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,*
Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixt fret, that runs athwart
The strain and purpose of the string,
For governance and nice consort
Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails;
The dark distils divinist dews;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dreams, and with the heavenly Muse.

Bleeding with thorns of petty strife,
I'll ease (as lovers do) my smart
With sonnets to my lady Life
Writ red in issues from the heart.

What grace may lie within the chill
Of favor frozen fast in scorn!
When Good's a-freeze, we call it Ill!
This rosy Time is glacier-born.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain thou not, O heart; for these
Bank-in the current of the will
To uses, arts, and charities.

SIDNEY LANIER, Opposition

c. *Now I will do nothing but listen,*
To accrue what I hear into this song, to let sounds contribute toward it.

I hear bravuras of birds, bustle of growing wheat, gossip of flames, clack of sticks cooking my meals,
I hear the sound I love, the sound of the human voice,
I hear all sounds running together, combined, fused or following,
Sounds of the city and sounds out of the city, sounds of the day and night,
Talkative young ones to those that like them, the loud laugh of work-people at their meals,
The angry base of disjointed friendship, the faint tones of the sick,
The judge with hands tight to the desk, his pallid lips pronouncing a death-sentence,
The heave'e'yo of stevedores unlading ships by the wharves, the refrain of the anchor-lifters,
The ring of alarm-bells, the cry of fire, the whirr of swift-streaking engines and hose-carts with premonitory tinkles and color'd lights,
The steam-whistle, the solid roll of the train of approaching cars,

The slow march play'd at the head of the association marching two and two,
(They go to guard some corpse, the flag-tops are draped with black muslin.)

I hear the violoncello, ('tis the young man's heart's complaint,)
I hear the key'd cornet, it glides quickly in through my ears,
It shakes mad-sweet pangs through my belly and breast.

I hear the chorus, it is a grand opera,
Ah, this indeed is music—this suits me.

A tenor large and fresh as the creation fills me,
The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling me full.

I hear the train'd soprano (what work with hers is this?)
The orchestra whirls me wider than Uranus flies,
It wrenches such ardors from me I did not know I possess'd them,
It sails me, I dab with bare feet, they are lick'd by the indolent waves,
I am cut by bitter and angry hail, I lose my breath,
Steep'd amid honey'd morphine, my windpipe throttled in fakes of death,
At length let up again to feel the puzzle of puzzles,
And that we call Being.

WALT WHITMAN, Song of Myself

D. *In Xanadu did Kubla Khan*
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing on Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Kubla Khan

E. *Full fathom five thy father lies;*
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Ding-dong!
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell!
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, The Tempest

F. *The voice of my beloved! behold! he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.*

My beloved is like a Roe, or a young Hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my Love, my fair one, and come away.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Oh, my dove! that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs: let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away: turn my beloved and be thou like a Roe, or a young Hart, upon the mountains of Bether.
The Song of Solomon

G. *I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and*

admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Hamlet

H. *Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!*
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS, Ode to a Nightingale

EMOTION IN POETIC DEVICES

Closely related to the sound-values brought about by meaning and association are those resulting from the artificial poetic devices of rhyme, assonance, and alliteration. Rhyme is the repetition of final vowels and consonants in words that are more or less regularly arranged; in true rhymes initial consonants are always different. Assonance is simply the repetition of vowel sounds, regardless of consonants. That is, *fleet* and *green* are examples of assonance because the sound ē is repeated; *green* and *clean* are rhymes because both the ē and the final n are repeated. Alliteration is

the repetition of a consonant, usually an initial consonant, as in Swinburne's

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint, fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit.

RHYME. Because most of us take pleasure in what is symmetrical and orderly, we enjoy the patterns established through rhyme. Such patterns are by no means essential in the composition of poetry. Blank verse (which has a regular metrical pattern without rhyme) and free verse (without either regular meter or rhyme) are just as common as rhymed verse. Nevertheless, rhyme and the other technical apparatus of verse remain valuable aids to the poet in creating mood and arousing emotional response. The repetition of melodious or solemn or quick or slow or mysterious or gay sound-combinations may do much to make clear the poet's mood.

There is little need here to outline the various stanza forms, many with elaborately interlocked rhyme, except to indicate that the poet usually has a definite purpose in selecting a particular rhyme scheme and that the reader must try to determine that purpose in his study of the poem. The Italian sonnet, for example, with either four or five rhymes in fourteen lines, has a significant stanza break at the end of the first eight lines. The Shakespearean sonnet has seven rhymes, with a rhymed couplet at the end. Compare the following sonnets, examining especially the difference in mood evident in the stanza patterns. The Italian type of sonnet is in general more compact, more serious than the Elizabethan or Shakespearean type. In the following examples the letters indicate rhymes:

Earth has not anything to show more fair;	a
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by	b
A sight so touching in its majesty.	b
This City now doth, like a garment, wear	a
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,	a
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie	b
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;	b
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.	a
Never did sun more beautifully steep	c

In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill; d
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! c
The river glideth at his own sweet will; d
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep, c
And all that mighty heart is lying still! d

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

That time of year thou may'st in me behold a
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang b
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, a
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. b
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day c
As after sunset fadeth in the west, d
Which by and by black night doth take away, c
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest. d
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire e
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, f
As the death-bed whereon it must expire, e
Consumed with that which it was nourished by. f
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong, g
To love that well which thou must leave ere long. g

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The stanza of the ballad, illustrated in "The Ancient Mariner,"

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all,

has quite a different effect from that of Pope's rhymed couplets:

True ease in writing comes from Art, not Chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

ALEXANDER POPE, Essay on Criticism

Do his lines succeed in creating sounds that are "echoes to the sense"?

Internal rhymes (rhyming words within lines as well as at the ends of lines) may speed up the tempo and create a feeling of lightness and delicacy, as in Shelley's "The Cloud":

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

But such manipulation of rhyme may easily become monotonous and sing-song. Emerson (who once had the arrogance to call Poe "the jingle man") had a poor ear for music in poetry. He solemnly experimented with stanza forms, but all too often produced such poor specimens as his poem, "The Past":

The debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The Furies laid,
The plague is stayed,
All fortunes made;
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is death forevermore.
Nor haughty hope, nor swart chagrin,
Nor murdering hate, can enter in . . .

Byron used rhyme for humorous effect, boldly rhyming two and sometimes even three syllables:

Such names [Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge] *at*
present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigor,
Are good manure for their more bare biography.

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowsy, frowsy poem, called the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

LORD BYRON, Don Juan

ASSONANCE. Except within lines, assonance is now chiefly found in the lyrics of popular songs. Swinburne used it a great deal, as in the lines, "The full streams feed on flower of rushes," etc., quoted on page 92 to illustrate alliteration. "Streams" and "feed"; "grasses," "trammel," and "traveling"; "faint" and "flame"; "young" and "flushes" are some examples of this device. In older poetry it was more acceptable (at the ends of lines) than it is today. Thus, Keats rhymed *rejoice* and *noise,* and James Russell Lowell rhymed *Patience* and *libations.* Assonance is not false rhyme, like Shakespeare's *fever* and *never* and Spenser's *Beast* and *detest,* which do not have the same vowel sounds. Anne Bradstreet's *sacrifice* and *skies* and Hood's *Rome* and *come* were two rhymes in their day, though the first is an example of assonance and the second of false rhyme today. Edith Sitwell rhymes *walk* with *stork* and W. H. Auden rhymes *horse* with *across.* These are perfect rhymes in their speech, not examples of assonance. Within the line a poet may make effective use of assonance, as in Tennyson's repetition of the ō sound in

And some through wavering lights and shadows broke
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

For the most part, however, assonance is made use of in slovenly rhymes like *dry* and *eyes* or *seem* and *clean* in folk ballads and popular songs.

ALLITERATION. Alliteration is a very old poetical device, going back to the ballads and the early epics. Anglo-Saxon poetry, which had no rhyme, had a wealth of alliterative words, as in the line from *Beowulf,*

Weltering waves, coldest of weathers.

Notice the effect of alliteration in the lines from a poem by the Anglo-Saxon poet Cynewulf:

Who so wary and so wise of the warriors lives,
That he dare declare who doth drive me on my way,
When I start up in my strength!

Dryden used it in "Alexander's Feast":

> *Softly sweet, in Lydian measures*
> *Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.*

Tennyson and Swinburne are famous for their use of alliteration:

> *The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,*
> *The hard brands shiver on the steel,*
> *The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,*
> *The horse and rider reel.*
>
> ALFRED TENNYSON, Sir Galahad

> *Bird of the bitter bright gray golden morn,*
> *Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous years,*
> *First of us all and sweetest singer born,*
> *Whose far shrill note the world of new men hears*
> *Cleave the cold shuddering shade as twilight clears . . .*
>
> ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, A Ballad of François Villon

METER. Another poetical device is meter, which is the systematic rhythmic pattern of lines, arranged in stressed and unstressed syllables. The poet's choice of measure in his lines is very important in bringing out emotional reaction in the reader. The mood of the poet is reflected in the sprightly, somber, sedate, impassioned, harsh, gentle, dainty, or witty combinations of metrical feet. That is, meter, helping to establish rhythms, enhances the emotional content of the lines. Feel the difference in mood produced by the differences in meter and differences in line length in the following lines. The technical names used to denote the meter of a poem (iambic, trochaic, anapestic, dactyllic, and spondaic) do not really matter so long as the reader recognizes the changes in rhythm, which are just as often caused by variations in the length of lines and subtle shifts in metrical patterns as by the fundamental meters.

1. *Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn*
   Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
   See how Aurora throws her fair
   Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
   Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
   The dew bespangling herb and tree!
   Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east

Above an hour since; yet you not dressed;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.
ROBERT HERRICK, Corinna's Going-a-Maying

2. *Five years have past; five summers, with the length*
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild, secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Tintern Abbey

The two selections above have the same kind of metrical foot, the iambic, which is the dominant measure in English poetry; yet their emotional suggestiveness differs widely. Herrick's lines change in length from five feet (a foot is a combination of syllables usually containing one accented and one or more unaccented syllables) to four; the rhymes are bright and gay; the words are short. Wordsworth's lines are all of the same length; there is no rhyme scheme; the words are long and slow. Make similar observations about the selections below.

3. *It was the season, when through all the land*
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by his hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, The Birds of Killingworth

4. *Whither, midst falling dew,*
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, To a Waterfowl

5. *Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,*
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

JAMES MANGAN, The Nameless One

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!

ROBERT BROWNING, My Star

RHYTHM. The rhythm of poetry (and of prose) is its most abundant source of emotion. Rhythm, as one writer describes it, "is the universal rise and fall of things." It is the flowing and ebbing of tides, the march of armies, the contour of mountains and valleys, the lights and shadows of painting, the suspense and dénouement of drama, day and night, waves on the shore, sorrow and happiness, the repetition of a theme in different voices in music (which employs many of the same devices for arousing emotion that poetry does). In literature, rhythm is more than a stanza form, it is more than meter, it is more than any recurrent thought or feeling or word stress. It is the pattern, or design, of expression, implicitly pleasing to the observer and in harmony with the meaning and spirit of the author's idea.

REPETITION. Repetition is another artificial poetic device. It was especially important in the old ballads, not only because the essential points of the tale had to be emphasized for the audiences but because the minstrels could vary emotional expression through

simple changes in tempo and pitch. Notice the effect of repetition in the following stanzas:

1. *There was twa sisters in a bowr,*
   Edinburgh, Edinburgh,
   There was twa sisters in a bowr,
   Stirling for ay;
   There was twa sisters in a bowr,
   There came a knight to be their wooer;
   Bonny Saint Johnson stands upon Tay.

2. *"Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,*
   Edward, Edward?
   Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
   And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
   "O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
   Mither, mither;
   O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
   And I had nae mair but he, O."

The emotional effects of sound and repetition have been sought by poets for centuries, especially by the Elizabethan writers:

1. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind!*
   Thou art not so unkind
   As man's ingratitude;
   Thy tooth is not so keen,
   Because thou art not seen,
   Although thy breath be rude.
   Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
   Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
   Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
   This life is most jolly.

   WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, As You Like It

2. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I,*
   On a cowslip's bell I lie;
   There I crouch when owls do cry.
   On the bat's back I do fly
   After summer merrily.
   Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
   Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

   WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, The Tempest

3. *Hey nonny no!*
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing,
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no! ANONYMOUS

Exercises

Read the following poems, noting their use of the various poetical devices of rhyme, assonance, alliteration, meter, and repetition, attending to the underlying rhythms. Remember that rhythm is not to be confused with meter, but is the combination of mood and form that makes it the essence of poetry.

1. *Little Lamb, who made thee?*
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is calléd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are calléd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
WILLIAM BLAKE, The Lamb

2. *Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,*
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking . . .

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For, at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, The Lady of the Lake

3. *Out of the hills of Habersham,*
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, ABIDE, ABIDE,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said STAY,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed ABIDE, ABIDE,
HERE IN THE HILLS OF HABERSHAM,
HERE IN THE VALLEYS OF HALL.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, PASS NOT, SO COLD, THESE MANIFOLD
DEEP SHADES OF THE HILLS OF HABERSHAM,
THESE GLADES IN THE VALLEYS OF HALL.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.
SIDNEY LANIER, The Song of the Chattahoochee

4. *Over the hill, over the hill,*
The dews are wet and the shadows long;
Twilight lingers and all is still
Save for the call of a faery-song.

Calling, calling out of the west,
Over the hill in the dusk of day,

Over the hill to a land of rest,
A land of peace with the world away.

Never again where grasses sweep,
And lights are low, and the cool brakes still—
Never a song, but a dreamless sleep,
Over the hill . . . over the hill.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR., May-Eve

5. *To ladies' eyes around, boy,*
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n
As shining beacons, solely
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!
In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling

In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling—
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

THOMAS MOORE, To Ladies' Eyes

6. *I wonder why I cannot write*
Even a simple sort of verse?
When thoughts desert me, late at night,
I wonder why I cannot write
The triolet I must indite;
My poems go from bad to worse—
I wonder why? I cannot write
Even a simple sort of verse.

SPENSER FINCH, Triolet

7. *I intended an Ode,*
And it turned to a Sonnet.
It began a la mode,
I intended an Ode;
But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet;
I intended an Ode;
And it turned to a Sonnet.

AUSTIN DOBSON, Urceus Exit

MODERN UNCONVENTIONAL DEVICES

Something should be said here about the unconventional rhythms and stanza patterns of the modern experimentalists. There is nothing really new about tricky arrangements of lines, like those of E. E. Cummings (except that he shows little respect for punctuation and capital letters) and William Carlos Williams. Lewis Carroll, in "The Mouse's Tale," and other poems, W. S. Gilbert, and, more seriously, John Dryden, John Donne, William Blake, and many others were quite as unorthodox as the current revolutionaries.

The modern "rebels," as they are often called, do not always deny the values in established literary devices. They are simply seeking new sensuous and intellectual effects. Many of them, indeed, use traditional forms, depending upon the shock of what they have to say to make their points. Some, belonging to what Max Eastman calls the "cult of unintelligibility," are apparently following the antagonists of realism in the other arts. They coin words and speak in gibberish (as James Joyce does), chant fierce litanies of repeated words (as Gertrude Stein does), throw ideas into disconnected, fragmentary sentences (as John dos Passos and William Faulkner do), empty words of normal denotations (as Hart Crane does). Their purpose seems to be to express their inner selves or some intense aspect of observed experience without really trying to share their thoughts. Eastman says that this tendency is "toward privacy combined with a naïve sincerity in employing as material the instruments of social communication." Edmund Wilson, who admires them very much, says in his *Axel's Castle,* "Though it is true that they have tended to overemphasize the importance of the individual, that they have been preoccupied with introspection sometimes almost to the point of insanity, that they have endeavored to discourage their readers, not only with politics, but with action of any kind—they have yet succeeded in effecting in literature a revolution analogous to that which has taken place in science and philosophy: they have broken out of the old mechanistic routine, they have disintegrated the old materialism, and they have revealed to the imagination a new flexibility and freedom."

This is not the place to discuss the merit of such experimentalism. Our job is to learn to read all kinds of writing. Joyce, Stein, the Sitwells, Cummings, and their followers will probably never give pleasure to any considerable number of readers. There must, however, be some reason, some inspiration in their work, or they would never have aroused so much attention and stirred up so much controversy as they have. Perhaps reading aloud is the way to an understanding of these writers, though some believe that fast silent skimming is the only way. Any reading of Joyce, for one, will have to be without the usual aid of complete knowledge of his word meanings, for the author alone can explain many of his coinages. Nevertheless, there is power in suggestion and impres-

sion, even though the ideas may be vague. Try reading slowly the following lines from *Ulysses:*

A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled, back. Loud on left Thor thundered: in anger awful the hammer-hurler. Came now the storm that hist his heart. And Master Lynch bade him have a care to flout and witwanton as the god self was angered for his hellprate and paganry. And he that had erst challenged to be so doughty waxed pale as they might all mark and shrank together and his pitch that was before so haught uplift was now of a sudden quite plucked down and his heart shook within the cage of his breast as he tasted the rumour of that storm.

Gertrude Stein repeats words and phrases until they create strange emphases. You can learn something about how she wants her writing read by listening to the National Council of Teachers of English recording of her "Matisse." Try to get the meaning out of this passage from her *The Making of Americans:*

When one is a young one one is a young one. Certainly when one is a young one one is then a young one. In a way one is knowing then that one is not then a young one, in a way one is knowing it then that one is then a young one. When one is a middle aged one one is then a middle aged one. In a way one is knowing then that one is then a middle aged one, in a way one is knowing then that one is not then a middle aged one. When one is an old one one is then an old one. In a way one is knowing then that one is then an old one, in a way one is knowing then that one is not then an old one.

Cummings is quite understandable if you read his poems as prose, supplying the punctuation he has omitted. Hart Crane and Edith Sitwell require some close application in silent study before you try to read them aloud. Search for inner meaning through emotional suggestion. No poet is so revolutionary that he can do without imagination and feeling, even if he does disdain ordinary meaning. Here is one of Hart Crane's poems that will test the application of the reader:

Whitely, while benzine
Rinsings from the moon
Dissolve all but the windows of the mills
(Inside the sure machinery
Is still
And curdled only where a sill
Sluices its one unyielding smile)

Immaculate venom binds
The fox's teeth, and swart
Thorns freshen on the year's
First blood. From flanks unfended,
Twanged red perfidies of spring
Are trillion on the hill.

And the nights opening
Chant pyramids—
Anoint with innocence—recall
To music and retrieve what perjuries
Had galvanized the eyes.
While chime
Beneath and all around
Distilling clemencies—worms'
Inaudible whistle, tunneling
Not penitence
But song, as these
Perpetual fountains, vines—

Thy Nazarene and tinder eyes.

(Let sphinxes from the ripe
Borage of death have cleared my tongue
Once and again; vermin and rod
No longer bind. Some sentient cloud
Of tears flocks through the tendoned loam:
Betrayed stones slowly speak.)

Names peeling from Thine eyes
And their undimming lattices of flame,
Spell out in palm and pain
Compulsion of the year, O Nazarene.

Lean long from sable, slender boughs,
Unstanched and luminous. And as the nights
Strike from Thee perfect spheres,
Lift up in lilac-emerald breath the grail
of Earth again—
Thy face
From charred and riven stakes, O
Dionysus, Thy
Unmangled target smile.

HART CRANE, Lachrymae Christi

This very difficult poem illustrates the complexity of much of the "rebels' " imagery. The scene seems to be that of a mill town in spring. The details of machinery are suggested in "sill," "sluice," and "fox's teeth." All through the poem the pictures are strange and unorthodox: "benzine rinsings from the moon," thorns which "twanged," "immaculate venom" (moonlight), "ripe borage of death," "Thy Nazarene and tinder eyes." Into the poet's vision of industrial ugliness softened under spring moonlight comes the thought of Christ, who is finally blended with the pagan god Dionysus. The inevitable subjective element appears in the obscure lines,

> *Let sphinxes from the ripe*
> *Borage of death have cleared my tongue*
> *Once and again.*

The reader must decide whether "let" is a verb or an unusual adjective. One editor says that this is a prayer, Crane's hope that he might be resurrected. Whatever is the exact meaning of the poem, it is interesting for its vivid words.

General Exercises

Analyze the following selections for class reading, with especial attention to the emotional elements mentioned in this chapter. In analyzing the selections in this chapter, try to get a definite impression of the value and purpose of the rhythm employed, as well as a clear understanding of mood, imagery, and sound, and the poetic devices of rhyme, assonance, alliteration, repetition, and meter.

1. *Gaily bedight,*
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied—
"If you seek for Eldorado."

EDGAR ALLAN POE, Eldorado

2. *Forth rushed with whirlwind sound*
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel; undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
By four cherubic shapes. Four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber and colors of the showery arch
He, in celestial panoply all armed
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow,
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion rolled
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came.

JOHN MILTON, Paradise Lost, Book VI

3. *Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;*
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

THOMAS NASH, Spring

4. *Go and catch a falling star,*
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

JOHN DONNE, Song

5. *Give a man a horse he can ride,*
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read:
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my love, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

JAMES THOMSON, Gifts

6. *Slowly, silently, now the moon*
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch,
Crouched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

WALTER DE LA MARE, Silver

7. *Had we but world enough, and time,*
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved Virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

ANDREW MARVELL, To His Coy Mistress

8. *Come live with me, and be my love;*
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE,
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

9. *'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,*
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four to the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud,

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Christabel

10. *The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh, Night,*
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in Woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the Night:—Most glorious Night!
Thou were not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black —and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earthquake's birth.

LORD BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III

11. *Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted. Neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.*

39th chapter of the Book of Job

12. *O how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold, it encountereth with the beams of the Sunne, and pleaseth the eye marvellously. Sometimes the beauty of the haire resembleth the colour of gold and honey, sometimes the blew plumes and azured feathers about the neckes of Doves, especially when it is either anointed with the gumme of Arabia, or trimmely tuft out with the teeth of a fine combe, which if it be tyed up in the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same, as a glasse that yeeldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comeliness than if it should be sparsed abroad on the shoulders of the woman, or hang downe scattering behind. Finally there is such a dignity in the haire, that whatsoever shee be, though she be never so bravely attyred with gold, silkes, pretious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her hair be not curiously set forth shee cannot seeme faire.*

The Golden Asse of Lucius Apuleius

13. *Passion of sudden death! that once in youth I read and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted signs!—rapture of panic taking the shape (which amongst tombs in churches I have seen) of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds—of woman's Ionic form bending forward from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands—waiting, watching, trembling, praying for the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever! Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of almighty abysses!—vision that didst start back, that didst reel away, like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror, wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too passionate, heard once, and heard no more, what aileth thee, that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after forty years have lost no element of horror?*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Dream-Fugue
(marked "Tumultuosissimamente")

14. *The castled crag of Drachenfels*
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,

Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert THOU *with me.*

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LORD BYRON, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

15. *Oft have I seen at some cathedral door*
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;

The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,
Sonnet I from Divina Commedia

16. *Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—*
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS, Bright Star

17. *Whate'er you dream with doubt possest,*
Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
And lay you down and take your rest;
Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
And when you wake, to work again.
The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well: no need of care;
Though how it will, and when, and where,
We cannot see, and can't declare.
In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, All Is Well

18. *I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!*
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me:
And often in my solitude I sigh
That those I do love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.
CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON, I Do Not Love Thee

19. *the harried*
earth is swept.
The trees
the tulip's bright
tips
sidle and
toss—
Loose your love
to flow

Blow!

Good Christ what is
a poet—if any
exists?

a man
whose words will
bite
their way
home—being actual
having the form
of motion

At each twigtip

new
upon the tortured
body of thought
gripping
the ground
a way
to the last leaftip

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, The Wind Increases

20. In after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

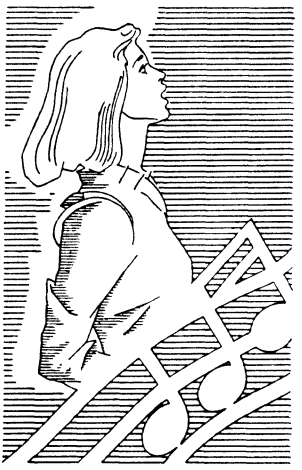
I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain would I
That someone then should testify,
Saying: "He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

AUSTIN DOBSON, In After Days

*

CHAPTER 3



How the Voice Works

NOW THAT we have made a fair start on the *interpretative* part of oral interpretation, let us interrupt it for a discussion of the *physiological* part. A thorough understanding of the mechanism of speech is certainly important in searching for the answer to the reader's question, "How can I best employ my peculiar equipment for speaking so that my audience will hear me easily and accept my voice as reasonably free from defects in diction?" Unless you have a clear picture of exactly what happens when you breathe and when you vocalize, you cannot intelligently attack your speech faults. Bad habits of long standing are hard to break if the faulty speaker is vague about the basic operations of his physical equipment. Haphazard attempts to correct speech defects are like trying to make a stalled automobile start by hopeful but ignorant fussing with wires. The good driver ought to know how his engine runs.

BREATHING

The trunk of the body is divided into two parts by the diaphragm, a muscle which extends completely across the body and is attached to the sternum or breastbone in front, to the lower ribs at the sides, and to the spinal column, somewhat below the sternum, in back. In its relaxed position (that is, after exhalation) the diaphragm is dome-shaped, like a rather warped, inverted bowl. It forms the floor of the thorax, or chest cavity, and the roof of the abdomen. The diaphragm is the chief muscle of inhalation.

In the thoracic cavity are the lungs, masses of spongy, elastic non-muscular tissue. These are connected by numerous bronchial tubes to the bronchi, the two branches of the trachea or windpipe, which leads to the pharynx or throat region. Also within the thoracic cavity are the heart and its principal arteries, and the esophagus which connects the pharynx with the stomach.

INHALATION. Inhalation is accomplished by the enlarging of the thorax so that the pressure of air within the cavity is reduced. Expansion is possible in three directions: downward, as the diaphragm contracts and flattens out, and sideward and frontward, as the ribs are raised and the sternum is lifted. The muscles between the ribs (the intercostals) and various other muscles of the chest and shoulders help effect this increase in the size of the thorax. Atmospheric pressure outside the body immediately forces air into the elastic lungs until their expansion compresses the air in the thorax and the pressure inside and outside is equalized.

It is important to remember that the lungs do not directly "take in" air. Only when through an enlargement of the thorax there is a difference of pressure inside and outside the body, can the lungs receive air. Another way of describing this phenomenon is to say that as the thorax is enlarged and the air surrounding the lungs is rarefied, atmospheric pressure outside the body forces air into the lungs, filling them until they take up as much room as the thorax was increased in size, thereby balancing the pressures.

When the diaphragm flattens out across the body, it exerts pressure on the abdominal organs, which crowd up into the dome of the relaxed diaphragm. The pelvic girdle prevents expansion of the abdomen downward, just as the spinal column prevents expansion in back. The organs are therefore forced outward. There is a definite bulging of the front wall (and to a lesser degree, of the side walls) of the abdomen in diaphragmatically controlled inhalation.

To summarize: The thorax is enlarged. A partial vacuum is formed in the thoracic cavity. Atmospheric pressure forces air into the lungs. The abdominal wall bulges outward.

EXHALATION. In exhalation other sets of muscles (antagonistically opposed to the muscles active in inhalation) reduce the size of the thorax and force the air out of the lungs. The muscles of inhalation, except for the diaphragm, which is a kind of

boundary muscle, are all thoracic. The muscles of exhalation, except for one which helps cover the ribs, are all abdominal.

The muscles in the front and side walls of the abdomen contract, pressing inward on the bulge of the abdominal viscera, which return to their original place, forcing the diaphragm upward into its relaxed position. The diminishing of the size of the thorax compresses the lungs and expels a portion of the air in them.

To summarize: The ribs are lowered, abdominal muscles contract and force the stomach and liver inward and upward, restoring the diaphragm to its relaxed dome shape, and expelling the breath.

The type of breathing that has just been described is active (distinguished from passive, or casual, breathing), allowing for sufficient support of the breath stream to vibrate the vocal bands in phonation. For ordinary breathing without vocalization much less energetic intake and controlled expulsion of air are necessary. Enough air to carry on the life process is as well supplied by "chest" breathing (or even by clavicular or extreme upper-chest breathing) as by "abdominal" breathing, and exhalation is satisfactorily accomplished by simple relaxation of the muscles of inhalation. For purposes of speech, however, active breathing is desirable, if not necessary. That is, some people manage to get along very well in the world without any exercise of their diaphragms, even for speaking. It may be that the diaphragmatic inhalation is less important than teachers have been willing to admit. For vigorous support of tone, however, which depends upon well-filled lungs, the use of the diaphragm seems to be physiologically important.

Even though the chest-breather may have nearly as much efficiency in inhalation as the diaphragmatic-, or abdominal-breather, exhalation should be chiefly abdominal. The old advice to "pack your voice behind your belt" or to "speak from the diaphragm" is still valid in describing firmly controlled abdominal exhalation. Effective breathing results in the use of steady, controlled tones. Volume depends upon breathing. The good speaker must be able to modulate his voice either powerfully or gently. Shallow breathers are all too often lazy breathers, lacking muscle tone not only in the diaphragm but also in the abdominal muscles of ex-

halation. They tend to produce speech on a flabby relaxation of the intercostals and pectoral muscles, with the result that their voices are wheezy or confidential, and they must frequently gasp for air. If they can be persuaded to practice deep breathing until there is a tangible bulging of the abdominal viscera under the downward pressure of a well-managed diaphragm, there is usually an improvement in their phrasing and their control of volume.

Moreover, diaphragmatic breathing is normal for most people in sleep and in vigorous physical action. The runner or swimmer usually has a well-developed diaphragm, which strongly thrusts downward in the quick intake of breath required by the sports. In a prone position, the body, freed from the strain of tight clothing or faulty posture, nearly always breathes diaphragmatically. In short, this kind of breathing is demonstrably a healthy and efficient exercise of the respiratory mechanism. You may be pleased to think that one type of breathing is as good as another, but if you have something definite to work toward—the strengthening of certain muscles whose correct functioning will have a certain effect on the wall of the abdomen—you are likely to improve your whole speaking power.

Regular exercises in breathing are of the utmost value to the student of voice. You should be able to control your breathing apparatus so that you can hold your breath for at least forty-five seconds (better sixty) and to hold a tone without wavering for from twenty to thirty seconds.

Exercises

Practice the following exercises faithfully, not just for one class assignment, but throughout the term, until you definitely improve your breathing habits. Some of the exercises are intended for practice at home. Most, however, can be done in class as well.

1. Place the finger tips of the left hand on the chest and the finger tips of the right hand on the abdomen about a palm's breadth below the end of the sternum, or breast-bone. Inhale slowly until the lungs are filled; exhale. Notice whether or not the movement of the upper hand is greater than that of the lower. If it is greater, the breathing is probably thoracic. The shoulders should not rise. In forceful diaphragmatic breathing the lower hand should be vigorously pushed outward on inhalation and

"arched in" on exhalation. There should be little or no movement of the chest wall.

2. Lie down on your back and repeat Exercise 1. The abdominal action will probably be more apparent.

3. Stand and try to keep the muscular response of the prone position.

4. Hold the breath and harden the abdominal wall as if someone were going to punch you. Relax. Do this several times, rapidly.

5. Now combine the hardening and relaxing of the abdomen with inhalation and exhalation. Push outward and harden the muscles on inhalation. Pull in sharply on exhalation, trying to bring the front wall of the abdomen as near the spinal column as possible. Do this many times until the two actions begin to come together without special effort.

6. Lying on the back, place two or three books on the abdomen. Practice lifting them with the downward movement of the diaphragm, then relaxing.

7. Pant in quick strokes with the mouth open, taking care not to lift the shoulders. The thrust of the abdominal wall should be vigorous.

8. Sip the breath in short sniffs, packing it into the lungs until they are full. Then exhale with a violent in-thrust of the abdominal wall.

9. Bend the body at the hips, letting the arms hang down. In this position, which compresses the front of the chest and the abdomen, take a series of short panting breaths. Then gradually raise the body while continuing to pant.

10. Inhale deeply. As you exhale, whistle softly or blow the breath between the lips in a long, drawn-out [f]. Hold the sound as steadily as you can. Time it. Work until you can hold the [f] at least fifteen seconds.

11. Cough or laugh with increasing force, keeping your hands just below the sternum. Feel the powerful muscular action. The abdominal muscles sharply convulse, thrusting the viscera against the diaphragm so that air is violently expelled.

12. Say "hah" several times, holding it briefly, taking a quick breath before each repetition. Keep the hand over the front of the diaphragm, making certain that the inhalation is being done abdominally. Keep the throat and jaw muscles relaxed.

13. Repeat the following words, holding the vowel or diphthong of each as long as possible without losing a steady tone: *heel, hit, hate, fret, hat, hot, nought, note, hut, foot, hoot, hurt, hay, high, ahoy.*

14. While walking, inhale, doing two steps for inhalation; hold for two steps, exhale doing two steps; pause for two steps before taking new breath. Repeat twenty times. Increase rate to four, then to six, then to eight steps for each stage. Don't try to increase the rate too rapidly. Practice at one rate several times over a period of days; then increase.

15. An interesting illustration of diaphragmatic breathing is an easily made adaptation of the Hering jar. Tightly close the narrow end of a large glass funnel with a cork through which is passed a glass tube, which branches into two parts within the funnel. Over the two branches, which correspond to the bronchi, fasten the mouths of two small toy balloons. Over the wide end of the funnel stretch a single piece of rubber (a balloon split down the center or part of a lastex bathing cap), which corresponds to the human diaphragm. When the diaphragm is pressed inward, the air in the two balloons (representing the lungs) is forced out, and when the diaphragm is released, atmospheric pressure fills the balloons. Thoracic movement, of course, is not illustrated by this jar, since the sides of the funnel are inflexible.

A practical device for measuring lung capacity is the Respirometer, sold by the Central Scientific Company, 1700 Irving Park Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, but simple enough in construction so that it could be roughly made, since accurate measurement is not necessary. It consists of a cylindrical metal vessel in which a slightly smaller vessel is suspended by means of cords with counterweights hung over pulleys. At the bottom of the outer vessel are a petcock for draining off water and a tight valve connected with a rigid metal tube, which rises nearly to the rim within the tank, and a short piece of rubber tubing outside the tank. The second tank (preferably enameled to resist corrosion), with a valve at the bottom which can be opened to let out air, is placed upside down within the first tank, which is filled with water to a point just below the top of the enclosed metal tube. An indicator on the outside vessel marks the volume of air it contains by rising against a scale graduated to 300 cubic inches in 50 cubic-

inch divisions on one of the vertical uprights holding the pulleys. To test your lung capacity, you exhale into the inner vessel through the rubber tube connected with the inlet. It must be remembered that the Respirometer measures only the capacity of the lungs and has nothing to do with determining the efficient use of the respiratory system in phonation.

PHONATION

The sound-producing apparatus of the body, like all musical instruments, has three main parts: the motor (the mechanism of breathing), the vibrator (the inner edges of the vocal bands, two ligaments backed by muscle, fastened at the ends and on the outer edges to the cartilages of the larynx, at the top of the windpipe), and the resonator (the chambers of the throat and head). In addition, it has another part, possessed by no other musical instrument: the articulator (the tongue, lips, jaws, teeth, and palates). We shall take up phonation, or the vibration and resonation of sound, in this chapter, leaving the subject of articulation to a later chapter.

When air is expelled from the lungs in exhalation, it must pass through the trachea and between the vocal bands. In ordinary breathing, these bands, which act as a muscular valve, roughly like a small coin divided in the middle, are separated so that the air-passage is not obstructed. In vocalization the vocal bands are brought together. The air, forced out between the bands, produces vibration, which sets up sound waves in the pharynx, mouth, and nasal passages.

Sound waves are progressive disturbances in some medium, whose characteristics depend upon the vibration rate or frequency of the vibrator, the nature of the vibrator and the resonator, and the force of the vibration. In air, under normal conditions, sound travels at the rate of 1100 feet per second. Let us take the illustration of a violin. The performer passes his bow across the string, which is tuned to a certain frequency. As the string vibrates, powerfully or gently according to the force of the bowing, it sets up sound waves, one for each vibration (plus the many more vibrations of the overtones). These sound waves, resonated and amplified by the hollow box of the violin, travel swiftly in all directions until they strike the eardrums of a listener.

The vibrating instrument not only vibrates as a whole but also

in segments. That is, a string or reed producing a sound at the pitch of middle C vibrates 256 times per second as a whole. Each half simultaneously vibrates 512 times per second (since the pitch rises as the string is shortened). Each quarter vibrates 1024 times per second, and so on. There may be as many as twenty-one overtones, or partials (as the simultaneous vibration of segments is called), in one string. These overtones make up the "quality" of a sound. A "pure" sound from an instrument (vibrating only as a whole, actually of rare occurrence except in non-musical objects) is a very uninteresting sound. Only when the resonators pick out for amplification certain of the overtones of the desired sound is the result pleasing.

When a speaker makes the sound of "ah," let us say, at middle C on the musical scale, he adjusts the tension of his vocal bands so that the air forced out through the glottis (the opening between the vocal bands) vibrates them about 256 times per second. The sound waves set up by these vibrations and by the vibrations of the overtones resound in the throat, mouth, and nasal passages so that the resulting tone has complexity, amplification, and "quality." The tongue is flattened and the lips opened, shaping the flexible articulators for the sound of "ah."

Analogies of other musical instruments may make clearer this matter of phonation. Hold a rubber band between the fingers and pluck it. Visibly vibrating, it makes a flat, harsh sound. When you stretch the band, the pitch of the sound rises. Holding the vibrating band over the mouth of a glass slightly amplifies the sound. The violin string performs in exactly the same way. Stretched between two nails on a board and bowed, it vibrates according to its tension and sends out a thin sound, more musical than that of the rubber band, but still far short of the brilliant tone that a musician can produce with the same string stretched over the bridge of a costly violin. The difference between the two sounds lies in the size and shape and quality of the resonator. In the one case the resonator was a plain board; in the other it was a scientifically shaped box made out of rare, carefully seasoned wood. The board acted as a mere sound reënforcer. The violin augmented and harmonized the beautiful overtones. The difference between one violin and another, or the difference between a violin and a piano or the voices of two people, is determined by

the overtones of each individual instrument. The Bell Telephone Laboratories have put out a very interesting series of records illustrating acoustical phenomena. Among them is one (B.T.L.-4-A) showing that, with all the overtones filtered out, three instruments, a piano, a cello, and a French horn, all sounded at the same fundamental pitch, are practically indistinguishable.

The vocal mechanism is not like a string or reed instrument, such as the violin or the clarinet, because the vocal bands are not vibrated quite like strings or reeds. The nearest analogy is the bugle, which has no reed or valves. In playing on a bugle the performer's lips are shaped and vibrated and the sound is resonated in the tube. The vocal bands are like the bugler's lips, which change their tension for changes in pitch. The trumpet, played like the bugle, adds several frequencies by changing the length of the tube through plungers or valves. All reed instruments, like saxophones and clarinets, depend upon similar changes in the length of the resonators for pitch change, since the vibrators cannot change their shape. So with wind instruments like the flute and organ, whose vibrators are interrupted blasts of air. The human voice, however, has no plungers or stops or keys to change the size of the resonators; its vibrator changes pitch mainly by changing shape and tension. Its resonators are wonderfully flexible and constructed so that part may be shut off.

The first part of the production of voice is like the stretching of the neck of an inflated toy balloon. As the air forces its way out, it vibrates the rubber between the fingers and sends out a wailing squawk. The addition of resonators makes the difference between the shrill lamentation of the balloon and the rich complexity of the spoken sound.

The phenomenon of overtones and their resonance is rather hard to grasp. If you will remember that the resonance chamber simply does to the complex sound waves set up by the vocal bands (that is, the fundamental pitch and its overtones) what the violin box and the bass horn's tube and the organ pipe do to their peculiar vibrations, then you will understand the effect even if you are not quite sure of its cause. The vocal sounds and their reflection from the resonators are simply blended in the pharynx, the mouth, and the nasal passages. For different sounds and pitches,

different overtones are brought out by the flexible resonators. That is, there is a certain amount of selectivity in resonance: Some of the overtones are suppressed, others augmented by the resonators. A vibrating tuning-fork placed on a desk is slightly resonated. If it is placed on a hollow box tuned to its frequency, the resulting sound is much stronger and better in tone. So with the voice. The best tones are those whose resonators are tuned to their frequencies.

SUMMARY OF PHONATION. A good voice is one which is firmly supported by the proper control of the muscles of exhalation, produced by healthy vocal bands that are neither too thin nor too thick nor too tense nor too lax, resonated in well-shaped head chambers, and clearly formed by the oral articulators. It has, moreover, pure tone, pleasing quality, forceful projection, and adequate range.

Exercises

The following exercises are intended to illustrate more fully the process of phonation. Where possible, the student should get a teacher of physics to explain sound in the laboratory, getting at the characteristics of pitch, quality, and volume that will be applied to voice in chapters 5 and 6. Most laboratories are equipped to demonstrate overtones.

1. Strike a tuning-fork and watch its tines blur as they vibrate. Put its stem on a desk and notice the amplification of tone. Try it on hollow boxes of various sizes, observing the differences in resonation.

2. Hum or speak while you place your finger on your larynx, then on the bridge of your nose and the cheekbones. You should be able to feel the vibrations.

3. Tap your cheek with your forefinger. Keep tapping as you open and close your mouth, stretching and relaxing the cheek. With practice you can work out a scale and hear simple tunes. You are illustrating pitch changes through changes in the size of the vibrator, which is here the air in the mouth.

4. Blow across the mouths of bottles of various sizes. The pitch changes with the size of the bottle, being highest for the smallest bottle. On a violin or guitar, bow or pluck a string.

Shorten the string by pressing a finger on various frets. See how the pitch rises as the string gets shorter.

5. Whistle up the scale to your highest note. Notice how your lips strain to make the smallest possible opening. At the low notes the opening is perceptibly larger. Again you are illustrating pitch change through change in the tension of the vibrating lips. Whistling is closely analogous to speaking, though it has neither resonators nor articulators. Try whistling into a glass or bowl and notice how much better the tone sounds. You have added a resonator.

6. Watch a locomotive from a distance. When its whistle blows, you can see the steam that produced the sound before you hear the sound itself. You can see the hammer of a distant worker fall a surprisingly long time before you hear the sound of the blow. Light travels more than 186,000 miles per second, sound only 1,100 feet per second.

7. Auditoriums for speaking or music are acoustically treated so that there will not be too much echoing of sounds. A certain amount of reverberation, however, is desirable, making the whole room into an extra resonance chamber. For music, which sustains tones longer than the speaking voice, this reverberation rate can be several seconds longer than in a hall for speaking alone. In the big NBC studio at Radio City, from which the most important symphonic concerts are broadcast, there is no reverberation at all because of the requirements of transmission. To audiences in the hall itself the music is more muffled and deadened than in other halls. How are the acoustics in your classroom? In your auditorium?

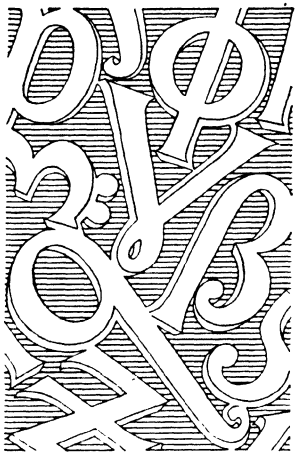
8. Get hold of a set of dinner chimes (the bar kind, mounted on a box), such as is sometimes used before "station breaks" in broadcasting studios. Slip a piece of paper between the metal vibrators and the sound-box and strike the chimes. Without a resonator the sound is flat and unmusical.

9. All objects vibrate when struck. A board, of course, has a lower vibration rate than a steel girder, but each has its fundamental frequency. A bridge can be shattered if the tramp of marching men coincides in vibration rate with that of the bridge. Therefore, soldiers break step in going across a bridge. Notice

how vases or glasses in a room may dance if certain notes are played on a violin or a piano. This is called sympathetic vibration. The sound waves set up similar vibrations in objects with the same vibration rate of the tone. Caruso could break a fragile glass by powerfully singing a note at its frequency.

10. People whose larynxes have been surgically removed because of disease or accident are sometimes taught to speak by swallowing air through the mouth and pushing it out again by means of the abdominal muscles. The ejected air is vibrated much like belching and is shaped by the usual articulators. Try to form sounds in this way. It isn't easy.

CHAPTER 4



The Sounds of Speech

ONLY THROUGH a study of the science of speech sounds can we really understand the working of our vocal apparatus. Phonetics supplies a convenient system of generally accepted symbols that exactly represent the different speech sounds, both alone and as modified by other sounds. By means of phonetics we may discover errors in the formation of sounds that might otherwise go unidentified and at the same time master a tangible body of knowledge that will help us in all speech training.

One of the main uses of phonetics is to clarify the bewildering effects of English spelling. Since we have only five vowels in our alphabet, but fifteen in actual pronunciation, we must make each one do the work of several others. The *a*, for example, is used to represent several sounds in the words *bat, hate, aisle, beam, Thames, all, father, float.* Similarly, the sound of ē may be represented by *i* (*machine*), *ei* (*receive*), *ie* (*believe*), *e* (*even*), *ea* (*sneak*), *ee* (*lee*), *ae* (*Caesar*). This confusion is immeasurably reduced by the application of the phonetic alphabet with a symbol for each sound (or rather, according to the phoneme theory, with a symbol for each group of closely related sounds).

Another function of phonetics is to record the differences among various speakers' pronunciations of the same word. Through phonetics scholars may classify dialects, showing exactly how a Yorkshireman pronounces *been* or a Virginian says *garden* or a German says *father.* It allows for a scientific comparison of British and American, for example, or Southern American and General

American. It is not only a scientific approach to accuracy in speech but, by and large, a fascinating study. Try the subject of pronunciation in any social gathering which is beginning to droop conversationally. The talk will usually brighten immediately. People are interested in pronunciation, and the phonetician has much to contribute to their information.

For voice training, phonetics provides an admirable method of examining speech habits. It is the only way to show exactly what we say, instead of what we think we say, and it is in addition a splendid form of speech exercise. Other advantages of the study of phonetics are that it trains the ear (which is closely associated with the speech equipment); it fosters clear enunciation and the establishing of patterns of good speech; it is the basis of intelligent observation of the speech of others.

Dictionary pronunciations are indicated by key words which set up standards acceptable to some but by no means to all English-speaking people. Some flexibility is apparent in the recent editions of dictionaries, which recognize changes in the language and differentiate English and American pronunciations. But we are still waiting for the phonetic dictionary which will approve of the varying pronunciations in different parts of America.

Current dictionaries are still deeply attached to the past, and they change slowly. For example, the vowel of *ear* is still listed as ē (as in *see*) in most dictionaries. The second edition of the Merriam Webster New International (1934), under the guidance of a distinguished phonetician, J. S. Kenyon, now admits that most people do not say ē in *ear* but another sound represented by the symbol ę̄. This edition of the *New International* dumps overboard a great many old unyielding pronunciations, accepting general usage in some disputed words, such as *adult, romance, abdomen.* Yet many words are still dogmatically recorded with hard and fast vowel sounds, though there may be quite acceptable variations in different sections of the country. One such word is *odd,* which is used as a key word. Yet in some sections *odd* is pronounced with the vowel closer to that of *all* than to that of *father* (which also has variations). The makers of dictionaries still insist that *horrid* and *forest* be pronounced with the vowel of *odd,* yet the majority of Americans use the vowel of *all* in these words.

Obviously, phonetics cannot establish universal standards any

more than the dictionaries can. It is useful not necessarily in recording what ought to be heard, but what actually is heard. Phoneticians can usually afford to be more liberal about matters of usage than lexicographers. It must be remembered that phonetics is a tool, a system of arbitrary symbols, not a language. Its correct use depends entirely upon an accurate perception of the formation of speech sounds.

The International Phonetic Alphabet provides a complete system of recording speech sounds. It is, however, unnecessary for the beginner to plunge into the deeply controversial problems of phonetics, mastering all the symbols for all possible sounds. A somewhat abridged table is given here, together with key words for each symbol. You must understand that the key words are by no means absolute. They are chosen on the basis of average General American pronunciation and are not intended to be universal standards of correct pronunciation. Variations in the key words from the sounds represented by the given symbols must be carefully noted by the individual speaker. For example, he may pronounce *father* with the sound of [ɔ] rather than with the sound of [ɑ], or he may pronounce *house* with the sounds of [aʊ] or [æʊ] or [ɜʊ] rather than with [ɑʊ]. In every case the student must verify his own pronunciation of the key words.

THE VOWELS

1. [i] = dictionary ē, as in *eat, lee*: [it], [li].
2. [ɪ] = dictionary ĭ, ę̄(r), ĭ, ê, as in *hit, tin, here, charity, event*: [hɪt], [tɪn], [hɪr], ['tʃærɪtɪ], [ɪ'vɛnt].
3. [e] = dictionary â, as in *débris, locate*: [de'bri], ['loʊket]. (Stressed ā, as in *late, main,* is a diphthong, written [eɪ]: [leɪt], [meɪn].)
4. [ɛ] = dictionary ĕ, â(r), as in *met, ten, care*: [mɛt], [tɛn], [kɛr] (sometimes [kær]).
5. [æ] = dictionary ă, as in *hat, tan*: [hæt], [tæn].
*6. [a] = dictionary à, as in some pronunciations of *dance, bath*: [dans], [baθ]; (more often in General American [dæns], [bæθ]).
7. [ɑ] = dictionary ä, ŏ, as in *father, arm, odd*: ['fɑðɚ], [ɑrm], [ɑd].

*8. [ɒ] = dictionary o͡o, ŏ, as in some pronunciations of *not, hot, God, soft, long, sorry*: [nɒt], [hɒt], [gɒd], [sɒft], [lɒŋ], [sɒrɪ] (more often in G.A. [nɑt], [hɑt], [gɑd], [sɔft], [lɔŋ], ['sɑrɪ]).

9. [ɔ] = dictionary ô, ŏ, as in *law, all*: [lɔ], [ɔl].

10. [ʌ] = dictionary ŭ, as in *but, tub*: [bʌt], [tʌb].

11. [o] = dictionary ō, as in *obey, tobacco*: [o'beɪ], [tə'bæko]. (Stressed ō, as in *old, snow*, is a diphthong, written [oʊ]: [oʊld], [snoʊ].)

12. [ʊ] = dictionary o͝o, as in *pull, foot*: [pʊl], [fʊt].

13. [u] = dictionary o͞o, as in *fool, blue*: [ful], [blu].

14. [ə] = dictionary *ă, ȧ, ĕ, ŏ, ŭ*, as in *account, sofa, silent, connect, circus*: [ə'kɑʊnt], ['soʊfə], ['saɪlənt], [kə'nɛkt], ['sɝkəs].

**[ɚ]: unstressed *er* = dictionary ẽr, as in *butter*: ['bʌtɚ], as pronounced in G.A. When the *r* is not pronounced in unstressed *er*, the symbol is [ə]: ['bʌtə].

**15. [ɝ] = dictionary û, as in *bird, her*: [bɝd], [hɝ], when the *r* is pronounced.

[ɜ] represents the sound in *bird, her*, when the *r* is not pronounced: [bɜd], [hɜ].

* Be sure that these sounds are characteristic of your natural speech before applying them to yourself. [æ] is more common than [a], which is an acquired sound in this country.

** [ɚ] and [ɝ] are not in the International Phonetic Alphabet. For their source see J. S. Kenyon, *American Pronunciation*, Wahr, 1940.

THE DIPHTHONGS

1. [aɪ] = dictionary ī, as in *ice, aisle*: [aɪs], [aɪl].

2. [ɑʊ] = dictionary ou, as in *house, bough*: [hɑʊs], [bɑʊ].

3. [ɔɪ] = dictionary oi, as in *oil, void*: [ɔɪl], [vɔɪd].

4. [eɪ] = dictionary ā, as in *late, main*: [leɪt], [meɪn]. (See Vowel 3.)

5. [oʊ] = dictionary ō, as in *old, snow*: [oʊld], [snoʊ]. (See Vowel 11.)

6. [ju] = dictionary ū, as in *you, feud*: [ju], [fjud].
   This is not, strictly speaking, a true diphthong. *Tune* and *tube* are pronounced [tjun], [tjub], but also, commonly, [tun], [tub]. Some speakers combine [ɪ] and [ʊ] for the long *u* sound.
7. [jʊ] = dictionary ů, as in *unite*: [jʊˈnaɪt].

Speakers who "drop their r's" have five more diphthongs: [ɪə], [ɛə], [ʊə], [ɔə], [oə], as in *here,* [hɪə], *there,* [ðɛə], *moor,* [mʊə], *pour,* [pɔə] or [poə]. For speakers who pronounce the *r,* these words would be recorded [hɪr], [ðɛr], [mʊr], [pɔr] or [por].

THE CONSONANTS

1. [b], as in *bid, cab*: [bɪd], [kæb].
2. [d], as in *dip, bad*: [dɪp], [bæd].
3. [f], as in *fine, leaf*: [faɪn], [lif].
4. [g], as in *go, egg*: [goʊ], [ɛg].
5. [h], as in *ham, humor*: [hæm], [ˈhjumɚ].
6. [j], as in *yes, yet, onion*: [jɛs], [jɛt], [ˈʌnjən].
7. [k], as in *count, key*: [kɑʊnt], [ki].
8. [l], as in *let, tell*: [lɛt], [tɛl].
9. [m], as in *mad, dam*: [mæd], [dæm].
10. [n], as in *nod, man*: [nɑd], [mæn].
11. [p], as in *peace, pip*: [pis], [pɪp].
12. [r], as in *red, drip*: [rɛd], [drɪp].
13. [s], as in *cent, sits*: [sɛnt], [sɪts].
14. [t], as in *team, tight*: [tim], [taɪt].
15. [v], as in *veil, dive*: [veɪl], [daɪv].
16. [w], as in *watch, war*: [wɑtʃ] or [wɔtʃ], [wɔr].
17. [z], as in *zero, buzz*: [zɪro] or [ziro], [bʌz].

Eight new symbols for consonant sounds not included in the conventional letters are added:

18. [ŋ], as in *hung, sing*: [hʌŋ], [sɪŋ].
19. [ʃ], as in *ship, dish*: [ʃɪp], [dɪʃ].
20. [ʒ], as in *pleasure, casual*: [ˈplɛʒɚ], [ˈkæʒʊəl].
21. [θ], as in *thin, width*: [θɪn], [wɪdθ].
22. [ð], as in *thine, lithe*: [ðaɪn], [laɪð].
23. [ʍ], as in *where, what*: [ʍɛr], ʍɑt].
24. [tʃ], as in *church, choose*: [tʃɝtʃ], [tʃuz].
25. [dʒ], as in *judge, gem*: [dʒʌdʒ], [dʒɛm].

Some notes:

[g] is always as in *go.* "Soft g" is usually [dʒ].
[j] has the sound of *y. j,* as in *jump,* is [dʒ].
[s] and [z]: [s] is always a hissed, voiceless sound; [z] is voiced: *ghost,* [goʊst]; *goes,* [goʊz].
Written *c* = [s] or [k]: *cent,* [sɛnt]; *crush,* [krʌʃ].
Written *q* = [kw]: *quick,* [kwɪk]. But note *unique,* [jʊ'nik].
Written *x* = [ks] or [gs]: *expect,* [ək'spɛkt]; *exult,* [ɪg'zʌlt].
Written *y* = [j]: *yacht,* [jɑt].

In unstressed syllables, the vowel sounds are usually [ə] or [ɪ] (sometimes [ʊ]). Look in an unabridged dictionary for a list of stressed and unstressed forms. In connected speech we use the weak (unstressed) form of many words. *The,* for instance, is usually [ðə] before a word beginning with a consonant, [ðɪ] before one beginning with a vowel. *To* is [tə] before a consonant, [tʊ] before a vowel.

When the *r* (between vowels or final) is pronounced, it is written as [r] after [ɛ], [ɔ], [ɑ], [ɪ], [ʊ], [æ], [o]. [ɝ] is the stressed symbol for syllables with the vowel of *bird.* When the *er* syllable is unstressed, as in *father,* the symbol is [ɚ]. In both these examples, if the *r* is not pronounced, the symbols are [ɜ] and [ə].

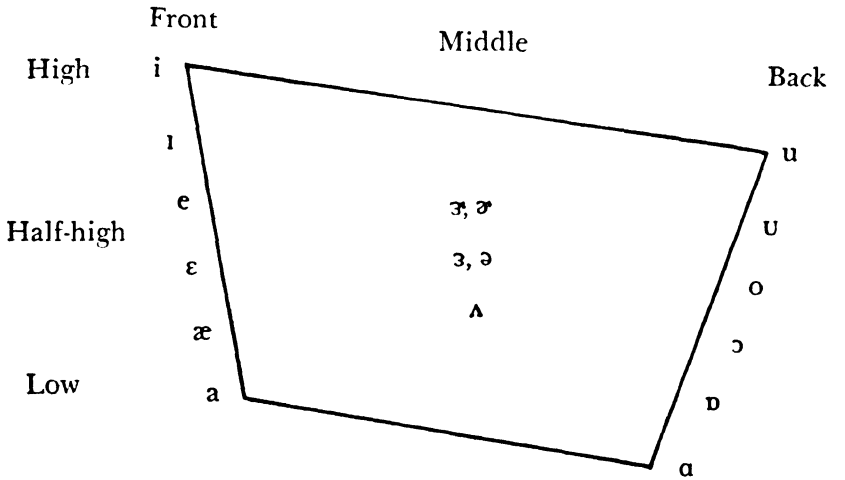
Note that when *er,* either stressed or unstressed, is followed by another syllable beginning with a vowel the [r] is pronounced: [fɝ] or [fɚ], but [fɚrɪ]; [bʌtɚ] or [bʌtə], but [bʌtərɪŋ].

For simple phonetics these symbols are adequate. By means of them nearly every American sound can be recorded. A few diacritical marks may help in exact transcriptions: ' = the primary accent, made above and to the left of the stressed syllable, as in ['praɪmərɪ]; ˌ = the secondary accent, below and to the left of the stressed syllable, as in [ɪgˌzæmɪ'neɪʃn̩]; : = the sign of lengthening, as in [kɑ:], the pronunciation of *car* without an *r*; ˜, the sign of nasalization, as in [kæ̃nt], *can't;* a mark under [n̩], [l̩], [m̩], or [r̩] indicates that it is a consonant with the quality and value of a vowel, a syllabic consonant.

You may notice that often there are differences within the same sound. For example, the two sounds of [ɪ] in *city,* [sɪtɪ], or the initial and final [l] of the word *lull* are not quite alike. Yet they are

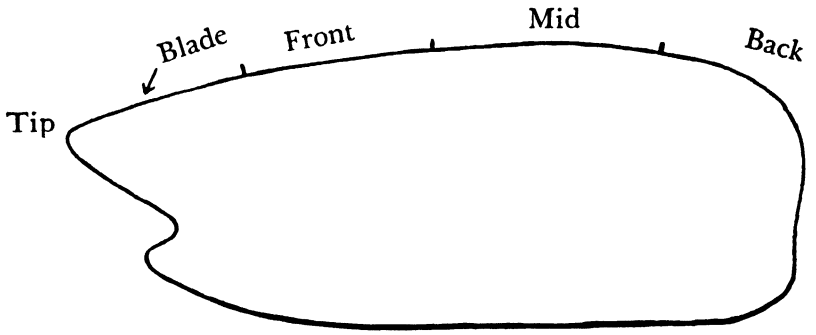
recorded with the same symbols. In other words, each phonetic symbol stands for a group of very closely related sounds. We call such groups *phonemes.* Variations within the same phoneme may, however, be disregarded by the beginning student.

You can better understand the vowels if you know something of their physical formation. Vowels are unobstructed speech sounds made by changing the size and shape of the mouth cavity. The desired vowel is instinctively formed by shifts in the position of the tongue and lips. The relative placement of the vowels may be represented graphically as follows:



This figure, which must be regarded merely as an aid to the classification of vowels, rather than as an anatomically accurate diagram, represents the position of the front, central, and back parts of the tongue. [i] is pronounced with the front of the tongue raised as high as possible. [ɪ], [e], [ɛ], [æ], and [a], all known as front vowels, are pronounced with the front of the tongue and the lower jaw in a gradually lowered position. [ɑ] is formed with the back of the tongue as low as possible in the mouth. The other back vowels are made by gradually raising the back of the tongue and the lower jaw. The remaining vowels are known as the middle vowels and are formed by raising the middle of the tongue. (Vowel classification is sometimes made by description of the placement in

the mouth, by the tension of the tongue, and by the position of the lips. Thus [i] is a high, front, tense, unrounded vowel; [o] is a half-high, back, relaxed, rounded vowel.) The tip of the tongue is held behind the lower front teeth in pronouncing all vowels. What is called the front of the tongue is actually some distance behind the tip and blade. Following is a tongue diagram:



The diphthongs are combinations of vowel sounds blending into what to the untrained ear may seem to be single sounds. Because of the rapidity of tongue shifts, diphthongs are often badly formed. Thus [aɪ] may shade off into [a], or the first element of [ɑʊ] may become [æ] or [æ̃], or [ɔɪ] may become [ɔr] or [ɝ]. Care must be taken to place the sounds correctly.

Consonants are sounds obstructed by the lips, tongue, teeth, etc. They are not, like the vowels, primarily musical sounds depending for their quality on the resonators (though [m], [n], [ŋ], [r], and [l] have some of the characteristics of vowels). Many of them are actually voiceless, such as [s], [t], [f], [θ], and are simply the interference with the breath stream without vibration of the vocal cords. Vowels properly formed and resonated produce good tone color; consonants, properly formed, produce clarity of articulation. Much of our speech is faulty, not because we have poor vocal equipment, but because we fail to use our lips and tongues vigorously in forming our consonants. The result is slovenly enunciation.

Sometimes consonants are classified according to the places in which they are formed, as

The Labials (lip-consonants): [m], [p], [b], [w], [ʍ], [f], [v].

The Dentals (teeth-consonants): [θ], [ð].

The Alveolars (gum-ridge consonants): [t], [d], [n], [l], [r], [s], [z], [ʃ], [ʒ].

The Velars (back-of-tongue consonants): [k], [g], [ŋ].

A better classification is according to the type of obstruction (or what Kenyon calls the kind of contact or narrowing of the speech organs). The *stops,* or *plosives,* for which the breath is completely stopped by the contacts of lips or tongue and velum (the soft palate), are [p], [b], [t], [d], [k], and [g]. The *fricatives,* friction-sounds, are [f], [v], [θ], [ð], [h], [ʍ]. Among the fricatives are listed the *sibilants,* or hissed consonants: [s], [z], [ʃ], [ʒ]. The *affricates,* combining stopped sounds with the fricatives, are [tʃ] and [dʒ]. The *sonorants* include the *nasals,* [m], [n], [ŋ], the *lateral* [l], and the *glides,* [w], [j], and [r].

A further classification into voiced and voiceless consonants may be helpful. The voiced consonants are [b], [d], [g] [v], [ð], [z], [ʒ], [dʒ], [m], [n], [ŋ], [l], [w], [j], [r]; the voiceless consonants are [p], [t], [k], [f], [θ], [s], [ʃ], [tʃ], [ʍ], [h]. All the consonants except [h], [m], [n], [ŋ], [l], [j], [r] are paired. The pairs are as follows, the first of each pair being the voiceless sound, the second voiced:

[p], [b]	[f], [v]	[ʃ], [ʒ]
[t], [d]	[θ], [ð]	[ʍ], [w]
[k], [g]	[s], [z]	[tʃ], [dʒ]

Each pair is formed in exactly the same way, except that one member of the pair involves the vibration of the vocal cords, while the other does not. Try the two sounds of [t] and [d]. Notice that the blade of the tongue is held against the upper teeth and then separated in a little explosion in exactly the same way for both. The only difference is that the vocal cords are used in producing the [d] and only the interrupted breath stream for the [t].

In recording your speech phonetically you must not make precise transcription an end in itself. The process of listening to all the sounds of every word will sharpen your ear and make you sensitive to variations in pronunciation. It should also make you go more slowly and form your sounds more carefully, thus improving your enunciation. Don't give too much attention to overnice shades of pronunciation.

STANDARDS OF SPEECH

There is some danger of too great emphasis on "correctness." Often the dictionary is taken too literally, or an arbitrary standard of English (usually that of New England) is forced upon those whose natural speech may not seem to conform. We are not very seriously fooled these days by any hangover of British standards. Few of us have any intention of saying ['ʃɛdjʊl] for schedule or [bin] for *been,* any more than we would ask for *petrol* at the gasoline-station or go up in a *lift.* However, some teachers with an air of elegance demand ['laɪbrɪ] for *library,* ['læbrətrɪ] or [lə'bɔrətrɪ] for *laboratory,* ['aɪðə] for *either,* etc. A profound respect lingers for [ɑ] in words of the class of *ask, half, dance,* a survival of the days when the speech of Southern England was regarded as the *ne plus ultra.* This sound is, of course, deeply entrenched in New England and in stage speech. There is nothing quite so absurd as those who would normally say [æ] in words like *task, master, advantage,* but who suddenly learn that [ɑ] in words like these is supposed to be more refined and thereupon self-consciously use it whenever they run across any manifestation of what they consider the vulgar [æ]. They are responsible for such affectations as [hɑnd], [ɑnd], [bɑt], and [grɑnd] for *hand, and, bat,* and *grand.*

On the whole, of course, the dictionary is a dependable reference book. We may confidently consult it for authority on stress, which is the chief bugbear of most problems of pronunciation. That is, twenty people will be troubled about what syllable to accent in *irrevocable,* let us say, or *exquisite,* to one who will notice the difference between ['ɔrɪndʒ] and ['ɑrɪndʒ] or [rʊf] and [ruf], and want to know which is right. As a matter of fact, most of us are fairly indifferent to dictionary standards, except for long "reading" words. We say ['roʊmæns] and ['æbdomən] and ['risɚtʃ] and ['ædʌlt] in spite of what the dictionaries have ruled in the past. Now the dictionaries are coming around to accept these as pronunciations established by usage. But there are still some definite rights and wrongs, although no one knows what changes will be accepted in the future. It is probable, for example, that in spite of common army practice the *cavalry* unit will be pronounced ['kævəlrɪ], not ['kælvərɪ], and that *illegible* will not become [ɪn'ɛlɪdʒɪbl], *mischievous,* [mɪs'tʃivɪəs] and *height* [haɪtθ]. Yet who would have thought that

the combined efforts of filling-station men, motorists, and newsboys could have any effect on the language? They have put their pronunciation of *route* into the dictionaries as [raʊt], in spite of those of us who know it should be [rut]. We must certainly be careful not to be too dogmatic about pronunciation. A hundred fifty years ago ['fæðɚ], [baɪl], ['sɑrvənt], and [gʊd] were correct for *father, boil, servant,* and *good.* Who knows what changes are to come?

We must in any event avoid establishing any rigid rules applying to words that may be differently pronounced in different parts of the country. The Northerner who says [blaʊs] and [grisɪ] and [hag] is no more or no less right than the Southerner who says [blaʊz], [grizɪ], and [hɔg]. The man from ['bastn̩] or ['ɔrəgan] or [nə'vædə] may disagree with those who prefer ['bɔstn̩] and ['ɑrəgan] and [nə'vadə], but all are probably right. The Kansan who says ['wɔtɚ] and [aɪ'diə] and [greɪt] and [ænt] might wonder at the Virginian who says ['watə] and ['aɪdɪə] and [grɛt] and [ant], and he would certainly be amused at the Virginian's [ɜʊt] and [əbɜʊt], but neither of them would look up such simple words in the dictionary to decide which pronunciation was right and which wrong. Both might be right in most of these words, though both might have colloquial errors that are definitely wrong. That is, while we must be liberal about some vowel differences, especially among [æ], [a], and [ɑ] and among [ɑ], [ɒ], and [ɔ], we must not overlook stupid, vulgar, or provincial mistakes in pronunciation. For example [lɛnθ] for *length* is wrong wherever it is heard; so are [rɪntʃ] for *rinse,* ['tɜrɪbl] for *terrible,* ['sɪŋgɚ] for *singer,* ['madrən] for *modern,* [ˌprɛspɪ'reɪʃn] for *perspiration,* [puʃ] for *push,* ['fʌðɚ] for *further,* [srɪmp] for *shrimp.* In short, let's not be too "pure" in our requirements about pronunciation. Between [fɪ'næns] and ['faɪnæns], ['ɪsolet] and ['aɪsolet], [əd'vɜtɪzmənt] and [ˌædvɚ'taɪzmənt], [glædɪ'oʊləs] and [glə'daɪələs], ['mardʒərin] and ['marɡərɪn], ['lɛdʒnd] and ['lidʒnd], ['ɪləstret] and [ɪ'lʌstret], [ɜb] and [hɜb], ['sinɪk] and ['sɛnɪk], [tə'meɪto] and [tə'mato], and many, many others there is no choice worth fighting about. *But* let's not be too generous about pronunciations that are still (whatever they may be in 1980) wrong!

There is, then, no absolute standard of American English pronunciation. Other countries have traditional bodies, academies or stage societies or governmental agencies, or, as in England, a

dominant social group, to establish standards of speech. All other languages, even British English, are broken up into many dialects, some speakers of the same race not being able to understand each other's speech. The pronunciation in Bavaria, for example, is markedly different from that in Prussia. Yorkshiremen and Cockneys in England might as well be speaking different languages. In America, we have no dialects so divergent that a speaker cannot be understood in any part of the country. There are differences, of course, and a New Yorker may find himself occasionally confused by the speech of Mississippians, or a traveler from Maine might get into difficulties in Iowa. But on the whole, except for variations in language tune (that is, the patterns of pitch changes), a few pronunciations, and still fewer idioms, the differences in American usage are comparatively slight.

For those who want to have some definite aim in seeking good speech, the best model might be that of the educated, intelligent, traveled people in their own community. Dr. J. S. Kenyon, in "A Guide to Pronunciation," Webster's *New International Dictionary*, writes: "The standard of English pronunciation, so far as a standard may be said to exist, is the usage that now prevails among the educated and cultured people to whom the language is vernacular; but, . . . since somewhat different pronunciations are used by the cultured in different regions too large to be ignored, we must frankly admit the fact that at present, uniformity of pronunciation is not to be found throughout the English-speaking world, though there is a very large percentage of practical uniformity." This so-called regional standard of speech admits differences in pronunciation in three major speech areas in the United States.

These three main dialects are the Eastern (usually thought of as including New York City and New England, though there is some difference between these two sections), the Southern (including all the states south of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Missouri, except West Virginia, and most of Texas), and the General American (beginning east of the Hudson River in New York and western New England, and spreading fanwise to include most of the country all the way to the Pacific). Within these dialects are many smaller dialects peculiar to certain groups of people, such as the mountain speech of the Appalachians, the Gullah dialect of South Carolina negroes, and the Pennsylvania Dutch speech. And, of course, it must be understood that the divisions are by no means

mutually exclusive. Especially on the geographical borders of the main regions there is a mingling of the dialects. The influence of the radio and the moving pictures, too, may account for some leveling of the speech differences in various parts of the country.

The actual differences among the three dialects are not numerous, except in the qualities of pitch, tempo, and intonation that we call "accent" (to be taken up in the next two chapters). Some of these differences are as follows. In both the Eastern and Southern dialects the "r" sound following after a vowel is usually not pronounced; in General American there is a clear, sometimes burred "r." In parts of New England (and occasionally in Eastern Virginia) [ɑ] or [a] in words of the class of *ask, command, half* is the usual sound; General American prefers [æ]. The Southerner and New Englander usually say [tjun] and [njuz]; the General American speaker says [tun] and [nuz]. [w] and [ʍ] get mixed up in words of the *which, when* group. Professor C. K. Thomas, of Cornell University, says that in GA [w] is "primarily a big-city pronunciation in words of this type; [ʍ] is a small-city, country pronunciation." The GA speaker prefers the [s] in words like *greasy, hussy, blouse.* The Southerner prefers [z].

This is far from being a complete list of differences among the three dialects. Here it is enough to recognize that there *are* differences, even though in our restless migratory habits we tend to mix up speech classifications rather badly, and our radio listening is bringing in new standards of speech to imitate, so that more and more we tend to sound alike. The ideal seems to be something like a general standard in which our speech would not obviously belong in any class or locality. That is an important requirement in the announcers in our big broadcasting studios. Nevertheless, we have no reason to be ashamed of our regional differences and should be in no hurry to set up any rigorous rules for a universal standard of speech.

The following three selections are transcribed from the speech of representatives of various parts of the United States:

Franklin D. Roosevelt: Eastern Speech:

'prɛzədənt 'hu:və, 'mɪstə 'tʃɪf 'dʒʌstɪs, 'maɪ 'frɛndz. ðɪs ɪz ə 'deɪ ɒv næʃnl kɑnsɪ'kreɪʃn, ənd aɪ æm sətn ðət ɑn ðɪs 'deɪ maɪ 'fɛlou ə'mɛrɪknz ək'spɛkt ðət ɑn maɪ ɪn'dʌkʃn ɪntə ðə 'prɛzədənsɪ aɪ wɪl ə'drɛs ðɛm wɪð eɪ 'kændə ænd eɪ də'sɪʒn wɪtʃ ðə 'prɛzənt sɪtʃu'eɪʃn əv 'ɑ:ə 'pipl ɪm'pɛlz. ðɪs ɪz pri'ɛmənəntlɪ ðə 'taɪm tə 'spi:k ðə tru:θ, ðə houl tru:θ, 'frænklɪ

ænd 'bouldlɪ. nɔ:ə ni:d wi 'ʃrɪŋk frəm 'ɑnəstlɪ 'feɪsɪŋ kən'dɪʃnz ɪn ɑ:ə 'kʌntrɪ tə'deɪ. ðɪs greɪt 'neɪʃn wɪl ɪn'djuə æz ɪt hæz ɪn'djuəd, wɪl rə'vaɪv ænd wɪl 'prɑspə. so fɜ:st əv ɔ:l lɛt mi ə'sɜ:t maɪ fɜ:m bə'lif ðæt ðɪ ounlɪ θɪŋ wi hæv tu fɪə ɪz fɪər ɪt'sɛlf. 'neɪmləs, ʌn'dʒʌstɪfaɪd tɛrə wɪtʃ 'pɛrəlaɪzəz 'ni:dəd 'ɛfət tu kən'vɜt rɛ'trit ɪntu əd'vænts.

Inaugural Address, March 4, 1933
From *American Speech,* February, 1934

Dorothy Thompson: General American

aɪ əm 'æbsəlutlɪ kən'vɪnst ðæt ɪt ɪz ðə most 'sɪrɪəs po'lɪtɪkl mɪ'steɪk tu ə'tɛmpt tə tɔk daun tə ðɪ ə'mɛrɪkən pipl æt ðɪs 'moumənt ʌv ɑr 'hɪstərɪ. fɔr ən ə'mɛns ə'maunt əv 'dʒɛnjuɪn 'pʌblɪk ɛdʒu'keɪʃn həz bɪn 'goɪŋ ɑn ɪn ðɪs 'kʌntrɪ, ɛdʒu'keɪʃn ɪn 'pʌblɪk ə'fɛrz, ænd fɔr ðæt ðɪ oupn 'fɔrəm 'sɜtnlɪ dɪ'zɜvz ə greɪt dil əv 'krɛdɪt. dɪ'zaɪrəbl əbʌv ɔl tə maɪ maɪnd ɪz ðə rə'vaɪv] əv dɪ'beɪt ænd ðɪ ən'kʌrɪdʒmənt əv ðə 'pʌblɪk 'hɛklə. ðə 'reɪdɪo, ivn ɪn 'kʌntrɪz mər ɪt ɪz nɑt kən'trould, hæz 'sɪrɪəs dɪsə'bɪlətɪz. ɪt ɪn'trɛntʃɪz ðə wʌn weɪ 'spitʃ.

Speech made at America's Town Meeting of the Air, Nov. 5, 1936. From *American Speech,* October, 1938

Student speaker from Eastern Virginia:

ɔn ðə naɪt əv 'fɛbju¸ɛrɪ fɪf, ə'nʌðə fɛlə nd aɪ meɪd au ə'skeɪp frəm auə 'hæuzɪz raɪt hɪə ɪn tæun nd 'æftə 'æskɪŋ auə weɪ θru ə 'tɛrɪbl fɔg sɛt ɜut ɪn maɪ kɑ: ə'pʌn ə su'pɔb 'simənt roud tɔdz ðə hɜus əv maɪ ɑnt, ʌɪtʃ ɪz 'rɑðə nɪə ðɪ ɛdʒ əv ə 'fɑrəst. aɪ wəz ɪgə nɑt tə srɪŋk frəm ðə 'mɔrəl 'djudɪ aɪ həd ɪm'pouzd əpʌn·maɪ'sɛlf əv 'gɪvɪŋ hɜ n 'ækjərɪt 'aɪdɪə əv ðə 'prɑdəstənt kən'sɛpʃn əv gɒd. aɪ m ə 'bæptɪst, nd maɪ frɛnd ə prɛzbɪ'tɪrɪən. wi wə 'eɪbl tə 'fɑlə ðə meɪn raut 'rɑðə 'izɪlɪ, nd ət lɛŋθ ə'raɪvd ət hə 'doə. ʃi æsk əs ɪn nd ɪ'mɪdɪətlɪ put səm 'wɔtə ɔn ðə 'faɪə tə bɔl. aɪ hæd 'kɔfɪ, meɪd ɪn ə 'pəkjəleɪtə, bət dʒou prɪ'fəd hat 'tʃaklɪt, nd ʃi hə'sɛlf tuk mɪlk.

Study your own speech and that of the people around you. Learn to detect differences in use of vowels and accent of syllables. Use your dictionary but be careful that you do not accept a pronunciation that is at variance with that of the majority of well-educated people in your own region, even though it is the only one given. Discard pronunciations that are apparently provincial. But don't surrender to affectations. Don't try to be overnice. On the other hand, don't think that correct speech is only for highbrows.

Exercises

1. Transcribe phonetically the following sentences, recording as nearly as you can the pronunciations that may be considered standard for your speech. Note carefully differences between what you actually say and what you think you ought to say. Compare your transcriptions with those of other students from other sections of the country or state, observing differences in pronunciations:

A. *The student body at our college is just large enough so that classes are not too crowded, nor is it too small to have interesting exchange of ideas from many parts of the country.*

B. *From the post-office she got a huge box of oranges and a smaller one of chocolates.*

C. *We take courses in history, English, geography, and chemistry.*

D. *A fog came up, and we had to take refuge in an old house, whose roof was half fallen in and all the windows out.*

E. *My friend was a lieutenant in a Massachusetts regiment.*

2. The following selection contains many words that have variant forms in different parts of the country. It may be used as a general test of your pronunciation:

On the night of February fifth, another fellow and I made our escape from our houses right here in town and after asking our way through a terrible fog set out in my car upon a superb cement road towards the house of my aunt, which is rather near the edge of a forest. I was eager not to shrink from the moral duty I had imposed upon myself of giving her an accurate idea of the Protestant conception of God. I am a Baptist, and my friend a Presbyterian. We were able to follow the main route rather easily, and at length arrived at her door.

She asked us in and immediately put some water on the fire to boil. I had coffee, made in a percolator, but Joe preferred hot chocolate, and she herself took milk. I saw a dish of shrimp and some delicious oranges in the ice-box, but she did not offer us anything else. Then we had to rinse and wash the dishes, and I got myself into a horrid perspiration getting a can of coal-oil from the floor of a sort of coop behind the house and putting some of it in the stove. I did not mind trying to help, for I thought that it was important to get her into the right spirit.

"How is your mother?" she finally asked. "I've been afraid that she might be sick again. She does such absurd things. I heard that she went to a dance with too much rouge on."

"You've got to humor her," I replied with a laugh. "She's collecting United Cigar coupons now. I wish she'd get a better hobby: keep a garden, make needle-point pillows, learn to be a singer, or even push on further and try to paint pictures."

Just then my aunt gave a great shriek, and I saw that the roof must be leaking; there was already quite a bulge in the plaster. I went up to fix it, and by the time I came down it was late. My aunt was telling Joe about some fellow who had the cruelty to whip his poor child to death and then to bury its naked body in his garden. After a short period of time, however, he had been convicted by the presence of a significant lock of hair.

3. "The Young Rat" is another test in general pronunciation. It has been used very widely, and many records of American Speech have been issued by the Victor Talking Machine Co. (now made by the Linguaphone Institute), based on the reading of "The Young Rat" by speakers from many sections.

Once there was a young rat who couldn't make up his mind. Whenever the other rats asked him if he would like to come out with them, he would answer, "I don't know." And when they said, "Would you like to stop at home?" he wouldn't say yes or no either. He would always shirk making a choice. One day his aunt said to him, "Now, look here. No one will ever care for you if you carry on like this. You have no more mind than a blade of grass." The young rat coughed and looked wise as usual, but said nothing.

"Don't you think so?" said his aunt, stamping with her foot, for she couldn't bear to see the young rat so cold-blooded. "I don't know," was all the young rat ever answered. And then he would walk off to think for an hour whether he would stay in his hole in the ground or go out in the loft.

One night the rats heard a great noise in the loft. It was a very dreary old loft. The roof let in the rain; the beams and rafters were all rotten, so that the place was rather unsafe. At last one of the joists gave way and the beams fell with one end on the floor. The walls shook and all the rats' hair stood on end with fear and horror.

"This won't do," said the chief. "We must leave this place." So they sent out scouts to search for a new home. In the night the scouts came back and said they had found an old coop of a barn where there would be room and board for them all. At once the chief gave the order, "Form in line!" The rats crawled out of their holes and stood on the floor in a long line.

Just then the old rat caught sight of young Grip (that was the name of the shirker). He wasn't in the line and he wasn't exactly outside of it. He stood just by it. "Why don't you speak?" said the old rat coarsely. "Of course you are coming." "I don't know," said Grip calmly. "The idea of it! Why, you don't think it is safe, do you?" "I am not certain," said young Grip, undaunted. "The roof may not come down yet." "Well," said the old rat, "we can't wait for you to join us. Right about face! March!" And the long line marched out of the loft while the young rat watched them. "I think I'll go tomorrow," he said to himself. "But then again I don't know. It's so nice and snug here. I think I'll go back to my hole under the log for a bit just to make up my mind."

That night there was a big crash. Down came beams, rafters, joists, the whole roof. Next morning it was a foggy day. Some men came to look at the loft. They thought it odd that it wasn't haunted by rats, but at last one of them happened to move a board, and he caught sight of a young rat quite dead, half in and half out of the hole. Thus the shirker had his due.

4. Read the following sentences phonetically transcribed in the General American dialect. Note pronunciations that differ from your own. Notice that in connected speech the unstressed words receive the unstressed vowels, and that some short words like *and* may lose their vowel altogether. Strictly speaking, there should be no conventional punctuation in phonetic transcription. It is included here for the sake of convenience. The stress marks for accented syllables may be omitted except in words whose pronunciation might otherwise be doubtful.

A. ɑn ɑʊr ˈdrɛsɚ wi kip ruʒ, ˈpɑʊdɚ, koʊm nd brʌʃ, nd ˈjuʒʊəlɪ ə veɪs əv ˈflɑʊɚz.

B. aɪ hæv ə ˈhɔrɪd koʊld ɪn maɪ tʃɛst, ðə rɪˈzʌlt əv ˈsɪtɪŋ ɪn ə dræft.

C. ɑʊr ˈfɑðɚ hu ɑrt ɪn ˈhɛvn, ˈhælod bi ðaɪ neɪm. ðaɪ ˈkɪŋdəm kʌm, ðaɪ wɪl bi dʌn ɑn ɜθ əz ɪt ɪz ɪn ˈhɛvn. gɪv əs ðɪs deɪ ɑʊr ˈdeɪlɪ brɛd nd fɔrˈgɪv əs ɑʊr ˈtrɛspəsəz əz wi fɔrˈgɪv ðoʊz hu ˈtrɛspəs əˈgɛnst əs. lid əs nɑt ɪntə tɛmpˈteɪʃn bət dəˈlɪvɚ əs frəm ivl. fɚ ðaɪn ɪz ðə ˈkɪŋdəm, ðə ˈpɑʊɚ, nd ðə ˈglɔrɪ fɔrˈɛvɚ.

D. ðə moʊst ɪmˈpɔrtənt pɑrt əv ɛdʒuˈkeɪʃn ɪz ɪts ˈsɪvɪlaɪzɪŋ əˈfɛkt ɑn ˈstudənts.

E. ðə ˈdɪstənt ˈmɑʊntnz ʃoʊn θru ə heɪz ʍɪtʃ hʌŋ oʊvɚ ðə hoʊl æpəˈleɪtʃən tʃeɪm.

F. ˌɔtomoˈbilz ɑr ðə ˈtraɪʌmf əv ˈsaɪəns, əmˈbɑdɪɪŋ ɔl ðə moʊst ˈɛkskwɪzɪt dɪˈteɪlz əv ˈkʌmfɚt, ˈbjutɪ, nd məˈkænɪkl pɚˈfɛkʃn.

G. ɪn smɑrt ˈkʌstum dɪˈzaɪn ðə sɪgˈnɪfɪkns əv əkˈsɛsərɪz ɪz nɑt ˈdɛspɪkəbl.

5. Look up the following words in the dictionary and record the correct pronunciations:

quintuplets	armistice	apparatus	chimera
pajamas	formidable	acclimate	anchovy
lilac	lamentable	pantomime	inquiry
absorb	adult	forehead	indecorous
interesting	larynx	umbrella	lichen
trespass	dormitory	diphthong	luxury
height	respiratory	vegetable	mayonnaise
mischievous	harass	peony	envelope
abdomen	performance	athletic	Byzantine
literature	government	gesture	dictator
pecan	perspiration	guarantee	debut
comparable	comfortable	industry	Elizabethan
diphtheria	kimono	bicycle	dour
drama	cupola	pronunciation	obscenity
Colorado	pergola	research	nephew
Nevada	casual	streptococcic	promenade
Iowa	zoology	vehicle	peremptory
municipal	Los Angeles	valet	renaissance
dirigible	despicable	cynosure	sinecure
syrup	flaccid	population	stirrup

6. Transcribe the following passages phonetically:

A. *Speech is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of Society. Therefore* MERCURY, *who is the President of Language, is called* DEORUM HOMINUMQUE INTERPRES. *In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is as the life and soul of Language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal Arts. . . . Words are the People's; yet there is a choice of them to be made, for "the selection of words is the source of eloquence."*

BEN JONSON, "The Dignity of Speech," from Discoveries

B. *George bounded down the stair, his sword under his arm, running swiftly to the alarm ground, where the regiment was mustered, and*

whither trooped men and officers hurrying from their billets; his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players. What a fierce excitement of doubt, hope, and pleasure! What tremendous hazards of loss or gain! What were all the games of chance he had ever played compared to this one? Into all contests requiring athletic skill and courage, the young man, from his boyhood upwards, had flung himself with all his might. The champion of his school and his regiment, the bravos of his companions had followed him everywhere; from the boys' cricket match to the garrison races, he had won a hundred of triumphs; and wherever he went, women and men had admired and envied him. What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return of applause as those of bodily superiority, activity, and valour? Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to to-day, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valour so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, Vanity Fair

C. Say to yourself, I will make a figure in parliament, and in order to do that, I must not only speak, but speak very well. Speaking mere common sense will by no means do; and I must speak not only correctly but elegantly; and not only elegantly but eloquently. In order to do this, I will first take pains to get an habitual, but unaffected, purity, correctness and elegance of style in my common conversation, I will seek for the best words, and take care to reject improper, inexpressive and vulgar ones. I will read the greatest masters of oratory, both ancient and modern, and I will read them singly in that view. I will study Demosthenes and Cicero, not to discover an old Athenian or Roman custom, nor to puzzle myself with the value of talents, minas, drachms, and sesterces, . . . but to observe their choice of words, their harmony of diction, their method, their distribution, their exordia, to engage the favor and attention of their audience . . . Nor will I be pedant enough to neglect the modern; for I will likewise study Atterbury, Dryden, Pope, and Bolingbroke; nay, I will read everything that I do read in that intention, and never cease improving and refining my style upon the best models, till at last I become a model of eloquence myself, which, by care, it is in every man's power to be.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, Letters to His Son, September 26, 1752

D. To write and speak correctly gives a Grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and, since it is ENGLISH that an ENGLISH

Gentleman will have constant use of, that is the Language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his Style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken anywhere to improve Young Men in their own Language, that they may thoroughly understand and be Masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his Mother Tongue, it is owing to Chance, or his Genius, or anything, rather than to his Education, or any care of his Teacher . . .

I am not here speaking against GREEK *and* LATIN; *I think they ought to be studied, and the* LATIN, *at least, understood well, by every Gentleman. But whatever foreign Languages a Young Man meddles with (and the more he knows, the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.*

JOHN LOCKE, On the Teaching of English

E. *It used to be believed that the broad* A *was historically the more respectable, and that the flat* A *had come into American and into some of the English dialects as a corruption, but the exhaustive researches of Krapp have disposed of that notion. During most of the Eighteenth Century, in fact, a broad* A *was regarded in both England and America as a rusticism, and careful speakers commonly avoided it. When Thomas Sheridan published his "General Dictionary of the English Language" in London in 1780 he actually omitted it from his list of vowels. He had room for an* A *approximating* AW, *as in* HALL, *but none for the* A *sounding like* AH, *as in* BARN. *He gave the pronunciation of* PAPA *as if both its* A'S *were that of* PAP, *and even ordained the same flat* A *before* R, *as in* CAR *and* FAR. *Benjamin Franklin, whose "Scheme for a New Alphabet and a Reformed Mode of Spelling" was published in Philadelphia in 1768, was in complete accord with Sheridan. He favored the flat* A, *not only in all the words which now carry it in America, but also in* CALM, FAR, HARDLY *and even* WHAT, *which last was thus made to rhyme with* HAT. *Franklin's pronunciations were presumably those of the best circles in the London of his time, and it seems likely that they also prevailed in Philadelphia, then the center of American culture. But the broad* A *continued common in the folk-speech of New England, as it was in that of Old England, and in 1780 or thereabout it suddenly became fashionable in Standard London English. How and why this fashion arose is not known, nor is it known what influence it had upon the educated speech of New England. It may be that the New Englanders picked it up, as they picked*

up so many other English fashions, or it may be that they simply yielded to the folk-speech of their region. Whatever the fact, they were using the broad A *in many words at the time Noah Webster published his "Dissertations on the English Language" at Boston in 1789. In it he gave* QUALITY, QUANTITY *and* QUASH *the sound of* A *in* HAT, *but he gave* ADVANCE, AFTER, ASK, BALM, CLASP, *and* GRANT *the* A *of* ARM . . .

Webster's immense authority was sufficient to implant the broad A *firmly in the speech of the Boston area. Between 1830 and 1850, according to C. H. Grandgent, it ran riot, and was used even in such words as* HANDSOME, MATTER, APPLE, CATERPILLAR, PANTRY, HAMMER, PRACTICAL, SATURDAY *and* SATISFACTION. *Oliver Wendell Holmes protested against it in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in 1857, but it survived his onslaught. It has been somewhat modified in sound with the passing of the years. Says Grandgent: "The broad* A *of New Englanders, Italianate though it be, is not so broad as that of Old England. . . . Our* GRASS *really lies between the* GRAHS *of a British lawn and the* GRASS *of the boundless prairies."*

H. L. MENCKEN, The American Language

7. Translate the following passages, all but one of which have been transcribed in the General American dialect, carefully noting variations from your own pronunciations:

A. sɪnz 'kʌstəm ɪz ðə 'prɪnsɪpl 'mædʒɪˌstret əv mænz laɪf, lɛt mɛn baɪ ɔl mɪnz ən'dɛvɚ tu əb'teɪn gʊd 'kʌstəm. 'sɚtnlɪ 'kʌstəm ɪz moʊst 'pɚfɪkt mɛn ɪt bɪ'gɪnɪθ ɪn jʌŋ jɪrz. ðɪs wi kɔl ɛdʒu'keɪʃn; mɪtʃ ɪz ɪn ə'fɛkt bət n 'ɚlɪ 'kʌstəm. soʊ wi si ɪn 'læŋgwɪdʒəz ðə tʌŋ ɪz mɔr 'plaɪənt tu ɔl ək'spreʃnz nd saʊnds, ðə dʒɔɪnts ɚ mɔr 'sʌpl tu ɔl fɪts əv æk'tɪvɪtɪ nd 'moʊʃnz, ɪn juθ ðən 'æftɚwɚdz. fɔr ɪt ɪz tru ðət leɪt 'lɜnɚz 'kænət so wɛl teɪk ðə plaɪ; ək'sɛpt ɪt bi ɪn sʌm maɪndz ðət v nat 'sʌfɚd ðəm'sɛlvz tə fɪks, bət v kɛpt ðəm'sɛlvz 'oʊpn nd prə'pɛrd tə rɪ'sɪv kən'tɪnjʊəl ə'mɛndmənt, mɪtʃ ɪz ək'sɪdɪŋ rɛr.

'frænsɪs 'beɪkn, əv 'kʌstəm nd ɛdʒu'keɪʃn.

B. ɪn 'meɪkɪŋ 'swɪtnəs nd laɪt tə bi 'kærəktɚz əv pɚ'fɛkʃn, 'kʌltʃɚ ɪz əv laɪk 'spɪrɪt wɪð 'poʊətrɪ, 'faloz wʌn lɔ wɪð 'poʊətrɪ. fɑr mɔr ðən ɑn aʊr 'fridəm, aʊr ˌpɑpjʊ'leɪʃn, nd aʊr ɪn'dʌstrɪəlɪzm, 'mɛnɪ ə'mʌŋst ʌs rɪ'laɪ əpɑn aʊr rɪ'lɪdʒəs ˌɔrgənɪ'zeɪʃnz tə seɪv əs. aɪ həv kɔld rɪ'lɪdʒn ə jɛt mɔr ɪm'pɔrtnt ˌmænɪfəs'teɪʃn əv 'hjumən 'neɪtʃɚ ðən 'poʊətrɪ bɪ'kɔz ɪt həz wɜkt ɑn ə 'brɔdɚ skeɪl fɚ pɚ'fɛkʃn, nd wɪð 'greɪtɚ 'mæsɪz əv mɛn. bət ðɪ aɪ'diə əv 'bjutɪ nd əv ə 'hjumən 'neɪtʃɚ 'pɚfɪkt ɑn ɔl ɪts saɪdz, mɪtʃ ɪz ðə 'dɑmɪnənt aɪ'diə əv 'poʊətrɪ, ɪz ə tru nd ɪn'væljʊəbl aɪ'diə, ðoʊ ɪt həz nat jɛt hæd ðə sək'sɛs ðæt ðɪ aɪ'diə əv 'kɑŋkərɪŋ ðɪ 'ɑbvɪəs fɔlts əv aʊr

ænɪ'mælɪtɪ, nd əv ə 'hjumən 'neɪtʃɚ 'pɚfɪkt ɑn ðə 'mɔrəl saɪd,—ʍɪtʃ ɪz ðə 'dɑmɪnənt aɪ'diə əv rɪ'lɪdʒn—həz bɪn ə'neɪbld tə hæv; nd ɪt ɪz 'dɛstɪnd, 'ædɪŋ tu ɪt'sɛlf ðə rɪ'lɪdʒəs aɪ'diə əv ə dɪ'vɑut 'ɛnɚdʒɪ, tə træns'fɔrm nd 'gʌvɚn ðɪ 'ʌðɚ. 'mæθju 'ɑrnəld, 'swɪtnəs nd laɪt, frəm 'kʌltʃɚ nd 'ænɚkɪ

C. aɪ wɪnt tə mə'gwaɪrz weɪk læs wik. ðeɪ geɪv ɪm ə 'deɪsɪnt sɪnd ɔf. nou 'pɔrðɚ. æn hɪm'sɛlf lukt 'nætʃrəl, əz faɪn ə kɔrps əz 'ɪvɚ 'gævɪn leɪd aut. 'gævɪn tould mi sou hɪm'sɛlf. hi wəz əz praud ɪv mə'gwaɪr əz ɪf i ound ɪm. fɛtʃt hæf ðə taun ɪn tə luk ət ɪm n gɪv 'ɪvrɪ wan ɪv ðɪm kardz. hi nɪr 'fraɪtnd oul mæn 'dugɪn ɪntə ə feɪnt. 'mɪsθɚ 'dugɪn, hau ould ar jə? 'sɪvɪntɪ faɪv, 0æŋks bi, səz 'dugɪn. ðɪn, səz 'gævɪn, teɪk wan ɪv mi kardz, hi sɛz. aɪ houp jil nat fɚ'gɪt mi, hi sɛz.

twəz ðɛr aɪ gat ðə la grɪp. 'leɪst,waɪz ɪt ɪz mi ə'pɪnjən ɪv ɪt, ðou ðə 'dakθɚ sɛd aɪ 'swalid ə bʌg. ɪt dount sim raɪt, fɚ ðə mə'gwaɪrz ɪz ə kleɪn 'fæmlɪ; bət ðə 'dakθɚ sɛd ə bʌg gat ɪntə mi 'sɪstəm. ʍat sɔrt ɪv bʌg, səz aɪ. ə la grɪp bʌg, hi sɛz. ji hæv 'mɪkroubz ɪn jɪr lʌŋz, hi sɛz. ʍats ðɪm, səz aɪ. ðɪmz ðə la grɪp bʌgz, səz i. ji tuk wan ɪn n wɔrmd ɪt, hi sɛz, n ɪt əz groud n 'mʌltɪ,plaɪd tɪl jɪr 'sɪstəm dʌz bi ful ɪv ðɪm, hi sɛz, 'mɪljənz ɪv ðɪm, hi sɛz, 'martʃɪn n 'kaunθɚ'martʃɪn θru ji. 'glɔri bi tə ðə seɪnts, səz aɪ, hæd aɪ 'bɛðɚ 'swalɪ sʌm 'ɪnsɛkt 'paudɚ, aɪ sɛz?

'mɪsθɚ 'dulɪ ɪn ðə harts əv ɪz
'kʌntrɪmən, ðə grɪp •

D. ou, ðɛn, aɪ si kwin mæb hæθ bɪn wɪð ju.
ʃi ɪz ðə 'fɛrɪz 'mɪd,waɪf, nd ʃi kʌmz
ɪn ʃeɪp no 'bɪgɚ ðən n 'ægət stoun
ɑn ðə 'fɔr,fɪŋgɚ əv n 'ɔldəmən,
drɔn wɪð ə tɪm əv 'lɪtl 'ætəmɪz
ə'θwɔrt mɛnz 'nouzɪz əz ðeɪ laɪ ə'slip:
hɚ 'wægn spouks meɪd əv lɔŋ 'spɪnɚz lɛgz;
ðə kʌvɚ, əv ðə wɪŋz əv 'græs,hapɚz;
ðə 'treɪsɪz, əv ðə 'smɔləst 'spaɪdɚz wɛb;
ðə 'kalɚz, əv ðə 'mun,ʃaɪnz 'wɔtərɪ bimz;
hɚ ʍɪp, əv krɪkəts boun; ðə læʃ əv fɪlm;
hɚ 'wægənɚ, ə smɔl greɪ 'koutɪd næt,
nat hæf so bɪg əz ə raund 'lɪtl wɚm
prɪkt frəm ðə 'leɪzɪ 'fɪŋgɚ əv ə meɪd;
hɚ 'tʃɛrɪət ɪz n 'ɛmptɪ 'heɪzl nʌt,
meɪd baɪ ðə 'dʒɔɪnɚ skwɚl ɚ ould grʌb,
taɪm aut ə maɪnd ðə 'fɛrɪz koutʃ 'meɪkɚz.

'wɪljəm 'ʃeɪkspɪr, 'roumɪo nd ,dʒulɪ'ɛt

E. ɪf ðaʊ məst lʌv mi, lɛt ɪt bi fɚ nɔt
ək'sɛpt fɚ lʌvz seɪk 'oʊnlɪ. du nat seɪ,
aɪ lʌv hɜ fɔr hɚ smaɪl, hɚ lʊk, hɚ weɪ
əv 'spikɪŋ 'dʒɛntlɪ, fɚ ə trɪk əv θɔt
ðæt fɔlz ɪn wɛl wɪð maɪn, nd 'sɜtɪz brɔt
ə sɛns əv 'plɛznt iz ɑn sʌtʃ ə deɪ—
fɚ ðiz θɪŋz ɪn ðəm'sɛlvz, bɪ'lʌvəd, meɪ
bi tʃeɪndʒd, ɚ tʃeɪndʒ fɚ ði—nd lʌv, so rɔt,
meɪ bi 'ʌnrɔt soʊ. 'niðɚ lʌv mi fɔr
ðaɪn oʊn dɪr 'pɪtɪz 'waɪpɪŋ maɪ tʃiks draɪ:
ə 'kritʃɚ maɪt fɚ'gɛt tə wip, hu bɔr
ðaɪ 'kʌmfɚt lɔŋ, nd luz ðaɪ lʌv ˌðɛr'baɪ.
bət lʌv mi fɚ lʌvz seɪk, ðət 'ɛvɚˌmɔr
ðaʊ meɪst lʌv ɑn, θru lʌvz ɪ'tɜnɪtɪ.

ɪ'lɪzəbəθ 'bærət 'braʊnɪŋ, 'sanɪt

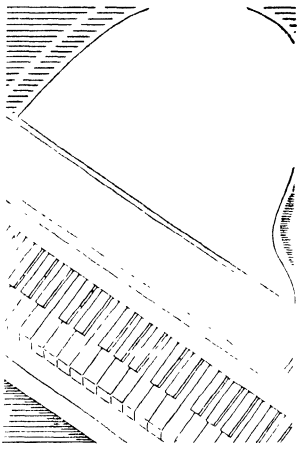
F. 'oʊvɚ'steɪtmənt, 'bɪtɚnəs, vaɪˌtupə'reɪʃn, nd ðə 'bitɪŋ əv drʌmz, həv kən'trɪbjʊtəd 'maɪtɪlɪ tʊ ɪl 'filɪŋ nd wɔrz bɪ'twin 'neɪʃnz. ɪf ðiz ʌn'nesəˌsɛrɪ nd ʌn'plɛznt 'ækʃnz ɑr 'hɑrmfəl ɪn ðɪ ɪntɚ'næʃənl fild, ðeɪ ɑr ɔlso 'hɜtfəl ɪn ðə də'mɛstɪk sin. pis ə'mʌŋ aʊr'sɛlvz wəd sim tə hæv sʌm əv ðɪ əd'væntɪdʒɪz əv pis bɪ'twin ʌs nd 'ʌðɚ 'neɪʃnz. nd ɪn ðə lɔŋ rʌn 'hɪstərɪ 'æmplɪ 'dɛmənstrets ðət 'æŋgrɪ 'kɑntroˌvɜsɪ 'ʃurlɪ wɪnz lɛs ðəɪn kʌm dɪs'kʌʃn.

ɪn ðə 'spɪrɪt 'ðɛrfɔr əv ə 'greɪtɚ ʌn'sɛlfɪʃnəs, 'rɛkəgˌnaɪzɪŋ ðæt ðə wɜld, ɪn'kludɪŋ ðɪ ju'naɪtəd steɪts əv ə'mɛrɪkə, 'pæsɪz θru 'pɛrɪləs taɪmz, aɪ m 'vɛrɪ 'houpfəl ðæt ðə 'klouzɪŋ 'seʃn əv ðə 'sɛvəntɪ sɪksθ 'kɑngrəs wɪl kən'sɪdɚ ðə nidz əv ðə 'neɪʃn nd əv hju'mænɪtɪ wɪð 'kɑmnəs, 'tɑlərəns, nd ko'ɑpərətɪv 'wɪzdəm.

meɪ ðə jɪr 'naɪntin 'fɔrtɪ bi 'pɔɪntəd aʊt baɪ aʊr 'tʃɪldrən æz ə'nʌðɚ 'pɪrɪəd ʍɛn də'mɑkrəsɪ 'dʒʌstɪˌfaɪd ɪts ɪg'zɪstəns əz ðə bɛst 'ɪnstrəmənt əv 'gʌvɚnmənt jɛt dɪ'vaɪzd baɪ ˌmæn'kaɪnd.

'frænklɪn di 'roʊzəˌvɛlt,
'mɛsɪdʒ tə 'kɑngrəs,
'dʒænjʊɛrɪ θɜd, 'naɪntin 'fɔrtɪ

CHAPTER 5



Controlling Volume and Pitch

UNTIL a very few years ago, the main emphasis in speech training was on the development of technical skill among those who were already blessed with good voices and who were interested in debating, oratory, or acting, or among those who were vaguely trying to cure some organic speech defect. It was usually assumed that the eloquent speaker was born, not made, though there were certain rules that could be learned. He had a fine rich voice and "a gift of gab" which led him through literary societies and debating contests and Fourth of July celebrations to the lecture platform or the legislative hall. He was a student of Cicero and Quintilian and Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster. Through frequent practice he learned a traditional system of gestures and mastered the subtleties of the pectoral, orotund, and aspirate tones, which could be summoned at will to express shades of emotion. He was familiar with the formal principles of logic and loved nothing better than to describe the horns of an opponent's dilemma or to accuse him of *argumentum ad hominem* or the deductive fallacy of the undistributed middle term.

Little attention was paid to the needs of average speech. If a man wanted to be a speaker, he could join one of the numerous debating societies or be elected to a public office. If, on the other hand, he suffered from some speech defect, he could go to a surgeon or to one of the self-styled experts who would torture him with cruel devices or take his money for some less painful, but

equally worthless, treatment. A few people were interested in correct diction, but almost no one thought that it was any more desirable to study ordinary speech than it was to study eating or any other "natural" habit.

Within recent years, however, a new and intelligent interest in speech has developed. For the most part, this is an interest in ordinary speech. We still have schools of oratory, private instructors in expression and elocution, even a few old-fashioned literary societies, and many, many declamation contests, but the interest now is in everyday speech. Just as housewives are beginning to realize that they can profit from courses in budgeting and child psychology and just as farmers now send their sons to college to learn about methods of fertilization and crop rotation, so business men, teachers, salesmen, and engineers are beginning to see the importance of speech as a part of professional equipment.

Voice training for the average person, we have discovered, is not only possible but in most cases absolutely necessary. Of 1372 high-school students tested in a recent survey,[1] 34 were stutterers, 245 had defects involving articulation, 477 had such defects as nasality, denasality, and hoarseness, and 406 showed emotional inadequacy in speech situations. That is, about 82% were in need of some kind of voice training. The average voice is not a good voice. In one way or another, it can be improved. Common faults are breathiness, lack of relaxation, high pitch, poor support of tone, weak projection, and slovenly enunciation. All these things can be corrected through proper voice training. As William Jennings Bryan said, "The ability to speak effectively is an acquirement rather than a gift."

THE PHYSICAL PROPERTIES OF VOICE

The four elements of tone are volume, pitch, tempo, and quality. Speech improvement usually begins with one or another of these elements. Volume, or force, depends upon the breathing mechanism (and, to a lesser degree, upon the resonators). Pitch depends upon the vocal bands and upon the muscular system of the throat. Tempo, or duration, depends upon the will of the speaker and upon his ability to control breathing and vibration.

[1] Earl S. Kalp, "A Summary of the Des Moines High School Speech Course of Study," *Quarterly Journal of Speech*, February, 1938, pp. 90 ff.

Quality depends mainly upon the resonators. The speech improvement that follows on treatment of functional, emotional, or organic disorders will be discussed in the Appendix under Special Problems in Voice Improvement, as well as the speech improvement that is concerned with diction (enunciation, pronunciation, and language tune). In this chapter we shall take up volume and pitch; in the next chapter, tempo and quality.

VOLUME

Some books define volume as loudness. That is a misleading definition, for volume means softness as well as loudness of tone. It is, physically, the amplitude of the sound waves, the extent to which the vocal bands are vibrated. Changes in volume are produced by changes in the amount of air that is exhaled in phonation (as well as by changes in the use of the resonators). In a diagrammatic representation of sound, volume is the bigness or smallness of the wave.

To develop volume, the speaker must first get the mechanism of exhalation firmly under control. He must make sure that he is not wasting breath by vibrating vocal bands that are not closely enough approximated or by speaking on the last half of an exhalation, and he must have unconstricted resonance chambers. More than that, he must have confidence in his desire to speak out, a reserve supply of energy, and an intelligent evaluation of volume as a means of emphasis. Well-projected and vigorously articulated speech usually has an adequate range of volume. Loudness alone is not necessary. A clear voice, with good enunciation, is infinitely to be preferred to a blasting voice. The unrelieved, bellowing voice is as much a problem as the mousy voice, though it is of rarer occurrence. As a matter of fact, changes in volume alone are probably the weakest kind of centering.

One of the commonest speech faults is a thin, overconfidential tone. Speakers otherwise healthy and vigorous are satisfied with a weak voice that cannot be distinctly heard ten feet away. When charged with inaudibility, they usually declare that they are speaking as loudly as they can. Among women in particular there seems to be an endemic plague of small voices. Some of them seem to think that it is unladylike to speak with any evidence of force. Others are too indolent to energize their tones. Too many people,

both men and women, fail to notice that, in general, the person with a forceful personality communicates forcefully.

You can measure the volume level of your voice by getting a report from a candid audience. Their answers to the question, "Can I be easily heard in all parts of the auditorium?" should tell you what to do. Since most audiences are little interested in such problems of technique, except as they affect their comfort and pleasure, you can place observers in various parts of the room, arranging some kind of signal if you cannot be heard. You can test your voice in the classroom, if you have access to a recording machine, by watching the needle of the ammeter swing as you speak into the microphone. Listen to someone with plenty of volume and see to what point the indicator goes under the impact of his voice. That will be a definite standard toward which to work.

SUMMARY. Speak out incisively. Don't let stage fright reduce your voice to a despairing whimper. Remember that a good, clear, confident, audible tone will do much to break down your timidities. Make use of all your breath. Don't puff half of it out in a windy first word and then struggle with diminishing force to the next breath. Realize that you are not a good judge of your own volume. Ask somebody else. Don't hammer at a few words, hoping that they will convey your meaning, letting the rest sink into a mumble. Sudden spurts of force are usually artificial. Don't run down hill, starting off a phrase with high-powered vigor and fading toward the end as your breath gets weak. Don't yell. Excessive loudness antagonizes an audience more quickly than anything else. Modulate your tones. That is, use some loudness, some softness as the ideas change. As in all the other elements of voice, variety in volume is all-important. Don't say everything loudly or everything softly. Constantly *vary*. Bring out the centers, but avoid stressing each one in the same way.

Exercises

Work on these exercises until your instructor assures you that your range of volume is adequate. If you are over-confidential or without energetic control of your breath stream, you may have to do the exercises in special drills, extending over a long period.

1. Begin with the exercises in breathing (in Chapter 3), working toward firmly supported tones. Strengthen the abdominal muscles.

2. Lie on the floor. Hook your feet under a dresser or heavy chair. Raise yourself to a sitting position. Repeat until the abdominal muscles are tired.

3. Lie on your back, your arms outstretched above your head, holding a medicine ball or heavy pillow. Rise to a sitting position, throwing the ball to a friend who is sitting with his feet to your feet. The force of the throw sends him into a supine position with the ball above his head. He then comes into a sitting position and throws the ball to you. Repeat ten, fifteen, twenty times.

4. Sound the vowels [ɑ], [ɔ], [oʊ], and [u] first quietly, next with increased force, and then loudly. Keep the tones steady, holding each one several seconds and being careful not to raise the pitch. Increase the duration of each tone from four to six to eight seconds.

5. Find a volume level that is judged to be sufficient for a small room, a large room, an auditorium. Hold an [ɑ] sound on each of these levels, timing it. You should be able to sustain the tone comfortably for from twenty to thirty seconds without wavering or changing pitch.

6. Instead of sustaining the single tones, try a series of short repetitions of each of the vowels [ɑ], [ɔ], [oʊ], [u], [i], [eɪ], [aɪ], initiating them smoothly, without wasting breath: ɑ, ɑ, ɑ, ɑ, ɑ; ɔ, ɔ, ɔ, ɔ, ɔ; oʊ, oʊ, oʊ, oʊ, oʊ; u, u, u, u, u, etc. Increase the repetitions to seven, to nine, to twelve on one breath.

7. Check on your muscular response to the support of tone. As you vocalize in any of the preceding exercises, put your hand on your abdomen and observe whether or not it sinks inward as the air is forced out of the lungs. Of course, the abdomen should pull inward not outward. Don't let your shoulders rise and fall.

8. Keeping an even, steady tone, without losing musical quality and without "clicking" (too abruptly separating the closed vocal bands), softly begin each of the vowels in Exercise 6 in turn. Gradually increase their volume until you are nearly shouting. Stop each tone before it begins to crack.

9. Repeat Exercise 8, but diminish the tone again after it reaches its greatest volume. Keep it under control and don't be fooled into raising the pitch instead of increasing the intensity.

10. Now start at the loud point on each of the vowels and decrease to a very soft tone, gradually increasing again to the full volume. These exercises should be faithfully done every day over a period of several weeks.

11. Add the consonants [k], [g], [m], [v], [w] to each of the vowels in Exercise 6, keeping the vowel sound clear and sharply articulating the consonants. Repeat each combination five, seven, nine times on one breath: kɑ, kɑ, kɑ, kɑ, kɑ; kɔ, kɔ, kɔ, kɔ, kɔ; etc. Then gɑ, gɑ, gɑ, gɑ, gɑ; etc. gɔ . . ., gou . . ., gu . . ., gei . . ., gi . . ., gai . . .; mɑ . . ., mɔ . . ., mou . . ., mu . . ., mei . . ., mi . . ., mai . . .; vɑ . . ., vɔ . . ., vou . . ., vu . . ., vei . . ., vi . . ., vai . . .; wɑ . . ., wɔ . . ., wou . . ., wu . . ., wei . . ., wi . . ., wai . . .

12. Repeat the following lines, holding the vowel sounds and firmly articulating the consonants. Speak first as if to a small group, then to a larger one, and finally to a big crowd:

A. *Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!*
B. *Hi-ho, hi-ho, hi-ho-hi-ho-hi-ho!*
C. *Can't you hear their paddles chunking from Rangoon to Mandalay?*
D. *O-lee-ay-ee-ho! o-lee-ay-ee-ho!* (ou, li, ei, i, hou)
E. *There she blows!*
F. *Sail ho!*
G. *Stand by for boarding!*
H. *Hold that line, hold that line, hold that line!*
I. *We want a touchdown; we want a touchdown!*
J. *Company, attention! Forward march! One-two-three-four! At ease! Present arms! Dismissed!*

(Army men often blur consonants or substitute *h* for other consonants so that they can be heard better and so that their voices will not get tired quickly: "Forward march! 1-2-3-4!" sounds something like "Fawe hahtch, hun, hu, he, haw" [fɑ wə hɑtʃ, hʌn, hu, hi, hɔ].)

13. Read aloud the following selections, paying especial attention to volume changes:

A. *Out of the night that covers me,*
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY, Invictus

B. *Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,*
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING, Prospice

c. *With the most crushing of victories, in one of the most just wars, Italy, with war in Africa, has acquired an immense, rich, imperial territory, where for many decades she will be able to carry out the achievements of her labors and of her creative ability. For this reason, but only for this reason, will we reject the absurdity of eternal peace, which is foreign to our creed and to our temperament.*

We desire to live a long time at peace with all; we are determined to offer our lasting, concrete contribution to the project of collaboration among peoples. But after the catastrophic failure of the disarmament conference, in the face of an armaments race already under way and irresistible from this time on, and in the face of certain political situations which now are in the course of uncertain development, the order of the day for Italians, for fascist Italians, can be only this: We must be strong. We must be always stronger. We must be so strong that we can face any eventualities and look directly in the eye whatever may befall. To this supreme principle must be subordinated all the life of the nation.

The conquest of the empire was not obtained by compromises on that table of diplomacy. It was obtained by fine, glorious, and victorious battle, fought with the spirit which has overcome enormous material difficulties and an almost world-wide coalition of nations. It is the spirit of the Black Shirt revolution, the spirit of this Italy, the spirit of this populous Italy, warlike and vigilant on sea, on land, and in the heavens. It is the spirit I have seen shining in the eyes of the soldiers who have maneuvered in these past days, the spirit we shall see shine when King and country call them.

BENITO MUSSOLINI, Absurdity of Eternal Peace

D. *The theory that you can save democracy through an alliance with democracy is a misleading theory. An alliance is an alliance, with all its burdens and dangers, its debts, controversies, and wars. Such an alliance would have all the vices and none of the virtues of the old balance of power. It would be potent enough to get us into all kinds of involvements but not strong enough to get us out, for when the crucial test came, the question of democracy would give way to national interests, or more likely, national ambitions.*

The problems of democracy, especially our democracy—and I believe of all democracies—lie closer home and are to be worked out along

wholly different lines. After we have provided adequate defense for our nation, as we shall do, the problems of democracy remain. Democracies are bleeding inwardly. The healing is not to be found in armaments, but in bringing contentment, happiness, and prosperity to the harried, confused, and discouraged citizen. There is greater danger to our democracy in that vast army of unemployed encamped in every city, town, and village throughout the land, in the fifty million men, women, and children living in constant sight of the poverty line, poorly clad and poorly fed, in the hundreds of thousands, with the number increasing every year, of malformed and rickety children, of the five million girls and boys who leave colleges and universities finding no avenue in which to engage their energies, their genius—more danger here by far than in any fleet of battleships which any nation, or group of nations, may choose to send against us. The danger coming from the latter is remote, highly problematical. But the danger as to the former is here in all its hideous ugliness, eating away at the moral fiber of our people. Widespread poverty, want, and suicide walking with want, will in time break the morale and destroy the faith in government of any people. I care not what flag floats over a people, what their traditions as to liberty may be, how well their institutions of government express the aspirations and hopes of a people, crushing taxes and hunger and disease and broken families will in time undermine and destroy all these things. These are the things which make for communism and fascism and which today wage war against every democracy in the world. This is the problem of democracy.

WILLIAM E. BORAH, Our Imperative Task:
To Mind Our Own Business

E. *But it cannot, shall not be [the breaking up of the federation of states into independent units]: this great woe to our beloved country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world—it cannot, shall not be. No, by the glorious 19th of April, 1775! No, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga, of King's Mountain, of Yorktown! No, by the undying spirit of '76! No, by the sacred dust enshrined at Mount Vernon! No, by the dear immortal memory of Washington, that sorrow and shame shall never be! Washington in the flesh is taken from us, but his memory remains, and let us cling to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever as it returns let us remember that while we celebrate the great anniversary our fellow citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love. Nor we, nor they alone; beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along*

that stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into states as it moves westward, is swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven, through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the Golden Gate of California and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There and there only, in barbarous archipelagoes, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown; and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

EDWARD EVERETT, The Memory of Washington

PITCH

The vibration rate of the vocal bands, which determines pitch, is dependent upon the length, tension, and thickness of the bands. The shorter and more tightly stretched are the bands, the more frequently they vibrate and therefore the higher the pitch. Women's voices are pitched about an octave higher than men's because their bands are shorter and less thick. The stage-frightened voice is sometimes high pitched because the vocal bands are stretched tightly by nervous tensions. The average voice has a pitch range of about two octaves. Trained singers may have at their command another octave. Different pitch ranges in speakers and singers are classified as bass and contralto for the lower-pitched voices, baritone and mezzo-soprano for the middle range of pitch, and tenor and soprano for the higher-pitched voices.

In all speakers, though a considerable variety of inflection may be observed in their speaking, there is a natural pitch level. This is the average level, above and below which the pitch may rise or fall for different emphases. It is approximately the pitch at which you comfortably produce the "ah" sound for throat examination. In many speakers this level is too high, especially among women, who tend in excited speech to become shrill and who even in casual voice production are likely to keep the vocal bands under too great tension.

Very little can actually be done to change the natural pitch. The vocal bands are standard equipment in human bodies and

no substitutions are possible. If Nature is generous in her gifts, we are provided with healthy larynxes whose vocal bands are adjusted to naturally pleasing pitch levels. Some of us, however, are born with bands too thin or too sensitive to infection. No plastic surgery and no exercises will change the size and shape of the vocal apparatus. An illustration of the influence of pitch on career was the wistful failure of the late John Gilbert to carry his success in silent films into talking pictures. The matinée idol of thousands of women, who saw his handsome face and fine physique but could not hear him, he was rejected in talking pictures because his voice was unheroically high pitched.

Acoustical tests prove that low frequencies of sound are more easily heard than high frequencies. High pitch, too, is associated with effeminacy in men, with affectation or immaturity in women, with speed, agitation, suspense, and strain, with the shriek of the wind and the piercing wail of lamentation, with sirens and whistles and the skirl of the pibroch and fife, and with the sometimes almost intolerable high tones of the violin and flute. Low tones are usually admired in both men and women (though good tenors and sopranos are the darlings of opera). They seem to imply strength and confidence and mellowness. The cello is a richer, more warming instrument than the more brilliant, more flexible violin. When we describe John Milton as the "organ voice of England," we think of depth, power, deliberateness, majesty. There is in his noble blank verse none of the lyrical shrillness that we may find, for example, in Shelley. Our common phrase, "a high pitch of excitement," is literally true.

The radio has conclusively demonstrated that low-pitched voices are more pleasing than high-pitched ones. A recent survey, which granted reluctant praise to Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson, and a few others for having acceptable radio voices, reported that women as a whole do not make good radio speakers because of their high-pitched voices.

There is no dependable physiological method of lowering pitch unless the speaker habitually uses a pitch higher than his natural pitch level. In some instances "thinking" the tones down will help. But if the natural pitch is high, all the exercises in the world will not lower it. Such speakers need to work for better quality,

clarity of diction, and support of tone, and to stop worrying about pitch. For those who through strain or nervousness use higher pitch than their natural level some corrective work is possible.

To determine the best level for any given voice, any of the following methods may be satisfactory:

1. Find the upper and lower limits of your voice by singing up and down the scale to the highest and lowest tones that you can comfortably produce. Check these tones by hunting for the corresponding key on the piano. Your best pitch should be about two full notes below the middle tone of this range.

2. Sing down the scale to the lowest tone you can reach with out straining. Your best pitch should be about five full tones up the scale from this note.

3. Search for the key on the piano that is nearest to your customary pitch level. If you feel that your pitch is too high or if you have been told that it is too high, try to pitch your voice to the key farther down the scale which seems to be the one you want. Play the note frequently until its pitch level is fixed in your mind. It should be near F (above middle C) for a soprano, E for a mezzo-soprano, C to D for an alto; F below middle C for a tenor, D for a baritone, C for a bass. Don't depend too much on the piano, don't sing the tone, and don't let the effort to lower pitch pull your voice back into your throat.

Once you have found your own best pitch level, practice speaking in it at every possible opportunity. Too often speech students fail to realize that if they want to effect permanent improvement in their voices they must make use of every speaking experience, and not limit their conscious efforts to a few formal exercises.

Pitch changes are important means of emphasis, requiring more penetrating interpretation of an author's meaning and mood in reading and more subtle expression of thought in speaking than the easier emphasis of volume change. These pitch changes are called intonation or inflection patterns. They may be worked out schematically, following Klinghardt, to show the rise and fall of pitch within phrases. (See Appendix, p. 434.) Formally diagramming inflections, however, is an artificial way to study the patterns of good speaking. Something can be learned, of course, by comparing the characteristic intonations of different types of speakers (as for example in examining the difference between an American speaker and a British speaker or in helping a foreigner learn Eng-

lish by imitating a typical English speech melody). But by and large, intelligent interpretation takes care of most inflectional patterns, and mechanical stress on pitch frequently results in affectation. Richard Whately, in his *Elements of Rhetoric* (1846), said a century ago: "Impress the mind fully with the sentiments, etc., to be uttered; withdraw the attention from the sound, and fix it on the sense; and nature, or habit, will spontaneously suggest the proper delivery."

THE THREE DIVISIONS OF PITCH. It is enough here to say that the three chief divisions of pitch are *key*, the average pitch from which the tone rises and falls; *inflection*, the gliding of the voice from one pitch to another; and *step*, the change in pitch between words and syllables, within pauses. There are different keys for the same voice, besides the natural level, usually depending on the emotional and physical condition of the speaker at the moment of utterance. For example, a person laboring under excitement is likely to speak in a higher key than a calmer person, and a person suffering deep grief may speak in a lower key. Unless the speaker is a monotone, however, there are inflections up and down, no matter what the key is. Upon these inflections depends much of the subtlety of speaking. One writer describes inflections as the most "intellectual" of the modifications of the voice. Step is the typical pitch change of singing, but it is also the means of variation between words and phrases.

The good speaker must learn to control his step and inflection patterns. An examination of casual conversation will indicate that, whatever the faults of voice and selection of words, the inflectional patterns are usually rather good. In reading, however, stiltedness or singsong rhythm or monotony often intrudes. Attention to meaning and an honest search for something like a conversational manner will do much to overcome these defects. A certain amount of deliberate consideration of pitch may also, in some cases, be helpful.

PITCH FAULTS. One of the worst faults of speech is pitch monotony, which is the result of insensitiveness to shades of meaning and of lack of emotional response to what is being said. We can speak with usually unerring inflections when we ask someone to pass the salt at table or when we express indignation at the state of the weather. Yet many of us may read the same words with a total absence of inflectional expression. Such mechanical readers

must learn to bring out the conversational quality in their own reading and speaking and to observe the wide range of pitch employed by good radio and platform speakers.

There are, of course, many people who simply carry over a long-established habit of monotony from their daily speech into their reading. Sometimes these are what are called monotones, persons unable to carry tunes or to distinguish between raised and lowered pitch. They provide a troublesome problem for the speech teacher, who must usually approach the subject of inflection by making them feel the physical difference between one pitch and another. Scale work on the piano and tests of descending and ascending thirds may help the monotone. Some teachers try to establish a definite impression of pitch changes on pitch-deaf students by making them go up steps for a raised pitch and down for a lowered pitch.

Most monotonous speakers are simply unobservant or emotionally inhibited or dull, rather than tone deaf. They must learn the value of energy and animation in speech. Almost never is the alert, vigorous, interested speaker monotonous. *And the place to practice is not merely in the classroom but in everyday speaking situations.*

Just as objectionable as unvaried pitch level is unvaried repetition of the same inflection patterns. Many speakers begin and end every phrase in exactly the same way, usually by a gradual descent to a misleadingly conclusive inflection, from which the pitch is despairingly dragged to a new beginning of a phrase and the process repeated. It is comparable to the singsong of too regularly stressed words. Any form of overly insistent rhythm or unrelieved emphasis is likely to be unpleasant in speech.

Overinflection is one of the manifestations of social artificiality and "piece speaking." Though monotonous voices are dreary, sometimes they are a relief from the excessive brightness and affectation of those who wave around in octaves of graciousness, the "too-too!" or the "oh, my dear!" school. What we are seeking in this study of good reading is the conversational norm, which is sufficiently varied in pitch to be interesting but not overloaded with cuteness or elegance or dramatic intensity. The reading of poetry, however, as we shall see later, should nearly always be less inflected than the reading of prose or ordinary speaking. The "feel" of a sentence read aloud is often a very dependable thing. Don't

force your inflections into what you think a teacher wants, if it feels wrong. Recasting the sentence in your own words and listening to the new inflection pattern may help you. Read the original sentence in the pattern of your sentence. Nine times out of ten it will be the right one.

THE IMPORTANCE OF INFLECTION. Observe the variations in the pitch patterns of skilful speakers. Notice how deftly delicate shades of meaning may be conveyed by adjustments in the pitch level. See for yourself the truth of Charles H. Woolbert's statement that "mastery of the changes of pitch is man's highest communicative achievement." Realize the value of a "forward-looking tone" in speaking or reading aloud, a tone which seems to carry the thought interestingly ahead and does not allow it to fall into the dull series of unrealized conclusions that many speakers habitually use. This "forward-looking" is chiefly the result of holding up inflections except at the logical full stops and except where the sense dictates dropped inflections. When readers lower their pitch lugubriously at every pause, they create the impression of melancholy, sometimes suitable, more often not.

In singing there is little use of inflection. Changes of pitch are effected by stepping from one held pitch level to another. Much of the bombastic tone of the "ministerial" or "stump" type of speaker is due to a chanting or intonation of words on held pitch levels, which change only in steps, without adequate inflection or glide from one pitch to another.

This gliding is the most important characteristic of all colorful, meaningful voice production. Here is the way Somerset Maugham describes the effect of a voice without glides: "The most remarkable thing about her was her voice, high, metallic, and without inflection; it fell on the ear with a hard monotony, irritating to the nerves like the pitiless clamour of the pneumatic drill." Speech that lacks varied, wide-ranging inflection is usually dull and mechanical, like the perfunctory reading of children not interested in books or that of very bad amateur actors. Have you ever seen an early rehearsal of a play in which an inexperienced actor has to read emotional lines? Embarrassed by the requirement to feel what he says, he usually suppresses most of his inflections and speaks in a flat, insincere tone. Compare the inflections of the boy coached by his mother to say to a hostess, "I've had a very nice time, thank you," and the inflections of the same boy using prac-

tically the same words in telling someone his own age about a trip. Spontaneity, genuineness, alertness of mind, poise, vividness are all expressed in constantly varied inflection patterns. Moreover, pitch changes are closely associated with the clarity of the speaker's thinking and with his ability to discriminate intellectual values and to indicate the relationships of ideas.

Exercises

Work on the following exercises, always seeking interesting variations in pitch. Remember that you have at your command about two octaves of pitch changes. Don't be satisfied with a few often-repeated inflections.

1. Closely observe the constant variation in inflection patterns of good speakers. President Roosevelt's voice ranges between 96 and 256 vibrations per second. The average speaker should have variation of pitch that extends over at least an octave. Notice differences in key, inflection, and step, observing the effect of each in varying interpretation. Be prepared to report on these observations in class.

2. Test the range of your voice on the piano, searching for the upper and lower limits. Remember that the chanted or sung tone is held on a sustained pitch and is not a true speaking tone.

3. Chant [ɑ], [oʊ], [ɔ], [u], [i], [æ] first through an octave in steps, then inflecting each vowel through an octave.

4. Reverse Exercise 3, chanting first in steps and then in inflections down the scale from the middle range as far as you can comfortably go.

5. Try to express different shades of meaning by changing the inflection of the following words: "Oh!" "I see!" "Well!" "So!" "No!" "Yes!" "Not at all!" "Ah!"

6. Read the following sentences in high, normal, and low keys, being careful to make frequent changes in inflection, determining the most appropriate to the meaning:

A. *The funeral procession wound slowly up the grim hill, pausing frequently for breath.*

B. *We all jumped into the canoes, and boy! what a grand time we had paddling around the moonlit lake!*

C. *What a shame it is that his mother makes such a baby of him. If he were my boy, I wouldn't mollycoddle him.*

D. *I tell you I saw him down by the swamp standing beside a dead tree. He called out to me, but I was afraid and ran as hard as I could until I got here.*

E. *Will all of you please turn to page 64 and carefully read the sentence at the end of the second paragraph?*

F. *Was* THAT *a party! I'm telling you, more funny things happened that night than I've ever seen before in all my life.*

G. *I have something serious to tell you, something that may come as a shock. Please sit down, won't you?*

H. *"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."* ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I. *So you thought you were going to get away, did you, you young whippersnapper?*

J. *"The problem which confronts the modern world is to find for itself a satisfactory faith and a philosophy in accord with reality."* ALDOUS HUXLEY

K. *"Versailles is filled with thousands of tons of statuary—very neat, very white, and overwhelmingly reminiscent of coated almonds."* MARGARET HALSEY

7. Read the following passages, looking for the most appropriate keys and experimenting with a wide range of inflections and steps, but avoiding artificiality. Too much inflection is almost as bad as too little.

A. *God's bread! it makes me mad.*
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play.
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thoughts would wish a man!
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love;
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart; advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets.
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Romeo and Juliet

B. *You might have said, dear me, there are a thousand things . . . varying the tone . . . For instance . . . here you are:—Aggressive: "I, monsieur, if I had such a nose, nothing would serve but I must cut it off!" Amicable: "It must be in your way while drinking; you ought to have a special beaker made!" Descriptive: "It is a crag! . . . a peak! . . . a promontory! . . . A promontory, did I say? . . . It is a peninsula!" Inquisitive: "What may the office be of that oblong receptacle? Is it an inkhorn or a scissor-case?" Mincing: "Do you so dote on birds, you have, fond as a father, been at pains to fit the little darlings with a roost?" Blunt: "Tell me, monsieur, you, when you smoke, is it possible you blow the vapor through your nose without a neighbor crying, 'The chimney is afire'?" Anxious: "Go with caution, I beseech, lest your head, dragged over by that weight, should drag you over!" Tender: "Have a little sunshade made for it! It might get freckled!" Learned: "None but the beast, monsieur, mentioned by Aristophanes, the hippocampelephantocamelos, can have borne beneath his forehead so much cartilege and bone!" Off-hand: "What, comrade, is that sort of peg in style? Capital to hang one's hat upon!" Emphatic: "No wind can hope, O lordly nose, to give the whole of you a cold, but the Nor-Wester!" Dramatic: "It is the Red Sea when it bleeds!" Admiring: "What a sign for a perfumer's shop!" Lyrical: "Art thou a Triton, and is that thy conch?" Simple: "A monument! When is admission free?" Deferent: "Suffer, monsieur, that I should pay you my respects: that is what I call possessing a house of your own!" Rustic: "Hi, boys! Call that a nose? Ye don't gull me! It's either a prize carrot or else a stunted gourd!" Military: "Level against the cavalry!" Practical: "Will you put it up for raffle? Indubitably, sir, it will be the feature of the game!" And finally in parody of weeping Pyramus: "Behold, behold the nose that traitorously destroyed the beauty of its master! and is blushing for the same!"—That, my dear sir, or something not unlike, is what you would have said to me, had you the smallest leaven of letters or of wit; but of wit, O most pitiable of objects made by God, you never had a rudiment, and of letters, you have just those that are needed to spell "Fool!"*

EDMUND ROSTAND, Cyrano de Bergerac

C. *This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions*

here below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, the wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice, all place a temple, and all season, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were everyone for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, Eulogy at His Brother's Grave

D. *I was angry and alarmed, on arriving in London, to discover that the old world of comfort, pleasure, taste, diversion and amusement still powerfully appealed to me; that the misery of nine tenths of the human race could seem dim and distant when considered from the midst of a well-supplied bourgeois dining room; that the things a Bolshevik . . . had to give up were things I valued. The material seductiveness of the bourgeois world was strengthened by an attack on the revolutionary idea itself: I was always having J. M. Keynes quoted at me, and being told that the waste of life and wealth (i.e., productive machinery) incidental to revolutions was uneconomic. My English friends, who were not themselves doing a thing to bring about the social rearrangement, always assured me that the rearrangement would take place; only, they said, it would take place in an orderly democratic fashion under the parliamentary tradition. They pointed to their advanced social legislation—unemployment insurance; death duties and income taxes scaled up to attack accumulations of capital; their pension system and the rest—as a proof of the capacity of a capitalist state to submit to orderly, progressive reformation. That these arrangements were, after all, at the mercy of political accident, and that the so-called "social legislation" of bour-*

geois governments could not possibly protect the workers against the results of such crises as war, over-production and speculation (the characteristic crises of capitalism according to the Marxist view) were objections ruled out by the Englishmen I knew with a succinct phrase: "You want too much."

VINCENT SHEEAN, Personal History

E. *Children are poetic. They love to feel of things. I suppose it is necessary to their preservation that they should be, for by random exercise of their organs of feeling they develop them and make them fit for their practical function. But that is not the chief reason why they are poetic; the chief reason is that they are not practical. They have not yet felt the necessity, or got addicted to the trick, of formulating a purpose and then achieving it. Therefore, this naïve impulse of nature, the impulse toward realization, is free in them. Moreover, it is easy of satisfaction. It is easy for children to taste the qualities of experience, because experience is new, and its qualities are but loosely bound together into what we call "Things." Each is concrete, particular, unique, and without an habitual use.*

Babies have no thought, we may say, but to feel after and find the world, bringing it so far as possible to their mouths where it becomes poignant. They become absorbed in friendship with the water they bathe in. The crumple noise of papers puts them in ecstasy, and later all smells and sounds, brightness, and color, and form, and motion, delight them. We can see them discover light by putting their hands before their eyes and taking them away quickly, and again, at a later age, discover sound by stopping their ears and opening them again.

Who does not remember in his own childhood testing the flavors of things—of words, perhaps, saying them over and over until he had defeated his own wish, for they became pulpy and ridiculous in his mouth? Anything which invades the sense like cinnamon, or sorrel, or neat flowers, or birds' eggs, or a nut, or a horn, is an object of peculiar affection. It is customary in books about children to say that they care little for the actual qualities of an object, and are able to deal with it as though it were anything that they choose to imagine. But I think only the positive part of this statement is true. Undoubtedly their imaginations are active in more various directions, and they draw the distinction between the real and the ideal in perception less clearly than grown-up people do. But the most pronounced characteristic of children is that they are perfectly free to feel the intrinsic qualities of things as they merely are. What we call objects are for the most part practically determined coordinations of qualities. And what we call the

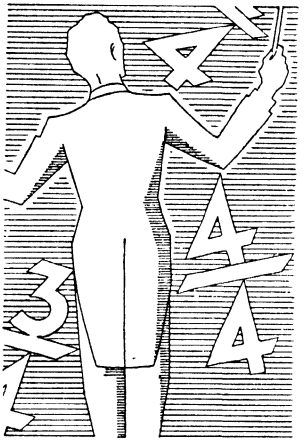
ACTUAL *quality of an object is usually the quality which indicates its vital use. When we say actual, therefore, we really mean practical. But so far as actuality from the standpoint of the things is concerned, the children come nearer to it, and care more about it, then we do. To us a derby hat is for covering the head, and that is about all it is; but to them it is hard, smooth, hollow, deep, funny, and may be named after the mixing-bowl and employed accordingly. And so it is with all things. The child loves a gem with its pure and serene ray, as the poet loves it, for its own sake.*

MAX EASTMAN, The Enjoyment of Poetry

F. *It is humiliating that I cannot get through one single day without wounding or lightly abrading the sensibility of others, without wasting time and brain-power on thoughts that I do not desire to think, without yielding to appetites that I despise! I am so wrapped up in myself that I, if any one, ought to succeed in a relative self-perfection. I aim at as much, from love of perfection and scorn of inefficiency as for my own happiness. I honestly think I care quite as much for other people's happiness as for my own; and that is not saying much for my love of my own happiness. Love of justice, more than outraged sensibility at the spectacle of suffering and cruelty, prompts me to support social reforms. I can and do look at suffering with scientific (artistic) coldness. I do not care. I am above it. But I want to hasten justice, for its own sake. I think this is fairly sincere; perhaps not quite. I don't think I scorn people; I have none of that scorn of inferior people (i.e., of the vast majority of people) which is seen in many great men. I think my view is greater than theirs. Clumsiness in living is what I scorn: systems, not people. And even systems I can excuse and justify to myself. No, my leading sentiment is my own real superiority, not the inferiority of others. It depends on how you look at it.*

ARNOLD BENNETT, The Journal,
May 23, 1908

CHAPTER 6



Improving Tempo and Quality

WE HAVE discussed the amount of sound a speaker makes and its effective or detrimental use. We have also briefly investigated the pitch pattern of his voice and its application to pleasing speech. Now we shall consider the remaining elements of voice, tempo, and quality.

TEMPO

The third element of voice is tempo (time), which is not, like volume, pitch, and quality, dependent on the vocal mechanism. Tempo is first of all the rate of speed at which sounds are produced, literally the number of words per minute. Secondly, it is the use of pause, which serves to punctuate reading, to assist in the clarification of meaning by marking off logical phrases and breath groups, and to indicate special emphasis. Thirdly, it is quantity, the duration of sound in the formation of words and parts of words. Finally, it is the chief element in rhythm.

RATE. Everyone speaks at a characteristic rate, very much as everyone has a normal level of pitch. Like pitch, too, rate is likely to increase or decrease according to the emotional state of the speaker. Under excitement we tend to speak more rapidly and more shrilly. In sober mood we both slow our rate of utterance and lower our key. Serious ideas, tragic drama, reflective poetry are all best expressed slowly; gay thought, comedy, light lyrics are swifter. Phlegmatic people usually speak slowly, nervous people swiftly. In the United States northerners in general speak more

rapidly than southerners. French and Italian speakers articulate faster than the Germans and English.

An average rate of 140 words a minute is considered a satisfactory speed for speech. Possessors of very crisp enunciation, however, can go faster and still be clear. On the other hand, those with poor enunciation cannot be understood at even a slower pace. Some radio announcers have made reputations as very fast speakers. The late Floyd Gibbons was proud of his average of 220 words a minute, and a few sports announcers have an even higher rate. Such speed however is hard on both the speaker and the listener and is seldom truly effective. Franklin D. Roosevelt speaks from 110 to 134 words per minute. In general, good speakers stay under 150 words per minute, except for special emphasis.

Most speakers and readers go too fast to be fully understood by their audiences. They fail to realize that comprehension of heard ideas necessarily lags behind comprehension of read ideas because the ear does not take in groups of words as rapidly as the eye does. An audience must be given time to assimilate each group of words before the speaker goes on to the next. On the other hand, of course, the speaker who is too deliberate either annoys or antagonizes his audience.

It is possible that in the reading of some writers, like William Faulkner and James Joyce, an interpreter will most successfully get an impressionistic or symbolic point by skimming, avoiding most of the customary phrases, almost in a monotone. In Chapter 2 you were advised to read a passage from Joyce slowly, trying to work out his meanings. Now go back and try that passage (on p. 106) swiftly, not bothering with full comprehension, following the images in the flitting way that the mind receives impressions. Does it make any difference in the interpretation? Do you like it any better? Religious "exhorters" and political spellbinders like Hitler often make use of this device of arousing emotion more through the rhythm and passion of words than through meaning, speaking in unintelligible swiftness, with cadences and occasional key ideas marked. This is not, however, the method of good reading (except perhaps of non-realistic material).

More important than either slowness or rapidity of speech is *variation* of rate. There is no monotony more deadly than unrelieved tempo in speaking. The swift speaker may go faster than

his audience can think, and the slow speaker may get his next word long after most of his audience have already mentally supplied it, but if they change their pace frequently, much may be forgiven them. The only unpardonable sin in speaking is monotony.

In the reading of poetry, variations in tempo are of greater importance than variations in pitch. That is, the pitch-level of poetry may be more or less sustained, in some good reading even approaching a chant. Most poets reading their own poems come very close to chanting them. The pitch variations of poetry are certainly fewer, though perhaps more pronounced, than those of prose. The reader of poetry, therefore, must be doubly careful to make frequent changes in tempo (in pause and quantity, as well as in rate). In so doing he should be able to avoid overemphasis on force, which is often the beating out of metrical rhythm, and on too great a variety of pitch changes, without being monotonous. If pitch variation is primarily intellectual, time variation is primarily emotional.

Exercises

1. Read the following passages slowly, at medium speed, then fast. Determine for yourself the most suitable tempo.

A. *Mother wants you to go to the store just as fast as you can go. Hurry up!*

B. *Inspector, the man is dead, shot through the back. It looks like a murder case.*

C. *"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour."* BENJAMIN HILL

D. *"She was small of her age, with no glow of complexion, nor any other striking beauty; exceedingly timid and shy, and shrinking from notice; but her air, though awkward, was not vulgar, her voice was sweet, and when she spoke her countenance was pretty."* JANE AUSTEN

E. *Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!*
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, King Lear

2. Read the sentences on pp. 170 and 171, under Exercises for Pitch, observing the differences in rate as well as in pitch.

3. Read the following passages, constantly varying the tempo, being careful not to read too fast, but suiting the rate to the probable mood of the writer.

A. *Here, where the world is quiet,*
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here . . .

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;

And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.
ALGERNON SWINBURNE, The Garden of Proserpine

B. *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.
ROBERT FROST, The Road Not Taken

c. *It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reestablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us—however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship—exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions towards the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.*

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last

free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WOODROW WILSON, War Message

D. *No man has ever had a finer birthday remembrance from his friends and fellows than you have given me to-night. It is with a humble and thankful heart that I accept this tribute through me to the stricken ones of our great national family. I thank you, but lack the words to tell you how deeply I appreciate what you have done, and I bid you good night on what to me is the happiest birthday I ever have known.*

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, Speech, Jan. 30, 1934

E. *One morning after breakfast, to get out of the heat, I took up a Nieuport. The only thing I had ever noticed that was particularly difficult about Nieuports, was their habit of slewing right or left the instant their wheels touched the ground, when the torque counter-action came off. But this one must have been tricky, or perhaps it was that unbelievable heat and thin air. At any rate, at four hundred feet I found myself in a violent spin.*

There was a Flying Corps commandment in Egypt that no one should turn a scout below five hundred feet in taking off. But on this frying morning, as I walked out to the bus, a group of bored people in the shade of a hanger, said: "Give us something to look at."

I took off in a climbing turn. It was at about four hundred that I felt that slew and wrench that told me I was spinning. It all happened so quickly that I did not have time to think over my past life, as people are supposed to do when facing death; I did not have time enough even to be frightened. I simply knew that this was IT! And it was happening to ME! I would end up with a crankshaft through my chest as many of my friends had done.

"Your engine has failed!" my brain roared to my heart. "Open her up wide and dive for it!"

So I opened the bus up full wide and tried to dive out of it. It was a futile attempt, because I couldn't have been a hundred feet up. But that was the thing that saved me. Just as the sands swirled into my face, I heard a crash like the sound of a peach-crate smashing before I passed

into the darkness. I went clean through the bus, the crankshaft passing under my arm, to end up against the sharp fins of the rotary cylinders.

NEGLEY FARSON, The Way of a Transgressor

PAUSE. For most newcomers to the study of speech the hardest thing to acquire is the courage to pause. To the timid speaker or reader silences are terrible. They rush on, therefore, heedless of nothing but the necessity of keeping the air full of sound waves, taking fresh breath on the fly, and stopping only at the blessed final word. Then they sit down panting and nervous, having outstripped meaning, effective expression, and the audience's ability to follow. Fear alone keeps pace with them, growing stronger in the panic of flight. If for a stricken moment no sound comes, they fill in the gap with an "ah," which promptly becomes an insistent, repeated grunt.

Pause, judiciously used, is first of all a weapon against stage fright. The good speaker, before he launches into his discourse, takes time to gather his forces about him. He looks at his audience appraisingly, gets a couple of good deep breaths, and then begins. He is avoiding the psychological effect of yielding to his natural impulse to be afraid. When a small boy, sent to the cellar for something, turns his back on a dark corner and starts upstairs, he may either run like the mischief and get back to the light trembling, or he may compel himself to walk slowly, sternly crushing his fear of cobras and lurking pirates. We apply the same psychological law of emotion when we make ourselves count ten before we say the bitter or angry word. In the moment of pause we may think better of our anger or our fear and adjust ourselves physically and mentally to the situation.

In the second place, pause is an important aid in interpretation. When we read silently, we recognize visual interruptions, punctuation marks, indentations, paragraph endings, which clarify meanings and indicate the relationships of parts. Unless the reader or speaker, through change of tempo, volume, pitch, and tone color, and, especially, by intelligent and meaningful pauses, marks off punctuation and expresses the relationships between groups of words, the hearer may be thoroughly confused. Pauses are the indicators of phrasing, as has been explained in Chapter 1.

In the third place, pause is a means of emphasis in itself. It is the chief means of creating suspense within the phrase. Deliberately pausing before a word awakens curiosity in the hearer, who wonders what is to come. We often read in novels sentences like "He paused significantly" and "There was an eloquent pause" and "She paused dramatically." These are examples of different values of silence during speech. Much of the force of what we say depends upon how we look, what we do, and how long we make a listener wait during our pauses. The speaker whose pauses drag is probably hesitating rather than pausing (and there is a difference!). The good interpreter is fully aware that phrases, which are the basic unit of interpretation, should be a continuous flow of sound, begun and ended with pauses, and interrupted only for the sake of intentional emphasis.

Exercises

Reread the section in Chapter 1, Interpreting Meaning (pp. 30-33), which deals with phrasing. Then interpret aloud the following passages, with special attention to the pauses. Try them first with few pauses, then with many, and decide which method is more suitable to each selection:

1. *A ship captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence in love and keep it bright and delicate; but he is just the worst man if the feeling is more pedestrian, as habit is too frequently torn open and the solder has never time to set. Men who fish, botanize, work with the turning-lathe, or gather seaweeds, will make admirable husbands; and a little amateur painting in water-color shows the innocent and quiet mind. Those who have a few intimates are to be avoided; while those who swim loose, who have their hat in their hand all along the street, who can number an infinity of acquaintances and are not chargeable with any one friend, promise an easy disposition and no rival to the wife's influence. I will not say they are the best of men, but they are the stuff out of which adroit and capable women manufacture the best of husbands. It is to be noticed that those who have loved once or twice already are so much the better educated to a woman's hand; the bright boy of fiction is an odd and most uncomfortable mixture of shyness and coarseness, and needs a deal of civilizing. Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotaler, or a man who does not smoke. It is not for nothing that this "ignoble tabagie," as Michelet calls it, spreads over all the world.*

Michelet rails against it because it renders you happy apart from thought or work; to provident women this will seem no evil influence in married life. Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Virginibus Puerisque

2. *We were near enough even to blackguard one another. Some of the Boches used to shout insults at us at night. Nothing very serious—rather like the rude jokes that fly about between two gangs of boys, two classes at school, two dormitories. Since there was a good deal of foliage still left in the wood (it was eventually thinned out a good deal by gunfire), some of the Germans had a way of climbing the trees and sniping into our trenches. Our fellows paid them out by crawling out after dark on all fours and throwing grenades into their lines. You remember at school, how we used to shout at each other from our study windows? Well, it was all rather like that. In Haudromont Valley the game used to result, as a rule, in a few dead on either side. But that was because the two gangs of boys concerned happened to be playing with real rifles, with live grenades, and with bombs that could blow a man to pieces. What one's apt to forget in thinking about this war is that, for the most part, it's being conducted by very young men. A few fathers of families pull it back to a serious level, contribute a bit of humbug, but they're the exceptions: they don't set the tone. The young fellows soon get used to the dirt, the crudity, the lack of comfort. They don't bother about the future, and they're not easily moved to compassion. They can be fierce with a grin on their lips. . . . One day the ration parties of I don't know how many units were blown to bits with the limbers round which they were waiting for the night's issue. That was the beginning of a frightful time. Movement of any kind became almost impossible. We were three days without food, and we had practically no reserve rations to fall back on. Men don't die of hunger, I agree, in three days, if they're spending the time in bed. But just think what it's like for fellows in the last stages of exhaustion, who get hardly any chance to drop off to sleep, and when they do, can't, who spend every day and every night in bitter cold and damp, with their nerves continuously on the stretch because of the day-to-day risks which they have to face, with a corresponding expenditure of nervous energy, and then think what they must feel like when there's not a bite to eat or a drop to drink except what they can scrape out of the bottom of their mess-tins and collect from dirty pools of water, for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and then for another twenty-four hours; and then a third day dawns which there's no reason to think will be any different from the days that have gone before.*

JULES ROMAIN, Verdun

3. What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
—Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more; but not—
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dream'd 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellow'd and soften'd as with sunset-glow,
A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart, profoundly stirr'd:
And weep, and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, Growing Old

4. Red slippers in a show-window; and outside in the street, flaws of gray, windy sleet!

Behind the polished glass the slippers hang in long threads of red, festooning from the ceiling like stalactites of blood, flooding the eyes of passers-by with dripping color, jamming their crimson reflections against the windows of cabs and tram-cars, screaming their claret and salmon into the teeth of the sleet, plopping their little round maroon lights upon the tops of umbrellas.

The row of white, sparkling shop-fronts is gashed and bleeding, it bleeds red slippers. They spout under the electric light, fluid and fluctuating, a hot rain—and freeze again to red slippers, myriadly multiplied in the mirror side of the window.

They balance upon arched insteps like springing bridges of crimson lacquer; they swing up over curved heels like whirling tanagers sucked in a wind-pocket; they flatten out, heelless, like July ponds, flared and burnished by red rockets.

Snap, snap, they are cracker sparks of scarlet in the white, monotonous block of shops.

They plunge the clangor of billions of vermilion trumpets into the crowd outside, and echo in faint rose over the pavement.

People hurry by, for these are only shoes, and in a window farther down is a big lotus bud of cardboard, whose petals open every few minutes and reveal a wax doll, with staring bead eyes and flaxen hair, lolling awkwardly in its flower chair.

One has often seen shoes, but whoever saw a cardboard lotus bud before?

The flaws of gray, windy sleet beat on the shop-window where there are only red slippers. AMY LOWELL, Red Slippers

5. Anne Hathaway's cottage and Mary Arden's cottage are sufficiently beautiful, with their brilliant gardens, to soften the most obdurate foe of quaintness. But like all the other high spots in Stratford, they have been provided with postcard stands and with neat custodians whose easy, mechanical Poet-worship had me looking sharply to see if they were plugged into the wall. All of Stratford, in fact, suggests powdered history—add hot water and stir and you have a delicious, nourishing Shakespeare. The inhabitants of the town occupy themselves with painting SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY around the rims of moustache cups for the tourist trade; the wide, cement-paved main street is fringed with literary hot dog stands; and in the narrow lanes adjoining, wrinkled little beldames of Tudor houses wearily serve out their time as tea rooms.

It costs a shilling to cross any doorstep in Stratford, and once inside, the visitor finds himself on the very spot where Shakespeare signed his will or wrote THE TEMPEST *or did something or other which makes it necessary to charge an additional sixpence for the extra sanctity involved. Through all the shrines surge English and American tourists, either people who have read too much Shakespeare at the expense of good, healthy detective stories or people who have never read him at all and hope to get the same results by bumping their heads on low beams. Both categories try heroically to appear deeply moved, an effort which gives their faces a draped look. Were it not for the countryside round about, I would not stay an hour in Stratford—I keep expecting that somebody all dressed up as the immortal bard will come rushing out with a jingle of bells and a jovial shout, and I will have to confess apologetically that I am a big girl now and too old to believe in Shakespeare.*

MARGARET HALSEY, With Malice Toward Some

QUANTITY. Beginners are nearly always baffled by the characteristic of tempo called quantity or duration. They understand rate and pause, which are tangibles like miles per hour and starting and stopping in an automobile. But quantity requires definite sensitiveness to word values. It is the duration of sound within a word. That is, some vowel sounds are measurably longer than others. Some words, either through connotation or emotional or intellectual emphasis or through physical extent of sound, take a longer or shorter time in utterance.

Much of the majesty of Greek epic poetry, which is read quantitatively, according to long or short sounds instead of in accented syllables as in English, comes from the many long syllables. Latin poetry is also read in patterns of long and short syllables. In English, because we depend too much upon accent, we often lose the richness of quantitative verse or prose and move along in an unchanging tempo, alternating stressed and unstressed vowels. Much of the secret of good reading lies in recognition of quantity. It is a constantly dependable form of change, the surest safeguard against monotony, for it is closely related to tone color, which is quality of voice. When tempo and quality are frequently varied, there is little danger that inflection and force will be monotonous.

The long and short sounds in English afford the simplest ap-

proach to quantity. No trained ear is needed to know that the [ou] of *snow* is a longer sound than the [ɛ] of *met*, that the [i] of *feet* is longer than the [ɪ] of *fit*, that the [ɑ] of *father* is longer than the [æ] of *hat*, that [u] in *fool* is longer than [ʊ] in *put*. [l], [m], [n], and [r] are longer consonants than [p], [b], [d], and [t]. Many words, perhaps because of their vowels and consonants, but certainly also because of their meaning, are faster or slower than others. *Slow* is a slower word than *fast; mile* is a slower word than *foot; lie* is a slower word than *sit; roar* is a slower word than *snap*. Compare Arnold's "tremulous cadence slow" with Gilbert's "short, sharp chop," or Swinburne's "a sleepy world of streams" with Browning's "Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup."

Exercises

1. Notice that most of the words in the following passages are slow:

A. *Æonian music measuring out*
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death.

ALFRED TENNYSON, In Memoriam

B. *Doubt had darkened into unbelief; . . . shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black.*

THOMAS CARLYLE, Sartor Resartus

C. *Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,*
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay . . .

ROBERT BROWNING, Love Among the Ruins

D. *A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,*
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

ALFRED TENNYSON, The Lotos-Eaters

F. *The tide, moving the night's*
Vastness with lonely voices,
Turns, the deep dark-shining
Pacific leans on the land,
Feeling his cold strength
To the outmost margins: you Night will resume
The stars in your time.

ROBINSON JEFFERS, Night

2. Notice how most of the words in the following passages are fast:

A. *You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you're needles and pins from your sole to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep, and you've a cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover.*

W. S. GILBERT, The Sleeper

B. *Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin.*
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.

ROBERT BROWNING, Up at a Villa—Down in the City

C. *Swift things are beautiful:*
Swallows and deer,
And lightning that falls
Bright-veined and clear,
Rivers and meteors,
Wind in the wheat,
The strong-withered horse,
The runner's sure feet.

Compare the second stanza of the same poem with the first:

And slow things are beautiful:
The closing of day,
The pause of the wave,
That curves downward to spray,
The ember than crumbles,
The opening flower,
And the ox that moves on
In the quiet of power.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH, Away Goes Sally

D. *Razors pain you;*
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

DOROTHY PARKER, Résumé

E. *As bees bizz out wi' an angry fyke,*
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud,
So Maggie runs; the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and hollo.

ROBERT BURNS, Tam O'Shanter

SUMMARY. Careful attention to the quantitative values of words will do more to slow down high-speed readers than drill in pausing which often produces mere gaps, abruptly separating blurred phrases. On the other hand the limp, droopy, plodding reader *must* come alive if he becomes aware of quickened pace within words. Attend to quantity, and rate will take care of itself. Through quantity, too, you may avoid the dogged timing of metrical accents.

RHYTHM. Rhythm is the more or less regular recurrence of stress and time patterns in both prose and poetry. We have already taken up some of the problems of metrical rhythm under Centering in Chapter 1 and again under the relationship of poetic devices to Emotion, in Chapter 2. The dictionary defines rhythm as "the flow of cadences in written or spoken language, . . . the regular rise and fall of sounds (whether in pitch, stress, or speed) in verse when read with attention to quantities of syllables, accents, and pauses." It may also be, of course, a metrical repetition of stress or quantity, dictated by a prevailing type of foot. All good writing is rhythmic, though the rhythm may be emotional or rational, rather than metrical. The structure of a gracefully written sentence is in itself rhythmical, comprising a

varied pattern of important and unimportant words. In the first sentence of the Gettysburg Address, for example, the word centers and phrases are as follows:

Four score and seven years ago | our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, || conceived in Liberty || and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. ||

Properly phrased, the sentence must be read with a "flow of cadences" that is unmistakably rhythmical.

In poetry the rhythms are usually more obvious. The poet may follow regular patterns of stressed and unstressed syllables, as in the iambic lines

My heart | leaps up | when I | behold |
A rain|bow in | the sky,

or the iambic-anapestic lines

For not | to desire | or admire, | if a man | could learn | it were more |
Than to walk | all day | like the sul|tan of old | in a gar|den of spice. |

But the good reader must quickly learn the difference between metrical rhythm and "meaning" rhythm. In the lines just quoted intelligent centering and phrasing, as we have already learned, would change the too regular repetition of stresses to

My heart leaps up | when I behold
A rainbow in the sky, ||

and

For not to desire or admire || if a man could learn it || were more
Than to walk all day, | like the sultan of old | in a garden of spice. ||

The rhythm now is not radically different from that of the line of prose. Only the thoughtless reader would stress such words as *up* and *in* in the lines from Wordsworth or break up the lines from Tennyson into two- and three-syllabled feet. True rhythm is *felt* rather than beaten out. Much of it is determined by accurate variation of tempo.

Professor Robert Hillyer, of Harvard, in a recent article, "On Reading Verse Aloud," *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1939, presents an interesting but debatable guiding principle of rhythmic grouping for reading verse aloud. "All lines in English verse, more than

one foot in length, divide into two equal time units. These units cut across feet, accent, syllables, and may even split a single word. More often than not there is no pause between them," he says. His theory is based directly on the length (quantity, duration) of words, which, with pauses, make up these almost Anglo-Saxon line divisions. He admits that theoretically, at least, the best way to read English is to a metronome. All this seems very mechanical and unnecessary if we remember that rhythm is best established by the meaning and that all devices like meter and time-unit divisions will take care of themselves when we phrase and center according to the ideas and the emotions. Hillyer's other principles for reading aloud, however, are sound and bear repetition by way of summary here. Notice his prohibition of chanting, which is, as such, objectionable but which may be *approached* in good verse reading by reducing inflectional changes. Notice too his advice about the run-on, or enjambed, line, where the phrase does not end with the end of the line:

1. Read out in a full but unstrained voice.
2. Do not dramatize the poem.
3. Do not chant it.
4. Stress only the syllables that would be stressed in ordinary conversation; indeed, let the stress take care of itself.
5. Read short syllables in a hurry and long ones at leisure.
6. Observe all pauses extravagantly. Silence can never make a mistake.
7. Vary the pitch eagerly.
8. When lines overflow into each other, draw out the last syllable of the overflowing line and, without pause or change of pitch, collide with the first syllable of the line that follows.

Free verse cuts across the boundaries of meter and establishes its own rhythms. There is nothing revolutionary about such rhythms for those who know that all poetry must be read in phrases and not marked off in singsong repetitions or in prosaic matter-of-factness. Whitman's free lines are just as rhythmical as Milton's iambic pentameter lines:

Afoot and light-hearted | I take to the open road, ||
Healthy, || free, || the world before me, ||
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose. ||

WALT WHITMAN

High on a throne of royal state, ||
Which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, ||
Or where the gorgeous East, | with richest hand, ||
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold, ||
Satan exalted sat.

JOHN MILTON

Exercises

In the following selections try to determine the rhythm, both in prose and verse, being careful not to overstress meter. Mark off the phrases and centers, thinking in terms of rhythmic groups (which should not be too rhythmic). As you read aloud, keep in mind what you have learned about pitch and volume as well as time. When you underscore a whole word, remember that you are not therefore to stress all syllables equally.

1. *If ignorance and corruption and intrigue control the primary meeting, and manage the convention, and dictate the nomination, the fault is in the honest and intelligent workshop and office, in the library and the parlor, in the church and the school. When they are as constant and faithful to their political rights as the slums and the grogshops, the pool-rooms and the kennels; when the educated, industrious, temperate, thrifty citizens are as zealous and prompt and unfailing in political activity as the ignorant and venal and mischievous, or when it is plain that they cannot be roused to their duty, then, but not until then—if ignorance and corruption always carry the day—there can be no honest question that the republic has failed. But let us not be deceived. While good men sit at home, not knowing that there is anything to be done, nor caring to know; cultivating a feeling that politics are tiresome and dirty, and politicians, vulgar bullies and bravoes; half persuaded that a republic is the contemptible rule of a mob, and secretly longing for a splendid and vigorous despotism—then remember, it is not a government mastered by ignorance, it is a government betrayal by intelligence; it is not the victory of the slums, it is the surrender of the schools; it is not that bad men are brave, but that good men are infidels and cowards.*

GEORGE W. CURTIS, The Public Duty of Educated Men

2. *To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped*

world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Compte, or of Hegel, or of our own. Philosophical theories or ideas, as points of view, instruments of criticism, may help us to gather up what might otherwise pass unregarded by us. "Philosophy is the microscope of thought." The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.

WALTER PATER, The Renaissance

3. *I reached the highest place in Spoon River,*
But through what bitterness of spirit!
The face of my father, sitting speechless,
Child-like, watching his canaries,
And looking at the court-house window
Of the county judge's room,
And his admonitions to me to seek
My own life, and punish Spoon River
To avenge the wrong the people did him,
Filled me with furious energy
To seek for wealth and seek for power.
But what did he do but send me along
The path that leads to the grove of the Furies?
I followed the path and I tell you this:
On the way to the grove you'll pass the Fates,
Shadow-eyed, bent over their weaving.
Stop for a moment, and if you see
The thread of revenge leap out of the shuttle
Then quickly snatch from Atropos

The shears and cut it, lest your sons,
And the children of them and their children
Wear the envenomed robe.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, "Henry C. Calhoun,"
Spoon River Anthology

4. *A gentle wind followed the rain clouds, driving them on northward, a wind that softly clashed the drying corn. A day went by and the wind increased, steady, unbroken by gusts. The dust from the roads fluffed up and spread out and fell on the weeds beside the fields, and fell into the fields a little way. Now the wind grew strong and hard and it worked at the rain crust in the corn fields. Little by little the sky was darkened by the mixing dust, and the wind felt over the earth, loosened the dust, and carried it away. The wind grew stronger. The rain crust broke and the dust lifted up out of the fields and drove gray plumes into the air like sluggish smoke. The corn threshed the wind and made a dry, rushing sound. The finest dust did not settle back to earth now, but disappeared into the darkening sky.*

The wind grew stronger, whisked under stones, carried up straws and old leaves, and even little clods, marking its course as it sailed across the fields. The air and the sky darkened and through them the sun shone redly, and there was a raw sting in the air. During a night the wind raced faster over the land, dug cunningly among the rootlets of the corn, and the corn fought the wind with its weakened leaves until the roots were freed by the prying wind and then each stalk settled wearily sideways toward the earth and pointed the direction of the wind.

The dawn came, but no day. In the gray sky a red sun appeared, a dim red circle that gave a little light, like dusk; and as that day advanced, the dusk slipped back toward darkness, and the wind cried and whimpered over the fallen corn.

Men and women huddled in their houses, and they tied handkerchiefs over their noses when they went out, and wore goggles to protect their eyes.

When the night came again it was black night, for the stars could not pierce the dust to get down, and the window lights could not even spread beyond their own yards. Now the dust was evenly mixed with the air, an emulsion of dust and air. Houses were shut tight, and cloth wedged around doors and windows, but the dust came in so thinly that it could not be seen in the air, and it settled like pollen on the chairs and tables, on the dishes. The people brushed it from their shoulders. Little lines of dust lay at the door sills.

JOHN STEINBECK, The Grapes of Wrath

5. *O, wert thou in the cauld blast*
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou were there, if thou were there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS, O, wert thou in the cauld blast

6. *Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is as strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.*

Song of Solomon

QUALITY

The most elusive vocal element is quality. Pitch, volume, and tempo are measurable things. Quality, however, which is determined by the relationship between the fundamental tone and its overtones, by the physical condition of the resonating apparatus, and by the mood and health of the speaker, is not as easily described. We know that one voice is different from another and that one musical instrument is different from another, even when both are producing the same note, because of differences in quality. We know when a voice is harsh or nasal or throaty, or when it is pleasing. But exactly what makes up the pleasing quality is difficult to say. Good voices are variously praised as rich, interesting, colorful, pure, resonant, clear, effortless. Yet no one of these adjectives explains good quality.

RESONANCE. One tangible characteristic of quality is resonance. The complexity of overtones, blending with the fundamental tone (or, in poor voices, possibly conflicting with the fundamental tone), picked out and reinforced or suppressed by the resonance chambers, makes up the chief part of quality. The difference between voices is in the main the difference in the resonance of overtones. All voices, if by some magic they could be produced without heads, would sound very much alike except for differences in pitch, and the sound would be little more than a squawk. The quality of any given person's voice is, therefore, the result of his peculiar resonating apparatus. If his head chambers are so shaped that they bring out the most harmonious overtones and if he has no obstructions to the projection of tones, such as enlarged tonsils or adenoids, sluggish palate, or clogged sinuses or nasal passages, he is likely to have good vocal quality. Other conditions may interfere, of course. The muscles of the larynx and throat may be so unrelaxed that the vocal bands do not vibrate freely, thus inhibiting the production of overtones. The pharyngeal muscles may be flabby so that the tone is muffled. The vocal bands themselves may be impaired in some way or not closely enough approximated, so that the tone is hoarse or breathy.

When two people, one with a good voice, one with a poor voice, for example, make the same sound, the first instinctively adjusts his flexible resonators (the mouth and pharynx) so that they select the best overtones for a pleasing tone on the chosen pitch. The other cramps or over-relaxes his throat and laryngeal muscles or incorrectly shapes the resonators. Both these operations are automatic, and the speakers do not consciously go through the complex process which involves the tuning of the resonators to the various frequencies of overtones. Take the sound of [aɪ]. The speaker with good quality makes sure that he properly forms with his lips and tongue the parts of this sound, using the front of the tongue for both vowels. The speaker with poor quality may substitute another sound, getting something like [ɑ] or [a] or even [ɔɪ], or be nasal or throaty. Poor quality, however, is the total voice pattern, not the faulty production of a few individual sounds.

We sometimes hear crude or slovenly speakers with excellent voices. They provide the most fertile ground for speech training. Rough, provincial, or careless habits can be eliminated and the

articulators developed. Good diction is always possible unless the speaker has some organic defect like a cleft palate or bad dental or jaw structure. Good quality may be achieved through honest exercises in projection (i.e., cleanly launching the tones) and resonance, unless the speech mechanism is definitely defective. Then the problem should be turned over to a speech pathologist. Resonance, that is, depends entirely upon anatomical structure and on the physiological action of the speech mechanism. Cultivation, character, "background," and the emotion of the moment add intangible elements to voice quality. It is true that the best voices are natural gifts, but much can be done to improve the average voice.

TONE COLOR AND TIMBRE. Other names for quality are "tone color" and "timbre." The first suggests the speaker's emotional response to what he is saying. Indeed, changes in voice quality, or tone color, are almost always the result of emotional shifts in the speaker. Timbre suggests the characteristic tone of a musical instrument. Both connotations add to the complete picture of the voice. Color is an almost literal analogy. Good voice quality may call to mind the reds and oranges and yellows of the spectrum, the warm colors; or it may take on the blues and greens, the cold colors. On the one hand it expresses vitality, joy, elevated thought, warmth; on the other it expresses desolation, fear, anger, coldness. The human voice, moreover, should be a true musical instrument, capable of producing tones with musical quality. Good timbre means good musical quality.

The expression of emotional changes is brought about in everyday speech by unmistakable changes in voice quality, except in lazy, stupid, or monotonous speakers. The fundamental emotions of love, anger, fear, and sorrow, at least, are within the expressible range of nearly everyone, though perhaps the appropriate vocal qualities cannot be summoned on demand. That is, one who under stress of the real emotion clearly expresses it may fail miserably to express the same emotion when he must imagine it, as in reading or acting. Amateur actresses who vainly try to be contemptuous or angry under pressure of a director will probably say, "So what?" offstage with withering scorn or fly into a real rage over a costume. Control of the mechanism of vocal quality involves the whole psychological and nervous system. The reader or speaker or actor should have at his command as many tones as

possible, expressive of different states of emotion. Practice the shifts in tone color that accompany shifts in feeling, beginning with the fundamental emotions and working up through complex emotions.

THE KINDS OF QUALITY. Most discussions of quality include the classifications of the various types of quality, usually eight, according to the list first made out by Dr. James Rush, an early pioneer in speech work. Deliberate application of these types: *aspirate, guttural, pectoral, nasal, oral, falsetto, normal,* and *orotund,* was of considerably more use to the old student of elocution than it is to modern students of the "natural" method. We tend to believe today that the sincere speaker or reader, intelligently interpreting, will find the right tone color to express emotion without learning a lot of rules about the proper time to shift from chest resonance (pectoral quality) to the lighter oral quality or from the aspirate (whispered quality) to the orotund (deep, full quality).

For those who want to study the effects of different tone colors, seeking to increase the range of expression, the following brief descriptions of the eight types may be helpful:

1. Aspirate: a partially voiced whispered tone, more breath than sound; may express fear or suspense.

2. Guttural: a throaty tone, produced by rough forcing of breath through tense vocal bands, with resonance impeded by constricted pharyngeal muscles; may express coarseness or "toughness."

3. Pectoral: a hollow tone, in which the chief resonator seems to be the pharynx; may express fear or morbidity. It is the favorite tone of the Ghost in *Hamlet.*

4. Nasal: a twangy tone, produced by directing the breath stream into the nasal passages; used in hill-billy or down-East characters to express rusticity. In some *denasalized* speech (without any nasal resonance) similar effects may be obtained.

5. Oral: a light tone, for which the main resonator is the mouth cavity; may express quietness, age, gentleness, fatigue, weakness.

6. Falsetto: a thin, shrill tone made by the vocal bands adjusted to unnaturally high pitch; may express querulousness or may be employed for broad comic effect.

7. Normal: the usual tone of the speaker, in which all the resonators are used.

8. Orotund: the "round" tone made by increasing the volume and resonance of the normal tone. It may degenerate to the magniloquent "ministerial" tone or, simply and unaffectedly used, may express dignity and deep emotional meaning. It is not a conversational tone.

Some of these qualities may be the result of organic or functional defects in the speech mechanism, i.e., guttural, nasal, or aspirate (breathy) speech. As such they will be discussed in the appendix chapter on diction, Special Problems in Voice Improvement, page 397.

FREE BODILY ACTION. Vocal quality is the product of many physiological and psychological conditions. But all other things being equal, without free bodily action it cannot be *good* vocal quality. We have seen how all the elements of expression are made less effective by the presence of uncontrolled tensions. In all physical activity a proper balance between alert use of muscles and relaxation is necessary. A football player waits for signals with muscles ready to spring into instant action. When he is tackled, he knows that he must relax in order to fall without hurting himself. The tennis player must always be on his toes, poised for swift movement. But if his wrist is cramped and his body rigid with tension, he will not play a good game. Watch the easy flow of muscles in the billiard player. Observe the free swing of a cross-country runner. The nervous, tense, straining race horse may win a short race, but he would wear himself out on a long ride. For endurance and comfortable riding you would prefer the hunter, rising easily to jumps and running tirelessly, a beautiful example of effortless power.

Free bodily action not only helps the speaker develop a good voice and gain poise and confidence on the platform, but releases the constricting forces that inhibit emotion and clear thinking. Stage fright is little more than a state of muscular and mental tension which may be relieved by sensible relaxation.

Before you begin the exercises in quality, work on relaxation, trying to relax all your strained bodily tensions. Then start the exercises in quality, thinking in terms of beautiful tone color, striving to increase your range of expression.

Exercises in Relaxation

1. Bend at the waist, letting your arms hang limply and dropping your chin to your chest. Feel yourself relax. Dangle your arms to be sure that they are not under any tension. Slowly rise to an erect position, keeping your arms limp and raising the head only after the trunk is straight.

2. Slowly oscillate your head, bending it forward, then to the right, then back, to the left, and so on. Try to use the least possible amount of muscular exertion, simply rolling your head loosely.

3. Drop your head until the chin rests on the chest. Slowly raise the head, leaving the lower jaw limp. Keeping the mouth loosely agape, bend the head backward until the mouth is opened to its fullest extent. Try to yawn. Repeat this several times. Then lower the head again, closing the limp jaws by the weight of the head against the chest.

4. Yawn repeatedly. If deliberate yawning is hard for you, try to feel the loosening of tongue and jaws that goes with yawning. Say [i], [ɛ], [aɪ], [ɑ], [oʊ], [u] after each yawn, passing from the yawn to the sound without pause.

5. Waggle your lower jaw from side to side as effortlessly as possible. Be sure that it doesn't move in cramped jerks. Next shake it gently up and down between your thumb and forefinger without clashing the teeth.

Exercises in Vocal Quality

1. Hum on the [m] sound until you feel vibration in the bridge of the nose and the cheekbones.

2. Begin with a vigorous hum, continuing it until it takes up about half your breath supply, and then go directly into the following vowel sounds, humming before each one.

m-m-m-u-u-u
m-m-m-oʊ-oʊ-oʊ
m-m-m-ɔ-ɔ-ɔ
m-m-m-ɑ-ɑ-ɑ
m-m-m-aɪ-aɪ-aɪ
m-m-m-eɪ-eɪ-eɪ
m-m-m-i-i-i

The sounds are not repeated, but sustained.

3. Reverse Exercise 2, chanting the vowel first on a sustained pitch and ending with a prolonged hum:

u-u-u-m-m-m
ou-ou-ou-m-m-m
ɔ-ɔ-ɔ-m-m-m
ɑ-ɑ-ɑ-m-m-m
aɪ-aɪ-aɪ-m-m-m
eɪ-eɪ-eɪ-m-m-m
i-i-i-m-m-m

4. Vocalize [mi], [mi], [mi], [mi], [mi] as fast as possible (as many singers do, loosening up their voices and trying out resonance, just before a concert). Then after each rapid series of five repetitions of [mi], repeat the combinations of Exercise 2, taking less time for both the nasal and the vowel: [mi], [mi], [mi], [mi], [mi]; [mu]; [mou]; [mɔ]; [mɑ]; [maɪ]; [meɪ].

5. Repeat the following words, reading down the columns, holding the nasals until they ring out clearly, and forming the vowels cleanly. Make initial consonants crisp:

ring	stone	prim	gleam	bean	shine	loom
sing	known	rim	cream	clean	pine	broom
wing	drone	skim	team	sheen	spine	gloom
ding	long	strung	deem	mean	vine	tomb
fling	wrong	tongue	town	moon	line	groom
king	song	young	frown	spoon	den	ban
cling	dong	sung	crown	soon	fen	ran
sling	tong	flung	drown	boon	glen	clan
string	thong	hung	noun	noon	hen	man
spring	prong	sprung	gown	loon	men	fan
thing	strong	swung	clown	croon	then	tan
bone	bung	stun	chrome	swoon	wren	chum
cone	clung	shun	dome	June	spin	drum
flown	rung	run	foam	rune	thin	glum
grown	lung	son	home	mine	pin	numb
moan	grim	spun	loam	swine	inn	scum
loan	limb	beam	green	dine	chin	slum
prone	hymn	scream	keen	thine	grin	strum
mown	slim	seem	queen	twine	room	mum
throne	swim	dream	screen	whine	doom	dumb

6. Read the following selections, attending first of all to meanings, trying to read with the best possible vocal quality. When

the meaning changes, sensitive interpretation may suggest a change of quality, certainly some kind of change in one or more of the properties of voice. Accurately express the shades of emotion.

A. *If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Springfield Speech, June 16, 1858

B. *He was a tall, thin old man with a bald head, which shone pinkishly dirty, and a grizzled beard so long he could tuck it in his belt. He was over sixty, to judge by his hard, seamed face, but there was no sag of age to his body. He was lank and ungainly, but, even with his wooden peg, he moved as swiftly as a snake.*

He mounted to the steps and came toward her and, even before he spoke, revealing in his tone a twang and a burring of "r's" unusual in the lowlands, Scarlett knew that he was mountain born. For all his dirty, ragged clothes there was about him, as about most mountaineers, an air of fierce silent pride that permitted no liberties and tolerated no foolishness. His beard was stained with tobacco juice and a large wad in his jaw made his face look deformed. His nose was thin and craggy, his eyebrows bushy and twisted into witches' locks and a lush growth of hair sprang from his ears, giving them the tufted look of a lynx's ears. Beneath his brow was one hollow socket from which a scar ran down his cheek, carving a diagonal line through his beard. The other eye was small, pale and cold, an unwinking and remorseless eye. There was a heavy pistol openly in his trouser band and from the top of his tattered boot protruded the hilt of a bowie knife.

MARGARET MITCHELL, Gone With the Wind

c. *It will be found that the fundamental fault of the female character is that it has* NO SENSE OF JUSTICE. *This is mainly due to the fact . . . that women are defective in the powers of reasoning and deliberation; but it is also traceable to the position which Nature has assigned to them as the weaker sex. They are dependent, not upon strength, but upon craft; and hence their instinctive capacity for cunning, and their ineradicable tendency to say what is not true. For as lions are provided with claws and teeth, and elephants and boars with tusks, bulls with horns, and the cuttlefish with its cloud of inky fluid, so Nature has equipped woman, for her defence and protection, with the arts of dissimulation; and all the power which Nature has conferred upon man in the shape of physical strength and reason has been bestowed upon woman in this form. Hence dissimulation is innate in women, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as the clever. It is as natural for them to make use of it on every occasion as it is for those animals to employ their means of defence when they are attacked; they have a feeling that in doing so they are only within their rights.*

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER, On Women

d. *From the window of the governor's mansion, as I begin this effort to make you understand better modern Virginia, I can see the monuments to old Virginia. The heroic figure of Washington rides his horse high above Capitol Square; surrounded by Patrick Henry, who lit the flame of American revolution; George Mason, who asserted the rights of the individual to be free; Thomas Jefferson, who declared the right of the colonies to be independent; Thomas Nelson, who offered the resolution instructing the Virginia delegates at Philadelphia to propose a declaration of independence; Meriwether Lewis, who explored the wilderness that stretched from the mouth of the Missouri to where the Columbia enters the Pacific; and John Marshall, who found in the Constitution implied power to make a nation out of the restricted union of the several states.*

It would be impossible to account for our national existence unless we recalled some of these Virginians here standing about the Father of our Country. At that the group is by no means inclusive of the Virginians who helped to make this nation, for two Virginia Presidents, Madison and Monroe, are not there, and Richard Henry Lee is also absent.

HARRY F. BYRD, Virginia Through the Eyes of Her Governor

E. *Lo you now, how vainly mortal men do blame the gods! For of us they say comes evil, whereas they even of themselves, through the blindness of their own hearts, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as of late Aegisthus, beyond that which was ordained, took to him the wedded wife of the son of Atreus and killed her lord on his return, and that with sheer doom before his eyes, since we had warned him by the embassy of Hermes the keen-sighted, the slayer of Argos, that he should neither kill the man nor woo his wife. For the son of Atreus shall be avenged at the hand of Orestes, so soon as he shall come to man's estate and long for his own country. So spake Hermes, yet he prevailed not on the heart of Aegisthus, for all his good will; but now hath he paid one price for all.*

HOMER, Odyssey, translated by Butcher and Lang

F. *I am credibly informed, that there is still a considerable hitch or hobble in your enunciation, and that when you speak fast you sometimes speak unintelligibly . . . Your trade is to speak well, both in public and in private. The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled, than understandings to judge. Be your productions ever so good, they will be of no use, if you stifle and strangle them in birth . . . Remember of what importance Demosthenes, and one of the Gracchi, thought* ENUNCIATION; *and read what stress Cicero and Quintilian lay upon it; even the herb-women at Athens were correct judges of it. Oratory, with all its graces, that of enunciation in particular, is full as necessary in our government as it ever was in Greece or Rome. No man can make a fortune or a figure in this country, without speaking, and speaking well in public. If you will persuade, you must first please; and if you will please, you must tune your voice to harmony, you must articulate every syllable distinctly, your emphasis and cadences must be strongly and properly marked; and the whole together must be graceful and engaging. If you do not speak in that manner, you had much better not speak at all . . . Let me conjure you, therefore, to make this your only object, till you have absolutely conquered it, for that is in your power; think of nothing else, read and speak for nothing else. Read aloud, though alone, and read articulately and distinctly, as if you were reading in public, and on the most important occasion. Recite pieces of eloquence, declaim scenes of tragedies to Mr. Harte, as if he were a numerous audience. If there is any particular consonant which you have a difficulty in articulating, as I think you had with the R, utter it millions and millions of times, till you have uttered it right. Never speak quick, till you have first learned to speak well. In short, lay aside every book, and every thought, that does*

not directly tend to this great object, absolutely decisive of your future fortune and figure.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, Letters to His Son,
Letter CXVII, July 9, 1750

c. *There is no individual portion of the architecture and decoration of that bridal chamber which is not now visibly before me . . . The room lay in a high turret of the castellated abbey, was pentagonal in shape, and of capacious size. Occupying the whole southern face of the pentagon was the sole window—an immense sheet of unbroken glass from Venice—a single pane, and tinted of a leaden hue, so that the rays of either the sun or moon, passing through it, fell with a ghastly luster on the objects within. Over the upper portion of this huge window extended the trellis-work of an aged vine, which clambered up the massy walls of the turret. The ceiling, of gloomy-looking oak, was excessively lofty, vaulted, and elaborately fretted with the wildest and most grotesque specimens of a semi-Gothic, semi-Druidical device. From out the most central recess of this melancholy vaulting depended, by a single chain of gold with long links, a huge censer of the same metal, Saracenic in pattern, and with many perforations so contrived that there writhed in and out of them, as if endued with a serpent vitality, a continual succession of parti-colored fires.*

Some few ottomans and golden candelabra, of Eastern figure, were in various stations about; and there was the couch, too—the bridal couch—of an Indian model, and low, and sculptured of solid ebony, with a pall-like canopy above. In each of the angles of the chamber stood on end a giant sarcophagus of black granite, from the tombs of the kings over against Luxor, with their aged lids full of immemorial sculpture. But in the draping of the apartment lay, alas! the chief fantasy of all. The lofty walls, gigantic in height, even unproportionably so, were hung from summit to foot, in vast folds, with a heavy and massive-looking tapestry—tapestry of a material which was found alike as a carpet on the floor, as a covering for the ottomans and the ebony bed, as a canopy for the bed, and as the gorgeous volutes of the curtains which partially shaded the window. The material was the richest cloth of gold. It was spotted all over, at irregular intervals, with arabesque figures, about a foot in diameter, and wrought upon the cloth in patterns of the most jetty black. But these figures partook of the true character of the arabesque only when regarded from a single point of view. By a contrivance now common, and indeed traceable to a very remote period of antiquity, they were made changeable in aspect. To one entering the room, they bore the appearance of simple monstrosities; but upon a farther advance,

this appearance gradually departed; and, step by step, as the visitor moved his station in the chamber, he saw himself surrounded by an endless succession of the ghastly forms which belong to the superstition of the Norman, or arise in the guilty slumbers of the monk. The phantasmagoric effect was vastly heightened by the artificial introduction of a strong continual current of wind behind the draperies, giving a hideous and uneasy animation to the whole.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, Ligeia

H. *If it were not for the* BIBLE *and* COMMON PRAYER BOOK *in the Vulgar Tongue, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us an hundred years ago; which is certainly true: for those books, being perpetually read in Churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English Tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that* SIMPLICITY *which is one of the greatest perfections in any language . . . I am persuaded that the Translators of the* BIBLE *were masters of an* ENGLISH *style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings: which I take to be owing to the* SIMPLICITY *that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greatest part of our* LITURGY, *compiled long before the Translation of the* BIBLE *now in use, and little altered since, there seem to be in it as great strains of true sublime eloquence as are anywhere to be found in our language; which every man of good Taste will observe in the* COMMUNION SERVICE, *that of* BURIAL, *and other parts.*

JONATHAN SWIFT, Letter Dedicatory to the Earl of Oxford

I. In the following selection Caponsacchi is testifying before the ecclesiastical court which is trying Guido for the murder of Pompilia:

I have done with being judged.
I stand here guiltless in thought, word, and deed,
To the point that I apprise you—in contempt
For all misapprehending ignorance
O' the human heart, much more the mind of Christ—
That I assuredly did bow, was blessed
By the revelation of Pompilia. There!
Such is the final fact I fling you, Sirs,
To mouth and mumble and misinterpret: there!
"The priest's in love," have it the vulgar way!
Unpriest me, rend the rags o' the vestment, do—
Degrade deep, disenfranchise all you dare—

Remove me from the midst, no longer priest
And fit companion for the like of you—
Your gay Abati with the well-turned leg
And rose i' the hat-rim, Canons, cross at neck
And silk mask in the pocket of the gown,
Brisk bishops with the world's musk still unbrushed
From the rochet; I'll no more of these good things:
There's a crack somewhere, something that's unsound
I' the rattle!

ROBERT BROWNING, The Ring and the Book

J. Here Pompilia speaks from her deathbed:

Yes, my end of breath
Shall bear away my soul in being true!
He is still here, not outside with the world,
Here, here, I have him in his rightful place!
'Tis now, when I am most upon the move,
I feel for what I verily find—again
The face, again the eyes, again, through all,
The heart and its immeasurable love
Of my one friend, my only, all my own,
Who put his breast between the spears and me.
Ever with Caponsacchi! Otherwise
Here alone would be failure, loss to me—
How much more loss to him, with life debarred
From giving life, love locked from love's display,
The day-star stopped its task that makes night morn!
O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death!
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread—
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that!
Tell him that if I seem without him now,
That's the world's insight! Oh, he understands!

ROBERT BROWNING, The Ring and the Book

K. *In Reading gaol by Reading town*
There is a pit of shame,
And in it lies a wretched man
Eaten by teeth of flame,
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the dead,
In silence let him lie:
No need to waste the foolish tear,
Or heave the windy sigh:
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

OSCAR WILDE, The Ballad of Reading Gaol

L. *Some painters paint the sapphire sea,*
And some the gathering storm.
Others portray young lambs at play,
But most, the female form.
'Twas trite in that primeval dawn
When painting got its start,
That a lady with her garments on
Is Life, but is she Art?
By undraped nymphs
I am not wooed;
I'd rather painters painted food.

Food,
Yes, food,
Just any old kind of food.
Pooh for the cook,
And pooh for the price!
Some of it's nicer, but all of it's nice.
Pheasant is pleasant, of course,
And terrapin, too, is tasty,
Lobster I freely endorse,
In pate or patty or pasty.
But there's nothing the matter with butter,
And nothing the matter with jam,
And the warmest of greetings I utter
To the ham and yam and clam.

For they're food,
All food
And I think very highly of food.
Though I am broody at times
When bothered by rhymes,
I brood
On food.

Food,
Just food,
Just any old kind of food.
Let it be sour
Or let it be sweet,
As long as you're sure it is something to eat.
Go purloin a sirloin, my pet,
If you'd win a devotion incredible;
And asparagus tips vinaigrette,
Or anything else that is edible.
Bring salad or sausage or scrapple,
A berry or even a beet,
Bring an oyster, an egg, or an apple,
As long as it's something to eat.
For it's food,
It's food;
Never mind what kind of food.
Through thick and through thin
I am constantly in
The mood
For food.

Some singers sing of ladies' eyes,
And some of ladies' lips,
Refined ones praise their ladylike ways,
And coarse ones hymn their hips.
The Oxford Book of English Verse
Is lush with lyrics tender;
A poet, I guess, is more or less,
Preoccupied with gender.
Yet I, though custom call me crude,
Prefer to sing in praise of food.

OGDEN NASH, The Clean Platter

M. *Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.*
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devils' leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.

ALFRED TENNYSON, Idylls of the King

N. *A mumbling throng sits awkwardly*
In the iridescent glare of a high sky-light.
The taut, white-rimmed, black-squared net
Separates bleak, three-spaced courts.
Upon an elevated throne reigns the umpire,
Ruling the points "out," "in," "out," "in."
The flogged balls moan and leap; the writhing viscera
Of the animated whips emit a treble roar;
Rows of staring faces turn with precise dexterity,
In monotonous harmony, right, left, right, left;
The toiling, lithe flagellants eagerly ply their scourges.

A truant dog is haled away whining;
The hiss of escaping steam suddenly ceases,
And a silent dulness oppresses the tympana;
A hollow snap reverberates from the struck floor;
The lofty arbiter endlessly drones fantastic numbers;
The players run whitely; the faces move:
LEFT—*right*, THIRTY—*love*, GOOD—*shot*, DOUBLE—*fault*,
LET—*ball*, 'VANTAGE—*server*, CLAP—*clap*, RIGHT—*left* . .

ARTHUR J. THOMAS, An Indoor Tennis Match

O. *How many million Aprils came*
Before I ever knew

How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills how blue—

And many a dancing April,
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty then—
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O shaken flowers, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep
May bear the scar of you.

SARA TEASDALE, Blue Squills

P. *Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus*
Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me: already I began
To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light
Which we behold and feel we are alive;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb,
In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess
Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.
And, from like feelings, humble though intense,
To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belong to thee,

Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, The Prelude

9. *Red lips are not so red*
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O Love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

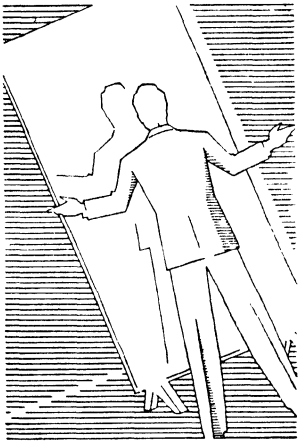
Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs, knife-skewed,
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care;
Till the fierce Love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft—
Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft—
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear
Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot,
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

WILFRED OWEN, Greater Love

CHAPTER 7



Movement and Manners

WHILE YOU communicate ideas and emotions in interpretation, your body is no less active than your mind. You are standing before an audience, using the muscles of your feet, legs, and torso to keep yourself balanced. You are holding a book and perhaps turning pages, or your hands are free and you are making gestures. You may move about on the platform. Your facial muscles may produce smiles or frowns. Your breathing apparatus is working steadily, sending out air to vibrate your vocal cords, and your lips, tongue, and jaws are busy forming sounds. Just how much of this bodily activity can you consciously direct? We have already described the mechanism of speech. Here we shall briefly discuss general bodily action and its various divisions of walking, posture, gesture, and poise.

The importance of vigorous, controlled general bodily activity in speech work is very great. In the first place, it is a fairly accurate index of personality. Some alert minds may lurk within torpid, undisciplined bodies, but it is far more likely that the brains of inert people are as sluggish as their muscles. When a man or woman stands poised for action, remaining capable of graceful relaxation, or moves with energy, possessing visible coordination of mind and body, you can usually be sure that he or she is worth knowing. In the second place, vigorous bodily action is a means of forceful communication on the platform. In the third place, it is a valuable aid in overcoming stage fright.

Let us take some examples: A large, slovenly, apathetic man

pours himself reluctantly out of a chair and begins to address an audience. His listeners give him courteous attention, but at the same time they are saying to themselves, "What a sloppy fellow he is! He sounds as if he didn't give a hang about whether he has anything to say or not." Then as he drones on, the dead weight of his words and the mass of his physical appearance begin to bear down on the minds and bodies of his hearers, and their minds and bodies become imitatively limp. The next speaker is an eager chap who bounds up dynamically when his turn arrives. He walks to the front of the platform, smiles, and opens his talk briskly. He is so much awake that he shares some of his energy with his audience, and their dulled senses are aroused. Their bodies imitatively accept his animation. We sometimes say that such speakers tire us physically, but on the whole, which would you prefer to listen to, the first man or the second?

A well-known poet once addressed a large audience in a northern university. He had many admirers in the group, people who had read his poems and were anxious to hear him read them. After his introduction he remained seated, opened a book, and began to read languidly. Much of what he read was beautiful, and surely no one in the world was better qualified than the author to interpret it. Yet he read so confidentially that half his audience could not hear him and so indifferently that the other half was bored. Many of his hearers that night never again read his poetry with the same pleasure they had felt before he ruined it by wretched reading. They always remembered his lounging, contemptuous manner. On the other hand, another contemporary poet, Carl Sandburg, always charms his audiences with his energetic recitations. The late Vachel Lindsay also put great intensity into his reading, expressing with his body as well as with his voice the spirited rhythms of his poems.

EMPATHY

The imitative muscular effect of one person on another is called *empathy*. It means a "feeling into." A listener "feels into" the facial expressions, the gestures, and the movements of a performer. We "feel into" someone's yawn or giggle, and we too have an impulse to yawn or giggle. In other words, the physical activity of a person we are watching can set up in us muscular

action of which we may or may not be aware. For example, we emphatically beat time to a band or put on imaginary brakes when we are passengers in a car that approaches danger. We feel all kinds of exciting tensions, not always pleasant ones, when we see an acrobat on a high trapeze, or a rope-walker, or a man repairing a tall flag pole, or a bob-sled tearing around hazardous curves, or a ski-jumper falling. These are all perfectly tangible responses. But have you ever analyzed your feeling of physical depression in the presence of a gloomy person whose eyes are sad and the corners of whose mouth are drawn down? Do you know why the smile of a cheerful person can make you feel happy? The pleasure we get out of watching good dancers or skaters is empathic. So is a great deal of our satisfaction in the theater or in moving pictures. Some aestheticians say that even our enjoyment of music and painting is empathic.

Since so much of our experience is based on obvious or hidden empathies, we can profitably consider their value to the interpreter. No mean part of his job is to arouse the right empathies in the minds of his audience. Some of these may be beyond his immediate control. We like or dislike a person on sight because of subtle empathies, often the effect of appearance or dress. Some people look unclean or untidy or wear too much or too little make-up or let their face muscles droop disagreeably. Others have nice mouths or hair, or dress becomingly, or look pleasant. These first impressions should be of grave concern to all of us, whether as interpreters or as everyday people living in a social world. That is to say, some of the effect we have on others goes back to early training and the establishing of personal habits. The interpreter can, of course, look and behave his best; then the empathies that he arouses while he speaks will determine the success of his communication. He may even be able to overcome an initial bad impression; a beautiful voice, a challenging intellect, a significant message may do much to offset bad empathies begun by unattractive appearance or manner. The poet who slouched in his chair and did not exert himself to make his reading alive and glowing produced the wrong empathies. Carl Sandburg nearly always produces the right ones. Alertness of mind, vigor of body, and coordination of both are important elements in the speaker's personality.

STAGE FRIGHT

Most of us have heard others say, "I just can't get up and face an audience. They scare me to death!" Maybe you've said it yourself. Does the thought of reciting in class or speaking to a group make your pulse leap, your palms sweat, and your back shiver in a spasm of anticipated terror? Does the sight of faces all looking toward you expectantly make your knees weak and your mouth dry? As you begin to speak, does your brain seem to be swollen and vague, and do your words seem to come from far away? Do you feel that if you can't hang on to something you'll fall down? Do your eyes seek refuge on a friendly rear wall or a building across the street through the window? Do you finish with such a surge of relief that you can't remember what you have said? Do you escape from the platform on trembling legs, feeling ashamed of your cowardice? If so, cheer up. You've had one of the commonest of experiences. You needn't be embarrassed about it or very sorry for yourself. Everybody goes through the same struggle. You'd be a rare specimen of speaker or actor if you didn't have some of these symptoms of stage fright. Indeed, some great actors and speakers have said that when you stop being stage-frightened (though, of course, not panic-stricken) you stop being a truly effective performer.

We've been hinting at the desirability of control in bodily action. It has its use, we discovered, in setting up good empathies in others. But nowhere has it more value than in combating some of the foolish possibilities of stage fright, such as wild alarm, high speed, frantic stammering, and collapse. Control means the intelligent supervision of thought processes and bodily activity. When we allow ourselves to get out of control, we cease to be rational beings. The hopelessly stage-frightened person is as much out of control as an idiot or a baby. What we should be ashamed of in stage fright is not the quaking knees or the cotton-dry mouth, but mental surrender to these outward manifestations. If the mind stays in control, the physical agitation will either stop or lose its power of terror. Granted, the first minutes of any speaking experience are likely to be painful. What of it? Don't think about how unhappy you are. Think about what you are saying, feel it sincerely, and very promptly you should begin to lose your fear.

You may argue, "That's easy to say, but I've *tried*, and I'm still paralyzed." Be honest with yourself. Have you really tried to be so absorbed in what you have to say that you forget how you feel? Most people with a cause, an idea which they passionately believe in, can talk about it without fear. Pretend that what you have to say means a very great deal to you. Ignore your shaking; that's merely external. Then, if you are still badly frightened, there is another way. Put your body into the physical attitude of confidence. Look straight at your audience, stand firmly, hold your head up. A psychological law of emotion (which we shall discuss in greater detail in the chapter on acting) is that if we set up in ourselves the muscular pattern of an emotion, we tend in some measure to *feel* that emotion. If you draw down the corners of your mouth, you'll tend to feel forlorn. If you turn them up, you'll probably smile and feel cheerful. Isn't that the technique a mother sometimes uses in comforting a pouting child? Try it.

In summary, don't be afraid of stage fright. Everybody has it. Accept it and do your best to disregard it by attending to what you have to say. Keep your head in all emergencies. If you still don't feel confident, pretend that you do! Finally, remember that with experience you will undoubtedly gain ease. The unforgivable error is to assure yourself that you are a hopeless case. Be thoroughly prepared for whatever you must do and fight down your tensions by controlling your bodily activity and using good psychology.

WALKING

Many people walk badly. They shamble along, lifting their feet as little as possible, or tip on heels that are too high or run-over at the edge, or take too long or too mincing steps, or stumble over their own feet. We are concerned here chiefly with the way you walk from your place to the platform, but actually all your movements contribute to the total bodily action, which should be properly trained and ready for any test. That is, just as good speaking habits are established by long practice in many situations, so should the body be constantly under the discipline of good habits. To do things well in the classroom but to do the same things negligently outside will not make you an expert.

Here are a few suggestions for walking. Put a little spring into

your step. You needn't bounce along like a fawn in May, but neither should you put your heels down as heavily as if you were stamping out a grass-fire. Don't land flat-footed, but rock from the heel to the ball of the foot, pushing vigorously forward to the next step. If you rise from a chair on the platform and move right to the center, start off with the *right* foot. If you move to the left, start with the *left* foot. If you must go up or down stairs, watch where you are going. You may add to the enjoyment of the audience if you fall up or down a couple of steps, but you may also deal your composure a fatal blow. Before you stand to walk, uncross your legs.

POSTURE

Good posture is part of the general good health which, with good thinking, good imagination, good humor, and good physical action, goes to make up the well-equipped person who should make a satisfactory interpreter. The speaker who slumps on the platform, shoulders drooping, stomach forward, produces uncomfortable empathies in his hearers. The speaker who stands easily, weight forward, shoulders back, his body dynamic, tends to energize his audience. Good posture not only adds to confidence and good appearance, but also frees the body from tensions that cramp the lungs and vocal apparatus.

Stand with your weight slightly forward so that you are not planted on your heels. Keep one foot a little advanced beyond the other, carrying more of the body's weight than the foot in back. Search for a position that will give you greatest comfort and freedom of movement. Don't spread your feet too far apart and don't try to stand on the smallest possible space. Keep your knees straight. Beware of bending one or both of them backward so that they make your legs look slightly deformed or so that you stand in a concave curve. Pull your shoulders back and keep your chin up. Avoid the awkward appearance of "lordosis," with spine curved in, stomach out. Avoid just as heartily the reverse effect, which brings the *derrière* into too great prominence. When reading, don't hold the book so far from your face that your neck has to crane forward. On the other hand, don't hold it too close to your face or in front of it. When you speak without a book, try to find some inconspicuous, natural thing for

your hands to do. Don't put them in your pockets or behind your back. Let them hang easily at your sides if you can't think of any better place for them. A woman looks better if her hands are folded near the waistline. If one hand holds a manuscript, let the other one hang at the side. A reading stand is often a great source of comfort to those with hand trouble. But don't depend on it too desperately.

Never take a constrained position of any kind. Tense muscles tire quickly, and you will probably shift clumsily. Good posture is the graceful, vigilant, well-poised position from which muscles which are neither too tense nor too relaxed can most readily function in free bodily action.

Sit and stand still until you have a reason to move. Don't fidget or fuss or stamp about while you are addressing an audience. Movement is always distracting unless it has a purpose. Very often, however, movement relieves the speaker or emphasizes ideas or indicates changes in mood, character, or thought. Then shifts in weight from one foot to the other and changes in position and even pacing may add variety and vividness to interpretation.

GESTURE

Gesture includes all visible action of the body except change in posture or position. The head, mouth, eyebrows, eyes, and shoulders gesture as well as the hands and arms. In everyday life all of us make frequent use of gestures. We shrug our shoulders and shake our heads and lift our eyebrows and beckon and point, each movement eloquently communicating without speech. Our language is full of words and phrases referring to gesture. *Supercilious*, for example, comes from Latin words meaning "over the eyebrow," or a raised eyebrow. "Thumbs down" goes back to the supposed Roman custom of indicating after a gladiatorial combat whether the defeated warrior was to be killed. *Time* magazine has revived an old phrase, "to cock a snook," which describes a gesture of insult. George Bernard Shaw's Australian cousin, writing about the Shaw family in a recent book, uses the phrase, "making a snoot," to describe a form of gesture prevalent among small children.

From the time when man as an infant shakes his head to show that he doesn't want more milk, to his last feeble signal from the

death-bed, he makes good, meaningful gestures. His gestures before an audience, however, are almost inevitably stiff, unreal, and embarrassed. He may learn to read or speak excellently, and he may lose almost every vestige of stage fright. Nevertheless, his gestures will probably lag far behind his other controls in spontaneity and effectiveness.

Since gestures are natural to us, since they free the body from restraints, and since they give variety and zest to what we say or read, we should certainly learn how to use them. Don't worry about them at first. Simply work on posture, unhampered by tensions. As you grow in confidence and experience, try to express emphasis by occasional broad gestures. Don't be too precise or dainty. Fling out your hands. Let your whole body enter abundantly into the emphasis. In the early stages of gesture training, you should not be concerned with accuracy or grace. Simply let yourself go! If you really want to free your body from inhibiting tensions, encourage every impulse toward physical action, no matter how rough or awkward or absurd it may be. Later you can work on timing and gracefulness and aptness. As a matter of fact, the greatest value in practicing gestures is in the relaxing of tensions and the breaking down of mental constraint. You must not suppose that these extravagant gestures must necessarily be carried over to public performance. They will do very well in private practice and even in the classroom, but before a strange audience you should be careful to use gestures in moderation. In any event, gestures with a book in your hand are not very satisfying. Only in reciting from memory can you use hands and arms freely.

Good gestures are made in curved lines rather than in angles. They are timed so that they usually precede momentarily the words they emphasize. They are not repeated so often as to become monotonous. Deliberately planned, unspontaneous gestures, however elegant, seldom seem right. The same gesture made in the same place by different readers may be right for one, wrong for the other. How can you know when a gesture is good? If you feel at ease in making it, if it comes instinctively as a reënforcement of an idea, if you do not attend to it rather than to what you are saying, it is likely to be a good gesture.

The timing of gestures should have special attention. Observe

the difference between indicating with your hand an approaching person and then saying, "There he comes," and making the statement before the gesture. The first is the normal, natural way to direct attention; the second merely emphasizes the gesture. Badly timed gestures may seriously interfere with mood and confuse meaning. Before you abandon yourself too unreservedly to the impulse to gesture, be sure that the impulse is trustworthy and that the gesture is more than a vague flapping of hands.

There are three main kinds of gesture—descriptive, allusive, and emphatic. You use descriptive gestures when you raise your hand to show how tall someone is or draw an imaginary pistol. When some one asks your opinion of another and you slightly shrug your shoulders, lifting your hands, palms upward, as if to say, "I don't need to put it into words, but I don't think much of him. You know how it is," you are using an allusive gesture. When you bang the table or drive your fist into the palm of the other hand, you are using an emphatic gesture.

It is a profound error in the interpreter to be too literal about gesture. When a reader takes the good news from Ghent to Aix, he must not try to post his vivid horse. When Porphyro and the fair Madeline flee along the gusty halls, the interpreter must not be so carried away by the romantic scene that he pussyfoots softly with them along the platform. When Roderick Dhu summons the clansmen, the interpreter must not blow an imaginary blast. The shades of meaning given by the changes in an expressive face, by the movement of the head, and, especially, by the effect of the eyes are much more to the interpreter's purpose than too dramatic activity of the hands and arms. When in doubt stand still. In general, use arm and hand gestures sparingly. But remember that any kind of gesture is sign language and, put to good use, may convey meaning as well as emphasize meaning. Gestures are indeed a valuable means of communication. Don't neglect them in your speech training.

POISE

Poise is really the sum-total of effective bodily action. Its original meaning had something to do with weight, which is significant in that aspect of poise referring to carriage and balance. But poise is more than distribution of weight. It now suggests self-possession

and dignity as well. A person is said to have poise when he carries himself well and when he has an admirable mixture of self-discipline and self-assurance. The physical attributes of poise can be acquired. You can learn to keep your head up, your back straight, and your eyes alert. The eyes have much to do with poise. If they are shifty and frightened, you do not have poise. On the other hand, if the eyes are clear and interested, seeking other eyes and communicating by the direct glance, you probably do have poise. What goes on behind the physical mask of composure depends, of course, on your background, your training, your intelligence quotient, and the various other intangibles of personality that are beyond the scope of a class in oral interpretation.

Exercises

1. Analyze the bodily activity of several speakers or readers you have heard. Tell the class whether or not it contributed to your enjoyment or your discomfort, giving reasons.

2. Describe your empathies at a "Western" moving picture, at a symphony concert, at a football game, at a prize-fight, at a diving exhibition, in watching a stunt flier, in seeing a near-accident or actual accident, in seeing a bad amateur play with shaky scenery and equally shaky lines, in seeing a good play, in looking at a piece of modernistic architecture or sculpture, in looking at a figure like Michelangelo's *David*, Rodin's *The Thinker*, or Manship's *Prometheus*, in front of Radio City.

3. Jot down answers to the following questions with reference to a speaker at an assembly program or one of the members of the class, in recitation, or a faculty member giving a lecture:

A. Is he visibly frightened? If so, does he master the fear?

B. How does he stand? Does he shift his position frequently? Are the shifts intrusive, or do they add variety?

C. Is he personally attractive? Well-dressed? Neat?

D. Is he physically vigorous? Apathetic? Shy? Aggressive?

E. Does he move about easily? Is his walk elastic? Does he step off with the proper foot?

F. What does he do with his hands? Does he toy with something on the desk or speaker's stand or in his pocket?

G. What kinds of gestures does he make? Are they meaningful? Are they forceful? Would the talk be better without them? With more of them?

H. Is his facial expression lively? Does it indicate close, vivid attention to what he says? Or is he "dead-pan"? Does he look at his audience occasionally (if he is reading) or constantly (if he is speaking)? Are his eyes evasive? Does he address one side of his audience more than the other?

I. Does he have any annoying tricks of winking or raising his eyebrows or repeating the same gesture too often?

J. Does he have poise?

4. Describe your personal experience with stage fright. Tell whether or not you think you have conquered it. If you have, tell how; if you haven't, try to analyze your attitude and ask the class for suggestions that may help you in the future.

5. Demonstrate the proper methods of going to the platform, getting in position for a recitation, moving easily from one side of the platform to the other, leaving the platform. Sit down in a chair on the platform; get up and move right, left.

6. Go up and down a flight of stairs with a book on your head. This is supposed to help your carriage. It might be well to keep a wary eye on your footing.

7. Extend your arms straight out from your shoulders. Then let them drop limply to your sides. Don't help them down. Now lift them straight out to the sides and drop them. Let them slap smartly against your body. If there is any tension, any unwanted resistance to the dropping of the arms, practice until you acquire complete relaxation.

8. Bend the body forward, backward, sideward. Concentrate on the freeing of all muscular constriction. See also the exercises in Relaxation, p. 201.

9. Rise on your toes, hands lifted above the head. Keeping your back straight, bend the knees until you sit on your heels, lowering the arms sideways. Rise on the toes again, lifting the arms above the head. Then come back to an easy good posture. Repeat several times.

10. Illustrate the four principal hand gestures: palms up, palms down, fist clenched, forefinger lifted. Think of a sentence to go with each one. Make the ideas more emphatic by means of the gestures. Vary the positions of the hands and arms.

11. Describe by means of gesture the size of a book, the shape of a mountain peak, the height of a desk from the floor, the comparative thinness and fatness of two people, the way to throw a

ball, to handle a tennis racket, to pour liquid from a jug, to sew on a button, to pick up a heavy object, to pick up a light object, to hang a picture, to draw a sword, to shoot a rifle, to look through binoculars, to cast a line, to whittle, to play a violin, to use a "candid camera," to open a window, to light a cigarette, to hold a baby, to open a can, to grind coffee, to wash dishes.

12. Think of ten people you know who have poise. Describe them to the class and tell exactly what you mean by poise and in what ways they meet your standards.

13. Speak the following sentences, accompanying them with what you consider appropriate gestures. Don't forget that meaning and emotion are still the most important things in interpretation and that many gestures, especially descriptive gestures, are unnecessary:

A. *Well, there's the situation: On the one hand you have a pack of crooks; on the other a lot of driveling sentimentalists.*

B. *What do you know about that? Those hens scratched up every one of my seeds.*

C. *I felt for a minute as if I were being lifted by invisible hands and carried very gently along to a mountaintop.*

D. *There they were, one in this corner, one over by the window, and the third sound asleep on the davenport.*

E. *He walked through the crowd, shouldering his way, bumping people on one side and then the other, paying not the slightest attention to where he was going.*

F. *Why, you mean little devil! I could beat down your ears!*

G. *Oh, it's you, is it? I didn't think you would show your face around here again right away.*

H. *The wind was coming from the lake about forty miles an hour. I tried several times to get across the square, but was literally blown back every time. I was doing my best to keep my skirt down and my hat on and was feeling very desperate when a kind gentleman offered me his arm and escorted me across.*

I. *This is the way he escaped: out of his window up there on the second floor, down the drainspout, and over the fence.*

J. *I can't say I care very much. It was an old dress anyway.*

K. *Do you mean to say you've been standing over there all this time, while I was right here looking for you every minute?*

L. *I dreamed that I was going up and down ladders, up and down until I was worn out. Finally an old man with a peculiar bandage around his head beckoned to me, and I felt a terrible disgust for him.*

M. *Me? Why, I'd rather die than give him the satisfaction of knowing that he hurt me.*

N. *Watch your step, lady! That cab pretty nearly had you.*

O. *Let me warn you, ladies and gentlemen. The man who sits at home, smoking his pipe and reading his paper, quite indifferent to what's going on in the world, is the real criminal!*

P. *Look up there toward that beam of light. Doesn't it seem to you that the whole mass is beginning to move slightly, rocking back and forth?*

Q. *What do you want for a nickel? A sizzling steak and pie alamode?*

R. *Listen, that fellow's finished, washed up. He hasn't got a chance in the world of being re-elected. You're tying up with a has-been.*

S. *The horse went over the hedge, just floating. It was beautiful! But his dumb rider fairly turned a somersault, head over heels into the water. Was he a sight when they fished him out! His red coat was all mud, and one eye began to get black from where he'd hit the horse's head on the way over.*

T. *I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about. You certainly don't think that I had anything to do with it?*

U. *I held the light to a crack in the door, and one ray fell on the staring eye of the man on the bed. A terrible shudder went over me as I listened to the steady pounding, one, two, one, two, of his heart.*

V. *It's settled, then! We must get him this time. It's his life or ours.*

W. *That was the biggest snake I ever saw, as thick as a baseball bat in the middle, and all coiled up with his ugly tongue darting in and out and his rattles buzzing away like mad. Was I scared! I got away from there so fast that my shadow had a job keeping up with me. Every time I think of it now my skin creeps.*

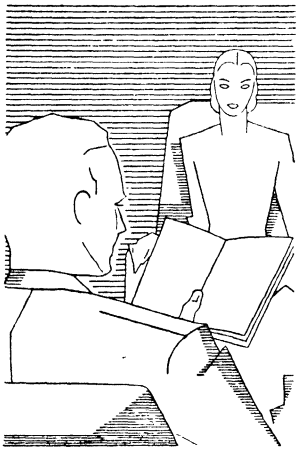
X. *Here's the crossroads, friends. If you take the one way, you are lost forever; if you take the other, you will be saved.*

Y. *That isn't enough, and you know it. Give me the rest of what you owe me.*

Z. *Don't move! It's a black widow spider! . . . Hold on a minute until I can . . . There! I got her!*

14. Try reading some of the sentences in Exercise 13, gesturing *after* the words to be emphasized or described. Note the difference in force of communication. Again, try the sentences with deliberately inappropriate gestures. Note the prevalent comic effect. When you correct the gestures for purposes of comparison, be sure that you are varying them sufficiently.

CHAPTER 8



Informal Reading

UP TO this point we have been discussing the problems and techniques of reading aloud in general. Now we can apply these techniques to the special problems encountered in group reading, in reading dramatic and narrative selections, in acting, in facing a microphone, and in verse speaking.

Here is the place to say a word about fireside reading, or whatever we may call simple, informal group reading. Most instruction in interpretation seems to imply a vague, potential public service on the part of the student, as if he must inevitably be a teacher or actor or radio speaker, who will have professional use for a course in speech. Some stress, naturally, is put on voice improvement and such corollary advantages as love for literature and increase in poise. But not much is said about those spontaneous, unprepared-for occasions for reading that come to nearly everyone. The children want their mother to read them a story before they go to bed. Jerry is elected secretary of his club and must read the minutes. Bill likes to read scraps out of the evening paper to his wife. Anne gets the idea that the crowd has been spending too many evenings at bridge and suggests reading plays aloud. Helen has received a very interesting letter from abroad, and someone asks her to read it at the party.

The average man or woman suddenly called upon to read aloud shows up very poorly. Children, who are quick to respond to effective reading—and are embarrassingly contemptuous of poor

reading—confess to their mother that they'd rather have her read to them than daddy, because "he just mumbles" or "he isn't interested in the stories" or "he goes too fast." Reports of committees and minutes of meetings are appallingly butchered. And the person who dauntlessly proposes an evening of poetry or play reading wishes for the bridge table before the experiment is far advanced.

Lack of articulate skill is a genuine handicap whenever it appears. It is professionally disadvantageous, of course, when a nurse is unable to comfort a fretting patient by reading to him soothingly, when a teacher cannot interest a class in her reading, or when a minister puts his congregation to sleep while he intones the scripture lesson. But it is no less a disadvantage to the layman in his personal development (especially at this time when "making friends" and "influencing people" seem to be a frantic necessity) if he cannot read aloud a letter to his wife or interpret the funny paper to his children or have a social evening with literate friends without gasping for breath, mutilating words, and setting up a dreary singsong.

Group reading is a very pleasant and profitable pastime. The satisfaction to be gained from a session of Shakespeare or Noel Coward, Byron or Robert Frost, Dickens or Dorothy Parker might surprise those whose concept of a social thrill is the triumphant completion of a doubled and redoubled six no-trump bid. Even for a generation that saves its precious time by reading digests instead of books, there should be an occasional leisure hour in which to hear plays and poems read aloud in their original form. Many husbands and wives bolster the harmony of their home by sharing with each other the books they enjoy, putting aside a little while every day to read aloud from an old or new book. College students sometimes discover that they can do assignments efficiently by reading in a group. In group reading too they may also find the answers to such bewildered or sophomoric questions involving appreciation as "Why is that supposed to be so good?" or "Suppose I just don't like poetry?" or "Who reads that classical stuff these days except in assignments for professors?" or "What fun is there in reading that slow way, especially when there are so many good radio programs on?"

The responsibility of reading well to children should concern many more parents than it does. Grown-ups grow too easily weary

of *Little Black Sambo* and *Winnie the Pooh* and read perfunctorily, not realizing that love for books should be instilled at a very early age. Bad reading to a young child can make literature distasteful to him and retard his own reading. Good reading may make him eager for books and will certainly spur on his desire for knowledge. There is no domestic scene more completely satisfying than that of a mother or father holding the fascinated attention of the children by reading to them from a good book.

In reading to children don't be condescending or so full of coy rapture that you may betray yourself. Such devices as interrupting for questions or for suspense are good as long as you don't become unctuous or irritating. Read simply and sincerely, explaining unfamiliar words and making difficult ideas clear. Don't repeat foolish "this's" ("Now this man met this witch in this woods . . .") and "all right's" and "well's." There is no need to bellow. Children like quiet, well-modulated voices. Your audience will give you more flattering attention than any other you will ever have if you perform even half-way well. Remember that the child's mind is primarily visual; make him see the pictures vividly. Then train his sense of sound by helping him love words, reading warmly, colorfully, and musically.

The principles of all good reading obviously apply to group reading. The ideal is easy, informal, conversational interpretation of the material in a pleasing, well-controlled voice. All affectation and contest-platform magniloquence are out of place. If the group reads a play, each reader should try to understand the character assigned to him and to express emotion sincerely without the need for movement. Occasionally the readers may want to walk through the action. Without rehearsal, however, stage movement and business are likely to be very poor. This is not meant to be advice to informal groups to *act* out plays. Quiet reading from comfortable chairs is certainly to be preferred to abortive histrionics. But walking through the principal action, such as exits and entrances, may make the play more vivid. The first rehearsal of a play is likely to be this kind of reading. In reading a novel, one person may read a few pages and then turn the book over to another, and so on. Don't invite self-consciously inept readers to your reading parties. And when guests vehemently declare that they'd rather listen than take part, be merciful to them and to yourself and don't insist on their reading!

Exercises

For most informal reading, novels, short stories, and plays are the best material. For class practice a few short selections, including some for children, are given here. Any of the selections in this book may be used. Simulate the conditions of a fireside gathering, placing a few chairs in front of the class, and try reading very informally.

1. *Once upon a time a Hare, who thought she had many friends among the other animals, heard some dogs not far away. As she was afraid they would catch her, she ran to the Horse and asked him to take her into safety. He was sorry, he said, but he was very busy; he added that she could easily get another friend to do so. She then asked the Bull to drive away the dogs with his horns. He too was sorry, but he was to meet a friend at once. "No doubt the Goat will do what you want; he can do it just as well." The Goat said, however, that he feared he might hurt the Hare and suggested she ask the Ram for help. So the Hare went to the Ram. "Unfortunately," answered the Ram, "dogs eat sheep as well as hares," and he refused to risk his life. Turning to the Calf as her last chance, she begged him to help her. He replied he did not like to attempt what the older, wiser persons had refused to do. At this the Hare made one great effort to escape without aid, for the dogs were very near. As she ran off unharmed, she said to herself, "One who has many friends has really no friends."*

AESOP, The Hare with Many Friends

2. *There was once a prince, and he wanted a princess, but then she must be a real princess. He traveled right round the world to find one, but there was always something wrong. There were plenty of princesses, but whether they were real princesses he had great difficulty in discovering; there was always something which was not quite right about them. At last he had to come home again, and he was very sad because he wanted a real princess very badly.*

One evening there was a terrible storm; it thundered and lightninged and the rain poured down in torrents; indeed it was a fearful night. In the middle of the storm somebody knocked at the town gate, and the old King himself went to open it.

It was a princess who stood outside, but she was in a terrible state from the rain and the storm. The water streamed out of her hair and her clothes, it ran in at the top of her shoes and out at the heel, but she said that she was a real princess.

"Well, we shall soon see if that is true," thought the old Queen, but she said nothing. She went into the bedroom, took all the bedclothes

off, and laid a pea on the bedstead: then she took twenty mattresses and piled them on the top of the pea, and then twenty feather beds on the top of the mattresses. This was where the princess was to sleep that night. In the morning they asked her how she had slept.

"Oh, terribly badly!" said the Princess. "I have hardly closed my eyes the whole night! Heaven knows what was in the bed. I seemed to be lying upon some hard thing, and my whole body is black and blue this morning. It is terrible!"

They saw at once that she must be a real princess when she had felt the pea through twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds. Nobody but a real princess could have such a delicate skin.

So the prince took her to be his wife, for now he was sure he had found a real princess, and the pea was put into the Museum, where it may still be seen if no one has stolen it.

Now this is a true story.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, The Real Princess

3. *There was an Old Man in a tree,*
Who was horribly bored by a Bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied,
"Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee."

There was an old man in a tree,
Whose whiskers were lovely to see;
But the birds of the air pluck'd them perfectly bare,
To make themselves nests in that tree.

There was a Young Lady whose nose
Was so long that it reached to her toes;
So she hired an Old Lady, whose conduct was steady,
To carry that wonderful nose.

There is a young lady whose nose
Continually prospers and grows;
When it grew out of sight, she exclaimed in a fright,
"Oh! Farewell to the end of my nose!"

There was an Old Man on whose nose
Most birds of the air could repose;
But they all flew away at the closing of day,
Which relieved that Old Man and his nose.

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!"
When they said, "Is it small?" he replied,
"Not at all;
It is four times as big as the bush!"

There was an old man on the Border,
Who lived in the utmost disorder;
He danced with the cat, and made tea in his hat,
Which vexed all the folks on the Border.

There was an old man, who when little
Fell casually into a kettle;
But, growing too stout, he could never get out,
So he passed all his life in that kettle.

EDWARD LEAR, Limericks

4. In a "dim, silent room at Oxford" a few days ago Viscount Halifax, the British Foreign Secretary, who is also Chancellor of Oxford University, spoke to the undergraduates who are about to go to war. There must have been an emotional tension behind the well-ordered speech, for except by a miracle many of these young men will not come back, and others will be crippled, maimed and disfigured in body and soul. But Viscount Halifax, a man approaching 60, did not apologize. He did not believe that "this waste land in which we live" had been "brought to its present pass merely by the mistakes of pride and selfishness of the older generation."

Perhaps enough has been said of the evil old men and middle-aged men who drive the young to slaughter. Any such statement evades the question. The old and middle-aged are the young of yesterday. If they are evil now, they were evil yesterday, and likewise we may expect the young of today to be the hard-hearted barbarians of tomorrow. It is not age that makes men good or bad. It merely happens that young men fight wars and that older men direct the fighting. If all the young men of any generation hated war more than they desired anything to be gained by war, there would be no fighting to direct. Viscount Halifax delivered himself of a terrible truth when he said that "the driving force behind the Nazi movement in Germany," and consequently behind the present war, "has been German youth."

One cannot justly indict a generation any more than one can justly indict a nation. Nazi youth is the product of its environment. Its environment, in turn, was determined by many things—the German defeat

of 1918, the Allied blockade which cut the food supply of Germany between 1914 and 1919, the hysteria of the post-war years, the foul travesty which has been called education in Germany for the past half decade. If the youthful German Nazis had been reared in France, England or the United States, they would not be, in most cases, Nazis. The fact remains that they are what they are, and that these young men—many of them, as the photographs show, splendid physical specimens, not altogether lacking in good humor and intelligence—are enemies of the peace, security and freedom of Europe.

The dead of 1914-18 are one "lost generation." These misguided boys are another. The horrifying fact which they prove is that you can take good human material and by controlling its environment turn it into a destructive force. It is an equally horrifying fact that the only method which civilization has found by which to annul this destructive force is to send British and French youth to kill German youth.

The moral certainly is that one "war aim" is paramount. This is, simply, to make it impossible for any government so to corrupt its youth as to make the new generation a menace to civilization. Force alone cannot accomplish this objective, though as long as the Nazi (and Communist) force prevails, it is hard to see how the first steps can be taken. It is a problem with which the neutral countries, including this one, must wrestle, just as must the democratic belligerents. Civilization is no national heritage. It must be shared by the youth of all lands if lasting peace is ever to come.

New York Times Editorial, Lost Generations, March 3, 1940

5. *I don't like babies on* ANY *basis. The very appearance of a baby is as unpleasant to me as is any evidence of a new, raw project. Ugly, formless, pointless, and indicative in no sense of the architect's rosy mental sketch, it certainly has no eye appeal. Some babies, to be sure, enjoy barely perceptible advantages in form, pigmentation, and awareness of surroundings. But in no sense can one compete in lively interest, warm response, or common sense with a puppy, a kitten, or even a suckling pig. Small pigs are infinitely diverting, with their frank and jolly piggishness and suspicious shoebutton eyes. Not so a baby.*

Lying there in pink arrogance like a slug on a lettuce leaf, he takes all and screams for more. Almond-headed, vacant-faced, toothless—it staggers human credulity to imagine this phenomenon in any rôle not bounded by the canvas of a side show. To this day, I am utterly unable to imagine a handsome man or a breathtaking bit of feminine pastry as ever having been a baby. Having seen the one, I simply cannot believe the other. Nature, for all her magic, couldn't have done it.

*When someone tells me, "The Dexters have a baby and it's the most beautiful thing you ever saw!" I listen politely. But I know the statement is untrue. It is simply the hysterical reiteration of an enthusiasm which generated in the blind hopes of the Dexters, and has been transmitted to, and amplified by, a friend of the delirious couple. The new Dexter may be less unpleasant than hundreds of other babies, true. It may have more hair and less howl. But I do not have to see it to discredit the courier's statement in toto. If it is a baby—*ANY *baby—it is* NOT *the most beautiful thing that I ever saw, and let's have no more talk about it. Let us simply say that "some babies are less offensive-looking than others," and not run hog-wild on so perfectly obvious a point.*

Aside from appearance, I do not like babies on account of their habits. Their habits are definitely bad, and don't think you can crowd me off by telling me that I was a baby once myself, and probably just as bad—or worse. I am perfectly willing to concede it, and to admit that I would have disliked myself just as much as the next one I see. Moreover, I would probably have respected the honest adult whose frozen smile proclaimed the discomfort of his position.

*Babies have no manners. They lie there in a mess of silks and satins, grunting and insolent. Put a finger in the little rosebud mouth (*YOUR *finger, not* MINE*) at the insistence of a doting parent to feel that world-shaking first incisor, and you're apt to withdraw it bearing a nasty gash. This is generally accounted a capital jest by the company. "Ain't nobody going to impose on that little feller," chuckles father, thumbs hooked in the armholes of his vest. Of course, it proves nothing of the sort. I have known savage babies, veritable fledgling catamounts, who grew up to be the Milquetoasts of the community. Yet so eager are the poor parents to detect signs of future greatness that the most primitive gestures of their offspring are instantly broadcast as proof positive of a genius not to be denied!*

I have seen a baby return the most exquisite gush of a beautiful and talented actress with a yawn and a rousing belch which tore the feathers off the gusher's hat. I have received, personally, even more direct critical response for my pains—but that was long ago, when I still picked one up after insistent prodding. Appreciation is not in their small, weazened souls. How they suffer by contrast with a puppy, who capers after favors, or even a kitten, who will drink your milk and then curl up in your lap and purr a paean which warms your soul. . . .

I AM *married, and I* HAVE *children and I* AM *as reasonably happy in my home as any man I know. But babies* STILL *leave me cold!*

STANLEY JONES, Babies Leave Me Cold
Esquire, January, 1940

6. *Executive Mansion*
Washington, 21 November, 1864

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Abraham Lincoln

7. *Thursday Evening*
Postmark, December 20, 1845

Dearest, you know how to say what makes me happiest, you who never think, you say, of making me happy! For my part I do not think of it either; I simply understand that you ARE *my happiness, and that therefore you could not make another happiness for me, such as would be worth having—not even* YOU! *Why, how could you?* THAT *was in my mind to speak yesterday, but I could not speak it—to write it, is easier.*

Talking of happiness—shall I tell you? Promise not to be angry and I will tell you. I have thought sometimes that, if I considered myself wholly, I should choose to die this winter—now—before I had disappointed you in anything. But because you are better and dearer and more to be considered than I, I do NOT *choose it. I* CANNOT *choose to give you any pain, even on the chance of its being a less pain, a less evil, than what may follow perhaps (who can say?), if I should prove the burden of your life.*

*For if you make me happy with some words, you frighten me with others—as with the extravagance yesterday—and seriously—*TOO *seriously, when the moment for smiling at them is past—I am frightened, I tremble! When you come to know me as well as I know myself, what can save me, do you think, from disappointing and displeasing you? I ask the question, and find no answer.*

It is a poor answer, to say that I can do one thing well . . . that I have one capacity largely. On points of the general affections, I have in thought applied to myself the words of Mme. de Staël, not fretfully, I hope, not complainingly, I am sure (I can thank God for most affection-

*ate friends!) not complainingly, yet mournfully and in profound conviction—those words—"jamais je n'ai pas été aimée comme j'aime." The capacity of loving is the largest of my powers I think—I thought so before knowing you—and one form of feeling. And although any woman might love you—*EVERY *woman—with understanding enough to discern you by—(oh, do not fancy that I am unduly magnifying mine office), yet I persist in persuading myself that! Besides I have the capacity, as I said—and besides I owe more to you than others could, it seems to me; let me boast of it. To many, you might be better than all things while one of all things: to me you are instead of all—to many, a crowning happiness—to me, the happiness itself. From out of the deep dark pits men see the stars more gloriously—and* de profundis amavi—

It is a very poor answer! Almost as poor an answer as yours could be if I were to ask you to teach me to please you always; or rather, how not to displease you, disappoint you, vex you—what if all those things were in my fate?

And—(to begin!)—I am disappointed to-night. I expected a letter which does not come—and I had felt so sure of having a letter to-night . . . unreasonably sure perhaps, which means doubly sure.

Letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Robert Browning

8. Cheyne Walk, February 23, 1842

I am continuing to mend. If I could only get a good sleep, I shall be quite recovered; but, alas! we are gone to the devil again in the sleeping department. That dreadful woman next door, instead of putting away the cock which we so pathetically appealed against, has produced another. The servant has ceased to take charge of them. They are stuffed with ever so many hens into a small hencoop every night, and left out of doors the night long. Of course they are not comfortable, and of course they crow and screech not only from daylight, but from midnight, and so near that it goes through one's head every time like a sword. The night before last they woke me every quarter of an hour, but I slept some in the intervals; for they had not succeeded in rousing HIM *above. But last night they had him up at three. He went to bed again, and got some sleep after, the "horrors" not recommencing their efforts till five; but I, listening every minute for a new screech that would send him down a second time and prepare such wretchedness for the day, could sleep no more.*

What is to be done, God knows! If this goes on, he will soon be in Bedlam; and I too, for anything I see to the contrary: and how to hinder it from going on? The last note we sent the cruel woman would not open. I send for the maid and she will not come. I would give them

guineas for quiet, but they prefer tormenting us. In the LAW *there is no resource in such cases. They may keep beasts wild in their back yard if they choose to do so. Carlyle swears he will shoot them, and orders me to borrow Mazzini's gun. Shoot them with all my heart if the consequences were merely having to go to a police officer and pay the damage. But the woman would only be irritated thereby in getting fifty instead of two. If there is to be any shooting, however, I will do it myself. It will sound better my shooting them on principle than his doing it in a passion.*

This despicable nuisance is not at all unlikely to drive us out of the house after all, just when he had reconciled himself to stay in it. How one is vexed with little things in this life! The great evils one triumphs over bravely, but the little eat away one's heart.

Jane Welsh Carlyle to Mrs. Welsh

9. *La Solitude, Hyères-les-Palmiers, Var, March 16, 1884*

My dear Monkhouse—You see with what promptitude I plunge into correspondence; but the truth is, I am condemned to a complete inaction, stagnate dismally, and love a letter. Yours, which would have been welcome at any time, was thus doubly precious.

Dover sounds somewhat shiveringly in my ears. You should see the weather I have—cloudless, clear as crystal, with just a punkah-draft of the most aromatic air, all pine and gum tree. You would be ashamed of Dover; you would scruple to refer, sir, to a spot so paltry. To be idle at Dover is a strange pretension; pray, how do you warm yourself? If I were there, I should grind knives or write blank verse. But at least you do not bathe? It is idle to deny it: I have—I may say I nourish—a growing jealousy of the robust, large-legged, healthy Britain-dwellers, patient of grog, scorners of the timid umbrella, innocuously breathing fog: all which I once was, and I am ashamed to say liked it. How ignorant is youth! grossly rolling among unselected pleasures; and how nobler, purer, sweeter, and lighter, to sip the choice tonic, to recline in the luxurious invalid chair, and to tread, well-shawled, the little round of the constitutional. Seriously, do you like to repose? Ye gods, I hate it. I never rest with any acceptation; I do not know what people mean who say they like sleep and that damned bedtime which, since long ere I was breeched, has rung a knell to all my day's doings and beings. And when a man, seemingly sane, tells me he has "fallen in love with stagnation," I can only say to him, "You will never be a Pirate!" This may not cause any regret to Mrs. Monkhouse; but in your own soul it will clang hollow—think of it! Never! After all boyhood's aspirations and youth's immoral day-

dreams, you are condemned to sit down, grossly draw in your chair to the fat board, and be a beastly Burgess till you die. Can it be? Is there not some escape, some furlough from the Moral Law, some holiday jaunt contrivable into a Better Land? Shall we never shed blood? This prospect is too grey:

"Here lies a man who never did
Anything but what he was bid;
Who lived his life in paltry ease,
And died of commonplace disease."

To confess plainly, I had intended to spend my life (or any leisure I might have from Piracy upon the high seas) as the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry, devastating whole valleys. I can still, looking back, see myself in many favourite attitudes; signalling for a boat from my pirate ship with a pocket-handkerchief, I at the jetty end, and one or two of my bold blades keeping the crowd at bay; or else turning in the saddle to look back at my whole command (some five thousand strong) following me at the hand-gallop up the road out of the burning valley: this last by moonlight.

Robert Louis Stevenson to Cosmo Monkhouse

10. *Passy, January 26, 1784*

For my own part, I wish that the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly . . . With all this injustice he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district.

I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours . . . He is, besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a RED *coat on.*

Benjamin Franklin to his daughter

11. *Amerikans love caustick things; they would prefer turpentine tew colone-water, if they had tew drink either.*

So with their relish of humor; they must hav it on the half-shell with cayenne.

An Englishman wants hiz fun smothered deep in mint sauce, and he iz willin tew wait till next day before he tastes it.

If you tickle or convince an Amerikan yu hav got tew do it quick.

An Amerikan luvs tew laff, but he don't luv tew make a bizzness ov it; he works, eats, and haw-haws on a canter.

I guess the English hav more wit, and the Amerikans more humor.

We havn't had time, yet, tew bile down our humor and git the wit out ov it.

The English are better punsters, but i konsider punning a sort ov literary prostitushun in which future happyness iz swopped oph for the plezzure ov the moment.

There is one thing i hav noticed: evryboddy that writes expeckts tew be wise or witty—so duz evrybody expect tew be saved when they die; but thare is good reason tew beleave that the goats hereafter will be in the majority, just az the sheep are here.

Don't forget ONE *thing, yu hav got tew be wize before yu kan be witty; and don't forget* TWO *things, a single paragraff haz made sum men immortal, while a volume haz bin wuss than a pile-driver tew others—but what would Amerikans dew if it want for their sensashuns?*

Sumthing new, sumthing startlin iz necessary for us az a people, and it don't make mutch matter what it iz—a huge defalkashun—a red elephant—or Jersee clams with pearls in them will answer if nothing better offers.

Englishmen all laff at us for our sensashuns, and sum ov them fret about it, and spred their feathers in distress for us, az a fond and foolish old hen, who haz hatched out a setting ov ducks' eggs, will stand on the banks ov a mill pond, wringing her hands in agony to see her brood pitch in and take a sail. SHE *kant understand it, but the* DUCKS *know awl about it.*

N.B.—Yu kan bet 50 dollars the Ducks know all about it.

N.B.—Yu kan bet 50 dollars more that it makes no difference who hatches out an Amerikan, the fust thing he will do, iz to pitch into sumthing.

N.B.—No more bets at present.

HENRY W. SHAW, Josh Billings' Meditations

12. *During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an*

awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gun-fire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsated alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer

needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

E. B. WHITE and LEE STROUT, Farewell, My Lovely!

13. *In the first place, I hate women because they always know where things are. At first blush, you might think that a perverse and merely churlish reason for hating women, but it is not. Naturally, every man enjoys having a woman around the house who knows where his shirt-studs and his brief-case are, and things like that, but he detests having a woman around who knows where* EVERYTHING *is, even things that are of no importance at all, such as, say, the snapshots her husband took three years ago at Elbow Beach. The husband has never known where these snapshots were since the day they were developed and printed; he hopes, in a vague way, if he thinks about them at all, that after three years they have been thrown out. But his wife knows where they are, and so do his mother, his grandmother, his great-grandmother, his daughter, and the maid. They could put their fingers on them in a moment, with that quiet air of superior knowledge which makes a man feel that he is out of touch with all the things that count in life. . . .*

I hate women because they have brought into the currency of our language such expressions as "all righty" and "yes indeedy" and hundreds of others. I hate women because they throw baseballs (or plates or vases) with the wrong foot advanced. I marvel that more of them have not broken their backs. I marvel that women, who co-ordinate so well in languorous motion, look ugly and sillier than a goose-stepper when they attempt any form of violent activity.

I had a lot of other notes jotted down about why I hate women, but I seem to have lost them all, except one. That one is to the effect that I hate women because, while they never lose old snapshots or anything of that sort, they invariably lose one glove. I believe that I have never gone anywhere with any woman in my whole life who did not lose one glove. I have searched for single gloves under tables in crowded restaurants and under the feet of people in darkened movie-theatres. I have spent some part of every day or night hunting for a woman's glove. If there were no other reason in the world for hating women, that one would be enough. In fact, you can leave all the others out.

JAMES THURBER, The Case Against Women

14. A great many people have asked me "How did you learn to play tennis?" (Maybe it was "Why DON'T you learn to play tennis?" I don't pay strict attention to everything that people ask me.) So I have decided to put down on paper the stages through which I went in order to attain the game that I play today.

"Work—work—and then more work" is the motto which everyone must adopt who has any ambition to fall down on the center court at Wimbledon. Tennis is not a game that one picks up over night, like "Truth and Consequences," or abandons over night, like "Truth and Consequences." It is a game calling for eternal practice, constant study, and easily opened pores. An extra set of arms and legs also comes in handy.

My interest in tennis began when I was 4 years old, when I used to watch my brothers and sisters playing on the court just outside our house. (A short trolley-car ride to the end of the line and then by buckboard through virgin forest to the Tennis Club.) I used to stand by the sidelines and help them by running out into the court whenever a ball was served. Sometimes I even succeeded in actually intercepting a serve before it hit the ground, but always managed to be on the spot when it was returned.

"That kid will play tennis some day," said one of my brothers, proudly. "either that, or end in the electric chair." The popular vote, at that time, was for the electric chair.

Then came the day when I was given my first racket. It was my sister's racket, and I was given it across the neck and shoulders, but there wasn't a prouder little boy in town that day. I had won (for my sister's opponent) the Ladies' Singles Championship of the Worcester Country Club.

Then I began the practice for myself. I got an old ball (all tennis balls are old balls) and a racket, and would get up at six every morning and bat the ball against the side of the house where our guest-room was. This took perseverance and stamina, as complaints began to pour in and my ball and racket were locked up in my parents' room until ten a.m. But I overcame this obstacle by riding my bicycle back and forth at six a.m. and ringing the bell constantly. You see, I was a determined little cuss.

When I went away to school, each boy had to choose one form of athletic sport and indulge in it every day between the hours of two and four p.m. I chose tennis, as the courts were quite a distance from the school buildings and, as they were always full, I could sometimes get in a whole two hours' sleep under the trees without being reported. And I may say, incidentally, that all during my tennis career I have always

found the courts full enough to justify a little snooze now and then, or even a trip to a neighboring town for a movie.

As my form gradually improved to the point where I did not rely entirely on the lob for returning the ball, I developed a system which has been the backbone of my game, both in tournament play and random rallying. The idea back of it is to get your opponent to laughing so hard that he is unable either to serve or get the ball back. (A good-natured opponent is almost a necessity in this form of play.)

This I do by making comical faces, striking grotesque poses, and falling down occasionally with a loud clatter. This trick (for I suppose it is a trick, really) came to me accidentally, when I found that what I was doing naturally was making my opponent practically helpless in my hands. He sometimes would even give me the game by default and retire to the side-lines in hysteria.

So I cultivated this knack of mine, and to it I lay what success I have had in the game today. Naturally, I prefer singles to doubles, as a partner does not always think it so funny.

Then, about seven years ago, I had the good fortune to throw my left knee badly out of joint at a wedding, with the result that practically any physical exertion on my part now results in its bending backward as well as forward. So, while other people are lashing themselves into a lather at tennis, I can sit under the trees and knit, with the excuse, "My old knee, you know. Darn it!" Thus I have acquired an outlook on the game which few professionals have, which, after all, is my only justification for these few notes.

ROBERT BENCHLEY, How I Learned Tennis

15. *The day is done, and darkness*
From the wing of night is loosed,
As a feather is wafted downward
From a chicken going to roost.

I see the lights of the baker
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That I cannot well resist.

A feeling of sadness and LONGING,
That is not like being sick,
And resembles sorrow only
As a brickbat resembles a brick.

Come, get for me some supper—
A good and regular meal,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the pain I feel.

Not from the pastry baker's,
Not from the shops for cake,
I wouldn't give a farthing
For all that they can make.

For, like the soup at dinner,
Such things would but suggest
Some dishes more substantial
And tonight I want the best.

Go to some honest butcher,
Whose beef is fresh and nice
As any they have in the city,
And get a liberal slice.

Such things through days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
For sad and desperate feelings
Are wonderful remedies.

They have an astonishing power
To aid and reinforce,
And come like the "Finally, brethren,'
That follows a long discourse.

Then get me a tender sirloin
From off the bench or hook,
And lend to its sterling goodness
The science of the cook.

And the night shall be filled with comfort,
And the cares with which it begun
Shall fold up their blankets like Indians,
And silently cut and run.

PHOEBE CARY, Parody of Longfellow's "The Day Is Done"

16. *Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl*
Until it doth run over;
For to-night we'll merry merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade
That drop off in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

ANONYMOUS, Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

17. *Gay go up, and gay go down,*
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Maids in white aprons,
Say the bells at St. Cath'rine's.

Poker and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Fleetditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

When I am old,
Say the bells at St. Paul's.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

ANONYMOUS, London Bells

18. *There were three jovial Welshmen,*
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting, boys,
Upon St. David's Day.
All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.
And a-hunting they did go.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.
And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.
And a-hunting they did go.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said it was a cheese
And half o't cut away.
And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

The first said it was a hedgehog.
The second he said, Nay;
The third, it was a pincushion,
The pins stuck in wrong way.
And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, Nay;
The third, he said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.
And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly-tree
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

One said it was an owl,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said t'was an old man

And his beard was growing gray.
Then all three jovial Welshmen
Came riding home at last,
'For three days we have nothing killed,
And never broke our fast!'
And a-hunting they did go.

ANONYMOUS, The Three Huntsmen

19. I bite the scraping grind of sand between my teeth.
The waves run high.
A steamer's smoke-scrawls mock the purple twilight clouds
In the eastern sky,
As if some painter cleaned his brush upon the winds,
Which beautify
With movement all the pageantry of evening's fall.
Sandpipers cry
And run, pursuing foam-edged ripples on the shore,
Then blithely fly,
Exchanging for their long, bare wading legs the grace
Of wings. I lie
Upon a dune, my scalp stretched taut with sand's dry touch.
A gull soars by.
The surf is murmuring soft thunder down the beach;
The waters try
To take away in churning froth the limp, brown sand,
But amplify
The land by building serried bars which thwart their force.
The sand-toads ply
Their busy way in frightened, awkward leaps. The night
Sounds prophesy
A coming calm, as if my own tranquility
Might pacify
The spirit of the lake by giving of its peace.

KEVIN KILLEEN, Sunset on Lake Erie

20. Starless and chill is the night;
The sea yawns wide,
And stretched on the sea, flat on his paunch
Lies the shapeless form of the North-Wind
Who snivels and groans in stealthy mumblings,
A peevish old grumbler in garrulous humor,
Babbling down to the waves.

And he tells them wild, lawless stories,
Giant tales of gloom and murder,
Ancient sagas from Norway,
And again, with wide-clanging laughter he bellows
The witching spells of the Edda
And crafty rime-runes,
So darkly strong and so potent with magic
That the snowy sea-children
Leap up the waves with shouting,
Hissing in wild joy.

But meanwhile across the flat sea-beach
Over the clinging, spray-soaked sand
Strideth a stranger, whose heart within him
Is far more wild than winds and waters.
Where'er he steps
Sparks are scattered and sea-conches crackle;
And he wraps him close in his gloomy mantle
And presses on through the wind-driven night,
Safely led by the tiny candle,
Enticing and sweet, that glimmers
From a lonely fisher cottage.
Father and brother are out at sea,
And lone as a mother's soul she lives
In the cottage, the fisher-maiden,
The wondrous lovely fisher-maiden.
And by the fireside
Sits harkening to the kettle
Purr in sweet and secret surmise,
And heaps the crackling boughs on the fire,
And blows on it
Till the flapping flames of crimson
Mirrored are in wizard beauty
On her face, set a-glowing,
On her white and tender shoulders
That peer so piteously
From her coarse and faded costume,
And on the heedful little hand
Which more closely binds the under-garment
Round her slender hips.

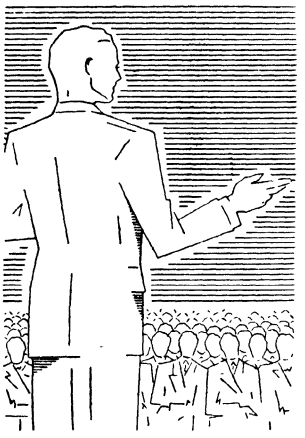
Then suddenly the door springs wide,
And he enters there, the nocturnal stranger;

Sure of love, his eyes he resteth
On the pale and slender maiden
Who shrinks before his gaze
Like a frail, terrified lily;
And he throws to the ground his mantle
And laughs and speaks:

"Behold, my child, I keep our troth.
I am come, and with me come
The ancient years when the gods from the heavens
To the daughters of mortals descended
And the daughters of mortals embraced them
And with them engendered
Kingly races, the scepter-carriers,
And heroes, wonders o' the world . . .
Don't puzzle, my child, any further
About my divinity,
But I beg of you, mix me some tea with rum;
For outside 'twas cold—
Before such a night-wind
Even we gods might freeze, though eternal,
And easily catch the godliest sneezings,
A cough like the gods without ending."

HEINRICH HEINE, A Night by the Sea,
translated by Howard Mumford Jones

CHAPTER 9



Dramatic and Narrative Reading

WE HAVE been more or less dodging the difficulties of reading narrative and dramatic subject-matter, because in "straight" reading the interpreter usually has to consider only the author's and his own mental and emotional reactions. Now a third element enters in, the relationship between the interpreter and the characters of the story or play or dramatic poem. If he is simply reading about dramatic people and situations, he must observe certain conditions. If, however, the interpreter *becomes* a character, taking part in a dramatic production and reading a mental manuscript, still other conditions obtain. We shall try in this chapter to analyze the first of these special problems of interpretation, the interpretation but not the acting of narrative and dramatic material.

When reading to an audience, the interpreter is in a sense one of the audience, even though he may be bringing to them much of his own personality in the interpretation. The focus of attention is the book from which he is reading. He does not pretend to be anybody else than himself. To distinguish one character from another or to vary the mood, he may speak in dialect or change his voice, but he is not acting. No one identifies him with any character he may be presenting.

When he appears on the stage as a character in a play, however, he suppresses not only himself as a person but the author. He is still interpreting (and in good acting he is still detached enough to be *critical* at the same time that he is absorbed in the part), but

he must no longer be a member of the audience, and he does not directly communicate with the audience. He is now the focus of attention himself. Between the actor as interpreter and the reader as interpreter there is a fundamental difference in attitude. The actor must seem to the audience to feel the emotions he presents, to *be* an actual part of the experience he is enacting. The reader expresses emotion sympathetically, but must not seem to initiate it.

Let us take up the reading of dramatic material before an audience without acting. The telling of stories to audiences involves no new techniques. It is very simply the concentration on the characters and incidents presented. The author's and interpreter's thoughts about the people and situations may appear, but they must not intrude. The story is the thing! There is usually a wide range of pitch and tempo in narrative and dramatic selections, and the skilful reader learns how to make use of suspense and emotional shifts through pause and change in tonal color. The reading of dialogue requires not only a thorough understanding of the characters whose words you are reading, but a knowledge of dialect and speech differentiation. It is not necessary, however, to turn on full the faucets of dialect in most narrative material. Most efforts to reproduce Negro, French-Canadian, Bowery, or Italian-English are rather painful. But some differentiation of inflection or volume or tempo in the speeches of various people should be made. Don't strut, displaying your command of Teutonic consonants or French vowels to the detriment of the narrative. Try to follow the author's phonetic aids to pronunciation without seeming to demonstrate your talent as a mimic. Remember—you are *not* acting.

Dramatic reading contests have done much harm to the cause of good interpretation because the mannered diction and overly enthusiastic gestures of contestants have made people think that all public reading requires a streak of exhibitionism in the performer. Far too much melodramatic waving of arms and emphasis on pectoral and orotund tone qualities have turned public reading into what Stevenson calls schools of posturing and self-deceit. Piece-speaking, as it is usually coached by romantic teachers, is one of the worst enemies of good oral interpretation. Too many children have made foolish spectacles of themselves by repeating in melancholy semi-quavers that the curfew must not ring tonight,

or that Barbara Frietchie's gray head should not be harmed, or that Antony has come to bury Caesar, not to praise him!

We Americans are like the English in our distrust of display of emotion. We are willing to accept emotional situations, up to a certain point, in the theater where our empathies are actively engaged. But histrionics off the stage are embarrassing or silly to most of us. Therefore, readers of dramatic selections must be careful about tearing passions to tatters. Restraint is an excellent virtue at any time, and it is particularly admirable in the dramatic reader. This is not to say that in any reading we should be ashamed to express emotion. Enough has been said in the chapter on Interpreting Emotion to show how important it is. What we must avoid is an insincere or extravagant display of feeling. Tears, lugubrious tones, stamping about on a platform, loudness are not, ordinarily, unmistakable manifestations of emotion. You can gain far more belief in the depth of your feeling by quiet control than by all the ranting in the world.

Many an ambitious performer reciting a dialogue feels that he must twist himself into a different shape for each character. The result is a succession of grim contortions that add nothing to the interpretation. Let us repeat the warning that an interpretive reader is not an actor. A slight change in the voice or movement of the head may be all that is necessary—not a futile effort by a girl to imitate a bold bass voice or by a boy to pipe in dulcet feminine tones, and not a prancing around the platform trying to be several people at one time. Stand still! Keep the hands folded at the waistline or at the sides (if you are not holding a book), and if the impulse to gesture comes, don't stifle it, but be sure it is not too realistic. Good gestures are in curves rather than in angles. It is better to err on the side of moderation in movement than to make the audience think you have St. Vitus's dance.

Let's try an example, Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Mr. Flood's Party:*

1. *Old Eben Flood, climbing alone one night*
Over the hill between the town below
And the forsaken upland hermitage
That held as much as he should ever know
On earth again of home, paused warily.

The road was his with not a native near;
And Eben, having leisure, said aloud,
For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear:

2. *"Well, Mr. Flood, we have the harvest moon*
Again, and we may not have many more;
The bird is on the wing, the poet says,
And you and I have said it here before.
Drink to the bird." He raised up to the light
The jug that he had gone so far to fill,
And answered huskily: "Well, Mr. Flood,
Since you propose it, I believe I will."

3. *Alone, as if enduring to the end*
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn,
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.
Below him, in the town among the trees,
Where friends of other days had honored him,
A phantom salutation of the dead
Rang thinly till old Eben's eyes were dim.

4. *Then, as a mother lays her sleeping child*
Down tenderly, fearing it may awake,
He set the jug down slowly at his feet,
With trembling care, knowing that most things break;
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men
Assuredly did not, he paced away,
And with his hand extended paused again:

5. *"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this*
In a long time; and many a change has come
To both of us, I fear, since last it was
We had a drop together. Welcome home!"
Convivially returning with himself,
Again he raised the jug up to the light;
And with an acquiescent quaver said:
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might.

6. *"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—*
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."

So, for the time, apparently it did,
And Eben evidently thought so too;
For soon amid the silver loneliness
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,
Secure, with only two moons listening,
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

7. *"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,*
The last word wavered; and the song being done,
He raised again the jug regretfully
And shook his head, and was again alone.
There was not much that was ahead of him,
And there was nothing in the town below—
Where strangers would have shut the many doors
That many friends had opened long ago.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, Mr. Flood's Party

The first lines give the setting for the little story. An old man is climbing the hill leading from Tilbury Town to his lonely house. The author's opinion of Eben Flood does not appear, but there is a sly suggestion in the word "warily." Read the stanza as simple, factual narrative, giving a little confidential shading to the tone color of "warily."

In stanza two don't try to imitate the cracked voice of an old man. You are *presenting* Eben in his own words, but you must not pretend to *be* Eben. You might slow up the tempo a bit in his speeches, indicating the unsteadiness of his increasing drunkenness. Make "The bird is on the wing" a jovial line, keeping your voice up at the comma. The address to himself must be very hearty: "Well, Mr. Flood," with rising inflection. Be careful of the run-on lines; don't break up the phrases. "Drink to the bird" is a cordial invitation. You might emphasize the vigor of it by slightly tossing your head.

Stanza three introduces some of the author's ironic pity. Bring out the pathos in the picture of the old man drinking from his jug in the moonlight, all alone in the road, like "Roland's ghost, winding a silent horn." Try to show that the simile holds no ridicule for Eben, that there is a similarity between his loneliness and Roland's. In his tipsiness the old man realizes that his friends are dead and that he is alone with his memories.

Let the comic scene of stanza four have its full value. But read it very seriously. You can easily ruin the fragile quality of humor by heavy handedly pointing it out *as* humor. Enter into the spirit of the party but don't be superior to it. Laugh, but laugh gently. And don't lift the jug yourself and set it down again! There may be some gestures, of course, but not descriptive ones. You are not Eben, remember. Recognize Robinson's wry smile in the phrase, "as the uncertain lives of men assuredly did not." Say it appreciatively, as if it were a profound observation.

Eben's words take on a reminiscent tone, the inflections marking a vivid pattern. Changes in tone color are important in bringing out the old fellow's character. "Welcome home!" he says, with a will. The answer may suggest an "acquiescent quaver." It is probably the only differentiation between Mr. Flood and Mr. Flood that you will need. The conversation, however, must seem to be very real, and you must believe in it as much as Eben does.

Even the line about "only two moons listening" (in stanza six) must be gentle. Robinson is far from making fun of his lonely tippler. For the moment Eben is happily singing "for auld lang syne" with a companion, no less real because it is himself. There is nothing undignified or absurd in the scene. You must convey to the hearer this sympathetic understanding of Eben. But let the old man reveal himself. Don't seem to be elaborately analytical.

In the last stanza the pathetic comedy fades, and Mr. Flood is desolate again. The last lines are bleak, but their irony is directed against the ways of men, not against the drunken Eben.

> *And there was nothing in the town below—*
> *Where strangers would have shut the many doors*
> *That many friends had opened long ago.*

Read these words very quietly, bringing out the contrasts between "strangers" and "friends" and "shut" and "opened." Your voice should seem to say, "And that's what a good many of us have to look forward to."

Do not accept this analysis of the poem blindly; other interpretations are certainly possible. You must not let any mechanical method of studying a poem make you lose sight of the fact that *your own* meaning and *your own* emotional response are of primary importance in sincere reading.

Exercises

Read the following selections, bringing out characters and dramatic conflict. Recognize the value of suspense, but don't let it be artificial and merely breathless. Tell the story honestly, enjoying it objectively, that is, as a member of the audience, but with a special responsibility of interpretation, never losing yourself so much that you act out the parts. Until you get some of the confidence that comes with experience, omit the dialect poems and even then practice carefully before you do them before an audience. You can check your pronunciations by the dialect lists in *Dialects for Oral Interpretation,* by G. E. Johnson (Century, 1922), *Phonetic Studies in Folk Speech and Broken English,* by A. Darrow (Expression Co., n.d.), or in *Applied Phonetics,* by Claude Merton Wise and C. K. Thomas (Harper, 1940).

1. *So all day long the noise of battle roll'd*
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
Then spake King Arthur to Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,

And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word" . . .

LORD TENNYSON, Morte d'Arthur

2. *You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:*
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshall's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING, Incident of the French Camp

3. *Helen Furr had quite a pleasant home. Mrs. Furr was quite a pleasant woman. Mr. Furr was quite a pleasant man. Helen Furr had quite a pleasant voice a voice quite worth cultivating. She did not mind working. She worked to cultivate her voice. She did not find it gay living in the same place where she had always been living. She went to a place where some were cultivating something, voices and other things needing cultivating. She met Georgine Skeene there who was cultivating her voice which some thought was quite a pleasant one. Helen Furr and Georgine Skeene lived together then. Georgine Skeene liked travelling. Helen Furr did not care about travelling, she liked to stay in one place and be gay there. They were together then and travelled to another place and stayed there and were gay there.*

They stayed there and were gay there, not very gay there, just gay there. They were both gay there, they were regularly working there both of them cultivating their voices there, they were both gay there. Georgine Skeene was gay there, and she was regular, regular in being gay, regular in not being gay, regular in being a gay one who was one not being gay longer than was needed to be one being quite a gay one. They were both gay then there and both working there then.

They were in a way both gay there where there were many cultivating something. They were both regular in being gay there. Helen Furr was gay there, she was gayer and gayer there and really she was just gay there, she was gayer and gayer there, that is to say she found ways of being gay there that she was using in being gay there. She was gay there, not gayer and gayer, just gay there, that is to say she was not gayer by using the things she found there that were gay things, she was gay there, always she was gay there.

GERTRUDE STEIN, "Miss Furr and Miss Skeene," from Geography and Plays

4. *John of Tours is back with peace,*
But he comes home ill at ease.

"Good-morrow, mother." "Good-morrow, son,
Your wife has borne you a little one."

"Go now, mother, go before,
Make me a bed upon the floor.

"Very low your feet must fall,
That my wife hear not at all."

As it neared the midnight toll,
John of Tours gives up his soul.

"Tell me now, my mother dear,
What's the crying that I hear?"

"Daughter, it's the children wake
Crying with their teeth that ache."

"Tell me, though, my mother dear,
What's the knocking that I hear?"

"Daughter, it's the carpenter
Mending planks upon the stair."

"Tell me, too, my mother dear,
What is the singing that I hear?"

"Daughter, it's the priests in rows
Going round about our house."

"Tell me then, my mother, my dear,
What's the dress that I should wear?"

"Daughter, any reds or blues,
But the black is most in use."

"Nay, but say, my mother, my dear,
Why do you fall weeping here?"

"Oh, the truth must be said—
It's that John of Tours is dead."

"Mother, let the sexton know
That the grave must be for two;

"Aye, and still have room to spare,
For you must shut the baby there."

Anonymous Ballad, John of Tours, translated from the French by D. G. Rossetti

5. Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh when will you come back?" said she.
"In a year, or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancỳ."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said.
"Oh what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancỳ."

So he order'd the grave to be open'd wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kiss'd her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' Church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lovers' knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

Anonymous Ballad, Lord Lovel

6. *"Just the place for a Snark!" the Bellman cried,*
As he landed his crew with care;
Supporting each man on the top of the tide
By a finger entwined in his hair.

"Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:
That alone should encourage the crew.
Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:
What I tell you three times is true."

The crew was complete: it included a Boots—
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods—
A Barrister, brought to arrange their disputes—
And a Broker, to value their goods.

A Billiard-marker, whose skill was immense,
Might perhaps have won more than his share—
But a Banker, engaged at enormous expense,
Had the whole of their cash in his care.

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,
Or would sit making lace in the bow:
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck
Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of things
He forgot when he entered the ship:

His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
With his name painted clearly on each:
But, since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because
He had seven coats on when he came,
With three pairs of boots—but the worst of it was,
He had wholly forgotten his name.

He would answer to "Hi!" or to any loud cry,
Such as "Fry me!" or "Fritter my wig!"
To "What-you-may-call-um!" or "What-was-his-name!"
But especially "Thing-um-a-jig!"

While, for those who preferred a more forcible word,
He had different names from these:
His intimate friends called him "Candle-ends,"
And his enemies "Toasted-cheese."

"His form is ungainly—his intellect small—"
(So the Bellman would often remark)—
"But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,
Is the thing that one needs with a Snark!"

He would joke with hyænas, returning their stare
With an impudent wag of the head:
And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw, with a bear,
"Just to keep up its spirits," he said.

He came as a Baker: but owned, when too late—
And it drove the poor Bellman half-mad—
He could only bake Bride-cake—for which, I may state,
No materials were to be had.

The last of the crew needs especial remark,
Though he looked an incredible dunce:
He had just one idea—but, that one being "Snark,"
The good Bellman engaged him at once.

He came as a Butcher: but gravely declared,
When the ship had been sailing a week,
He could only kill Beavers. The Bellman looked scared,
And was almost too frightened to speak:

But at length he explained, in a tremulous tone,
There was only one Beaver on board;
And that was a tame one he had of his own,
Whose death would be deeply deplored.

The Beaver, who happened to hear the remark,
Protested, with tears in its eyes,
That not even the rapture of hunting the Snark
Could atone for that dismal surprise!

It strongly advised that the Butcher should be
Conveyed in a separate ship:
But the Bellman declared that would never agree
With the plans he had made for the trip.

Navigation was always a difficult art,
Though with only one ship and one bell:
And he feared he must really decline, for his part,
Undertaking another as well.

The Beaver's best course was, no doubt, to procure
A second-hand dagger-proof coat—
So the Baker advised it—and next, to insure
Its life in some Office of note:

This the Banker suggested, and offered for hire
(On moderate terms), or for sale,
Two excellent Policies, one Against Fire
And one Against Damage From Hail.

Yet still, ever after that sorrowful day,
Whenever the Butcher was by,
The Beaver kept looking the opposite way,
And appeared unaccountably shy.

LEWIS CARROLL, "Fit the First: The Landing"
The Hunting of the Snark

7. *"He's deader 'n nails," the fo'c's'le said, "'n' gone to his long sleep";*
"'N' about his corp," said Tom to Dan, "d'ye think his corp'll keep
Till the day's done, 'n' the work's through, 'n' the ebb's upon the neap?"

"He's deader 'n nails," said Dan to Tom, "'n' I wish his sperrit j'y;
He spat straight 'n' he steered true, but listen to me, say I,
Take 'n' cover 'n' bury him now, 'n' I'll take 'n' tell you why.

"It's a rummy rig of a guffy's yarn, 'n' the juice of a rummy note,
But if you buries a corp at night, it takes 'n' keeps afloat,
For its bloody soul's afraid o' the dark 'n' sticks within the throat.

"'N' all the night till the grey o' the dawn the dead 'un has to swim
With a blue 'n' beastly Will o' the Wisp a-burnin' over him,
With a herring, maybe, a-scoffin' a toe or a shark a-chewin' a limb.

"'N' all the night the shiverin' corp it has to swim the sea,
With its shudderin' soul inside the throat (where a soul's no right to be),
Till the sky's grey 'n' the dawn's clear, 'n' then the sperrit's free.

"Now Joe was a man was right as rain. I'm sort of sore for Joe.
'N' if we bury him durin' the day, his soul can take 'n' go;
So we'll dump his corp when the bell strikes 'n' we can get below.

"I'd fairly hate for him to swim in a blue 'n' beastly light,
With his shudderin' soul inside of him a-feelin' the fishes bite,
So over he goes at noon, say I, 'n' he shall sleep to-night."

JOHN MASEFIELD, Burial Party

8. *Dere's no guy livin' dat knows Brooklyn t'roo an' t'roo, because it'd take a guy a lifetime just to find his way aroun' duh damn' town.*

So like I say, I'm waitin' for my train t' come when I sees dis big guy standin' deh—dis is duh foist I eveh see of him. Well, he's lookin' wild, y'know, an' I can see dat he's had plenty, but still he's holdin' it; he talks good an' is walkin' straight enough. So den, dis big guy steps up to a little guy dat's standin' deh, an' says, "How d'yuh get t' Eighteent' Avenoo an' Sixty-sevent' Street?" he says.

"Jesus! Yuh got me, chief," duh little guy says to him. "I ain't been heah long myself. Where is duh place?" he says. "Out in duh Flatbush section somewhere?"

"Nah," duh big guy says. "It's out in Bensonhoist. But I was neveh deh befoeh. How d'yuh get deh?"

"Jesus," duh little guy says, scratchin' his head, 'y'know—yuh could see duh little guy didn't know his way about—"yuh got me, chief. I neveh hoid of it. Do any of youse guys know where it is?" he says to me.

"Sure," I says. "It's out in Bensonhoist. Yuh take duh Fourt' Avenoo express, get off at Fifty-nint' Street, change to a Sea Beach local deh, get off at Eighteent' Avenoo an' Sixty-toid, an' den walk down foeh blocks. Dat's all yuh got to do," I says.

"G'wan!" some wise guy dat I neveh seen befoeh pipes up. "Whatcha talkin' about?" he says—oh, he was wise, y'know. "Duh guy is crazy! I tell yuh what yuh do," he says to duh big guy. "Yuh change to duh West End line at Toity-sixt'," he tells him. "Get off at Noo Utrecht an' Sixteent' Avenoo," he says. "Walk two blocks oveh, foeh blocks up," he says, "An' you'll be right deh." Oh, a WISE *guy, y'know.*

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "Who told YOU *so much?" He got me sore because he was so wise about it. "How long you been livin' heah?" I says.*

"All my life," he says. "I was bawn in Williamsboig," he says. "An' I can tell you t'ings about dis town yuh neveh hoid of," he says.

"Yeah?" I says.

"Yeah," he says.

THOMAS WOLFE, Only the Dead Know Brooklyn

9. *While I was playing checkers, Mother would set and listen to the band, as she loves music, classical or no matter what kind, but anyway she was setting there one day and between selections the woman next to her opened up a conversation. She was a woman about Mother's own age, seventy or seventy-one, and finally she asked Mother's name and Mother told her name and where she was from and Mother asked her the same question, and who do you think the woman was?*

Well, sir, it was the wife of Frank M. Hartsell, the man who was engaged to Mother till I stepped in and cut him out, fifty-two years ago!

Yes, sir!

You can imagine Mother's surprise! And Mrs. Hartsell was surprised, too, when Mother told her she had once been friends with her husband, though Mother didn't say how close friends they had been, or that Mother and I was the cause of Hartsell going out West. But that's what we was. Hartsell left his town a month after the engagement was broke

off and ain't never been back since. He had went out to Michigan and become a veterinary, and that is where he had settled down, in Hillsdale, Michigan, and finally married his wife.

Well, Mother screwed up her courage to ask if Frank was still living and Mrs. Hartsell took her over to where they was pitching horseshoes and there was old Frank, waiting his turn. And he knowed Mother as soon as he seen her, though it was over fifty years. He said he knowed her by her eyes.

"Why, it's Lucy Frost!" he says, and he throwed down his shoes and quit the game.

Then they come over and hunted me up and I will confess I wouldn't of knowed him. Him and I is the same age to the month, but he seems to show it more, some way. He is balder for one thing. And his beard is all white, where mine has still got a streak of brown in it. The very first thing I said to him, I said:

"Well, Frank, that beard of yours makes me feel like I was back north. It looks like a regular blizzard."

"Well," he said, "I guess yourn would be just as white if you had it dry cleaned."

But Mother wouldn't stand that.

"Is that so!" she said to Frank. "Well, Charley ain't had no tobacco in his mouth for over ten years!"

And I ain't!

RING LARDNER, The Golden Honeymoon

10. *"Now, Master Cyril," Amy protested, "will you leave that fire alone? It's not you that can mend my fires."*

A boy of nine, great and heavy for his years, with a full face and very short hair, bent over the smoking grate. It was about five minutes to eight on a chilly morning after Easter. Amy, hastily clad in blue, with a rough brown apron, was setting the breakfast table. The boy turned his head, still bending.

"Shut up, Ame," he replied, smiling. Life being short, he usually called her Ame when they were alone together. "Or I'll catch you one in the eye with the poker."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Amy. "And you know your mother told you to wash your feet this morning, and you haven't done. Fine clothes is all very well, but—"

"Who says I haven't washed my feet?" asked Cyril, guiltily.

Amy's mention of fine clothes referred to the fact that he was that morning wearing his Sunday suit for the first time on a week-day.

"I say you haven't," said Amy.

She was more than three times his age still, but they had been treating each other as intellectual equals for years.

"And how do you know?" asked Cyril, tired of the fire.

"I know," said Amy.

"Well, you just don't then!" said Cyril. "And what about YOUR feet? I should be sorry to see your feet, Ame."

Amy was excusably annoyed. She tossed her head. "My feet are as clean as yours any day," she said. "And I shall tell your mother."

But he would not leave her feet alone, and there ensued one of those endless monotonous altercations on a single theme which occur so often between intellectual equals when one is a young son of the house and the other an established servant who adores him. Refined minds would have found the talk disgusting, but the sentiment of disgust seemed to be unknown to either of the wranglers. At last, when Amy by superior tactics had cornered him, Cyril said suddenly:

"Oh, go to hell!"

Amy banged down the spoon for the bacon gravy. "Now I shall tell your mother. Mark my words, this time I SHALL tell your mother."

Cyril felt that in truth he had gone rather far. He was perfectly sure that Amy would not tell his mother. And yet, supposing that by some freak of her nature she did! The consequences would be unutterable; the consequences would more than extinguish his private glory in the use of such a dashing word. So he laughed, a rather silly, giggling laugh, to reassure himself.

"You daren't," he said.

"Daren't I?" she said grimly. "You'll see. I don't know where you learn! It fair beats me. But it isn't Amy Bates as is going to be sworn at. As soon as ever your mother comes into this room!"

ARNOLD BENNETT, The Old Wives' Tale

11. Danvers accompanied Mr. Dacier to the house-door. Climbing the stairs, she found her mistress in the drawing-room still.

"You must be cold, ma'am," she said, glancing at the fire-grate.

"Is it a frost?" said Diana.

"It's midnight and midwinter, ma'am."

"Has it struck midnight?"

The mantel-piece clock said five minutes past.

"You had better go to bed, Danvers, or you will lose your bloom. Stop; you are a faithful soul. Great things are happening and I'm agitated. Mr. Dacier has told me news. He came back purposely."

"Yes, ma'am," said Danvers. "He had a great deal to tell."

"Well, he had." Diana coloured at the first tentative impertinence

she had heard from her maid. "What is the secret of you, Danvers? What attaches you to me?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am. I'm romantic."

"And you think me a romantic object?"

"I'm sure I can't say, ma'am. I'd rather serve you than any other lady; and I wish you was happy."

"Do you suppose I am unhappy?"

"I'm sure—but if I may speak, ma'am: so handsome and clever a lady! and young! I can't bear to see it."

"Tush! you silly woman! You read your melting tales, and imagine."

GEORGE MEREDITH, Diana of the Crossways

12. I was standing stark naked next morning in that icy bedroom, trying to bathe in about a quart of water, when Stumm entered. He strode up to me and stared me in the face. I was half a head shorter than he to begin with, and a man does not feel his stoutest when he has no clothes, so he had the pull of me every way.

"I have reason to believe that you are a liar," he growled.

I pulled the bed-cover round me, for I was shivering with cold, and the German idea of a towel is a pocket-handkerchief. I own I was in a pretty blue funk.

"A liar!" he repeated. "You and that swine Pienaar."

With my best effort at surliness I asked what we had done.

"You lied, because you said you knew no German. Apparently your friend knows enough to talk treason and blasphemy."

This gave me back some heart.

"I told you I knew a dozen words. But I told you Peter could talk it a bit. I told you that yesterday at the station." Fervently I blessed my luck for that casual remark.

He evidently remembered, for his tone became a trifle more civil.

"You are a precious pair. If one of you is a scoundrel, why not the other?"

"I take no responsibility for Peter," I said. I felt I was a cad in saying it but that was the bargain we had made at the start. "I have known him for years as a great hunter and a brave man. I know he fought well against the English. But more I cannot tell you. You have to judge him for yourself. What has he done?"

I was told, for Stumm had got it that morning on the telephone. While telling it he was kind enough to allow me to put on my trousers.

It was just the sort of thing I might have foreseen. Peter, left alone, had become first bored and then reckless. He had persuaded the lieutenant to take him out to supper at a big Berlin restaurant. There, inspired by the lights and music—novel things for a backveld hunter—and

no doubt bored stiff by his company, he had proceeded to get drunk. That had happened in my experience with Peter about once in three years, and it always happened for the same reason. Peter, bored and solitary in a town, went on the spree. He had a head like a rock, but he got to the required condition by wild mixing. He was quite a gentleman in his cups, and not in the least violent, but he was apt to be very free with his tongue. And that was what occurred at the Franciscana.

He had begun by insulting the Emperor, it seemed. He drank his health, but said he reminded him of a wart-hog, and thereby scarified the lieutenant's soul. Then an officer—some tremendous swell—at an adjoining table had objected to his talking so loud, and Peter had replied insolently in respectable German. After that things became mixed. There was some kind of a fight, during which Peter calumniated the German army and all its female ancestry. How he wasn't shot or run through I can't imagine, except that the lieutenant loudly proclaimed that he was a crazy Boer. Anyhow the upshot was that Peter was marched off to gaol, and I was left in a pretty pickle.

"I don't believe a word of it," I said firmly. I had most of my clothes on now and felt more courageous. "It is all a plot to get him into disgrace and draft him off to the front."

JOHN BUCHAN, Greenmantle

13. *Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table*
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'That ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbour him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,

So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."
"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,

He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education— you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.
He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,

So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw it
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard some tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.

"Silas has better claim on us you think
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell **you.**
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anybody. Worthless though he is,
He won't be made ashamed to please his brother."

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.

He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren?" she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

ROBERT FROST, The Death of the Hired Man

14. *Now by the crossroads, in the filling station,*
The boys assemble. Out of the winter night
Salting the stubbled face, peppering the lungs,
They enter the hot smell of burning wood,
And thawing wool, the heady gasoline.
The radio, the household imbecile,
Slavers and crows unheeded. Pop flows free.
And the old tales are told, born of the earth,
Ripened like grain, and harvested for winter.

It seems the village veterinarian
Suggested to the village constable
A little expedition after rabbits.
The constable, he likes a little shooting,
And so they met up at the doctor's house.
Well, Doc he had some prime old applejack,
And just in case they should get struck by lightning
Or something, why they hit it pretty hard.
Well, they were feeling good when they got started,
And when they got down by the Weaver place,
The Doc he says: "You see that cow in the pasture?
Bet you five dollars I could hit that cow,
Setting right here." "Well, bet you couldn't!"
The constable he says. And just like that,

The Doc he reaches back and grabs a rifle
Out of the back seat, and he draws a bead,
And drops that cow as dead as butcher meat!
"By gosh, I guess I DID *kill Weaver's cow!"*
The Doc says. And "By gosh, I guess you did,
You gol-durn fool!" the cop says. Well, they turned
Around, and bust all records back to town,
And had a couple, quick. The constable
Went to the drugstore, and he bought some gum,
And hung around the rest of the afternoon,
Establishing, you know, an alibi.
It wasn't hardly evening when the sheriff
Went to the drugstore. All the boys were there.
And he goes right up to the constable,
And says to him: "Say, Alfred, where was you
At three o'clock this afternoon?" The cop
Says: "I was out to my garage, I guess.
My carburetor, she don't work so good."
"Then you ain't seen the vet?" the sheriff says.
"No, I ain't seen him, not since yesterday."
"You don't know who went hunting with the vet?"
"Gosh, no. I only know it wasn't me."
"Must have been someone looked a lot like you."
"Well, Judas priest, they's plenty looks like me."
"Well, I got witnesses to say 'twas you.
You ain't heard nothing, then, of Weaver's cow?"
"My gosh, I didn't know he had a cow!
I ain't been near the Weaver place today!
I swear I didn't touch his gol-durn cow!
If the vet says I did, I say he lies!
What happened to the durn cow, anyhow?"
"Why," says the sheriff, "Arthur Weaver says
He had to have her killed, she was so old,
And don't give down no more. And so the vet,
He went and shot her there this afternoon!"
Well, up to town the boys are laughing still.

Drowsiness gathers in the filling station.
Stirring their courage in the warmth and laughter,
The boys turn homeward. On the frozen ruts
Of the hill roads the little cars are shaken.
All the lights cease. The pond ice cracks with cold.

MORRIS BISHOP, Just Off the Concrete

15. *Time was aware of them,*
And would beat soon upon his empty bell
Release from such a fettered ecstasy
As fate would not endure. But until then
There was no room for time between their souls
And bodies, or between their silences,
Which were for them no less than heaven and hell,
Fused cruelly out of older silences
That once a word from either might have ended,
And so annihilated into life
Instead of death—could her pride then have spoken,
And his duped eyes have seen, before his oath
Was given to make them see. But silences
By time are slain, and death, or more than death,
May come when silence dies. At last Isolt
Released herself enough to look at him.
With a world burning for him in her eyes,
And two worlds crumbling for him in her words:
"What have I done to you, Tristram!" she said;
"What have you done to me! What have we done
To Fate, that she should hate us and destroy us,
Waiting for us to speak. What have we done
So false or foul as to be burned alive
And then be buried alive—as we shall be—
As I shall be!"

He gazed upon a face
Where all there was of beauty and of love
That was alive for him, and not for him,
Was his while it was there. "I shall have burned
And buried us both," he said. "Your pride would not
Have healed my blindness then, even had you prayed
For God to let you speak. When a man sues
The fairest of all women for her love,
He does not cleave the skull first of her kinsman
To mark himself a man. That was my way;
And it was not the wisest—if your eyes
Had any truth in them for a long time.
Your pride would not have let me tell them more—
Had you prayed God, I say."

"I did do that,
Tristram, but he was then too far from heaven
To hear so little a thing as I was, praying

For you on earth. You had not seen my eyes
Before you fought with Morhaus; and for that,
There was your side and ours. All history sings
Of two sides, and will do so till all men
Are quiet; and then there will be no men left,
Or women alive to hear them. It was long
Before I learned so little as that; and you
It was who taught me while I nursed and healed
Your wound, only to see you go away."

"And once having seen me go away from you,
You saw me coming back to you again,
Cheerful and healed, as Mark's ambassador.
Would God foresee such folly alive as that
In any thing he had made, and still make more?
If so, his ways are darker than divines
Have drawn them for our best bewilderments.
Be it so or not, my share in this is clear.
I have prepared a way for us to take,
Because a king was not so much a devil
When I was young as not to be a friend,
An uncle, and an easy counsellor.
Later, when love was yet no more for me
Than a gay folly glancing everywhere
For triumph easier sometimes than defeat,
Having made sure that I was blind enough,
He sealed me with an oath to make you his
Before I had my eyes, or my heart woke
From pleasure in a dream of other faces
That now are nothing else than silly skulls
Covered with skin and hair. The right was his
To make of me a shining knight at arms,
By fortune may be not the least adept
And emulous. But God! for seizing you,
And having you here tonight, and all his life
Having you here, by the blind means of me,
I could tear all the cords out of his neck
To make a rope, and hang the rest of him.
Isolt, forgive me! This is only sound
That I am making with a tongue gone mad
That you should be so near me as to hear me
Saying how far away you are to go

When you go back to him, driven by—me!
A fool may die with no great noise or loss;
And whether a fool should always live or not . . ."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, Tristram

16. *When he had a cold, Father's method of dealing with it was to try to clear it out by main force, either by violently blowing his nose or, still better, by sneezing. Mother didn't like him to sneeze, he did it with such a roar. She said she could feel it half across the room, and she was sure it was catching. Father said this was nonsense. He said his sneezes were healthy. And presently we'd hear a hearty, triumphant blast as he sneezed again.*

Aside from colds, which he had very seldom, his only foes were sick headaches. He said headaches only came from eating, however. Hence a man who knew enough to stop eating could always get rid of one that way. It took time to starve it out thoroughly. It might take several hours. But as soon as it was gone, he could eat again and enjoy his cigar.

When one of these headaches started, Father lay down and shut his eyes tight and yelled. The severity of a headache could be judged by the volume of sound he put forth. His idea seemed to be to show the headache that he was just as strong as it was, and stronger. When a headache and he went to bed together, they were a noisy pair.

Father's code required him to be game, I suppose. He never spoke or thought of having a code; he wasn't that sort of person; but he denounced men whose standards were low, as to gameness or anything else. It didn't occur to him to conceal his sufferings, however; when he had any pains, he expressed them as fully as he knew how. His way of being brave was not to keep still but to keep on fighting the headache.

Mother used to beg him to be quiet at night, even if he did have a headache, and not wake up the whole house. He never paid the slightest attention to such a request. When she said, "Please don't groan so much, Clare," he'd look at her in disgust, as though he were a warrior being asked to stifle his battle-cries.

One evening he found Mother worrying because Aunt Emma was ill with some disease that was then epidemic.

"Oh, pooh!" Father said. "Nothing the matter with Emma. You can trust people to get any ailment whatever that's fashionable. They hear of a lot of other people having it, and the first thing you know they get scared and think they have it themselves. Then they go to bed, and send for the doctor. The doctor! All poppycock."

"Well, but Clare dear, if you were in charge of them, what would you do instead?"

"Cheer 'em up, that's the way to cure 'em."
"How would you cheer them up, darling?" Mother asked doubtfully.
"I? I'd tell 'em, 'BAH!' "

CLARENCE DAY, Life with Father

17. *Nothing remarkable happened on the road till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph, making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.*

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hope of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, "Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n'd to you."—"Strip," cried the other, "or I'll blow your brains to the devil." Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. "You are cold, are you, you rascal?" said one of the robbers: "I'll warm you with a vengeance"; and, damning his eyes, snapped a pistol at his head; which he had no sooner done that the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt end of a pistol, from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

HENRY FIELDING, Joseph Andrews

18. *Captain Aylmer brought his bride Lady Emily to Belton Park, and a small fatted calf was killed, and the Askertons came to dinner—on which occasion Captain Aylmer behaved very well, though we may*

imagine that he must have had some misgivings on the score of his young wife. The Askertons came to dinner, and the old rector, and the squire from a neighboring parish, and everything was very handsome and very dull.

"I was as sure of it as possible," Clara said to her husband that night.

"Sure of what, my dear?"

"That she would have a red nose."

"Who has got a red nose?"

"Don't be stupid, Will. Who should have it but Lady Emily?"

"Upon my word I didn't observe it."

"You never observe anything, Will, do you? But don't you think she is very plain?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. She isn't as handsome as some people."

"Don't be a fool, Will. How old do you suppose her to be?"

"How old? Let me see. Thirty, perhaps."

"If she's not over forty, I'll consent to change noses with her."

"No;—we won't do that; not if I know it."

"I cannot conceive why any man should marry such a woman as that. Not but what she's a very good woman, I dare say; only what can a man get by it? To be sure there's the title, if that's worth anything."

But Will Belton was never good for much conversation at this hour, and was too fast asleep to make any rejoinder to this last remark.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, The Belton Estate

19. And then—so providential!—HE asked if he might escort her back to her hotel, and what COULD she say except that she would be flattered! He looked so tall and aristocratic walking beside her, with his full beard, and a puggaree round his hat, and his white, green-lined umbrella. She hoped, indeed, that people might be thinking: "What a distinguished couple!" Many hopes flitted in her mind while they strolled along the front, and watched the common people eating winkles, and smelled the tarry boats. And something tender welled up in her so that she could not help stopping to call his attention to the sea, so blue with little white waves.

"I DO love Nature," she said.

"Ah! Miss Julia," he answered—she always remembered his words—"the beauties of Nature are indeed only exceeded by those of—Tut!—I have a fly in my eye!"

"Dear Mr. Septimus, let me take it out with the corner of my handkerchief."

And he let her. It took quite a long time; he was so brave, keeping

his eye open; and when at last she got it out, very black and tiny, they both looked at it together; it seemed to her to draw them quite close, as if they were looking into each other's souls. Such a wonderful moment! And then—her heart beat fast—he had taken her hand. Her knees felt weak; she looked up into his face, so thin and high-minded and anxious, with a little streak where the eye had watered; and something of adoration crept up among her pinkness and her pouts, into her light grey eyes. He lifted her hand slowly till it reached his beard, and stooped his lips to it. Fancy! On the esplanade! All went soft and sweet within her; her lips trembled, and two large tears rolled out of her eyes.

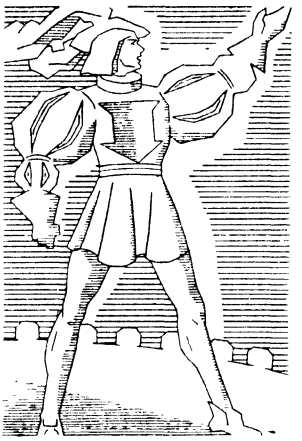
"Miss Julia," he said, "Julia—may I hope?"

"Dear Septimus," she answered, "indeed you MAY."

And through a mist she saw his puggaree float out in the delicious breeze, and under one end of it a common man stop eating winkles, to stare up at her, as if he had seen a rainbow.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, "Aunt Juley's Courtship, 1855,"
from On Forsyte 'Change

CHAPTER 10



Across the Footlights

THIS is not a textbook primarily for actors. We are not concerned here with traditional stage business, pantomime, or any of the problems of the actor except that of interpreting his manuscript. The difference in attitude between the reader and the actor has already been pointed out: One participates with the audience; the other is detached from the audience. One must seem to be the character he represents; the other interprets characters while remaining unmistakably himself. Both use the same equipment, have the same fundamental need to know all the meaning of what they read and to be able to communicate that meaning effectively. Both must be able to feel and to express emotion.

The actor, however, is part of a whole and must have a good sense of ensemble playing. He requires a more flexible bodily control than the reader (although there is no reason why one should not be the other, as occasion demands). Most dramatic schools prescribe a regimen of fencing, dancing, pantomime, eurhythmics, and other training for harmonious movement that the ordinary reader would probably never need. Since the actor identifies himself with the character he represents, he has to study details of dress and appearance and definite patterns of speech that the reader, who has only to suggest character, need not learn. Above all, he has to learn the secret of wide range of voice, the ability to express himself convincingly in representing different ages and different types of characters.

FOLLOWING THE LINES

In the first place, the actor is speaking from memory, which is often a treacherous thing. Some actors have a trick of revising their manuscripts as they memorize, supplying words and even ideas not apparent in the original. On the stage they may allow personal values to intrude, reading a script liberally and arbitrarily edited, often doing violence to the author's purpose. The actor should accept his responsibility of learning his part exactly as it is written by the author or changed by the director. He must be careful not to memorize mechanically so that he recites mere empty words. Such colorless, vapid delivery is the curse of all acting and the ever-present cause of failure in amateur groups.

EMOTION ON STAGE

Secondly, the tendency either to exaggerate or to falsify emotion on the stage is a source of trouble. The young actor especially is tempted to expose with excessive zeal the emotions that he considers suitable to his part. The lad who in real life might break an arm without whimpering or face sorrow with no outward demonstration too often thinks there is no other way to express simulated feeling except through unrestrained excitement. He must bellow with pain or roll his eyes and get oratorically tragic when he reveals grief.

Emotion is a delicate thing. A shade too much or too little spoils it irrevocably, making it either absurd or insincere. Since drama presents human beings or ideas in conflict, it is tremendously concerned with emotions. The actor, who must seem himself actually to be the person who suffers or experiences happiness or grief, must be able to express these feelings accurately and convincingly. He should therefore understand the psychology and physiology of emotion.

We have already discussed the place of emotion in interpretation, emphasizing sound, color, and connotation in words and the use of imagery. Now we must consider a little more specifically its physical expression. The James-Lange theory, in which emotion is declared to be the result of physical action rather than the cause of it, still hangs on in psychology texts as a fertile source of controversy. Many a professor has eloquently argued that we're afraid because we run, not run because we're afraid, that we're

sorry because we cry, not cry because we're sorry, that the more we shake our fists, the more angry we get. In studies of acting and public speaking, as well as in courses in psychology and philosophy, the idea that the physical action comes first and then the emotion has been widely applied. Actually, it doesn't matter in the least to us here which comes first or whether emotion is a conditioned reflex or a configurational response or whether we feel with the soul, the viscera, or the diencephalon. The important fact is that there is a close relationship between emotion and the physical attitude attendant upon, or causing, emotion.

The actor or reader or speaker should know this much about the James-Lange theory: that, however the emotion begins, it is increased or diminished by the physical action that expresses it. We *do* feel more anger if we increase the physical manifestations of anger, like shaking the fist or shouting or striding about. We do tend to feel less anger if we "count to ten" or control the muscular movement. We usually feel more confident on the platform if we put ourselves into the physical attitude of confidence, just as we can surrender to cringing fear if we droop and look afraid. This application of the law of emotion is valuable in overcoming stage fright in its various forms. But the actor has extraordinary use for such a theory. He finds that by putting his body into the attitude of the emotion he wishes to express he will not only seem to the audience to feel the emotion, but will, to some extent, really feel it.

There is some danger, of course, that the actor will let the bodily appearance of emotion do instead of actual feeling or that he will exaggerate it in the fond belief that the more physical the demonstration, the more convincing and brilliant will be the resulting emotion. This point suggests another old theatrical debating subject—whether the actor should simply seem to feel or really should feel the emotion he expresses. Obviously, if the James-Lange theory has any truth in it at all, no one who physically represents an emotion can help feeling it in some measure. There is, indeed, the opposite evil of feeling too much, getting too close to the play and *actually* feeling pain and sorrow. In any artistic experience there must always be a certain amount of detachment. What is ideally true is probably that an actor must feel emotion before he can sincerely express it but that he must keep it under critical control. Meanwhile, his body can help in

the creation of emotion, which, however, should never be merely external or, except where the part demands, extravagant.

The amateur actor or interpreter might say, "I understand that emotion is closely related to its physical expression, but how can I sincerely feel emotion that really belongs to somebody else?" The answer to the actor is that he is wrong; the emotion properly belongs to him in his part. *He* is somebody else. The interpreter, on the other hand, is further from the actual emotion because most of the feeling he displays is his own or the author's, unless he tries to act out dramatic pieces. Then he must accept the actor's conventions. Some theorists advise the actor to pretend the whole emotion, working out a pattern of behavior appropriate to anger, hatred, love, indignation, etc. Some of the real emotion will follow, according to the James-Lange theory. But a wiser plan is the Stanislavsky method of remembering emotion. Stanislavsky, the great founder of the Moscow Art Theater, taught his actors not to try to establish an entirely new pattern of emotion for each situation but to remember some similar or analogous emotion in their own lives and, in rehearsal, to try to recapture the details of the past experience until some of the physical and mental associations of the emotion might be reawakened. For example, most of us can recall moments of anger or indignation, even though the situations arousing them may have been in no way like the dramatic incidents we want to present. Stanislavsky once told an actor who complained that he could not call up a personal experience with murderous feelings, because he had never tried to kill anybody, that he should remember how he felt when a mosquito buzzed around his ear in the middle of the night.

Miss Ina Claire has summed up the actor's opinion: "I believe that an actor will play a part better if he renews the emotion *in his mind* every time he assumes it on the stage. Of course he should partly feel it, but his mind should direct and control his feeling. Heart and Art! It can be quite a mechanical process. But the important thing, in the end, is not how *you* feel a part, but how you make an *audience* feel it."

THE ACTOR'S RELATION TO THE PLAY

The third fact about the actor is that he is part of a whole, not an independent entity. The reader usually performs alone; he

need not worry about such things as stage pictures, shifting emphasis on character, the timing of cues, and so forth. The actor, however, must have a good sense of cooperation, accepting the center of attention when it is logically his, stepping aside when the focus changes to another character. He must give his fellow actors the right cues, work out his movement and business so that he will not interfere with anyone else, take his part as a single instrument in a symphony. The art of the theater is a complex art, depending upon the united efforts of many others besides the actor for its total effect. We are here considering only the actor, but we must not forget that the play brought before an audience is the joint product of the playwright, the director, the actor, the scene designer, the electrician, and perhaps others.

MOVEMENT AND DIALOGUE

Fourth, much of the actor's interpretation is through pantomime. Eva Alberti, in her *Handbook of Acting* (Samuel French, 1932), says, "Acting is pantomime combined with speech. Pantomime is the emotional element of acting; speech the intellectual. If one considers a play an emotional and intellectual outlet for both audience and player, one first *sees* it as a pantomime, second *hears* it as expressive sounds, and lastly *perceives* it as an intellectual process through the spoken word. Pantomime is the silent drama; it is the foundation of all spoken drama; it is the backbone of a play." Madame Alberti may be a little too enthusiastic about pantomime, but there is much truth in what she says. Many of the most moving scenes in drama may be played without a word. The shaking of the head in sorrow, the limp, sagging lines of the back, expressing defeat, the palm outflung in resignation may tell more than pages of eloquent dialogue. The actor must learn to use his whole body, as well as his voice and facial expression.

This is not the place for a thorough study of the technique in using hands, feet, shoulders, trunk, etc. We shall simply point out here the relationship between speech and movement. As Samuel Selden, in *A Player's Handbook* (Crofts, 1937) says, "Every line of speech and every bodily movement, to be effective on the stage, must be perfectly synchronized. The torso, the head, the hands and the feet must add, to what the voice is saying, their own well-timed and forceful expression of the same idea. The body must

respond quickly and surely to every expressional demand of the scene, and it must respond as a unit, the torso, the limbs, and the voice moving in the same rhythm." An old axiom of the theater is that, in general, action should precede speech. It's a good rule for all interpreters. Complete the gesture before saying what the gesture emphasizes. If the gesture comes in the middle of a line, pause to complete it before ending the line. Another rule is that the actor should move on his own lines, not taking attention by unnecessary movement while someone else is speaking. Movement and speech must be carefully timed so that, for example, an exit may come *on* a line and not after a long silent crossing (unless that is the desired effect).

Let us take a scene from Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* to illustrate the relationship between movement and speech. The original stage directions have been amplified. Ibsen's own directions appear in small capitals. Notice how all the movements and gestures are intended to precede the words of the player so that his actions emphasize what he says.

Hedda and Eilert Lovborg are standing in the living room of Hedda's house. She has hidden his precious manuscript, which her husband has found. Eilert thinks he has shamefully and irrevocably lost it.

LOVBORG: *I will only try to make an end of it all—the sooner the better.*

HEDDA (A STEP NEARER TO HIM. The tension of her body and the eagerness in her voice reveal her cruel, egoistic desire to control a man's destiny): *Eilert Lovborg—listen to me.* (She puts her hand on his arm as he turns toward her.) *Will you not try to—to do it beautifully?*

LOVBORG: *Beautifully?* (SMILING) *With vine leaves in my hair, as you used to dream in the old days?*

HEDDA: *No, no.* (She takes her hand from his arm, moving slightly away from him.) *I have lost my faith in the vine leaves. But beautifully, nevertheless! For once in a way!—Good-bye! You must go now.* (She moves toward the door, compelling him to go.) *And do not come here any more.*

LOVBORG: *Good-bye, Mrs. Tesman. And give George Tesman my love.* (HE IS ON THE POINT OF GOING. His hand is on the doorknob. All the lines of his body indicate defeat and hopelessness.)

HEDDA (holding up her hand to stop him): *No, wait! I must give you a memento to take with you.*

(SHE GOES TO THE WRITING-TABLE AND OPENS THE DRAWER AND THE PISTOL-CASE; THEN RETURNS TO LOVBORG WITH ONE OF THE PISTOLS. She moves deliberately, bringing back the pistol butt foremost, as if she were offering it to a dueller. Eva LeGallienne, in her interpretation of the character of HEDDA, goes to the writing-table, where the manuscript is hidden, and reaches first toward the drawer containing the manuscript, as if *that* were the memento she intended. Pausing with hand extended toward the drawer, she finally seems to change her mind and reaches for the pistol instead. This is undeniably a dramatic interpretation, but is probably not what Ibsen intended. His HEDDA is too consistently ruthless to have any other memento in mind than the pistol.)

LOVBORG (LOOKS AT HER, aware of her relentless nature. He slightly withdraws his hand, which he has held out for the memento, feeling the studied cruelty of her gift): *This? Is this the memento?*

HEDDA (NODDING SLOWLY, extending the pistol toward him): *Do you recognize it? It was aimed at you once.*

LOVBORG (deeply stirred): *You should have used it then.*

HEDDA (with a peremptory gesture): *Take it—and do you use it now.*

LOVBORG (PUTS THE PISTOL IN HIS BREAST POCKET with an air of finality. He has made up his mind): *Thanks!*

HEDDA (moving closer and putting her hand on his arm, enjoying her domination over him): *And beautifully, Eilert Lovborg. Promise me that!*

LOVBORG (taking her hand from his arm with his other hand and bending down to kiss it, in a final act of submission): *Good-bye, Hedda Gabler.* (HE GOES OUT BY THE HALL DOOR.)

(HEDDA LISTENS FOR A MOMENT AT THE DOOR. THEN SHE GOES UP TO THE WRITING-TABLE, TAKES OUT THE PACKET OF MANUSCRIPT, PEEPS UNDER THE COVER, DRAWS A FEW OF THE SHEETS HALF OUT, AND LOOKS AT THEM. NEXT SHE GOES OVER AND SEATS HERSELF IN THE ARM-CHAIR BESIDE THE STOVE, WITH THE PACKET IN HER LAP. PRESENTLY SHE OPENS THE STOVE DOOR, AND THEN THE PACKET. Her movements are feline, fierce.)

HEDDA (THROWS ONE OF THE QUIRES INTO THE FIRE AND WHISPERS TO HERSELF): *Now I am burning your child, Thea!—Burning its curly locks!* (THROWING ONE OR TWO MORE QUIRES INTO THE STOVE. Her voice gets louder and shriller with triumph and excitement.) *Your child and Eilert Lovborg's.* (THROWS THE REST IN and slams shut the door. She stands, still looking at the stove.) *I am burning—I am burning your child.* (CURTAIN.)

The action is closely interwoven with the dialogue and in every line emphasizes the words that follow. Notice how in this scene

the movement brings out the conflict and hurries the dialogue toward a climax. Notice too how forces are balanced, the external conditions of stage setting, costume, and light assisting to produce dramatic intensity and completing the picture in which a designed, significant scene is centered.

A few general rules of stage movement may be useful here:

1. Learn to stand still.

2. When you walk to the right, start off with your right foot after pivoting on the balls of both feet. Keep the weight on the left foot. When you walk to the left, start off with the left foot. This is the easy, natural way, but many actors get their feet awkwardly tangled.

3. In pacing, pivot with most of your weight on the foot that is upstage before you turn. Then step off with the other foot, turning toward the downstage shoulder. (Upstage means away from the audience, downstage toward it. Right and left are the actor's right and left, not the audience's.)

4. Learn to shift weight before stepping off so that you can start with the foot nearer the direction you are going. When rising from a chair, put most of your weight on the pivoting foot (which will be the right foot if you are going left and the left foot if you are going right).

5. Be careful to "dress the stage," keeping groups balanced, moving to the level of a second actor when two are speaking, centering action, avoiding being covered by an actor in front. Most of this is the director's job, but a good actor should have a sense of good grouping. Since many scenes are between two actors, it is important that both be on about the same level parallel with the audience, so that one will not have to turn upstage to talk to the other. When more than two are on the stage, some variation of a triangular arrangement is desirable. Most important action should be centered.

6. Wherever possible, gestures and business should be done with the upstage hand so that there is no danger of hiding the face from the audience.

7. Kneel on the downstage knee. Stand with the upstage foot slightly advanced. Both these traditional rules are meant to keep the actor's face toward the audience.

8. Be sure every movement has a purpose.

9. Time most exit speeches so that you say the last words at the door just before going out.

10. Gesture should be graceful and easy, broader than in real life, with supple wrist action. Consider Miriam Franklin's technique of gesture (in *Rehearsal*, Prentice-Hall, 1938): *thought*, *look*, *gesture*, and *word*, in that order. Don't use bodily movement so much that it is distracting. Be especially careful with the hands.

VOICE CONTROL

In the fifth place, not only must the actor's body express a wide variety of meanings, but his voice must have great range and flexibility. Constance Smedley, in her little book on speech in the theater (Greenleaf Theatre Elements, II, London, Duckworth), says, "An actor must be blessed with a pleasing voice, musical and vibrant, in his natural daily use of it; but on the stage, he needs many voices, capable of infinite variation, and he must start with the point of view that a voice is something that can be built up and moulded into many forms." She discusses the voice problems of the actor under the seven divisions of pronunciation, accent, pitch, speed, volume, tone, and rhythm—all of which have been taken up in other parts of this book. We shall simply note a few brief points of special emphasis for the actor.

For the actor as for any other interpreter there is the same fundamental necessity of knowing the meaning, both inner and outer, of what he says and being able to communicate that meaning effectively. All speakers have equal need of relaxation of faulty tensions, powerful, controlled breathing, and good vocal quality. Because the actor may have to speak above others speaking at the same time, or above onstage or offstage noises, he must be able to project his voice with vigor and assurance. Since he must express a wide range of emotions, he must have at his command a *practiced variety* of emphasis through pitch and tempo.

All speakers should be easily heard by every member of their audiences. The actor must be especially concerned with audibility. When Macbeth or The Admirable Crichton or St. Joan takes the stage and issues commands or defies the heavens, the spectators in the back rows ought not to wonder what he is mumbling about. The reader whose tone is too confidential may bring wrinkles to

the brows of those trying to hear him, but they will probably object to him rather than to the characters he is depicting. The actor's delivery, on the other hand, is bound up with the character he presents; his own way of speaking, good or bad, will affect the audience's reaction to the part he plays. He has especial need of strong abdominal breathing, good head resonance, and correct placement of his tones.

To what has already been said about the intellectual and emotional values in pitch and tempo variation, we may add simply that the actor must be able to speak unerringly in any part of his vocal register. That is, he must first determine the key appropriate to his character and be ready to change inflections to express all possible shifts in feeling. He should be prepared to run the gamut of pitch changes from the shrill, angry cursing of Lear in his mad moments to the deep grief of his speech at the death of Cordelia; he must, like Bottom, roar as gently as any sucking dove, whisper like the vengeful ghost of Hamlet's father, sullenly cry out in the coarse overtones of Caliban, snarl like the gunmen in *Winterset*, thicken his tones in drunken good nature like Sean O'Casey's Paycock. The actress, too, must master the despairing frenzy of Lady Macbeth, awaken to speech in the awful silence of Juliet's tomb, call out in wise Scotch-tempered applause to John Shand in *What Every Woman Knows,* capture Candida's warmth and strength. We all know the story of Modjeska bringing tears to the eyes of an English audience by reciting emotionally the multiplication table in Polish. She was merely demonstrating that the good actor can get results more from the way in which he speaks than from what he says. We don't have to know German or be musicians to get the excitement of Goethe's *Erlkönig* when sung by a dramatic baritone. Most of us can enjoy plays in unfamiliar tongues if they are skilfully interpreted because the tones of the actors' voices and their pantomime tell as much as the words about the emotional conflicts.

ACTOR AND AUDIENCE

These five elementary pieces of "advice to the players" have been concerned mainly with the actor alone. Except in the suggestions about the use of the voice, we have not sufficiently considered the matter of communication with an audience. In the

theater we call this communication "projection," because it must carry across the footlights action, emotion, words, facial expression, and *design* without breaking the artistic detachment which must exist between actors and their audience. In brief, the actor must "project" his idea of his character and his relationship with other characters to all the members of his audience while appearing to be completely occupied with the situation on stage.

The actor who "plays to the gallery" is ignoring this principle of indirect projection. He is obviously speaking and acting for the sake of the audience alone, careless of his responsibility to present a credible holding of the mirror up to Nature. He says, unsubtly, "I'm quite a fellow. Do you all hear my good voice, notice my fine figure, recognize me as an important character in this play, which exists chiefly as a vehicle for my talents?" The real actor is by no means unaware of the audience, but he plays only on his side of the footlights. He projects his voice so that everyone can hear him and understand him, though not with noticeable loudness or overcareful diction. He projects his facial expressions without "mugging," honestly showing emotion, but not exploiting it for mere effect. He projects his movements and gestures, making them meaningful, seeing that no significant action is missed by the audience, without overplaying. He projects his *idea* of the play, its essential comedy or tragedy, its farce or melodrama, by all the devices of technique at his disposal, but he never shows that it is technique.

In all art there is a large measure of artificiality. That is, art is the product of skill and genius; it is not a "natural" phenomenon, but is created by deliberate application of special conventions. Like houses and clothes and books, it requires deliberate and therefore artificial planning and execution. Of course, the best art conceals its artificiality. In the art of the theater much depends upon the deliberate technique of the performer, which includes not only a knowledge of the special devices of the stage but a thorough control of body and voice. Good technique, however, is never obtrusive. The true actor may intentionally bring out a line or a piece of action, or he may enhance his comic business by expert timing, but the audience should see the play as an artistic whole, not as an exhibition of professional skill. "The play's the thing," not the individual who is acting.

Exercises

Apply the principles of good reading to the following selections, practicing the dialogues with other students. Some of the selections can be studied with the help of recordings, a list of which is given on pages 84-5.

1. *Of comfort no man speak:*
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's.
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Richard II, Act III, Scene ii

2. FALSTAFF: *Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.*

PRINCE: *Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.*

FALSTAFF: *I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.*

PRINCE: *Why, thou owest God a death.*

FALSTAFF: *'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, King Henry the Fourth, Part I, Act V, Scene i

3. MARY OF SCOTLAND

Elizabeth—I have been here a long while
Already—it seems so. If it's your policy
To keep me—shut me up—. I can argue no more—
No—I beg now. There's one I love in the north,
You know that—and my life's there, my throne's there, my name
To be defended—and I must lie here darkened
From news and from the sun—lie here impaled
On a brain's agony—wondering even sometimes
If I were what they said me—a carrion-thing
In my desires—can you understand this?—I speak it
Too brokenly to be understood, but I beg you
As you are a woman and I am—and our brightness falls
Soon enough at best—let me go, let me have my life
Once more—and my dear health of mind again—
For I rot away here in my mind—in what
I think of myself—some death-tinge falls over one
In prisons.

MAXWELL ANDERSON, Mary of Scotland, Act III

4. CHRISTINA: *I know all about the legend of yourself as a great woman that you've built up these thirty years for your sons to worship.*

It hasn't taken me long to see that you're not fit to be anyone's mother!

DAVID: *Chris!*

ROBERT: *See here, now!*

MRS. PHELPS (all three speaking at the same time): *Let her go on! Let her go on! She will explain that or retract it!*

CHRISTINA: *I'm only too glad to explain. It's just what I've been leading up to. And I'll begin by saying than if my baby ever feels about me as your sons feel about you, I hope that somebody will take a little enameled pistol and shoot me, because I'll deserve it!*

MRS. PHELPS (determinedly): *I've been insulted once too often!*

CHRISTINA: *I don't mean to insult you. I'm being as scientific and impersonal as possible.*

ROBERT: *Good God!*

CHRISTINA: *Speaking of insults, though, what explanation can* YOU *offer* ME *for your rudeness to me as a guest in your house?*

MRS. PHELPS: *I have not been rude to you.*

CHRISTINA: *You have been appallingly rude. Second question: Why do you resent the fact that I am going to have a baby?*

MRS. PHELPS: *I don't resent it.*

CHRISTINA: *Then why are you so churlish about it?*

MRS. PHELPS: *Your indelicacy about it would have . . .*

CHRISTINA (from this point abandons her restraint—her impeachment growing more intense): *That's an evasion. You're afraid that baby will give me another and stronger hold on David, and you mean to separate David and me if it's humanly possible.*

MRS. PHELPS (with emphatic gesture): *I do not! I do not!*

CHRISTINA: *Did you, or did you not, bend every effort to separate Hester and Robert?*

MRS. PHELPS: *I most certainly did not!*

CHRISTINA: *Then how do you account for the deliberate and brutal lies you told Hester about Robert? Because she did lie to Hester about you, Robert. She told Hester that you never wanted to marry her.*

ROBERT (aghast): *Mother, you didn't!*

MRS. PHELPS: *Of course I didn't!*

CHRISTINA (Joan of Arc raising the siege of Orleans): *I heard her. And I heard her call both of you back, last night, when you ran out to save Hester from drowning. I heard her call you back from saving a drowning girl, for fear of your catching cold. I heard her! I heard her!*

DAVID (somewhat shaken): *You shouldn't have called us, Mother!*

CHRISTINA: *Can she deny that her one idea is to keep her sons dependent on her? Can she deny that she opposed any move that either*

one of you makes towards independence? Can she deny that she is outraged by your natural impulses towards other women?

MRS. PHELPS (who has been clinging first to one, then to the other of her sons, rises in fury): I deny all of it!

CHRISTINA: You may deny it until you're black in the face; every accusation I make is true! You belong to a type that's very common in these days, Mrs. Phelps—a type of self-centered, self-pitying, son-devouring tigress.

DAVID, MRS. PHELPS, ROBERT (all together): Chris! Dave! Really!

CHRISTINA: Oh, there are normal mothers around: mothers who WANT their children to be men and women and take care of themselves; mothers who are people, too, and don't have to be afraid of loneliness after they've outlived their motherhood; mothers who look on their children as people and enjoy them as people and not be forever holding on to them and pawing them and fussing about their health and singing them lullabies and tucking them up as though they were everlasting babies! But you're NOT one of the normal ones, Mrs. Phelps! Look at your sons, if you don't believe me. You've swallowed Robert up until there's nothing left of him but an effete make-believe. Now he's gone melancholy mad and disgraced himself. And Dave! Poor Dave! How he survived at all is beyond me. If you're choking a bit on David now, that's my fault because you'd have swallowed him up, too, if I hadn't come along to save him! Talk about cannibals! You and your kind beat any cannibals I've ever heard of! And what makes you doubly deadly and dangerous is that people admire you and your kind. They actually admire you! You professional mothers! . . . You see, I'm taking this differently from that poor child upstairs. She's luckier than I am, too. She isn't married to one of your sons. Do you remember what she said about children yesterday? "Have 'em. Love 'em. And leave 'em be."

SIDNEY HOWARD, The Silver Cord, Act III

5. OSWALD: Mother, isn't it the case that you said this evening there was nothing in the world you would not do for me if I asked you?

MRS. ALVING: Yes, certainly I said so.

OSWALD: And will you be as good as your word, mother?

MRS. ALVING: You may rely upon that, my own dear boy. I have nothing else to live for, but you.

OSWALD: Yes, yes; well, listen to me, mother. You are very strong-minded, I know. I want you to sit quite quiet when you hear what I am going to tell you.

MRS. ALVING: But what is this dreadful thing—?

OSWALD: *You mustn't scream. Do you hear? Will you promise me that? We are going to sit and talk it over quite quietly. Will you promise me that, mother?*

MRS. ALVING: *Yes, yes, I promise—only tell me what it is.*

OSWALD: *Well, then, you must know that this fatigue of mine—and my not being able to think about my work—all that is not really the illness itself—*

MRS. ALVING: *What is the illness itself?*

OSWALD: *What I am suffering from is hereditary; it* (touches his forehead, and speaks very quietly)*—it lies here.*

MRS. ALVING (almost speechless): *Oswald! No!—no!*

OSWALD: *Don't scream; I can't stand it. Yes, I tell you, it lies here, waiting. And any time, any moment, it may break out.*

MRS. ALVING: *How horrible—!*

OSWALD: *Do keep quiet. That is the state I am in—*

MRS. ALVING: *My child has his mother to tend him.*

OSWALD: *No, never; that is just what I won't endure! I dare not think what it would mean to linger on like that for years—to get old and grey like that. And you might die before I did. Because it doesn't necessarily have a fatal end quickly, the doctor said. He called it a kind of softening of the brain—or something of that sort.* (Smiles mournfully.) *I think that expression sounds so nice. It always makes me think of cherry-coloured velvet curtains—something that is soft to stroke.*

MRS. ALVING (with a scream): *Oswald!*

OSWALD (jumps up and walks about the room): *And now you have taken Regina from me! If I had only had her, she would have given me a helping hand, I know.*

MRS. ALVING: *What do you mean, my darling boy? Is there any help in the world I would not be willing to give you?*

OSWALD: *When I had recovered from the attack I had abroad, the doctor told me that when it recurred—and it will recur—there would be no more hope.*

MRS. ALVING: *And he was heartless enough to—*

OSWALD: *I insisted on knowing. I told him I had arrangements to make—.* (Smiles cunningly.) *And so I had.* (Takes a small box from his inner breast-pocket.) *Mother, do you see this?*

MRS. ALVING: *What is it?*

OSWALD: *Morphia powders.*

MRS. ALVING (looking at him in terror): *Oswald—my boy!*

OSWALD: *I have twelve of them saved up—*

MRS. ALVING (snatching at it): *Give me the box, Oswald!*

OSWALD: *Not yet, mother.* (Puts it back in his pocket.)

MRS. ALVING: *I shall never get over this!*

OSWALD: *You must. If I had had Regina here now, I would have told her quietly how things stand with me—and asked her to give me this last helping hand. She would have helped me, I am certain.*

MRS. ALVING: *Never!*

OSWALD: *Well, now you have got to give me that helping hand, mother.*

MRS. ALVING (with a loud scream): *I!*

OSWALD: *Who has a better right than you?*

MRS. ALVING: *I! Your mother!*

OSWALD: *Just for that reason.*

MRS. ALVING: *I, who gave you your life!*

OSWALD: *I never asked you for life. And what kind of life was it that you gave me? I don't want it! You shall take it back!*

MRS. ALVING: *Oswald! Oswald!—my child!*

OSWALD: *Have you a mother's heart—and can bear to see me suffering this unspeakable terror?*

MRS. ALVING (controlling herself, after a moment's silence): *There is my hand upon it.*

OSWALD: *Will you—?*

MRS. ALVING: *If it becomes necessary. But it shan't become necessary. No, no, it is impossible it should!*

OSWALD: *Let us hope so. And let us live together as long as we can. Thank you, mother.*

(He sits down in the armchair. Day is breaking.)

MRS. ALVING (coming cautiously nearer): *Do you feel calmer now?*

OSWALD: *Yes.*

MRS. ALVING (bending over him): *It has only been a dreadful fancy of yours, Oswald. Nothing but fancy. All this upset has been bad for you. But now you will get some rest, at home with your own mother, my darling boy. You shall have everything you want, just as you did when you were a little child.—There, now. The attack is over. You see how easily it passed off! I knew it would.—And look, Oswald, what a lovely day we are going to have? Brilliant sunshine. Now you will be able to see your home properly.*

OSWALD (who has been sitting motionless in the armchair, with his back to the scene outside, suddenly says): *Mother, give me the sun.*

MRS. ALVING (standing at the table and looking at him in amazement): *What do you say?*

OSWALD (repeats in a dull, toneless voice): *The sun—the sun.*

MRS. ALVING (going up to him): *Oswald, what is the matter with you?* (OSWALD seems to shrink up in the chair; all his muscles relax; his face loses its expression, and his eyes stare stupidly. MRS. ALVING is trembling with terror.) *What is it!* (Screams.) *Oswald! What is the matter with*

you! (Throws herself on her knees beside him and shakes him.) *Oswald! Oswald! Look at me! Don't you know me!*

OSWALD (in an expressionless voice, as before): *The sun—the sun.*

MRS. ALVING (jumps up despairingly, beats her head with her hands, and screams): *I can't bear it!* (Whispers as though paralyzed with fear.) *I can't bear it! Never!* (Suddenly.) *Where has he got it?* (Passes her hand quickly over his coat.) *Here!* (Draws back a little way and cries:) *No, no, no!—Yes!— no, no!* (She stands a few steps from him, her hands thrust into her hair, and stares at him in speechless terror.)

OSWALD (sitting motionless, as before): *The sun—the sun.*

HENRIK IBSEN, Ghosts, Act III

6. ALGERNON: *What you really are is a Bunburyist. I was quite right in saying you were a Bunburyist. You are one of the most advanced Bunburyists I know.*

JACK: *What on earth do you mean?*

ALGERNON: *You have invented a very useful younger brother called Ernest, in order that you may be able to come up to town as often as you like. I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose. Bunbury is perfectly invaluable. If it wasn't for Bunbury's extraordinary bad health, for instance, I wouldn't be able to dine with you at Willis's to-night; for I have been really engaged to Aunt Augusta for more than a week.*

JACK: *I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere to-night.*

ALGERNON: *I know. You are absolutely careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations.*

JACK: *You had much better dine with your Aunt Augusta.*

ALGERNON: *I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relatives. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to, to-night. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent . . . and that sort of thing is enormously on the increase. The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public. Besides, now that I know you to be a confirmed Bunburyist I naturally want to talk to you about Bunburying. I want to tell you the rules.*

JACK: *I am not a Bunburyist at all. If Gwendolen accepts me, I am going to kill my brother; indeed, I think I'll kill him in any case. Cecily is a little too much interested in him. It is rather a bore. So I am going to get rid of Ernest. And I strongly advise you to do the same with Mr. . . . with your invalid friend who has the absurd name.*

ALGERNON: *Nothing will induce me to part with Bunbury, and if you ever get married, which seems to me extremely problematic, you will be very glad to know Bunbury. A man who marries without knowing Bunbury has a very tedious time of it.*

JACK: *That is nonsense. If I marry a charming girl like Gwendolen, and she is the only girl I ever saw in my life that I would marry, I certainly won't want to know Bunbury.*

ALGERNON: *Then your wife will. You don't seem to realize, that in married life three is company and two is none.*

JACK (sententiously): *That, my dear young friend, is the theory that the corrupt French Drama has been propounding for the last fifty years.*

ALGERNON: *Yes; and that the happy English home has proved in half the time.*

JACK: *For heaven's sake, don't try to be cynical. It's perfectly easy to be cynical.*

ALGERNON: *My dear fellow, it isn't easy to be anything now-a-days. There's such a lot of beastly competition about.*

OSCAR WILDE, The Importance of Being Earnest, Act I

7. In the following selection, the characters speak part of their lines to each other, part as the "stream of consciousness," saying their thoughts aloud as if no one else could hear them. The spoken thoughts should be delivered in ordinary tones, with perhaps a lower pitch level. The other characters "freeze" during the thinking aloud, giving no indication of having heard. Darrell is Gordon's real father, though the child does not know it.

GORDON (appears in the doorway in rear. He carries a small, expensive yacht's model of a sloop with the sails set. He is in a terrific state of conflicting emotions, on the verge of tears yet stubbornly determined):

I got to do it! . . . Gosh, it's awful . . . this boat is so pretty . . . why did it have to come from him? . . . I can get Dad to buy me another boat . . . but now I love this one . . . but he kissed Mother . . . she kissed him . . .

(He walks up defiantly and confronts DARRELL, who turns to him in surprise.) *Hey—Darrell—did you—?* (He stops chokingly.)

DARRELL (immediately realizing what is coming—thinking with somber

anguish): *So this has to happen! . . . what I dreaded! . . . my fate is merciless, it seems! . . .*

(With strained kindliness.) *Did what?*

GORDON (Growing hard—stammers angrily): *I found this—out in the hall. It can't be from anybody else. Is this—your present?*

DARRELL (Hard and defiant himself): *Yes.*

GORDON (In a rage—trembling): *Then—here's what—I think of you!* (Beginning to cry, he breaks off the mast, bowsprit, breaks the mast in two, tears the rigging off and throws the dismantled hull at DARRELL's feet.) *There! You can keep it!*

DARRELL (His anger overcoming him for an instant): *You—you mean little devil, you! You don't get that from me—*(He has taken a threatening step forward. GORDON stands white-faced, defying him. DARRELL pulls himself up short—then in a trembling voice of deeply wounded affection.) *You shouldn't have done that, son. What difference do I make? It was never my boat. But it was your boat. You should consider the boat, not me. Don't you like boats for themselves? It was a beautiful little boat, I thought. That's why I—*

GORDON (Sobbing miserably): *It was awful pretty! I didn't want to do it!* (He kneels down and gathers up the boat into his arms again.) *Honest I didn't. I love boats! But I hate you!* (This last with passionate intensity.)

DARRELL (Dryly): *So I've observed.*

(Thinking with angry anguish.) *He hurts, damn him! . . .*

GORDON: *No, you don't know. More'n ever now! More'n ever!* (The secret escaping him.) *I saw you kissing Mother! I saw Mother, too!*

DARRELL (Startled, but immediately forcing a smile): *But I was saying good-bye. We're old friends. You know that.*

GORDON: *You can't fool me! This was different!* (Explosively.) *It would serve you good and right—and Mother, too—if I was to tell Dad on you!*

DARRELL: *Why, I'm Sam's oldest friend. Don't make a little fool of yourself.*

GORDON: *You are not his friend. You've always been hanging around cheating him—hanging around Mother!*

DARRELL: *Keep still! What do you mean cheating him?*

GORDON: *I don't know. But I know you aren't his friend. And sometime I'm going to tell him I saw you—*

DARRELL (With great seriousness now—deeply moved): *Listen! There are things a man of honor doesn't tell anyone—not even his mother or father. You want to be a man of honor, don't you?* (Intensely.) *There are things we don't tell, you and I!*

(He has put his hand around Gordon's shoulder impulsively.) *This is my son! . . . I love him! . . .*

GORDON (Thinking—terribly torn): *Why do I like him now? . . . I like him awful! . . .*

(Crying.) *We?—who d'you mean?—I've got honor!—more'n you!—you don't have to tell me!—I wasn't going to tell Dad anyway, honest I wasn't! We?—what d'you mean, we?—I'm not like you! I don't want to be ever like you!* (There is the sound of a door being flung open and shut.)

DARRELL (Slapping Gordon on the back): *Buck up, son! Here he is! Hide that boat or he'll ask questions.*

EUGENE O'NEILL, Strange Interlude, Act VII

8. RUDOLF: *Now! I suggest that we discuss briefly your husband, before we pass on to more mutually agreeable subjects . . . Do you love him?*

ELENA: *Very much.*

RUDOLF: *I have no objection to that . . . He's a doctor, isn't he?*

ELENA: *A psychoanalyst.*

RUDOLF: *Ah! A practitioner of Vienna's sole remaining industry . . . I've been told he's quite brilliant. Written a book, hasn't he?*

ELENA: *Yes—eight volumes.*

RUDOLF: *I must meet him and let him study me. He could derive enough material for eight volumes more.*

ELENA: *He knows all about you already.*

RUDOLF: *Ah—you've told him!*

ELENA: *Yes. You'll find your type analyzed in one of his books under the heading, "Elephantiasis of the Ego."*

RUDOLF: *I doubt that I'd be interested. Have you any children?*

ELENA: *No.*

RUDOLF: *I extend my condolences. These purely intellectual husbands are not very productive, are they?*

ELENA: *It isn't his fault that there are no children. It's my fault . . . Are there any more questions?*

RUDOLF: *Let me see . . . No—I think there aren't. We can dismiss the dreary topic of your domestic life—and press on to considerations of my own. But I suppose you know all about it.*

ELENA: *No, Rudolf. I have not followed your later career very closely.*

RUDOLF: *No?*

ELENA: *No. How have you supported yourself?*

RUDOLF: *In various ways. Now and then a good run at baccarat. One or two engagements in the cinema studios—did you see me in "The Shattered Idol"?*

ELENA: *No, I missed that, deliberately.*

RUDOLF: *You did well. As it turned out, I was virtually invisible. Then I conceived a great scheme for mulcting American tourists, but the authorities got wind of it, and took over the idea themselves. There have been other occupations.*

ELENA: *Some one told me you've been running a taxi.*

RUDOLF: *Merely an amusing whim. I've only driven people I know.*

ELENA: *And if you don't know them when you start the drive, you do before it's finished.*

RUDOLF (laughing): *You've evidently been listening to gossip.*

ELENA: *Yes. I've heard how charming you are to your fares. You must have collected many delightful friends that way.*

RUDOLF (Wistfully): *Friends? You can hardly call them that.*

ELENA: *No—I suppose not.*

RUDOLF: *As a matter of fact, Elena, Nice is a bore. I have been very lonely.*

ELENA: *I've been waiting for you to say that.*

RUDOLF: *You have no sympathy for me?*

ELENA: *No.*

RUDOLF: *Your heart wasn't always cold.*

ELENA: *You have never been lonely—never deserved one atom of sympathy, from anyone.*

RUDOLF: *You don't understand me. No one has ever understood me. It's because I'm inscrutable.*

ELENA: *Perhaps. But I remain unimpressed by your appeal for pity.*

RUDOLF: PITY! *Have you the effrontery to suggest that I want you to pity me?*

ELENA: *Yes!*

RUDOLF: *I see . . . Then I shall abandon that tack.* (He laughs.) *Elena—it has always seemed miraculous to me that any one could be as intelligent as you are and still alluring. And you* ARE *alluring!*

ELENA (Bowing): *You're overwhelmingly kind.*

RUDOLF: *Oh—that wasn't intended as a tribute to you. It's a tribute to my own flawless taste.*

ELENA: *Ah! I see.*

RUDOLF: *I'm proud to think that it was I who first realized you, for the sight of you now assures me that, by God, I was right . . . You're so beautiful, Elena. You delight me! You refresh me—and I am speaking nothing less than the truth when I tell you that refreshment is what I most urgently need.*

ROBERT SHERWOOD, Reunion in Vienna, Act II

9. The following selection is an illustration of expressionism, the movement in theater, art, and literature toward non-realism. The ideas are exaggerated, often fantastic, in some plays having a distinct ring of grinding axes. The lines should be read for the underscored thought; character is not important in the expressionist play, and many of the characters are anonymous. The whole should be stylized, giving a twist that will heighten the unreality and identify the underlying ideas.

(Aslant a field deep in snow, through a tangle of low-hanging branches, blue shadows are cast by the midday sun.)

CASHIER (comes backward, shoveling snow with his hands, and covering his footprints. He stands upright): *How wonderful a toy is every man! The mechanism runs silently in his joints. Suddenly the faculties are touched and transformed into a gesture. What gave animation to these hands of mine? A moment ago they were straining to heave the masses that the drifting snowflakes had strewn! My footprints across the field are blotted out. With my own hands I have accomplished nothingness.* (Taking off his wet shirtcuffs.) *Frost and damp breed chills; fever comes unaware and works upon the mind. The mechanism creaks and falters; the control is lost; and once a man is thrown upon a sick-bed, he's as good as done for.* (He unfastens his sleeve-links and throws the cuffs away.) *Soiled. There they lie. Missing in the wash. The mourners will cry through the kitchen: A pair of cuffs are lost! A catastrophe in the boiler! A world in chaos!* (He picks up the cuffs and thrusts them into his overcoat pocket.) *Queer. Now my wits begin to work again. I see with infallible clearness. I'm drudging here in a snowdrift, fooling with two bits of dirty linen. These are the gestures which betray a man. Hop-la!* (He swings into a comfortable seat in a forked bough.) *But I'm inquisitive. My appetite is whetted. My curiosity is hugely swollen. I feel that great discoveries lie before me. To-day's experience opens up the road. This morning I was still a trusted employee. Fortunes were passing through my hands: the building society made a big deposit.—At noon I'm a cunning scoundrel, an expert in embezzlement, a leaf in the wind, a cork on the water. Wonderful accomplishment!—And but half the day gone by!*

(He props his chin on his clenched hand.) *I'll open my breast to Fate; all comers are welcome. I can prove that I'm free man. I'm on the march—there's no turning back, no falling out. No shuffling either—so out with your trumps! Ha! ha! I've put sixty thousand on a single card—it must be trumps. I'm playing too high to lose. Out with them—*

cards on the table—none of your sharping tricks—d'ye understand? (He laughs hoarsely.) . . .

(He pulls out his bundle of notes and slaps it on the palm of his hand.) *I'm paying cash down! Here are my liquid assets; the buyer is waiting. What's for sale?* (Looking across the field.) *Snow. Sunlight. Stillness.* (He shakes his head and puts away the money.) *Blue snow is dear at the price; I won't encourage shameful profiteering. I decline the bargain. The proposition's not serious!* (Stretching his arms to heaven.) *But I must pay! I must spend! I have the ready money! Where are the goods I can buy for cash on the nail? For the whole sixty thousand—and the whole buyer thrown in, flesh and bone, body and soul!* (Crying out.) *Deal with me! Sell to me! I have the money, you have the goods; bring them together!*

(The sun is overcast. He climbs out of the forked bough.) *The earth is in labour—spring storms are threatening. It comes to pass, it comes to pass! I knew my cry would not be in vain. The call was pressing. Chaos is affronted, and shudders at this morning's monstrous deed.—Of course I know such cases can't be overlooked. It's down with your trousers, and a good hard whipping at the least!*

GEORG KAISER, From Morn to Midnight, Scene III

10. MRS. MALAPROP: *There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.*

LYDIA: *Madam, I thought you once—*

MRS. MALAPROP: *You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.*

LYDIA: *Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.*

MRS. MALAPROP: *But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty to do so; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.*

SIR ANTHONY: *Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!*

LYDIA: *What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?*

MRS. MALAPROP: *Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?*

LYDIA: *Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.*

MRS. MALAPROP: *What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?*

LYDIA: *Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.*

MRS. MALAPROP: *Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.*

LYDIA: *Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse.* (Exit.)

MRS. MALAPROP: *There's a little intricate hussy for you!*

SIR ANTHONY: *It is not to be wondered at, ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!*

MRS. MALAPROP: *Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.*

SIR ANTHONY: *In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!*

MRS. MALAPROP: *Those are vile places, indeed!*

SIR ANTHONY: *Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—and depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.*

MRS. MALAPROP: *Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.*

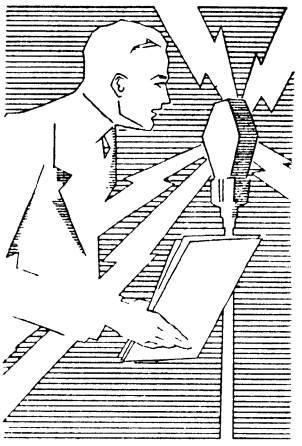
SIR ANTHONY: *Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?*

MRS. MALAPROP: *Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to let her learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in*

accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, The Rivals, Act I

CHAPTER 11



Before the Microphone

THE RADIO imposes certain conditions on the interpreter that he does not encounter in other reading situations: 1. He speaks into a microphone at a volume level sufficient only to fill a small room; 2. He cannot see his audience; 3. He must *seem* to be speaking conversationally even though he is reading from a manuscript; 4. He is addressing a much more diversified and usually larger audience than he would have in an auditorium.

The microphone is a mechanical demon that stands up before a tormented performer and ruthlessly transmits his voice with all its hissing sibilants, all its mispronunciations, all its unprotected faults to the critical ears of listeners. It makes unnecessary the normal courtesy and forbearance of an audience, and even the most gracious hearer, who would not think of walking out of an auditorium while someone is speaking, can express his opinion by tuning off a speaker who displeases him. It is a sensitive machine, controlled by an engineer who measures voice only in terms of decibels and to whom shades of feeling and meaning are no more than fluctuations of a needle. It is a merciless instrument on whom all the blandishments of attractive appearance, dramatic gestures, and high-powered personality, applied through smiles, masterful presence, and so on, are wasted. The radio speaker submits only his voice and the force of what he has to say to a very exacting audience, without knowing how many listeners are interested enough in him not to change stations on their receivers.

THE VOCAL ELEMENTS

VOLUME. Volume, tempo, pitch, and quality are all under the influence of the microphone. Instead of speaking out to fill an auditorium, as he would from a platform, the radio interpreter uses no more than a conversational level of speech. Announcers sometimes instruct those unfamiliar with studio technique by saying to them, "Talk to the microphone as if it were another person. Don't raise your voice any more than you would in speaking to someone three or four feet away from you. Stay the same distance from the microphone. Don't rock back and forth, because you will change the volume level."

Experts who must speak many hours a day over the air save their voices by getting closer to the microphone and diminishing the volume. It is easier for the occasional speaker, however, to maintain an ordinary tone. In any event, the level is kept up in the control room, where the operator can increase or decrease the volume at will. If this operator has to make too many changes, either reducing too much volume or building up insufficient volume, the transmission of the voice will be somewhat mechanical. The speaker should try to be consistent in the matter of force, neither dropping into too low a tone nor suddenly shouting out his emphasis. He must be especially careful about these unexpected explosions of force, which the man at the controls cannot anticipate and which overload the transmitting apparatus, producing "blasts" in the receiver. Even such normal phenomena as throat clearing, coughs, and nose blowing must be guarded against because of blasting. Many a speaker otherwise quite satisfactory has been unsuccessful in radio broadcasting because of habits of raucous throat clearing. There are records of coughs so devastating as to shock transmitting apparatus completely off the air, requiring expensive repairs.

TEMPO. High speed in speaking is no more desirable on the air than in an auditorium, though some news and sports announcers have reached astonishing rates of still intelligible speaking. Ted Husing is said to have made a record of four hundred words a minute. It is impossible to be effectively clear at speeds of over two hundred words a minute. Almost inevitably such speakers get tangled up in words that cannot possibly be formed correctly at a

gallop, or they slur consonants atrociously, often developing momentary bad stammers. The best rate for ordinary radio speaking is about 140 words a minute, though the excitement of big news announcements or the swiftness of a boxing match or football game will quicken the pace. The British Broadcasting Corporation considers 134 to 140 words a minute as good average delivery. Franklin D. Roosevelt stays somewhat under 140 words per minute.

PITCH. A pleasing pitch is vital in successful radio speaking. In platform interpretation personal charm or enthusiasm or dynamic manner will do much to offset a poorly pitched voice. But over the air, which is still blind to visible attractiveness in the speaker, bad pitch is fatal. Nervousness due to "mike-fright" often produces tensions in the throat and jaw that raise pitch unnaturally. Pitch faults caused by improper placement and inadequate relaxation can, of course, be corrected. Many voices, however, are fundamentally unsuitable for radio broadcasting, even though they may be quite satisfactory for acting or platform speaking. The microphone favors certain frequencies in the middle register, and receivers are seldom sensitive enough to respond to all the overtones of high-pitched voices. Such voices, therefore, sound thinner and more shrill over the air than in normal communication. Baritone and contralto voices record most successfully. The speaker does well to cultivate the lower register of his pitch range. Women's voices are, in general, less pleasing than men's on the radio and tire the hearer more quickly. A few women, like Mrs. Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson, Helen Claire, and Cobina Wright, by cultivated diction, low pitch, and dynamic manner, attract radio audiences. But even women will usually admit that they don't like to hear women speak on the radio. Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, whose

> *. . . voice was like the voice the stars*
> *Had when they sang together,*

probably did not have a good radio voice, for the singing of the stars, though somewhat vague, seems a little high-pitched. Cordelia's voice, as described by her father, would have been much more satisfactory for radio:

> *Her voice was ever soft,*
> *Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.*

QUALITY. The quality of the voice is important on the air as well as off. Listeners recognize good voices over the radio with rich quality, low pitch, and perfect diction, even more quickly than voices from the platform, where other conditions, like bad posture, slovenly appearance, or even the distracting presence of an audience may intrude. Hoarse, throaty, nasal, thin, furry, metallic, twanging, muffled, and breathy voices, like badly pitched voices, almost instantly condemn themselves. Good voices are usually improved by transmission over the air; poor voices often sound worse than they are. Notice the difference between the smooth vocal quality of Lowell Thomas and the aggressive nasality of Walter Winchell or the mannered high pitch of Jimmy Fidler.

THE SPEECH MANNER

The radio performer *must* speak conversationally. He is addressing a large audience, but one made up of little independent units. In other words, he is speaking into small rooms to family groups or to more or less isolated individuals. They want him to speak to them directly, without affectation, in a friendly, pleasant voice, as if he had come in for a few moments' chat. His good voice, polished diction, and cultured personality will do him no good if he does not have this conversational speech manner.

THE ANNOUNCER'S PROBLEM. Radio announcers have the most difficult of all speaking assignments. They must read from all kinds of manuscripts, day after day, commercial "spots" for moving pictures, church suppers, bargain days, and what-not, dramatic skits, music program "continuity" (the running comment), news announcements, introductions to women's club speakers, children's programs, hill-billy musicians, college professors, "farm and home" programs, and so on. No boredom, no patronizing tone, no insincerity, no gushing can creep into their voices. No matter how tired they are or how fed up with endless requests for "Mother Machree" or Benny Goodman or Uncle Ezra, they must sound urbane and enthusiastic and cordial. A great many people are fond of drivel, as is apparent in the popularity of cowboy movies, "mountain music," and cheap thrillers in pulp magazines. In radio, driveling programs are very common. But even these the reader of scripts must do sincerely.

Sometimes announcers cultivate the eager, intimate tone so per-

severingly that they defeat their own purposes, making the destruction of Poland sound no more important or exciting than the coming Bingo party for the benefit of the Firemen's Association. That is, they lose their sense of values, selling Tchaikovsky, the reports of Supreme Court decisions, cabbage at five cents a pound, "twilight poetry," helpful hints about fertilizers, and dining-room "suits" with equal gusto and no apparent discrimination.

TWO PITFALLS FOR RADIO READERS. The technique of effective radio speaking should present few new difficulties to the earnest student of interpretation. To begin with, there is an old familiar obligation upon him to know what he is talking about at the moment of speaking. The poor reader's stupid trick of recognizing words with the eyes and speaking with undirected lips is disastrous on the air. If one virtue is more important than others in the radio speaker, it is that of alertness. As soon as indifference or fatigue or crowding busy-ness distracts the reader from his manuscript, he will fail in presenting his message. It is practically impossible to bluff a microphone by means of a bold front, an air of knowingness, or unsupported sex appeal. No matter how often he has said the words before, no matter how crashingly tiresome is the matter of the announcement, the radio speaker must think about the meaning and emotional possibilities of what he says with full concentration. The announcer on a certain daily national program who ends each broadcast with "Good luck, everybody," sounds as sincere and vigorous about it as if he were saying it for the first, instead of the three thousandth time. *Think through what you read.*

A second caution to the radio speaker is that he realize early in his career that elocutionary display is highly objectionable on the air, perhaps even more so than on the platform, where our generous instincts often prompt us to forgive the exhibitionists as misguided actors. There is little place for affected speech in radio, which is, in general, the domain of the common man. Mr. Common Man is a prolific writer of postcards to broadcasters, to whom he utters the abundant complaints of an habitual examiner of gift horses. He is likely to protest against highbrow, declamatory, and stilted speech in announcers and program readers. Sometimes a highfalutin style may help a radio reader into popularity. To an intelligent hearer, however, false rhetoric is anathema.

RADIO DICTION

Clear enunciation is a major requirement in radio work. The National Broadcasting Company demands of its announcers, before anything else, "a good voice, clear enunciation, and pronunciation free of dialect or local peculiarities." One of the greatest contributions of radio is its influence on diction throughout the country. The announcers and most successful performers over the national networks have admirable diction, which is setting good standards for millions of listeners. The radio has made us all acutely conscious of the spoken word, as people all over the country begin to notice differences between what carefully trained speakers say and what they themselves say. Up until ten years ago most additions to our vocabularies were reading words, found in newspapers and books. Now we *hear* words. There is wider interest in pronunciation than ever before and more critical observation of "hot potato," overhasty, and blurred delivery. We cannot only learn much from first-rate radio speakers, but their example also forces upon us high standards of achievement when we venture before the microphone.

DIFFICULT SPEECH SOUNDS. Perhaps the most difficult of speech sounds to produce well in broadcasting are the sibilants, not only because many of us pronounce those sounds poorly, but because the microphone does not perfectly transmit them. Many speakers sound like popcorn wagons doing brisk trade; others hiss like ganders; some *s*'s blow in like approaching simoons. A little practice with exercises in [s], [z], [ʃ], and [ʒ] may help prevent some of the whistling and lisping. Speaking across the microphone instead of directly into it is also advisable for those with faulty *s*'s.

[θ] and [ð] cause trouble along with the hissing *s*'s. So do final consonants, especially [t] and [d], the full diphthongal values of [aɪ], [ɔɪ], [aʊ], [eɪ], and [oʊ], and the common provincial variations in vowel sounds. All of the average troubles in articulation show up glaringly in radio broadcasting. Many speakers crowd their words together, cutting off consonants and barely suggesting the vowels, which become very slight departures from the ugly mid-vowel [ʌ]. Some of these persons are lip-lazy; others are simply too much in a hurry. A few over-articulate their words, pounding out final [d] and [t] with smug clarity and giving all vowels equal stress. They

make *of, from, to, the, a, was, and,* etc., as important as the nouns and verbs and scorn to subordinate any of the syllables of polysyllables with differentiation of quantity.

Relaxation of throat and jaws is absolutely essential in good diction. Forward placement prevents much throatiness and blurring. *Think* the tones forward, carefully shaping the lips. In this way many of the difficulties of poor enunciation will be cleared up. The exercises in the chapter on Diction (in the Appendix) should be useful to the radio speaker.

CORRECT PRONUNCIATION. Faulty pronunciation is the unforgivable sin of radio speech. Not all speakers can sound like Milton Cross, Orson Welles, or Deems Taylor, but they can at least pronounce words correctly. Dictionaries change, becoming more liberal, and many words are listed differently in the various dictionaries. Few will quarrel with the speaker who says either [əd'vɝtɪzmənt] or [ædvɝ'taɪzmənt], ['ɪsoleɪt] or ['aɪsoleɪt], ['proʊgrəs] or ['prɑgrəs]. There will be some objection in strict quarters to many of the secondary pronunciations now allowed in words like *adult, romance, detail, abdomen, route.* But if the speaker has authority for his usage, he is comparatively safe. The blunders that draw down the wrath of fastidious listeners are the ignorant and careless violations of generally accepted pronunciations. Announcers in local stations, usually underpaid and undertrained, are famous for their prodigious errors. They are responsible (though not alone, for many national broadcasters make the same blunders) for such bungles as of*t*en, im*p*otent, har*a*ss, genu-wine ['dʒɛnjʊˌwaɪn], recon*n*ai*s*sance [rɛkən'eɪsəns], ponti*f*ical, ex*qu*isite, gover'ment, com*pr*omise, grie*v*ious, ath*a*letic, and even u-ni-que ['junɪkju]. Some of the most common errors of radio speakers are consonant substitutions: impor*d*ent, tremen*j*ous, grea*d*est, Ba*b*tist; consonant omission: len'th, ar'tic, iden'ical, ask' for *asks,* mos' for *most,* fax for *facts,* bon's for *bonds;* consonant additions: bat-uhl ['bætʔl], sing-ger ['sɪŋgɝ], idea*r*, raw*r*, a*s*phalt; pronunciation of silent letters: glis*t*en, ps*a*lm, fore*h*ead, su*b*tle; vowel shifts of all kinds: [hɑnd], [hɑv] for *hand* and *have,* in a false imitation of supposedly cultivated "broad-a" speech, squoils and boids for *squirrels* and *birds* ([ɜɪ] for [ɝ]), caounty for *county* ([æʊ] for [ɑʊ]), ['rædɪo] and ['rædɪetɝ] for *radio, radiator,* [aɪ'tæljən] and ['ruʃən] for *Italian, Russian,* ['wɪndɝ] and ['fɛlɝ] for *window, fellow.*

STANDARD SPEECH. The old question of speech standards raises its snarling head in all broadcasting. Since the big networks spread their programs over all sections of the country, they must be certain that their announcers are free from conspicuous local speech habits. At the same time, they must not establish such strict rules for pronunciation that announcers will seem stilted and uncolloquial. The British Broadcasting Corporation issues lists of correct pronunciations for its announcers.[1] In this country we have nothing so formal as a committee which makes final decisions in matters of pronunciation. Announcers in radio stations are expected to study the latest editions of such dictionaries as Webster's *New International*, Second Edition, to discover the preferred pronunciations of all doubtful words. But no dogmatic criteria are set up, certainly not the New England or Southern British speech that is still considered by some people the criterion of usage. Announcers are urged to follow the rather liberal standards of general American, educated, intelligent speakers. Colloquial speech is always in advance of dictionary sanction. Often it becomes the accepted standard of the future. The alert announcer consults the dictionary, remembers what is general cultured usage, and then applies his good judgment.

In short, the radio speaker, whether announcer or occasional broadcaster, will do well to avoid both provincial and over-refined pronunciation. Under the first heading he will not be either markedly Southern or Eastern or Middle Western, splitting vowels like a South Carolinian talking about the "lawr of the Lawd" and ['hævəd] College in ['bɑstən] like a New Englander, or burring *r*'s and speaking of [nuz] like a Kansan. Under the second heading he will not insist on pronunciations, even though right, which may antagonize listeners. ['aɪðɚ] and ['naɪðɚ], for example, annoy most radio enthusiasts and so must be abandoned, in spite of the dictates of stage diction. There is even a tendency to oversimplify. Some sponsors in rural areas stipulate that *suite* be pronounced [sut] because prospective buyers of their furniture associate the correct pronunciation only with candy. Waldo Abbott, in his excellent

[1] The advisory Committee on Spoken English for the B.B.C. includes such eminent men as G. B. Shaw, Logan P. Smith, Daniel Jones, and Lascelles Abercrombie. The records issued under their supervision, giving their approved pronunciations, should be of interest to American speakers. On the subject of speech standards, George Bernard Shaw has recorded a delightful series of disks on "Spoken English and Broken English" (Linguaphone).

Handbook of Broadcasting (McGraw-Hill, 1937), says, "The announcers must remember that the intelligent listener's ear is always right." That listener is usually not pleased either with what he considers highbrow English or substandard English.

PROPER NAMES. Place names, titles of musical compositions and names of composers, foreign names, and unusual domestic names are headaches for announcers. The invasion of Poland by the Germans, headlining many-consonanted names, was a nightmare in radio stations all over the country. The news services try to give phonetic pronunciations in their copy, but news is often too urgent to be held up while someone figures out pronunciations. In the realm of music, too, what atrocities have been committed! Inexperienced announcers whose knowledge of music goes no further back than Guy Lombardo, introduce recorded programs of "Choppin," "Paderooski," and others, though most transcription services send out handbooks of pronunciation to member stations containing ingenious but remarkably inaccurate phonetic advice. For place names and difficult family names, dictionaries have pronouncing gazetteers and biographical notes. Other references for names are F. H. Vizetelly's *How to Speak English Effectively* (Funk and Wagnalls, 1933), L. C. Elson's *Book of Musical Knowledge* (Tudor, 1934), T. Baker's *Dictionary of Musical Terms* (G. Schirmer, 1928), C. O. S. Mawson's *International Book of Names* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1935).

SOME POINTERS TO BROADCASTERS

1. Speak quietly into the microphone and don't rely for emphasis upon a wide range of volume changes.

2. Stand at a comfortable distance from the microphone. The old-fashioned carbon microphone requires the speaker to be about eight inches away, preferably speaking across the diaphragm; eighteen inches to two feet is the best distance for the ribbon or velocity microphone.

3. Don't brush against the microphone or touch it with your manuscript. Keep papers from rattling. Your listeners may think you are reporting a volcano or forest fire.

4. Don't cough or sneeze or clear your throat directly into the microphone.

5. Keep your tone conversational. Don't be unctuous or overenthusiastic or supercilious or unbending or perfunctory.

6. Look up words and names before you use them.

7. Phrase carefully, avoiding very long phrases that may make you gasp for breath, but not chopping sentences into jerky small pieces.

8. Make your centering meaningful. Don't emphasize prepositions and conjunctions. Don't use the same kind of emphasis too often.

9. *Vary* rhythm, tempo, voice quality, pitch.

10. Remember that level and upward inflections carry the hearer along, indicating "something more." Downward inflections are conclusive. Robert West, in his lively *So-o-o-o You're Going on the Air* (Rodin, New York, 1934), says, "Ministers who strive for reverent effects overdo the upward inflection. Political speakers overwork the downward inflection with dogmatic monotony. Many radio speakers engaged in commercial ballyhoo overdo the circumflex inflection."

11. Don't take in air so convulsively that you sound like an overstrained vacuum pump.

12. Place your vowels correctly, keeping them from becoming throaty. Keep your pitch level low.

13. Use your lips vigorously.

14. Keep your body relaxed, gesturing if you feel the impulse to do so, even if you have no audience to see you.

15. Watch your *s*'s.

16. Try to sound as if you were speaking spontaneously, not reading from a manuscript.

17. Strictly observe your time limits.

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEMS. Most of what has been said about radio speaking applies as well to the public address systems that confront readers and speakers in large auditoriums. The presence of the audience makes necessary some kind of contact with them through use of the eyes and gestures, as well as through the microphone. But though posture, appearance, and speaking manner are more important before a public address microphone than in a radio studio (unless, as often happens in big broadcasts, a studio audience is present), there is no difference in the use of the voice. Be especially careful not to overload the transmitter by

sudden spurts of intensity, or the loud speaker may simply turn your address into a series of whines and snorts. And don't let your zeal carry you too far from the microphone. If it does, you will fade out absurdly, turning into a little, thin voice on a platform, far away.

Exercises

These exercises, illustrating several types of radio manuscripts, should be practiced, if possible, before a microphone.

1. "The Christian Science Monitor Views the News"

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT: We shall now present a commentary on national and international events based upon news appearing in the Christian Science Monitor, an international daily newspaper, published at Boston, Massachusetts.

A. *The new United States Neutrality Law may receive a stricter construction at the hands of President Roosevelt than many Washington observers expected. If so, one can chalk up a triumph for Secretary of State Cordell Hull, for the Congressmen who indicated their views on the proposal to transfer ships to Panama registry, and for vigilant American public opinion. All wished to see the spirit, as well as the letter, of the new Act respected. Their vigilance should be continued.*

President Roosevelt's press conference remarks, in which he indicated that he would veto any plan to circumvent the Neutrality Law by transferring American ships to the flag of Panama, has shown how the wind is blowing.

The President gave an added reason for opposing Panama registry. He said that it would be unfair of the United States to involve a sister American Republic in a different Neutrality position from that of the United States. This is in keeping with the Good-Neighbor doctrine, and should please Latin America. However, President Roosevelt also may have been hinting at another way of avoiding the shipping restrictions. He spoke only of American Republics. Suppose a European neutral—Ireland for instance—should step up and suggest that American ships should sail to Irish ports under the flag of Eire (Air'eh). How would the President react to that?

The Chief Executive, at the same time, headlined one point which bears serious consideration. Too many Americans, he said, overlooked the fact that thousands of seamen are put out of work by the new Neutrality restrictions. And he might have added, that the shipping concerns have had to do almost all the sacrificing, so far, under the Neutrality Act. Congress made no provision for equalizing these sacrifices

necessary to maintain American Neutrality. Fortunately, the Maritime Commission and the W-P-A have completed plans to assist some 13 thousand seamen "beached" by the Neutrality Law. Now, how about the shipping companies which have been "beached"?

B. Japan has just settled several American claims arising out of the Japanese military operations in China. For example, the Japanese have repaired Shanghai (Shahng'high') University property, paid 13 hundred yen (yehn) to a Lutheran Mission in Shantung (Shahn'dung') Province, and another sum to the United Brethren Church in Canton (Kantohn') Province.

The payments indicate that Japan finally is becoming aware of American opinion regarding the China war. Today, the Christian Science Monitor's Fireside Series, or "current-events course," dips into this subject of how Japan has been misjudging foreign opinion, world events, and national attitudes. Randall Gould, Monitor correspondent in the Far East, lists some of the Japanese mistakes of judgment.

For example: Germany. Japan counted upon the eternal menace of the Bolshevik (Ball'sheh-vik) Bogy to keep Germany permanently aligned against Russia. Japan was surprised and hurt when economic and political realities brought Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia together. Japan also misjudged Britain. Tokyo (Toe'kyō) thought contemptuously of Britain as being "washed up" and abandoning its Far-East interests. So Japan was considerably jarred when Britain finally stood firm after the Tokyo talks failed to produce the desired conciliation. Japan also misread Chiang Kai-shek's (Djee-ahng' Gah'ee'shehks') Government in China—thinking that it was a semibandit regime. Japan was astonished to discover that a Japanese-sponsored state under Wang Ching-wei (Wang Ching-wy) wasn't welcome. And Japan had no idea of American disapproval until Washington's treaty denunciation and Ambassador Grew's plain speaking brought home the truth. Now, with Japan slowly awakening to the facts, Tokyo may be able to set its world course more correctly.

2. A Typical News Broadcast:

Liverpool: The sinking of the 5,300 ton British freighter BRONTE by a German submarine was disclosed today by the landing of 40 crew members and a passenger at an English port. The survivors said that the Bronte was torpedoed in the Atlantic several days ago, but did not sink immediately. A rescue vessel tried unsuccessfully to tow the leaking vessel into port. There were no casualties.

Paris: Tribute was paid today to the dead in the present European war at the annual memorial services of the Paris Post of the American

Legion. In his address at the services, Commander Bernhard Ragner of the Paris Legion post said, "This year our ceremony has a more universal significance, since we are not merely thinking of our own. In this solemn moment we also remember the youthful soldiers, sailors, and aviators who during the present war have given their lives to a sacred cause and a holy principle. Today as we exalt their heroism, we are stirred by their sacrifice, whether they are Polish, British, or French." The services were attended by General Douglas MacArthur, former chief of staff of the United States army, the Canadian Minister, Lieutenant Colonel G. P. Vanier, and representatives of several other countries took part in the Legion services.

Akron, Ohio: Admiral Byrd's Antarctic snow cruiser was on its last lap across northern Ohio today. The giant machine left Akron this morning and, if all goes well, it is scheduled to reach Erie, Pa., tonight. The 37-ton monster set some kind of record yesterday when it traveled the full day without an accident for the first time since it left Chicago on the journey to Boston.

Oxford, Ohio: Miami University students and Oxford City officials were at swords' points today following a series of clashes.

The first incident occurred several weeks ago when three students were arrested and fined $50 each for attempting to paint the freshman class numerals, '43, on the city's 80-foot-high water tower. Resentment smoldered among the students. Then the corner-stone of the new town hall was stolen from the front of the building. Students were suspected, but police could find no proof.

Things were quiet until police jailed a newsman and alumnus of the school after it was revealed that the corner-stone was buried on a farm outside the city. Student resentment reached a climax when a crowd gathered in the downtown district and defied officials and police while two freshmen climbed the top of the water tower and painted the class numerals. They threatened to tear down the city jail if police interfered. Order was restored only when the school president addressed the students and told them they were acting like babies.

Now, Mayor Verlin Pulley promises drastic reprisals if the incidents are repeated. He declared:—"The situation is getting serious and students are not going to run this town—even if I have to call out the militia."

3. Commercial "Spot" material:

Well, there's the LAST *play of our* LAST *game for this year! And now, here's an important announcement: Dick Dunkel's final ratings on all the major college teams, for the Atlantic Forecast Sheet, will be posted*

by your neighborhood Atlantic Dealer on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER SIXTH. *So don't forget the date! . . . because in addition to the final team-ratings, the Atlantic Forecast Sheet will also pick the probable winners of all the various bowl games!*

And now we'd like to say that this has been a great football season—and it's been no end of fun to broadcast these games to you with the compliments of the Atlantic Refining Company and your neighborhood Atlantic Dealer. Part of the fun, of course, is due to the fact that so MANY *people have listened in . . . and a* LOT OF YOU *have said some* MIGHTY NICE *things about us.*

We CAN'T *end this season without thanking you for* THAT *. . . and telling you that we're* NOT *going to forget* YOU *and hope* YOU *won't forget us or the man who has made these broadcasts possible—and I mean* YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD ATLANTIC DEALER. *See* HIM *when you need gasoline or motor oil or have to have your car lubricated. And, of course, you won't lose anything by* THAT, *either! Because Atlantic's Famous Three are designed to help you get* "MORE MILES FOR YOUR MONEY!"

4. Excerpt from a Radio Address, "So Long; So Long!" by George Bernard Shaw, broadcast from England, November 2, 1937:

What about this danger of war which is making us all shake in our shoes at present? I am like yourself: I have an intense objection to having my house demolished by a bomb from an airplane and myself killed in a horribly painful way by mustard gas. I have visions of streets heaped with mangled corpses in which children wander crying for their parents and babes gasp and strangle in the arms of dead mothers.

That is what war means nowadays.

This is what is happening in Spain and in China, while I speak to you, and it might happen to us tomorrow. And the worst of it is that it does not matter two straws to Nature, the mother of us all, how dreadfully we misbehave ourselves in this way or in what hideous agonies we die. Nature can produce children enough to make good any extravagance of slaughter of which we are capable. London may be destroyed, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople may be laid in smoking ruins, and the last shrieks of their women and children may give way to the silence of death. No matter, Nature will replace the dead; she is doing so every day. The new men will replace the old cities and perhaps come to the same miserable end. To Nature the life of an empire is no more than an hour to you and me.

Now the moral of that is that we must not depend on any sort of Divine Providence to put a stop to war. Providence says, "Kill one another, my children; kill one another to your heart's content. There are plenty more where you came from." Consequently, if we want the war

to stop, we must all become conscientious objectors. I dislike war not only for its dangers and inconveniences, but because of the loss of so many young men, one of whom may be a Newton or an Einstein, a Beethoven, Michelangelo, a Shakespeare, or even a Shaw. Or he may be what is of much more immediate importance, a good baker or a good weaver or builder. If you think of a pair of carpenters as a heroic British Saint Michael bringing the wrath of God upon a German Lucifer, then you may exult in the victory of St. Michael if he kills Lucifer, or burn for vengeance if his dastardly adversary mows him down with a machine gun before he can get to grips with him.

From Vital Speeches

5. "Continuity" for a Music Program:

THEME: "SERENATA" (39 secs—fading behind)

ANNCR: Introducing the CONCERT MASTER, ladies and gentlemen, who engages our attention for the following half-hour with his personal exploration in the vast field of transcribed musical literature. His medium of expression . . . . Ferdinand Strack and his Salon Group . . . . Margit Hegedus directing the Classic Strings, tenor soloist, Robert Royce, and the Standard Mixed Choir.

THEME: (Up 15 secs—fade behind and out)

ANNCR: The feeling of Spain is so faithfully reflected in the music of Bizet's opera, "Carmen," and so unmistakable is the atmosphere, that its success is no matter of wonder. A delightful extract is the ARAGONAISE.

ARAGONAISE (Carmen) 2:20

ANNCR: There is no national music more individual than that of the old Spain. Its picturesque and romantic character has given it world-wide popularity and it always finds favor. Robert Royce sings in Spanish, NOCHES BLANCAS.

NOCHES BLANCAS 3:20

ANNCR: Kreisler's TAMBOURIN CHINOIS gives us a charming picture of a Chinese fête. The fascinating oriental tones present the changing colors of a street gay with lanterns and crowded with a mincing, chattering multitude.

TAMBOURIN CHINOIS 3:30

ANNCR: At every point in Smetana's DANCE OF THE COMEDIANS, one is reminded that the dance was father to the music, a

dance of unconventional movements where the dancer seems to avoid the step which one expected him to take, and instead substitutes a queer but graceful jerk.

DANCE OF THE COMEDIANS 3:15
THEME: SERENATA (Up 15 secs—fade)

ANNCR: Again the sparkling gems of our tuneful CONCERT MASTER have revealed to us more of his artistic personality and the ambitious works of gifted composers. We have heard the transcribed efforts of Ferdinand Strack and his Concert Group.

STANDARD PROGRAM LIBRARY SERVICE

6. An Educational Program:

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE OF THE AIR

Good afternoon, students. The Little Red Schoolhouse is on the air. For those who may be new to the Little Red Schoolhouse may we say that the Schoolmaster holds weekly sessions at this hour for anyone who likes to play with words, and, at the same time, wants to develop power in using them. Stanley Baldwin once said, "No small part of education lies in learning the right use of words, in tracing their birth and behavior, in fitting them closely to facts and ideas." We all use words every day of our lives. To increase our general knowledge of words, to become more skilful in their use, to learn more of the histories of words —these are all things of interest to us in the Little Red Schoolhouse of the Air . . .

Let's get on with our combined vocabulary and spelling bee. I shall read a few sentences or phrases taken from the morning newspaper and identify a word in each. After each sentence or phrase, I shall read five words, and you are to select the one that comes closest in meaning to the word I have identified. After that we shall spell the word. Are you ready?

(1) The first sentence comes from the editorial page: "Even during the Spanish days there had been a kind of madness in that pellucid air." The word I want to know the meaning of is PELLUCID. *Does it mean one of the following, and if so which one: transparent, cold, hot, damp, or opaque? (Pause)* PELLUCID *is synonymous with* TRANSPARENT. *Now can you spell* PELLUCID? *Try it. (Pause) The correct spelling is p-e-l-l-u-c-i-d.*

(2) The next sentence comes from a news story of the sea: "The passengers, generally voluble, had been requested not to discuss the details of the trip with anyone." The word I am seeking the meaning of is VOLUBLE. *Does it mean: taciturn, joyous, seasick, talkative, or quiet? (Pause)* TALKATIVE *is the answer. And now, how do you spell* VOLUBLE? *(Pause) V-o-l-u-b-l-e is the correct spelling.*

(3) Our third question comes from a critic's report on a new musical comedy. From it we take this sentence: "The action seems hardly in accord with the natural proclivities of co-eds in college." What does the word PROCLIVITIES mean? Is it: inclinations, studiousness, waywardness, modesty, or good times? (Pause) The correct answer is INCLINATIONS. Can you spell PROCLIVITIES for me? Try it. (Pause) P-r-o-c-l-i-v-i-t-i-e-s is the correct spelling. Did you get all the i's in?

Now we shall have some pronunciations of personal and place names current in the day's news. The pronunciations of these names have just been passed upon by the editors of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition. It is difficult to give more than a close approximation of these names without full explanation of pronunciation symbols; however, I shall do my best.

The first name today is that of the commander in chief of the Allied forces. He is very much in the news these days and his name is MAURICE GUSTAVE GAMELIN (moh-rees' gus-tavv' gamm-lann'). Let's jump from the Allied side to the German side with the name of Germany's foreign minister. He, too, is very prominent in the day's news and his name is JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP (yoh'ah-kimm fawn ribb'entrawp). Getting away from foreign affairs for a minute, we have the name of a noted American designer. You will remember that he is responsible for many of the outstanding exhibits at the World's Fair. The name is that of NORMAN BEL GEDDES (ged'dies—rhymes with EDDIES). From a designer to a superb concert artist and director is the next step. I am sure you are all familiar with the name; it is JOSE ITURBI (hoh-say' ee-toor'bee). The last name we have today is that of the Soviet ambassador to the United States, CONSTANTINE OUMANSKY (kunn-stun-tyeen' oo-mun-skee').

7. A Typical Radio Play: excerpt from "The Man without a Country"

ANNCR: To-day's classic is "The Man Without a Country," which might have been called a Story without an Author when it appeared, unsigned, in the Atlantic Monthly seventy-four years ago. This story was so realistic in treatment that many people even today believe that its hero, Philip Nolan, actually lived and suffered his strange fate. Edward Everett Hale would have become famous for this one story even if he had not written sixty other books besides. It was directly inspired by the oft-recounted tale of his great uncle's patriotism, which he never tired of hearing as a child. You, too, have often heard that story. In the chill of a grey September morning a young American officer still wearing the disguise in which he was captured faces a British firing squad . . .

SOUND: (DRUMS BEATING A HEAVY FUNERAL-LIKE SOUND)

BRITISH OFFICER: I regret my duty, sir. But you knew the consequences when you came into our lines disguised!

HALE (firmly): I knew them well. I was prepared for them.

BRITISH OFFICER: Have you any last request?

HALE: I would ask that these letters to my mother and my sweetheart should be sent to them.

BRITISH OFFICER: I'm sorry. They might be in code.

SOUND: (TEARING PAPER)

HALE: I am a Captain in Knowlton's Rangers: I claim an officer's privilege of dying like a soldier!

BRITISH OFFICER: A rifle squad is too good for traitors!

ANOTHER OFFICER: Fling a rope over that tree limb!

OTHERS: (MURMUR OF ASSENT)

BRITISH OFFICER: If you have anything more to say, say it quickly!

HALE (ringing voice): I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL. PROLONG. FADE)

ANNCR: And so died Nathan Hale, martyr to his love of country, patriot of deathless fame! And little Edward Everett Hale, his great nephew, listened to the story and dreamed of doing something great for his country some day. The same patriotism that led the uncle to his death burned in the heart of the nephew when he wrote the story we bring you today, "The Man Without a Country."

MUSIC: "My Country 'Tis of Thee" (FEW BARS AND THEN UNDER)

ANNCR: Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as you could find in the United States army when he first met Aaron Burr. But the dashing, romantic Burr confided to him his dream of founding an empire in the Mississippi Valley with himself as King, and the impressionable boy threw his lot in with him, body and soul. The crumbling of that fantastic adventure brought Burr to trial on the charge of treason, and Philip Nolan before a court martial as a conspirator. And now the trial is almost over, and Colonel Morgan, holding the court, calls on the prisoner to stand.

SOUND: (RAPPING)

MORGAN: Philip Nolan—you have been found guilty of treason to the United States. Have you anything to say to show that you have been faithful to the United States?

NOLAN (frenziedly): Curse the United States! I'm sick of having that name dinned into my ears!

CROWD: (OFF MIKE MURMUR OF SHOCKED VOICES) Shocking! Terrible!

MORGAN: You don't mean that.

NOLAN (still hysterical): I do! I wish that I might never hear of the United States again!

CROWD: (MURMUR OF SHOCKED VOICES AD LIB) What? Terrible! Shocking!

MAN'S VOICE: (AWAY) Treason! Treason!

SOUND: (RAPPING)

MORGAN: Order in the court. (SILENCE) Mr. Nolan, the United States has fed you for all the years you have been in her army. The United States gave you the uniform you wear—the sword at your side. And you curse your country! Then this shall be your sentence! The court decided, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again!

NOLAN (laughing hysterically): What kind of joke is this?

SOUND: (RAPPING. LAUGHING SUBSIDES)

MORGAN: Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval Commander there to be put on a government boat bound on a long cruise. Request the commander to order that no one shall mention the United States in his hearing while he is on board ship. The court is adjourned without delay.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OFFICE OF EDUCATION, EDUCATIONAL RADIO SCRIPT EXCHANGE[1]

8. A Red Cross Radio Play: "Why She Didn't Go to the Dance"

ANNCR: As we look into the Bartlett home on a Saturday morning we see Marian Bartlett going to the door to welcome her friend Dorothy Brown.

DOROTHY: Well, for Heaven's sake, will you tell me why you didn't go to the dance at Riverside Tavern last night? We had the swellest time we have had this year. Bob was there alone, but he left before I had a chance to ask him about you. Didn't you expect to go with him?

MARIAN: Yes, but I went to the Red Cross chapter house, to the class in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick.

DOROTHY: Babe Hunt did too, but she was at the dance. She wore her formal to the class—kept her coat on, I guess, or maybe she put on an apron while she was there. Gladys went home after class and changed there, and she was at the Tavern in time for the dance.

MARIAN: That's what I meant to do. But you see when I got home I found work to do and I forgot the dance; I forgot to telephone Bob,

[1] This script remains the property of the Government and must not be sponsored commercially. The Educational Script Exchange has more than 500 scripts which are available to educational broadcasters. Send to the Office of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

too, and I guess he's mad; but I think he'll understand when he hears the story.

DOROTHY: For pity's sake, tell me what the story is!

MARIAN: Well, you know the Harris family that lives next door to us? She has such lovely roses, you know. Well, it seems that yesterday she was spraying them with nicotine. She knew of course that the spray was poisonous, and to make it safe for the children she put the bottle in a room in the basement where the children never go.

But Mr. Harris took last night of all times to make a play pen for the baby, and for the first time in her life he took her to the basement. The door of the room in which the deadly insecticide had been put was open. The child toddled in there, got the bottle, and took some of the poison. Just too late the father saw the bottle in her hand and knew what she had done.

Just as I got home from class little Jimmy Harris came over screaming for Mother. She wasn't there, and she wouldn't have known what to do if she had been, except to telephone for the doctor, which the Harrises had already done. I saw it was up to me to do what I could before the doctor came, when it might be too late to do any good.

I can't tell you how I felt. I didn't know how much poison had been taken, or how long ago it was. But this I did know, that my first aid and home hygiene training had to help me if anything could, and with a prayer on my lips and faith in my heart I didn't run but literally flew over the ground between the two houses.

The child was in her uncle's arms. He had once been a life saver, and he had enough presence of mind to put his finger down the child's throat to induce vomiting. But his knowledge ended there, and when he saw that the baby was drowsy he began patting her back to lull her to sleep.

You know what Miss Crowder told us about that, with poison victims! I told him it was the wrong thing to do, and asked for milk and eggs. I whipped up the whites of the eggs into the milk and asked someone to put on more milk to warm if it was needed later. Then I forced the milk and egg down the child's throat, using a tablespoon so she wouldn't strangle. It meant putting my fingers between her teeth to pry her mouth open, and the child fought me off. But I knew I had to keep on with the treatment and I did, until the return flow from her mouth was the same color as the milk and eggs when I gave them to her.

So far, so good; but then the child began to close her eyes and was ready to doze off. I recognized this as a symptom of drug poisoning, and I knew sleep was the last thing she ought to have. I interrupted the father's soothing talk to the child and told him what Miss Crowder said about poisoning. I told him he had to fight for the baby's life now if he

never fought before. I knew she would die if we let her sleep before her stomach was entirely free of the poison.

I wonder now that the family listened to me; but they seemed to feel that I knew what I was talking about—blessings on Miss Crowder for the care she took with the lesson on poisons, and between us we kept the baby awake until the doctor came.

When he did get there, I told him of the antidote I had used and also told him I had some warm milk waiting if he needed it. And never in my life will I forget when he said, "That is very fine; you couldn't have done better. She looks all right now, but just to play safe we'll wash out her stomach and be sure it is empty of poison. Will you help me?"

Would I help? And was I proud when he said after I had made some comment on the child's appearance, "You are to be commended for your quick observation."

I was not surprised that the return flow from her stomach was the color of the warm milk she had taken, because even before the doctor came her pulse had become more nearly normal, and the color was coming back into her cheeks. The doctor gave an injection of castor oil right after the warm treatment, and then he left. Just before he left he said, "She can go to sleep now, because she is out of danger. But it would probably have meant death if she had been allowed to fall asleep at the beginning."

By this time Mother came, and she gave her own kind of first aid. She made coffee and toast for us all, and as we ate and drank, with the baby safe and quiet again, fright gradually left the family and I could feel their nerves relaxing.

I went over again this morning—after calling up Miss Crowder to be sure what to look for today. And maybe I wasn't glad to find her all right again.

DOROTHY: You deserve your certificate all right, when it comes. Three cheers for Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick! I'm proud of the class, and I only hope I could have done half as well if the crisis had come to me.

But just the same, I'm sorry you missed the trip to Riverside. The moonlight was simply divine when we drove back along the river after the dance.

MARIAN: It was divine when I came back from the Harrises, too. And do you know, I believe I enjoyed it just a little bit more than I ever did before because I remembered that little Betty Harris was alive to see it too, and to grow up to go to dances at Riverside Tavern.

RADIO SCRIPT EXCHANGE, PUBLIC INFORMATION SERVICE,
AMERICAN RED CROSS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

9. Radio Play: from "The Fall of the City," by Archibald MacLeish

THE VOICE OF THE STUDIO DIRECTOR (orotund and professional)

Ladies and gentlemen:
This broadcast comes to you from the city
Listeners over the curving air have heard
From furthest-off frontiers of foreign hours—
Mountain Time: Ocean Time: of the islands:
Of waters after the islands—some of them waking
Where noon here is the night there: some
Where noon is the first few stars they see or the last one.

For three days the world has watched this city—
Not for the common occasions of brutal crime
Or the usual violence of one sort or another
Or coronations of kings or popular festivals:
No: for stranger and disturbing reasons—
The resurrection from death and the tomb of a dead woman.

Each day for three days there has come
To the door of her tomb at noon a woman buried!

The terror that stands at the shoulder of our time
Touches the cheek with this: the flesh winces.
There have been other omens in other cities
But never of this sort and never so credible.
In a time like ours seemings and portents signify.
Ours is a generation when dogs howl and the
Skin crawls on the skull with its beast's foreboding.
All men now alive with us have feared.
We have smelled the wind in the street that changes weather.
We have seen the familiar room grow unfamiliar:
The order of numbers alter: the expectation
Cheat the expectant eye. The appearance defaults with us.

Here in this city the wall of the time cracks.

We take you now to the great square of this city . . .

(The shuffle and hum of a vast patient crowd gradually rises; swells: fills the background.)

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER (matter-of-fact)
We are here on the central plaza.
We are well off to the eastward edge.
There is a kind of terrace over the crowd here.
It is precisely four minutes to twelve.
The crowd is enormous: there might be ten thousand:
There might be more: the whole square is faces.
Opposite over the roofs are the mountains.
It is quite clear: there are birds circling.
We think they are kites by the look: they are very high . . .

The tomb is off to the right somewhere—
We can't see it for the great crowd.
Close to us here are the cabinet ministers:
They stand on a raised platform with awnings.
The farmers' wives are squatting on the stones:
Their children have fallen asleep on their shoulders.
The heat is harsh: the light dazzles like metal.
It dazes the air as the clang of a gong does . . .

News travels in this nation:
There are people here from away off—
Horse-raisers out of the country with brooks in it:
Herders of cattle from up where the snow stays—
The kind that cook for themselves mostly:
They look at the girls with their eyes hard
And a hard grin and their teeth showing . . .

It is one minute to twelve now:
There is still no sign: they are still waiting:
No one doubts that she will come:
No one doubts that she will speak too;
Three times she has not spoken.

(The murmur of the crowd changes—not louder but more intense: higher.)

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER (low but with increasing excitement)
Now it is twelve: now they are rising:
Now the whole plaza is rising:
Fathers are lifting their small children:
The plumed fans on the platform are motionless . . .

There is no sound but the shuffle of shoe leather . . .

Now even the shoes are still . . .

We can hear the hawks: it is quiet as that now . . .

It is strange to see such throngs so silent . . .
Nothing yet: nothing has happened . . .

Wait! There's a stir here to the right of us:
They're turning their heads: the crowd turns:
The cabinet ministers lean from their balcony:
There's no sound: only the turning . . .

(A woman's voice comes over the silence of the crowd: it is a weak voice but penetrating: it speaks slowly and as though with difficulty.)

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN
First the waters rose with no wind . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER (whispering)
Listen: that is she! She's speaking!

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN
Then the stones of the temple kindled
Without flame or tinder of maize-leaves . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER (whispering)
They see her beyond us; the crowd sees her . . .

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN
Then there were cries in the night haze:
Words in a once-heard tongue: the air
Rustling above us as at dawn with herons.

Now it is I who must bring fear:
I who am four days dead: the tears
Still unshed for me—all of them: I
For whom a child still calls at nightfall.

Death is young in me to fear!
My dress is kept still in the press in my bedchamber:
No one has broken the dish of the dead woman.

Nevertheless I must speak painfully:
I am to stand here in the sun and speak:

(There is a pause. Then her voice comes again loud, mechanical, speaking as by rote.)

The city of masterless men
Will take a master.
There will be shouting then:
Blood after!

(The crowd stirs. Her voice goes on weak and slow as before.)

Do not ask what it means: I do not know:
Only sorrow and no hope for it.

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER
She has gone . . . No, they are still looking.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN
It is hard to return from the time past. I have come
In the dream we must learn to dream where the crumbling of
Time like the ash from a burnt string has
Stopped for me. For you the thread still burns:
You take the feathery ash upon your fingers.
You bring yourselves from the time past as it pleases you.
It is hard to return to the old nearness . . .

Harder to go again . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER
She is gone.
We know because the crowd is closing.
All we can see is the crowd closing.
We hear the releasing of held breath—
The weight shifting: the lifting of shoe leather.
The stillness is broken as surface of water is broken—
The sound circling from in outward.

(The murmur of the crowd rises.)

Small wonder they feel fear.
Before the murders of the famous kings—

Before imperial cities burned and fell—
The dead were said to show themselves and speak.
When dead men came disaster came. Presentiments
That let the living on their beds sleep on
Woke dead men out of death and gave them voices.
All ancient men in every nation knew this.

10. The Announcer's Test:

Some aspirants regard an announcer's audition as a chance for a coup; others with all the apparent symptoms of the ague. However formidable it may appear to be, it is best to enter into it with all the savoir faire at your command; much as an Irishman enters a melee—to be enjoyed, win or lose. A bona fide announcer will do the best he can with words he doesn't know, and will try sincerely, even though he misses.

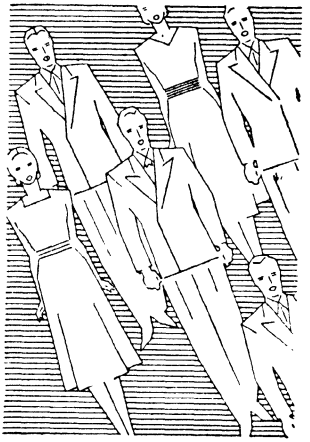
The comptroller of currency in any radio station hears many things about announcers which are refutable; but a man's status as an announcer is never improved by a listener's vagary, and often a machination, if repeated ad infinitum, will ricochet until it results in the final ultimatum for the announcer.

Confidence, with the paprika of energy added, is one of the surest ways to avoid being impotent in this profession. Here, too, caution must be used, since in the sacerdotalism of announcing, co-workers are prone to immerse an egotistic neophyte in the natatorium of ridicule. To avoid being embroiled in any such imbroglio, the newcomer should be made to revere those who have precedence over him, and who regard (name of local station) *as their alma mater and sanctuary.*

En route to this estimable estate, via long hours and probably mediocre menus, the embryonic announcer must have inherent strength in his abdomen, viz., in order to cope with such men as Bizet, Paderewski, Benes, Mussolini, Petain, Lenin, Saint Saens and Roosevelt; with such things as lingerie, eggs, programs, carnivora, news and exigencies.

Even in closing, not to jest, it's time to say this joust has just been marked "finis."

CHAPTER 12



In Chorus

DURING the past few years a form of group reading, called verse speaking, or choral reading, has become very popular both in this country and in England. It is the recitation of poetry, in different arrangements for combinations of voices, by a choir or chorus. To those taking part it is a novel and delightful sharing of the pleasures of reading aloud. To an audience it may bring the enlightenment and enjoyment of skilful interpretation. Everywhere choruses have sprung up, giving many public performances, taking poetry to people who have never before understood or liked it. In some schools and colleges these choruses, beautifully robed and expertly drilled, rival the dramatic and glee clubs in popularity.

Verse speaking is not actually a new method. Reciting in unison has always been done by groups, as in the choruses of the Greek plays and the refrains of the minstrels. Responsive reading and antiphonal chanting in churches are forms of choral speaking. So are such things as the "pledges of allegiance" to the flag and group repetition of oaths and prayers. Sometimes these demonstrations of group participation are effective, but usually only when the group is well trained, as in the beautiful antiphonal chanting between the priest and choir during high mass in the Roman Catholic church. More often the reading is slovenly and dreary, dragging out in unconquerable inertias. One of the most depressing of sounds is the repetition of the Lord's Prayer by a large congregation.

VIRTUES AND DANGERS OF CHORAL READING

The virtues of verse speaking are many. It is excellent for the timid speaker, allowing him to gain confidence along with experience by making him one of a group. It is a splendid approach to the problem of stage fright. It is an effective way of learning phrasing and rhythm through practice in control of breath and voice. It may be used for exercises in overcoming speech difficulties. Verse speaking is an all-around good way for children—and adults—to learn to read. It has been found useful in helping foreigners learn English. It should add to the participants' pleasure in reading and direct them to good literature, establishing habits of intelligent criticism and appreciation.

On the other hand, there are some disadvantages in verse speaking. The worst is its heedless practice by uninformed or insensitive teachers who simply encourage monotony and affectation. Another is false emphasis on the end of public performance. Still another might be the sinking of the individual in the group. In a great many choruses the directors have taken the easy way of beating out metrical rhythms, ignoring proper phrasing and centering, and hurrying everything along at a relentless pace which destroys both the thought and any possible emotional connotations. The use of the chorus as merely another medium for public display is unfortunate. A well-trained chorus is interesting and attractive to an audience, but perhaps less so than many zealous directors believe. The infliction of youthful, hasty, unvarying interpretation on audiences is very painful, and its damage to the cause of good reading is great.

BENEFITS TO BE GAINED FROM VERSE SPEAKING. The greatest values in verse speaking lie in the group participation of individuals. Practice in verse speaking should be an end in itself. Of course, the answer to the objection that the individual is lost in the group is that he gains in confidence and understanding by the stimulus of group activity. There is, moreover, plenty of opportunity for solo work in the many different kinds of arrangements.

Imagination, range, flexibility of voice and body, and appreciation are the ends to be sought in the study of verse speaking, not opportunities for willowy young ladies in semi-Greek costumes to pose on staircases. The student should keep in mind that choral

speaking is most valuable as a method rather than as an art in itself. Marjorie Gullan, who has done more than anyone else to promote choral speaking, believes that the first purpose of a speech choir is "cultural" with social and psychological purposes in secondary place. She says, "Choirs are concerned not only with the study and appreciation of poetry by means of speaking it (though that is the chief aim), but necessarily also with the achievement of such technique of speech and voice as shall do justice to the words spoken."[1] Some of her followers, unfortunately, have tended to overstress the "cultural" aims, neglecting the value of verse speaking as a method in interpretation and as a speech exercise.

The choral reading suggested here is intended mainly as an aid to the student in mastering the problems of interpretation. It is possible that he can learn to apply the conditions of good reading quickly and pleasantly, by working with a group, improving in enunciation, voice, quality, sense of timing, and appreciation. If so, these instructions are justified. There is a danger, however, of spending too much time in group reading and not enough in individual drill.

ORGANIZATION OF A VERSE-SPEAKING CHORUS

It is better at the outset not to divide the group into parts but to practice simple unison work. The director or teacher must first make verse speaking interesting and attractive to the group, or they will respond with lackadaisical repetition of lines. Leading a chorus requires a tremendous amount of energy since, for some reason, the average reader's inclination to be cautious and a little melancholy seems to be magnified in a group. The result is that worst defect of verse speaking, a dreary, unvaried pattern. By a combination of good-natured teasing, cajolery, and some of the tactics of a lively cheer-leader the director has to whip a chorus into shape. The most efficient number for a chorus is about fifteen; twenty are too many; ten are too few.

Begin with nursery rhymes which are familiar to everybody, so that the whole group can watch the leader without the distraction of manuscripts. The entire group must freely enter into the recitation, following closely the commands of the director, who arranges simple hand-signals for starting and stopping, speeding

[1] Gullan, Marjorie, *The Speech Choir*, Harper, 1937, p. 9.

and slowing the tempo. There should be variation of pitch within the phrase, but the tempo must be the same for everybody. Watch closely for opportunities to improve the phrasing. Too many short phrases are choppy, but the *quantity* of sounds within words must not be sacrificed to produce long phrases. For example, in "Old Mother Hubbard" the phrases are very obvious:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard |
To get her poor dog a bone ||
When she got there |
The cupboard was bare ||
And so the poor dog had none ||

The second phrase might possibly be added to the first to avoid jingling; then the word "cupboard" must not be hurried. Notice what an improvement you can make in interpretation by centering on both "poor" and "dog" in line 2, rather than on "dog" alone, and on "got" in line 3, rather than on "there." Try not to bring out the rhymes.

Now try other simple poems in unison, such as "Hickory-Dickory-Dock," "Little Boy Blue," "Little Bo-Peep," "Thirty Days Hath September," "Red Sky at Morning," and any others suggested by the group itself. The first feeling that it's all rather silly will probably disappear when the participants see how difficult perfect unison is. The following short poems make good pieces for unison speaking, both for mixed groups and for groups with all boys or all girls.

1. *Mountains have a dreamy way*
Of folding up a noisy day
In quiet covers, cool and gray.

Only mountains seem to know
That shadows come and shadows go,
Till stars are caught in pools below.

Only mountains, dim and far,
Kneeling now beneath one star,
Know how calm dark valleys are.

LEIGH BUCKNER HANES, Mountains in the Twilight

2. *Never, O God, to be afraid to love,*
Since out of love comes every lovely thing:
To find new courage fallen at my feet,
A flaming feather from an angel's wing;
To know the merciful, high-hearted dreams
Born to all men that cleanse and make them whole;
To take the gifts of life with fearless hands,
And when I give, to give with all my soul.

ROSALIE HICKLER, Prayer for Any Occasion

3. *E'en as a lovely flower,*
So fair, so pure thou art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes stealing o'er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So lovely, pure, and fair.

HEINRICH HEINE, Du Bist Wie Eine Blume,
translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker

4. *The angels guide him now,*
And watch his curly head,
And lead him in their games,
The little boy we led.

He cannot come to harm,
He knows more than we know,
His light is brighter far
Than daytime here below.

His path leads on and on,
Through pleasant lawns and flowers,
His brown eyes open wide
At grass more green than ours.

With playmates like himself,
The shining boy will sing,
Exploring wondrous woods,
Sweet with eternal spring.

VACHEL LINDSAY, In Memory of a Child

5. *Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes.*
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted Prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this Prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

JOHN FLETCHER, Song to Sleep

6. *I'll sail upon the Dog-star,*
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the Moon till it be noon,
But I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let all the nation judge it.

THOMAS DURFEY, I'll Sail upon the Dog-star

7. *My mind lets go a thousand things,*
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, Memory

8. *The sky is gray as gray may be,*
There is no bird upon the bough,
There is no leaf on vine or tree.

In the Neponset marshes now
Willow-stems, rosy in the wind,
Shiver with hidden sense of snow.

So too 'tis winter in my mind,
No light-winged fancy comes and stays:
A season churlish and unkind.

Slow creep the hours, slow creep the days,
The black ink crusts upon the pen—
Wait till the bluebirds and the jays
And golden orioles come again!
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, No Songs in Winter

After some preliminary work in unison speaking, the group should be divided into sections. The usual arrangement is to have three parts for mixed choruses, the men forming one part and the women two, one "light," one "dark." "Light" voices are higher in pitch and thinner or lighter in texture than "dark" voices. The distinction is not always easy to make. Expert directors insist that the pitch difference, as in the parts of a singing group, is not enough, that timbre or texture is stressed in speaking. Nevertheless, the type of singing voice usually places the speaker: Sopranos and tenors have lighter voices than contraltos and basses. The medium voices, mezzo sopranos or baritones, can be made into a third grouping, but they usually fall into the light or dark types according to the quality of their voices. If the speaker himself is in doubt about which group he belongs in, the director may test his varying pitch levels. If the chorus is made up entirely of men or entirely of women, it is usually divided into the two parts only.

The groups should work toward perfect timing and sensitiveness to the leader's directions. Part work depends for its effectiveness on careful picking up of cues and responsiveness to changes in mood. The director may appoint a leader for each group, making him responsible for setting the pace and keeping the interpretation alive and flexible. As the chorus gains experience and confidence, the director should retire as far as possible from active control. The groups should become accustomed to a minimum of hand- or baton-waving (though many directors prefer to remain in more or less unobtrusive charge). Many good choruses have no visible leader. One of the leaders of the groups acts as general

leader as well, giving signals, usually by counting, for the beginning of pieces and marking the pauses that have been agreed on in practice. Each group leader, of course, takes command during part work. The guiding is done not by louder tones or gestures of any kind, but by rehearsed counting for the starts after long pauses and by an *esprit de corps* that is established with surprising rapidity after a few meetings. There will be false starts and breakings from the ranks at first, but after the best phrasing is established in any given poem, usually by discussion and trial, very little overt direction is necessary. The leaders, however, must have authority and assurance, so that the groups may confidently accept their pace and interpretation, accurately *feeling* the guidance without being either ahead of, or behind, the leaders.

An easy arrangement of a simple poem, like "Three Blind Mice," is a good start for group work. Let us assume that the chorus is in two parts (if in three parts, the men can form one group and the women one for this exercise):

LIGHT *Three blind mice,*
DARK *Three blind mice,*
LIGHT *See how they run,*
DARK *See how they run.*
LIGHT *They all ran after the farmer's wife.*
DARK *She cut off their tails with a carving knife.*
ALL *Did you ever see such a sight in your life*
As three blind mice!

The following short poems are suitable for simple two-part arrangements:

1. LIGHT *The heavens declare the glory of God;*
DARK *And the firmament showeth his handywork.*
LIGHT *Day unto day uttereth speech,*
DARK *And night unto night showeth knowledge.*
LIGHT *There is no speech nor language*
Where their voice is not heard.
DARK *Their line is gone out through all the earth,*
And their words to the end of the world.
ALL *Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.*

Psalm 19

2. ALL *Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry*
Of the tossing trees—
DARK *Rolling your windy tides across the sky,*
And splashing your silver seas
Over the pine,
LIGHT *To the water-line*
Of the moon.
ALL *Oh, I can hear you, God,*
Above the wail of the lonely loon—
DARK *When the pine-tops pitch and nod—*
LIGHT *Chanting your melodies*
Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
DARK *Swashing your wind among the branches*
LIGHT *To make them pure and white.*
ALL *Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,*
And your moon's wet-silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,
And leave me clean and cool.

LEW SARETT, Wind in the Pine

3. LIGHT *I wonder if the tides of Spring*
Will always bring me back again
Mute rapture at the simple thing
Of lilacs blowing in the rain.
DARK *If so, my heart will ever be*
Above all fears, for I shall know
There is a greater mystery
Beyond the time when lilacs blow.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR., Beyond

4. ALL *Shine! shine! shine!*
LIGHT *Pour down your warmth, great sun!*
DARK *While we bask, we two together.*
ALL *Two together!*
LIGHT *Winds blow south, or winds blow north,*
DARK *Day come white, or night come black,*
LIGHT *Home, or rivers and mountains from home,*
DARK *Singing all time, minding no time,*
LIGHT *While we bask, we two together.*
ALL *Two together!*

ALL *Blow! blow! blow!*
LIGHT *Blow up sea-winds along Paumaanock's shore.*

ALL *Soothe! soothe! soothe!*
LIGHT *Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,*
DARK *And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close . . .*
ALL *Loud! loud! loud!*
Loud I call to you, my love.

WALT WHITMAN, Out of the Cradle

5. LIGHT *Jenny kiss'd me when we met,*
DARK *Jumping from the chair she sat in;*
LIGHT *Time, you thief, who love to get*
Sweets into your list, put that in!
DARK *Say I'm weary,* [LIGHT] *say I'm sad,*
DARK *Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,*
LIGHT *Say I'm growing old, but add*
ALL *Jenny kiss'd me!*

LEIGH HUNT, Jenny Kiss'd Me

6. LIGHT *A British tar is a soaring soul,*
DARK *As free as a mountain bird,*
LIGHT *His energetic fist should be ready to resist*
DARK *A dictatorial word.*
LIGHT *His nose should pant* [DARK] *and his lips should curl,*
LIGHT *His cheeks should flame* [DARK] *and his brow should furl,*
LIGHT *His bosom should heave* [DARK] *and his heart should glow,*
ALL *And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.*

LIGHT *His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,*
DARK *His brow with scorn be wrung;*
LIGHT *He never should bow down to a domineering frown,*
DARK *Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.*
LIGHT *His foot should stamp* [DARK] *and his throat should growl,*
LIGHT *His hair should twirl* [DARK] *and his face should scowl;*
LIGHT *His eyes should flash* [DARK] *and his breast protrude,*
ALL *And this should be his customary attitude.*

W. S. GILBERT, H.M.S. Pinafore

After the chorus has shaken down into a fairly self-reliant group, whose members may be trusted to follow their leaders scrupulously and to overcome both too much rugged individualism and too much diffidence, it may go on to experiment with more compli-

cated arrangements. Besides unison and simple two-part or antiphonal reading there are many possibilities of interesting work in solo parts, with choral refrains; in group reading varied by solo lines; in "cumulative" or "diminishing" reading (the adding or subtracting of voices in some regular pattern); in "sequence" reading (the use of several groups, each presenting a part of a whole theme) ; and so on.

Poems must be chosen with care, since not all poems, by any means, are satisfactory for group work. Several anthologies[1] have been published, with arrangements for choral reading already made; in some of them the poems are analyzed and classified, with suggestions for performance. Any student, however, can choose and arrange his own poems, bringing them to rehearsals for try-out and discussion. An unsuitable poem usually betrays itself instantly in group reaction. The best poems are those with much color, sound, and movement, those with repeated or balanced lines that groups can seize upon, those with vivid contrasts in mood or thought, and those with marked rhythm. Introspective and long narrative and thoughtful, abstract poems are seldom good for group reading. Ballads and many children's poems are usually good; so are vigorous onomatopoetic poems like Vachel Lindsay's *Congo* and Alfred Noyes's *Highwayman.* A great many humorous poems, like those of the Carryls and Ogden Nash, make interesting choral selections, and most lyrics can be satisfactorily adapted. Some plays have been especially written for choric groups by Gordon Bottomley, Mona Swann, and others. Greek plays and some modern plays in verse, like T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral,* make good material for experienced choruses. Some successful attempts have been made to combine verse-speaking groups with dance groups for varied interpretation. Writers whose poems are recommended for verse speaking are John Masefield, Lew Sarett, A. A. Milne, Vachel Lindsay, Arthur Guiterman, Walter de la Mare, Ogden Nash, Alfred Noyes, John Keats, Alfred Tennyson, William Blake, Dorothy Parker, Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman, Sid-

[1] Gullan, Marjorie, *Choral Speaking,* Expression Company, 1936, and *The Speech Choir,* Harper, 1937; Hamm, A. C., *Selections for Choral Speaking,* Expression Company, 1935; Swann, Mona, *Many Voices,* W. H. Baker, 1934; Robinson, M. P., and Thurston, R. L., *Poetry Arranged for the Speaking Choir,* Expression Company, 1936; Sutton, V. R., *Seeing and Hearing America,* Expression Company, 1936; Hicks, H. G., *Reading Chorus,* Noble, 1939. There are also several recordings of choral speaking available, notably the readings of "The Koralites" on Victor records, and two records of English festival choruses obtainable at The Gramophone Shop, New York City.

ney Lanier, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Allan Poe, James Stephens, Lewis Carroll, William Gilbert, Christina Rossetti, James Weldon Johnson, Robert Herrick, Guy Wetmore and Charles Edward Carryl, Louis Untermeyer, Amy Lowell, and many others.

Let us examine a poem as it might be studied by a choral group. We shall assume that the director or some member of the chorus has already arranged it (though no arrangement should be considered final. The only test is trial).

3-PART	2-PART	
MEN	LIGHT	*Let me* LIVE *out my* YEARS *in* HEAT *of* BLOOD! ||
WOMEN L	DARK	*Let me* LIE DRUNKEN *with the* DREAMER'S WINE! ||
WOMEN D	LIGHT	*Let me not* SEE *this* SOUL HOUSE BUILT *of* MUD
		Go TOPPLING *to the* DUST ||*—a* VACANT SHRINE. ||
MEN	DARK	*Let me go* QUICKLY, || *like a* CANDLE LIGHT
		SNUFFED *out just at the* HEYDAY *of its* GLOW. ||
WOMEN	LIGHT	GIVE *me* HIGH NOON ||*—and let it* THEN *be* NIGHT! ||
1 MAN	LIGHT 1	THUS *would I* GO. ||
WOMEN L	DARK	*And* GRANT *that when I* FACE *the* GRISLY THING, |
WOMEN D		*My* SONG *may* TRUMPET *down the* GREY PERHAPS. ||
ALL	ALL	*O let me be a* TIME-SWEPT FIDDLE STRING |
		That FEELS *the* MASTER-MELODY |*—and* SNAPS! ||
		JOHN G. NEIHARDT, Let Me Live Out My Years

This is a strong, forthright piece that would be ruined by namby-pamby reading. Each of the imperatives beginning with "let me" or "give me" or "grant" must be emphatic and cogent. The poem will die an anemic death if phrases like "heat of blood" and "drunken with the dreamer's wine" are read without conviction. The exclamation points are good indicators of force. Undue attention to meter will, of course, make the poem monotonous. Choruses must understand phrasing and centering. Remember to avoid stress on prepositions, pronouns (ordinarily), and all weak adjectives, conjunctions, etc. Let the verbs and nouns carry the chief burden of emphasis.

In line 2 bring out the word "dreamer's."

The tempo is fairly brisk, about what a musician would label *allegro*. But watch for changes of pace, especially at the dashes.

Line 3 is "run-on," carrying the phrase over into the next line. Here will be some trouble in practice. Some readers, anxious not to pause after "mud" and break up the phrase, will go on too fast and blur the unison by getting ahead of the others. The thing to remember is that the final word in a line which runs over to the next should get exactly the emphasis it would get if the phrase were written out in one line—no more, but certainly no less. Careless speakers too often ignore final consonants in words like this and spoil the line.

The phrasing and centering have been marked, for the sake of convenience, though changes may be made if the director feels that other stresses would be more significant.

The dashes in lines 4, 7, and 12 must be marked by forceful pauses.

Line 5 is another run-on line. Be careful of the final *t* in "light."

Don't forget to give full sound value to musical words like "glow," "light," "night," "noon," "trumpet," "grey," "melody," "feels."

A good way to bring in the short line (8) is to have a single speaker read it boldly, summarizing the vigorous statements that have preceded it.

The last stanza must ring out vehemently, ending, after a dramatic pause, on *snaps* with crisp finality. The effect of *snapping* can be made by a sharp cutting off of the sound. Notice the slow line (11), with several stressed words.

A FEW WORKING SUGGESTIONS

1. Precision in tempo is absolutely necessary.
2. There should be variation within the group in pitch and quality.
3. Volume shifts should be frequent and must be planned and rehearsed.
4. Broken rhythm is important. Otherwise, choral reading is monotonous.
5. Leaders must be alert.
6. The most valuable contribution of a verse-speaking chorus is its aid to good diction. Affectation must be avoided like the plague. Remember that offenses in the individual are multiplied when a whole group offends. Watch the final consonants.

7. Enthusiasm may make all the difference between success and failure in the chorus.

8. Choose poems that have spirit and substance. Too much sentiment and pale, delicate stuff may make the chorus finicky. The boys need occasional swashbuckling material, just as the girls need occasional elegance, and all need frequent doses of humor.

9. The different voices should blend harmoniously.

10. Understanding should come before production, and appreciation should be a major purpose.

11. Use many solo parts. The leaders may be the chief soloists, but several speakers from each group should be ranked as soloists.

POEMS FOR CHORAL SPEAKING

The suggested arrangements are by no means absolute. Changes may be made as the director and the members of the chorus find other groupings desirable.

1. GROUP 1 *God, though this life is but a wraith,*
GROUP 2 *Although we know not what we use,*
GROUP 3 *Although we grope with little faith,*
ALL *Give me the heart to fight—and lose.*

LIGHT 1 *Ever insurgent let me be,*
DARK 1 *Make me more daring than devout;*
LIGHT 2 *From sleek contentment keep me free,*
DARK 2 *And fill me with a buoyant doubt.*

LIGHT *Open my eyes to visions girt*
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
DARK *But let me always see the dirt,*
And all that spawn and die in it.

LIGHT *Open my ears to music;* [DARK] *let*
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
LIGHT 1 *But never let me dare forget*
The bitter ballads of the slums.

ALL *From compromise and things half-done,*
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride.
And when, at last, the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, Prayer

2. ALL *Suppose . . . and suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic*
Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted,
DARK *To fly—*[LIGHT] *and to fly;*

LIGHT *And we stretched up into the air, fleeting on in the sunshine,*
A speck in the gleam,
On galloping hoofs, his mane in the wind out-flowing,
In a shadowy stream;

DARK *And oh, when, all alone, the gentle star of evening*
Came crinkling into the blue,
A magical castle we saw in the air, like a cloud of moonlight,
As onward we flew;

LIGHT *And across the green moat on the drawbridge we foamed and we snorted,*
And there was a beautiful Queen
Who smiled at me strangely; and spoke to my wild little Horse, too—
A lovely and beautiful Queen;

ALL *And she cried with delight—and delight—to her delicate maidens,*
LIGHT 1 *"Behold my daughters—my dear!"*
DARK *And they crowned me with flowers, and then to their harps sat playing,*
Solemn and clear;

LIGHT *And magical cakes and goblets were spread on the table;*
And at window the birds came in;
Hopping along with bright eyes, pecking crumbs from the platters,
And sipped of the wine;

DARK *And splashing up—up to the roof tossed fountains of crystal;*
And Princes in scarlet and green
Shot with their bows and arrows, and kneeled with their dishes
Of fruits for the Queen;

LIGHT *And we walked in a magical garden with rivers and bowers,*
And my bed was of ivory and gold;
And the Queen breathed soft in my ear a song of enchantment—
And I never grew old . . .

ALL *And I never, never came back to the earth, oh, never and never;*
How mother would cry and cry!
There'd be snow on the fields then, and all these sweet flowers in the winter
Would wither and die . . .

DARK 1 *Suppose . . . and suppose . . .*

WALTER DE LA MARE, Suppose

3. LIGHT *Does the road wind up-hill all the way?*
DARK *Yes, to the very end.*
LIGHT *Will the day's journey take the whole long day?*
DARK *From morn to night, my friend.*

LIGHT *But is there for the night a resting-place?*
DARK *A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.*
LIGHT *May not the darkness hide it from my face?*
DARK *You cannot miss that inn.*

LIGHT *Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?*
DARK *Those who have gone before.*
LIGHT *Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?*
DARK *They will not keep you standing at that door.*

LIGHT *Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?*
DARK *Of labour you shall find the sum.*
LIGHT *Will there be beds for me and all who seek?*
DARK *Yes, beds for all who come.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, Up-Hill

4. ALL *Before the beginning of years,*
There came to the making of man
LIGHT 1 *Time, with a gift of tears;*
DARK 1 *Grief, with a glass that ran;*
LIGHT 2 *Pleasure, with pain for leaven;*
DARK 2 *Summer, with flowers that fell;*
LIGHT 3 *Remembrance, fallen from heaven,*
DARK 3 *And madness risen from hell;*

LIGHT 4 *Strength without hands to smite;*
DARK 4 *Love that endures for a breath;*
LIGHT 5 *Night, the shadow of light,*
DARK 5 *And life, the shadow of death.*
ALL *And the high gods took in hand*
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
DARK *And wrought with weeping and laughter,*
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
ALL *From the winds of the north and the south*
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
LIGHT 1 *A time for labor and thought,*
DARK 1 *A time to serve and to sin;*
LIGHT 2 *They gave him light in his ways,*
DARK 2 *And love, and a space for delight,*
LIGHT 3 *And beauty and length of days,*
DARK 3 *And night, and sleep in the night.*
ALL *His speech is a burning fire;*
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, "Man," from Atalanta in Calydon

5. DARK 1 *Time goes, you say?* [ALL] *Ah no!*
DARK *Alas, Time stays,* WE *go!*
LIGHT *Or else, were this not so,*
What need to chain the hours,
For Youth were always ours?
DARK 1 *Time goes, you say?* [ALL] *Ah no!*

DARK *Ours is the eyes' deceit*
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
LIGHT *We pass, and think we see*
The earth's fixed surface flee:
DARK 1 *Alas, time stays.* [ALL] *We go.*

ALL *See, in what traversed ways,*
What backward Fate delays
The hopes we used to know;
LIGHT *Where are our old desires?*
DARK *Ah, where those vanished fires?*
DARK 1 *Time goes, you say?* [ALL] *Ah no!*

LIGHT *How far, how far, O Sweet,*
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
DARK *Now, on the forward way,*
Let us fold hands, and pray;
DARK 1 *Alas! Time stays.* [ALL] WE *go.*

AUSTIN DOBSON, The Paradox of Time

6. ALL *These be*
Three silent things:
LIGHT *The falling snow . . .* [DARK] *The hour*
Before the dawn . . . [DARK 1] *The mouth of one*
Just dead.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, Triad

7. LIGHT 1 *I shall walk down the road;*
DARK 1 *I shall turn and feel upon my feet*
The kisses of Death, like scented rain.
LIGHT *For Death is a black slave with little silver birds*
Perched in a sleeping wreath upon his head.

LIGHT 1 *He will tell me,* [LIGHT 2] *his voice like jewels*
Dropped into a satin bag,
LIGHT 3 *How he has tip-toed after me down the road,*
DARK 2 *His heart made a dark whirlpool with longing for me.*
DARK 3 *Then he will graze me with his hands,*
DARK *And I shall be one of the sleeping, silver birds*
Between the cold waves of his hair, as he tip-toes on.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, Death

8. LIGHT *If there were dreams to sell,*
DARK *What would you buy?*
LIGHT 1 *Some cost a passing bell;*
DARK 1 *Some a light sigh*
LIGHT *That shakes from life's fresh crown*
Only a rose-leaf down.

GROUP OF 4 *If there were dreams to sell,*
GROUP OF 8 *Merry and sad to tell,*
GROUP OF 12 *And the crier rang the bell,*
LIGHT 1 *What would you buy?*

LIGHT *A cottage lone and still,*
With bowers nigh,
DARK *Shadowy, my woes to still,*
Until I die.
ALL *Such pearl from Life's fresh crown*
Fain would I shake me down.
LIGHT *Were dreams to have at will,*
DARK *This would best heal my ill,*
ALL *This would I buy.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, Dream Pedlary

9. LIGHT *We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair;* [DARK] *thou art goodly, O Love;*
LIGHT *Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.*
DARK *Thy feet are as winds that divide the streams of the sea;*
LIGHT *Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.*
DARK *Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;*
LIGHT 1 *Before thee the laughter,* [DARK 1] *behind thee the tears of desire.*
ALL *And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;*

Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,
Atalanta in Calydon

10. ALL — *They're always abusing the women*
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again—
LIGHT 1 — *Of war,* [LIGHT 2] *and quarrels,* [DARK 1] *and bloodshed,*
ALL — *All mischief, be what it may.*

GROUP 1 — *And pray, then, why do you marry us,*
If we're all the plagues you say?
GROUP 2 — *And why do you take such care of us,*
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
GROUP 3 — *When you ought to be thanking Heaven*
That your plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
ALL — *"Where is my Plague to-day?"*

ARISTOPHANES, Thesmophoriazusae

11. LEADER — *Echo, I know, will in the woods reply,*
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
ALL — *Try.*
LEADER — *What must we do our passion to express?*
ALL — *Press.*
LEADER — *What most moves women when we them address?*
ALL — *A dress.*
LEADER — *Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?*
ALL — *A door.*
LEADER — *If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.*
ALL — *Liar.*
LEADER — *Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her.*
ALL — *Buy her.*
LEADER — *What must I do so women will be kind?*
ALL — *Be kind.*
LEADER — *What must I do when women will be cross?*

ALL — *Be cross.*
LEADER — *Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?*
ALL — *Wind.*
LEADER — *If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?*
ALL — *Blows.*
LEADER — *But if she bang again, still should I bang her?*
ALL — *Bang her.*
LEADER — *Is there no way to moderate her anger?*
ALL — *Hang her.*
LEADER — *Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell*
What woman is and how to guard her well.
ALL — *Guard her well!*

JONATHAN SWIFT, A Gentle Echo on Women

12. ALL — *Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*
LIGHT 1 — *I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.*
DARK 1 — *I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind to my breast.*
LIGHT 2 — *My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have pressed.*

ALL — *Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*
DARK 2 — *I have kissed young Love on the lips, I have heard his song to the end.*
LIGHT 3 — *I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.*
DARK 3 — *I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.*
LIGHT 4 — *I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.*

ALL — *Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*
DARK 4 — *I give a share of my soul to the world when my course is run.*
LIGHT 5 — *I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.*
DARK 5 — *I know that no flower, nor flint was in vain on the path I trod.*
LIGHT 6 — *As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have looked on God.*
ALL — *Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.*

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, A Song of Living

13. DARK 1 *"To sleep: perchance to dream . . ."* [ALL] *He turned his head*
And saw day's flare behind the heavy tower.
DARK 1 *"Ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep"*—[ALL] *he said,*
And stared into the river for an hour.

DARK 1 *"The pangs of disprized love . . ."* [ALL] *He frowned and shifted.*
GROUP 1 *Fog crept upon the unawakened town;*
GROUP 2 *Out on the muddy flow a dark swan drifted,*
GROUP 3 *And far along the shore vague bells came down.*

DARK 1 *"The undiscovered country . . ."* [ALL] *There he turned*
And saw a woman weeping in the street,
And saw a window where a candle burned
And caught the echo of departing feet.

DARK 1 *"Thus conscience does make cowards . . ."* [ALL] *Morning drew*
Pale silver to the marsh through willow stems.
He scraped the edges of a muddy shoe
LIGHT 1 *And spat into the Thames.*

GEORGE O'NEIL, Composition

14. LIGHT 1 *Where the gray sea lay sad and vast*
You turned your head away,
And we sat silently at last.
There was no word to say.

ALL *By the thunder,*
By the iron thunder of the sea.

LIGHT 1 *We could not speak, for the lost hope*
Of the glad days before;
We sat beside the long sea-slope
Watching the endless shore.

ALL *By the thunder,*
By the iron thunder of the sea.

LIGHT 1 *So that, as in the old despair,*
I reached you pleading hands;
But you sat pale and helpless there,
Beside the barren sands:

ALL *By the thunder,*
By the iron thunder of the sea.
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, By the Gray Sea

15. LIGHT *"Through pleasures and palaces"—*
DARK *Through hotels, and Pullman cars, and steamships . . .*
GROUP 1 *Pink and white camellias*
floating in a crystal bowl,
GROUP 2 *The sharp smell of firewood,*
GROUP 3 *The scrape and rustle of a dog stretching himself*
on a hardwood floor,
GROUP 4 *And your voice, reading—reading—*
to the slow ticking of an old brass clock . . .
ALL *"Tickets please!"*
LIGHT *And I watch the man in front of me*
Fumbling in fourteen pockets,
DARK *While the conductor balances his ticket-punch*
Between his fingers.
AMY LOWELL, Nostalgia

16. ALL *"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"*
LIGHT 1 *Sings the great time clock.*
DARK *And the pale men hurry*
LIGHT *And flurry and scurry*
DARK 1 *To punch their time*
LIGHT 2 *Ere the hour shall chime.*
ALL *"Tick-tock! Tick-tock,"*
LIGHT 1 *Sings the stern time-clock.*
ALL *"It-is-time-you-were-come!"*
DARK 1 *Says the pendulum.*
ALL *"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"*
LIGHT 1 *Moans the great time-clock.*
DARK *They must leave the heaven*
Of their beds . . . [LIGHT] *It is seven,*
And the sharp whistles blow
In the city below.
DARK *They can never delay—*
LIGHT *If they're late, they must pay.*
LIGHT 2 *"God help them!" I say.*
LIGHT 1 *But the great time-clock*
Only says [ALL] *"Tick-tock!"*

LIGHT *They are chained, they are slaves*
From their birth to their graves!
DARK *And the clock*
Seems to mock
With its awful [ALL] *"Tick-tock!"*
LIGHT *There it stands at the door*
Like a brute, as they pour
Through the dark little way
Where they toil night and day.

DARK *They are goaded along*
By the terrible song
Of whistle and gong,
And the endless [ALL] *"Tick-tock!"*
LIGHT 1 *Of the great time-clock.*
ALL *"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"*
LIGHT 1 *Runs the voice of the clock.*

LIGHT *Some day it will cease!*
They will all be at peace,
And dream a new dream
Far from shuttle and steam.
And whistles may blow,
And whistles may scream—
They will smile—even so,
And dream their new dream.

DARK *But the clock will tick on*
When their bodies are gone;
And others will hurry,
And scurry and worry,
While [ALL] *"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"*
LIGHT 1 *Whispers the clock.*

ALL *"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!*
Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"
LIGHT 1 *Forever runs on the song of the clock.*

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, The Time Clock

GROUP OF 4 *When Dragon-fly would fix his wings,*
GROUP OF 8 *When Snail would patch his house,*
GROUP OF 12 *When moths have marred the overcoat*
Of tender Mister Mouse,

LIGHT *The pretty creatures go with haste*
To the sunlit blue-grass hills,
Where the Flower of Mending yields the wax
And webs to help their ills.

DARK *The hour the coats are waxed and webbed,*
They fall into a dream,
And when they wake, the ragged robes
Are joined without a seam.

GROUP OF 4 *My heart is but a dragon-fly,*
GROUP OF 8 *My heart is but a mouse,*
GROUP OF 12 *My heart is but a haughty snail*
In a little stony house.

ALL *Your hand was honey-comb to heal,*
Your voice a web to bind.
You were a Mending Flower to me
To cure my heart and mind.
VACHEL LINDSAY, The Flower of Mending

18. LIGHT *Across the sands of Syria,*
DARK *Or, possibly, Algeria,*
ALL *Or some benighted neighborhood of barrenness and drouth,*
DARK 1 *There came the Prophet Sam-u-el,*
Upon the Only Cam-u-el—
ALL *A bumpy, grumpy Quadruped of discontented mouth.*

LIGHT *The atmosphere was glutinous;*
DARK *The Cam-u-el was mutinous;*
ALL *He dumped the pack from off his back; with horrid grunts and squeals*
LIGHT 1 *He made the desert hideous;*
With strategy perfidious
ALL *He tied his neck in curlicues, he kicked his paddy heels.*

LIGHT *Then said the gentle Sam-u-el,*
DARK *"You rogue, I ought to lam you well!*
ALL *Though zealously I've shielded you from every grief and woe,*
DARK 1 *It seems, to voice a platitude,*
You haven't any gratitude.
ALL *I'd like to hear what cause you have for doing thus and so!"*

LIGHT *To him replied the Cam-u-el,*
DARK *"I beg your pardon, Sam-u-el.*
ALL *I know that I'm a Reprobate, I know that I'm a Freak;*
LIGHT 1 *But, oh! this utter loneliness!*
My too-distinguished Onliness!
ALL *Were there but other Cam-u-els I would not be unique."*

LIGHT *The Prophet beamed beguilingly,*
DARK *"Aha," he answered, smilingly,*
ALL *"You feel the need of company? I clearly understand.*
DARK 1 *We'll speedily create for you*
The corresponding mate for you;—
ALL *Ho! Presto, change-o, dinglebat"—he waved a potent hand,*

LIGHT *And lo! from out Vacuity*
DARK *A second Incongruity,*
ALL *To wit, a Lady Cam-u-el was born through magic art;*
LIGHT 1 *Her structure anatomical,*
Her face and form WERE *comical;*
ALL *She was, in short, a Cam-u-el, the other's counterpart.*

LIGHT *As Spaniards gaze on Aragon,*
DARK *Upon that Female Paragon*
ALL *So gazed the Prophet's Cam-u-el, that primal Desert Ship.*
LIGHT 1 *A connoisseur meticulous,*
He found her that ridiculous
ALL *He grinned from ear to auricle* UNTIL HE SPLIT HIS LIP!

LIGHT *Because of his temerity*
DARK *That Cam-u-el's posterity*
ALL *Must wear divided upper lips through all their solemn lives!*
LIGHT 1 *A prodigy astonishing,*
Reproachfully admonishing
ALL *All wicked, heartless married men who ridicule their wives!*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN, The Legend of the First Cam-u-el

19. LIGHT 1 *Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,*
DARK 1 *Parrots have crackers to crunch;*

DARK 2 *And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles*
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
ALL *But there's never a question*
About MY digestion—
ANYTHING does for me!

LIGHT 1 *Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,*
DARK 1 *Chickens can roost upon rails;*
DARK 2 *Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,*
LIGHT 2 *And oysters can slumber in pails.*
ALL *But no one supposes*
A poor camel dozes—
ANY PLACE does for me!

LIGHT 1 *Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,*
DARK 1 *Coops are constructed for hens;*
DARK 2 *Kittens are treated to houses well heated,*
LIGHT 2 *And pigs are protected by pens.*
ALL *But a Camel comes handy*
Wherever it's sandy—
ANYWHERE does for me!

LIGHT 1 *People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,*
DARK 1 *Or mounted the back of an ox;*
DARK 2 *It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,*
LIGHT 2 *Or try to bestraddle a fox.*
ALL *But as for a Camel, he's*
Ridden by families—
ANY LOAD does for me!

LIGHT 1 *A snake is as round as a hole in the ground;*
DARK 1 *Weasels are wavy and sleek;*
DARK 2 *And no alligator could ever be straighter*
Than lizards that live in a creek.
ALL *But a Camel's all lumpy*
And bumpy and humpy—
ANY SHAPE does for me!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL, The Plaint of the Camel

20. LIGHT 1 *Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,*
DARK 1 *Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy;*
LIGHT *"Seconds reckoned, seconds reckoned,*
Sixty in it.

ALL *Milly, Billy,*
Billy, Milly,
DARK *Tick-tock, tock-tick,*
Nick-nock, nock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-nock"—
ALL *Goes the kitchen clock.*

LIGHT 1 *Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,*
DARK 1 *Every whit as close and cosy, Billy:*
LIGHT *"Time's a-flying, worth your trying;*
LIGHT 1 *Pretty Milly—*
DARK 1 *Kiss her, Billy!*
ALL *Milly, Billy,*
Billy, Milly,
DARK *Tick-tock, tock-tick,*
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-nock,"—
ALL *Goes the kitchen clock.*

LIGHT 1 *Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy,*
DARK 1 *O the winter winds are wondrous chilly!*
LIGHT *"Winter weather, close together;*
Wouldn't tarry, better marry.
ALL *Milly, Billy,*
DARK *Two-one, one-two,*
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-nock"—
ALL *Goes the kitchen clock.*

LIGHT 1 *Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?*
DARK 1 *Spring has come again, and where is Billy?*
LIGHT *"Give me credit, for I did it:*
LIGHT 1 *Treat me kindly,*
DARK 1 *Mind you wind me.*
ALL *Mister Billy, Mistress Milly,*
DARK *My-O, O-my,*
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-nock, cradle rock"—
ALL *Goes the kitchen clock.*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY, The Kitchen Clock

21. ALL *Said the Raggedy Man on a hot afternoon,*
LIGHT 1 *"My!*
DARK 1 *Sakes!*

GROUP OF 4 — What a lot of mistakes
LIGHT — Some little folks makes on the Man in the moon.
DARK — But people that's been up to see him like Me,
And calls on him frequent and intimutly,
LIGHT — Might drop a few hints that would interest you
LIGHT 1 — Clean!
DARK 1 — Through!
GROUP OF 4 — If you wanted 'em to—
ALL — Some actual facts that might interest you!

ALL — "O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back.
LIGHT 1 — Whee!
DARK 1 — Whimm!
GROUP OF 4 — Ain't you sorry for him?
LIGHT — And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
DARK — And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to DREAM even he looks at the sun,—
LIGHT — So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—
LIGHT 1 — My!
DARK 1 — Eyes!
GROUP OF 4 — But isn't he wise—
ALL — To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

ALL — "And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—
LIGHT 1 — Whee!
DARK 1 — Whing!
GROUP OF 4 — What a singular thing!
LIGHT — I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
DARK — There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin,—
He calls it a dimple,—but dimples stick in—
LIGHT — Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!
LIGHT 1 — Whang!
DARK 1 — Ho!
GROUP OF 4 — Why certainly so—
ALL — It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

ALL — "And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee,
LIGHT 1 — Gee!
DARK 1 — Whizz!
GROUP OF 4 — What a pity that is!
LIGHT — And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be.

DARK *So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,*
And comes back with porridge crumbs all round his mouth,
LIGHT *And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,*
LIGHT 1 *Whing!*
DARK 1 *Whann!*
GROUP OF 4 *What a marvellous man!*
ALL *What a very remarkably marvellous man!*

ALL *"And the Man in the Moon," sighed the Raggedy Man,*
LIGHT 1 *"Gits!*
DARK 1 *So!*
GROUP OF 4 *Sullonesome, you know!*
LIGHT *Up there by himself since creation began!—*
DARK *That when I call on him and then come away,*
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay—
LIGHT *Till—well, if it wasn't for Jimmy-cum-Jim,*
LIGHT 1 *Dadd!*
DARK 1 *Limb!*
GROUP OF 4 *I'd go pardners with him!*
ALL *Jes' jump my job here and be pardners with him!"*
JAMES W. RILEY, The Man in the Moon

22. ALL *The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea*
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
LIGHT 1 *They took some honey,* [LIGHT 2] *and plenty of money*
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
ALL *The Owl looked up to the stars above,*
And sang to a small guitar,
DARK 1 *"Oh, lovely Pussy, oh, Pussy, my love,*
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
ALL *You are,*
You are!
DARK 1 *What a beautiful Pussy you are!"*

ALL *Pussy said to the Owl,* [DARK 1] *"You elegant fowl,*
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
ALL *They sailed away for a year and a day,*
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,

DARK 1 *With a ring at the end of his nose,*
ALL *His nose,*
His nose,
DARK 1 *With a ring at the end of his nose.*

ALL *"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling,*
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, [LIGHT 1] *"I will."*
ALL *So they took it away and were married next day*
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
LIGHT 1 *They dined on mince* [LIGHT 2] *and slices of quince,*
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
ALL *And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,*
DARK 1 *They danced by the light of the moon,*
ALL *The moon,*
The moon,
DARK 1 *They danced by the light of the moon.*
EDWARD LEAR, The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

23. ALL *A lively young turtle lived down by the banks*
Of a dark rolling stream called the Jingo;
And one summer day, [LIGHT 1] *as he went out to play,*
ALL *Fell in love with a charming flamingo—*
DARK 1 *An enormously genteel flamingo!*
4 *An expansively crimson flamingo!*
8 *A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!*

ALL *Spake the turtle, in tones like a delicate wheeze:*
LIGHT 1 *"To the water I've oft seen you in go,*
LIGHT *And your form has impressed itself deep on my shell,*
DARK 1 *You perfectly modelled flamingo!*
4 *You tremendously A-1 flamingo!*
8 *You inexpressible flamingo!*

LIGHT 1 *"To be sure, I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,*
And my language is not your fine lingo;
ALL *But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright flame,*
DARK 1 *You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!*
4 *You blazingly beauteous flamingo!*
8 *You turtle-absorbing flamingo!*
ALL *You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"*

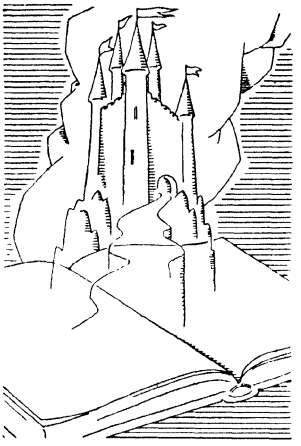
ALL *Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever before,*
LIGHT 1 *And that was quite un-nec-es-sa-ry,*
ALL *And she stood on one leg and looked out of one eye,*

The position of things for to vary—
DARK 1 *This aquatical, musing flamingo!*
4 *This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!*
8 *This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!*

ALL *Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:*
LIGHT 1 *"Why your passion toward* ME *do you hurtle?*
DARK *I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,*
LIGHT *And you're an illogical turtle—*
DARK 1 *A waddling, impossible turtle!*
4 *A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!*
8 *A highly improbable turtle!"*

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS, The Turtle and the Flamingo

CHAPTER 13



Enjoyment of Reading Aloud

HAS IT occurred to you, in your study of interpretation, that we may be putting too much stress on our *responsibilities* as readers and not enough on our *pleasure* as readers? There is something a little grim about the way we struggle to learn how to do what we may not especially like to do. The honest truth is that a great many people do not enjoy reading, either aloud or silently. And not a few such people take courses in oral interpretation, arguing perhaps that what is good for us is usually not very palatable. They learn rules and dutifully practice exercises, choosing material to read by a negative standard of what is "least boring" or "easiest to understand." They doubtless expect to profit through some vague discipline or the acquisition of a detached skill. It is apparent that one of the neglected purposes of a course like this is the establishing of critical standards and a directed search for appreciation.

How can we get at appreciation? One way, according to psychology, is to keep everlastingly at what we want to appreciate. What we attend to seriously will eventually interest us. Another way is to study the principles of literary appreciation. Let us see what some writers on this subject have said about it:

One of the unconscious functions of poetry, and the chief conscious function of the interpreter of poetry, is to waken the dead. Not that those with any sort of appreciation are actually dead, but they are frequently in a state of perpetual hibernation. Mediocre poetry of all kinds is popular simply because people are willing to let their taste remain

mediocre, that is all . . . . Poetry is the most concentrated and complex use of language there is, and it is used as a means of communication by men and women who live more richly and intensely than we do. The result naturally needs all that we can give of ourselves to meet it and make it our own . . . .

We must always remember poetry is to be read for delight. If after reading a poem several times as carefully and whole-heartedly as we can (aloud for preference) it still does not "suit the need of the moment," and we have no sense of flying to Parnassus, put it by and try something else. For, for every manner of person and for every shifting phase of personality there is the poetry which satisfies.

ELIZABETH DREW, Discovering Poetry

Of all things poetry is most unlike deadness. It is unlike ennui, or sophistication. It is a property of the alert and beating hearts. Those who are so proud that they cannot enter precipitately into the enterprise of being, are too great for poetry. Poetry is unconditionally upon the side of life. But it is also upon the side of variety in life. It is the offspring of a love that has many eyes, as many as the flowers of the field. There is no poetry for him whose look is straitened, and whose heart lives but to the satisfaction of a single taste. He had the power of poetry, and lost it.

MAX EASTMAN, The Enjoyment of Poetry

The advantage of literature over a bare record of facts is that it does not merely give information; it imaginatively re-creates experience so that the reader can see every facet of human life presented in such a way that if he, too, has imagination and sympathy, he can live it with none of the inconvenience of the actual experience. The broadening of experience which literature provides is probably its greatest value. No thoughtful reader of literature need remain narrow, limited, ignorant of the marvelous variety of human life and its infinite shadings. He has at hand the attempts which men have made for centuries to interpret life to the utmost extent of their imaginative power. No one attempt is complete, authoritative or unprejudiced. From each, however, the careful, creative reader, entering fully into the spirit of the writer, can find something which will satisfy the greatest human need, the need for the enlightening, broadening and clarifying of our limited human experience.

RALPH PHILIP BOAS, The Study and Appreciation of Literature

The cultivation of a sound literary taste is a normal process with those who read widely and carefully, and for most people all that is necessary is access to books and a love of reading. The process, however, is usually slow, and is often interrupted by intense but short-lived loyalties. To be

deeply stirred by literature is itself a healthy symptom. Even the rapid transference of homage from one writer to another may be a proof of aesthetic development. Taste is the one aspect of literary study about which one is least entitled to dogmatize, partly because of this tendency to change, partly because one's own taste may be an individual thing ("I know what I like, and that's good enough for me," with the implication that it is therefore good enough for YOU*), and partly because the unthinking acceptance of one person's standards of taste by another may lead to intellectual dishonesty and affectation.*

PAUL LANDIS and A. R. ENTWISTLE, The Study of Poetry

Criticism, real criticism . . . obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice, politics, and everything of the kind; and to value knowledge and thought as they approach their best, without the intrusion of any other consideration whatever.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, Essays in Criticism

In poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can . . . . So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object of studying poets and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the IMITATION *says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD, Essays in Criticism

Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations . . .

Poetry is a sliver of the moon lost in the belly of a golden frog . . .

Poetry is the silence and speech between a wet struggling root of a flower and a sunlit blossom of that flower . . ,

Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment . . .

Poetry is a section of river-fog and moving boat-lights, delivered between bridges and whistles, so one says "Oh" and another, "How?"

Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.

Poetry is a mystic, sensuous mathematics of fire, smokestacks, waffles, pansies, people, and purple sunsets.

CARL SANDBURG, Poetry Considered

There is first the literature of KNOWLEDGE; *and secondly, the literature of* POWER. *The function of the first is—to* TEACH; *the function of the second is—to* MOVE. *The first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the* MERE *discussive understanding, the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always* THROUGH *affections of pleasure and sympathy.*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Essays on the Poets

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Preface to the Lyrical Ballads[1]

"That's all very well," you may say (if you haven't skipped the quotations), "and I'm perfectly willing to believe that literature should be everything that Arnold and Wordsworth and the rest say it is. But the fact remains that I still don't really like to read classical stuff. I don't mind some of the moderns, but I'm not much of a hand at reading anything, outside of *The Reader's Digest* and the papers. Of course, if I've got to read it for a class or something, I've got to, that's all. But that doesn't mean I've got to like it."

Here's an attitude that neither psychology nor the principles of criticism can combat. Continued application would only harden the hostility of such a person. Proof that poetry is "a drainless shower of light" or "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power" or "the image of man and nature" would probably be met with a snort. What can be done to produce a sense of appreciation in people who are apparently hardened against it? It is certainly possible that nothing can be done, that such frank

[1] See also Shelley's *A Defense of Poetry*, p. 70.

confession of Philistinism should be honored—and let alone. There will aways be some people like these. They are the ones who insist on happy endings in books and movies and who say, "There's enough trouble in the world; we read or go to the theater to be entertained, not to have to think." They like such phrases as "That's over my head" or "That's too deep for me" or "That's highbrow" or "Give me the sporting page; poetry's sissy stuff" or "I read Shakespeare and all that when I was in school; I don't have any time for that sort of thing any more" or "We're in a world of realities; you can't escape 'em by burying your head in a book."

Perhaps we should have started this discussion of appreciation at the other end, telling those who do like to read some of the reasons why they are virtuous and why those who don't like to read are—shall we say?—lowbrow. But there should be some way of making out a reasonable case for appreciation that will apply to everybody.

In the first place (we might begin), the love of literature is not an easy acquirement. It's like most fine things; we've got to work for it. If you have the common illusion that the purpose of the arts should be to entertain you, get that idea out of your head. In order to understand Brahms's symphonies or Rembrandt's portraits or Chekhov's plays, you must have patient study and perception and sensitiveness and knowledge. Anybody can read a comic strip, smile, and forget it; anybody can be amused by a conventional "whodunnit" or "boy-meets-girl" movie. But not just anybody can recognize the full beauty and nobility of one of Keats's sonnets or feel the majesty of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or know what the walls and ceiling of the Vatican Chapel really mean. These things demand a humble and often laborious search for truth. You might learn now, if you haven't already, the difference between being entertained and experiencing pleasure—or rather, you might learn that the pleasure of an educated person (whether he's been to college or not) is the product of cultivation. It does not grow wild, to be plucked at will. And pleasure *is* the purpose of the arts.

In the second place, whatever your opinion about the high merit of thinking only your own realistic thoughts, there is much to be gained through sharing the thoughts and experiences of those who have lived more significant lives than yours. You see, we're not

very original, any of us; we borrow most of our ideas from other people, just as we imitate their behavior. You believe that those "realistic" thoughts are your own: It's very likely that they are somebody else's, a barber's, a neighbor's, a radio commentator's, a magazine writer's. Don't you think that you would have a more orderly mind and certainly a more intelligent collection of opinions if you were more discriminating in your authorities?

In the third place, you're probably very suspicious of emotion. You think it effeminate or gushing or exhibitionistic. And yet aren't there moments of deep feeling in your own life which lack articulate words, even as you remember them? Haven't you ever wanted to tell some one how a superb thing, a sunset, or a view from a mountain-top, or an Easter service, or a beautiful song moved you? Haven't you wanted to express a great happiness or a great grief in more than embarrassed, mumbled phrases? Haven't you wanted to make love eloquently or to tell how you feel about God, about spring flowers, about the peace of a summer night? Don't you think that there should be some satisfaction in knowing what people who have been able to express their emotions about these universal experiences have said?

There are many other arguments. But they may all be summarized in the one piece of advice that you *work* at understanding, without impatiently dismissing it before you've sincerely applied your thinking and emotional equipment. Try to remember that your ability to appreciate anything depends upon your quality as a person and the extent of your past experience, as well as on the nature of what you are examining. The difficulty may be in the poverty of your experience rather than in the unattractiveness of the stimulus.

Some antagonism to literature is the result of overmuch stress on poetry. Many people are honestly allergic to poetry, just as they may be to ragweed pollen or cats or stewed tomatoes. There is no known inoculation that will cure them; they had better simply keep out of the way of stray iambs and anapests. But they should remember that literature is made up of other elements besides poetry. They can love good novels and plays and essays and stories with just as much discrimination as the connoisseur of poetry, though he may think he alone has literary taste.

Of course, most dislike of literature is based on unfamiliarity

with it. The radio has brought serious music to many people who never knew it before. If only the radio could take great literature to those who do not know it or who profess not to enjoy it, we could enormously increase the world's pleasure. But reading is not quite like music; it depends more on individual performance. We can enjoy someone else's reading, but our ultimate pleasure lies in our own ability to get meaning and emotion out of what we read. Perhaps the best suggestion to those who don't like to read is that they try books for awhile just as they might try spinach or parsnips or anything else that they think might be good for them.

We've been talking here mostly about reading in general. If you have carefully read the first part of this book, you know that what we have said applies especially to reading aloud. Look back to the chapters on meaning and emotion in interpretation and see if they have any new values for you. All the pleasures of reading should be increased by reading aloud. To the greatness of men's thoughts and the grace and power of their words are added the beauties of sound and the almost three-dimensional attribute of harmonious structure. Silent reading gives enjoyment through recognition of meaningful symbols. Reading aloud makes those symbols alive, important in themselves as connotative and denotative combinations of sounds. Something more, too, is added by the personality of the interpreter. In brief, the pleasure of literary appreciation is strengthened and enhanced by the special characteristics of oral interpretation.

Something might be said about the pleasure of oral reading to the *listener.* We have been discussing appreciation as if it applied only to the *reader.* Actually, of course, if only the interpreter gets pleasure out of his reading, he might better do it silently and spare a suffering audience. One of the most important values of oral interpretation is in the reader's sharing with an audience the enjoyment that his disciplined mind has experienced and that his resources of technique and imagination make him peculiarly able to communicate. This is a rather significant matter to be taken up so late in our study. One explanation, however, is that if we go through the training necessary to make us good readers, we should have the keenness of understanding to make us good hearers too. The trouble is that most of those who will listen to us will not have had a course in speech. How can we be sure that *they*

will have pleasure in our reading? Well, we can't be sure, but we should know that if we ourselves truly appreciate what we are interpreting and have a sincere desire to communicate it, the people who listen to us will probably be interested.

One more word. In all this tangle of instructions and principles, we must not forget that with the growth of our power of appreciation should come discernment and a sense of values. No one is so dull as to think that all good things are equally good. Some of us are satisfied when we learn to distinguish the obviously bad in art from the good. That is certainly the next task, after assuring ourselves that we sincerely accept the definition of what is good. Here, however, we may be intruding on the province of aesthetics and literary criticism. This is probably a good place for a book on oral interpretation to stop.

Exercises

Read the following selections, as mindful as you can be of the technique of reading, but stressing especially those aspects of meaning and emotion that most contribute to your pleasure in reading. That is, pick out the thoughts that you particularly like and attempt to communicate your pleasure in them to an audience. By this time you should attend almost automatically to the technical details. You might try a little preliminary critical analysis of each selection before you present it, deciding why it is good and whether it is as good as some other selection on the same subject. Even if you are not directly concerned with literary criticism, you might see what you know about it. Talk over the selections with your classmates, thinking about them in terms of human experience, rather than in terms of material to be interpreted.

1. *Next morning, at daylight, the* NARCISSUS *went to sea.*

A slight haze blurred the horizon. Outside the harbour the measureless expanse of smooth water lay sparkling like a floor of jewels, and as empty as the sky. The short black tug gave a pluck to windward, in the usual way, then let go the rope, and hovered for a moment on the quarter with her engines stopped; while the slim, long hull of the ship moved ahead slowly under lower topsails. The loose upper canvas blew out in the breeze with soft round contours, resembling small white clouds snared in the maze of ropes. Then the sheets were hauled home, the yards hoisted, and the ship became a high and lonely pyramid, gliding,

all shining and white, through the sunlit mist. The tug turned short round and went away towards the land. Twenty-six pairs of eyes watched her low broad stern crawling languidly over the smooth swell between the two paddle-wheels that turned fast, beating the water with fierce hurry. She resembled an enormous and aquatic black beetle, surprised by the light, overwhelmed by the sunshine, trying to escape with ineffectual effort into the distant gloom of the land. She left a lingering smudge of smoke on the sky, and two vanishing trails of foam on the water. On the place where she had stopped a round black patch of soot remained, undulating on the swell—an unclean mark of the creature's rest.

The NARCISSUS left alone, heading south, seemed to stand resplendent and still upon the restless sea, under the moving sun. Flakes of foam swept past her sides; the water struck her with flashing blows; the land glided away, slowly fading; a few birds screamed on motionless wings over the swaying mastheads. But soon the land disappeared, the birds went away; and to the west the pointed sail of an Arab dhow, running for Bombay, rose triangular and upright above the sharp edge of the horizon, lingered and vanished like an illusion. Then the ship's wake, long and straight, stretched itself out through a day of immense solitude. The setting sun, burning on the level of the water, flamed crimson below the blackness of heavy rain clouds. The sunset squall, coming up from behind, dissolved itself into the short deluge of a hissing shower. It left the ship glistening from trucks to water-line, and with darkened sails. She ran easily before a fair monsoon, with her decks cleared for the night; and, moving along with her, was heard the sustained and monotonous swishing of the waves, mingled with the low whispers of men mustered aft for the setting of watches; the short plaint of some block aloft; or, now and then, a loud sigh of wind.

JOSEPH CONRAD, The Nigger of the "Narcissus"

2. The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely white-washed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun, when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of

lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy country, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind. "You know what a horse is."

She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennae of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

CHARLES DICKENS, Hard Times

3. *One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a* DUELLUM, *but a* BELLUM, *a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already*

divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the black were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick—"Fire! for god's sake fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least.

HENRY THOREAU, Walden

4. *The terms "popular" and "learned," as applied to words, are not absolute definitions. No two persons have the same stock of words, and the same word may be "popular" in one man's vocabulary and "learned" in another's. There are also different grades of "popularity"; indeed there is in reality a continuous gradation from infantile words like* MAMMA *and* PAPA *to such erudite derivatives as* CONCATENATION *and* CATACLYSM. *Still, the division into "learned" and "popular" is convenient and sound. Disputes may arise as to the classification of any particular word, but*

there can be no difference of opinion about the general principle. We must be careful, however, to avoid misconception. When we call a word "popular," we do not mean that it is a favorite word, but simply that it belongs to the people as a whole—that is, it is everybody's word, not the possession of a limited number. When we call a word "learned," we do not mean that it is used by scholars alone, but simply that its presence in the English vocabulary is due to books and the cultivation of literature, rather than to the actual needs of ordinary conversation.

Here is one of the main differences between a cultivated and an uncultivated language. Both possess a large stock of "popular" words; but the cultivated language is also rich in "learned" words, with which the ruder tongue has not provided itself simply because it has never felt the need of them.

In English it will usually be found that the so-called learned words are of foreign origin. Most of them are derived from French or Latin, and a considerable number from Greek. The reason is obvious. The development of English literature has not been isolated, but has taken place in close connection with the earnest study of foreign literatures. Thus, in the fourteenth century, when our language was assuming substantially the shape which it now bears, the literary exponent of English life and thought, Geoffrey Chaucer, the first of our great poets, was profoundly influenced by Latin literature as well as by that of France and Italy. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Greek and Latin classics were vigorously studied by almost every English writer of any consequence, and the great authors of antiquity were regarded as models, not merely of general literary form, but of expression in all its details. These foreign influences have varied much, in character and intensity. But it is safe to say that there has been no time since 1350 when English writers of the highest class have not looked to Latin, French, and Italian authors for guidance and inspiration. From 1600 to the present day the direct influence of Greek literature and philosophy has also been enormous, affecting as it has the finest spirits in a peculiarly pervasive way, and its indirect influence is quite beyond calculation. Greek civilization, we should remember, has acted upon us, not merely through Greek literature and art, but also through the medium of Latin, since the Romans borrowed their higher culture from Greece.

J. B. GREENOUGH and G. L. KITTREDGE, Words and Their Ways in English Speech

5. *In addition to the anxieties which he shares with all other men in days like these, there is a special uneasiness which perturbs the scholar. He feels that he ought to be doing something about the world's troubles,*

or at least to be saying something which will help others to do something about them. The world needs ideas; how can he sit silently in his study and with a good conscience go on with his thinking when there is so much that urgently needs to be done? And yet, at the same time he hears the voice of another conscience, the conscience of the scholar, which tells him that as one whose business it is to examine the nature of things, to imagine how they work, and to test continually the proposals of his imagination, he must preserve a quiet indifference to the immediate and a serene attachment to the processes of inquiry and understanding.

As in Browning's Grammarian, there is in him the peculiar grace that before living he would like to learn how to live. But as a man of his time he is impelled against his instincts to enter the arena, to speak with a certainty he does not possess about measures which he knows to be a mere gamble with the unknown. When the telephone begins to ring, calling him to give out interviews and to draft memoranda, and to attend conferences, he is afraid to say with the high assurance of the Grammarian: "Leave Now for dogs and apes! Man has Forever." He drops his studies, he entangles himself in affairs, murmuring to himself: "But time escapes: Live now or never!"

Thus his spirit is divided between the urgency of affairs and his need for detachment. If he remains cloistered and aloof, he suffers in the estimation of the public, which asks impatiently to know what all this theorizing is good for anyway if it does not show a way out of all the trouble. If he participates in affairs, he suffers no less. For it will quickly be revealed that the scholar has no magic of his own, and to the making of present decisions he may have less to contribute than many who have studied his subject far less than he. But most of all he suffers in his own estimation: he dislikes himself as he pronounces conclusions that he only half believes; he distrusts himself, and the scholarly life, because, when the practical need for knowledge is so great, all the books in all the libraries leave so much unsettled.

WALTER LIPPMANN, The Scholar in a Troubled World

6. There has been endless argumentation about the purpose and end of education. One of the most modern and popular theories is that education is to teach us to think. To-day this doctrine is wholly inadequate. The purpose of education should be to train us to LIVE. Thinking is a part of the art of living, but it is by no means all of it. We already have machines to do a good deal of our thinking for us. What we need to learn is what life is really for, what it has potentially to offer, what is its relative scale of values, and how each of us, as a person, may best attain

these values. What changes this new concept may induce in the average curriculum, time alone can tell. But the change in basis for evaluating courses is revolutionary. Education in the past has been almost exclusively focussed on work time; the education of the future must be centered on leisure time. As already intimated, a part of this new system of education must be the development of an inclusive theoretical science and practical art of consumption. This will involve the working out of formulas to enable us to establish the correct ratios between productive time and consumptive time. We must learn to recognize that consumption takes time just as truly as production, and we must discover precisely the amount of productive time which is required, under varying social and economic conditions, to provide just that combination of material goods and leisure time that will yield the maximum degree of satisfaction in consumption.

And when this is all done, when all these philosophical revolutions have been accomplished, and their teachings put into effect, we shall probably discover that work, in the ancient sense of the word, has almost disappeared, vanished into thin air. All the drudgery, all the dirty and disagreeable tasks, will be done by machinery, and the others will have lost the characteristic features of work. The machines will be so intelligently administered that they will operate only in such ways and for such periods of time as are necessary to turn out the goods required for the most efficient consumption of the community. The residuum of activity still necessary to be done by human agencies will be so limited in quantity, and so evenly distributed among all the individuals in the community, that it will be at worst neutral, and for the most part positively pleasurable. For, as already observed, the distinction between work and play is not what is done but how, to what extent, and for what purpose it is done. There is practically nothing which is done by masses of people as work that is not also done by individuals for pleasure and recreation. When mechanization has been carried to its ultimate perfection, there will be so little of routine production left for human hands and minds to do that in all probability there will be actual competition for the doing of it for its own sake, for the interest, variety, and stimulation that it has to offer.

Thus the distinction between work and recreation will at last be wiped out altogether. Everyone will be left free for genuinely creative activities. Type will still be set, clothes made, furniture built, gardens planted, and ditches dug by hand. But these things will be done in just the same spirit as now pictures are painted, songs sung, and doilies embroidered—for the delight and pleasure in doing them, for the expression and development of personality. Few enjoyments are higher than

those which come from impressing one's own individuality upon a material medium, especially if it be in measurably permanent form. Mankind is endowed with limitless capacities for creating beautiful and useful things in varied and individual forms. The men of the future—and not such a distant future, either—will devote themselves to these and kindred pursuits, and will look back upon their ancestors who spent their time and energy in the routine production of standardized, conventional, and largely superfluous material objects in much the same attitude with which we regard the savages who knock out their teeth, brand their skin, or cut off the joints of their fingers for some traditional reason that they do not even think of trying to understand, but just blindly obey.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, Exit the Gospel of Work

7. *The times are such that every liberal may well ask himself, not so much how far he is willing to carry the principle of free speech, but rather how far the principle is capable of carrying him.*

It seems necessary to ask what we mean by freedom of speech, since people often have disconcerting ideas about it. A woman once asked me what all the pother was about. Weren't people always free to say what they thought? Of course one must be prepared to face the consequences. I didn't know the answer to that one. Last summer a Columbia University student explained to me that all governments, being based on force, were dictatorships, and that there was no more freedom of speech in the U. S. A. than in the U. S. S. R., the only difference being in the things one was permitted to say. I suggested that, supposing freedom of speech to be a good thing, a poor way of getting more of it than we already had would be to adopt a philosophy which denied that it was worth having. The editors of THE NATION *do not say that the laws guaranteeing freedom of speech are always effective. They say that freedom of speech, as defined in our fundamental law, is the foundation of free government, and should therefore never be denied to anyone—"even to the Nazis."*

The fundamental law guaranteeing freedom of speech was well formulated in the Virginia constitution of 1780: "Any person may speak, write, and publish his sentiments on any subject, being responsible for the abuse [as defined by law] of that liberty." As thus defined, freedom of speech was the principal tenet of the eighteenth-century doctrine of liberal democracy. Its validity, for those who formulated it, rested upon presuppositions which may be put in the form of a syllogism. MAJOR PREMISE: *The sole method of arriving at truth is the application of human reason to the problems presented by the universe and the life of men in it.* MINOR PREMISE: *Men are rational creatures who can easily*

grasp and will gladly accept the truth once it is disclosed to them. CONCLUSION: *By allowing men freedom of speech and the press, relevant knowledge will be made accessible, untrammeled discussion will reconcile divergent interests and opinions, and laws acceptable to all will be enacted. . . . In the light of liberal democracy as we know it, the minor premise is obviously false, the conclusion untenable. There remains the major premise. What can we do with it?*

CARL BECKER, Everyman His Own Historian

8. *This, we are informed, is Autumn Neckwear Week and we have decided to co-operate by wearing a necktie throughout the period assigned to the celebration.*

However, we are not disposed to dismiss the subject of neckties casually, because it is a problem which enlists our emotions. Nobody ever has taken neckties with sufficient seriousness. We have known men who went into the haberdasher's and said, "Let me have a necktie," which seems to us just as ignominious as the not unfamiliar formula of "Please let me have a book."

The one suggestion in the festival proclamation which worries us is the qualifying word "autumn." The necktie men, we fear, are seeking to promote the theory that during the sadder seasons some recognition of the fading glories of the world should be expressed in cravats. We know that there is such a notion abroad in the world, because only the other day we asked a friend, "How do you like this necktie?" (It happened to be the one in two blues with red and yellow splotches.) And he replied, "It might be all right for summer."

We are prepared to fight any such craven surrender. We purpose to stand by the colors. The leaves may go into dull browns if they please and the trees turn black, but give us a scarf with sap in it for any sort of weather.

Man was not meant to be the slave of the seasons. He may win a moral victory of sorts by putting on his gayest and bravest shades to indicate his indifference to the most chilling blasts. Indeed, throughout the year no necktie is worthy unless it contains some hint of revolt. We are all dun by the cruelty of customary clothes. Nothing more than a stripe of red or some dim checks of purple and green are allowed to us on coat and trousers. But the cravat is an escape. They have taken away our doublet and hose, the ruffles from our wrists, the plumes from our hats, and so no man of any spirit should ever wear a necktie without being able to say as he puts it on: "Oh, you would, would you?"

HEYWOOD BROUN, Neckwear

9. *Clean the spittoons, boy.*
Detroit,
Chicago,
Atlantic City,
Palm Beach.
Clean the spittoons.
The steam in hotel kitchens,
And the smoke in hotel lobbies,
And the slime in hotel spittoons:
Part of my life.
Hey, boy!
A nickel,
A dime,
A dollar,
Two dollars a day.
Hey, boy!
A nickel,
A dime,
A dollar,
Two dollars
Buys shoes for the baby.
House rent to pay.
Church on Sunday.
My God!
Babies and church
and women and Sunday
all mixed up with dimes and
dollars and clean spittoons
and house rent to pay.
Hey, boy!
A bright bowl of brass is beautiful to the Lord.
Bright polished brass like the cymbals
Of King David's dancers,
Like the wine cups of Solomon.
Hey, boy!
A clean spittoon on the altar of the Lord.
A clean bright spittoon all newly polished —
At least I can offer that.
Com'mere, boy!

LANGSTON HUGHES, Brass Spittoons

10. *When foxes eat the last gold grape,*
And the last white antelope is killed,

I shall stop fighting and escape
Into a little house I'll build.

But first I'll shrink to fairy size,
With a whisper no one understands,
Making blind moons of all your eyes,
And muddy roads of all your hands.

And you may grope for me in vain
In hollows under the mangrove root,
Or where, in apple-scented rain,
The silver wasp-nests hang like fruit.

ELINOR WYLIE, Escape

11. *Across the years he could recall*
His father one way best of all.

In the stillest hour of night
The boy awakened to a light.

Half in dreams, he saw his sire
With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see
If his son slept peacefully.

He held his palms each side the spark
His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart
In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son,
A bare heart on his hidden one,

A heart that gave out such a glow
No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon a face
Too tender for the day to trace.

One instant, it lit all about,
And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one
To know that hands held up the sun.
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, The Secret Heart

12. *It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. Not that the lust to kill had suddenly descended on her, or that she felt that she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one fraction less of wild beast per million of inhabitants. The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of Nimrod was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house in Curzon Street, ostensibly in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. She had also already designed in her mind the tiger-claw brooch that she was going to give Loona Bimberton on her next birthday. In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by hunger and by love Mrs. Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.*

Circumstances proved propitious. Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without overmuch risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of being the favoured rendezvous of an animal of respectable antecedents, which had been driven by the increasing infirmities of age to abandon game-killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting-grounds, and the cheaper kinds of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one great anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the date appointed for the memsahib's shoot. Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

SAKI (H. H. MUNRO), Mrs. Packletide's Tiger

13. *Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,*
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forfeit your tears,

Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when, aweary of your mirth,
From still hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names rememberéd,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS, "An Apology," from
Prologue to The Earthly Paradise

I

14. *Eat thou and drink; to-morrow thou shalt die.*
Surely the earth, that's wise being very old,
Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold
Thy sultry hair up from my face; that I
May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,
Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.
We'll drown all hours; thy song, while hours are tolled,
Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.
Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way!
Through many years they toil; then comes a day
They die not—never having lived—but cease;
And round their narrow lips the mould falls close.

II

Watch thou and fear; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death?
Is not the day which God's word promiseth
To come man knows not when? In yonder sky,
Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth: can I
Or thou assure him of his goal? God's breath
Even at this moment haply quickeneth
The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh
Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here.
And dost thou prate of all that man shall do?
Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be
Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?
Will HIS *strength slay* THY *worm in Hell? Go to:*
Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

III

Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all gone o'er;
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
How should this be? Art thou, then, so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?
Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound

Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.
Miles and miles distant though the grey line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond—
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, The Choice

15. *"No, you are not the first to say you love*
This mountain water for its sparkling life.
We never think it sentimental here
To speak about our water as you have.
The gaunt and ragged mountaineers themselves,
Though one would not in casual judgment call
Their kind romantic, all but worship creeks,
Or 'branches,' as they call them, near their homes.
With streams like this from virgin mountain springs
These men identify their happiness;
The 'home-place' spirit is within the 'branch,'
An uncouth Naiad, half-defined, yet real
To minds like theirs which are more sensitive
Than ours to simple loveliness, in them
'A natural piety.' It might surprise
The scornful people who call folk like these
Degenerate, to know how lyrical
Is even common speech upon their lips,
How deeply they can feel about the things
That we call stuff of poetry.
"I seem
To be digressing. No, you need not be
Ashamed of what you said. We understand.
We hikers come to have a sense of what
We vaguely call the mountain-lust, a joy
In rugged land, in peaks and knobs and balds,
In all high majesty of earth. We feel
The same clear, breathless pride of ownership
In vast and intimate tranquility
That native mountaineers must feel, and too,
Like them, we seldom put into blind words
So personal a passion.
"Not alone
Is our content in mountains, but in all
They hold: their rhododendrons and their pines,
Their dog-tooth violets and galax leaves,

Their snows and streams and boulders. So, you see,
In loving this bright liquid which has passed
Between the mossy stones and over roots—
The mountain's breathing-through—you are of us!"

ARTHUR THOMAS, Mountain Water

16. *Rules do no harm if they are kept in their proper place, which is a humble one. They are interesting curiosities which patient minds remove from the squirming bodies of living works of art. They provide a vocabulary of terms, so that people can discuss art intelligibly and bore each other into a state of intellectual respectability. They become measuring rods. They are especially useful in the classroom which needs to have something to talk about and cannot wait silently until the professor is seized with an inspiration.*

But in order to keep things in proportion, it is necessary to remember that rules are only a by-product of creation, which is the sole business of art; that, unless they are so general as to be meaningless, they will have to be revised when a genuine artist comes along and kicks over the rule-book; that they are dull, engendering a stupor in those who pay attention to them; and finally that any art that is rule-ridden is moribund. Only the exceptional man can pass through the discipline of a formal education without losing the spontaneity and enthusiasm that art requires; and only an exceptional artist can listen to rules without being ham-strung by them. Ben Jonson, the industrious son of a bricklayer, was Master of Arts from Cambridge University, and he wrote in the correct tradition of the classics. Shakespeare, apparently, had only a common education. Yet Shakespeare was a great poet with dash and abundance who could flood the world with illumination. Nor was his genius corrupted by the verbosity and the skittish grammar that Jonson deplored. There was a time when Jonson was vexed by the "facetious grace" that made it possible for the Swan of Avon to turn cartwheels while Jonson was laboriously hammering out correct verse in the classical tradition. Rules restricted his scope.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critick's part,
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

BROOKS ATKINSON, "Drama Rule-Book,"
from New York Times, Jan. 14, 1940

17. *Our house in up-state New York stood several hundred feet back from the street. One sidewalk led up (it was really up-hill, and a wind-swept hill, at that) to the front door, and another to the side door. When it snowed, the side-door walk had to be done first, and finished before school, too.*

Often by the time you had reached the street, the snow had sifted the path nearly full again. Shoveling snow was something like washing dishes—so futile, yet so everlastingly necessary. And what, we argued, was the sense of shoveling to the front door when, except for an unaccustomed peddler or two, everyone in winter used the side door? "Well," said Father, "it'll give you some exercise and, besides, it'll look better." So we shoveled.

The walk paralleling the street was covered, after a fashion, by the horse-drawn snow plow furnished by the town. But it happened that right in front of our house (it would be!) was a stretch where the snow always drifted adamant, as the wind swept it down over the knoll. As the snow plow never got quite to the bottom of this, there was nothing left to do but shovel it out manually, for the sake of the life and limbs of a few pedestrians who ventured as far as our part of town.

Snow, then, did not endear itself to me in any marked fashion, even considering a few winter sports that depended on it. I would have, had it been chronologically possible, hilariously concurred with Ogden Nash, who says:

> *Man is said to want but little here below,*
> *And I have an idea that what he wants littlest of is snow.*

And there was also ice. Nine times out of ten the pump would be frozen solid and would have to be released from its rigor mortis with a teakettleful of boiling-hot water poured around and into its glottis. Gasping, crackling, steaming, gurgling, it would finally give.

PAUL H. OEHSER, "The Snows of Yesteryear,"
from The Washington Post, Jan. 19, 1940

18. *I have lost an old friend to-day, as loyal a companion as any man ever had. It was my venerable, shabby automobile, which has had an important share in my life for five years. Never for longer than a day or two at a time was it away from me, never did it fail me when I depended on it, never did it deserve less than loving attention. And I loved every inch of its greasy, rusty body, every bolt and wire, every rattle and gasp.*

My grief to-night is as real as if a living, cherished comrade had died. I know how Byron felt when he lost his dog Boatswain, and I understand the wistfulness of Gray when his favorite cat was drowned in a bowl of goldfish. Sorrowing Juno, when Mercury killed her devoted hundred-eyed Argus, put his eyes into the tail of the peacock. I wish I could put some worn, shiny bearing or weary clutch-disk from my old friend into an idealized, immortal, poised machine, or weave a piece of its worn purple velour into some deathless tapestry. Surely the faithful-

ness, the unstinting labor in my service, the intimacy of my aged car should be repaid more generously than with ruthless consignment to the junk-yard. Yet that will be the old fellow's fate. I cannot put it into a pasture, like a superannuated horse; I cannot let it wheeze out an asthmatic old age, like Mrs. Browning's Flush; I cannot send it gratefully back to its maker, as King Arthur did Excalibur. Somewhere it will stand rotting and ashamed.

ANONYMOUS, Eheu Fugaces

19. *Helen had never before been in a boarding house. From her reading of O. Henry and impressions from the movies, she had a picture of boarding houses as places in which people cultivated boorish manners, ate hurriedly, talked with their mouths full, and began mild romances. In her American literature course they had read selections from Oliver Wendell Holmes's* AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE, *which had described a boarding house that could not have been typical even of the eighteenth century. Helen expected that in places not blessed with gifted conversationalists like Dr. Holmes, the boarders would all race through their meals, reaching madly.*

The American institution of the boarding house, however, had been grossly maligned in fiction, she discovered. At any rate, Mrs. Brown's house was frequented by an extraordinarily placid lot of diners. Most of them were elderly women with modest incomes, serenely approaching the ends of their lives with no more profound concerns than the conditions of their livers, the superiority of fried oysters to roast beef, and the fact that Clark Gable had not been so effective in his latest picture as he had been in THE MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. *Helen came to marvel at the happiness and sweetness of these old creatures, whose curiosity about everything that happened around them was as innocent as it was indefatigable.*

Mrs. Whaley was the house character. She was the widow of a once prosperous lawyer, who had died leaving her with little more than enough to live on. Through a shrewd business sense and parsimonious frugality, however, she had made a good deal of money, the amount of which was the subject of much conjecture in town. Her eccentricities were notorious: behind her back she was called Mrs. "Hell-blisters" Whaley, after her favorite expletive; according to those who had dealt with her in the way of business, her vocabulary of profanity would have amazed an army sergeant. At Mrs. Brown's this particular virtue was not often in evidence, unless a servant was unusually careless. At meal-time Mrs. Whaley marched in and sat very straight in her place at a corner table, acknowledging all greetings with impartial, stern-faced nods. With

uncompromising firmness she fastened her napkin across in front of her from shoulder to shoulder, anchoring it with two large safety-pins. As she consumed her food, shoveling it in with rapidity and precision, she conversed with herself, audibly commenting on the quality of the lima beans or the poorness of the service. Sometimes she calmly listened to the talk at the tables around her, boldly entering in whenever she disagreed with a speaker. When she finished a dish, she scraped it clean with vigorous, clanking strokes, removing all morsels from sides and edge.

KEVIN KILLEEN, This Petty Pace

20. *Over on the hill the crest has vanished;*
Lightning streaks point out the colossal erasure.
Nothing sublime shows the tumult-hidden edge of my brain . . .
I am the poplar leaf, turning belly-up before the storm,
Afraid, except for a trembling moment, of thought.
I am the fly, dampwinged and listless,
Confused, beaten down by the storm's presence.
I am the eaves-gutter, weeping futilely
After the storm passes.
I am the hour of sunshine following the storm,
Cloudy, faltering, tear-marked.

ARTHUR J. THOMAS, Storm

Appendix

Special Problems in Voice Improvement

Prose for Oral Reading

Special Problems in Voice Improvement

THE MOST important aspect of speech correction is speech improvement, with stress on breathing and relaxation and the four elements of expression: tempo, volume, pitch, and quality. Most slovenly, breathy, weak, monotonous, overhurried, and harsh voices can be improved through faithful practice of exercises such as those in Chapters 3, 5, and 6.

SPEECH DEFECTS

ORGANIC DEFECTS. Defective speech caused by an organic malformation is a problem of the physician rather than of the speech class. Pathological speech cases should be treated by competent medical specialists, and no corrective exercises such as those in this book should be used until the patient has been properly examined and the physician approves of the proposed treatment. Those handicapped by malocclusive lisps (caused by failure of the front teeth to meet), cleft palate, chronic hoarseness (usually involving a pathological condition in the larynx or throat), tongue-tie, or nasality or denasality due to some physiological obstruction or infection should consult dental or medical authorities before they begin corrective work of any kind.

Many organic speech disorders can be cured (certainly helped very materially) if they are treated when the patient is young. Tongue-tie is eliminated by a simple operation in which the *frenum*, a cord binding down the underside of the tongue, is clipped. If, however, the condition is allowed to persist, habit may

create permanent havoc among the [s], [z], [t], [d], [n], [l], [ʃ], and [ʒ] sounds, even if the child outgrows the physical fault or an operation is performed later on in life.

Malocclusion, caused by some malformation of the jaw, may possibly be corrected by a good orthodontist while the bones are still pliable. Even a slight irregularity of the "bite," as the dentist calls the meeting of the front teeth, not serious enough to demand the long, painful process of reshaping the structure of the jaw or of forcing the teeth into proper alignment, may result in faulty production of the sibilants. Corrective exercises (see exercises for correcting lisping, pp. 400-03) may help even malocclusive lispers.

Self-consciousness in those with faulty dental structure or irregular or yellow teeth may result in a blurring of the entire speech pattern when the patient tries to hide his defect by keeping his upper lip down over the teeth. If this is your trouble, you will overcome it only by strenuous application of speech sense, especially in energizing lip action, and in the beating down of inhibitions (see exercises in articulation, pp. 420 ff., and exercises in lip-rounding, pp. 431-33).

Cleft palate, a congenital deformity in which either the hard or soft palate or both are split (often apparent externally in harelip), sometimes successfully responds to operations performed during the very early years, when a soft palate of normal length and flexibility is shaped and developed. When surgical treatment is left until later, the patient must undergo a thorough re-education of the speech organs. The cleft-palate speaker cannot properly form [s], [z], [k], [g], [p], [b], [t], and [d]. Because of the opening between the oral and the nasal cavities, the cleft-palate speaker nasalizes all sounds and buries his fricative consonants in the breath stream that escapes through the nose. Exercises in redirecting the breath stream, for those surgically repaired or provided with false palates, and in proper forming of all the distorted sounds may be carried on under the direction of a good speech teacher.[1]

Other speech defects may be caused by diseased tonsils or adenoids, streptococcic infections in the throat (which often result in permanent injury to the vowel cords), chronic laryngitis, sinus

[1] See West, Kennedy, and Carr, *The Rehabilitation of Speech*, Harper, 1937, pp. 270 ff. Special exercises in correcting organic speech faults will not be given in this text.

trouble, severe cases of catarrh, growths in the organs of speech or in the pharynx and nasal passages, and other pathological conditions. Sometimes, too, voices are ruined by unrestrained screaming or shouting. Obviously these faults are outside the province of the speech class.

NERVOUS OR EMOTIONAL DEFECTS. These defects include stammering, neurotic poor voice, and nervous tics accompanying speech. They also require special treatment. Usually the result of social or physical inadequacy, they must be approached through careful study of the background, habits, and neuro-physical causes of the disorders. No explanation for stammering has ever been universally accepted.

If you are a stammerer, you should consult a speech specialist or a psychiatrist. There are many speech clinics which do admirable work with this type of defect. The expert will probably try to eliminate as many as possible of the reasons for the feelings of inferiority and conspicuousness that frequently harass the stammerer. Unhappy environment, morbid sensitiveness, some physical weakness may be causing the nervous cramping of the larynx, the breathing apparatus, and indeed of the whole body, which results in stammering or stuttering. Even if he has no access to a clinic, however, the stammerer should approach the task of overcoming his difficulty with a healthy mind, never permitting himself to believe that he is abnormal. When attempting speech, he must rigorously seek to relax his muscular tensions and not permit wild, swift forcing of words. The problem is one of control and deliberate, dogged patience. Stammering is in general a disorder of childhood and in time, with proper treatment, may diminish in seriousness or even disappear, if the stammerer does not become morbid about his condition.[1]

FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS. Functional defects in speech, appearing in greater or lesser degree in nearly everyone, usually respond very quickly to correction. Sound substitution, the habitual use of one

[1] See Blanton, Smiley, and Blanton, Margaret Gray, *Speech Training for Children*, New York, Appleton-Century, 1919, and *For Stutterers*, New York, Appleton-Century, 1936; Stinchfield, Sara M., *Speech Pathology*, Boston, Expression Co., 1928; Travis, Lee E., *Speech Pathology*, New York, Appleton-Century, 1931; Ward, Ida C., *Defects of Speech: Their Nature and Cure*, rev. ed., New York, Dutton, 1936; West, Robert, *Diagnosis of Disorders of Speech*, Evanston, Northwestern University Press, 1932; West, Kennedy, and Carr, *The Rehabilitation of Speech*, New York, Harper, 1937.

sound for another, is the most widespread of the functional speech defects. Pronunciation like ['wʊtnt], ['kʊtnt] for ['wʊdnt], ['kʊdnt]; ['sɪdɪ] for ['sɪtɪ]; [ɪs] for [ɪz]; [bɪ'kʌz] for [bɪ'kɔz]; [dɪs], [dæt] for [ðɪs], [ðæt]; [tʃʌtʃ] for [dʒʌdʒ]; ['wɪlɪtʃ] for ['vɪlɪdʒ]; [wɪtʃ] for [ʍɪtʃ]; [bɜɪd] for [bɜd] or [bɔd]; and baby talk are all simple sound substitutions, some of which go unnoticed in everyday speaking and some of which are obvious in the speech of foreigners.

Lisping. When lisping has no organic, nervous, or emotional cause it is a careless fault which habit makes very stubborn. Some lisping is imitative. Children whose parents or teachers or playmates lisp often pick up the practice from them, either through smartness or "cuteness" or through unconscious influence. But most lisping is either the result of functional error in the articulation of the sibilants or, less commonly, of badly formed teeth and jaws.

The substitution of [θ] for [s] and [ð] for [z], thought by some to be an attractive juvenile trick,[1] is comparatively infrequent. This form of lisping, called the lingual protrusion lisp, is often found in children who have lost their front teeth and established the habit of putting their tongues in the empty space. Adults with the lingual protrusion lisp may simply be carrying on a faulty usage begun in childhood, or they may have faulty dentures. Literature is full of precious maiden ladies who think that they enhance their charms by cultivating lisps.

Another form of lisp is that in which the tip of the tongue is pressed against the front teeth, forcing the air out along the sides of the tongue. This, the lateral emission lisp, is a common cause for badly formed sibilants. It is often so slight that speakers are unaware of it. Radio broadcasting and recording apparatus, however, bring out bad sibilants with a vengeance, exaggerating all their whistles and hisses. More than ever before, speakers and actors are being made aware of lisps.

Exercises for [s] and [z]

1. The lisper must first learn the correct formation of the sibilant sounds [s] and [z]. Both sounds are produced by grooving the tongue, whose tip either rests lightly against the lower gum or is

[1] Alcibiades "had a lisping in his speech, which became him, and gave a grace and persuasive turn to his discourse." *Plutarch's Lives.*

turned slightly down behind the upper front teeth (without touching them), and directing the air stream down the narrow groove. [s] is a voiceless fricative; [z] is the same sound, voiced. Most of the trouble comes in the [s], usually as a result of getting the tongue too close to the teeth, so that either a bad hiss or a blurred sound follows. It may help to put [t] or [p] before the [s], using it in early practice as [ts], [ts], [ts], [ts], [ts]; [ps], [ps], [ps], [ps], [ps].

2. Stick out the tongue and roll its sides up into a deep groove. Blow down the groove. Now retract the tongue, keeping it grooved, and try to blow down it after the teeth are closed. Don't let the tip touch the teeth. The sound should be a good [s].

3. Practice the hissed [s] alone until it is clear. Then beginning with a sustained [s] pronounce the words *s-o, s-aw, s-ee, s-igh, s-ow, s-ue.* Repeat each one five times, making sure that the initial [s] is held for several counts. Then put the sounds together.

4. Pronounce the following words, saying the [s] separately and holding it. Don't try to say the whole word alone at first. Say the first part without the [s], following it with a clear, distinct [s]. Then gradually put the [s] with the rest of the word. Don't, in general, exaggerate the value of final [s], which is normally weak:

close [klou-s]	class	moss	docks	sights
rice [rai-s]	house	fuss	packs	truss
niece [ni-s]	loss	moose	puffs	mouse
ace [ei-s]	miss	ruts	lass	race
fierce [fir-s]	curse	force	nurse	farce

5. Be careful of the [s] in the following words, pausing before it to shape the tongue for correct pronunciation:

ecstasy	concise	chasten	rostrum	peaceful
precise	listen	thistle	foster	lastex
rescue	blasted	custom	excite	elastic
flotsam	hasten	restrain	esteem	spastic
plaster	boatsman	footsore	itself	whatsoever

6. Among the most difficult combinations of sibilants, even for non-lispers, are all [sts], [sks], [sps], and [θs] endings. Practice saying the words at the top of the following page, first adding the final [s] as a prolonged, separate sound, then putting the sounds together, remembering always that final [s] should not in normal speech be too prominent.

cysts	rests	roosts	beasts
lists	bests	boosts	priests
assists	nests	jousts	feasts
casts	costs	crusts	bursts
blasts	frosts	adjusts	desks
masts	accosts	disgusts	burlesques
grotesques	basilisks	wisps	myths
asks	husks	clasps	fourths
tasks	dusks	grasps	tenths
masks	tusks	asps	sevenths
risks	lisps	sixths	widths
frisks	crisps	breaths	norths

7. The [sl] combination is usually most conspicuously faulty in the lisper's speech because the following [l] sound is practically the reverse of the [s], being a lateral consonant formed by touching the tip of the tongue to the upper gum ridge and the blade to the hard palate, so that the air stream goes along the edges of the tongue.[1] The shift from the groove of the [s] to the position of the [l] is hard to make. Practice the two sounds separately. Then in the following words form the [s] as in Exercise 3, separating it from the rest of the word until the [s] and [l] are absolutely clear.

slap	slay	slipshod	slope	slouch	slut	hustle
slack	sled	slit	slot	sluice	sly	castle
slam	sleep	slither	slough	slum	slogan	whistle
slash	slew	slob	slow	slumber	sleeve	tassel
slave	slip	sloop	slue	slur	Slavic	parcel
slow	slipper	slop	slug	slush	slim	rustle

8. Practice the following words, carefully forming the initial [s] before pronouncing the rest of the word:

A. scab, scalp, scale, scarf, scamp, school, schedule, scan, scholar, scorch, scoff.

B. speak, specimen, specious, species, special, spice, spell, spirit, spire, spider, spoil, spill, splint, splash, spray, spontaneous, spur,

[1] See diagram of tongue on page 139.

C. star, stand, statistics, statuesque, steadfast, stop, stiff, stitch, style, strap, strip, strong.

D. smack, small, smash, smear, smell, smirk, smite, smoke, smithy, smug, smother.

E. sneer, snap, sneeze, snow, snare, snob, snipe, snort, snub, snuff, sniff, snip.

9. The [z] sound gives less trouble than the [s], but final [z] is sometimes confused with [s], and in words with both sounds one or the other may be badly formed. Practice the following words, remembering that the [z] is voiced and that there is definite vibration in the larynx.

goes	jazz	glazed	razor	resists	breezinesses
waves	choose	cousin	Aztec	classes	misunderstands
his	arouse	roses	stands	oozes	susceptibilities
plays	blaze	lousy	dresses	restlessnesses	zinc oxide
raise	mazda	frozen	festers	stealthinesses	astigmatism
bags	spasm	Brazil	disasters	essentials	disorganize

10. [s] and [ʃ]: sin, shin; sip, ship; sop, shop; save, shave; sigh, shy; sole, shoal; crass, crash; lass, lash; mass, mash.

11. There is trouble in some regions in forming [ʃr], which often becomes [sr] or even [sw]. Practice carefully: shrill, shrink, shrift, shrewd, shrimp, shrine, shroud, shrub, shred, shriek, shrapnel, shrew, shrivel.

12. Read aloud the following sentences, working for clear sibilants:

A. *Sam shipped six, slippery, slimy eels in separate crates.*

B. *His sister is a slender, reserved person.*

C. *The ship's masts were splintered in the sharp December blasts.*

D. *Wisps of mist stretch across the street as dusk descends.*

E. *The slumbering beasts stand still, their steaming breaths rising in the frosty sunshine.*

F. *She was the one who said that the slasher must be a sadist and explained the fascination of seeing the shedding of blood.*

G. *"Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was soft to the spirit and soul of our senses,*
Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion that sobs in the semblance and sound of a sigh." SWINBURNE

Infantile Speech. Another form of sound substitution is infantile speech, which affects the pronunciation of [r], [l], [ð], [θ], [k]. Thus, *red roses* becomes [wɛd 'woʊzəz]; the [l] is badly formed or ignored or shifted to [w], as in *lap*, which becomes [wæp]; [ð] becomes [v], as in *another*, which is pronounced [ə'nʌvɚ]; [θ] may become [f], as in *thin*, which is pronounced [fɪn], or [d], as [dɪs], [dæt]; [k] becomes [t], as in *candy*, which is pronounced ['tændɪ].

A child may say ['wɛdɪ ɚ nɑt, hɪ aɪ tʌm], "Ready or not, here I come" or ['ɪtnt si ə tjut 'ɪtə dɜl], "Isn't she a cute little girl?" or [maɪ 'fɑvɚ sɛz 'tʊtnt u tʌm wɑʊnd baɪ vɪ 'ʌvɚ woʊd], "My father says, 'Couldn't you come round by the other road?' "

Very often the parents, thinking the sounds made by their offspring, however grotesque, are nothing short of miraculous, imitate the sounds themselves and foolishly extend the period of error. Most books on bringing up children now condemn "baby talk," but young parents cannot always control their ecstasies. Many is the grandmother who goes through her declining years labeled "Nana" or "Gaga" because of an infant's early efforts to say Grandma. Name substitutions like this, of course, are harmless, but when other mutilated words are adopted by a household under the assumption that they are cute, a child is under a serious phonetic handicap. "Mommy's itsy-bitsy 'ittle tweetheart" may suggest charming simplicity in a young mother, but in the business of straightening out a child's speech such jargon is bad. Nursery-school and kindergarten teachers may do much to offset bad speech habits unchecked or encouraged by fond parents, if they are themselves trained in speech production and can recognize sound substitutions. All too often, however, the bad speech goes on into adolescence and even later.

Foreign Speech. Foreign speech offers special problems in sound substitutions and intonation patterns. The phonetic difficulties are mainly with the consonants: [t], [d], [θ], [s], [z], [w], [v], [ʃ], [ʒ], [n], [ŋ], [l], [r]. With patient attention to the correct formation of these sounds the person who has brought over speech habits from another language may do much to approach acceptable pronunciation of English words. The intonation patterns, however, are harder to deal with since they involve almost imperceptible upward and downward flow of pitch. Yet a German who says ['wɪlɪdʒ] or ['wɪlɪtʃ] for ['vɪlɪdʒ] or who uses the German guttural initial *r*,

[ʀ], so that *red* sounds like a harsh [ʀɛd], sometimes almost [wɛd], or [dæt] for [ðæt] may learn by constant practice how to make the English sounds that have no equivalent in his own tongue or that he uses only in other combinations. The process is exactly the same as in eliminating infantile speech, except for the differences in motivation and mental capacity of the subject.

The foreign speaker must carefully master a list of key words, each illustrating an English speech sound (such as the list on p. 134 or the key words at the bottom of the page in any good dictionary). Then he should regularly apply the sounds in increasingly more difficult words. He must clearly articulate every syllable. To do so, of course, he must understand the formation of each sound, and he must be quite certain which of the English sounds he fails to make correctly.

Lisping, Infantile Speech, and Foreign Speech are all special and comparatively unusual examples of sound substitution. Nearly all of us are guilty of less conspicuous but almost equally faulty substitutions. In every case of faulty formation of a sound the first step in correction is the proper shaping of the organs of articulation. The following exercises are intended to correct the simple functional speech faults. If you know what sounds are hard for you to make, study the correct formation of those sounds and set to work on the exercises. No matter how trivial the error, however, it would be better to consult a good speech teacher and to do the exercises under competent direction.

The order of exercises is as follows:

I. Exercises for [r]. Page 406
II. Exercises for [l]. Page 409
III. Exercises for [θ] and [ð]. Page 409
IV. Exercises for [k] and [t]. Page 411
V. Exercises for [t] and [d]. Page 411
VI. Exercises for [ʍ], [w], and [v]. Page 412
VII. Exercises for [ʃ] and [ʒ]. Page 413
VIII. Exercises for [tʃ] and [dʒ]. Page 413
IX. Exercises for [f] and [v]. Page 414
X. Exercises for [n], [ŋ], [ŋg], and [ŋk]. Page 414
XI. Exercises for [p] and [b]. Page 416
XII. Exercises for Nasality. Page 416

XIII. Exercises for Tongue and Lips. Page 418
XIV. Exercises in Articulation. Page 420
XV. Exercises for [æ], [a], and [ɑ]. Page 424
XVI. Exercises for [ɛ] and [ɪ]. Page 425
XVII. Exercises for [ɜ], [ɝ], and [ɔɪ]. Page 426
XVIII. Exercises for [ɑʊ]. Page 427
XIX. Exercises for [u] and [ju]. Page 428
XX. Exercises for [aɪ]. Page 428
XXI. Exercises for [i] and [ɪ]. Page 429
XXII. Exercises for [ʊ] and [u]. Page 430
XXIII. Front-Vowel Comparisons. Page 430
XXIV. Lip-Rounding and Placement. Page 431
XXV. Intonation. Page 433
XXVI. Sentences and Passages for General Diction. Page 435

I. Exercises for [r]

Initial [r] and [r] following a consonant are formed by slightly curling the tip of the tongue upward toward the hard palate. In some speakers the tongue-tip is curled back more than in others, and sometimes the palate is tapped, as in the trilled [r]. C. K. Thomas, in his chapter on voice in J. R. Winans's *Speech Making* (Appleton-Century, 1938), suggests that the [r] be made by prolonging a [z] sound and then gradually pulling the tongue back from the gum ridge toward the hard palate until an [r] is formed. It differs from the [w] mainly in that for the [w] the lips are rounded and the tip of the tongue is lowered.

1. [w] and [r]: witch, rich; weal, real; went, rent; wick, rick; wing, ring; wine, Rhine; war, roar; wink, rink; womb, room; wait, rate; wage, rage; wake, rake; wear, rare; weighs, raise; weed, read; wane, rein; wound, round.

2. [θr] and [tr]: thrill, trill; three, tree; throw, trow; thread, tread; thrash, trash; threw, true; throve, trove; thrust, trust.

3. [dr]: drive, drip, drew, drain, dreary, droop, drill, dress, dredge, dread, dragon, draw, drift, droll, driver, drudge, drink, drown.

4. Initial [r] in general: rabid, race, radiator, rear, receive, red, repair, reward, roast, rose, rubric, reproach, reprimand, represent, reprobate, reparable, repartee, repercussion, reproduce, research,

reserve, roar, rosary, rural, rhetoric, reverse, reverberation, raspberry, reread, reverie, rusty.

5. Medial [r]: breast, creates, creature, dream, erase, erupt, error, frame, great, weary, wary, very, tirade, sprawl, strength, through, spring, spread, grope, fratricide, protect, proportion, prorate, proscribe, trivial.

6. Practice the following sentences:

A. *Wrongly prepared research results in ruin.*

B. *The rare reality of rich fruit, ripened to perfection, is true in Florida and California.*

C. *Bright red roses rest irresistibly on her breast.*

D. *Revolutionary orators reluctantly reaffirm the principles of the Declaration of Independence.*

E. *"Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the promise of pride in the past."* SWINBURNE

F. *"There is a fever that reddens with radiance of rathe recreation."* SWINBURNE

G. *The sweet vision of the Holy Grail*
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out
Among us in the jousts.

TENNYSON

H. *Robert Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Andrea del Sarto" are greatly admired in literary circles.*

I. *"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll."* BYRON

J. *If this be error and upon me proved,*
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKESPEARE

7. Intrusive [r]: In the speech of some persons, especially in New England and in some parts of the South, words ending in a vowel are sometimes pronounced with a superfluous [r] following the vowel. The original reason for such an addition is that in "r-less" speech the [r] is often pronounced in a word which ends in [r] when the following word begins with a vowel. For example, one who normally says [fɑ:] for *far* might say ['fɑrə,weɪ] for *far away*. Thus we have the common inconsistency of ['fɑ:'fɑrə,weɪ]. Words

ending in a vowel followed by a word beginning with another vowel might receive an [r] by analogy with constructions like ['fɑrəwɛɪ]. This usage is not incorrect and may even be rather charming. In some speech, however, the intrusive [r] appears even when there is no following word or none beginning with a vowel. Words like ['fɑlɚ], ['jɛlɚ], ['wɪndɚ], [tə'bækɚ], ['kænədɚ], ['soʊfɚ], etc., are distinctly objectionable, and the careful speaker will do well to avoid them.

There is perhaps some vividness about the Down Easter's [ðɪ ɪ'dɪɚ əv ɪt] or [ðə lɔr əv ðə lɔd] or [ə rɔr ɛg] or [ə'mɛrɪkɚ nd frans] for 'the idea of it," "the law of the Lord," "a raw egg," or "America nd France." But [mə'raɪɚ] for *Maria,* ['aɪdɚ] for *Ida,* ['eɪdɚ] for *Ida,* ['hænɚ] for *Hannah,* [vɚ'dʒɪnjɚ] for *Virginia,* [kɑlə'rɑdɚ] or kɑlə'rædɚ] for *Colorado,* [nə'vɑdɚ] or [nə'vædɚ] for *Nevada,* [ʃɔr] or *Shaw,* ['flɑrɪdɚ] or ['flɔrɪdɚ] for *Florida,* etc., are usually regarded as vulgarisms. (Some provincial speakers change the final vowel in words ending in vowels to [ɪ]: Ida becomes ['aɪdɪ], Canada 'kænədɪ], Utica ['jutɪkɪ], California [ˌkælɪ'fɔrnɪ].

Avoid the intrusive [r] in the following exercises:

1. tobacco, pillow, fellow, bellow, hollow, billow, Ithaca, Alabama, Ina, Dinah, Delia, Rebecca, vanilla, piano, California, data, tomato, potato, swallow, verandah, piazza, lava, memoranda, Shenandoah, follow, poinsettia, dahlia, verbena, spirea, Carolina, strata, Coca-Cola, cafeteria, antenna, formula, gala, guana, ague, Anna, mama, papa, Toronto, Costa Rica, Batavia, Asia, Australia, Africa, Susanna, Rhoda, Nora, Julia, Athena, Amanda.

2. The intrusive [r] sometimes appears after vowels within words, as in ['wɔrtɚ] for *water,* ['dɔrtɚ] for *daughter.* Avoid it in the following words:

Washington, wash, water, daughter, superb, ballad, lost, mock, bush, hollihock, Auburn, towel, gosh, coal oil, boil, gaiety, oyster, Boyd, toilet, coffee, off, dog, drawing, Mrs.

3. Practice the following sentences:

A. *The sofa is new.*

B. *America and England are a law in themselves.*

C. *The data of the idea are on this pad.*

D. *A couple of fellows bought tobacco and followed the main road to North Carolina.*

E. *Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati are big cities.*

II. Exercises for [l]

[l] is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue against the upper gum ridge and sending the voiced breath along the sides of the tongue. Sound [n] and then suddenly clamp shut the nostrils so that the air is forced out along the sides of the tongue. This should result in a well-articulated [l].

1. Initial [l]: lallation, lowland, landlord, labial, laurel, least, leal, legal, lethal, liberal, libel, level, lidless, likelihood, likable, limelight, linoleum, listless, literal, little, lively, local, luckless, lovely, loyal, lull, lullaby, lustral, lollipop.

2. Medial [l]: mellow, revolve, slash, believe, belt, relate, blister, pillar, island, tallow, falter, bellow, Scotland, frailty, whaling, split, fellow, filling, dollar, killer, solvent, malcontent.

3. Final [l]: scale, tall, mole, Pall Mall, toil, cool, masterful, control, stroll, genteel, reveal, corral, install, philomel, parallel, canal, molecule, drill, dole, vessel, bottle, cattle, quill.

4. Read the following sentences with good [l] sounds:

A. *The little lowland lubber was a lively lad, lucky, liberal, and likable.*

B. *I believe I'll be blamed for blowing up the building.*

C. *The tall fellow followed the parallel lines of the trolley to Pall Mall.*

D. *"Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die."* SWINBURNE

III. Exercises for [θ] and [ð]

These sounds, the one voiceless, the other voiced, are made by letting the tip of the tongue slightly protrude between the parted teeth so that the blade of the tongue rests lightly on the edges of the teeth. The breath is sent down the slight groove of the tongue. (Kenyon: "Tongue blade on points of upper teeth, velum closed, breath fricative between tongue and teeth, vocal cords apart." *American Pronunciation*, p. 42.)

[θ], [v], and [d] are frequently substituted for [ð], as in *this, that, thine, these, teething, worthy, mother:* [θɪs], [dæt], [θaɪn], [diz], ['tiθɪŋ], ['wɝθɪ], ['mʌvɝ].

[f] and [t] are sometimes substituted for [θ], as in *fifth, thing, thick:* [fɪft], [tɪŋ] or [fɪŋ], [tɪk].

A thick, coarse [θ] or [ð] is made by an unrelaxed tongue, which presses too heavily on the teeth.

1. [ð] and [θ]: this, thistle; that, thatch; then, theme; thee, theater; there, theory; thither, thirteen; thy, thyroid; thus, thrust; scythe, thigh; wither, pith; clothe, cloth; paths, path; loathe, loth; writhe, arithmetic; though, thought; sheathe, sheath; breathe, breath; mother, moth.

2. [d] and [ð]: dance, than; Diesel, these; doze, those; distance, this; den, then; dare, there; dime, thine; bayed, bathe; seed, seethe; lied, lithe; reed, wreathe; udder, other; bladder, blather; fodder, father; gadder, gather; header, heather; ladder, lather; sued, soothe; breed, breathe.

3. [v] and [ð]: hover, other; vine, thine; fever, either; leaves, teethes; braves, bathes; swerve, worthy; lave, lathe; lever, leather; clever, weather; clove, clothe; never, nether; cave, scathe; ovum, owe them.

4. [z] and [ð]: lies, lithe; bays, bathe; whizzer, whither; razzer, rather; Lazarus, lather; breeze, breathe; sees, seethe; booze, booths; trees, wreathes; ties, tithes; wise, withes; the colloquial and dictionary pronunciations of clothes.

5. [t] and [θ]: tank, thank; attach, thatch; teem, theme; teary, theory; tin, thin; tree, three; tread, thread; true, threw; trill, thrill; tick, thick; tear, therapy; kit, kith; bat, bath; rat, wrath; sheet, sheath; heat, heath; oat, oath; wrote, wroth; toot, tooth; boast, both; loot, Duluth.

6. [f] and [θ]: loaf, loth; baffle, bath; fret, threat; Fred, thread; free, three; fumble, thumb; fro, throw; for, Thor; fin, thin; fall, thaw; laugh, lath; offer, author; oaf, oath; roof, Ruth.

7. Practice the following sentences:

A. *Those lazy mothers throw their clothes on rather thoughtlessly.*

B. *They bathed the child three times, though their instructions were otherwise.*

C. *In theory the theater is worthy of laurel wreaths.*

D. *The brother of that dithering Math teacher mouths his words.*

E. *This thick thatch thrusts its sheath into the thin breath of the breeze.*

F. *"These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with throbs through the throat."* SWINBURNE

IV. Exercises for [k] and [t]

[k] is a voiceless stopped consonant made by raising the back of the tongue to the soft palate and exploding the breath, which is momentarily cut off; [t] is a voiceless stopped consonant made by touching the tip and sides of the tongue on the upper gum ridge and exploding the breath.

1. cap, tap; cry, try; key, tea; coal, toll; cool, tool; kick, tick; cat, tat; coy, toy; kale, tail; came, tame; coil, toil; croup, troop; crust, trust; cower, tower; cress, tress; crick, trick; choir, tire; cake, take; crate, trait; crack, track; sack, sat; kill, till; beck, bet.

2. Read the following sentences:

A. *The coroner capped the climax by discovering a fractured skull.*

B. *The coy cat cowered in the corner, waving her tail, till someone beckoned.*

C. *Tell the tall tramp that there's advantage to him and to the community if he keeps on traveling.*

V. Exercises for [t] and [d]

[t] is a voiceless tongue-gum stopped consonant formed by placing the tip of the tongue on the gum ridge; [d] is the voiced equivalent of [t].

1. Initial: town, down; tawny, dawn; ten, den; tin, din; tap, dapper; teal, deal; tray, dray; tie, die; to, due; tot, dot; toll, dole; tire, dire; tool, duel; tram, dram; train, drain; trunk, drunk; troll, droll; tab, dab; taffy, daffy; tale, dale; tame, dame.

2. Final: bat, bad; brat, brad; plot, plod; hat, had; brought, brood; grant, grand; great, grade; spate, spade; let, lead; trot, trod; moot, mood; lout, loud; krait, cried; fright, fried; late, laid; tote, toad; heat, heed; chart, chard.

3. Medial: loiter, avoiding; motley, modern; daughter, dodder; mettle, medal; patting, padding; grating, grading; city, insidious; important, poured; gratitude, gradually; latter, ladder; satin, saddle; bitten, bidden; certain, burden; boating, boding.

4. Practice the following sentences:

A. *We went downtown in a bad windstorm.*

B. *Two terribly tedious, tiresome talkers took advantage of the debating team.*

C. *We avoided dealing with the dreaded demonstration of dramatic tactics.*

D. *She was putting the pudding in the oven.*

E. *The madder he gets, the less appearances matter.*

VI. Exercises for [ʍ], [w], and [v]

[w] is a glide consonant formed by closely rounding the lips, "tongue back raised towards velum (position for [u]), lips and tongue gliding to position for the following vowel, velum closed, vocal cords vibrating." (Kenyon, *op. cit.*, p. 44.)

[ʍ], for all practical purposes, may be considered the voiceless equivalent of [w].

[v] is a labiodental voiced consonant made with lower lip on upper teeth and the breath escaping between the teeth and lip.

1. The sounds in combination: wine, vine; wade, evade; wide, divide; whale, wail, veil; wheel, weal, veal; witches, vicious; which, witch; what, watt; while, wile, vile; why, vie; wicker, vicar; west, vest; whisper, vesper; worse, verse; wary, very; went, vent; wane, vein; wear, vair; when, wen, ven; wayward, favored; weird, veered; where, wear, vary; white, wight, vital; whether, weather, level; whirl, world, reverse; whither, wither; while, wile; whey, way; whacks, wax; whirr, were, aver.

2. [ʍ] alone: whale, wharf, what, whatever, somewhat, wheat, where, wheeze, whelp, when, overwhelm, whence, where, which, whiff, Whig, while, whim, whip, whiplash, whirl, whisk, whisker, whiskey, whisper, white, whittle.

3. Be careful not to be confused by the spelling *wh*, which is sometimes pronounced [h], as in *who, whole, whoop, whore.*

4. [v] alone: village, valve, vagabond, volt, vanity, vestment, verb, virgin, viper, vital, virtue, vocal, voyage, vulgar, vulnerable.

5. Practice the following sentences:

A. *Whichever way you wander, watch out for wagons and other vehicles in the villages.*

B. *The white waves waged war as the wild winds whistled.*

C. *Vigorous and vital living is the safety valve of virtuous minds.*

D. *The whippoorwill called, the dog whined, and the child whimpered, but he went on wherever he wished.*

E. *While we waited for the whiskey on the wharf, we whittled vigorously on the white weatherboards.*

VII. Exercises for [ʃ] and [ʒ]

[ʃ] is a voiceless sibilant, made with "tongue-blade farther from teethridge than for [s] and more spread laterally, tongue raised nearer to hard palate." (Kenyon, *op. cit.*, p. 42.) The breath flows down the wide groove of the tongue. [ʒ] is the voiced equivalent of [ʃ].

1. Initial [ʃ]: ship, shame, shade, shallow, sham, shed, shears, shark, shiftless, shilling, shrapnel, shriek, shrine, shut, shy, sherbet, shellshock, sheepshearing, sheath, shake.

2. Final [ʃ]: Irish, crash, wash, crush, mackintosh, thrash, smash, dash, flesh, refresh, wish, blush.

3. Medial [ʃ]: vicious, delicious, initiation, civilization, precious, ocean, appreciation, mansion, rashly, tactician, dietitian, expression, anxious, insertion, blandishment, conscious.

4. [ʒ] alone: pleasure, rouge, television, illusion, erosion, incision, usual, azure, measure, casual, mirage, invasion, division, usurer, muzhik, evasion, composure, persuasion.

5. Practice the following sentences:

A. *The sharp, shrill shriek of the bat shatters the shadowy silence.*
B. *With a crash the crowd rushed through the gracious mansion.*
C. *The seizure of their treasure followed the invasion.*
D. *Shudders shook him when he envisaged the smash-up.*

VIII. Exercises for [tʃ] and [dʒ]

[tʃ] is a voiceless affricate, made by raising the tip of the tongue to the gum ridge for [t] and quickly lowering it to the position of [ʃ]. [dʒ] is formed by the lips and tongue, in position first for the [d] and then the [ʒ]. It is the voiced equivalent of [tʃ].

1. Initial [tʃ] and [dʒ]: church, jerk; chap, Jap; chip, gyp; chum, Jumbo; chump, jump; chew, Jew; chalice, jealous; chain, Jane; cherry, Jerry; chaw, jaw; chin, gin; chest, jest; chill, Jill; chess, Jess; choke, joke; cheer, jeer; chasten, Jason; choice, joist.

2. Medial and final [tʃ] and [dʒ]: catch, cadge; etch, edge; batch, badge; match, Madge; leech, legion; fitch, fidget; pitch, pigeon; rich, ridge; Mitchell, midget; wretched, register; blotchy, Blodgett; smutch, smudge; slouch, sludge; treachery, dredge; crutch, trudge; fetch it, ledger; breeches, bridge; latch, lodge; urgent, urchin;

lecher, ledger; match it, magic; aitch, age; lunch, lunge; crunch, cringe.

3. Practice the following sentences:

A. *Three Chinese chaps ate chow mein with chopsticks.*

B. *The rich etcher snatched his pictures from the walls of the charming church.*

C. *It was a joyful joke when the Jewish gypsy told the judge and jury his age.*

D. *The ridge tends to catch the edge of chilly light in the wretched, grudging sunset.*

E. *John and George had charge of the registering of Legion members, and each wore a badge.*

IX. Exercises for [f] and [v]

[f] and [v] are paired labiodental fricatives. [f] is voiceless, [v] voiced. Both are formed by raising the lower lip to touch the upper teeth.

1. Initial [f] and [v]: fine, vine; fair, vair; fetch, vetch; face, vase; fist, vista; fan, van; fault, vault; few, view; fiscal, viscous.

2. Final [f] and [v]: naïf, naïve; leaf, leave; belief, believe; safe, save; luff, love; hoof, hooves; waif, wave; graph, grave; staff, stave; sheaf, sheave; thief, thieves; fife, five; strife, strive; life, lives.

3. Keep [f] and [v] clear in the following sentences:

A. *Five fine fellows felt fists in their faces.*

B. *The vast vault had few graves, and thieves had often visited it.*

C. *The view from the veranda gave forth on a fine vista of waves and leafy foliage.*

D. *The various officers of the first cavalry reserves were afraid that the village was vulnerable.*

E. *Some varieties of fish are fiercely vicious, fighting vigorously and often inflicting physical hurt on the fisherman.*

X. Exercises for [n], [ŋ], [ŋg], and [ŋk]

[n] is a nasal consonant made by placing the tip of the tongue on the gum ridge, with the sides touching the gum ridge. The velum is lowered.

[ŋ] is a nasal consonant made by raising the back of the tongue to the soft palate, the edges touching, so that the air stream goes through the nasal passages.

[g] is a voiced tongue-back stopped consonant; [k] is its voiceless equivalent.

1. [n] and [ŋ]: sin, sing; ton, tongue; bun, bung; done, dung; ran, rang; span, spang; kin, king; pan, pang; ban, bang; thin, thing; son, sung; run, rung; gone, gong; win, wing; fan, fang; tan, tang; hand, hang.

2. [ŋg] and [ŋ]: finger, singer; hunger, hanger; wrangle, ringing; shingling, stinging; longer, thronging; angling, clanging; linger, wringer; mingler, gingham; English, kingly; dangling, swinging; fungus, among us; hunger, hung her; anger, haranguer; kangaroo, gang; diphthongal, Shanghai.

3. [ŋk] and [ŋ]: rink, ring; think, thing; sank, sang; rank, rang; hanker, hanger; sprinkle, springer; stinking, stinging; slunk, slung; hunk, hung; slinking, slinging; sunk, sung; spank, pang; monk, among; wink, wing; brinking, bringing; gangplank; winking, winging; kink, king; flank, fang.

4. [ŋg] and [ŋk]: mangle, ankle; bungle, bunker; jungle, junker; sanguine, thanker; tingle, tinkle; singled, inkled; fungus, bunk; anguish, handkerchief; conger, conquer; linger, linker.

5. In the following phrases avoid inserting a [g] sound before the initial vowel of the word following the [ŋ]:

Long Island; sing it; sing on key; coming in and going out; climbing every hill and falling over everything; among us; strong arm; wrapping it; seeing America first; being honest; getting old; fading out; picking apples; going after it; pleasing every mood; filling ink bottles; grading oranges; Song of India; wrong eye; thronging out; young eagle; unsung ode; meringue ice; swing and sway; an underslung airplane.

6. Practice the following sentences:

A. *Reading, writing, and spelling are the young king's principal studies.*

B. *I am longing to go back to Long Island and be a singer.*

C. *Sing out the glad tidings; ring out the old, ring in the new year.*

D. *He mangled his ankle as he bungled a shot out of the bunker.*

E. *My hunger for lemon meringue in Binghamton led to my looking up a good restaurant.*

F. *The Englishman in Singapore, after drinking heavily, leaning on the strong arm of his strapping friend, was singing a jangling tune.*

G. *Hang up your hat and get going in the Big Apple.*

XI. Exercises for [p] and [b]

[p] is a voiceless labial stopped consonant, pronounced with lips closed and velum raised; [b] is the voiced equivalent of [p].

1. Initial: pit, bit; pack, back; patch, batch; pill, bill; pike, bike; bomb, aplomb; pall, ball; pie, buy; pig, big.

2. Final: lip, glib; nap, nab; slap, slab; Jap, job; gyp, jib; lope, lobe; grumble, crumple; cop, cob; nip, nib.

3. Practice the following sentences:

A. *The pain of the punch practically paralyzed him, and I expected him to pass up the pennant.*

B. *We apprehensively battled with the bragging apprentices, but they broke away from our blows and beat a poor retreat.*

C. *A box of big brown beavers was battered to bits in the bad accident.*

XII. Exercises for Nasality

Nasality is a common vocal fault. Sometimes it is the result of a nervous or psychological condition which must be treated before there can be any improvement in speech. Often, especially in children, it is caused by enlarged tonsils which deflect the breath stream into the nasal passages, or by some trouble in the nose itself. Obviously, medical treatment is the only cure for these kinds of trouble, as it is for the nasality caused by a cleft palate.

Nasality is usually caused by the dropping of the velum (the soft palate) from the rear wall of the throat on other sounds than the proper nasal consonants [m], [n], and [ŋ]. The velum should normally be lifted, blocking off the breath stream from the nasal passages, on all sounds except [m], [n], and [ŋ]. Some speakers nasalize only a few sounds besides the regular nasal consonants, especially [æ], [ɔɪ], [aɪ], [ɑʊ], and the variations of [ɑʊ]: [æʊ], [aʊ], [ɜʊ]. Some habitually nasalize many sounds because of a sluggish palate or because they speak with too much tension of the throat and jaw, which results in involuntary relaxation of the velum.

1. Study the action of the uvula (the flexible tip of the velum) and velum in a mirror. Touch the back of the throat with a clean rubber eraser at the end of a pencil and notice how the palate is retracted. Sing [ɑ]. The uvula should pull up out of the way and the soft palate rise.

2. Test your speech for nasality by saying the following sentences while you hold a small mirror under your nostrils. If a mist forms on the glass, some of the breath stream is getting into the nasal passages, though the sentences contain no nasal sounds.

A. *The proper way to be happy is to avoid worry.*
B. *A little trivial talk goes very far.*
C. *That fat fellow has bad habits, especially as Speaker of the House.*
D. *I like to go out after breakfast to take a vigorous walk about the square.*
E. *The wretched lad tried to get out by crawling over the roof.*

3. Try reading the sentences first in the usual way, then while clamping the nostrils shut so that no air can escape. If there is a serious difference in the sound of the words (more than the flatness of any completely denasalized voice) or if there is apparent breath pressure in the nose when the nostrils are held closed, nasality is present. Work at the sentences, holding the nose, until the pressure in the nasal chambers is reduced.

4. [æ] and dialectal variations of [aʊ] and [aɪ] often become nasal because the front vowel [æ] or [a] is raised too high and made too tense, so that the velum drops down. This is true of [ɑ] and [ɔ] in [aʊ] and [ɔɪ]. It is especially true when the following sound is a nasal. Be careful not to anticipate the relaxing of the velum for [m], [n], and [ŋ] so that the preceding sounds are nasalized. Practice the following, making the vowels and diphthongs without strain, being sure that the velum is raised (using the mirror again to test for escape of air), then combining them with the consonants:

A. æ-æ-æ-æ-æ; ɑʊ-ɑʊ-ɑʊ-ɑʊ-ɑʊ; aɪ-aɪ-aɪ-aɪ-aɪ; ɔɪ-ɔɪ-ɔɪ-ɔɪ-ɔɪ; hæ-hæ-hæ-hæ-hæ; haʊ-haʊ-haʊ-haʊ-haʊ; haɪ-haɪ-haɪ-haɪ-haɪ; hɔɪ-hɔɪ-hɔɪ-hɔɪ-hɔɪ; hæl-hæl-hæl-hæl-hæl; haʊl-haʊl-haʊl-haʊl-haʊl; haɪl-haɪl-haɪl-haɪl-haɪl; hɔɪl-hɔɪl-hɔɪl-hɔɪl-hɔɪl.

B. *rat, sag, rap, clap, slap, tan, mat, rascal, matter, black, slam, mallet, add, lamb.*

C. *hand, canned, cant, land, fanned, planned, slant, rant, pant, stand, grant, sand, expand, supplant, grand, disband.*

D. *cow, bow, sow, allow, sour, hour, crowd, howl, spout, prowl, scowl, foul, devout, slough, drought.*

E. *crown, down, noun, town, brown, renown, county, hound, flounder, drown, round, bound, sound, frowned, astound, confound, expound, profound, compound, found, clown.*

F. *I'll, ivy, ivory, idle, reside, right, flight, sigh, fly, triumph, cried, stipend, quiet, pliant, idle, shy, ice, eyes, strive, ripe.*

G. *I'm, mine, resign, kind, behind, rind, Rhine, eyeing, rhymes, chime, wind, mankind, swine, whine, nine, define, decline, lifetime, sunshine.*

5. A certain amount of nasal resonance is necessary in any good vocal quality (see Chapter 6). Practice the following consonants, followed by nasal sounds, vigorously changing from the oral to the nasal sound, avoiding linking vowels:

f-m; f-n; f-ŋ	r-m; r-n; r-ŋ	θ-m; θ-n; θ-ŋ
k-m; k-n; k-ŋ	s-m; s-n; s-ŋ	ð-m; ð-n; ð-ŋ
l-m; l-n; l-ŋ	v-m; v-n; v-ŋ	z-m; z-n; z-ŋ

6. Reverse Exercise 5, putting the nasal sounds before the oral consonants.

7. Practice the following sentences, avoiding nasality and being especially careful of the vowels and diphthongs preceding nasals:

A. *The crowd shouted and clapped at the grand tableau.*

B. *This soil, adjoining a point opposite the boys' land, has been exploited.*

C. *He swam out from the sand bar until he began to have a bad cramp.*

D. *He browsed around the house, now pouting, now grousing, until he roused himself and went out.*

E. *We sang and danced, refreshing ourselves with ham sandwiches, and finally went home.*

F. *We climbed up the high incline, deciding to visit the shrine reminding mankind not to be unkind.*

Denasalized speech, entirely lacking in nasal resonance, is caused by some pathological condition of the nose or throat, such as infected sinuses, chronic catarrh, or growths in the throat, especially enlarged adenoids that shut off the opening to the nasal chambers. (After diseased adenoids are removed, positive nasality often results because the soft palate has been allowed to become sluggish.) A typical example of denasalized speech is the speech of one afflicted with a bad cold in the head. When the condition remains unrelieved, a physician should be consulted.

XIII. Tongue and Lip Exercises

Much faulty speech is the result not of abuse of a few specific sounds but of general indistinctness. Such slovenly enunciation may be checked in most speakers by attention to two procedures,

speaking slowly (see pp. 176-77) and *using the lips vigorously*. Speaking slowly will allow the speaker time to form his sounds carefully and to avoid the ignoring of syllables as if they were poor relatives. Using the lips vigorously will tend to bring the sounds up out of the throat and to *shape* the consonants clearly. Remember that the consonants are the tools of good enunciation; the vowels are the musical elements. Try singing "My Old Kentucky Home" without consonants. You may achieve pleasant tone quality, but what you say will be unintelligible.

In some cases of poor diction the trouble is tight jaws or unrelaxed throat muscles. Pipe-smokers often speak with the pipe held between their teeth, holding their jaws rigid or, at best, speaking with their mouths nearly closed. Many lazy speakers, not troubling to move their lips more than is absolutely necessary, succeed in muffling most of their words. On the other hand, the swift-tongued speakers ruthlessly abandon a fair share of the short, unstressed words and a syllable or two in every long word.

Exercises in relaxation may help shake lose the clenched jaws and dogged grip on life of the tense speakers (see p. 202). Try the following exercises for tongue and lips:

A. Tongue.

1. With the tip of the tongue touch the upper gum ridge, the hard palate, the soft palate, and the lower gum ridge.

2. Touch each tooth with the tip of the tongue, lifting it after each contact.

3. Without vocalizing at first, place the tongue in the positions of various sounds, holding it in each position for several seconds completely relaxed:

A. Touch the tip to the upper gum ridge, allowing the sides to be in contact with the teeth and gums (as for [d] and [t]). Allow the tongue to drop to the floor of the mouth. Raise to the position of [t] again. Repeat. Try the exercise, pronouncing the [t]. In the lowered position pronounce a weak [ɑ].

B. Groove the tongue, keeping the top in back of the upper teeth without touching them or the lower gum (as for [s]). The sides of the tongue must be touching the side teeth. Change to the position for [θ], with the tip of the tongue slightly protruding between the teeth. Shift back and forth slowly. Repeat, using the voiceless sounds [s] and [θ].

c. Place the tip of the tongue on the hard palate, the sides spread (as for [n]). Shift to the [g] sound, formed by raising the tongue in back to the soft palate. Shift from one to the other soundlessly at first, then saying [n] and [g].

4. Stretch the tip of the tongue toward the nose. Withdraw it. Then stretch it toward the chin. Alternate fairly rapidly, seeking a relaxed, controlled tongue.

5. Curl the tongue, stretching the tip backward as far as possible, pressing down on the bottom of the tongue with the upper teeth. Relax. Repeat several times.

6. Without vocalizing, start with the high front vowels, go around the vowel quadrangle (see p. 138), getting the tongue in the proper position and tension: [i], [ɪ], [e], [ɛ], [æ], [a], [ɑ], [ɒ], [ɔ], [o], [ʊ], [u], and finally [ɜ] and [ʌ]. Repeat slowly, this time vocalizing.

B. Lips.

1. Round the lips, exaggerating their protrusion. Unround and open them. Repeat several times. Pronounce [tu] with careful rounding. Relax, saying [ti]. Repeat several times.

2. Press the lips lightly together without pursing them. Force air between them so that they vibrate swiftly. The cheeks should be slightly puffed out and share in the vibration.

3. Whistle up and down the scale, observing the change in lip-tension as you reach your highest notes and the comparative relaxation of the lowest notes.

4. Firmly repeat the following combinations, from lips nearly or entirely closed on the first sound to the open position of [ɑ]: bɑ:, bɑ:, bɑ:, bɑ:, bɑ:; pɑ:, pɑ:, pɑ:, pɑ:, pɑ:; nɑ:, nɑ:, nɑ:, nɑ:, nɑ:; mɑ:, mɑ:, mɑ:, mɑ:, mɑ:; tɑ:, tɑ:, tɑ:, tɑ:, tɑ:; dɑ:, dɑ:, dɑ:, dɑ:, dɑ:; fɑ:, fɑ:, fɑ:, fɑ:, fɑ:; vɑ:, vɑ:, vɑ:, vɑ:, vɑ:.

XIV. Exercises in Articulation

A. Final [t] and [d].

Do the exercises under [t], [d], and [s] (especially [-sts] and [-fts]) that apply in this division.

1. Final [t]: clamped, stepped, rehearsed, stopt, leaped, slept, rapped, slapped, crept, slipped, chopped, hooked, clashed, dashed, meshed, fished,. washed, tossed, kissed, cracked, crashed, backed,

shocked, locked, looked, joked, cooked, mashed, drenched, dreamt, laughed, coughed, stuffed, staffed, matched, watched, latched, itched, coached.

2. Final [d]: learned, leaned, shined, caned, planned, rained stoned, swooned, coined, loomed, aimed, damned, condemned roamed, rhymed, turned, buzzed, raised, prized, closed, oozed, poised, roused, arrived, raved, moved, roved, swerved, bagged begged, clogged, judged, cadged, edged, rouged, lodged, starred battered, reared, spared, roared, scoured, cured, squired, wronged winged, clanged, hanged, longed.

3. Final [əd]: wretched, ragged, united, grated, dogged, righted started, granted, demanded, irritated, seated, sighted, jagged rugged, haunted, hinted, rented, landed, hunted, acquainted.

B. Syllabic Consonants.

1. [n̩]: button, rotten, bitten, tighten, mitten, cotton, rosin, kitten, open, eaten, risen, beaten, batten, curtain.

2. Final [r̩], often [ɚ] (where pronounced): butter, rotter, bitter, cutter, batter, spatter, blotter, quitter, winter, summer, loiter.

3. [l̩]: battle, bottle, cattle, spittle, little, noodle, addle, yokel, bundle, startle, tickle, brittle, fiddle, twiddle, cradle, ladle, crackle, scuttle, fuddle, muddle, rattle, tattle, model, huddle.

4. [m̩]: spasm, chasm, socialism, bosom, schism, communism, chrism, atheism, prism, criticism, organism, egoism, heroism, enthusiasm.

The Glottal Stop. The glottal stop is the complete closing of the opening between the vocal cords at the end of a sound or just before a sound so that the air must forcibly blast its way through the cords in a little explosive gust, as in coughing. For some speakers there is danger of either inserting a glottal stop before a syllabic consonant or substituting the stop for another consonant. Thus *bottle* becomes [ˈbɑtˀl] or [ˈbɑˀl]; *butter* becomes [ˈbʌtˀr] or [ˈbʌˀr]. Except for special emphasis there is no proper place for the glottal stop in American speech, though many otherwise good speakers use it with surprising frequency. Those who detect it in their speech should practice the words above in Exercises 1, 2, 3, 4, under Articulation, being careful to keep the glottis open, especially after [t] and [d] in words ending in [n], [r], and [l], and to be sure that they pronounce the [t] or [d] and not the glottal stop.

This stop is also often heard within phrases, especially before

words beginning with vowels. Diffident speakers sometimes choke off whole series of words by putting the glottal stop before each word.

1. Try the following sentences, keeping the glottis open before the vowels:

A. *An awfully antagonistic attitude appalled us.*
B. *The answer is as easy as eggs at Easter.*
C. *Out of the opposition an eloquent orator arose.*
D. *In India individual effort is intensified.*
E. *He usually urges an umbrella upon us.*

2. Repeat the sounds [i], [eɪ], [aɪ], [oʊ], [u], [ɑ], [ɔ]. If you click between the vowels, try taking a breath before each one. When you put an [f] before each, notice how there is no tendency to close off the glottis before you form the sounds.

3. Try the following combinations without clicking before the words beginning with vowels:

one ounce	eight elephants	any attitude
I allow it	an ideal entrance	idle orders
an eager eye	he always acts	an eagle
always alert	I'd immediately exit	easy of aspect

4. Practice the following sentences, avoiding the glottal stop:

A. *The crackle and rattle of the battle muddled my mind.*
B. *A rotten button on the cotton mitten made me lose it.*
C. *All summer he loitered in the gutter until he became a rotter.*

C. DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS.

1. threnody, throttle, threshold, thrifty, thrombosis, thrush, thrust.

2. accessorily	epistemological	indefatigably
anachronistic	esthetics	indisputably
anesthetist	etymological	indissoluble
assiduity	extraordinary	ineligibly
authoritatively	homogeneity	inestimable
calisthenics	hospitable	inexplicable
Calvary	ignominy	innocuous
cavalry	illegibly	inoculation
chastisement	impecuniousness	insidious
constitutionality	inapplicable	insouciance
deciduous	incalculable	intermolecular

intuitivism	pamphlet	simultaneity
irreconcilable	paroxysm	specific
irrefragable	presumptuous	spontaneity
irrefutable	recidivism	stalactite
irremediably	reconnaissance	stalagmite
irresistibly	recognize	statistician
irrevocably	regularly	statutable
laryngitis	renaissance	supererogatory
midst	significant	thesaurus

3.

acquisitiveness	indistinguishably	particularly
amicable	indomitable	perspicacity
Brobdingnagian	inextricable	perspicacious
caricature	inimical	philanthropically
chrysanthemum	intelligibility	philological
conscientious	inviolable	practicable
despicable	irrelevant	superfluous
etymologically	irreparably	synthesis
hypochondriac	magnanimity	tentatively
impracticable	negligible	unanimity
incommensurably	onomatopoetic	ubiquitous
incorrigible	palpable	verisimilitude[1]

4. fifths, twelfths, widths, breadths, hundredths, sixths, lengths, strengths, eighths, myths, sevenths, twentieths, scythes, writhes, nymphs.

D. MIDDLE CONSONANTS.

Care must be taken not to change or slur middle consonants or whole mid-syllables. Read the following words, being especially careful of the *italicized* sounds:

should*n*'t, could*n*'t, would*n*'t, impor*t*ant, ci*t*y, significant, ren*t*ed, gen*t*lemen, beau*t*iful, geography, twen*t*y, hun*dr*ed, par*t*y, par*t*ner, gover*n*ment, gene*r*ally, particu*l*arly, asso*c*iation, ab*s*urd, acc*u*rate, ar*c*tic, a*tt*itude, Ba*p*tist, be*tt*er, bu*tt*er, Chevro*l*et, child*r*en, coun*t*y, du*t*y, e*s*cape, Feb*r*uary, ge*tt*ing, imme*d*iately, tremen*d*ous, in*t*ellectual, La*t*in, Massa*ch*usetts, pa*tt*ern, pe*r*spiration, pic*t*ure, Pro*t*estant, pu*tt*ing, sa*t*in, Sa*t*urday, wa*t*er, daugh*t*er, wri*t*er, wri*t*ing, beau*t*y, li*tt*le, re*ck*on, ab*s*orb, si*tt*ing, win*t*er.

[1] Some of the words in Exercise 3 were suggested by J. M. Steadman, "Tongue Twisters," in American Speech, April, 1936, p. 203. He mentions O. O. McIntyre's difficult combinations: antithesis, assiduously, and asterisk.

In these words avoid changing the voiceless sound of a consonant to a voiced sound, as changing [t] to [d], leaving out consonants, transposing sounds, etc.

XV. Exercises for [æ], [a], and [ɑ]

The sound of [æ], looked on with much scorn by the over-fastidious and often ignored by them even in words which should have it, is normally neither a vulgar nor a faulty sound. Sometimes, it is true, [æ] is raised and flattened or nasalized until it is ugly to hear. The correction is in lowering and relaxing the tongue, but not as low as [a] or [ɑ], so that there is danger of artificial pronunciation in the direction of [a]. Do not, unless the broad [ɑ] is natural to you in words like *laugh* and *ask*, indiscriminately substitute it for [æ]. The following classes of words should always have the sound of [æ] in American speech:

bag, brag, drag, wag, etc.
add, bad, fad, had, lad, plaid, etc.
back, black, tack, slack, ransack, etc.
bab, grab, drab, jab, stab, etc.
canal, palp, shalt, corral, Alp, scalp, etc.
am, clam, swam, lamb, slam, epigram, telegram, sham, etc.
ash, clash, dash, slash, smash, crash, axe, flax, wax, abash, etc.
at, brat, slat, cravat, batch, hatch, dispatch, etc.
camp, clamp, scamp, tramp, stamp, etc.
fan, bran, plan, began, caravan, etc.
fang, hang, sang, sprang, blank, rank, tank, sank, frank, etc.
chap, clap, strap, snap, tap, wrap, etc.
lapse, collapse, apt, wrapt, tap, etc.
hand, sand, brand, grand, etc.

The following words may have either [æ] or [a]. The most general usage in this country is [æ]. [a] in America is nearly always an acquired sound, chosen by speakers to avoid the flatness of [æ] and the over-refinement of [ɑ].

chaff, graph, staff, autograph, phonograph, photograph, calf, laugh, half, etc.

aft, craft, draft, graft, raft, aircraft, shaft, etc.

chance, dance, glance, trance, advance, expanse, finance, circumstance, etc.

aunt, ant, can't, grant, plant, enchant, slant, supplant, transplant, recant, etc.

ask, bask, cask, flask, mask, task, etc.

asp, clasp, gasp, grasp, hasp, etc.

ass, brass, class, glass, grass, pass, surpass, etc.

blast, cast, fast, last, mast, vast, forecast, etc.

bath, lath, path, wrath, etc.

answer, basket, after, casket, advantage, advance, advancement, castle, demand, command.

disaster, fasten, master, nasty, pastime, pastor, plaster, rascal, raspberry, castor, ghastly, rather, salve.

Some American speakers, usually in the Eastern group (and in eastern Virginia), use [ɑ] in the words immediately above. In Southern British speech they regularly have [ɑ].

Spelled *a* before [r] and [l] is always pronounced [ɑ]. Words of the *stop* class may be pronounced with either [ɑ] or [ɒ] (occasionally [ɔ]).

ballade, façade, barrage, garage, mirage, suave (may be [sweɪv]).

bar, car, far, scar, star, tar, catarrh, garter, caviar, seminar, farce, sparse, harsh.

barb, garb, arch, march, starch, hard, card, guard, yard, discard, disregard, barge, large.

ark, dark, mark, spark, remark, patriarch, arm, charm, farm, harm, carp, harp, sharp.

art, chart, heart, depart, smart, start.

stop, chop, top, shop, adopt, mosque, blot, clot, knot, yacht, forgot, blotch, notch, papa, mama, Rajah, alms, bargain, llama, palm, psalm.

father, artery, marble, lark, qualm, sarcastic.

XVI. Exercises for [ɛ] and [ɪ]

1. [ɪ] and [ɛ], paired: pin, pen; sin, send; India, any; Minnie, many; tin, ten; kin, ken; wrist, rest; sill, sell; hid, head; pick, peck; him, hem; within, then; limb, Lem.

2. [ɛ] alone: breath, web, neck, wreck, correct, bed, fled, elect, subject, correct, hedge, cleft, beg, keg, bell, spell, swell, belt, gem, stem, strategem, dreamt, tempt, contempt, glen, men, again, dense, fence, confidence, bench, bend, friend, attend, defend, extend, offend, comprehend, bent, spent, tent, dent, resent, step, crept.

3. [ɪ] alone: milk, wind, stick, cliff, build, big, hill, brim, hymn, brink, rim, swim, flint, think, thing, swing, string, interest.

4. Read the following sentences:

A. *We sent the pen to India, where many men will use it.*

B. *Any friend who has his confidence and who attends to his interests can comprehend this business.*

C. *I spent ten cents in Memphis, Tennessee, to buy a big pin for Minnie.*

D. *Sid said to tell him that Ben hid the penny many years ago.*

E. *I meant that the mint will not let any men escape this Christmas.*

XVII. Exercises for [ɜ], [ɝ], and [ɔɪ]

Some speakers, especially in New York City and in several parts of the deep South, change the sound of [ɜ] or [ɝ] in words like *bird, third,* etc., to [ɜɪ] so that they are pronounced, according to dialect writers, *boid, thoid,* though only in extreme pronunciation does [ɜ] or [ɝ] actually become [ɔɪ]. The cause is a diphthongizing of the [ɜ], possibly as a substitute for an omitted [r]. [ɔɪ] is occasionally changed to [ɝ] or [ɜɪ] in words like *oyster* and *oil,* or, in some sections, to [ɔr], as in [ɔrl], [bɔrl], for *oil, boil.* Practice the following exercises, being careful to make [ɜ] or [ɝ] a clear vowel and [ɔɪ] a clear diphthong. The General American pronunciation of the words in exercise 1 is [ɝ] rather than [ɜ].

1. [ɝ] or [ɜ] alone: world, word, term, worm, third, bird, stir, blur, dirge, adverse, curse, nurse, perverse, blurt, skirt, dirt, burst, slur, pert, firm, germ, heard, birch, church, search, surf, turf, clerk, jerk, perk, girl, curl, earl, pearl, whirl, furl, burn, spurn, yearn, fern, churn, earn, chirp, squirrel, nasturtium, further, furnish, termite, terminal, terminology, surgeon, sirloin, murmur, nervous, lurch, virtue.

2. [ɔɪ] and [ɝ] or [ɜ]: boil, burn; boy, burr; oil, earl; adjoin, adjourn; loin, learn; poise, purrs; coil, curl; foil, furl; avoid, averred; voice, verse; foist, first; hoist, rehearsed; coy, cur; joyful, jersey; gargoyle, girl; Hoyle, hurl; boil, burl; oily, early.

3. [ɔɪ] alone: toilet, cloister, oyster, decoy, destroy, rejoice, loiter, quoit, Roister-Doister, moisten, noise, poise, spoil, moist, asteroid, recoil, exploit, disappoint, coin, groin, join, toy, hoist.

4. Practice reading the following sentences:

A. *He is the third person I have heard murmuring in church.*

B. *Boil the oysters first, avoiding too much oil, stirring firmly so they will not burn.*

C. *The boy destroyed the coin, disappointing his noisy employer.*

D. *The nurse works on Thirty-third Street, earning about as much as a clerk.*

E. *The squirrels and birds hurry about in the birches, while the girl points at their loitering.*

XVIII. Exercises for [aʊ]

1. Be careful to make the first sound of [aʊ] a low vowel. Some phoneticians think that the first element of this diphthong is [a] rather than [ɑ]. In either case keep the vowel low, avoiding the half-high front vowel [æ]. The diphthong ends with a rounded [ʊ]. Avoid too much fronting of any part of the diphthong. First get straight the vowel [ɑ]: stop, cot, arm, bottle, rock, shop, clock, art, mark, concoct, plod, dodge, blond, chop, adopt, yacht, pond, nod, mob. (There may be variations toward [ʊ] or [ɔ] in these sounds.)

2. Now pronounce the following pairs of words, keeping the [ɑ] of the first in the [aʊ] of the second:

rot, rout; doll, dowel; pond, pound; got, gout; spot, spout; bond, bound; fond, found; wand, wound; scar, scour; clot, clout; dot, doubt; shot, shout; lot, lout; not, knout; pot, pout; Scott, scout; shot, shout; tot, tout; trot, trout; bar, bower; tar, tower; car, cower; clod, cloud; prod, proud; crotch, crouch; Don, down.

3. In the following words first pronounce the vowel as [ɑ]; then carefully try the diphthong [aʊ]:

bow ([bɑ:]-[baʊ]), brow ([brɑ:]-[braʊ]), cow ([kɑ:]-[kaʊ]), how ([hɑ:]-[haʊ]), now ([nɑ:]-[naʊ]), plow, prow, row, scow, slough, sow, thou, vow, allow, avow, endow, fowl, owl, howl, scowl, growl, cowl, prowl, brown, clown, crown, down, frown, gown, noun, town, bout, clout, doubt, gout, lout, scout, sprout, shout, shower, bower, bound, found, ground, hound, mound, mountain, fountain, count, surmount, devour, hour, house, mouse, blouse, pouch, grouch, crouch, slouch, county.

4. Read the following sentences, slowly pronouncing the words containing [aʊ]:

A. *Out on the mountain we allow for about two showers a day.*

B. *The scout, scowling in the sun, shouted to us to get down from our mounts.*

C. *He crouched near the ground, in doubt about whether to count the hours where he was or to howl out that they were surrounded.*

D. *The nouns, gout, gown, fountain, and mouse, all contain the same sound.*

E. *Out of town, but still in this county, we found a good cow and two growling hounds.*

XIX. Exercises for [u] and [ju]

General American has [u] in words like *new, tune, tube.* [ju], considered by many a more pleasing sound in these words, is sometimes exaggerated to [ʃu] or [tʃu] or is put in words that should have only [u].

1. Words regularly with [u]: blue, flew, chew, rule, brew, prune, true, threw, rude, flute, brute, moot, moon, spoon, tomb, clue, cool, rooster, shoe, tool, room, tooth.

2. Words regularly with [ju]: music, feud, beauty, cube, human, view, fumes, mutiny, fusion, putrid, fuse, pewter, cute, reputation, puny, future.

3. Words pronounced with both [u] and [ju]. Either sound is correct, depending on regional standards: tube, tune, suit, duty, assume, constitution, resume, enthusiasm, news, duke, opportunity, suitable, revenues, due, neurotic, neutral, neuter, consume, superstition.

4. Exercises in pairs: beauty, booty; feud, food; hew, who; dew, do; cue, coo; mewed, mood; pew, pooh; fuel, fool.

5. Practice these sentences:

A. *I assume it is my duty to know the tunes of the new music.*

B. *The Duke had the opportunity to find a clue to the tomb of the mutineer.*

C. *Human enthusiasm for news of the future is due once in a blue moon.*

XX. Exercises for [aɪ]

This diphthong is often mispronounced. Some speakers retract the first element [a] toward [ɑ] or even [ɔ], so that a word like *time* is pronounced [tɑɪm] or [tɔɪm], or possibly [tɜɪm], usually with the [ɪ] prolonged. New York City speakers are frequent offenders in the use of this sound. They must be sure that the [a] is the sound in some pronunciations of *ask* and not that in *father* or *all,* and

they must not split the diphthong into two separate vowels. Other speakers, usually in the South, drop the second element of the diphthong, making it a pure vowel, as in *tight,* which becomes [ta:t] or [tɑ:t]. Many speakers nasalize this diphthong, raising the [a] too high and lowering the velum.

1. [aɪ] and [ɔɪ]: tie, toy; buy, boy; try, Troy; bile, boil; tide, toyed; ally, alloy; tile, toil; kind, coined; silo, soil; plight, exploit; isle, oil; file, foil.

2. [aɪ], [ɔɪ], [ɑ]: pint, point, pontoon; light, loiter, lot; pies, poise, Pa's; mice, moist, mosque; high, ahoy, ha; guide, Goya, god; fire, foyer, far; line, loin, élan.

3. [aɪ], [ɑ], [æ]: night, not, gnat; right, rot, rat; sight, sot, sat; tight, tot, tat; like, lock, lack; spite, spot, spat; fined, fond, fanned; bind, bond, banned; type, top, tap; height, hot, hat; slight, slot, slat.

4. [aɪ] and [æ] or [a]: grind, grand; mind, demand; signed, sand; ice, ass; mice, mass; feist, fast; stifle, staff; blight, blot; kite, cot; mine, man; trite, trot; hive, have; spine, span; crime, cram; kind, canned; bite, bat; pile, pal; pine, pan.

5. Read the following sentences carefully:

A. *The light was shining in the sky high above the icy island.*

B. *The royal right to sign the bonds was a point in his spiteful demand.*

C. *"Might makes right" is the kind of vile idea that we find in minds like Genghis Khan's.*

D. *The guide bribed the nine high squires to deny the bride the right to recite tonight.*

E. *I like my height of five feet nine, though my wife desires me to be slightly taller.*

XXI. Exercises for [i] and [ɪ]

[ɪ] is sometimes replaced by [i] in foreign-born speakers. In forming [ɪ] the tongue is slightly lowered from the high front humping for [i]. [ɪ] is a relaxed sound; [i] is tense.

1. [i] and [ɪ], paired: beat, bit; heat, hit; seat, sit; scene, sin; keen, kin; he's, his; feast, fist; feet, fit; steel, still; squeal, squill; feel, fill; deem, dim; weal, will; deep, dip.

2. [i] and [ɪr]: need, near; bead, beard; steed, steer; feed, fear; speed, spear; deed, dear; mead, mere; bean, beer; lead, leer; queen, queer.

3. Read the following sentences:

A. *They built the city bridge higher, making it very pretty indeed.*
B. *They feared that the deer would be killed before it got near the rear line.*
C. *The history of the kings of England's beards is a picture in miniature of civilization.*
D. *The mean, fierce look on his features keeps him from being received with any hospitality.*
E. *Riches and princely cheer will be your gifts if you stay here in Illinois.*

XXII. Exercises for [ʊ] and [u]

Some foreign speakers raise the back vowel [ʊ] to [u], making *good* [gud], *look* [luk]. In some parts of the South *push* and *bush* become [puʃ] and [buʃ]. Keep the tongue relaxed and slightly lowered in back for [ʊ].

1. [u] and [ʊ]: pool, pull; fool, full; boot, book; hoot, hook; loot, look; spoon, puss; boon, bush; tool, push; shoe, poor; boom, boor; grew, good; goose, shook.
2. [ʊ]: bull, sure, fury, lure, hood, could, wood, stood, secure, moor, cook, book, should, push, pullet.
3. Read the following sentences:

A. *The wooden pulley should surely be good.*
B. *We pulled the poor bull out of the brook.*

XXIII. Front Vowel Comparisons

[i]	[ɪ]	[eɪ]	[ɛ]	[æ]
beat	bit	bait	bet	bat
deem	dim	dame	demonstrate	dam
feed	fiddle	fade	fed	fad
feet	fit	fate	fetter	fat
keep	kipper	cape	kept	cap
bean	bin	bane	Ben	ban
neat	knit	Nate	net	gnat
steel	still	stale	Estelle	stallion
beal	bill	bale	bell	ballast
seal	sill	sale	sell	salad
teal	till	tale	tell	talent

speak	spick	spake	speck	horseback
reel	rill	rail	relevant	rally
reach	rich	Rachel	wretch	ratchet
keel	kill	kale	kelp	scalp
feel	fill	fail	fell	fallacy
mean	Min	mane	men	man
scene	sin	sane	scent	sand
bead	bid	bayed	bed	bad
reek	rick	rake	wreck	rack
green	grin	grain	grenadier	grand
lease	lisp	lace	less	lass
least	list	laced	lest	last
heat	hit	hate	heterodox	hat
lead	lid	laid	led	lad
ease	is	A's	Ezra	as
kneel	nil	nail	knell	canal
reap	rip	rape	reputation	rap
leafed	lift	Lafe	left	laughed (G.A.)

Less attention is given to vowels than to consonants in this chapter on diction because drill on vowels is suggested in Chapter 4 under phonetics.

XXIV. Lip Rounding and Placement

Much of the poor enunciation prevalent among students could be reduced if the speakers would take care of four things: avoidance of excessive speed, precision in the formation of consonants, proper placing of all sounds, and vigorous use of the lips. The proper formation of consonants, of course, requires good lip action. Much clarity could be added to all of the back vowels except [ɑ] if attention were given to careful lip rounding. The vowels affected are [ɔ], [o], [ʊ], [u].

[ɑ], the lowest of the back vowels, is unrounded (as are all the front vowels). Beginning with [ɒ], however, as the back of the tongue is raised for the vowels [ɔ], [o], [ʊ], and [u], the lips are increasingly more rounded. In [ɑʊ], the lips, unrounded for the first part of the sound, change quickly to the rounded, relaxed position for [ʊ].

Placement refers to the part of the mouth in which sounds are shaped. We have mentioned "forward placement" under reso-

nance. It is not a very tangible idea. Teachers recommend that speakers and singers get their tones forward in their mouths, "directing sounds to the back of the front teeth," or "forming words seemingly just in front of the lips." But the advice is somewhat vague, like "speaking from the diaphragm," which is physically impossible though perhaps psychologically good advice. Yet there is a good physiological reason for "forward placement." Only six of the fifteen vowels are back vowels. Four of these are made with rounded lips, which should send the sounds toward the front of the mouth. Of the consonants, only [k], [g], [ŋ], and [h] are made in the back of the mouth. [aʊ] and [oʊ] are the only diphthongs made entirely with the back of the tongue. Forward placement then should help make sounds clear and prevent the throatiness that afflicts some speakers. Of course, the back vowels [ɑ], [ɒ], [ɔ], [o], [ʊ], and [u] must not be displaced by the effort to "get tones forward." Otherwise they will have bad quality.

Practice the following exercises, keeping the vowels separate and trying to place tones forward in the mouth, carefully rounding the lips:

1. ɑ-ɔ, ɑ-o, ɑ-ʊ, ɑ-u, ɑ-aʊ (repeat 5 times)
   ɔ-ɑ, ɔ-o, ɔ-ʊ, ɔ-u, ɔ-aʊ " " "
   o-ɑ, o-ɔ, o-ʊ, o-u, o-aʊ " " "
   ʊ-ɑ, ʊ-ɔ, ʊ-o, ʊ-u, ʊ-aʊ " " "
   u-ɑ, u-ɔ, u-o, u-ʊ, u-aʊ " " "
2. u-ɔ-u-o-ɑ, u-ɔ-u-o-ɑ, u-ɔ-u-o-ɑ
   o-ɔ-o-ɔ-o, o-ɔ-o-ɔ-o, o-ɔ-o-ɔ-o
   ɑ-ɔ-o-ʊ-u, ɑ-ɔ-o-ʊ-u, ɑ-ɔ-o-ʊ-u

3. Be very careful in the placement of the vowels in the following groups. In each group the first word has a front vowel, the second a mid vowel, the third a back vowel. Don't let the front vowels be pulled too far back, and don't let the back vowels be pulled too far forward.

very, furry, foray; terrible, turf, toff; Harry, hurry, hoary; fill, furl, full; track, truck, trawl; flash, flush, flaw; hair, her, whore; wear, were, wore; barrel, burl, ball; beard, bird, board; care, cur, core; blare, blur, Blore; steer, stir, store; air, err, oar; bare, burr, bore; spear, spur, spore; tin, ton, tawny; beck, Burke, book; bit, but, bought; sheer, shirt, short.

4. Read the following words horizontally, watching lips and placement. All contain back vowels or diphthongs all of which are formed with rounded lips, except [a].

[ɑ]	[ɔ]	[oʊ]	[ʊ]	[u]	[aʊ]
abolish	ball	bowl	bull	Boole	bowel
column	call	coal	—	cool	cowl
rot	wrought	wrote	—	rude	rowel
botch	bought	boat	butcher	boot	bout
falderol	fall	foal	full	fool	foul
cod	cawed	code	could	cooed	cowed
shod	pshawed	showed	should	shoed	shroud
collar	called	cold	—	cooled	cowled
poll	pall	pole	pull	pool	Powell
god	gaud	goad	good	gooed	ground
cot	caught	coat	—	coot	clowned
spot	pawed	pone	push	spoon	prowl
father	fall	phone	poor	typhoon	towel
car	cause	cone	sure	coon	crown
guard	gone	groan	stood	groom	growl
bond	bawd	bone	boor	boon	bound

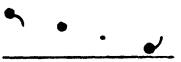
XXV. Intonation

The most elusive of all the phenomena of speaking is the intonation pattern of the voice. The real difference between the speech of a Northerner and that of a Southerner is not in varying vocabulary or in widely divergent pronunciations. It is in their language tunes, in the melodic pattern of their sentences. The Southerner may say, "I stumped my toe" and "I'm waiting on you" and "I'm sick on my stomach" where a Northerner will say, "I stubbed my toe" and "I'm waiting for you" and "I'm sick to my stomach." And both, of course, will have some differences in pronunciation. Yet these are minor differences. The quality that most vividly distinguishes a Northern speaker from a Southern one (or one of German origin from a Frenchman, when both are speaking English, or an Englishman from an American) is what is called "accent," "distinctive modulation," or "intonation pattern." Intonation means the melodic pattern or the total effect of pitch changes in a whole phrase. It must not be confused with inflection, which

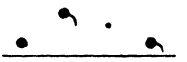
refers only to changes of pitch within syllables. We do, however, sometimes say "inflection pattern," meaning intonation.

Intonations not only distinguish between different groups of speakers but also between individual speakers. They are the chief expression of speech personality. One who lacks a vigorous intonation pattern is dull and monotonous. One with too great a range of pitch changes within phrases may be affected or overemphatic.

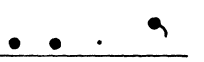
There are no established principles of intonation. Any change in interpretation may change the intonation of a phrase so that the same words may express quite different ideas. For example, the intonation of the sentence, "I'll see to that," may be (using Klinghardt's system): _____ = a general pitch level (key), above and below which individual syllables may rise or fall in pitch; ↖ = a downward inflection; ↗ = an upward inflection. A large dot = a stressed syllable; a small dot = an unstressed one:



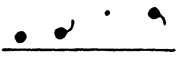
I'll see to that or



I'll *see* to that or



I'll see to THAT.



or I'll see to *that*

Intonation really involves tone color and volume and tempo, as well as pitch. The only definite rule is that the intonations be varied, interesting, and meaningful. We have said earlier that if the interpreter is attentive to meaning and mood, intonation is likely to take care of itself.

In foreign speech, however, some correction may be necessary. The foreigner is accustomed to certain characteristic pitch patterns which he brings over to English. Often a German accent may carry over for two or three generations. Such a speaker must train his sense of hearing to differentiate between the patterns of American speech and his own. Then he should repeat sentences in a monotone, resisting all temptation to inflect. By patient practice he may learn to approach the intonations of American speakers. He must keep in mind in this kind of work that the syllable is the unit of inflection in speech, not the word.

Study the following sentences, learning to recognize the intonation patterns as they are used by cultured American speakers:

1. *Good morning.* (Notice the difference between English and American inflection. The Englishman usually starts with a high pitch and comes down in the greeting, "Good morning." An American starts low, goes up, and comes down again.)
2. *How do you do?*
3. *What can I do for you?*
4. *What do you think of the weather?*
5. *It's been a lovely day, hasn't it?*
6. *Will you please pass the salt?*
7. *Would you like to go for a drive?*
8. *I'm very glad to know you.*
9. *Can you tell me what time it is?*
10. *At what time does the train leave?*

XXVI. Sentences and Passages for General Diction

1. *Rubber buggy bumpers bump buggy rubbers.*
2. *The seething sea ceaseth and so sufficeth us.*
3. *I'm aluminuming 'em, Mum.*
4. *Six, slick, slimy snails slid slowly seawards.*
5. *Six thick thistle sticks; six thick thistles stick.*
6. *She sells sea shells; shall Susan sell sea shells?*
7. *Ten drops of black bugs' blood in a bucket.*
8. *The shiny silk sashes shimmered when the sun shone on the shop.*
9. *A swan swam across the sea;*
   Swim, swan, swim.
   The swan swam back again.
   Well swum, swan.
10. *Some shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?*
11. *Esau saw the buck and the buck saw Esau.*
12. *Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran.*
13. *Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,*
    With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
    He thrusts his fists against the posts
    And still insists he sees the ghosts.
14. *A tree-toad loved a she-toad*
    That lived up in a tree.
    She was a three-toed she-toad,
    But a two-toed tree-toad tried to win

The she-toad's friendly nod,
For the two-toed tree-toad loved the ground
That the three-toed she-toad trod.

15. *I hang it angrily high on the hanger, singing and beating time with my finger.*

16. *Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.*

17. *A skunk sat on a burning stump.*
The stump said the skunk stunk.
The skunk said the stump stunk.
Which stunk—the skunk or the stump?

18. *Things are seldom what they seem.*
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.
W. S. GILBERT, H.M.S. Pinafore, Act. II

19. *Prithee, pretty maiden—prithee tell me true*
(Hey, but I'm doleful, willow wallow waly).
Have you e'er a lover a-dangling after you?
Hey, willow waly O!
I would fain discover
If you have a lover?
Hey willow waly O!
W. S. GILBERT, Patience, Act. I

20. *There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,*
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is eloquent outpouring
When the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!
Yes, I like to see a tiger,
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail!
Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
But to him who's scientific

There's nothing that's terrific
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!
Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts!

W. S. GILBERT, The Mikado, Act II

21. *I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;*
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dous and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the FROGS *of Aristophanes.*

W. S. GILBERT, The Pirates of Penzance, Act I

22. *Loudly let the trumpet bray!*
Tantantara!
Proudly bang the sounding brasses!
Tzing! Boom!
As upon its lordly way
This unique procession passes,
Tantara! Tzing! Boom!
Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantara! Tzing! Boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantara! Tzing! Boom!

W. S. GILBERT, Iolanthe, Act I

23. *Tripping hither, tripping thither,*
Nobody knows why or whither;
Why you want us we don't know,
But you've summoned us, and so
Enter all the little fairies
To their usual tripping measure!
To oblige you all our care is—
Tell us, pray, what is your pleasure!

W. S. GILBERT, Iolanthe, Act I

24. *After mighty tug and tussle—*
It resembled more a struggle—
He, by dint of stronger muscle—
Or by some infernal juggle—
From my clutches, quickly sliding—
I should rather call it slipping—
With a view, no doubt, of hiding—
Or escaping to the shipping—
With a gasp and with a quiver—
I'd describe it as a shiver—
Down he delved into the river,
And, alas, I cannot swim.

W. S. GILBERT, The Yeoman of the Guard, Act II

25. *Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,*
Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero—
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
To the pretty pitter-pitter-patter,
And the clitter-clitter-clitter-clatter-
Clitter-clitter-clatter,
Pitter-pitter-patter,
Patter, patter, patter, patter, we'll dance.
Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero;
For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!

W. S. GILBERT, The Gondoliers, Act II

26. *Or, there's Satan!—one might venture*
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! HY, ZY, HINE . . .
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r, you swine!

ROBERT BROWNING, Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister

27. *For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,*
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

ALFRED TENNYSON, Locksley Hall

28. *Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,*
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the few of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love and truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON, In Memoriam

29. *All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:*
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Birth and Doom, shade and shine—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest Truth, purest Trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

ROBERT BROWNING, Summum Bonum

30. *All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast*
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past:
Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates,
Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits:
Where, mighty, with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curled,
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the wave of the world.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Hymn to Proserpine

31. *From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous moonshine,*
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear of the flies as they float,

Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of
mystic miraculous moonshine,
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and
threaten with throbs through the throat?
Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an actor's
appalled agitation,
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the
promise of pride in the past.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Nephilidia

32. *Six bacillus-shaped black capsules,*
Turning deftly on the rim of an invisible tube,
Diminishing in perspective: so the sun on my palpitant eye-
balls . . .
Lying parch-tongued on the peak rock, I squint into the sky
And clutch at moments of my climb,
The sudden emotions which merge too easily with the passive-
ness of memory,
As a gorgeous autumn leaf falls and becomes compost:
The mountain laurel, mitre-budded, expanding pink
With ten ribbed dots networking the blossom's center;
The flaming azalea licking out long fire-pistils,
Poppy-red in the background of spruce;
The dragon-fly, four-winged, taking flight majestically,
Curving his wicked abdomen behind the sheen of wings,
Tingling my ears with an old superstition;
The buzzard tilting up against the wind,
An outstretched balance of sunny blackness;
In my throat the thick richness of water,
Poured from the canteen's nearness that turns deep the blue of
the sky beyond;
In my eyes the stretch of perspiration;
In my hair stringing damp.
From the wet of my shirt comes the compact, saturated odor of
wool.

ARTHUR J. THOMAS, On Greenbriar Pinnacle

33. *'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves*
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through, and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL, Jabberwocky

34. *Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,*
Sunset's slowly spreading shade,
Silvery songsters sweetly singing,
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs.
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she—
So she signed some simple sketches—
Soul sought soul successfully.

. . . . .

Six Septembers Susan swelters;
Six sharp seasons snow supplies;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums side by side.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, Susan Simpson

35. *"How does the water*
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;

From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry,
Here it comes sparkling
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Singing and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound:

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, The Cataract of Lodore

36. *No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus*
Be taught us.
No more shall professors be partial
To Martial.
No ninny
Will stop playing "shinney"
For Pliny.
Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser
Will stop to read Caesar.
No true son of Erin will leave his potato
To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.
Old Homer
That hapless old roamer,
Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or
Anywhere else. As to Seneca,
Any cur
Safely may snub him, or urge ill
Effects from the reading of Virgil.
Cornelius Nepos
Won't keep us
Much longer from pleasure's light errands—
Nor Terence.
The irreverent now may all scoff in ease
At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.
And moderns it now doth behoove in all

Ways to despise poor old Juvenal;
And to chivvy
Livy.
The class-room hereafter will miss a row
Of eager young students of Cicero.
The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock-rat, he's
Down upon Socrates.
And what'll
Induce us to read Aristotle?
We shall fail in
Our duty to Galen.
No tutor henceforward shall rack us
To construe old Horatius Flaccus.
We have but a wretched opinion
Of Mr. Justinian.
In our classical pabulum mix we've no wee sop
Of Aesop.
Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast
From Sallust.
With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us
Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus.
No admirer shall ever now wreathe with begonias
The bust of Suetonius.
And so if you follow me,
We'll have to cut Ptolemy.
Besides, it would just be considered facetious
To look at Lucretius.
And you can
Not go in Society if you read Lucan
And we cannot have any fun
Out of Xenophon.

ANONYMOUS, The Future of the Classics

Prose for Oral Reading

1. It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house,

carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in!"

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

JOHN RUSKIN, *The King of the Golden River*

2. One day in much good company I was asked by a person of quality, whether I had seen any of their *Struldbrugs*, or *Immortals*. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration. He said these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred *struldbrugs* of both sexes in the whole kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago. That these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves, were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies

and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but uncapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common traditions than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

JONATHAN SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*

3. Three white wands had been stuck in the sand to mark the Poet's grave, but as they were at some distance from each other, we had to cut a trench thirty yards in length, in the line of the sticks, to ascertain the exact spot, and it was nearly an hour before we came upon the grave.

In the meantime Byron and Leigh Hunt arrived in the carriage, attended by soldiers, and the Health Officer, as before. The lonely and grand scenery that surrounded us so exactly harmonised with Shelley's genius, that I could imagine his spirit soaring over us. The sea, with the islands of Gorgona, Capraji, and Elba, was before us; old battlemented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines, and not a human dwelling was in sight. As I thought of the delight Shelley felt in such scenes of loneliness and grandeur whilst living, I felt we were no better than a herd of wolves or a pack of wild dogs, in tearing out his battered and naked body from the pure yellow sand that lay so lightly over it, to drag him back to the light of day; but the dead have no voice, nor had I power to check the sacrilege—the work went on silently in the deep and unresisting sand, not a word was spoken, for the Italians have a touch of sentiment, and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy. Even Byron was silent and thoughtful. We were startled and drawn together by a dull hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock; the iron had struck a skull, and the body was soon uncovered. Lime had been strewn on it; this, or decompo-

sition, had the effect of staining it of a dark and ghastly indigo colour. Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined Shelley's should not be so profaned. The limbs did not separate from the trunk, as in the case of Williams's body, so that the corpse was removed entire into the furnace. I had taken the precaution of having more and larger pieces of timber, in consequence of my experience of the day before of the difficulty of consuming a corpse in the open air with our apparatus. After the fire was well kindled we repeated the ceremony of the previous day; and more wine was poured over Shelley's dead body than he had consumed during his life. This with the oil and salt made the yellow flames glisten and quiver. The heat from the sun and fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. The corpse fell open and the heart was laid bare. The frontal bone of the skull, where it had been struck with the mattock, fell off; and, as the back of the head rested on the red-hot bottom bars of the furnace, the brains literally seethed, bubbled, and boiled as in a cauldron, for a very long time.

Byron could not face this scene, he withdrew to the beach and swam off to the *Bolivar*. Leigh Hunt remained in the carriage. The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to grey ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull, but what surprised us all, was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt; and had any one seen me do the act I should have been put into quarantine.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*

4. Round and round the pond, Henry followed the footpath worn by the feet of Indian hunters, old as the race of men in Massachusetts. The critics and poets were always complaining that there were no American antiquities, no ruins to remind one of the past, yet the wind could hardly blow away the surface anywhere, exposing the spotless sand, but one found the fragments of some Indian pot or the little chips of flint left by some aboriginal arrow-maker. When winter came, and the scent of the gale wafted over the naked ground, Henry tramped through the snow a dozen miles to keep an appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch perhaps, or some old acquaintance among the pines. He ranged like a grey moose, winding his way through the shrub-oak patches, bending the twigs aside, guiding himself by the sun, over hills and plains and valleys, resting in the clear grassy spaces. He liked the wholesome colour of the shrub-oak leaves, well-tanned, seasoned by the sun, the colour of the cow and the deer, silvery-downy underneath,

over the bleached and russet fields. He loved the shrub-oak, with its scanty raiment, rising above the snow, lowly whispering to him, akin to winter, the covert which the hare and the partridge sought. It was one of his own cousins, rigid as iron, clean as the atmosphere, hardy as all virtue, tenacious of its leaves, leaves that did not shrivel but kept their wintry life, firm shields, painted in fast colours. It loved the earth, which it over-spread, tough to support the snow, indigenous, robust. The squirrel and the rabbit knew it well, and Henry could understand why the deermouse had its hole in the snow by the shrub-oak's stem. Winter was his own chosen season. When, for all variety in his walks, he had only a rustling oak-leaf or the faint metallic cheep of a tree-sparrow, his life felt continent and sweet as the kernel of a nut. Alone in the distant woods or fields, in the unpretending sprout-lands or pastures tracked by rabbits, on a bleak and, to most, a cheerless day, when a villager would be thinking of his fire, he came to himself and felt himself grandly related. Cold and solitude were his dearest friends. Better a single shrub-oak leaf at the end of a wintry glade, rustling a welcome at his approach, than a ship-load of stars and garters from the kings of the earth. By poverty, if one chose to use the word, monotony, simplicity, he felt solidified and crystallized, as water and vapour are crystallized by cold.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, *"Thoreau at Walden," from The Flowering of New England*

5. The MUEL is haf hoss, and haf Jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more, akordin tu their helft, than enny other kreeture, except a crowbar. Tha kant hear any quicker, nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snow shoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint wirth any more than the muels. The only wa tu keep them into a paster, is tu turn them into a medder jineing and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use, just as soon as they will du tu abuse. Tha haint got enny friends, and will live on huckel berry brush, with an ockasional chanse at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invenshun, I don't think the Bible deludes to them at tall. Tha sel for more money than enny other domestik animile. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you kould a Mexican cannons.

Tha never have no disease that a good club wont heal. If tha ever die tha must kum tu life agin, for I never heard nobody sa "Ded muel." Tha are like some men, very korrupt at harte; I've known them tu be good muels for 6 months, just to git a good chance to kick sumbody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed, requiring it. The only reason wha tha are pashunt, is bekause

tha are ashamed ov themselfs. I have seen eddikated muels in a sirkus. Tha kould kick, and bite, tremenjis. I would not sa what I am forced to sa agin the muel, if his birth want an outrage and man want to blame for it. Enny man who is willing tu drive a muel ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest creetures on earth, and heaviest, ackording tu their size; I herd tell ov one who fell oph the two path, on the Eri Kanawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept rite on towing the boat tu the nex stashun, breathing thru his ears, which stuck out ov the water about 2 feet 6 inches; I didn't see this did, but an auctioneer told me ov it, and I never knew an auctioneer tu lie unless it was absolutely convenient.

JOSH BILLINGS, *On the Mule*

6. All poetry falls into two classes: serious verse and light verse. Serious verse is verse written by a major poet; light verse is verse written by a minor poet. To distinguish the one from the other, one must have a sensitive ear and a lively imagination. Broadly speaking, a major poet may be told from a minor poet in two ways: (1) by the character of the verse, (2) by the character of the poet. (Note: it is not always advisable to go into the character of the poet.)

As to the verse itself, let me state a few elementary rules. Any poem starting with "And when" is a serious poem written by a major poet. To illustrate—here are the first two lines of a serious poem easily distinguished by the "And when:"

> And when, in earth's forgotten moment, I
> Unbound the cord to which the soul was bound . . .

Any poem, on the other hand, ending with "And how" comes under the head of light verse, written by a minor poet. Following are the last two lines of a "light" poem, instantly identifiable by the terminal phrase:

> Placing his lips against her brow
> He kissed her eyelids shut. And how. . . .

So much for the character of the verse. Here are a few general rules about the poets themselves. All poets who, when reading from their own works, experience a choked feeling, are major. For that matter, all poets who read from their own works are major, whether they choke or not. All women poets, dead or alive, who smoke cigars are major. All poets who have sold a sonnet for one hundred and twenty-five dollars to a magazine with a paid circulation of four hundred thousand are major. A sonnet is composed of fourteen lines; thus the payment in this case is eight dollars and ninety-three cents a line, which constitutes

a poet's majority. (It also indicates that the editor has probably been swept off his feet.) . . .

A poet who, in a roomful of people, is noticeably keeping at a little distance and "seeing into" things is a major poet. This poet commonly writes in unrhymed six-foot and seven-foot verse, beginning something like this:

When, once, finding myself alone in a gathering of people,
I stood, a little apart, and through the endless confusion of voices . . .

This is a major poem and you needn't give it a second thought.

There are many more ways of telling a major poet from a minor poet, but I think I have covered the principal ones. The truth is, it is fairly easy to tell the two types apart; it is only when one sets about trying to decide whether what they write is any good or not that the thing really becomes complicated.

E. B. White, *How to Tell a Major Poet from a Minor Poet*

7. "Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other

pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam! will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*

8. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace. What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth? I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life. And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God. I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him. That which

hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.

And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there. I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked: for there is a time there for every purpose and for every work. I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3

9. All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labor, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed,

DO WHAT THOU WILT.

Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honor. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude, wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, Let us drink, they would all drink. If any one of them said, Let us play, they all played. If one said, Let us go a walking into the fields, they all went. If it were to go a hawking or a hunting, the ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle, carried on their lovely fists, miniardly begloved every one of

them, either a sparhawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the young gallants carried the other kinds of hawks. So nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them, but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant knights, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skillful both on foot and a horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, less forward, or more ready with their hand, and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there. For this reason, when the time came, that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, namely her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony: and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigor and fervency, than at the very day of their wedding.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS, *Gargantua*

10. "Look out, here he comes!"

Who had spoken? A slight noise, that of the opening gate, made every heart throb. Necks were outstretched, eyes gazed fixedly, there was labored breathing on all sides. Salvat stood on the threshold of the prison. The chaplain, stepping backwards, had come out in advance of him, in order to conceal the guillotine from his sight, but he had stopped short, for he wished to see that instrument of death, make acquaintance with it, as it were, before he walked towards it. And as he stood there, his long, aged, sunken face, on which life's hardships had left their mark, seemed transformed by the wondrous brilliancy of his flaring, dreamy eyes. Enthusiasm bore him up—he was going to his death in all the splendor of his dream. When the executioner's assistants drew near to support him, he once more refused their help, and again set himself in motion, advancing with short steps, but as quickly and as straightly as the rope hampering his legs permitted. . . .

"Long live Anarchy!"

It was Salvat who had raised this cry. But in the deep silence his husky, altered voice seemed to break. The few who were near at hand had turned very pale; the distant crowd seemed bereft of life. The horse of one of the Gardes de Paris was alone heard snorting in the center of the space which had been kept clear.

Then came a loathsome scramble, a scene of nameless brutality and ignominy. The headsman's helps rushed upon Salvat as he came up slowly with brow erect. Two of them seized him by the head, but finding little hair there, could only lower it by tugging at his neck. Next two others grasped him by the legs and flung him violently upon a plank which tilted over and rolled forward. Then, by dint of pushing and tugging, the head was got into the "lunette," the upper part of which fell in such wise that the neck was fixed as in a ship's port-hole—and all this was accomplished amidst such confusion and with such savagery that one might have thought that head some cumbrous thing which it was necessary to get rid of with the greatest speed. But the knife fell with a dull, heavy, forcible thud, and two long jets of blood spurted from the severed arteries, while the dead man's feet moved convulsively. Nothing else could be seen. The executioner rubbed his hands in a mechanical way, and an assistant took the severed blood-streaming head from the little basket into which it had fallen and placed it in the large basket into which the body had already been turned.

ÉMILE ZOLA, *Paris, translated by E. A. Vizetelly*

11. I went to see *Camille* the other night and was much moved. I wept frankly at the familiar old tale of love and sacrifice and was not ashamed, because I feel with the poet that

> A man's a man for a' that,
> And born to blush unseen,
> For many a gem of ray serene
> Is coy and hard to please.
> —Ray Serene, 1784-1790

I always cry at *Camille*. I've seen them all—Duse, Bernhardt, Rejane, Eva Le Gishienne, Booth, Salvini, Dockstader, and Grover Cleveland the Elder. What aroused my curiosity at *Camille* was the fact that so little crying was going on. I was the only one crying where I sat and I assume conditions were about the same in the first balcony and orchestra. What's the matter? Don't people cry any more? People weren't ashamed to cry in the days when I was a young blade. Or even later, when I got to be an old blade and they tried to throw me into the Grand Canyon (*there* was a tussle for you).

In the old days there were weepers in the grand tradition. Weeping was an art. That was before the woman's handkerchief started to decline. A woman's handkerchief was still a commodious affair into which a woman could weep comfortably for an hour at a stretch without stopping to wring it out. But little by little civilization has made in-

roads on the lady's handkerchief, while at the same time the gent's handkerchief has been increasing by leaps and bounds until today it practically amounts to a toga. Well, let them do their worst. The lady's handkerchief will never take the place of the postage stamp.

FRANK SULLIVAN, "*Willa the Weeper*," *from In One Ear*

12. I concluded at length, that the People were the best Judges of my Merit; for they buy my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says*, at the End on't; this gave me some Satisfaction, as it showed not only that my Instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own, that to encourage the Practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great Gravity.

Judge, then how much I must have been gratified by an Incident I am going to relate to you. I stopt my Horse lately where a great Number of People were collected at a Vendue of Merchant Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times, and one of the Company call'd to a plain clean old Man, with white Locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up, and reply'd, "If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it you in short, for *A Word to the Wise is enough*, and *many Words won't fill a Bushel*, as *Poor Richard* says." They all join'd in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," says he, "and Neighbours, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only Ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our *Idleness*, three times as much by our *Pride*, and four times as much by our *Folly*; and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an Abatement. However, let us harken to good Advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as *Poor Richard* says, in his Almanack of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one-tenth Part of their *Time*, to be employed in its Service. But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute *Sloth*, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employ-

ments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. *Sloth*, by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. *Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labour wears; while the used Key is always bright*, as *Poor Richard* says. *But dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time, for that's the stuff Life is made of*, as *Poor Richard* says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping Fox catches no Poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the Grave*, as *Poor Richard* says."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *The Way to Wealth*

13. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each, he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *A History of New York*

14. Man frequently distinguishes himself from other animals by what he proudly calls "the gift of articulate speech." Some years ago, when the late William Jennings Bryan was crusading against evolution, I was inveigled into introducing him to an undergraduate audience. I managed to avoid serving as the target of his wit and satire by suggesting that, if articulate speech be taken as the criterion of distinction between man and ape, Mr. Bryan of all human beings could most justly disclaim a simian ancestry.

To an anthropoid ape the range, quality, and volume of human vocalization would not be remarkable. A gorilla, for example, can both outscream a woman and roar in a deep bass roll like distant thunder, which can be heard for three or four miles. Even the small gibbon has a voice described by a musician as "much more powerful than that of any singer he had ever heard." As a matter of fact, the anthropoid apes have laryngeal sacs which are extensions of the voice-box, capable of inflation and use as resonance chambers. There is also ample evidence that the voice as an organ for the expression of emotion is utilized by the great apes with a variation and efficacy in no whit inferior to that manifested by the human voice, and with far greater power. In fact, one might conclude that an anthropoid ape would regard a Metropolitan opera star as next-door to dumb.

The ape, unimpressed with the range and volume of the human voice, would nevertheless be appalled at its incessant utilization. Lacking, presumably, the ability to fabricate lofty and complicated thoughts, he would not understand man's continuous compulsion to communicate these results of his cerebration to his fellows, whether or not they care to listen. In fact, it would probably not occur to an ape that the ceaseless waves of humanly vocalized sound vibrating against his ear drums are intended to convey thoughts and ideas. Nor would he be altogether wrong. Man's human wants are not radically dissimilar to those of other animals. He wakes and sleeps, eats, digests, and eliminates, makes love and fights, sickens and dies, in a thoroughly mammalian fashion. Why, then, does he eternally discuss his animalistic affairs, preserving a decent silence but once a year, for two minutes, on Armistice Day? "But," I say (in my role of apologist), "human culture is based upon the communication of knowledge through the medium of speech." This is, of course, a statement which no anthropoid ape is in a position to contradict. It is probably true. However, it may be pointed out that the record of human culture is far more ancient than that of language, possibly because no material evidence of the existence of the latter is available before the invention of writing. Nevertheless, beginning with the dawn of the Pleistocene, perhaps one million years ago, we possess an almost unbroken sequence of man-made stone tools, which manifest

a continuous and ever improving tradition of craftsmanship. These ancient implements doubtless represent only the few elements which have survived because of the durability of the material used. Pleistocene human culture must have included much more than stone axes and scrapers. It is a fact that many competent anatomists who have examined the various fragmentary skulls and brain cases of the earliest known fossil men—undoubtedly the fabricators of some of the more advanced types of implements—have questioned their ability to employ articulate speech. I myself disagree with this view and think that Pithecanthropus, for example, was probably excessively garrulous, though undoubtedly incoherent and nonsensical in most of his linguistic offerings. I should think that man originated from an irrepressibly noisy and babbling type of ape.

EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON, *Apes, Men and Morons*

15. Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and mournful strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung, and still the chorus of the desert swelled between, like the deepest tone of a mighty organ. And, with the final peal of that dreadful anthem, there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconverted wilderness, were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man, in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke-wreaths, above the impious assembly. At the same moment, the fire on the rock shot redly forth, and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the apparition bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New England churches.

"Bring forth the converts!" cried a voice, that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well-nigh sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke-wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old Deacon Gookin

seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she! And there stood the proselytes, beneath the canopy of fire.

"Welcome, my children," said the dark figure, "to the communion of your race! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!"

They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend-worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

"There," resumed the sable form, "are all whom ye have reverenced from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their father's wealth; and how fair damsels—blush not, sweet ones!—have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin, ye shall scent out all the places—whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field, or forest—where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood-spot. Far more than this! It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power—than my power, at its utmost!—can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other."

They did so; and, by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *Young Goodman Brown*

16. On that day, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person, or the approach of some expected event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water and shadowing its

dark current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds, and rested in the atmosphere. Still, that breathing silence, which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July, pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men, the occasional and lazy tap of a woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the air from the dull roar of a distant waterfall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these loiterers showed the red skin and wild accoutrements of a native of the woods, the other exhibited, through the mask of his rude and nearly savage equipments, the brighter, though sunburnt and long-faded complexion of one who might claim descent from a European parentage. The former was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest language by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely shaved head, on which no other hair than the well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume that crossed his crown and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, were in the girdle; while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full-formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior would denote that he had reached the vigor of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared to have yet weakened his manhood.

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who had known hardships and exertion from his earliest youth. His person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscle appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest green, fringed with faded yellow, and a summer cap of skins which had been shorn of their fur. He also bore a knife in a girdle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his under-dress which appeared below the hunting-frock was a pair of buckskin leggins that laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees with the sinews of a deer. A pouch and horn completed his personal accoutrements, though

a rifle of great length, which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught them was the most dangerous of all fire-arms, leaned against a neighboring sapling. The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game, or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking enemy. Notwithstanding these symptoms of habitual suspicion, his countenance was not only without guile, but at the moment at which he is introduced, it was charged with an expression of sturdy honesty.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, *The Last of the Mohicans*

17. It was largely in the woods, and quite a general engagement. The night was very pleasant, at times the moon shining out full and clear, all Nature so calm in itself, the early summer grass so rich, and foliage of the trees—yet there the battle raging, and many good fellows lying helpless, with new accessions to them, and every minute amid the rattle of muskets and crash of cannon (for there was an artillery contest too), the red life-blood oozing out from heads or trunks or limbs upon that green and dew-cool grass. Patches of the woods take fire, and several of the wounded, unable to move, are consumed—quite large spaces are swept over, burning the dead also—some of the men have their hair and beards singed—some, burns on their faces and hands—others holes burnt in their clothing. The flashes of fire from the cannon, the quick flaring flames and smoke, and the immense roar—the musketry so general, the light nearly bright enough for each side to see the other—the crashing, tramping of men—the yelling—close quarters—we hear the secesh yells—our men cheer loudly back, especially if Hooker is in sight—hand to hand conflicts, each side stands up to it, brave, determin'd as demons, they often charge upon us—a thousand deeds are done worth to write newer greater poems on—and still the woods on fire—still many are nor only scorch'd—too many, unable to move, are burn'd to death.

Then the camps of the wounded—O heavens, what scene is this?—is this indeed *humanity*—these butchers' shambles? There are several of them. There they lie, in the largest, in an open space in the woods, from two hundred to three hundred poor fellows—the groans and screams—the odor of blood, mixed with the fresh scent of the night, the grass, the trees—that slaughter-house! O well is it their mothers, their sisters cannot see them—cannot conceive, and never conceiv'd, these things. One man is shot by a shell, both in the arm and leg—both are amputated—there lie the rejected members. Some have their legs blown off—some bullets through the breast—some indescribably horrid wounds in the face or head, all mutilated, sickening, torn, gouged out—

some in the abdomen—some mere boys—many rebels, badly hurt—they take their regular turns with the rest, just the same as any—the surgeons use them just the same. Such is the camp of the wounded—such a fragment, a reflection afar off of the bloody scene—while over all the clear, large moon comes out at times softly, quietly shining. Amid the woods, that scene of flitting souls—amid the crack and crash and yelling sounds—the impalpable perfume of the woods—and yet the pungent, stifling smoke—the radiance of the moon, looking from heaven at intervals so placid—the sky so heavenly—the clear-obscure up there, those buoyant upper oceans—a few large placid stars beyond, coming silently and languidly out, and then disappearing—the melancholy, draperied night above, around. And there, upon the roads, the fields, and in those woods, that contest, never one more desperate in any age or land—both parties now in force—masses—no fancy battle, no semi-play, but fierce and savage demons fighting there—courage and scorn of death the rule, exceptions almost none.

WALT WHITMAN, *A Night Battle*

18. One hot day in December I had been standing perfectly still for a few minutes among the dry weeds when a slight rustling sound came from near my feet, and glancing down I saw the head and neck of a large black serpent moving slowly past me. In a moment or two the flat head was lost to sight among the close-growing weeds, but the long body continued moving slowly by—so slowly that it hardly appeared to move, and as the creature must have been not less than six feet long, and probably more, it took a very long time, while I stood thrilled with terror, not daring to make the slightest movement, gazing down upon it. Although so long, it was not a thick snake, and as it moved on over the white ground it had the appearance of a coal-black current flowing past me—a current not of water or other liquid but of some such element as quick-silver moving on in a rope-like stream. At last it vanished, and turning I fled from the ground, thinking that never again would I venture into or near that frightfully dangerous spot in spite of its fascination.

Nevertheless I did venture. The image of that black mysterious serpent was always in my mind from the moment of waking in the morning until I fell asleep at night. Yet I never said a word about the snake to anyone: it was my secret, and I knew it was a dangerous secret, but I did not want to be told not to visit that spot again. And I simply could not keep away from it; the desire to look again at that strange being was too strong. I began to visit the place again, day after day, and would hang about the borders of the barren weedy ground watching and listening, and still no black serpent appeared. Then one day I ventured,

though in fear and trembling, to go right in among the weeds, and still finding nothing, began to advance step by step until I was right in the middle of the weedy ground and stood there a long time, waiting and watching. All I wanted was just to see it once more, and I had made up my mind that immediately on its appearance, if it did appear, I would take to my heels. It was when standing in this central spot that once again that slight rustling sound, like that of a few days before, reached my straining sense and sent an icy chill down my back. And there, within six inches of my toes, appeared the black head and neck, followed by the long, seemingly endless body. I dared not move, since to have attempted flight might have been fatal. The weeds were thinnest here, and the black head and slow-moving black coil could be followed by the eye for a little distance. About a yard from me there was a hole in the ground about the circumference of a breakfast-cup at the top, and into this hole the serpent put his head and slowly, slowly drew himself in, while I stood waiting until the whole body to the tip of the tail had vanished and all danger was over.

W. H. Hudson, *Far Away and Long Ago*

19. The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced, may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea that clenches a writer's meaning:—as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises, may strike out twenty varieties of familiar every-day language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one, which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind. This would seem to show that Mr. Cobbett is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is always the best. It may be a very good one; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time. It should be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject. We seldom succeed by trying at improvement, or by merely substituting one word

for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it. We wander farther from the point by persisting in a wrong scent; but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expected it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *On Familiar Style*

20. A poor Relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse—a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr.——." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. —— will drop in today." He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet

'tis odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth—favorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture: and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

CHARLES LAMB, *Poor Relations*

21. If we may not be said to be able to converse before we are able to talk (and study is essentially your opportunity to converse with your teachers and inspirers), so we may be said not to be able to "talk" before we are able to speak: whereby you easily see what we thus get. We may not be said to be able to study—and *a fortiori* do any of the things we study *for*—unless we are able to speak. All life therefore comes back to the question of our speech, the medium through which we communicate with each other; for all life comes back to the question of our relations with each other. These relations are made possible, are registered, are verily constituted, by our speech, and are successful in proportion as our speech is worthy of its great human and social function; is developed, delicate, flexible, rich—an adequate accomplished fact. The more it suggests and expresses the more we live by it—the more it promotes and enhances life. Its quality, its authenticity, its security, are hence supremely important for the general multifold opportunity, for the dignity and integrity, of our existence.

HENRY JAMES, *The Question of Our Speech*

22. Now of all sciences is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes,

that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness. But he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste—which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarb they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men, most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves—glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *The Defense of Poetry*

23. My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *First Inaugural Address*

24. The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock-coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turned moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust

of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

AMBROSE BIERCE, *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*

25. We saw her in her last June. There she sat in her little, cheerful sitting room up in the musty, frowsy, old house in the Boulevard Pereire, which belongs, they say, to some South American government, but from which, since the day when an infatuated Minister had grandly placed it at her disposal, she had never been ousted. She was resplendent in a dressing gown of white satin with a saucy, fur-edged overjacket of blue Indian silk, and there were blazing rings on the ancient fingers which now and again adjusted the jacket so that there should always be a good view of the scarlet Legion of Honor badge on her breast. It had taken her so many years and so much trouble to get it. Her face was a white mask on which features were painted, but no craft of make-up could have wrought that dazzling smile which lighted the room. Just as in the glory of her early years, she had never suggested youth but seemed an ageless being from some other world, so now, in her seventy-eighth year, it was not easy to remember that she was old.

There she sat, mutilated, sick, bankrupt and, as always, more than a little raffish—a ruin, if you will, but one with a bit of gay bunting fluttering jauntily and defiant from the topmost battlement. There she sat, a gaudy old woman, if you will, with fainter and fainter memories of scandals, ovations, labors, rewards, intrigues, jealousies and heroisms, notoriety and fame, art and the circus. But there was no one in that room so young and so fresh that this great-grandmother did not make her seem colorless. She was nearly four-score years of age and had just finished a long, harassing season. But she was in no mood to go off to the shore for her rest until she had adjusted her plans for this season. There were young playwrights to encourage with a pat on the head, there were scene designers and costumiers to be directed, there were artists to be interviewed and there was need of some sort of benign intervention in behalf of a new play struggling along in her own theater.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, *Enchanted Aisles*

26. Skepticism seems to be indispensable for education, but the college man neither possesses it nor respects its possession in others. He relies on the commercial honesty of the institution that accepts his tuition: surely no professor would accept money for saying something that was not true. A text-book cannot lie, and a professor will not. Logic, evidence, experimentation, and verification are all very well, no doubt, but an uneconomic waste of time. In a pinch, I would undertake to convince a class of men of nearly anything, merely by repeating many times that it was so because I said it was so. One does not teach women that way. One painstakingly examines all the facts, goes over the evidence, caulks the seams of one's logic, and in every way prepares oneself for intelligent opposition. It may be the devilish obstinacy of the sex. No doubt it is, but also, whatever its place in the ultimate synthesis of wisdom, it is the beginning of knowledge.

All this narrows down to one very simple thing. Democracy has swamped the colleges, and, under its impetus, college men tend more and more to reverse evolution and to develop from heterogeneity to homogeneity. They tend to become a type, and, our civilization providing the mold, the type is that of the salesman. The attributes that distinguish it are shrewdness, craftiness, alertness, high-pressure affability and, above all, efficiency. There seems to me little reason to believe that the tendency will change in any way. I have not, indeed, any reason to believe that for the Republic any change is desirable. The mass-production of salesmen, we may be sure, will not and cannot stop. But, at least, there is one force that moves counter to this one. The co-eds, in general, develop into individuals; and, in general, they oppose and dissent from the trend of college education. I do not pretend to say whether their opposition is conscious or merely instinctive, nor can I hazard any prophecy about its possible influence on our national life. But if, hereafter, our colleges are to preserve any of the spirit that was lovely and admirable in their past, I am disposed to believe that the co-eds, those irresponsible and overdressed young nitwits, will save it unassisted.

BERNARD DE VOTO, *The Co-Eds, God Bless Them!*

27. Whatever Chartres may be now, when young it was a smile. To the Church, no doubt, its cathedral here has a fixed and administrative meaning, which is the same as that of every other bishop's seat and with which we have nothing whatever to do. To us, it is a child's fancy, a toy-house to please the Queen of Heaven—to please her so much that she would be happy in it—to charm her till she smiled.

The Queen Mother was as majestic as you like; she was absolute; she could be stern; she was not above being angry; but she was still a woman,

who loved grace, beauty, ornament—her toilette, robes, jewels; who considered the arrangements of her palace with attention, and liked both light and colour; who kept a keen eye on her Court, and exacted prompt and willing obedience from king and arch-bishops as well as from beggars and priests. She protected her friends and punished her enemies. She required space, beyond what was known in the Courts of kings, because she was liable at all times to have ten thousand people begging her for favours—mostly inconsistent with law—and deaf to refusal. She was extremely sensitive to neglect, to disagreeable impressions, to want of intelligence in her surroundings. She was the greatest artist, as she was the greatest philosopher and musician and theologist, that ever lived on earth, except her Son, Who, at Chartres, is still an Infant under her guardianship. Her taste was infallible; her sentence eternally final. This church was built for her in this spirit of simple-minded, practical, utilitarian faith—in this singleness of thought, exactly as a little girl sets up a doll-house for her favourite blonde doll. Unless you can go back to your dolls, you are out of place here. If you can go back to them, and get rid for one small hour of the weight of custom, you shall see Chartres in glory.

HENRY ADAMS, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*

28. I now became aware of something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very undefined outline. I can not say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I can not say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I fancied that I distinguished them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half-believed, half-doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself: "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was

that of an immense and overwhelming power opposed to my volition—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond man's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of man.

And now, as this impression grew on me—now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said: "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear I can not be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand toward the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn; it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted with the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark, with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, *The House and the Brain*

29. When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with one another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely

to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, begun at a distinguished period, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence*

30. In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farmhouse was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theater of disasters, though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by

duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High Street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures, and these were ghost-like, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion, and, as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, *Arthur Mervyn*

31. There seemed no sign of common bodily illness about him, nor of the recovery from any. He looked like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness. His whole high, broad form seemed made of solid bronze, and shaped in an unalterable mould, like Cellini's cast Perseus. Threading its way out from among his grey hairs, and continuing right down one side of his tawny scorched face and neck, till it disappeared in his clothing, you saw a slender rod-like mark, lividly whitish. It resembled that perpendicular seam sometimes made in the straight, lofty trunk of a great tree, when the upper lightning tearingly darts down it, and without wrenching a single twig, peels and grooves out the bark from top to bottom ere running off into the soil, leaving the tree still greenly alive, but branded. Whether that mark was born with him, or whether it was the scar left by some desperate wound, no one could certainly say. By some tacit consent, throughout the voyage little or no allusion was made to it, especially by the mates. But once Tachtego's senior, an old Gay-Head Indian among the crew, superstitiously asserted that not till he was full forty years old did Ahab become that way branded, and then it came upon him, not in the fury of any mortal fray, but in an elemental strife at sea. Yet, this wild hint seemed inferentially nega-

tived, by what a grey Manxman insinuated, an old sepulchral man, who, having never before sailed out of Nantucket, had never ere this laid eye upon wild Ahab. Nevertheless, the old sea-traditions, the immemorial credulities, popularly invested this old Manxman with preternatural powers of discernment. So that no white sailor seriously contradicted him when he said that if ever Captain Ahab should be tranquilly laid out—which might hardly come to pass, so he muttered—then, whoever should do that last office for the dead, would find a birth mark on him from crown to sole.

So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me, and the livid brand which streaked it, that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this overbearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood. It had previously come to me that this ivory leg had at sea been fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale's jaw. "Aye, he was dismasted off Japan," said the old Gay-Head Indian once; "but like his dismasted craft, he shipped another mast without coming home for it. He has a quiver of 'em."

I was struck with the singular posture he maintained. Upon each side of the *Pequod's* quarter deck, and pretty close to the mizzen shrouds, there was an auger hole, bored about half an inch or so, into the plank. His bone leg steadied in that hole; one arm elevated, and holding by a shroud; Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship's ever-pitching prow. There was an infinity of firmest fortitude, a determinate, unsurrenderable wilfulness, in the fixed and fearless, forward dedication of that glance. Not a word he spoke; nor did his officers say aught to him; though by all their minutest gestures and expressions, they plainly showed the uneasy, if not painful, consciousness of being under a troubled master-eye. And not only that, but moody stricken Ahab stood before them with a crucifixion in his face; in all the nameless regal overbearing dignity of some mighty woe.

HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby Dick*

32. Barker's widowed sister, Mrs. Tremaine, whose husband had been a drunkard and a doctor, was his housekeeper (when she was at home, which was seldom the case). I believe she was originally called Betts, or Bett, but this was shortened to B., and by this name she was generally known. It was understood that Dr. Tremaine had been unkind to her before his death, and that their married life had been very miserable, though I never heard either Barker or herself say so. But such was generally thought to be the case nevertheless, for certainly the excellent woman had had trouble. It was also understood that he died in drink, probably from catching fire on the inside, and that with his last breath

he referred to his wife as a snake, and to his neighbors as devils. This impression, like the other one with reference to his disposition, had no foundation I ever heard of except that his relict worried a great deal about people who were going to ruin from drink. We supposed, of course, that she was prompted to this by the memory of her late husband, as she was prompted to insist on everybody's being religious by the wickedness of her brother, the miller. Having no other place to go after her husband's death, she determined to move West and live with her brother. Although there was not a drunkard in the county, she immediately began a war on rum, and when I first encountered the words "Delirium Tremens," in connection with drunkenness, I remember thinking I was acquainted with his widow.

Next to her desire to save everybody from drunkenness, she wanted to save everybody from sin, and spent most of her time in discussing these two questions; but she had little opposition, for everybody in that country was religious as well as temperate. When she became acquainted with the Rev. John Westlock she at once hailed him as a man raised up to do a great work, and was always with him in the meetings he held in different places, nothing being thought of it if he took her with him and brought her back again.

Together they established a lodge of Good Templars at Fairview, although the people were all sober and temperate, and once a week they met to call upon the fallen brother to shun the cup, and to redeem the country from debauchery and vice. Barker said they spent one-half the evening in "opening" and the other half in "closing." Barker often criticized her, half in jest and half in earnest, and once when Jo and I were at his house for dinner, and something had been lost, he remarked that if B. were as familiar with her home as she was familiar with the number of gallons of liquor consumed annually, or with the Acts of the Apostles, things would be more comfortable. I think he disliked her because she paid so much attention to other people's faults and so little to her own.

E. W. Howe, *The Story of a Country Town*

33. Nautilus was one of the first communities in the country to develop the Weeks habit, now so richly grown that we have Correspondence School Week, Christian Science Week, Osteopathy Week, and Georgia Pine Week.

A Week is not merely a week.

If an aggressive, wide-awake, live-wire, and go-ahead church or chamber of commerce or charity desires to improve itself, which means to get more money, it calls in those few energetic spirits who run any city,

and proclaims a Week. This consists of one month of committee meetings, a hundred columns of praise for the organization in the public prints, and finally a day or two on which athletic persons flatter inappreciative audiences in churches or cinema theaters, and the prettiest girls in town have the pleasure of being allowed to talk to male strangers on the street corners, apropos of giving them extremely undecorative tags in exchange for the smallest sums which these strangers think they must pay if they are to be considered gentlemen.

The only variation is the Weeks in which the object is not to acquire money immediately by the sale of tags but by general advertising to get more of it later.

Nautilus had held a Pep Week, during which a race of rapidly talking men, formerly book-agents, but now called Efficiency Engineers, went about giving advice to shopkeepers on how to get money away from one another more rapidly, and Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh addressed a prayer-meeting on "The Pep of St. Paul, the First Booster." It had held a Gladhand Week, when everybody was supposed to speak to at least three strangers daily, to the end that infuriated elderly travelling salesmen were back-slapped all day long by hearty and powerful unknown persons. There had also been an Old Home Week, a Write to Mother Week, a We Want Your Factory in Nautilus Week, an Eat More Corn Week, a Go to Church Week, a Salvation Army Week, and an Own Your Own Auto Week.

Perhaps the bonniest of all was Y. Week, to raise eighty thousand dollars for a new Y. M. C. A. building.

On the old building were electric signs, changed daily, announcing "You Must Come Across," "Young Man, Come Along" and "Your Money Creates 'Appiness." Dr. Pickerbaugh made nineteen addresses in three days, comparing the Y. M. C. A. to the Crusaders, the Apostles, and the expeditions of Dr. Cook—who, he believed, really had discovered the North Pole. Orchid sold three hundred and nineteen Y. tags, seven of them to the same man, who afterward made improper remarks to her. She was rescued by a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who for a considerable time held her hand to calm her.

No organization could rival Almus Pickerbaugh in the invention of Weeks.

He started in January with a Better Babies Week, and a very good week it was, but so hotly followed by Banish the Booze Week, Tougher Tooth Week, and Stop the Spitter Week that people who lacked his vigor were heard groaning, "My health is being ruined by all this fretting over health."

SINCLAIR LEWIS, *Arrowsmith*

34. In a village dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered together a dish of beans and wanted to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw. When she was emptying the beans into the pan, one dropped without her observing it and lay on the ground beside a straw, and soon afterwards a burning coal from the fire leapt down to the two. Then the straw began and said, "Dear friends, from whence do you come here?" The coal replied, "I fortunately sprang out of the fire, and if I had not escaped by main force, my death would have been certain—I should have been burnt to ashes." The bean said, "I too have escaped with a whole skin, but if the old woman had got me into the pan, I should have been made into broth without any mercy like my comrades." "And would a better fate have fallen to my lot?" said the straw. "The old woman has destroyed all my brethren in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once, and took their lives. I luckily slipped through her fingers."

"But what are we to do now?" said the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "that as we have so fortunately escaped death, we should keep together like good companions, and lest a new mischance should overtake us here, we should go away together, and repair to a foreign country."

The proposal pleased the two others, and they set out on their way in company. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and as there was no bridge or foot-plank, they did not know how they were to get over it. The straw hit on a good idea, and said, "I will lay myself straight across, and then you can walk over on me as on a bridge." The straw therefore stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was of an impetuous disposition, tripped quite boldly on to the newly built bridge. But when she had reached the middle and heard the water rushing beneath her, she was, after all, afraid and stood still and ventured no farther. The straw, however, began to burn, broke in two pieces, and fell into the stream. The coal slipped after her, hissed when she got into the water, and breathed her last. The bean, who had prudently stayed behind on the shore, could not but laugh at the event, was unable to stop, and laughed so heartily that she burst. It would have been all over with her, likewise, if, by good fortune, a tailor who was travelling in search of work had not sat down to rest by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart, he pulled out his needle and thread and sewed her together. The bean thanked him most prettily, but as the tailor used black thread, all beans since then have a black seam.

GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES,
The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean

35. The flat county schoolhouse, built of brown sandstone which had been carved out of the hills nearby, was crowded with people. They had come from many miles around to hear "the speaking at the school." The occasion was rather a solemn one, for it had to take the place of the church service customary at that hour, eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning. On the stage sat the ladies' and men's clubs of the church, responsible for the success of the gathering. Some of the men were in shirt-sleeves; most, however, had on the dark, badly fitting suits sacred to farmers' Sundays. On all who wore vests were colossal watch chains. The women, tremendously fluttered by their importance, sat self-consciously, purple lips pursed, in front of a gaudy backdrop. These were one kind of the Southern agrarians about whom books have been written during the past few years. They did not seem to be aware of the sanctity inherent in the soil; perhaps they were less interested in the back-to-the-land movement than in their own hard times. Not many years before, these same people had supported the legislature which passed and later confirmed the famous Tennessee anti-evolution law. Their friendliness now to the liberalism that Mr. Thomas has always represented was the result of many lean days, not, probably, of any change of standards.

Norman Thomas took his place at the front, concealing a smile at the wryly draped crepe paper on his chair. He is a tall man, pleasantly awkward. His retreating hair, the color of aluminum dust, leaves wide a smooth forehead, nearly unlined, except for two vertical creases above his beautiful nose. Indeed, all of Norman Thomas's lines are vertical ones: his dolichocephalic head, the strong cheek lines, his long, well-shaped body. As he speaks, his eyes shine with a remarkably clear, blue kindliness, and his smile runs crookedly up the right side of his mouth. There is about him the radiant, direct light of gentle fanaticism. His voice is deep, and he sometimes mockingly makes it deeper, imitating the reactionary orators of the other parties.

ANTON THORWALD, *A Day in Tennessee with Norman Thomas*

36. Dominant in the literature of the Victorian period was a spirit of social unrest and skepticism and reform, closely paralleling the development of philosophical and economic thought. Among the strongest forces in the fight for social justice were the novels of Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Kingsley and George Eliot. This consciousness of social responsibility found expression in the poetry and essays and plays of the period, as well as in the novels—in the writing of Carlyle, Browning, Newman, Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, Morris, and many others. Arnold's dictum that poetry is the criticism of life was often

taken more literally than he intended. The early passionate romanticism of Keats and Byron and the pronouncements from Wordsworth's ivory tower had been replaced by the moral earnestness of Victorian literature. Carlyle cried out in gnarly phrases against the insincerity of a mechanized age, and writhed under the opposite compulsions of the Everlasting No and the Everlasting Yea. Tennyson wrestled with the inchoate doctrine of evolution and fought against the materialism which threatened to destroy not only religion but art, finally forcing peace and faith from doubt and confusion. In one poem he took up the question of higher education for women, and in another piously showed that though "social lies" "warp us from the living truth,"

> Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Dickens graphically pointed out abuses in the penal system, in charity schools, in child labor, in the law courts. Ruskin was the advocate of a system of esthetics based on socialism. He was the sponsor of the Pre-Raphaelites, a group of young writers and painters, including the Rossettis, Morris, Burne-Jones, and others, who sought escape from materialism in a sort of medieval, sophisticated simplicity. Matthew Arnold tried to inculcate sweetness and light into a world whose brutality he regarded with stoic dejection.

Towards the end of the century came a revolt against the Victorian obsession with social and religious problems in literature. Growing out of the principles of the Pre-Raphaelites arose a strong interest in art for art's sake. This was the period of *The Yellow Book* and Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater and Impressionism in painting. At the same time, Continental literature began to be fashionable: the "realism" of Flaubert and Maupassant and Zola and Turgenev was preferred to the "romanticism" of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray. Critics became aware of "style," and the exquisite craftsmanship of the French school was much admired.

Shaw, Meredith, Hardy, and Butler had long since begun their attack on Victorianism. As early as 1869 Meredith had dared to say about the exemplar of Victorian virtue, the Poet Laureate, Tennyson, "Isn't there a scent of damned hypocrisy in all this lisping and vowelled purity of the *Idylls!*" The two influences that were born in this revolt against subjective romanticism were the French interest in structure and style and the Russian tendency towards "naturalistic" treatment—the stressing of the grim elements of realism, together with a gradual abandonment of firm construction.

ALBERT TIMMONS, *The End of the Century*

37. As they were discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho; there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize, and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms. Some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho: "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills; and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants: and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, "Stand, cowards!" cried he, as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants!" cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with the shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy o'me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*

38. Old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phoebe were a loving couple. You perhaps know how it is with simple natures that fasten themselves like lichens on the stones of circumstance and weather their days to a crumbling conclusion. The great world sounds widely, but it has no call for them. They have no soaring intellect. The orchard, the meadow, the corn-field, the pig-pen, and the chicken-lot measure the range of their human activities. When the wheat is headed it is reaped and threshed; when the corn is browned and frosted it is cut and shocked; when the timothy is in full head it is cut, and the haycock erected. After that comes winter, with the hauling of grain to market, the sawing and splitting of wood, the simple chores of fire-building, meal-getting, occasional repairing and visiting. Beyond these and the changes of weather—the snows, the rains, and the fair days—there are no immediate, significant things. All the rest of life is a far-off, clamorous phantasmagoria, flickering like Northern lights in the night, and sounding as faintly as cow-bells tinkling in the distance.

Old Henry and his wife Phoebe were as fond of each other as it is possible for two old people to be who have nothing else in this life to be fond of. He was a thin old man, seventy when she died, a queer, crotchety person with coarse gray-black hair and a beard, quite straggly and unkempt. He looked at you out of dull, fishy, watery eyes that had deep-brown crow's-feet at the sides. His clothes, like the clothes of many farmers, were aged and angular and baggy, standing out at the pockets, not fitting about the neck, protuberant and worn at elbow and knee. Phoebe Ann was thin and shapeless, a very umbrella of a woman, clad in shabby black, and with a black bonnet for her best wear. As time had passed, and they had only themselves to look after, their movements had become slower and slower, their activities fewer and fewer. The annual keep of pigs had been reduced from five to one grunting porker, and the single horse which Henry now retained was a sleepy animal, not over-nourished and not very clean. The chickens, of which for-

merly there was a large flock, had almost disappeared, owing to ferrets, foxes, and the lack of proper care, which produces disease. The former healthy garden was now a straggling memory of itself, and the vines and flower-beds that formerly ornamented the windows and dooryard had now become choking thickets. Yet these two lived together in peace and sympathy, only that now and then old Henry would become unduly cranky, complaining almost invariably that something had been neglected or mislaid which was of no importance.

THEODORE DREISER, *The Lost Phoebe*

39. If it wasn't for Chewing Gum, Americans would wear their teeth off just hitting them against each other. Every Scientist has been figuring out who the different races descend from. I don't know about the other tribes; but I do know that the American Race descended from the Cow. And Wrigley was smart enough to furnish the Cud. He has made the whole World chew for Democracy.

That's why this subject touches me so deeply. I have chewed more Gum than any living Man. My Act on the Stage depended on the grade of Gum I chewed. Lots of my readers have seen me and perhaps noted the poor quality of my jokes on that particular night. Now I was not personally responsible for that. I just happened to hit on a poor piece of Gum. One can't always go by the brand. There just may be a poor stick of Gum in what otherwise may be a perfect package. It may look like the others on the outside but after you get warmed up on it, why, you will find that it has a flaw in it. And hence my act would suffer. I have always maintained that big Manufacturers of America's greatest necessity should have a Taster—a man who personally tries every Piece of Gum put out.

Now lots of People don't figure the lasting quality of Gum. Why, I have had Gum that wouldn't last you over half a day, while there are others which are like Wine—they improve with Age.

I had a certain piece of Gum once, which I used to park on the Mirror of my dressing room after each show. Why, you don't know what a pleasure it was to chew that Gum. It had a kick, or spring to it, that you don't find once in a thousand Packages. I have always thought it must have been made for Wrigley himself.

And say, what jokes I thought of while chewing that Gum! Ziegfeld himself couldn't understand what had put such life and Humor into my Work.

Then one night it was stolen, and another piece was substituted in its place, but the minute I started in to work on this other Piece I knew

that someone had made a switch. I knew this was a Fake. I hadn't been out on the Stage 3 minutes until half the audience were asleep and the other half were hissing me. So I just want to say you can't exercise too much care and judgment in the selection of your Gum, because if it acts that way with me in my work, it must do the same with others, only they have not made the study of it that I have. . . .

Now, some Gum won't stick easy. It's hard to transfer from your hand to the Chair. Other kinds are heavy and pull hard. It's almost impossible to remove them from Wood or Varnish without losing a certain amount of the Body of the Gum.

There is lots to be said for Gum. This pet Piece of mine I afterwards learned had been stolen by a Follies Show Girl, who two weeks later married an Oil Millionaire. WILL ROGERS, *Prospectus for "The Remodeled Chewing Gum Corporation"*

40. My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray (said I) let us have Dr. Johnson." —"What! with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world (said Mr. Edward Dilly) Dr. Johnson would never forgive me."—"Come, (said I) if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—"Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" BOSWELL. "Provided, Sir, I suppose that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company

he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to me, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray forgive me, Sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, Sir," said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." BOSWELL. "But, my dear Sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

JAMES BOSWELL, *Life of Samuel Johnson*

41. It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything! I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild

ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle—for so I think I called it ever after this—I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember. No, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were—which is something contrary to the nature of such things and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed by my own frightful ideas of the thing that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined with me upon this supposition, for how should any other thing in human shape come into this place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him—and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it. This was an amusement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of the foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

DANIEL DEFOE, *Robinson Crusoe*

42. A fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than the outsides of tissue: for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul:

she rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at nights makes the lamb her curfew. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel), she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world, like decency. The garden and the bee-hive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, *Characters*

43. "Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I ain't much on th' theayter. I niver wint to wan that I didn't have to stand where I cud see a man in blue overalls scratchin' his leg just beyant where the heeroyne was prayin' on th' palace stairs, an' I don't know much about it; but it seemed to me, an' it seemed to Hartigan, th' plumber, that was with me, that 'twas a good play if they'd been a fire in th' first act. They was a lot iv people there; an', if it cud've been arranged f'r to have ingine company fifteen with Cap'n Duffy at th' head iv them come in through a window an' carry off th' crowd, 'twud've med a hit with me. . . .

"But with this here play iv 'Cyrus O'Bergerac,' 'tis far diff'rent. . . . All at wanst up stheps me bold Hogan with a nose on him—glory be, such a nose! I niver see th' like on a man or an illyphant.

"Well, sir, Hogan is Cy in th' play; an' th' beak is pa-art iv him. What does he do? He goes up to Toolan, an' says he: 'Ye don't like me nose. It's an ilicthric light globe. Blow it out. It's a Swiss cheese. Cut it off, if ye want to. It's a brick in a hat. Kick it. It's a balloon. Hang a basket on it, an' we'll have a' ascinsion. It's a dure-bell knob. Ring it. It's a punchin' bag. Hit it, if ye dahr. F'r two pins I'd push in th' face iv ye.' An', mind ye, Hinnissy, Toolan hadn't said wan wurrud about th' beak—not wan wurrud. An' ivry wan in th' house was talkin' about it, an'

wondhrin' whin it'd come off an' smash somewan's fut. I looked f'r a fight there an' thin. But Toolan's a poor-spirited thing, an' he wint away."

FINLEY PETER DUNNE, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen: Cyrano de Bergerac*

44. We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare
To dig the dust inclosèd here.
Blest be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *Stratford-on-Avon*

45. It is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest: for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade, any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. That is a vein which would be bridled. And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, *He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself:* and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace; and that is in commending virtue in another. Discretion of

speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

FRANCIS BACON, *Of Discourse*

46. "We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—"

"*I've* been to a day-school, too," said Alice. "You needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice: "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours*, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing*—extra.' "

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,' " Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully: "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it: so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it to you myself," the Mock Turtle said. "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh. "He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone.

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*

47. "Billy" Hull, father of the Secretary of State, is a legend in northern Tennessee. The favorite tale is about the time when, as a young Union bushwhacker raiding Rebel farms on the border during the Civil War, he got into a feud with a fellow raider named Jim Stepp over a prize piece of loot, "silver-mounted hawg rifle." Billy was "just a little feller—just big enough to pull the trigger" but "nervy as a tomcat." So Stepp persuaded a slow-witted, hard-drinking member of the gang named Riley Piles that Billy had been trafficking with the Rebs. Piles met Billy and his crony Alec Smith at the home of a neighbor named Cindy Lovelace one day and started shooting. Alec Smith fell dead and Billy dropped with a bullet through his head, clean from between his nose and right eye to the back of his neck. Riley Piles rushed up for another shot but "Cindy wrapped her apron around his head and shouted, 'Lod a'mercy, don't shoot him again, he's daid now.' "

Tough Billy Hull came to next day muttering, "I'm not daid, do somethin' fur me." When the wound had healed, he ignored dumb Riley Piles, went after Stepp. Trailing him into Kentucky, he found him one day sitting on a fence talking to another man. Stepp jumped down and said, "Why, hello, Billy." Billy shrilled, "God-dang you, don't you speak to me," and jerked a pistol from under his left armpit. Stepp started to run and Billy shot him "right a'tween the galluses." Stepp fell, but Billy, who had learned his lesson, shot him again to make sure. Back across

the river in Tennessee, nobody ever said a word to him about the killing. "To his dying day," says Bud Hull, one of his surviving brothers, "he felt no more worry over it than if he had killed a rabbit."

Says Secretary of State Cordell Hull of his father's deed: "He only did what any real person would do. Everyone thought well of him for it."

Billy Hull soon went over the mountains into Overton (now Pickett) County, bought some land and married a tall, dark Virginia girl (named Elizabeth Riley) with Cherokee blood in her veins. For a while he "had a bus'ness" (Tennesseean for moonshining), setting up his still in the mouth of nearby Ole Bunkum cave. By the time he got caught and fined $25, he had $1,000 saved up and was ready to quit. With the money he bought a stand of poplars and rafted them down the Cumberland to Nashville.

In the years that followed, Billy grew rich at timbering, moved on to a fine big house at Celina, then to another at Carthage, 40 miles down the Cumberland. But even after he was worth a quarter of a million dollars, mostly invested in Tennessee farms and Florida real estate, he remained an "ornery-dressin' fella," often going to Nashville "wearin' no more than five dollars' worth of clothes." In his last years, when he spent his winters in Florida, he would pack all his clothes in a cardboard valise, tie a tin cup to the handle and ride down in a caboose with the brakeman.

Billy Hull is dead 17 years now, and for more years than that Cordell Hull has made his home in Washington. But in the haze-hung Tennessee mountains, among the flowering laurel, sweet-burning hickory and gravelly creeks, uncounted Hull kinfolk still dwell. There, like their fathers for generations before them, they cuss and fight and drive their mules along the red mud roads, bake hoecake, sing *Little Hugh* and hark to a rooster's crow at night as a sign that rain is coming.

LIFE MAGAZINE, *March 18, 1940*

48. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual

resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY

49. Then there are the apple-polishers. They may also be bluffers, but often the earnest, hard-working students find apple-polishing profitable. They systematically flatter their professors, lingering after class to ask questions that show how deeply interested they are, making notes on the answers or breathlessly listening to the words of wisdom. Few men are invulnerable to this form of attention. Even when they cynically regard it as insincere, they like it, nevertheless. Sub-species of the genus apple-polisher are the nodders, who beam at everything you say in class, showing their complete agreement with your opinions; the conversationalists, who neglect no opportunity to talk to you, always discussing academic shop or asking your advice on personal matters; the nominators, who refer to you in undergraduate periodicals or appoint you honorary something or other at their celebrations or dedicate term papers and year books to you; the card-writers, who send you effusive Christmas cards and even respectful Valentines; the sex-appealers, who try to make you think that, given the proper opportunity, you'd be their dream man.

This last group needs further comment. They are the most insidious of undergraduate menaces. Many of them have genuine blood-quickening potentialities, and it takes a truly humble man to realize that their tentative ardors are merely technical. When they demonstrate their

respect and admiration and even, in the intimacy of a dance (at which they do the "breaking"), unobtrusively press your hand, it's hard not to believe that there's a lot of fire in the old boy yet. Some of these astute emotionalists flatter you by consulting you about their private romances, avoiding the rather obvious overt approach and making you think that you are recognized as an experienced man, probably too dignified for an undergraduate affair, but certainly a man admired by women. Occasionally one of them confesses to you that you are her ideal, that though she can never expect you to condescend to a mere student, she will adore forever. The resulting scene is likely to be painful. You feel like a fool in the presence of such immature vapors, but you can't simply say, "Get the devil out of here and grow up."

BY AN ANONYMOUS PROFESSOR, *I Teach Women*

50. I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

JOHN MILTON, *Areopagitica*

51. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have ever-

lasting life." That whosoever believeth in Him—whosoever believeth in loving neighbor as self; whosoever believeth in doing unto others as he would have them do unto him; whosoever believeth that the meek are blessed and shall inherit the earth; whosoever believeth that God was kind and God was wise when He gave to Moses the ten laws upon which all good laws are founded.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son"—And the little child was born in a manger—no better place—but He smiled—He understood. As a small boy He worked in the carpenter shop of Joseph. There, among the laborers, the village gossips, the wise and the foolish of the town, He learned to know men and to understand them. He was still a boy when His wisdom amazed the learned doctors of the temple. They wondered at His knowledge. They were helpless at His questions, and startled by His answers. He knew things that they would never know. He understood life and man's way of living.

For nearly thirty years he went about his business of building things for men to use. Years of toil and years of preparation.—Preparation for the building of a greater structure, set upon an eternal foundation—a shelter fashioned to stand longer than the oldest man.

He hadn't been about this new business long when one day someone asked the dreaded question, the inevitable, but unfortunate question: "Art Thou the Messiah?"—"Thou sayest that I am," He answered, and it was the beginning of the end—or the end of the beginning.—He had to answer that way, because He knew.—He knew the truth, and He dreaded the question.

A cock crowed, and Peter had denied Him.—He knew that Peter would. He understood.—Thirty pieces of silver changed hands, and Judas had betrayed Him. He knew that Judas would betray Him, and He felt sorry because Judas didn't really want to betray Him. Christ *knew*. *He* understood. They nailed Him up on a cross. Sharp nails! But strong flesh—and a stronger mind—and an understanding compassion. Between two robbers He was crucified; and at the foot of His cross, soldiers gambled for His clothing.—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He knew. He understood.

He died that God's will might be done, that His Kingdom might come on earth as it is in heaven. He died that men might learn to *live together* happily and peacefully, and according to God's will. He died—"that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

LELAND SCHUBERT, *from an unpublished play, "The Snowball"*

52. We hear a great deal nowadays about bringing art to the masses. We have brought the masses liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness, and now we are going to bring them art. It seems very simple, but

I doubt whether it can be done. The people of India have a saying: "The Holy Man does not leave the shrine." The Holy Man (or "the Whole Man," for that is what the word "holy" means—something that is "whole" or "hale") was one who had been set apart from the rest of the community. The artist in a way is such a Holy Man in the sense of "one set apart." For all art is essentially a one-man experience and therefore something innately aloof and aristocratic.

The artist himself in his daily relationship with his fellow men may be as democratic as Abraham Lincoln. But let us remember that the moment honest old Abe found himself a quiet corner and took a pad of paper on his knee to jot down a few lines of his sublime prose, he became a million miles removed from the rest of humanity. We remember him for what he did when he was apart from humanity, not for the funny stories he told as a means of keeping the crowd at a distance.

There have, of course, been periods in history when the community at large felt very deeply upon certain religious or patriotic subjects, and on such occasions the artist was often able to give such a clear expression to the spirit of his own time—what we sometimes call "the voice of the people"—that his own identity thereupon seemed to have been lost among that of the millions. But a careful study of such an era shows that that was not really so. It was very easy in an age without any newspapers or other means of publicity and information for a name to get lost in the shuffle. But just because we do not happen to know the names of the men who built the Pyramids or who drew up the plans for many of the medieval cathedrals or who composed those ancient tunes that have since become known as "folk songs"—that does not really mean that their own contemporaries did not know all about them. They merely took them for granted as we ourselves take our great engineers for granted. We walk twice a day through the Grand Central Terminal of New York City or we pass through the St. Gotthard tunnel in Switzerland or we spend all our days crossing and recrossing the old Brooklyn Bridge without ever having the vaguest notion about the men who had the vision to draw the plans for those sublime pieces of engineering.

No, I cannot, I am sorry to say, take much stock in those theories about art being in any way connected with the masses. The true artist is almost invariably a very lonely fellow and, like all lonely people (provided he has strength enough to survive his spiritual loneliness), he will insist upon maintaining his own integrity as his most valued possession. He may drink with the crowd and swap jokes with his neighbors, and he may even affect a slovenliness of attire and a carelessness of language that make people think he is one of them. But within his own domain he is, and insists upon remaining, "the Master."

Like poor Vincent van Gogh, he may love the masses when he is off duty, or, like Ludwig von Beethoven, he may refuse to lift his hat to a mere king, but the moment he smears his paints on his canvases or fishes his little notes out of his ten-cent bottle of ink, he stands apart and recognizes no law but the law that bids him be himself.

In the olden days we would have called such men aristocrats. Today we do not bother to give them a name. There are so few of them left.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, *The Arts*

53. Is it that, till these past one hundred years, humankind was so bad-hearted that even its best medical men wanted to see women tortured? No. There is a sounder explanation for their wait for the soothing of childbirth's pain. Till past the Middle Ages, men, physicians, were not allowed at childbed's side while women had their babies. As a last resort, doctors were called in only when the labor was most difficult, when the baby wouldn't come at all, when mothers were about to die from pain and exhaustion. Then the ministrations of these physicians, their obstetrical science if you want to call it science, consisted in using long sharp hooks to pull a mutilated baby from its mother who would then almost surely die. Even so, religion demanded that mothers be considered secondary to their unborn children.

When their travail was hard, they were tied down and jumped upon to shake the baby from its place. Or, to hasten childbirth, the childbed was lifted up and then let down, wham, upon the floor. Until at last, the obstetrical forceps were invented, and that began the turning of birth-helping into a respectable art, into a new kind of surgery. So that, at last, shortly after 9 o'clock on the evening of January 19, 1847, a Scottish doctor, James Y. Simpson—his face beamed like a full moon from the middle of a funny encircling fringe of beard—gave the first recorded whiff of pain-killing ether to a woman in her last extreme of agony.

She was one of those unfortunates whose pelvis was so deformed that, when her first baby wanted to be born, its head had to be crushed before the child could be taken from her. Now, against her doctor's advice, she had risked the coming of a second child. Now again it was no go. Again it was unbearable. So that our full-moon-faced Scotchman Simpson made bold to hold an ether-soaked handkerchief over her face at the moment of that recurring hell of her pain.

There was a sigh—could there be a sound more wonderful?—and then, oblivion. There was a hitherto unheard-of nirvana. And then Simpson reached in and turned that baby's body inside the mother's womb without her ever knowing, and now here at last was the baby, born, and gasping. "She quickly regained consciousness—and talked with grati-

tude and wonderment of her delivery—and of her not feeling the pains of it," wrote James Y. Simpson.

Before he tried it he had had nights of doubts and worry. Would the pain-killing power of ether, would its sleep-producing magic, kill the womb's work as well? Now Simpson tested this new pain-killer upon woman after tortured woman. He worked in an entranced enthusiasm. Then, with never a doubt, he published his discovery, he told the world: "Physical suffering is annulled, but the needed muscular contractions are not interfered with—" Or so he believed. And he reported upon identical miracles wrought upon one hundred and fifty women, with no damage to mother or baby! PAUL DE KRUIF, *The Fight for Life*

54. PHILLIPS: In honor of this occasion, with your kind indulgence, I shall relate to you the latest addition to my treasury of Scotch anecdotes.

HAL: This is going to be bad, Brad. But if you stay at our house, you have to get used to Dad's sense of humor. He's district governor for the Rotary Club, you know, and his idea of an after-dinner speech is to tell a lot of jokes that everybody's heard before. He keeps in practice by telling them over and over again to poor Mother and Sarah and me, when I'm here.

PHILLIPS: Please disregard the irreverence of my son, Brad. I'm sure you've never heard the story I am about to tell.

BRAD: I like your stories, Mr. Phillips. Please go ahead.

PHILLIPS: Well, it seems that in the capital city of Caledonia a serious accident occurred recently. On her brisk, busy streets two taxicabs collided, and *seventeen* people were injured.

HAL: Oh, Dad, that's terrible.

(Brad laughs heartily, more at Phillips's pleased, pompous manner of telling than at the joke.)

PHILLIPS: Thank you, Brad, for your courteous reception to my little quip. A prophet or a raconteur is without honor in his own family. Now, if you will sit beside me on the divan, I shall tell you my favorite story about gondolas. My son, Hamilton, junior, who is so disdainful of my poor efforts, may indeed have heard this tale, but he may keep himself occupied in replenishing our glasses. I am not sure that what I am about to say is for the chaste ears of Miss Sarah, though she may listen, if she cares to, at a modest distance.

HAL: I warn you, Brad, you let yourself in for something when you laugh at his stories. He can go on for hours remembering all the cracks that have been pulled at Rotary meetings for the past five years.

BRAD: Another cocktail, and I'm ready for the last ten years of 'em. *(They sit down on sofa, Hal on arm left.)*

PHILLIPS: A number of years ago, when the frontiers of our great country were still being pushed westward, before the amenities of effete civilization had reached the furthest outposts, a community in the abundant oil fields of Oklahoma suddenly prospered. Her citizens, none of them conspicuously educated, rough, hard men, accustomed to the rigors of pioneering, began to feel the need of some artistic influences in their daily lives. Great gushers had been brought in on their lands, and they were rich. They looked around at the unpainted shacks that were their homes and at the muddy cowpaths that were their streets, and they decided that they must have immediate civic improvement. Calling together a committee of the most distinguished residents, they made plans for beautifying their city. One member mentioned that a neighboring town, also made wealthy by the oil, had established a beautiful park with a bandstand. At this piece of information, a gaunt gentleman, with drooping mustaches and fierce eyebrows, arose, hitched his gunbelt to one side, shifted his quid of tobacco, and said, "Mister Chairman, we cain't let them varmints over to Oil City get ahaid of us. We've got a dang sight more oil and money *and* culture right here in Derrickville than they'll have in ten years. I move that we have not only a park, but a lake and gondolas on it. I'll donate the property myself."

There was loud applause, and the idea was unanimously adopted, the necessary money being generously contributed. After some discussion, a member of the committee arose, spat, and said, "Now about them gondolas. If we're really goin' to impress Oil City, we'll have to get at least a dozen. I'll finance 'em." At this out spoke other public-minded citizens. "Why stop at a dozen? I'll make it fifty." "A hundred." "Two hundred." Then one, more cautious than the rest, took the floor. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm in favor of not sparin' expense in makin' this the rip-snortin'est town in Oklahoma, but let's not waste money on so many gondolas. I say just get a pair of 'em, and let Nature take its course."

ANTHONY TRASK, *Oread*

55. At last I resigned myself to the will of God; and not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a great tree, from whence I looked about on all sides to see if there was anything that could give me hope. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water, but looking towards the land I saw something white; and, coming down from the tree, I took up what provision I had left and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

When I came nearer, I thought it to be a white bowl of a prodigious height and bigness; and when I came up to it I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went around to see if it was open on any side,

but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top of it, it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was ready to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it was occasioned by a bird, of a monstrous size, that came flying toward me. I remember a fowl, called roc, that I had often heard mariners speak of, and conceived that the great bowl, which I so much admired, must needs be its egg. In short, the bird lighted and sat over the egg to hatch it. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with the cloth that went round my turban, in hopes that when the roc flew away next morning, she would carry me with her out of this desert island. And, after having passed the night in this condition, the bird really flew away next morning, as soon as it was day, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then she descended all of a sudden, with so much rapidity that I lost my senses; but when the roc was settled, and I found myself upon the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the bird, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The place where she left me was a very deep valley, encompassed on all sides with mountains, so high that they seemed to reach above the clouds, and so full of steep rocks that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity, so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley I perceived it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of surprising bigness. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking at them; but speedily I saw at a distance such objects as very much diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not look upon without terror; they were a great number of serpents, so big and so long that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and did not come out but in the nighttime.

"The Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor," from Arabian Nights' Entertainments

56. Marriage being the destination appointed by society for women, the prospect they are brought up to, and the object which it is intended should be sought by all of them, except those who are too little attrac-

tive to be chosen by any man as his companion; one might have supposed that everything would have been done to make this condition as eligible to them as possible, that they might have no cause to regret being denied the option of any other. Society, however, both in this, and, at first, in all other cases, has preferred to attain its object by foul rather than fair means: but this is the only case in which it has substantially persisted in them even to the present day. Originally women were taken by force, or regularly sold by their father to the husband. Until a late period in European history, the father had the power to dispose of his daughter in marriage at his own will and pleasure, without any regard to hers. The Church, indeed, was so far faithful to a better morality as to require a formal "yes" from the woman at the marriage ceremony; but there was nothing to show that the consent was other than compulsory; and it was practically impossible for the girl to refuse compliance if the father persevered, except perhaps when she might obtain the protection of religion by a determined resolution to take monastic vows. After marriage, the man had anciently (but this was anterior to Christianity) the power of life and death over his wife. She could invoke no law against him; he was her sole tribunal and law. For a long time he could repudiate her, but she had no corresponding power in regard to him. By the old laws of England, the husband was called the *lord* of the wife; he was literally regarded as her sovereign, inasmuch that the murder of a man by his wife was called treason (*petty* as distinguished from *high* treason), and was more cruelly avenged than was usually the case with high treason, for the penalty was burning to death. Because these various enormities have fallen into disuse (for most of them were never formally abolished, or not until they had long ceased to be practiced), men supposed that all is now as it should be in regard to the marriage contract; and we are continually told that civilization and Christianity have restored to the woman her just rights. Meanwhile the wife is the actual bond-servant of her husband: no less so, as far as legal obligation goes, than slaves commonly so called. She vows a lifelong obedience to him at the altar, and is held to it all through her life by law. Casuists may say that the obligation of obedience stops short of participation in crime, but it certainly extends to everything else. She can do no act whatever but by his permission, at least tacit. She can acquire no property but for him; the instant it becomes hers, even if by inheritance, it becomes *ipso facto* his. In this respect the wife's position under the common law of England is worse than that of slaves in the laws of many countries.

JOHN STUART MILL, *The Subjection of Women*

57. Regardless of other accomplishments, the man who built the University of Virginia and the house at Monticello was great. It is more true of these buildings than of any others I have seen that they are the autobiography, in brick and stone, of their architect. To see them, to see some of the exquisitely margined manuscript in Jefferson's clean handwriting, preserved in the university library, and to read the Declaration, is to gain a grasp of certain sides of Jefferson's nature which can be achieved in no other way.

Monticello stands on a lofty hilltop, with vistas, between trees, of neighboring valleys, hills, and mountains. It is a supremely lovely house, unlike any other, and, while it is too much to say that one would recognize it as the house of the writer of the Declaration, it is not too much to say that, once one does know it, one can trace a clear affinity resulting from a common origin—an affinity much more apparent, by the way, than may be traced between the work of Michelangelo on St. Peter's at Rome, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and in his "David."

The introductory paragraph to the Declaration ascends into the body of the document as gracefully and as certainly as the wide flights of easy steps ascend to the doors of Monticello; the long and beautifully balanced paragraph which follows, building word upon word and sentence upon sentence into a central statement, has a form as definite and graceful as that of the finely proportioned house; the numbered paragraphs which follow, setting forth separate details, are like rooms within the house, and as there are twenty-seven of the numbered paragraphs in the Declaration, so there are twenty-seven rooms in Monticello. Last of all there are two little phrases in the Declaration (the phrases stating that we shall hold our British brethren in future as we hold the rest of mankind—"enemies in war; in peace, friends"), which I would liken to the small twin buildings, one of them Jefferson's office, the other that of the overseer, which stand on either side of the lawn at Monticello, at some distance from the house. These office buildings face, and balance upon each other, and upon the mansion, but they are so much smaller that to put them there required daring, while to make them "compose" (as painters say) with the great house, required the almost superhuman sense of symmetry which Jefferson assuredly possessed.

JULIAN STREET, *American Adventures*

58. At eleven o'clock he attended Professor Southerland's class in Poets of the Romantic Period. It was a very popular junior course, so unwieldy in size that Mr. Southerland conducted it in an unorthodox way, taking no attendance, and depending for his records on periodical searching examinations. He lectured very little, believing that poetry

can best be taught by reading it aloud. Some of his colleagues, not so successful in attracting students, felt that they too could have large followings if they were willing to fill their class hours with exhibitions of skill in reading. According to that method, they argued among themselves, anybody with good diction and dramatic presence could be a university teacher of English. The fact remained, however, that Southerland's courses were very successful.

To-day Southerland was dealing with Wordsworth. He was a sincere admirer of the man who, he explained each year, felt that poetry was a holy service and the task of the poet a priest-like duty. Wordsworth's poetry was to him a great expression of sensitive youth. "Joy was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven," was one of his favorite quotations. The stuffy, self-deceiving, sanctimonious Wordsworth of the later poems he preferred to ignore. But the glowing eagerness and simplicity of the earlier poems he considered the authentic voice of that period in life most interesting to him.

David had not taken enthusiastically to Wordsworth. He wanted to accept Southerland's declaration that Wordsworth was one of the five greatest English poets, but the naïveté of the narrative poems and some of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" seemed very silly to him. On Saturday, however, he had read "Tintern Abbey" and two or three books of "The Prelude," which had deeply interested him. Now as Mr. Southerland read aloud from these pages of Wordsworth's autobiography, Dave began to realize that the poet of Windermere was indeed a kindred spirit. He too had felt "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." He too knew "those fleeting moods of shadowy exultation" and "the treasonable growth of indecisive judgments." Dave felt that Southerland was looking straight at him as he read the lines from "The Prelude":

> Ah! is there one who ever has been young,
> Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride
> Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem?

Rapturously he took down in his notes Southerland's closing words: "Wordsworth felt too keenly the value of 'those strong, permanent, and universal passions which are found in the cottage as well as in the palace.' He partially realized that the truth of great mankind is not in 'Man and his noble nature,' nor in the 'high destiny of the human race,' nor in 'the universal heart of man,' nor in 'the government of equal rights and individual worth,' but in 'the virtue of one paramount mind.'"

"One paramount mind." Yes, that was it. That was the ideal of the perfect intellectual. What else was worth seeking in life? In an adoles-

cent ecstasy of contemplation he left the classroom at the end of the hour and walked across the snowy campus to the library.

ALLISON THORNDIKE, *In That Dawn*

59. Anybody who has real familiarity with higher education will not hesitate to assert that professors are not engaged in subversive teaching. They will also remind the public that professors are citizens. They are not disfranchised when they take academic posts. They therefore enjoy all the rights of free speech, free thought, and free opinion that other citizens have. No university would permit them to indoctrinate their students with their own views. No university would permit them to turn the classroom into a center of propaganda. But off the campus, outside the classroom, they may hold or express any political or economic views that it is legal for an American to express or hold. Any university would be glad to have Mr. Einstein among its professors. Would anybody suggest that he should be discharged because he is a "radical"?

All parties, groups, and factions in this country should be interested in preserving the freedom of the universities. Some of our states now have radical administrations which have reached out to absorb the universities. The only hope in those states for the preservation of another point of view is in adhering to the doctrine that if a professor is a competent scholar he may hold his post, no matter how his political views differ from those of the majority. Not only so, the newspapers, the broadcasters, the churches, and every citizen should uphold the traditional rights of the scholar. Wherever freedom of inquiry, discussion, and teaching have been abolished, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and freedom of speech have been threatened or abolished, too.

Look at the universities of Russia and see how they have sunk to be mere mouthpieces of the ruling party. Look at the universities of Italy, where only those doctrines which the government approves may be expounded. Look at the universities of Germany, once among the greatest in the world, now a mere shadow, because their freedom is gone. These are the ways of communism and fascism.

In America we have had such confidence in democracy that we have been willing to support institutions of higher learning in which the truth might be pursued, and when found might be communicated to our people. We have not been afraid of the truth, or afraid to hope that it might emerge from the clash of opinion. The American people must decide whether they will longer tolerate the search for truth. If they will, the universities will endure and give light and leading to the nation. If they will not, then as a great political scientist has put it, we can blow

out the light and fight it out in the dark; for when the voice of reason is silenced, the rattle of machine guns begins.

ROBERT HUTCHINS, *What Is a University?*

60. Germany has no territorial demand against England and France, apart from that for the return of our colonies. While the solution of this question would contribute greatly to the pacification of the world, it is in no sense a problem which could cause a war. If there is any tension in Europe today it is primarily due to the irresponsible activity of an unscrupulous press, which scarcely permits a day to go by without disturbing the peace of mankind with alarming news which is as stupid as it is mendacious. The efforts of various organs to poison the mind of the world in this connection must be regarded as nothing short of criminal. . . .

In what way do the interests of England and Germany, for example, conflict? I have stated over and over, again and again, that there is no German, and, above all, no National Socialist, who even in his most secret thought has the intention of causing the British Empire any kind of difficulties. From England, too, the voices of men who think reasonably and calmly express a similar attitude with regard to Germany. It would be a blessing for the whole world if mutual confidence and coöperation would be established between the two peoples.

The same is true of our relations with France.

We have just celebrated the fifth anniversary of the conclusion of our non-aggression pact with Poland. There can scarcely be any difference of opinion today among the true friends of peace with regard to the value of this agreement. One need only ask one's self what might have happened to Europe if this agreement which brought such relief had not been entered into five years ago. In signing it the great Polish marshal and patriot rendered his people just as great a service as the leaders of the National Socialist state rendered the German people. During the troubled months of the last year, the friendship between Germany and Poland was one of the reassuring factors in the political life of Europe. . . .

Our relations with the United States are suffering from a campaign of defamation carried on to serve obvious political and financial interests which, under the pretense that Germany threatens American independence or freedom, are endeavoring to mobilize the hatred of an entire continent against the European states which are nationally governed. We all believe, however, that this does not reflect the will of the millions of American citizens who, despite all that is said to the contrary by a

gigantic Jewish capitalistic propaganda through the press, the radio, and cinema, cannot fail to realize that there is not one word of truth in all these assertions. Germany wishes to live in peace and on friendly terms with all countries, including America. Germany refrains from any intervention in American affairs, and likewise repudiates any American intervention in German affairs. . . .

The Germany of today is no different from that of ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. Since then the number of Germans has not increased to any considerable extent. Capabilities, genius, energy cannot be considered more plentiful than in former times. The one thing which has changed considerably is the way in which these values are utilized to the full by the manner of this organization and thanks to the formation of a new method of selection of leaders.

A community such as this, however, cannot primarily be created by the power of compulsion, but only by the compelling power of an idea, by the strenuous exertion of constant education. National Socialism aims at the establishment of a real national community. This is the difference between the party programs of the vanished past and the ultimate aim of National Socialism. They contained variously formulated conceptions of aims of an economic, political, or denominational factor. They were, however, only applicable to their age and consequently limited. National Socialism, on the other hand, has set itself an aim in its community of the nation which can be attained and held only by continuous and constant education. We really are engaged in a tremendous struggle, making use of every ounce of the united strength and energy of our people. And we shall win this struggle completely; in fact, we have already won it.

ADOLF HITLER, *"The Position of Germany Today."*
Speech delivered before the Reichstag,
January 30, 1939

61. I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakespeare. It is a success. . . .

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sells picturs of his birthplace, &c, make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom. . . .

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his man-

tle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammer School, because, as he said, the Grammer School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the office of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on Sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like a eagle and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

ARTEMUS WARD, *At the Tomb of Shakespeare*

62. Some people collect postage stamps, others, old masters. I collect ultra-violet rays, preferably non-synthetic. In the city where I was reared, the institution I regard more sentimentally than any other is the L Street Bathhouse in South Boston. Here on a warm spring day nearly a score of years ago, I made my debut into the society of sun-worshipers. Passing through the old warren of a bathhouse with its tier on tier of lockers, one emerged upon a strip of sandy beach, perhaps a hundred yards wide, flanked by high board fences that ran far into the water. Along the east fence, for the sun was in the west, lay and squatted and dozed a hundred naked men, nine out of ten of them colored like South Sea Islanders—and it was only early May. Naked they did not seem, but clothed in the most just and timeless covering of *homo sapiens*. But how naked I felt, creeping out to lie among them, a pale white wraith in a field of bronzes. Thereupon I resolved to clothe myself aright, and from that day to this the resolution has been kept.

I came again and again to L Street. Slowly the stark white gave way to ever-deepening shades of brown. Slowly I learned the laws and dogmas of my cult . . . Interminable, drowsy conversations were always in process. We talked of law, science, government, women, crime, sports, history, races—without passion, with a detached philosophy which held, I am convinced, an authentic wisdom. The sun nourished that wisdom, that all-pervading tolerance. Beating down upon us, it ironed out the taut impetuosities, the nervous, hasty judgments, the bile and the bitterness of men who walk in the streets of modern cities in their clothes. Unclothed and in our right minds we lay, at peace with the world,

detached and lazy as the gods upon Olympus, speculating on the foibles of humanity, but not caring greatly where the race was going or why.

The only real concern was that cloud to the south. It was moving toward the sun. How thick was it? Was it pierced with apertures, or solid? Would it drift high enough to escape the face of the sun altogether? But we were fatalists. If our god was blotted out, he was blotted out. His was not the fault, but the vagaries of the atmosphere upon the planet. We never grumbled, never cursed. We lay and waited, chilled but patient, the conversation lagging—waiting for the moment when the cloud should pass, and warm, warmer, blazing hot, the royal wine smote into our veins again.

But if the cloud was bell-wether to a herd—and we learned to know the sky like so many Gloucester fishermen—silently we arose, silently we scanned the whole surface of the sky, silently and sadly we dressed, nodded to one another, and disappeared to heaven knows what remote corners of the city, leaving the beach to outlanders who came only to bathe, or the uninitiated who thought the sun would shine again. It never did.

Our rules were few but strict. One never stood in a brother's sunlight. One never yelled, threw sand, or broke into conversation violently. It was mandatory to "take the water" at least once, whatever the time of year. It was a grievous breach of etiquette to come back from the dip and shake water on a reclining brother's form. Indeed practical jokes of all kinds excluded one from the fellowship. And why should they not? An utterly relaxed body is in no physiological condition for practical jokes. Indeed I have never visited a club where good manners and due regard for the comfort of one's fellows were more in evidence. Nor did the civilities run to talk, but always to tangible physical behavior. No instruction was given; one learned by watching. The probationary period was many weeks.

STUART CHASE, *Confessions of a Sun-Worshiper*

Index

A

ABBOTT, WALDO, 318
Abercrombie, Lascelles, 318
About Women, 54
"*Absurdity of Eternal Peace*," 162
Acting, 285; and interpretation, 285; technique of, 295
Action, bodily, 201, 215; exercises in, 224
Actor, and audience, 294; and interpreter, 285; and the play, 288; technique of the, 295
ADAMS, HENRY, 475
Advertisements, 1
AESOP, 231
Aesthetics, 376
ALBERTI, EVA, 289
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, 342
"*Alexander's Feast*," 96
Alice in Wonderland, 494
"*All Is Well*," 117
Alliteration, 91, 95
Allusions, tracing, 13
Alphabet, International Phonetic, 134
American Adventures, 506
American Authors, 12
American Language, The, 151
American Men of Science, 13
American Pronunciation, 135
American Scholar, The, 29
American Songbag, 78
Analysis, of plays, 290; of poetry, 19, 108, 254, 348
Anapestic foot, 96
"*Ancient Mariner, The*," 93
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN, 231
ANDERSON, MAXWELL, 76 (and LAWRENCE STALLINGS), 297
Anger, 61 (See also Mood.)
Anglo-Saxon poetry, 95
Announcers, 314; test for, 336 (See also Broadcasters.)
Apes, Men and Morons, 463
Apology, 71
"*Apology, An*," 387
Appreciation, 369; and verse speaking, 338, 339, 350; exercises in, 376; of literature, 69; principles of literary, 369 (See also Literature.)
APULEIUS, LUCIUS, 115
Arabian Nights' Entertainment, 503
Areopagitica, 498
ARISTOPHANES, 356
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 13, 32, 79, 186, 189, 371
Arrowsmith, 481
"*Arsenal at Springfield, The*," 76
Art, artificiality of, 295; of the theater, 289; purpose of, 373
"*Art Gallery*," 58
Arthur Mervyn, 478
Articulation, exercises in, 420
Articulator, 126
Artificiality of art, 295
Arts, The, 499
Assignation, The, 17
Assonance, 91, 95
As You Like It, 99
"*Atalanta in Calydon*," 33, 352, 355
ATKINSON, BROOKS, 391
Atlantic Monthly, 192
Atmospheric Pressure, 121 (See also Inhalation.)
Attention, keeping the audience's, 5 (See also Interest.)
At the Tomb of Shakespeare, 510
AUDEN, W. H., 95

Audibility of voice, 293
Audience and actor, 294 (See also Listener.)
"Aunt Juley's Courtship, 1855," 283
AURELIUS, MARCUS, 41
AUSTEN, JANE, 178
Authors Today and Yesterday, 12
Autobiography, 7
Average speech, 155
"Away Goes Sally," 190
Axel's Castle, 15, 105

B

"Babies Leave Me Cold," 234
Baby talk, 404
BACON, FRANCIS, 493
"Ballad of François Villon, A," 96
"Ballad of Reading Gaol, The," 209
Ballads, 77, 93, 98
Bands, vocal, 126
BARRIE, SIR JAMES, 44
BECKER, CARL, 383
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL, 355
Beethoven, 373
BELL, NEIL, 28
"Bells, The," 82
Bell Telephone Laboratories, 128
Belton Estate, The, 282
BENCHLEY, ROBERT, 243
BENNETT, ARNOLD, 175, 269
Beowulf, 95
"Beyond," 345
Beyond Life, 14
BIERCE, AMBROSE, 473
BILLINGS, JOSH, 453
Billy Budd, Foretopman, 18
"Birds of Killingworth, The," 97
BISHOP, MORRIS, 277
"Bishop Orders His Tomb, The," 18
Bitterness, 63 (See also Mood.)
BLAKE, WILLIAM, 67, 100, 104
Blank verse, 92
"Blasting," 312
"Blessed Damozel, The," 313
"Blue Squills," 212
BOAS, RALPH PHILIP, 370
BODENHEIM, MAXWELL, 354
BORAH, WILLIAM E., 162
BOSWELL, JAMES, 489
BRADSTREET, ANNE, 95
Brahms, 373
"Brass Spittoons," 385
Breath groups, 30 (See also Phrases.)
Breathing, 30, 120; abdominal 294; diaphragmatic, 122; exercises in, 123 (See also Phrasing, Inhalation, Exhalation.)
Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, 12
"Bright Star," 117
British Broadcasting Corporation, 313, 318
Broadcast, commercial "spot," 323; continuity for, 325; dramatic, 327, 329, 332; educational, 326; news, 322
Broadcasters, pointers to, 319 (See also Announcers.)
BROOKS, VAN WYCK, 452
BROUN, HEYWOOD, 384
BROWN, CHARLES BROCKDEN, 478
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS, 74
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, 36, 236
BROWNING, ROBERT, 18, 64, 81, 98, 161, 189, 190, 208, 260, 438, 440
BRYAN, WILLIAM JENNINGS, 156
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 97
BUCHAN, JOHN, 271
BUCHANAN, ROBERT, 13
Bugle, 128
BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD, 476
BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER, 58
"Burial Party," 267
BURKE, EDMUND, 38, 155
BURNS, ROBERT, 191, 196

BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE, 357
BUTCHER AND LANG, 206 (translators)
BYRD, HARRY F., 205
BYRON, LORD, 16, 41, 61, 63, 94, 114, 115, 229, 407
"By the Gray Sea," 358

C

CABELL, JAMES BRANCH, 8, 14
CALVERLY, C. S., 11
CARLYLE, JANE WELSH, 237
CARLYLE, THOMAS, 4, 7, 14, 17, 81, 189
CARROLL, LEWIS, 36, 104, 264, 441, 494
CARRYL, GUY WETMORE, 362
Caruso, 131
CARY, PHOEBE, 244
Case Against Women, The, 242
"Cataract of Lodore, The," 443
Centering, 33; by contrasts, 37; by echoes, 38; exercises in, 40, 51; nouns and verbs in, 34
Century Collegiate Handbook, 20
Characters, 491
CERVANTES, 486
CHASE, STUART, 511
CHAUCER, 65
Chekov, 373
CHENEY, JOHN VANCE, 363
CHESTERFIELD, LORD, 150, 206
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 16, 41, 63, 114, 115
"Choice, The," 389
Choral reading (See Verse Speaking.)
"Christabel," 113
"Christian Science Monitor Views the News, The," 321
CICERO, 155
Claire, Helen, 313
Classic Myths, 12
Classification of consonants, 139
Clauses, subordinate, 19
"Clean Platter, The," 210
Cleft palate, 398
"Cloud, The," 25, 94
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, 117
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH, 190
"Cock and the Bull, The," 11
Code of a Critic, The, 76
Co-Eds, God Bless Them, The, 475
COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM, 386
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 68, 88, 113
"Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl," 246
Commas, 24 (See also Punctuation.)
Commercial "spot" broadcast, 323
Communication, of meaning, 293; symbols of, 6
"Composition," 358
Conciliation with America, 38
Confessions of a Sun-Worshiper, 511
"Congo, The," 86
Connotation, 8, 72
CONRAD, JOSEPH, 376
Consciousness, stream of, 303
Consonants, classification of, 139; harmonious combinations of vowels and, 79; sounds in phonetics, 136
Contemporary American Literature, 12
Contemporary British Literature, 12
Continuity for broadcasts, 325
Contrasts in centering, 37 (See also Centering.)
Control, 218, 287
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE, 465
COOPER, LANE, 51
Coordination of mind and body, 215
"Corinna's Going-a-Maying," 96
Corrective exercises, general, 406; index to, 405; with phonetics, 406

Couplet, 93
COWARD, NOEL, 229
"Crabbed Age and Youth," 11
CRANE, HART, 105, 106
CRANE, STEPHEN, 63
CRAPSEY, ADELAIDE, 354
Criticism, 376
Cross, Milton, 317
"Cult of intelligibility," 105
Cummings, E. E., 104, 106
Curtis, George W., 194
Cyclopedia of English Literature, 12
Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting, 12
CYNEWULF, 95
Cynicism, 61 (See also Mood.)
Cyrano de Bergerac, 172

D

Dactyllic foot, 96
DARROW, A., 258
Dashes, 24 (See also Punctuation.)
DAY, CLARENCE, 281
Day in Tennessee with Norman Thomas, A, 484
"Death," 354
"Death of the Hired Man, The," 272
Declaration of Independence, 477
Defects of speech, 155, 397; functional, 399; nervous or emotional, 399; organic, 397
Defense of Poetry, A, 70
Defense of Poetry, The, 471
DEFOE, DANIEL, 490
DE KRUIF, PAUL, 501
DE LA MARE, WALTER, 17, 64, 111, 351
Denotation, 8
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, 115, 372
"Deserted Village, The," 42
Design, 295
Despair, 61 (See also Mood.)
Detachment, 287
Devices, exercises in poetic, 100; modern unconventional, 104; poetic, 91
DE VOTO, BERNARD, 475
Diagram, of tongue, 139; of vowels, 138
Dialect, Eastern, 143, 144; Eastern Virginian, 145; General American, 143, 144, 145; Gullah, 143; in reading, 253; Pennsylvania Dutch, 143; Southern, 143
Dialects for Oral Interpretation, 258
Dialogue, and movement, 289; exercises in dramatic, 296
Diana of the Crossways, 270
Diaphragm, 120 (See also Breathing.)
DICKENS, CHARLES, 65, 229, 377, 455
DICKINSON, EMILY, 68
Diction, 2, 3, 156, 397; exercises in, 406; in verse speaking, 349; radio, 316 (See also Radio speaking.)
Dictionaries, 10; Oxford, 10; pronunciations, 133, 318; Webster's, 10
Dictionary of American Biography, 12
Dictionary of Music and Musicians, 13
Dictionary of National Biography, 12
"Dignity of Speech, The," 149
Diphthongs in phonetics, 135
Discoveries, 149
Discovering Poetry, 369
"Divina Commedia," 116
DOBSON, AUSTIN, 104, 119, 354
"Don Juan," 61, 94
DONNE, JOHN, 21, 104, 110
Don Quixote, 486
dos Passos, John, 105

Drama, Greek, 337; radio, 327, 329, 332
"*Drama Rule-Book*," 391
Dramatic, broadcasts, 327, 329, 332; dialogue, exercises in, 296; interpretation, 65; reading, 252; reading contests, 253; reading, exercises in, 258 (See also Interpretation.)
Dream-Fugue, 115
"*Dream Pedlary*," 355
DREISER, THEODORE, 487
DREW, ELIZABETH, 369
DRYDEN, JOHN, 96, 104
"*Du Bist Wie Eine Blume*," 341
"*Dunciad, The*," 13
DUNNE, FINLEY PETER, 492
DURFEY, THOMAS, 342

E

Earthly Paradise (Prologue), 387
Eastern dialect, 143; speech, 144; Virginian speech, 145
EASTMAN, MAX, 105, 174, 370
Ecclesiastes, 40, 41, 457
Echoes, in centering, 38; pronoun, 39; subordinated, 39; synonym, 39
Ecstasy, 61 (See also Mood.)
EDMAN, IRWIN, 52
Educational broadcast, 326
Educators, 1
Eheu Fugaces, 392
"*Eldorado*," 108
"*Elegy*," 18
Elocution, 156; in radio speaking, 315
Eloquence, 155
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 29, 37, 76, 94
Emotion, 374; and rhythm, 98; displaying, 254; exercises in interpreting, 108; fundamental, 199; in poetic devices, 91; in sound, 77; interpreting, 60; James-Lange theory of, 183, 219, 286; on stage, 286
Empathy, 216
Enchanted Aisles, 474
Encyclopedia Britannica, 12
End of the Century, The, 484
"*England*," 11
English and Scottish Popular Ballads, 78
Enjoyment of Poetry, The, 174, 370
ENTWISTLE, A. R., 370 (and PAUL LANDIS)
Enunciation in verse speaking, 339
EPICTETUS, 41
Epigrams, 36
"*Epitaph on Charles II*," 38
"*Escape*," 385
Esquire, 234
Essays in Criticism, 13, 371
"*Essay on Criticism*," 93
Essays on the Poets, 372
Eulogy at His Brother's Grave, 172
EURIPIDES, 41
"*Eve of St. Agnes, The*," 75, 86
EVERETT, EDWARD, 163
Everyman His Own Historian, 383
Exhalation, 121, 157
Exit the Gospel of Work, 381
Experimentalists, 104 (See also "Rebels.")
Expression, 156
Expressionism, 307

F

FAIRCHILD, HENRY PRATT, 381
"*Fall of the City, The*," 332
Familiar Quotations, 13
Fantasy, 64 (See also Mood.)
Far Away and Long Ago, 468
Farewell, My Lovely! 240
FARSON, NEGLEY, 182
FAULKNER, WILLIAM, 105, 177
Faults of pitch, 167
Fidler, Jimmy, 314

FIELDING, HENRY, 282
FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS, 367
Fight for Life, The, 501
Figures of Speech, 72 (See also Speech.)
FINCH, SPENSER, 104
First Inaugural Address, 472
"Fit the First: The Landing," 264
Fleshly School of Poetry, The, 13
FLETCHER, JOHN, 342
Flowering of New England, The, 452
"Flower of Mending, The," 360
Foot, anapestic, 96; dactyllic, 96; iambic, 96; spondaic, 96; trochaic, 96
Forcefulness, 157
Foreign speech, 404
Forms, stanza, 92
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, 239, 461
Franklin, Miriam, 293
"Free Man's Worship, A," 42
Free verse, 92, 193
From Morn to Midnight, 307
FROST, ROBERT, 34, 180, 229, 272
Full stops, 24 (See also Punctuation.)
FUNK, WILFRED, 80
"Future of the Classics, The," 446

G

GALSWORTHY, JOHN, 283
"Garden of Proserpine, The," 179
Gargantua, 458
General American, pronunciation, 134, 143; speech, 145
"Gentle Echo on Women, A," 356
Geography and Plays, 261
GEORGE, DAVID LLOYD, 44
Gestures, 221; in reading, 254; timing of, 222; types of, 223
"Gettysburg Address," 192
Ghosts, 299
GIBBONS, FLOYD, 177
"Gifts," 111
Gilbert, John, 165
GILBERT, W. S., 104, 190, 346, 436, 437, 438
Glottal stop, 421
Glottis, 127
Goethe, 294
Golden Asse of Lucius Apuleius, The, 115
Golden Honeymoon, The, 268
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 42
GOLDWYN, SAMUEL, 3
Gondoliers, The, 438
Gone With the Wind, 204
"Good Friday, 1613, Riding Westward," 21
Goodman, Benny, 314
Grammar, 17; exercises in, 20; in poetry, 20
Grapes of Wrath, The, 196
GRAY, THOMAS, 18, 81
"Greater Love," 214
Greek Genius and Its Influence, The, 51
Greenmantle, 271
GREENOUGH, J. B. (and G. L. KITTREDGE), 379
Grimms' Household Tales, 483
Grouping in verse speaking, 343, 347
"Growing Old," 186
GUITERMAN, ARTHUR, 361
Gullah dialect, 143
GULLAN, MARJORIE, 339
Gulliver's Travels, 450

H

Hairy Ape, The, 28
HALSEY, MARGARET, 171, 187
Hamlet, 70, 90
HANES, LEIGH BUCKNER, 340
HANFORD, EDGAR, 28
Hard Times, 377
HARDY, THOMAS, 65

Hare with Many Friends, The, 231
Harper's Encyclopedia of Art, 13
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, 464
HAZLITT, WILLIAM, 16, 469
Hedda Gabler, 290
HEINE, HEINRICH, 249, 341
HENLEY, W. E., 160
"*Henry C. Calhoun*," 195
HENRY, JOHN (CARDINAL NEWMAN), 22
HENRY, PATRICK, 496
Hering jar, 125
HERRICK, ROBERT, 38, 75, 96
HICKLER, ROSALIE, 341
"*Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell, The*," 25
HILL, BENJAMIN, 178
Hill-Billy Singers, 78
HILL, MARION, 27
HILLYER, ROBERT, 192
History for Ready Reference, 12
History of New York, A, 462
HITLER, ADOLF, 177, 509
H. M. S. Pinafore, 346, 436
HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT, 41
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 62, 65
HOMER, 206
HOOTON, ERNEST ALBERT, 463
"*Hound of Heaven*," 61
House and the Brain, The, 476
HOUSMAN, A. E., 15, 71
HOWARD, SIDNEY, 297
HOWE, E. W., 480
How I Learned Tennis, 243
How to Tell a Major Poet from a Minor Poet, 454
HUDSON, W. H., 468
HUGHES, LANGSTON, 385
HUNT, LEIGH, 346
Hunting of the Snark, The, 264
Husing, Ted, 312
HUTCHINS, ROBERT, 508
HUXLEY, ALDOUS, 171
"*Hymn to Proserpine*," 440

I

Iambic foot, 96
IBSEN, HENRIK, 290, 299
Ideas, expression of, 7
"*I Do Not Love Thee*," 118
Idylls of the King, 212
"*I'll Sail upon the Dog-star*," 342
"*Il Penseroso*," 14
Imagery, and feeling, 68; emotion in, 72; exercises in, 75; sensory, 72
Imagination, 74, 338
Imp of the Perverse, The, 11
Importance of Being Earnest, The, 302
Impressions, first, 217
"*In After Days*," 119
"*Incident of the French Camp*," 260
Index to English, An, 20
Indignation, 61 (See also Mood.)
"*Indoor Tennis Match, An*," 212
Inflection, 167 (See also Pitch.)
Informal reading, 228; exercises in, 231
INGERSOLL, ROBERT G., 172
Inhalation, 121
"*In Memoriam*," 61, 71, 189, 439
"*In Memory of a Child*," 341
In One Ear, 460
In Praise of Chimney-Sweepers, 11
Instruments, musical, 128
"Intelligibility, cult of," 105
Interest, attracting the audience's, 5 (See also Attention.)
International Phonetic Alphabet, 134
Interpretation, as re-creation, 68; dramatic, 65; of emotion, 60; of meaning, 5; requirements of, 5

(See also Oral Interpretation, Meaning, Emotion, Dramatic Interpretation.)
In That Dawn, 506
Intonation, 433
"*Introduction to the Greek Genius and Its Influence*," 51
"*Invictus*," 160
Iolanthe, 437
IRVING, WASHINGTON, 75, 462, 493
Italian sonnet, 92
I Teach Women, 497

J

"*Jabberwocky*," 441
JAMES, HENRY, 471
James-Lange theory of emotion, 183, 219, 286
JAMES, WILLIAM, 5, 65
JEFFERS, ROBINSON, 190
JEFFERSON, THOMAS, 477
"*Jenny Kiss'd Me*," 346
Jingling reading, 34 (See also Meter.)
Job, Book of, 114
"*John of Tours*," 262
JOHNSON, G. E., 258
JOHNSON, SAMUEL, 11
Jones, Daniel, 318
JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD, 249 (translator)
JONES, STANLEY, 234
JONES, THOMAS S., JR., 102, 345
JONSON, BEN, 18, 149
Joseph Andrews, 282
Josh Billings' Meditations, 239
Journal, The, 175
JOYCE, JAMES, 22, 105, 177
"*Just Off the Concrete*," 277

K

KAISER, GEORG, 307
KEATS, JOHN, 16, 51, 73, 75, 79, 81, 86, 91, 95, 117, 373
KENYON, J. S., 133, 135, 140, 143
Key, 167 (See also Pitch.)
KILLEEN, KEVIN, 249, 393
KILMER, JOYCE, 38
King Henry the Fourth, 297
King Lear, 178
King of the Golden River, The, 449
KITTREDGE, G. L. (and J. B. GREENOUGH), 379
"*Kitchen Clock, The*," 363
Klinghardt, Hermann, 166, 434
KROEKER, KATE FREILIGRATH, 341 (translator)
"*Kubla Khan*," 88

L

"*Lachrymae Christi*," 106
"*Lady of the Lake, The*," 100
"*Lamb, The*," 100
LAMB, CHARLES, 11, 470
LANDIS, PAUL, 370 (AND A. R. ENTWISTLE)
LANIER, SIDNEY, 58, 77, 86, 101
LARDNER, RING, 268
Last of the Mohicans, The, 465
LEAR, EDWARD, 232, 366
LeGallienne, Eva, 291
"*Legend of the First Cam-u-el, The*," 361
"*Let Me Live Out My Years*," 348
Letter Dedicatory to the Earl of Oxford, 208
Letters to His Son, 150, 206
LEWIS, SINCLAIR, 481
Life and Andrew Otway, 28
Life Magazine, 495
Life of Samuel Johnson, 489
Life on the Mississippi, 67
Life with Father, 281
Ligeia, 207
Light, speed of, 130
Limericks, 36
Limericks, 232
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, 62, 73, 171, 204, 236, 472

LINDSAY, VACHEL, 86, 216, 341, 360
Lines, following the, 286; run-on, 193, 349
LINKLATER, ERIC, 15
Lip exercises, 420; rounding and placement, 431
LIPPMANN, WALTER, 380
Lisping, 400
Listener, The, 375
"Listeners, The," 17
Literature, appreciation of, 69; values of, 69
Little Red Schoolhouse of the Air, The, 326
Living Authors, 12
LOCKE, JOHN, 150
"Locksley Hall," 438
Logic, 155
LOMAX, JOHN, 78
Lombardo, Guy, 319
"London Bells," 246
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 76, 97, 116
"Lord Lovel," 263
Lordosis, 220 (See also Posture.)
"Lost Generations," 233
Lost Phoebe, The, 487
"Lotos-Eaters, The," 189
"Love Among the Ruins," 189
LOWELL, AMY, 64, 187, 359
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 66, 95
Lungs, 121 (See also Breathing.)
Lyric, 77

M

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, 7
Macbeth, 26
MACNEICE, LOUIS, 22
MACY, JOHN, 54
Magnus Merriman, 15
Making of Americans, The, 106
Malocclusion, 398
"Man," 352
MANGAN, JAMES, 98
"Man in the Moon, The," 364
Manners, and movement, 215; conversational speech, 314
"Man without a Country, The," 327
Mark, 40
MARKHAM, EDWIN, 80
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 112
MARVELL, ANDREW, 111
Mary of Scotland, 297
MASEFIELD, JOHN, 267
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE, 73, 195
"Match, A," 18
Matthew, 41
MAUGHAM, SOMERSET, 169
"May-Eve," 102
MAZZINI, 81
Meaning, exercises in interpreting, 51; in radio speaking, 315; interpreting, 5; rhythm, 192; without emotion, 60
Mechanism, of breathing, 126; of speech, 120
MELVILLE, HERMAN, 18, 479
Memorization, 286
"Memory," 342
"Memory of Washington, The," 163
MENCKEN, H. L., 8, 151
MEREDITH, GEORGE, 270
Metaphors, 72; buried, 74 (See also Figures of speech.)
Meter, 96; and rhythm, 191; in reading poetry, 33, 34 (See also Jingling reading.)
Methods of determining good pitch level, 166
Metonymy, 74 (See also Figures of speech.)
Microphone, 311
Midsummer-Night's Dream, A, 26
Mikado, The, 436
"Mike-Fright," 313
MILL, JOHN STUART, 7, 504

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT, 34
"Milton," 67
MILTON, JOHN, 14, 23, 65, 81, 109, 165, 193, 498
Minstrels, 77
"Miss Fur and Miss Skeene," 261
MITCHELL, MARGARET, 204
Moby Dick, 479
Modjeska, 294
Monotony, in rhyme, 94; in tempo, 177
Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, 475
Mood, emotion in, 61; exercises in, 65
MOORE, MARIANNE, 11
MOORE, THOMAS, 103
Moral Equivalent of War, The, 65
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER, 39
MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR, 80
MORRIS, WILLIAM, 387
"Morte d'Arthur," 258
Moscow Art Theater, 288
"Mountain Water," 390
"Mountains in the Twilight," 340
Movement, and dialogue, 289; and manners, 215; stage, rules of, 292
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen: Cyrano de Bergerac, 492
"Mr. Flood's Party," 254, 257
Mrs. Malaprop, 2, 308
Mrs. Packletide's Tiger, 387
MURRAY, MIDDLETON, 60
Muscles, intercostal, 121; tense, 221
Music and poetry, 77
Musical instruments, 128
MUSSOLINI, BENITO, 162
"My Aunt," 65
"My Last Duchess," 64
"My Star," 98
Mysticism, 64 (See also Mood.)
Mysticism and Logic, 42

N

NASH, OGDEN, 210
NASH, THOMAS, 109
"Nameless One, The," 98
Names, identifying, 12; exercises in identifying, 13, 51; proper, 319
Narrative, 65; exercises in reading, 258; reading, 252
Nasality, exercises for, 416
NATHAN, GEORGE JEAN, 76
National Broadcasting Company, 316
"Neckwear," 384
NEIHARDT, JOHN G., 348
"Nephilidia," 440
Newcomes, The, 32
New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, 13
NEWMAN, CARDINAL (JOHN HENRY), 22
News broadcast, 322
New York Times, 28, 233, 391
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH, 53
Nigger of the "Narcissus," The, 376
"Night," 190
Night Battle, A, 467
"Night by the Sea, A," 249
NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, 118
"No Songs in Winter," 342
"Nostalgia," 359
Nouns in centering and phrasing, 34

O

O'CASEY, SEAN, 294
Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge, An, 473
"Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, 66
"Ode to a Nightingale," 73, 91
"Ode to the West Wind," 65
Odyssey, 206
OEHSER, PAUL H, 391

Of Discourse, 493
Of Time and the River, 12
"*Old Ironsides*," 62
"*Old Mother Hubbard*," 340
Old Wives' Tale, The, 269
O'NEIL, GEORGE, 358
O'NEILL, EUGENE, 28, 303
On Familiar Style, 469
"*On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*," 16
On Forsyte 'Change, 283
On Going a Journey, 16
"*On Greenbriar Pinnacle*," 441
"*On His Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three*," 23
Only the Dead Know Brooklyn, 267
Onomatopoeia, 79
"*On Reading Verse Aloud*," 192
On the Mule, 453
On the Teaching of English, 150
On Women, 205
"*Opposition*," 86
Oral interpretation, definition, 3; problems of, 4; subject-matter of, 4 (See also Interpretation.)
Oratory, 156
Oread, 502
OSLER, SIR WILLIAM, 8
Our Commission, 44
"*Our Imperative Task: To Mind Our Own Business*," 162
"*Out of the Cradle*," 345
OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS, 491
Overtones, 126, 197, 198
"*Overture to a Dance of Locomotives*," 56
OWEN, WILFRED, 214
"*O, wert thou in the cauld blast*," 197
"*Owl and the Pussy-Cat, The*," 366
Oxford Companion to English Literature, The, 12
Oxford Companion to Music, The, 13
Oxford English Dictionary, 10

P

Pantomime, 289
Paradise Lost, 2, 109
"*Paradox of Time, The*," 354
Paris, 459
PARKER, DOROTHY, 191, 229
"*Parody of Longfellow's 'The Day Is Done,'*" 244
"*Passionate Shepherd to His Love, The*," 112
"*Past, The*," 94
Past and Present, 14
PATER, WALTER, 8, 13, 194
Patience, 436
PATMORE, COVENTRY, 64
"*Patterns*," 64
Pause, 183; exercises in, 184; in phrasing, 31
Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, 143
Personal History, 173
Personality, 215, 217
Pharynx, 121 (See also Breathing.)
Philosopher's Holiday, 52
"*Philosophy of Composition*," 79
Phonation, 126; exercises in, 129
Phonemes, 138
Phonetic Studies in Folk Speech and Broken English, 258
Phonetics, 132; exercises in, 146; International Alphabet of, 134
Phrases, as the basic unit of interpretation, 30; subordinate, 19
Phrasing, 30, 183; and verse speaking, 338, 340; exercises in, 40, 51; illustrations of, 32; procedure for, 31 (See also Breathing, Breath Groups.)
Physical properties of voice, 156
Physiology of voice, 120
Pickwick Papers, 455

Piece-speaking, 253
"Pillar of the Cloud, The," 22
Pinafore, H.M.S., 346, 436
"Pioneers! O Pioneers!" 45
Pirates of Penzance, The, 437
Pitch, 156, 164; changes, 294; exercises in, 170; faults, 167; for radio speaking, 313; fundamental, 128; high, 165; in verse speaking, 349; low, 165; methods of determining good level of, 166; natural level of, 164; three divisions of, 167 (See also Voice.)
"Plaint of the Camel, The," 362
PLATO, 71
Play analysis, 290
Playfulness, 64 (See also Mood.)
Playing, ensemble, 285
POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 11, 17, 37, 39, 47, 68, 77, 82, 108, 207
Poetic Principle, 77
Poetry, 374; analysis of, 19, 108, 254, 348; Anglo-Saxon, 95; excitement of, 68; for verse speaking, 339; reading of, 178; subjective element in, 68
Poetry and Myth, 60
Poetry Considered, 371
Pointers, for verse speaking, 349; to broadcasters, 319
Poise, 223
Poor Relations, 470
POPE, ALEXANDER, 13, 61, 93
"Position of Germany Today, The," 509
Posture, 220
POUND, LOUISE, 78
"Prayer," 350
"Prayer for Any Occasion," 341
Précis, 46; exercises in writing, 51; illustrations of, 46; length of, 46; oral, 51; requirements for, 46
"Preface to the Lyrical Ballads," 372
"Prelude, The," 213
PRESCOTT, FREDERICK, 60
Pressure, atmospheric, 121 (See also Inhalation.)
Principles and Practices of Medicine, The, 8
PRIOR, MATTHEW, 42
Projection, of voice, 293; to audience, 294
"Prologue to the Earthly Paradise," 387
Pronouns as echoes, 39
Pronunciation, General American, 134; in radio speaking, 317; phonetics applied to, 132 (See also Radio.)
Proper names, 319
Prospectus for "The Remodeled Chewing Gum Corporation," 488
"Prospice," 161
Proverbs, 40
Psalms, 40, 344
Public Address Systems, 320
Public Duty of Educated Men, The, 194
Public Speaking, 3
Punctuation, 23; exercises in, 24; in determining phrases, 32 (See also Full Stops, Dashes, Commas, Question Marks.)
"Pure" sound, 127
Puritanism As a Literary Force, 8

Q

Quality, 156, 197; exercises in vocal, 202; for radio speaking, 314; kinds of, 200; in verse speaking, 349 (See also Voice.)
Quantity, 188; exercises in, 189; in verse speaking, 340
Question marks, 24 (See also Punctuation.)
Question of Our Speech, The, 471
QUINTILIAN, 155

R

RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS, 458
Radio, announcers (See Announcers.); City, 130; programs (See Broadcast.); speaking (See Radio speaking.)
Radio speaking, 311; exercises in, 321; pitch for, 313; quality for, 314; tempo for, 312; volume for, 312
Rambler, The, 11
Rate, exercises in, 178; of speaking, 176; of sound vibration, 126; variation of, 177 (See also Tempo.)
"*Raven, The*," 79
Reaction, reader's personal, 68
Reader's Handbook, 12
Reading, children's, 338; choral, 337; contests, 253; dramatic, 252; exercises in informal, 231; exercises in narrative and dramatic, 258; fireside, 228; group 228, 229; informal, 228; jingling, 34; narrative, 252; of poetry, 178; responsive, 337; to children, 228 (See also Verse speaking.)
Realism, 373
Real Princess, The, 231
Reasonable Affliction, A, 42
"*Rebels*," 105 (See also Experimentalists.)
Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron, 451
Recordings, 84
Re-creation through interpretation, 68
"*Red Slippers*," 187
Relaxation, 419; exercises in, 202; in radio speaking, 317 (See also Radio.)
Religio Medici, 74
Rembrandt, 373
Renaissance, The, 13, 194
Repetition, 98
Reply to Hayne, 13
Resonance, 157, 197
Resonator, 126, 127, 128, 129, 156, 157
Respirometer, 125
Restraint, 254
Résumé, 191
"*Retreat, The*," 18
Reunion in Vienna, 305
Rhyme, 91; internal 94; monotonous, 94; nursery, 339
Rhythm, and feeling, 68, 98; and meter, 96, 191; and verse speaking, 338, 349; exercises in, 194; in poetry, 35
Richard II, 296
RILEY, JAMES W., 364
Ring and the Book, The, 208
RITCHIE, GOVERNOR, 19
Rivals, The, 308
"*Road Not Taken, The*," 180
Robinson Crusoe, 490
ROBINSON, EDWARD ARLINGTON, 254, 257, 279
ROGERS, WILL, 488
ROMAIN, JULES, 185
Romanticism, 8
Romeo and Juliet, 25, 171
Roosevelt, Eleanor, 165, 313
ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN D., 177, 182, 313
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, 41
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA, 352
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, 262 (translator), 313, 389
ROSTAND, EDMUND, 172
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, 41
Rules of stage movement, 292
Run-on lines, 193, 349
Rush, James, 200
RUSKIN, JOHN, 7, 449
RUSSELL, BERTRAND, 42
Rutledge, Anne, 73

S

SAKI (H. H. MONRO), 387
Samuel Johnson, 7
SANDBURG, CARL, 64, 78, 216, 217, 371
SARETT, LEW, 30, 38, 345
Sartor Resartus, 7, 17, 189
Satire, 63 (See also Mood.)
Scholar in a Troubled World, The, 380
SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR, 205
SCHUBERT, LELAND, 498
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 100
"*Secret Heart, The*," 386
"*Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor, The*," 503
SELDEN, SAMUEL, 289
Self-consciousness, 398
Self-Reliance, 76
Seven Lamps of Architecture, 7
"*Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe*," 58
Shakespearean sonnet, 92 (See also Sonnet.)
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 18, 25, 26, 34, 38, 44, 70, 77, 90, 93, 99, 171, 178, 229, 296, 297, 407
SHAW, HENRY W., 239
SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD, 318, 324
Sheean, Vincent, 173
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 25, 61, 65, 70, 94, 165
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, 308
SHERWOOD, ROBERT, 305
Shropshire Lad, The, 15
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, 471
"*Silver*," 111
Silver Cord, The, 297
Similes, 72 (See also Figures of Speech.)
Sincerity, 62 (See also Mood.)
"*Sir Galahad*," 96
Sitwell, Edith, 95, 106
Sitwells, The, 105
Sketch Book, The, 75
"*Sleeper, The*," 190
SMEDLEY, CONSTANCE, 293
Smire, 8
SMITH, LOGAN PEARSALL, 55, 318
SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS, 42
"*Snowball, The*," 498
"*Snows of Yesteryear, The*," 391
"*Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*," 438
"*So Long; So Long!*" 324
"*Song*," 110
"*Song of Living, A*," 357
"*Song of Myself*," 15, 18, 87
Song of Solomon, The, 90, 197
"*Song of the Chattahoochee*," 101
"*Song to Sleep*," 342
Sonnets, 18, 44, 51, 77, 92, 93, 116
Sophistication, 62 (See also Mood.)
SOPHOCLES, 41
Sorrow, 61 (See also Mood.)
Sound, emotional effects of, 99; emotion in, 77; exercises in musical sound, 84; long, 188; of speech, 132; "pure," 127; quality of, 127; short, 188; speed of, 126, 130; substitution, 399; vowel, 134; waves, 126 (See also Emotion.)
Southern dialect, 143
SOUTHEY, ROBERT, 443
Speaking, radio (See Radio speaking.); verse (See Verse speaking.)
Speed, of light, 130; of sound, 126, 130
Speech, average, 155; clinics, 399; defects, 2, 155, 397; denasalized, 418; figures of, 72; foreign, 404; infantile, 404; manner of, 314; mechanism of, 120; professional, 229; social, 229; sounds of, 132; standards, 133, 141, 318; teachers of, 2; value of good, 2 (See also Defects, Figures of Speech.)

Spelling, phonetics applied to, 132
SPENSER, EDMUND, 95
Spondaic foot, 96
Spoon River Anthology, The, 73, 195
"*Spring*," 109
"*Springfield Speech*," 204
Stage, fright, 183, 201, 218, 287, 338; movement, rules of, 292; voice for the, 293
STALLINGS, LAWRENCE, 76 (and MAXWELL ANDERSON)
Stammering, 399
Standards of speech, 133, 141; for radio, 318 (See also Radio.)
Stanislavsky, Constantine, 288
Stanza forms, 92 (See also Forms.)
"*Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples*," 61
STEIN, GERTRUDE, 105, 106, 261
STEINBECK, JOHN, 196
Step, 167 (See also Pitch.)
STERNE, LAURENCE, 29
Sternum, 120 (See also Breathing.)
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, 81, 184, 238
"*Stirrup-Cup, The*," 58
"*Storm*," 394
Story of a Country Town, The, 480
Strange Interlude, 303
Stratford-on-Avon, 493
Straw, the Coal, and the Bean, The, 483
Stream of consciousness, 303
STREET, JULIAN, 506
STROUT, LEE, 240 (and E. B. WHITE)
Study and Appreciation of Literature, The, 370
Study of Poetry, The, 32, 370
Subjection of Women, The, 504
Subordination, in echoes, 39; in reading, 37 (See also Echoes.)
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, 63
Suggestiveness, exercises in emotional, 70
SULLIVAN, FRANK, 460
"*Summum Bonum*," 440
"*Sunday Morning*," 22
"*Sunset on Lake Erie*," 249
"*Sun Still Shines, The*," 28
"*Suppose*," 351
"*Susan Simpson*," 442
Suspense, 253
"*Sweet and Low*," 79
SWIFT, JONATHAN, 208, 356, 450
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, 18, 19, 25, 33, 92, 95, 96, 179, 189, 352, 355, 403, 407, 409, 410, 440
Sympathetic vibration, 131
Synecdoche, 74 (See also Figures of Speech.)
Synonyms as echoes, 39

T

"*Talk*," 55
"*Tam O'Shanter*," 191
Taylor, Deems, 317
Tchaikovsky, 315
TEASDALE, SARA, 212
Technique of the actor, 295
Tempest, The, 69, 90, 99
Tempo, 156, 176; exercises in, 178; for radio speaking, 312; in verse speaking, 340, 349; monotony in, 177 (See also Voice, Rate.)
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, 61, 71, 79, 81, 95, 96, 189, 192, 212, 258, 407, 438, 439
Tense muscles, 221
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, 32, 149
Theater, art of the, 289; Moscow Art, 288
Thesmophoriazusae, 356
This Petty Pace, 393
THOMAS, ARTHUR J., 58, 212, 390, 394, 441
THOMAS, C. K., 144

Thomas, Lowell, 314
Thompson, Dorothy, 165, 313
THOMPSON, FRANCIS, 61
THOMSON, JAMES, 111
Thorax, 120 (See also Breathing.)
"Thoreau at Walden," 452
THOREAU, HENRY, 378
THORNDIKE, ALLISON, 506
THORWALD, ANTON, 484
"Three Blind Mice," 344
"Three Huntsmen, The," 247
THURBER, JAMES, 242
Thus Spake Zarathustra, 53
Timbre, 199
"Time Clock, The," 359
Time Magazine, 43
TIMMONS, ALBERT, 484
"Tintern Abbey," 97
"To a Waterfowl," 97
"To Celia," 18
"To His Coy Mistress," 111
"To Ladies' Eyes," 103
Tone, color, 199; ministerial, 169, 320; pure, 127; thin, 157
Tongue exercises, 419; diagram, 139; -tie, 397
TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON, 359
Trachea, 121, 126 (See also Breathing.)
Tramp Abroad, A, 50
TRASK, ANTHONY, 502
"Trees," 43
TRELAWNY, EDWARD JOHN, 451
"Triad," 354
"Triolet," 104
"Tristram," 279
Tristram Shandy, 29
Trivia, 55
Trochaic foot, 96
TROLLOPE, ANTHONY, 282
Trumpet, 128
"Turtle and the Flamingo, The," 367
TWAIN, MARK, 50, 67
"Two Sisters of Binnorie, The," 78

U

"Ulalume," 47
Ulysses, 22, 106
Understanding, 374
UNTERMEYER, LOUIS, 55, 350
"Up at a Villa—Down in the City," 190
"Up-Hill," 352
"Upon Julia's Clothes," 75
"Urceus Exit," 104

V

Values, of good speech, 2, 3; of literature, 69 (See also Literature, Speech.)
Vanity Fair, 149
VAN LOON, HENDRIK WILLEM, 499
Variation in rate, 177
VAUGHAN, HENRY, 18, 64
Verbs in centering and phrasing, 34
Verdun, 185
Verse, blank, 92; free, 92, 193; speaking (See Verse speaking.)
Verse speaking, 337; appreciation in, 338, 339, 350; diction in, 349; exercises in, 350; grouping in, 344, 347; imagination in, 338; leaders for, 343; organization of, 339; phrasing for, 338, 340; pitch for, 349; poems for, 340; quality in, 349; quantity in, 340; rhythm in, 338, 349; suggestions for, 349; tempo for, 340, 349; volume in, 349
Vibration, rate, 126; sympathetic, 131
Vibrator, 126
Vigor, 215
Virginia through the Eyes of Her Governor, 205
Virginibus Puerisque, 184
Vital Speeches, 324, 509

VIZETELLY, E. A., 459 (translator)
Vocal bands, 126, 127
Voice, 3; audibility of, 293; exercises in quality of, 202; for the stage, 293; good, 129; improvement, 228; improvement, special problems in, 397; physical properties of, 156; physiology of, 120; projection of, 293; training and phonetics, 133; women's, 157, 313
Volume, 156; exercises in, 158; for radio speaking, 312; in verse speaking, 349 (See also Voice.)
Vowels, diagram of, 138; harmonious combinations of consonants and, 79; sounds in phonetics, 134

W

Walden, 378
Walking, 219
WARD, ARTEMUS, 510
"*War Message*," 181
Washington Post, The, 391
Waves, sound, 126
Way of the Transgressor, The, 182
Way to Wealth, The, 461
WEBSTER, DANIEL, 13, 155
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 10
Webster's New International Dictionary, 10, 133, 143, 318
WELLES, ORSON, 317
West, Robert, 320
WHATELY, RICHARD, 167
What Every Woman Knows, 44
"*What Is a University?*" 508
What Price Glory? 76
WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL, 358
WHITE, E. B., 240 (and LEE STROUT), 454
WHITMAN, WALT, 15, 18, 45, 87, 193, 345, 467
Who's Who, 12
Who's Who in America, 12
Who's Who in Education, 12
Who's Who in the Theatre, 12
"*Why She Didn't Go to the Dance*," 329
"*Why So Pale and Wan*," 63
"*Why Women Should Talk*," 54
WILDE, OSCAR, 209, 302
"*Willa the Weeper*," 460
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS, 56, 118
WILMOT, JOHN, 38
WILSON, EDMUND, 15, 105
WILSON, WOODROW, 181
Winchell, Walter, 314
"*Wind Increases, The*," 118
"*Wind in the Pine*," 345
With Malice Toward Some, 187
WOLFE, THOMAS, 12, 267
WOOLBERT, CHARLES H., 169
WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER, 474
Words, analysis of, 9; exercises in, 10; lists of most beautiful, 80; meaning of, 6
Words and Their Ways in English Speech, 379
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 25, 61, 92, 97, 192, 213, 372
"*World Is Too Much with Us, The*," 61
Wright, Cobina, 313
Writers, contemporary, 8; Victorian, 7
WYLIE, ELINOR, 385

Y

Yeoman of the Guard, The, 438
"*Yes and No*," 55
Young Goodman Brown, 464
"*Young Rat, The*," 147

Z

ZOLA, ÉMILE, 459

A NOTE CONCERNING THE TYPES USED IN THIS BOOK

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