

Advanced Placement

Language
&
Composition

Development of Fundamental Skills

Rhetorical Strategies

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Rhetorical Strategies

Rhetoric:
Nonfiction:

Types of...

narration:
description:
exposition:
persuasion:

Genres of...

autobiography:
biography:
diary:
letter/epistle:
essay:
speech:
sermon:

Structure/Organization/Patterns/Arrangement of...

narration:
description:
illustration:
definition:
classification/division:
cause and effect:
compare and contrast:
process analysis:
order of importance (chronological, climatic, spatial):

Figures of Rhetoric/"Schemes"

anecdote:
digression/aside:
concession:
apostrophe:

Figures of Speech/"Tropes"

analogy:
metaphor:
simile:
personification:
synechdoche:
metonymy:
euphemism:
pun:

Patterns of Organization Practice

Read the following paragraphs and identify the pattern of organization. There may be more than one, so identify the primary and secondary patterns. Write the pattern below each paragraph.

1. In the spring of 1948, in the first softball game during the afternoon hour of physical education in the dusty schoolyard, the two captains chose teams and, as always, they chose other boys until only two of us remained. I batted last, and first came to the plate with two or three runners on base, and while my teammates urged me to try for a walk, and the players on the field called Easy out! Easy out! I watched the softball coming in waist-high, and stepped and swung, and hit it over the right fielder's head for a double. My next time at bat I tripled to center. From then on I brought my glove to school, hanging from a handlebar.
2. A simple experiment will distinguish two types of human nature. Gather a throng of people and pour them into a ferry boat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have taken trouble to climb upstairs in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they crossover. The rest have settled indoors to think what they will do upon reaching the other side, or perhaps lose themselves in apathy or tobacco smoke. But leaving out those apathetic, or addicted to a single enjoyment, we may divide all the alert passengers on the boat into two classes: those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across. And we may divide all the people on the earth, or all the moods of people, in the same way. Some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, and some with receiving experiences. The distinction of the two will be more marked when we name the first kind practical, and the second poetic, for the common knowledge recognizes that a person poetic or in a poetic mood is impractical, and a practical person is intolerant of poetry.
3. Because it avoids or skirts responsibility, doublespeak is particularly effective in explaining or at least glossing over accidents. An Air Force colonel in charge of safety wrote in a letter that rocket boosters weighing more than 300,000 pounds "have an explosive force upon surface impact that is sufficient to exceed the accepted overpressure threshold of physiological damage for exposed personnel." In English: if a 300,000-pound booster rocket falls on you, you probably won't survive. In 1985 three American soldiers were killed and sixteen were injured when the first stage of a Pershing II missile they were uploading suddenly ignited. There was no explosion, said Maj. Michael Griffen, but rather, "an unplanned rapid ignition of solid fuel."
4. Pastel icebergs roamed around us, some tens of thousands of years old. Great pressure can push the air bubbles out of the ice and compact it. Free of air bubbles, it reflects light differently, as blue. The waters shivered with the gooseflesh of small ice shards. Some icebergs glowed like dull peppermint in the sun-impurities trapped in the ice (phytoplankton and algae) tinted them green. Ethereal snow petrels flew around the peaks of the icebergs, while the sun shone through their translucent wings. White, silent, the birds seemed to be pieces of ice flying with purpose and grace. As they passed in front of an ice flow, they became invisible. Glare transformed the landscape with such force that it seemed like a pure color. When we went out in the inflatable motorized rafts called Zodiacs to tour the iceberg orchards, I grabbed a piece of glacial ice and held it to my ear, listening to the bubbles cracking and popping as the air trapped inside escaped. And that night, though exhausted from the day's spectacles and doings, I lay in my narrow bunk, awake with my eyes closed, while sunstruck icebergs drifted across the insides of my lids, and the Antarctic peninsula revealed itself slowly, mile by mile, in the small theater of my closed eyes.

Tone

Identification/Articulation

Closely related to a writer's attitude, but NOT synonymous, is the writer's TONE. We can describe a writer's attitude as his or her opinion or position on any given situation or topic. The way the attitude is *expressed*, or the means by which the author *conveys* the attitude is the TONE. Think literally of "tone of voice," that voice you hear in your head when you read the text. Writers can choose to express attitude through a wide variety of tones. We may express and reinforce a negative attitude through angry, somber, sad, mocking or scornful tones. A positive attitude may be revealed through an enthusiastic, serious, jovial, or admiring tone. But we cannot be sure that just because a writer selects a light tone, for example, the attitude must be positive. Many political and social satirists often choose light tones to discuss serious issues. A light or amusing tone may, in fact, help convey a negative attitude.

Let's begin practicing by looking at three sample paragraphs. After reading each, write the author's attitude in the left margin and the tone in the right margin. Try and be as precise in your identification as possible.

It is tragically inexcusable that this young athlete was not examined fully before he was allowed to join the varsity team. The physical examinations given were unbelievably sloppy. What were the coach and trainer thinking of not to insist that each youngster be examined while undergoing physical stress? Apparently they were not thinking about our boys at all. We can no longer trust our sons and daughters to this inhumane system so bent on victory that it ignores the health-indeed the very lives-of our children.

It was learned last night, following the death of varsity fullback Jim Bresnick, that none of the players was given a stress test as part of his physical examination. The oversight was attributed to laxness by the coach and trainer, who are described today as being "distraught." It is the judgment of many that the entire physical education program must be reexamined with an eye to the safety and health of all students.

How can I express the loss I feel over the death of my son? I want to blame someone, but who is to blame? The coaches, for not administering more rigorous physical checkups? Why should they have done more than other coaches have done before or than other coaches are doing at other schools? My son, for not telling me that he felt funny after practice? His teammates, for not telling the coaches that my son said he did not feel well? Myself, for not knowing that something was wrong with my only child? Who is to blame? All of us and none of us. But placing blame will not return my son to me; I can only pray that other parents will not have to suffer so. Jimmy, we loved you.

Tone
"Mad-Lib"

Diction is such an important part of a writer's TONE that a simple change of words at integral places in the text can completely change the whole tone. Fill in the top blanks with words creating a positive tone to the paragraph. When finished, complete the same exercise, but change the diction in the bottom blanks to create a negative tone.

Last week, I attended a _____ concert. The name of the _____ group playing was
adj adj

_____. There were four _____ in the group. When the concert began, _____
noun noun proper noun

came _____ ing onto the stage. Everyone yelled " _____ !" They started to
verb exclamation

_____ and the audience _____ ed and _____ ed. They were the _____
verb verb verb adj

act I've seen this year. Their _____ song was _____. One especially _____
adj proper noun adj

member of the group was _____ . I was _____ watching the audience
adv adj adv

_____ through the whole concert. When the _____ concert was over, everyone
verb adj

_____ ed. We all agreed that this _____ group was the _____ est group to
verb adj adj

_____ in a long while.
verb

DIDLS

In helping you determine the author's tone in a selection ("means by which the author conveys his attitude") it is helpful to remember the acronym DIDLS. When you have a verbal conversation with an individual, identifying tone is much easier because you can gauge the speaker's volume, inflection, body language, hand gestures, and speech patterns. However, when reading text you do not have access to this kind of information, but you can still determine the author's tone. Using the acronym DIDLS helps to remember the basic elements of tone that should be considered when evaluating text.

- D= Diction The important and individual words that the author chooses to use as well as the connotations associated with each word.
- I= Images The vivid "word pictures" created to appeal to understanding through the senses.
- D= Details Often confused with images, these are more precisely the **facts** and are not only for what is included but also for what is omitted.
- L=Language This term describes the characteristics and overall use of the **body** of words used. Proper terms to use in this category are slang, jargon, clinical.
- S=Syntax This relates to the kinds of sentence being used in the text. For instance, short sentences might be used for emphasis, while longer sentences might suggest thoughtful response.

Directions: For each of the following sentences, describe the tone and identify the content and style clues (DIDLS) that were used to arrive at your description.

Bouncing into the room, she lit up the vicinity with a joyous glow on her face as she told about her fiancé and their wedding plans.

She huddled in the corner, clutching her tattered blanket and shaking convulsively, as she feverishly searched the room for the unknown dangers.

Bursting through the door, the flustered mother hollered uncontrollably at the innocent teacher after her son received an F on his report card.

He furtively glanced behind him for fear of his imagined pursuers, then hurriedly walked on, jumping at the slightest sound, even a leaf crackling under his own foot.

Drawing the attention of his classmates as well as his teacher, the student dared to challenge the professors' intelligence by interrogating him about the novel.

Gently smiling, her mother tenderly tucked the covers up around the child's neck, and carefully left the room, making sure to leave a comforting ray of light shining through the opened door should the child awake.

Now let's try another sample. Again, read the passage actively using your DJ process of identification and commentary. You will be looking for clues in the text to help you articulate tone. Look for style clues (DIDLS)) as well as clues in the subject matter to help you articulate tone. Be very precise about your articulation.

During the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher.....

Tone – melancholic and somber (atmosphere – oppressive)

D – dull, dark, oppressive, dreary, melancholy

I – solitary horseman passing an isolated house

D – daytime, autumn, cloudy, lonely

L – formal

S – highly descriptive, complex sentence, long vowels (reads slowly) alliterative, assonant

The vacant ice looked tired, though it shouldn't have. They told him it had been put down only ten minutes ago following a basketball game, and ten minutes after the hockey match it would be taken up again to make room for something else. But it looked not expectant but resigned, like the mirror simulating ice in the Xmas store window, not before the miniature fur trees and reindeer and cozy lamp lit cottage were arranged upon it, but after they had been dismantled and cleared away.

Tone –

D –

I –

D –

L –

S –

In my young years I took pride in the fact that luck was called a lady. In fact, there were so few public acknowledgments of the female presence that I felt personally honored whenever nature and large ships were referred to as feminine. But as I matured, I began to resent being considered a sister to a challenge as fickle as luck, as aloof as an ocean, and as frivolous as nature.

Tone –

D –

I –

D –

L –

S –

A throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments, and gray, steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

Tone –

D –

I –

D –

L –

S –

Attitude/Tone

Use your DIDLS strategy to determine the multiple attitudes in the following passage. Are there multiple tones or a consistent tone throughout?

I suppose hobbits need some description nowadays, since they have become rare and shy of Big People, as they call us. They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than the bearded dwarves. Hobbits have no beards. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quietly and quickly when large stupid folk like you and me come blundering along, making a noise like elephants which they can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be fat in the stomach; they dress in bright colours (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leathery soles and thick warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good-natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it).

From *The Hobbit* by J.R.R. Tolkien

For the Speaker:

Attitude:

Tone:

D:

I:

D:

L:

S:

For the Hobbit:

Attitude:

Tone:

D:

I:

D:

L:

S:

Read the following excerpt taken from a letter by George Bernard Shaw on the death of his mother. Read the passage carefully and do some dialectical journaling as you read (identify and comment). Then in the space below, in a well organized paragraph, identify what you believe to be the author's attitude toward his mother and her cremation. Also, be able to identify the tone that Shaw uses to convey that attitude. You should be able to support your deification of attitude and tone with specific examples from the text.

At the passage "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" there was a little alteration of the words to suit the process. A door opened in the wall; and the violet coffin mysteriously passed out through it and vanished as it closed. People think that the door is the door of the furnace; but it isn't. I went behind the scenes at the end of the service and saw the real thing. People are afraid to see it; but it is wonderful. I found there the violet coffin opposite another door, a real unmistakable furnace door this time; when it lifted there was a plain little chamber of cement and fire-brick. No heat, no noise. No roaring draught. No flame. No fuel. It looked cool, clean, sunny. You would have walked in or put your hand in without misgiving. Then the violet coffin moved again and went in, feet first. And behold! The feet burst miraculously into streaming ribbons of garnet coloured lovely flame, smokeless and eager, like pentecostal tongues, and as the whole coffin passed in, it sprang into flame all over; my mother became the beautiful fire. The door fell; well, they said that if we wanted to see it all through to the end, we should come back in an hour and a half. I remembered the wasted little figure with the wonderful face, and said, "Too long" to myself – but off we went....When we returned, the end was wildly funny; Mama would have enjoyed it enormously.

We looked down through an opening in the floor. There we saw a roomy kitchen, with a big cement table and two cooks busy at it. They had little tongs in their hands, and they were deftly and busily picking nails and scraps of coffin handles out of Mama's dainty little heap of ashes and samples of bone. Mama herself being at the moment leaning over beside me, shaking with laughter. Then they swept her up into a sieve and shook her out; so that there was a heap of dust and a heap of bone scraps. And Mama said in my ear, "Which of the two heaps do you suppose is me?..." and the merry episode was the end, except for making dust of the bone scraps and scattering them on a flower bed...O grave, where is thy victory?....And so goodnight, friends who understand about one's mother.

Dave Barry
"Face the Music"

A humor columnist for the *Miami Herald* since 1983, Dave Barry (b. 1947) is now syndicated in more than 150 newspapers. A Pulitzer Prize winner in 1988 for commentary, Barry has written several books, including *Dave Barry Slept Here* (1989). The following piece appeared in 1996.

A while ago the New York-Times printed an item concerning an 11-year-old girl who was overheard on the streets of East Hampton, N.Y, telling her father, "Daddy, Daddy, please don't sing!"

The daddy was Billy Joel.

The irony, of course, is that a lot of people would pay BIG money to hear Billy Joel sing. But of course these people are not Billy Joel's adolescent offspring. To his adolescent offspring, Billy Joel apparently represents the same thing that all parents represent to their adolescent offspring: Bozo-Rama. To an adolescent, there is nothing in the world more embarrassing than a parent. When I was an adolescent, my dad wore one of those Russian-style hats that were semi-popular with middle-aged guys for a while in the early '60's. You may remember this hat; it was shaped kind of like those paper hats that some fast-food workers have to wear, only it was covered with fur. Nobody – and I include both Mel Gibson and the late Cary Grant in this statement – could wear this hat and not look like a complete dork.

So naturally my dad wore one. The fur on his was dark and curly; it looked as though this hat had been made from a poodle. My dad was the smartest, most decent, most perceptive person I've ever known, but he was a card-carrying member of the Fashion Club for Men Who Wear Bermuda Shorts With the Waist Up Around Their Armpits, Not to Mention Sandals With Dark Socks.

My dad liked his Russian hat because he was bald and it kept him warm; he did not care what it looked like. But I cared DEEPLY. I especially cared when I was waiting for my dad to pick me up outside Harold C. Crittenden Junior High School after canteen. Canteen was this school-sponsored youth activity designed to give us youths something to do on Friday nights other than vandalize mailboxes; we'd go to the school, and the boys would go to the gym to play basketball, while the girls went to the cafeteria to play "Please Mr. Postman" 700 consecutive times on the 45 rpm lo-fi record player and dance the Slop with each other. Eventually the boys would wander in from the gym, and the girls would put on slow, romantic songs such as "Put Your Head on My Shoulder," and the boys, feeling the first stirring of what would one day grown and blossom into mature love, would pour soft drinks down each other's pants.

After canteen we'd stand outside the school, surrounded by our peers, waiting for our parents to pick us up, when my dad pulled up, wearing his poodle hat and driving his Nash Metropolitan – a comically tiny vehicle resembling those cars outside supermarkets that go up and down when you put in a quarter, except the Metropolitan looked sillier and had a smaller motor – I was mortified. I might as well have been getting picked up by a flying saucer piloted by some bizarre multi-tentacled, stalk-eyed, slobber-mouthed alien being that had somehow got hold of a Russian hat. I was horrified at what my peers might think of my dad; it never occurred to me that my peers didn't even notice my dad because they were too busy being mortified by THEIR parents.

Of course eventually my father stopped being a hideous embarrassment to me, and I, grasping the Torch of Dorkhood, became a hideous embarrassment to my son – especially when, like Billy Joe, I try to sing. (I don't mean that I try to

Letter of Sullivan Ballou
July 14, 1861
Washington D.C.

Dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days, perhaps tomorrow. And lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall unto your eye when I am no more. I have no misgivings about or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how American civilization now leans upon the triumph of the government and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the revolution. And I am willing, perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life to help maintain this government and to pay that debt.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless. It seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but omnipotence can break. And yet my love of country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly with all those chains to the battlefield. The memory of all the blissful moments I've enjoyed with you come crowding over me, and I feel most deeply grateful to God and you that I've enjoyed them for so long. And how hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hope of future years when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our boys grown up to honorable manhood around us. If I do not return, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I loved you. Nor that when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless, how foolish I have sometimes been.

But oh Sarah, if the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they love, I shall always be with you on the brightest day and the darkest night. Always, Always.

And when the soft breeze fans your cheek, it shall be my breath, or the cool air at your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead. I think I am gone and wait for me, for we shall meet again.

From:

Jenkins, Roy. Churchill Biography. New York: Penguin 2002.

I would say to the House, as I said to those who have joined this Government, that I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat. We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind.... You ask, what is our policy? I will say: it is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us: to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy. You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word: It is victory, victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival.