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A non-structural approach to text analysis: imaging – synesthesia

- a. in your text, identify all concrete nouns. if there are adjectives attached to them include them. image them make a particular not generic picture, of, e.g., a tree you know from your backyard, not just a tree or genus of tree. of course if you have never seen a tree you may use your imagination. allow each word and image to produce its own echoes and associations, sun for instance echoes son. daydream for as long as you like on each and all of these pictures.
- b. returning to the text, identify all the relatings, prepositions and verbs, yes, verbs. i.e. the relationship between me and you is that I give you these exercises. allow adverbs to inform the way the verbs relate the concretes to each other. let these connections and movements between connect and move your pictures. daydream some more, allowing associations to alter or negate the linear meaning of your text.
- c. from the text, or, if you know it, saying words in random order aloud, see to what extent the sounds and rhythms (if you wish, see chapter on consonants an vowels for a discussion of the rhythm inherent in particular sounds, or follow your own insights and infeelings) of those sounds in each word are onomatopoeic, informing meaning or creating new meaning and/or associations. allow the sounds to extend, repeat, shorten, play in many ways. do the same with phrases.
- d. see if there are any words which seem to spring from or generate emotion of any kind. if there is a whole phrase which does that try to specify the one word within the phrase which does that most. what emotion is it? where in your body do you feel it? do you have a particular event that it reminds you of that has help[ed to give you personally this emotional charge around this word? who other than yourself was involved in this event? can you identify what the charge is when it is related to this person? where in your body do you feel it?
- e. if there are personal nouns, people, mentioned in the text, give yourself a personalization for each one of them, based on what you have just experienced around your emotions when connected to people (these people who came up for you just now may perhaps not reappear in the text), and further based on what you know about your character's relationship to them in the play. e.g. are they a loved one, an authority figure, an enemy etc. draw their picture in your mind's eye and name them by the name in the text.
- f. if there are abstract nouns, identify events which, and then people who, embody the particular abstraction or quality, e.g. of beauty, wisdom, foolishness, knowledge, justice etc. see the people, and see them expressing this quality.

g. put all of this in your body. you become the text. remember drawing the spine? (see exercise under restructuring) in the same way you bring each image into your body wherever it may seem to want to lie, and press it into your body until you feel it. you may feel your reaction as in drawing the focus line in your spine, as tingle, pressure, tickle, warmth, etc. or you may actually twitch, blush, blink, perspire, feel your heartbeat or breathing rhythm change etc. you may feel the back of your neck extend as you think or say king because of the effort a king's neck must make to wear a crown, and you may feel this tiny action as an indicator of power. you may smell or taste something. images may take on a life of their own. let them.

h. live with all these images and sensations for days. returning to a reading of the text only to give yourself new words to play with in all these ways. start to allow them to play themselves through the video in your brain and the repository of feeling in your body in the order in which they appear in the text without necessarily going into linear meaning. soon linear meaning will emerge and take over. all the pictures and associations which you have imaged and felt will remain as echoes and pictures and feelings which you can conjure at will. you will begin to have a clear "graph" of your text. if you have done all these exercises with every single word, even those that don't look like they carry much meaning, you will never need to "learn your lines." they will be there when you rethink and refeel your images and sensations. you can then return to the following series of explorations, which were the different kinds of texts that you identified before.

then identify the "styles" – info, objective, lyrical, etc.

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TYPES OF TEXT

Text can be divided into the following categories, most of which (if not all) have examples in Shakespeare.

1. Information: recipes, directions, instructions.
2. Objective Description (of a man-made object): may or may not include its function.
3. Lyrical Description (of nature): landscape, animal, person; subjective, probably including relationship, emotion, idea of beauty, etc.
4. Narrative Description (of action): has a beginning, middle, and end; like a car chase or courtship, or a game. Defines an event.
5. Dialogue: Minimum of two people. What causes them to respond to each other?
6. Long Joke: has a punch line that ends it.
7. First Person Stream of Consciousness: internal thinking, like the end of *Ulysses*, or Juliet's poison speech, or Nurse's speech.
8. Rhetorical Persuasion: subjective point of view; intended to influence others; often uses logic; such as Shaw's Devil in *Arms & the Man*, and Portia's *Quality of Mercy* speech.
9. Heightened Emotion: anger, fear, grief or joy; Romeo's *Banished* speech, or Paulina's *What studied torments*, or Titus. What is going on in the speech sounds? How do they contribute?
10. Irony and Sarcasm: to put yourself outside the situation in order to see the humor or to manipulate; non-empathetic, Iago or Richard III.
11. Wit Speak: playing with words, puns; playing off whatever the other person has said; first scene of *Romeo and Juliet* (Mercutio and Romeo); Kate and Petruchio, Mercutio and Tybalt, Richard III and Anne, Richard III and Elizabeth.
12. Clown or Fool: Porter, Lear's fool, Feste
13. Abstract of Philosophical Thought: "Reason thus with life." "All the world's a stage..."
14. Scenes of Mayhem: Ophelia, King Lear, Edgar.
15. Prayer/Chanting: rhythm and sound value, community and communion, spiritual content.
16. Coded Speech/Lies: some slave songs, such as gospel, subtle and hidden anti-authority.
17. Directness/Truth: simple and from the heart; love without heightened language.

Junk Mail Q & A

.. out, and hi go, many of to?
today and? well from many many
you how why many
. and? and?
, go . , very good to
but !
many very goodbest
out are
very good you
you, but . of. today no !
do you do you today today and?
. but ... ! from out are
go no hi
why ... of
best very good. !! of
and and? ! out and?
... why but today no out . and? Out
hi? many go and
.. to and? do you
but out very good? and
why well to many but you
. !! well to but out go out.
hi go .. no
to do you why how how from
! hi, , why of, ? . . . very good
and? out .. go best
you ! ! best best
do you out are
go very good from hi out .
out !
but why well
? to
to no
? how best no from go of. you
! !! to ,are
best well no and how how ...
very good but very good
out how best
but how why hi but
best ! hi but best
of!! go, ! ? to ... best
today well of how well
, why are and?
today!! you and? you
. well to and? hi from
from!! of well but but? best and
hi hi are and
many·very good! today very good .
to hi, very good very good best, and are no
. to why to no !!
to out !

today well do you
, ! many !! ?
from hi
.. and? no
or do you
? do you
... no to . you how no and of
how and many no!!
and? ? and? !! and howto

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JOURNEY THROUGH THE TEXT

(some of cis berry's exercises to get the text into the body)

Prep: Walk round the room speaking the piece out loud. Step up and down on chair speaking piece twice through. This gets them breathing and the piece into the body a little.

Meter: Skip around the room on the Iambic. Try and force it on. Discover where it is irregular. Instinctively choreograph accordingly. Then back to the chair and step up on the last strong beat of every verse line (and of course down to start the next). Walk around the room speaking piece out loud – stop at every caesura and at the end of each line. Just a little stop/break, like a syncopation.

Sense: walk around the room, speaking, and change direction on every piece of punctuation. Next, kneel in front of your chair and whilst reading the piece, bang with the hand on the chair on every word immediately followed by a piece of punctuation.

Structure: Check out the beat/action changes – usually, but not always, marked by a period. Line up along one wall of the room. Read first beat. Take one step forward on each beat/thought change. Match the step to the impulse of the verse and the actor's fresh thought. This is usually on the second syllable of a line, but the first syllable with troches. Find that impulse – match it with a step – change the action.

Words: With a partner alternate the words of the piece like a tennis match so that each word gets fulfilled. Then switch word order – then do your partner's piece.

(another version)

Do these w/text in hand, not from memory.

1. FORM: Skip around the room and force the text onto the iambic meter; discover where form falls away and why.
2. IDEAS: Walk w/text in hand; change direction (90 degree turns) on every punctuation mark. Discover the state of mind in clauses, etc.
3. BEATS: Stand in a row at one end of room Take one step forward where the idea or subject changes. Discover the progression of intention.
4. LINE ENDINGS: Step up onto the chair (and back down) on each line ending or 10th syllable. Discover the forward momentum of action.
5. OPERATIVE WORDS: Sit on the floor beside the chair and bang the chair with your hand on the chosen operatives. Discover the thought rhythm.

If patterns can occur within a speech, they must result from features that exist inside the language as it's understood by normal people in their daily lives. In English, for example, speakers know which syllable is stressed within a word. And children know, before they read or write that "desert" and "dessert" are different words. They understand the difference in the sounds. The loudness of the second syllable or relaxation of the "ee" to "uh" We put these things together and we "hear" which syllable is stressed and which one's not. It's also true that meaning dictates stress. We emphasize the most important words and words like "I" or "that" would be pronounced with schwa or something else, depending on the meaning that's conveyed. And that's how rhythmic stress occurs in speech.

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With schwa or something else, depending on
The meaning we intend to be conveyed.
And that’s how rhythmic stress occurs in speech.

Phil Thompson

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SCANSION ON ONE PAGE, OR IT WOULD BE IF THIS TITLE WEREN'T SO LONG

Shakespearean verse is largely written in “blank verse” which is defined as “unrhymed iambic pentameter.” Although sometimes it’s rhymed, sometimes it’s not iambic, and sometimes it’s not pentameter. Pentameter means five repeated verse “feet.” A “foot” is a sequence of two or three syllables with a particular stress pattern. The most common are “iamb,” “trochee,” “dactyl,” “anapest,” and “spondee.”

METER (OR METRE):

Iambic meter bounces thus
Trochees do it backwards
Spondees beat lines down
Anapestical meter just bounces along
Dactyls are finally, backwardly Anapests.

(Anonymous)

LINE LENGTH:

Monometer: lines of one foot each, as in the classic poem *Fleas* (trochaic monometer):

Adam
Had ‘em.

Diameter: Lines of two feet each.

“Asleep, my love?
What? Dead, my dove?” (Thisbe, in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*)

Trimeter: Lines of three feet each.

“Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;” (Amiens, in *As You Like It*)

Tetrameter: Lines of four feet each.

“If we fairies have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended:
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear.” (Puck, in “*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*”)

Pentameter: Lines of five feet each. (Most Elizabethan verse after 1585 or so.)

Hexameter: Lines of six feet each. (French classical drama: Racine, Corneille, Moliere *et al.*)

Heptameter: Lines of seven feet each. (Often used in early Elizabethan verse drama and sometimes parodied by Shakespeare. When used in rhymed couplets, they were called “fourteeners.”)

“The outlook wasn’t brilliant for the Mudville nine that day,”
(*Casey at the Bat*)
“And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France,”
(Costard in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*)

OTHER TERMS:

Caesura: A thought transition in the middle of a verse line, usually indicated in punctuation by a period (full stop), a question mark, or a colon, and occasionally by a comma. The caesura occurs most commonly after the second or third foot in the line in iambic pentameter verse. Often the foot that follows the caesura is trochaic:

But O Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed
And dangers are to me indifferent. (*Cassius*, in *Julius Caesar*)

Feminine Ending: The classic iambic pentameter line has ten syllables:

“Now EN/terTAIN/ conJEC/ture OF/ a TIME”

A “Feminine” line ending consists of an eleventh syllable of lesser stress added to the end of the line:
“And IN/ my COM/paNY/ my BRO/ther GLOUCES/ter”

Incomplete lines: Verse lines that consist of less than five feet. These are usually understood to indicate a break in thought, shown by a pause in performance:

He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice--
An honour in him which buys out his fault--
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument. (*Alcibiades*, in *Timon of Athens*)

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself. (*Antonio*, in *Merchant of Venice*)

Shared lines: Verse lines that span the speeches of two (or more) characters. This is often seen as an indication of a seamless cue pickup:

KING LEAR

...Why, then she lives.

KENT

Is this the promised end

EDGAR

Or image of that horror?

ALBANY

Fall, and cease!

Antithesis: The balanced juxtaposition of opposing or contrasting ideas:
“Not Hermia, but Helena I love.” (*Midsummer Night’s Dream*)

Stichomythia: The rapid interchange of single lines between two speakers, usually picking up a word from the preceding line and turning its meaning another way. A common form of verbal conflict in classical and Shakespearean drama. Often this is accompanied by a change in the meter.

LADY ANNE: I would I knew thy heart.
GLOUCESTER: 'Tis figured in my tongue.
LADY ANNE: I fear me both are false.
GLOUCESTER: Then never man was true.
LADY ANNE: Well, well, put up your sword.
GLOUCESTER: Say, then, my peace is made.
LADY ANNE: That shall you know hereafter.
GLOUCESTER: But shall I live in hope?
LADY ANNE: All men, I hope, live so. (

OTHER THOUGHTS

Metrical “Meaning”: When sense, meter, and linguistic length interact they can create patterns that echo the content of the text.

'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
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 shou'd like the Torrent roar.
When Ajax strives, some Rocks' vast Weight to throw,
The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the Plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.

(Alexander Pope, *An Essay on Criticism*)

“Scanning” = “checking” Let’s remember that verse patterns are the result of naturally occurring stress. Verse only exists in that context, so if you speak the text normally, the verse should simply be there. We aren’t scanning in order to enforce a speech pattern. We are checking the structure of the verse to see if we can detect meaningful inconsistencies.

Take it one foot at a time: We perceive prosody in terms of *relative* prominence. We shouldn't expect every metrically stressed syllable in a line to receive the same stress.

The barge | she sat | in, like | a burn |ish'd throne (Enobarbus, in *Antony & Cleopatra*)

To be | or not | to be | that is |the question (Hamlet)

So long as we note the structure of each foot, our scanning is done. We should be careful not to think of scansion as something we *play*. Applying the same weight to the stressed syllable in each foot will quickly turn the text into nonsense and make for a very long evening.

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Catherine Fitzmaurice

Personal Bugaboos in Shakespeare

"Doth" contains the same vowel as "does." it doesn't rhyme with cloth

"Do" and its related forms are not used as intensifiers, but can be part of the normal indicative form, as in "when I do count the clock," as an alternative to "when I count the clock," cf "do I count?" and "I do not count"

"That" can be either a demonstrative pronoun, pronounced with full vowel, or a relative pronoun, pronounced with a schwa. The meaning is different.

Know what a relative pronoun refers to. eg "when scarce the blood (was well washed from his hands) which issued from my other angel husband." The parenthesis is mine, and isn't strictly speaking a parenthesis at all, but the "which" refers to "blood" not "hands." I need to hear that.

"Wont" (custom) rhymes with "won't" and "don't" not "font"

"Into" and "upon" are not stressed, even if they fill a foot. This is true also for many little words that "Britspeak" generally elides to a schwa, such as "as".

Elisions such as "is't," "was't," "on't," etc. contain an almost imperceptible "i", the "s" is a "z", and the "t" is not so aspirated as in "list," "cost," "font".

Questions which start with a question word (who, when, where, what, etc.) do not (generally) have a lifted inflection at the end of the sentence.

Go right into the next phrase after "by heaven," "prithee," etc. and let "sir," "my lord," and names etc. in the middle of phrases fall away.

Words on either side of parentheses need to "pitchmatch" in order to sustain meaning.

Make a distinction of pitch, rate, volume, or tone for all parenthetical phrases.

Line endings where the meaning runs right on can be marked with a lengthening of a vowel or consonant, rather than a pause or lifted inflection.

Breathe when you get a new idea or you need the oxygen, not at the ends of lines.

"Rhythm is not arithmetic" (John Cage said). i.e. allow the complexity of the communication, your white hot thought, and the rhythm of your breathing (modified by your thoughts and feelings and intentions) to diversify metric considerations. See how Shakespeare loosened up with regard to formality of verse structure and artifice in his later plays.

Become the text, don't do the text. Don't react to or comment on the text. I want to hear what you think, not just words.

Always communicate with somebody else. The other people are the point.

Listen, think, breathe, speak

RHETORICAL STRUCTURES

Antithesis: Compare/Contrast

Set one thing against another: “apples and oranges.” It can be helpful to weigh each item in your hands.

EPIGRAMS of Oscar Wilde

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all. - Preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

Romance should never begin with sentiment. It should begin with science and end with a settlement.

- *An Ideal Husband*

Friendship is far more tragic than love. It lasts longer.

- *A Few Maxims for the Instruction of the Over-Educated*

The strength of women comes from the fact that psychology cannot explain us. Men can be analysed, women... merely adored. - *An Ideal Husband*

In the old days books were written by men of letters and read by the public. Nowadays books are written by the public and read by nobody. - *A Few Maxims for the Instruction of the Over-Educated*

Lists

In a list, each item must have its own value, but there must be a build to the end of the thought.

The Seagull – Anton Chekhov

NINA

In me is the spirit of the great Alexander, the spirit of Napoleon, of Caesar, of Shakespeare, and of the tiniest leech that swims.

Dylan Thomas

Poetry is what in a poem makes you laugh, cry, prickle, be silent, makes your toenails twinkle, makes you know that you want to do this or that or nothing, makes you know that you are alone in the unknown world, that your bliss and suffering is forever shared and forever all your own.

My Favorite Things - lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

Raindrops on roses,
And whiskers on kittens,
Bright copper kettles
And warm woolen mittens.
Brown paper packages
Tied up with string,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cream colored ponies,
And crisp apple strudel.
Doorbells and sleigh bells
And schnitzel with noodles,
Wild geese that fly
With the moon on their wings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dog bites,
When the bee stings,
When I'm feeling sad.
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel so bad!

Parenthetical Phrases

A parenthetical phrase can be lifted out of the line and the thought will still be understood.

Techniques:

1. pitch match around parenthetical

_____ OR _____

2. increase (or decrease) rate of speech in parenthetical
3. use slight caesura (pause) after parenthetical

ee cummings

in spite of everything
which breathes and moves, since Doom
(with white longest hands
neatening each crease)
will smooth entirely our minds

-before leaving my room
i turn, and (stooping
through the morning) kiss
this pillow, dear
where our heads lived and were.

Under Milkwood, Dylan Thomas

Lord Cut-Glass, in his kitchen full of time, squats down alone to a dogdish, marked Fido, of peppery fish-scrap and listens to the voices of his sixty-six clocks - (one for each year of his loony age) - and watches, with love, their black-and-white moony loudlipped faces tocking the earth away....

More EPIGRAMS of Oscar Wilde

Women are pictures. Men are problems. If you want to know what a woman really means – which, by the way, is always a dangerous thing to do – look at her, don't listen to her.

- A Woman of No Importance

Chewy Sounds

Is a word/phrase difficult to say? Slow Down ... you were probably meant to....

“Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common bush afire with God; But only he who sees, takes off his shoes - The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Rhyme/Assonance/Consonance

Patsy Rodenburg, *Speaking Shakespeare*, p. 127 “Good rhyming works subliminally in our ears.”

Cat, J. R. R. Tolkien (suggested by Catherine Fitzmaurice)

The fat cat on the mat
may seem to dream
of nice mice that suffice
for him, or cream;
but he free, maybe,
walks in thought
unbowed, proud, where loud
roared and fought
his kin, lean and slim,
or deep in den
in the East feasted on beasts
and tender men.

The giant lion with iron
claw in paw,
and huge ruthless tooth
in gory jaw;
the pard dark-starred,
fleet upon feet,
that oft soft from aloft
leaps upon his meat
where woods loom in gloom --
far now they be,
fierce and free,
and tamed is he;

but fat cat on the mat
kept as a pet
he does not forget.

From Blossoms, Li-Young Lee, from *Rose* (Boa Editions).

From blossoms comes
this brown paper bag of peaches
we bought from the boy
at the bend in the road where we turned toward
signs painted Peaches....

Repetition

A repetition of a word, phrase or sound, indicates that something is being highlighted. Sometimes it is the actual word/phrase being repeated, other times it's what's being said AROUND the repetition.

Patrick Henry, March 23, 1775, Richmond, VA:
Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace-- but there is no peace.

The Day the Bronx Died by Michael Henry Brown

Daniel: Every time I go to one of your baseball games and you get a hit or make a great play, I see your teammates...they pat you on the butt. Mickey makes a great catch, Billy pats him on the butt. Mickey gets a hit, Billy pats him on the butt. And when you guys play football, and he's the quarterback....

Mickey: Hey, it's tradition!

Daniel: Well it's a tradition I'm totally behind.

The reason I like, David Mamet (In *Squirrels*, Methuen, 1994)

The reason I like

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Is that her name

Sounds like a basketball

Falling downstairs.

The reason I like

Walt Whitman

Is that his name

Sounds like

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Falling downstairs.

Heightened vs. Direct Language

Honor the switches between Direct (simplest way of saying something) and Heightened (metaphor, image, more interesting language).

SPAM Haiku #3 – Christopher James Hume (www.spamhaiku.com)

Pink tender morsel,

Glistening with salty gel.

What the hell is it?

Cause/Effect, If/Then

Sometimes a CAUSE leads to a specific EFFECT. It is important to vocally tell that story. Sometimes it includes an If / Then clause. Sometimes the "if" or the "then" are not stated, only implied.

From Blossoms, Li-Young Lee

From blossoms comes

this brown paper bag of peaches

we bought from the boy

at the bend in the road where we turned toward

signs painted Peaches.

From laden boughs, from hands,

from sweet fellowship in the bins,

comes nectar at the roadside, succulent

peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,

comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat....

ee cummings

it may not always be so; and i say
 that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch
 another's, and your dear strong fingers clutch
 his heart, as mine in time not far away;
 if on another's face your sweet hair lay
 in such a silence as i know, or such
 great writhing words as, uttering overmuch,
 stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be, i say if this should be-
 you of my heart, send me a little word;
 that i may go unto him, and take his hands,
 saying, Accept all happiness from me.
 Then shall i turn my face, and hear one bird
 sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

Wit and Wordplay/Banter

Banter involves taking a cue word/idea and spinning a new word/idea around it.

This sketch appeared in the Monty Python's Flying Circus TV Show - Episode 39.

THE PRINCE -	Terry Jones	J. M. WHISTLER -	John Cleese
OSCAR WILDE -	Graham Chapman	G. B. SHAW -	Michael Palin

LONDON 1895, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. OSCAR WILDE

Mix through to Wilde's drawing room. A crowd of suitably dressed folk are engaged in typically brilliant conversation, laughing affectedly and drinking champagne.

PRINCE

My congratulations, Wilde. Your latest play is a great success. The whole of London's talking about you.

OSCAR

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.
There follows fifteen seconds of restrained and sycophantic laughter.

PRINCE

Very, very witty ... very, very witty.

WHISTLER

There is only one thing in the world worse than being witty, and that is not being witty.
Fifteen more seconds of the same.

OSCAR

I wish I had said that.

WHISTLER

You will, Oscar, you will. (*more laughter*)

OSCAR

Your Majesty, have you met James McNeill Whistler?

PRINCE

Yes, we've played squash together.

OSCAR

There is only one thing worse than playing squash together, and that is playing it by yourself. (*silence*) I wish I hadn't said that.

WHISTLER

You did, Oscar, you did. (*a little laughter*)

PRINCE

You really must forgive me, Wilde, I've got to get back up to the Palace.

OSCAR

Your Majesty is like a big jam doughnut with cream on the top.

PRINCE

I beg your pardon?

OSCAR

Um ... It was one of Whistler's.

WHISTLER

I never said that.

OSCAR

You did, James, you did.

The PRINCE of Wales stares expectantly at WHISTLER.

WHISTLER

... Well, Your Highness, what I meant was that, like a doughnut, um, your arrival gives us pleasure and your departure only makes us hungry for more. (*laughter*) Your Highness, you are also like a stream of bat's piss.

PRINCE

What?

WHISTLER

It was one of Wilde's. One of Wilde's.

OSCAR

It sodding was not! It was Shaw!

SHAW

I ... I merely meant, Your Majesty, that you shine out like a shaft of gold when all around is dark.

PRINCE

(accepting the compliment) Oh.

Introductions/Conclusions

Arguments often have a clear Introduction and Conclusion. Separate these out vocally.

From the comic strip *Bloom County*

L. H. Puttgrass is here to finally give his treasonous body exactly what it richly deserves...let us start off this culinary orgy with a tantalizing appetizer...greasy French fries...always good for hopelessly clogging miles of arteries with yummy fatty deposits. Moving quickly now to the *pièce de résistance*: a “double mustard maxi-burger”...flame-kissed with carcinogenic charcoal broiling...yes, dripping with fatty red meat, it shall be brimming with heavily salted pickles and nitrate-laden smoked bacon ... indeed a veritable feast of doom for my entire cardiovascular system!!! L. H. Puttgrass and his arteries thank you...if I should expire before I finish, be so kind as to alert the local medical school for the expeditious disposal of my carcass. Good day!!

Pied Beauty, Gerard Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for dappled things-

For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced-fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

Long Thoughts

Long thoughts require effort to keep the energy going to the end.

John Northbrooke, preacher, author c. 1589:

I am persuaded that Satan hath not a more speedy way and fitter school to work and teach his desire to bring men and women into his snare of concupiscence and filthy lusts of wicked whoredom than theatres, and it is therefore necessary that those places and players should be forbidden and dissolved and put down by authority, as the brothel houses are.

Eventide, Kent Haruf, Knopf, 2004.

...they had been alone together, and they had done all the work there was to do and eaten and talked and thought out things together, and at night they had gone up to bed at the same hour and in the mornings had risen at the same time and gone out one more to the day's work, each one ever in the presence of the other, almost as if they were a long-suited married couple, or as thought they were a pair of twins that could never be separated because who knew what might happen if they were.

III. PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

Kristin Linklater, *Freeing Shakespeare's Voice*, p. 85:

The actor's process must be to *absorb* the experiential meaning of the words into the body, *absorb* the form and logic of the antithesis and then LISTEN for the trigger words in what the other person is saying.

Patsy Rodenburg, *Speaking Shakespeare*, p. 3:

I want them to feel the language – the words, thought structures and images – flowing in their bloodstreams, a familiar part of them rather than something baffling, strange or difficult.

From Blossoms by Li-Young Lee

From blossoms comes
this brown paper bag of peaches
we bought from the boy
at the bend in the road where we turned toward
signs painted Peaches.

From laden boughs, from hands,
from sweet fellowship in the bins,
comes nectar at the roadside, succulent
peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,
comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,
to carry within us an orchard, to eat
not only the skin, but the shade,
not only the sugar, but the days, to hold
the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into
the round jubilance of peach.

There are days we live
as if death were nowhere
in the background; from joy
to joy to joy, from wing to wing,
from blossom to blossom to
impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.

THE RIVALS - Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Act II

Absolute:

Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side: no, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.

Act III

Sir Anthony Absolute:

No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. Die, did I say! I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him; he's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more, never—never—never.

Act V

Lydia Languish

Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last! There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—Conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the newspapers!—Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation, with a bishop's license, and my aunt's blessing to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! Oh that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

EUPHUIISM

The Anatomy of Wit by John Lyly, and its subsequent companion volume Euphues and His England, were published in 1578 and 1580 respectively. Both became extremely popular as a part of the renaissance revival of interest in classical rhetoric as a model for courtly, and even bourgeois, discourse. Lyly's prose style, as we shall see, carried the practice of symmetry (or "equality") of syntax to its furthest extreme. Shakespeare, along with most other poets of the period, was influenced by the euphuistic style, although with Shakespeare it often appeared in his plays as the subject of parody, as here.

From Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit: "And yet, Philautus, if there be any man in despair to obtain his purpose or so obstinate in his opinion that, having lost his freedom by folly, would also lose his life for love, let him repair hither and he shall reap such profit as will either quench his flames or assuage his fury, either cause him to renounce his lady as pernicious or redeem his liberty as most precious. Come therefore to me all ye lovers that have been deceived by fancy, the glass of pestilence, or deluded by women, the gate to perdition; be as earnest to seek a medicine as you were eager to run into a mischief. The earth bringeth forth as well endive to delight the people as hemlock to endanger the patient, as well the rose to distil as the nettle to sting, as well the bee to give honey as the spider to yield poison. If my lewd life, gentlemen, have given you offense, let my good counsel make amends; if by my folly any have been allured to lust, let them by my repentance be drawn to continency. Achilles' spear could as well heal as hurt, the scorpion though he sting yet he stints the pain, though the herb Nerius poison the sheep yet is it a remedy to man against poison, though I have infected some by example yet I hope I shall comfort many by repentance."

All of which sounds strangely like Benedick in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:

"I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now he had rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. . . . One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace."

Or directly mocked by Falstaff in HENRY IV, PART ONE:

"Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be asked."

Sonnet 73

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

Sonnet 116

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 wand'ring 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 prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Sonnet 55

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the Judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Sonnet 60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbl'd shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Romeo and Juliet

From Act 1, Scene v

Romeo

If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this:
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Romeo

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juliet

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in pray'r.

Romeo

O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray—grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Juliet

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Romeo

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Juliet

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Juliet

You kiss by th' book.

Blank Verse, Early and Late

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

(*Titus Andronicus* III, i, 219-233)

Lear. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

(*King Lear* IV, vi, 160-173)

Antony and Cleopatra

From Act I, scene v

Cleopatra

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Henry V

Act IV Prologue

Chorus

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminante
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean; cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host.
Bids them good Morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun

His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where--O for pity!--we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

Troilus and Cressida

Prologue

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Romeo and Juliet

From Act I, Scene iv

BENVOLIO Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh,
how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers
that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a
kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to
be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy;
Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey
eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation
to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit
fairly last night.

ROMEO Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO The ship, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

ROMEO Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in
such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUTIO That's as much as to say, such a case as yours
constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO Right.

ROMEO Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast
worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it
is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

ROMEO O single-soled jest, solely singular for the
singleness.

MERCUTIO Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO O here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROMEO I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MERCUTIO Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROMEO Here's goodly gear!

(Enter Nurse and PETER)

The Importance of Being Earnest

Cecily and Gwendolen

Cecily. *[Advancing to meet her.]* Pray let me introduce myself to you. My name is Cecily Cardew.

Gwendolen. Cecily Cardew? *[Moving to her and shaking hands.]* What a very sweet name! Something tells me that we are going to be great friends. I like you already more than I can say. My first impressions of people are never wrong.

Cecily. How nice of you to like me so much after we have known each other such a comparatively short time. Pray sit down.

Gwendolen. *[Still standing up.]* I may call you Cecily, may I not?

Cecily. With pleasure!

Gwendolen. And you will always call me Gwendolen, won't you?

Cecily. If you wish.

Gwendolen. Then that is all quite settled, is it not?

Cecily. I hope so. *[A pause. They both sit down together.]*

Gwendolen. Perhaps this might be a favourable opportunity for my mentioning who I am. My father is Lord Bracknell. You have never heard of papa, I suppose?

Cecily. I don't think so.

Gwendolen. Outside the family circle, papa, I am glad to say, is entirely unknown. I think that is quite as it should be. The home seems to me to be the proper sphere for the man. And certainly once a man begins to neglect his domestic duties he becomes painfully effeminate, does he not? And I don't like that. It makes men so very attractive. Cecily, mamma, whose views on education are remarkably strict, has brought me up to be extremely short-sighted; it is part of her system; so do you mind my looking at you through my glasses?

Cecily. Oh! not at all, Gwendolen. I am very fond of being looked at.

Gwendolen. *[After examining Cecily carefully through a lorgnette.]* You are here on a short visit, I suppose.

Cecily. Oh no! I live here.

Gwendolen. *[Severely.]* Really? Your mother, no doubt, or some female relative of advanced years, resides here also?

Cecily. Oh no! I have no mother, nor, in fact, any relations.

Gwendolen. Indeed?

Cecily. My dear guardian, with the assistance of Miss Prism, has the arduous task of looking after me.

Gwendolen. Your guardian?

Cecily. Yes, I am Mr. Worthing's ward.

Gwendolen. Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! He grows more interesting hourly. I am not sure, however, that the news inspires me with feelings of unmixed delight. [Rising and going to her.] I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you! But I am bound to state that now that I know that you are Mr. Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were—well, just a little older than you seem to be—and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly—

Cecily. Pray do! I think that whenever one has anything unpleasant to say, one should always be quite candid.

Gwendolen. Well, to speak with perfect candour, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honour. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. But even men of the noblest possible moral character are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others. Modern, no less than Ancient History, supplies us with many most painful examples of what I refer to. If it were not so, indeed, History would be quite unreadable.

Cecily. I beg your pardon, Gwendolen, did you say Ernest?

Gwendolen. Yes.

Cecily. Oh, but it is not Mr. Ernest Worthing who is my guardian. It is his brother—his elder brother.

Gwendolen. [Sitting down again.] Ernest never mentioned to me that he had a brother.

Cecily. I am sorry to say they have not been on good terms for a long time.

Gwendolen. Ah! that accounts for it. And now that I think of it I have never heard any man mention his brother. The subject seems distasteful to most men. Cecily, you have lifted a load from my mind. I was growing almost anxious. It would have been terrible if any cloud had come across a friendship like ours, would it not? Of course you are quite, quite sure that it is not Mr. Ernest Worthing who is your guardian?

Cecily. Quite sure. [A pause.] In fact, I am going to be his.

Gwendolen. [Inquiringly.] I beg your pardon?

Cecily. [Rather shy and confidently.] Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you. Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr. Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

Gwendolen. [Quite politely, rising.] My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr. Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the *Morning Post* on Saturday at the latest.

Cecily. [Very politely, rising.] I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. [Shows diary.]

Gwendolen. [Examines diary through her lorgnette carefully.] It is certainly very curious, for he asked me to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. [Produces diary of her own.] I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. I am so sorry, dear Cecily, if it is any disappointment to you, but I am afraid I have the prior claim.

Cecily. It would distress me more than I can tell you, dear Gwendolen, if it caused you any mental or physical anguish, but I feel bound to point out that since Ernest proposed to you he clearly has changed his mind.

Gwendolen. [Meditatively.] If the poor fellow has been entrapped into any foolish promise I shall consider it my duty to rescue him at once, and with a firm hand.

Cecily. [Thoughtfully and sadly.] Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

Gwendolen. Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

Cecily. Do you suggest, Miss Fairfax, that I entrapped Ernest into an engagement? How dare you? This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

Gwendolen. [Satirically.] I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

[Enter **Merriman**, followed by the footman. He carries a salver, table cloth, and plate stand. **Cecily** is about to retort. The presence of the servants exercises a restraining influence, under which both girls chafe.]

Merriman. Shall I lay tea here as usual, Miss?

Cecily. [Sternly, in a calm voice.] Yes, as usual. [**Merriman** begins to clear table and lay cloth. A long pause. **Cecily** and **Gwendolen** glare at each other.]

Gwendolen. Are there many interesting walks in the vicinity, Miss Cardew?

Cecily. Oh! yes! a great many. From the top of one of the hills quite close one can see five counties.

Gwendolen. Five counties! I don't think I should like that; I hate crowds.

Cecily. [Sweetly.] I suppose that is why you live in town? [**Gwendolen** bites her lip, and beats her foot nervously with her parasol.]

Gwendolen. [Looking round.] Quite a well-kept garden this is, Miss Cardew.

Cecily. So glad you like it, Miss Fairfax.

Gwendolen. I had no idea there were any flowers in the country.

Cecily. Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London.

Gwendolen. Personally I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anybody who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death.

Cecily. Ah! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present. It is almost an epidemic amongst them, I have been told. May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?

Gwendolen. [With elaborate politeness.] Thank you. [Aside.] Detestable girl! But I require tea!

Cecily. [Sweetly.] Sugar?

Gwendolen. [Superciliously.] No, thank you. Sugar is not fashionable any more.
[Cecily looks angrily at her, takes up the tongs and puts four lumps of sugar into the cup.]

Cecily. [Severely.] Cake or bread and butter?

Gwendolen. [In a bored manner.] Bread and butter, please. Cake is rarely seen at the best houses nowadays.

Cecily. [Cuts a very large slice of cake, and puts it on the tray.] Hand that to Miss Fairfax.

[**Merriman** does so, and goes out with footman. **Gwendolen** drinks the tea and makes a grimace. Puts down cup at once, reaches out her hand to the bread and butter, looks at it, and finds it is cake. Rises in indignation.]

Gwendolen. You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar, and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition, and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far.

Cecily. [Rising.] To save my poor, innocent, trusting boy from the machinations of any other girl there are no lengths to which I would not go.

Gwendolen. From the moment I saw you I distrusted you. I felt that you were false and deceitful. I am never deceived in such matters. My first impressions of people are invariably right.

Cecily. It seems to me, Miss Fairfax, that I am trespassing on your valuable time. No doubt you have many other calls of a similar character to make in the neighbourhood.

[Enter Jack.]

The Importance of Being Earnest

Jack and Algernon

Jack. This ghastly state of things is what you call Bunburying, I suppose?

Algernon. Yes, and a perfectly wonderful Bunbury it is. The most wonderful Bunbury I have ever had in my life.

Jack. Well, you've no right whatsoever to Bunbury here.

Algernon. That is absurd. One has a right to Bunbury anywhere one chooses. Every serious Bunburyist knows that.

Jack. Serious Bunburyist! Good heavens!

Algernon. Well, one must be serious about something, if one wants to have any amusement in life. I happen to be serious about Bunburying. What on earth you are serious about I haven't got the remotest idea. About everything, I should fancy. You have such an absolutely trivial nature.

Jack. Well, the only small satisfaction I have in the whole of this wretched business is that your friend Bunbury is quite exploded. You won't be able to run down to the country quite so often as you used to do, dear Algy. And a very good thing too.

Algernon. Your brother is a little off colour, isn't he, dear Jack? You won't be able to disappear to London quite so frequently as your wicked custom was. And not a bad thing either.

Jack. As for your conduct towards Miss Cardew, I must say that your taking in a sweet, simple, innocent girl like that is quite inexcusable. To say nothing of the fact that she is my ward.

Algernon. I can see no possible defence at all for your deceiving a brilliant, clever, thoroughly experienced young lady like Miss Fairfax. To say nothing of the fact that she is my cousin.

Jack. I wanted to be engaged to Gwendolen, that is all. I love her.

Algernon. Well, I simply wanted to be engaged to Cecily. I adore her.

Jack. There is certainly no chance of your marrying Miss Cardew.

Algernon. I don't think there is much likelihood, Jack, of you and Miss Fairfax being united.

Jack. Well, that is no business of yours.

Algernon. If it was my business, I wouldn't talk about it. [Begins to eat muffins.] It is very vulgar to talk about one's business. Only people like stock-brokers do that, and then merely at dinner parties.

Jack. How can you sit there, calmly eating muffins when we are in this horrible trouble, I can't make out. You seem to me to be perfectly heartless.

Algernon. Well, I can't eat muffins in an agitated manner. The butter would probably get on my cuffs. One should always eat muffins quite calmly. It is the only way to eat them.

Jack. I say it's perfectly heartless your eating muffins at all, under the circumstances.

Algernon. When I am in trouble, eating is the only thing that consoles me. Indeed, when I am in really great trouble, as any one who knows me intimately will tell you, I refuse everything except

food and drink. At the present moment I am eating muffins because I am unhappy. Besides, I am particularly fond of muffins. [Rising.]

Jack. [Rising.] Well, that is no reason why you should eat them all in that greedy way. [Takes muffins from **Algernon**.]

Algernon. [Offering tea-cake.] I wish you would have tea-cake instead. I don't like tea-cake.

Jack. Good heavens! I suppose a man may eat his own muffins in his own garden.

Algernon. But you have just said it was perfectly heartless to eat muffins.

Jack. I said it was perfectly heartless of you, under the circumstances. That is a very different thing.

Algernon. That may be. But the muffins are the same. [He seizes the muffin-dish from **Jack**.]

Jack. Algy, I wish to goodness you would go.

Algernon. You can't possibly ask me to go without having some dinner. It's absurd. I never go without my dinner. No one ever does, except vegetarians and people like that. Besides I have just made arrangements with Dr. Chasuble to be christened at a quarter to six under the name of Ernest.

Jack. My dear fellow, the sooner you give up that nonsense the better. I made arrangements this morning with Dr. Chasuble to be christened myself at 5.30, and I naturally will take the name of Ernest. Gwendolen would wish it. We can't both be christened Ernest. It's absurd. Besides, I have a perfect right to be christened if I like. There is no evidence at all that I have ever been christened by anybody. I should think it extremely probable I never was, and so does Dr. Chasuble. It is entirely different in your case. You have been christened already.

Algernon. Yes, but I have not been christened for years.

Jack. Yes, but you have been christened. That is the important thing.

Algernon. Quite so. So I know my constitution can stand it. If you are not quite sure about your ever having been christened, I must say I think it rather dangerous your venturing on it now. It might make you very unwell. You can hardly have forgotten that some one very closely connected with you was very nearly carried off this week in Paris by a severe chill.

Jack. Yes, but you said yourself that a severe chill was not hereditary.

Algernon. It usen't to be, I know—but I daresay it is now. Science is always making wonderful improvements in things.

Jack. [Picking up the muffin-dish.] Oh, that is nonsense; you are always talking nonsense.

Algernon. Jack, you are at the muffins again! I wish you wouldn't. There are only two left. [Takes them.] I told you I was particularly fond of muffins.

Jack. But I hate tea-cake.

Algernon. Why on earth then do you allow tea-cake to be served up for your guests? What ideas you have of hospitality!

Jack. Algernon! I have already told you to go. I don't want you here. Why don't you go!

Algernon. I haven't quite finished my tea yet! and there is still one muffin left.

[Jack groans, and sinks into a chair. Algernon still continues eating.]

The Way of the World

By William Congreve

Millamant. Ah, I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure. I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please. And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names—Ay, as "wife," "spouse," "my dear," "joy," "jewel," "love," "sweet-heart," and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all. I must be at liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please, and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance, or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

The Way of the World

By William Congreve

Mirabell. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband? *Imprimis*, then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop, scrambling to the play in a mask; then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out, and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy. Item, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall, and while it passes current with me, that you endeavor not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins and I know not what—hog's bones, hare's gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewomen in what-d'ye-call-it court. Item, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. Item, when you shall be breeding—which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavors—I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk, such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth. But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary. But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Private Lives

By Noel Coward

[There is a dead silence.]

AMANDA: What have you been doing lately? During these last years?

ELYOT: Travelling about. I went round the world you know after

AMANDA *[hurriedly]:* Yes, yes, I know. How was it?

ELYOT: The world?

AMANDA: Yes.

ELYOT: Oh, highly enjoyable.

AMANDA: China must be very interesting.

ELYOT: Very big, China.

AMANDA: And Japan

ELYOT: Very small.

AMANDA: Did you eat sharks' fins, and take your shoes off, and use chopsticks and everything?

ELYOT: Practically everything.

AMANDA: And India, the burning Ghars, or Ghats, or whatever they are, and the Taj Mahal. How was the Taj Mahal?

ELYOT *[looking at her]:* Unbelievable, a sort of dream.

AMANDA: That was the moonlight, I expect; you must have seen it in the moonlight.

ELYOT *[never taking his eyes off her face]:* Yes, moonlight is cruelly deceptive.

AMANDA: And it didn't look like a biscuit box did it? I've always felt that it might.

ELYOT *[quietly]:* Darling, darling, I love you so.

AMANDA: And I do hope you met a sacred elephant. They're lint white I believe, and very, very sweet.

ELYOT: I've never loved anyone else for an instant.

AMANDA *[raising her hand feebly in protest]:* No, no, you mustn't-Elyot-stop.

ELYOT: You love me, too, don't you? There's no doubt about it anywhere, is there?

AMANDA: No, no doubt anywhere.

ELYOT: You're looking very lovely you know, in this damned moonlight. Your skin is clear and cool, and your eyes are shining, and you're growing lovelier and lovelier every second as I look at you. You don't hold any mystery for me, darling, do you mind? There isn't a particle of you that I don't know, remember, and want.

AMANDA *[softly]:* I'm glad, my sweet.

ELYOT: More than any desire anywhere, deep down in my deepest heart I want you back again-please

AMANDA *[putting her hand over his mouth]:* Don't say any more; you're making me cry so dreadfully.

[He pulls her gently into his arms and they stand silently, completely oblivious to everything but the moment, and each other. When finally, they separate, they sit down, rather breathlessly, on the balustrade.]

THE COMING OF ARCHY

By Don Marquis

From "archy and mehitabel," 1927

The circumstances of Archy's first appearance are narrated in the following extract from the Sun Dial column of the New York Sun:

Dobbs Ferry possesses a rat which slips out of his lair at night and runs a typewriting machine in a garage. Unfortunately, he has always been interrupted by the watchman before he could produce a complete story. It was at first thought that the power which made the typewriter run was a ghost, instead of a rat. It seems likely to us that it was both a ghost and a rat. Mme. Blavatsky's ego went into a white horse after she passed over, and someone's personality has undoubtedly gone into this rat. It is an era of belief in communications from the spirit land.

And since this matter has been reported in the public prints and seriously received we are no longer afraid of being ridiculed, and we do not mind making a statement of something that happened to our own typewriter only a couple of weeks ago.

We came into our room earlier than usual in the morning, and discovered a gigantic cockroach jumping about on the keys. He did not see us, and we watched him. He would climb painfully upon the framework of the machine and cast himself with all his force upon a key, head downward, and his weight and the impact of the blow were just sufficient to operate the machine, one slow letter after another. He could not work the capital letters, and he had a great deal of difficulty operating the mechanism that shifts the paper so that a fresh line may be started. We never saw a cockroach work so hard or perspire so freely in all our lives before. After about an hour of this frightfully difficult literary labor he fell to the floor exhausted, and we saw him creep feebly into a nest of the poems which are always there in profusion.

Congratulating ourself that we had left a sheet of paper in the machine the night before so that all this work had not been in vain, we made an examination, and this is what we found:

expression is the need of my soul
i was once a vers libre bard
but i died and my soul went into the body of a cockroach
it has given me a new outlook upon life

i see things from the under side now
thank you for the apple peelings in the wastepaper basket
but your paste is getting so stale i cant eat it
there is a cat here called mehitabel i wish you would have
removed she nearly ate me the other night why dont she
catch rats that is what she is supposed to be fore
there is a rat here she should get without delay

most of these rats here are just rats
but this rat is like me he has a human soul in him
he used to be a poet himself
night after night i have written poetry for you
on your typewriter
and this big brute of a rat who used to be a poet
comes out of his hole when it is done
and reads it and sniffs at it
he is jealous of my poetry
he used to make fun of it when we were both human
he was a punk poet himself
and after he has read it he sneers
and then he eats it

i wish you would have mehitabel kill that rat
or get a cat that is onto her job
and i will write you a series of poems showing how things look
to a cockroach
that rats name is freddy
the next time freddy dies i hope he wont be a rat
but something smaller i hope i will be a rat
in the next transmigration and freddy a cockroach
i will teach him to sneer at my poetry then

dont you ever eat any sandwiches in your office
i haven't had a crumb of bread for i dont know how long
or a piece of ham or anything but apple parings
and paste and leave a piece of paper in your machine
every night you can call me archy

MEHITABEL WAS ONCE CLEOPATRA

By Don Marquis

From "archy and mehitabel," 1927

boss i am disappointed in
some of your readers they
are always asking how does
archy work the shift so as to get a
new line or how does archy do
this or do that they
are always interested in technical
details when the main question is
whether the stuff is
literature or not
i wish you would leave
that book of george moores on
the floor
mehitabel the cat and i want to
read it i have discovered that
mehitabel s soul formerly inhabited a
human also at least that
is what mehitabel is claiming these
days it may be she got jealous of
my prestige anyhow she and
i have been talking it over in a
friendly way who were you
mehitabel i asked her i was
cleopatra once she said well i said i
suppose you lived in a palace you bet
she said and what lovely fish dinners
we used to have and licked her chops

mehitabel would sell her soul for
a plate of fish any day i told her i thought
you were going to say you were
the favorite wife of the emperor
valerian he was some cat nip eh
mehitabel but she did not get me

archy

MOLLY BLOOM (edited) from Ulysses by James Joyce

...Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with the fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it

was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that
long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower
of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes
that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun
shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because
I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I
could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure
I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I
wouldnt answer first only looked out over the sea and the
sky I was thinking of so many things he didnt know of
Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old
captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I
say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier
and the sentry in front of the governors house with the
thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and
the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall
combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the
jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all
the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all
clucking outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys
slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks
asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the
carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years
old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans

like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a
shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas 2
glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron
and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and
the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman
going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown
torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire
and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda
gardens yes and all the queer little streets and the pink
and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the
jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a
girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put
the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall
I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish
wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I
asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked
me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I
put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he
could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was
going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

The Snow Man

by Wallace Stevens

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

Walsingham

by Sir Walter Raleigh

*'As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?'*

*'How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?'*

*'She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air.'*

*'Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace.'*

*'She hath left me here alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And men loved as her own.'*

*'What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did you love as her own,
And her joy did you make?'*

*I have lov'd her all my youth;
But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.'*

*'Know that love is a careless child,
And forgets a promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.'*

*'His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.'*

*'Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
(Or the word 'love' abus'd),
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.'*

*'But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.'*

The Winter's Tale

Act III, sc. 2 (line 173)

PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes,'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

Romeo and Juliet

Act III, sc. 3 (line 33)

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Surges

Sonnet LX:

Like as the waves make towards the pebbl'd shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

OTHELLO

Never, Iago: Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

MACBETH

There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

RICHARD III

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barded steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:

And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that 'G'
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here
Clarence comes.

Letters of Recommendation

From: <http://www.ling.upenn.edu/~beatrice/humor/ambiguous-recommendations.html>

For the chronically absent:

"A man like him is hard to find."

"It seemed her career was just taking off."

For the office drunk:

"I feel his real talent is being wasted here."

"We generally found him loaded with work to do."

"Every hour with him was a happy hour."

For an employee with no ambition:

"He could not care less about the number of hours he had to put in."

"You would indeed be fortunate to get this person to work for you."

For an employee who is so unproductive that the job is better left unfilled:

"I can assure you that no person would be better for the job."

For an employee who is not worth further consideration as a job candidate:

"I would urge you to waste no time in making this candidate an offer of employment."

"All in all, I cannot say enough good things about this candidate or recommend him too highly."

For a stupid employee:

"There is nothing you can teach a man like him."

"I most enthusiastically recommend this candidate with no qualifications whatsoever."

For a dishonest employee:

"Her true ability was deceiving."

"He's an unbelievable worker."

Garden Path Collection

From Oren's Website <http://sites.google.com/site/orens199/garden-path-collection>

1. Whip rules furor claims first victim
2. Doctor Suspected in Town House Collapse Dies
3. Squad Helps Dog Bite Victim
4. Violinist Linked to JAL Crash Blossoms
5. Police in Washington state captured a schizophrenic killer who had escaped during an outing from the mental hospital where he had been committed to a state fair.
6. Escaped Insane Killer Captured After Four-Day Manhunt"
7. French left torn in two in row over EU Constitution
8. Mary is waiting for Mr. Right Now
9. When Fred eats food gets thrown
10. Mary gave the child the dog bit a band aid
11. I convinced her children are noisy
12. Helen is expecting tomorrow to be a bad day
13. I know the words to that song don't rhyme
14. She told me a little white lie will come back to haunt me
15. Until the police arrest the drug dealers control the street
16. The dog that I had really loved bones
17. That Jill is never here hurts
18. The man who whistles tunes pianos
19. The old man the boat
20. Have the students who failed the exam take the supplementary

21. Every woman that admires a man that paints likes Monet
22. We painted the wall with cracks
23. When the losing athlete came last night he fainted
24. The old lady gave the boy the puppy chased some candy
25. The student knew the answer to the question was wrong
26. The logs floated down the river sank
27. The bottles thrown over the fence broke
28. Put the block on the table in the box
29. While Margaret was mending the sock fell on her lap
30. John believed the witness was lying
31. Time flies like an arrow
32. Fruit flies like a banana
33. We are flying planes
34. Can the can can the can?
35. Mary watched the Olympic trials on TV on his new color TV
36. Tom believed Bill thought Mary took out the cat on Monday
37. John believes Bill died
38. Susan put the book on the shelf into her backpack
39. John gave the claim that Bill thought Mary died no credibility
40. I gave the girl whom you thought Bill liked a book
41. I gave the boy who you wanted to give the books to three books
42. Without her donations to the charity that won failed to appear
43. Without her donations failed to appear
44. After the man drank the water proved to be poisoned

45. The man gave the girl a ring impressed a watch
46. Who is Alfred asking Bob to talk to?
47. The butter melted in the pan turned brown
48. The boy washed in the tub was angry
49. The emergency crews hate most is domestic violence
50. Book that flight
51. The package dropped from the airplane reached the ground safely
52. The musician composed himself
53. The astronomer married a star
54. The children taught algebra to their teacher
55. John like Mary and Paul likes Sue
56. The student read the sentence twice still didn't get it
57. The instructor walked through the problem again was even more confused
58. The florist sent the flowers was very pleased
59. Georgia weighed 350 pounds of grapes
60. I was going to take a train to New York but decided it was too heavy
61. John figured Susan wanted to take the cat out
62. The psychologist told the woman that he was having troubles with her
63. The psychologist told the woman that he was having troubles with her husband
64. The boy got fat melted
65. The editor sent the tape wrote the article
66. The fish put in the bucket died
67. The man who hunts ducks out on weekends
68. The cotton clothing is usually made of grows in Mississippi

69. The prime number few
70. Fat people eat accumulates
71. The tycoon sold the offshore oil tracts for a lot of money wanted to kill JR
72. The landlord painted all the walls with cracks
73. Ross baked the cake in the freezer
74. The grappling hooks on to the enemy ship
75. I kissed Joan and Mary laughed
76. The square blocks the triangle
77. The square blocks are red
78. The building blocks the sun faded are red
79. When the boys strike the dog kills
80. Sue gave the man who was reading the book
81. I put the candy on the table in my mouth
82. I put the candy on the table in the cupboard
83. John told the man that Mary kissed that Bill saw Phil
84. The granite rocks during the earthquake
85. Since Jay always jogs a mile seems a short distance
86. Three percent of the courses filled with freshmen were cancelled
87. The chicken cooked with broccoli is delicious
88. The chicken cooked with broccoli
89. The plane stuffed with marijuana crashed
90. The student read a book is good for the mind
91. The athlete realized his aims were too high
92. After the man left the shop closed

93. After the child sneezed the doctor arrived
94. The man delivered the junkmail threw it away
95. The doctor told the woman that he was in love with to leave
96. The complex houses married and single students and their families
97. The student forgot the solution was in the back of the book
98. Do you know how long cows should be milked?
-Like short ones.
99. Do you know how to make a venetian blind?
-You poke one in the eye.
100. The government plans for a six lane highway
101. If it took over the Mediterranean animal life would be forced to flee
102. French left torn in two in row over EU Constitution
103. Linguist thought able to read isn't
104. Doctor suspected in town house collapse dies
105. Fossil yields surprise kin of crocodiles
106. Russian push bottles up German rear
107. Last Adler Hey hospital child remains buried

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List of Resources:

Meaning and Pronunciation

A Shakespeare Glossary by C.T. Onions

The Oxford English Dictionary (available on-line)

Shakespeare's Lexicon and Quotation Dictionary Volume I & II by Alexander Schmidt

Shakespeare's Bawdy by Eric Partridge

Shakespeare's Names by Helge Kokeritz

All the World's On Stage by Louis Scheeder & Shane Ann Younts

Shakespeare's Words by David Crystal

Recommended Editions of Shakespeare

Shakespeare, The Complete Works edited by G.B. Harrison

Arden editions of Individual Plays

Variorum editions of Individual Plays

Pelican editions of Individual Plays