

Advanced Placement

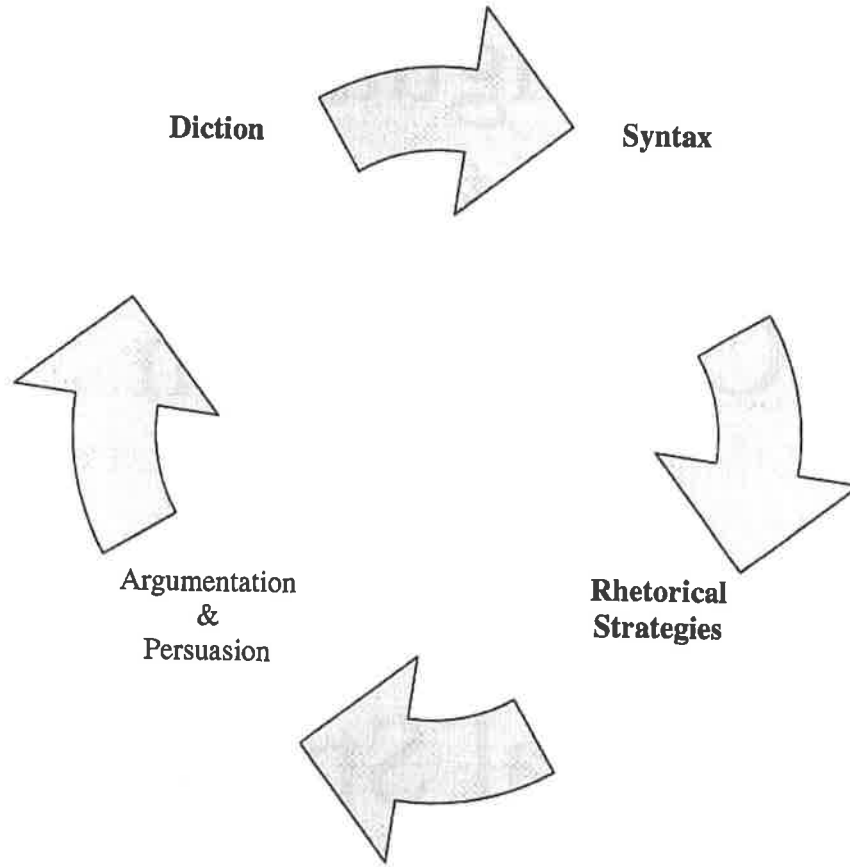
Language  
&  
Composition

Development of Fundamental Skills

Rhetorical Strategies

Edited and Compiled by Jeffrey Norton

# Rhetoric and Persuasion



**It's all tied together**

## **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:

allusion:  
images:  
details:  
symbol:  
motif:  
archetype:  
irony:  
litote:

### **SOAPSS**

S  
O  
A  
P  
S  
S

### **Other**

point of view:  
mood/atmosphere:  
shift:

### **The Two "Biggies"**

attitude:  
tone:

## 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.

5. Urbanization and industrialization have changed everyone's ways of living, not only that of women; but, as in so many other matters, the changes for men and the changes for women are different. To put it at its simplest, men work in the labor market and they therefore work outside the home-with very few special exceptions, mostly in the arts. Their work and their homes are separate. Women's lives are divided, too, if they work outside the home, but the division falls in a different place. In their homes they work for the welfare and well-being of their immediate families as their great-grandmothers used to do. But if they have to work for money, they can't make it at home. They must turn to the labor market and, like men, work as part of an industrial or commercial enterprise. Whether it is large or small, they work with people to whom they are not related, at a schedule they do not control and usually at a job that bears no relation to what they do in the rest of their working time at home. This experience can be very valuable indeed, if only because it keeps women in touch with the way the world runs. But it means that while men almost all work in just one way, women work in two ways. The change from one sort of work to the other may often be stimulating, but it contributes to the part-timeness that is so characteristic of women's lives. They are the original moonlighters.
6. Education in the true-sense, of course, is an enablement to *serve* – both the living, human community in its natural household or neighborhood and the precious cultural possessions that the living community inherits or should inherit. To educate is, literally, to “bring up,” to bring young people to a responsible maturity, to help them to be good caretakers of what they have been given, to help them to be charitable toward fellow creatures. Such an education is obviously pleasant and useful to have; that a sizable number of humans should have it is probably also one of the necessities of human life in this world. And if this education is to be used well, it is obvious that it must be used *somewhere*; it must be used where one lives, where one intends to continue to live; it must be brought home.
7. Once we were home I'd watch my Pops comb his hair. I would sit on the counter and hold his Pomade jar in one hand and his little black pocket comb in the other. He would drape a towel around his shoulder, then partially wet his hair with his hands. Next, he would comb it straight back. After that, he would stick his three middle fingers in the Pomade jar and scoop the goop. He would slap his hands together and run it through his hair. Finally, he would comb the grease into his hair, spreading it evenly. The Pomade worked perfectly to hold each and every strand down. The outcome would be a shiny, slicked back, neat hair style. Afterwards, he would wipe his comb and place it in his Ben Davis shirt pocket, right next to his eyeglasses pouch.
8. For centuries, flesh and blood Indians have been assigned the role of a popular-culture metaphor. Today, their evocation instantly connotes fuzzy images of Nature, the Past, Plight, or Summer Camp. War-bonneted apparitions pasted to football helmets or baseball caps act as opaque, impermeable curtains, solid walls of white noise that for many citizens block or distort all vision of the nearly two million native Americans today. And why not? Such honoring relegates Indians to the long-ago and thus makes them magically disappear from public consciousness and conscience. What do the 300 federally recognized tribes, and their various complicated treaties governing land rights and protections, their crippling teenage suicide rates, their manifold health problems have in common with jolly (or menacing) cartoon caricatures, wistful braves, or raven – tressed Mazola girls?

## 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.

Now let's try a little longer 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 attitude and tone. Write the final identifications of attitude in the left margin and the tone in the right. Use precise diction.

Jefferson knew whereof he wrote, and he knew no prodigies in this matter. Slavery was critical to tobacco planters because their agricultural practices were so wasteful and labor-intensive. Slavery prospered in the American South in the decades after the revolution because of technological progress. By the time Jefferson became president, the steam engines of James Watt had been applied in England to spinning, weaving, and print cotton, which led to an immense demand for that staple. Simultaneously, Eli Whitney's cotton gin had made it practical to separate short upland cotton from its seeds. Slaves and land were necessary to grow cotton; the land was available in Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi; the slaves were available from the excess on the Virginia plantations. These were the central economic facts in the life of the Virginia gentry, whose principal export soon became slaves.

Profitable as it was to him, Jefferson hated slavery. He regarded it as a curse to Virginia and wished to see it abolished throughout the United States. Not, however, in his lifetime. He said that his generation was not ready for such a step. He would leave that reform to the next generation of Virginians, and was sure they would make Virginia the first southern state to abolish slavery. He thought the young men coming of age in postwar Virginia were superbly qualified to bring the American Revolution to this triumphant conclusion because, as he said, these young men had "sucked in the principles of liberty as if it were their mothers milk."

Of all the contradictions in Jefferson's' contradictory life, none exceeded this one. He hoped and expected that the Virginians from the generation of Lewis and Clark would abolish slavery – even while recognizing that anyone brought up as a master of slaves would have to be a prodigy to be un-depraved by the experience. And it should be noted that, as far as can be told, he said not a word about his dream that young Virginians would lead the way to emancipation to precisely those young Virginians he knew best, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.



Tone  
Vocabulary Development

**TONE** is more than merely an author's attitude toward his/her audience, character, or topic; it is the **stylistic means by which the author conveys** an attitude in a work. Tone is an integral part of a work's meaning or purpose because it is one way an author attempts to manipulate the reader's response to the work. Misinterpreting tone may lead to larger mis-readings of the work. Recognizing tonal shifts and interpreting complexities of tone is also a **necessary element of close reading of text**. In order to accomplish this task, the reader **must make inferences** based on *active* and *close reading* and be able to accurately articulate an interpretation of tone.

Directions: Below is a list of possible descriptors for tone in a passage. This is by no means a comprehensive list. In fact, it will be your job to contribute more ideas to the list. First, add at least one more word that could effectively articulate tone for each of the groupings. Simply write your word next to the others in the list. Then on a separate paper, practice using adjective and adverb forms of your words. Choose 6 words (12 sentences total) and write a sentence using the word in both the adjective and adverb form. Example:

mocking

adv – Dave Barry **mockingly** describes Anne Rice as a literary genius in his recent article.

adj – Dave Barry uses a **mocking** tone when discussing Anne Rice's new novel.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| ☺ simple, straightforward, direct, unambiguous, candid | ☺ wistful, nostalgic, sentimental               |
| ☺ indirect, understated, evasive, allusive             | ☺ solemn, serious, somber                       |
| ☺ complicated, complex, difficult                      | ☺ apologetic, penitent, ignominious             |
| ☺ complimentary, proud, effusive                       | ☺ recalcitrant, stubborn, rebellious            |
| ☺ disliking, abhorring, contemptuous                   | ☺ apprehensive, anxious, pensive                |
| ☺ strident, harsh, acerbic, angry, outraged, violent   | ☺ thoughtful, dreamy, fanciful                  |
| ☺ forceful, powerful, confident                        | ☺ vexed, uncertain, confused, ambivalent        |
| ☺ energetic, vibrant                                   | ☺ excited, exhilarated, exuberant               |
| ☺ ironic, sardonic, sarcastic, mocking, sly, wry       | ☺ ardent, fervent, zealous                      |
| ☺ satirical, critical                                  | ☺ happy, contented, ecstatic, joyful, giddy     |
| ☺ sharp, biting  | ☺ incredulous, questioning skeptical, dubious   |
| ☺ bitter, grim, cynical                                | ☺ insistent, urgent, pressing                   |
| ☺ interested, sympathetic, pitiful                     | ☺ pertinent, pointed, incisive, poignant        |
| ☺ hollow, detached, cold, obdurate                     | ☺ commanding, demanding                         |
| ☺ tired, boring, uninterested                          | ☺ exhortatory, admonishing, censorious, damning |
| ☺ indifferent, unconcerned, disinterested, apathetic   | ☺ condescending, arrogant, haughty, dogmatic    |
| ☺ impartial, objective                                 | ☺ elevated, grand, lofty bombastic, pretentious |
| ☺ humorous playful, joking, frivolous                  | ☺ oratorical, dramatic, melodramatic            |
| ☺ flippant, irreverent, facetious                      | ☺ scornful, disdainful, supercilious            |
| ☺ impish, silly, sophomoric, childish                  | ☺ audacious, bold, impudent, insolent           |
| ☺ resigned, calm, tranquil, quiet, reticent            | ☺ alluring, provocative, seductive              |
| ☺ subdued, restrained                                  | ☺ shocking, offensive, reprehensible, lurid     |
| ☺ sad, upset, depressed, melancholy, despairing        | ☺ didactic, instructive                         |
| ☺ afraid, fearful, horrific, panicked                  |   |



## 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 you to remember the basic elements of tone that should be considered when evaluating a 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

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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 –

Today is very boring, it's a very boring day, there is nothing much to look at, there is nothing much to say. There's a peacock on my sneakers, there's a penguin on my head, there's a doormouse on my doorstep, I am going back to bed.

Tone –

D –

I –

D –

L –

S –

---

Perhaps because bats are nocturnal in habit, a wealth of thoroughly unreliable legend has grown up about them, and men have made of the harmless, even beneficial little beasts a means of expressing their unreasoned fears. That's where the standard paraphernalia for witches: the female half of humanity stood in terror that bats would become entangled in her hair. Phrases crept into the language expressing man's revulsion or ignorance – "Bats in the Belfry," "batty," "Blind as a bat."

Tone –

D –

I –

D –

L –

S –

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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:

For the Hobbit:

Attitude:

Attitude:

Tone:

Tone:

D:

D:

I:

I:

D:

D:

L:

L:

S:

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 identification 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 many 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



sing like Billy Joel; I try to sing more like Aretha Franklin.) If you want to see a flagrant spectacular violation of the known laws of physics, watch what my son does if we are in a public place and for some reason I need to burst into the opening notes of "Respect" ("WHAT you want! Baby I got it!") When this happens, my son's body will instantaneously disappear into another dimension and rematerialize as far as two football fields away. The results are even more dramatic with "Got My Mojo Working."

Yes, parent: In the ongoing battle with your adolescent children, you possess the ultimate weapon – the Power to Embarrass. Use this power, parents! If your adolescent children are in ANY way displeasing you – if they are mouthing off or engaging in unacceptable behavior – do not waste your breath nagging them. Instead, do what Billy Joel and I do: Sing. In fact, I think our judicial system should use this power to punish teenage criminal defendants:

Judge. Young man, this is your third offense. I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you the maximum sentence. Youthful Defendant: No! Not...

Judge: Yes. I'm going to ask your mom to get up here on the court karaoke machine and sing "Copacabana."

Youthful Defendant: NO! SEND ME TO PRISON! PLEASE!

Yes, if we were to impose this kind of justice, we'd see a dramatic drop in adolescent crime. The streets would be safer, adults would be in charge again; and the nation would be a happier place. Just thinking about it makes me want to sing a joyful song. Come on! Everybody join in!

"Havin' my BABY! What a lovely way of saying how much..."

Hey! Where'd everybody go?

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. Think I am gone and wait for me, for we shall meet again.*

Eulogy by  
Earl Spencer

*The following are excerpts from the address by Charles, the ninth Earl Spencer, at the London funeral Saturday of his sister, Princess Diana.*

I stand before you today the representative of a family in grief, in a country in mourning, before a world in shock.

Diana was the very essence of compassion, of duty, of style, of beauty. All over the world she was a symbol of selfless humanity, a standard-bearer for the rights of the truly downtrodden, a truly British girl who transcended nationality, someone with a natural nobility who was classless, who proved in the last year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic.

There is a temptation to rush to canonize your memory. There is no need to do so. You stand tall enough as a human being of unique qualities not to need to be seen as a saint. Indeed, to sanctify your memory would be to miss out on the very core of your being, your wonderfully mischievous sense of humor with the laugh that bent you double, your joy for life transmitted wherever you took your smile, and the sparkle in those unforgettable eyes, your boundless energy which you could barely contain.

But your greatest gift was your intuition, and it was a gift you used wisely. This is what underpinned all your wonderful attributes.

Without your God-given sensitivity, we would be immersed in greater ignorance at the anguish of AIDS and HIV sufferers, the plight of the homeless, the isolation of lepers, the random destruction of land mines. Diana explained to me once that it was her innermost feelings of suffering that made it possible for her to connect with her constituency of the rejected.

It is a tribute to her level-headedness and strength that despite the most bizarre life imaginable after her childhood, she remained intact, true to herself. There is no doubt that she was looking for a new direction in her life at this time. She talked endlessly of getting away from England; mainly because of the treatment she received at the hands of the newspapers.

I don't think she ever understood why her genuinely good intentions were sneered at by the media, why there appeared to be a permanent quest on their behalf to bring her down. It is baffling. My own, and only, explanation is that

genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum.

It is a point to remember that of all the ironies about Diana, perhaps the greatest is this; that a girl given the name of the ancient goddess of hunting was, in the end, the most hunted person of the modern age.

She would want us today to pledge ourselves to protecting her beloved boys, William and Harry, from a similar fate. And I do this here, Diana, on your behalf. We will not allow them to suffer the anguish that used regularly to drive you to tearful despair. Beyond that, on behalf of your mother and sisters, I pledge that we, your blood family, will do all we can to continue the imaginative and loving way in which you were steering these two exceptional young men, so that their souls are not simply immersed by duty and tradition but can sing openly as you planned.

We fully respect the heritage into which they have both been born, and will always respect and encourage them in their royal role. But we, like you, recognize the need for them to experience as many different aspects of life as possible, to arm them spiritually and emotionally for the years ahead. I know you would have expected nothing less from us.

William and Harry, we all care desperately for you today. We are all chewed up with sadness at the loss of a woman who wasn't even our mother. How great your suffering is we cannot even imagine.

I would like to end by thanking God for the small mercies he has shown us at this dreadful time; for taking Diana at her most beautiful and radiant and when she had so much joy in her private life.

Above all, we give thanks for the life of a woman I am so proud to be able to call my sister; the unique, the complex, the extraordinary and irreplaceable Diana, whose beauty, both internal and external, will never be extinguished from our minds.

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.