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## The Speech of Ambush: A Study of the Symbolism of the Consonant Sound in the Prose Art of Nathaniel Hawthorne

Asta K. VelicEka  
*Loyola University Chicago*

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THE SPEECH OF AMBUSH: A STUDY OF THE SYMBOLISM OF THE CONSONANT SOUND  
IN THE PROSE ART OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

By  
Asta K. Velická.

A Dissertation Submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School  
of Loyola University of Chicago in Partial Fulfillment  
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## PREFACE.

The reader should be aware that the present study departs in certain major ways from the customary practices of writing dissertations in the field of English and American literature. The study departs from expected academic form in keeping with its particular nature as a speculative activity in symbol construction.

The ways in which the study diverges from customary form are three. First, the study does not provide a preliminary discussion of a relevant history of criticism; however, it does distribute a virtually encyclopedic body of relevant traditional and contemporary critical information among its chapter end notes, final evaluative chapter, and bibliography. This method allows the study both to establish and to maintain its prime focus on symbol construction as a direct response to literary texts. Second, the study does not develop its content by means of highly discursive expository discourse; instead, it relies on highly non-discursive, condensed and formulary verbal statement. This style of thinking and saying permits the study to organize and to treat in detail a large and even comprehensive sampling of literary and related texts--as in themselves a repetitive yet expansive discourse, upon the study's hypothetical complex of ritual ideas. Third, the study does not provide an easily read typographical surface; on the contrary, it usually offers to its reader an extensively difficult technical surface. The exceptional reliance on features of print and layout works to handicap the ordinary codes of reading, in the study's strategic effort to remark and

to insist upon certain primitive facts of human communication, facts from which the literary language of Hawthorne and literary language in general may draw its deeper powers of resonance and appeal.

Being aware of the special features or complexities, the reader may wish to read selectively--from what is effectively a resource study for the development of a future philosophy of literary art.

## VITA.

The author of the study, Asta Kornelija Velička, is the daughter of Domas Velička and Elena (Griškevičius) Velička. She was born on August 23rd, 1942, in the City of Tauragė, in the Republic of Lithuania. On October 6th, 1944, in the course of the Second Occupation of Lithuania by the Red Army, she left Lithuania with her parents, removing to The West.

She began her elementary education in 1946 in the Lithuanian schools of the Displaced Persons' Camps of the American Sector of Occupied Germany (Unterlennigen, West Germany, and Schwäbisch Gmünd, West Germany), organized under UNRRA and IRO (the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and the International Refugee Organization). She began again in 1949 and completed her elementary and her secondary education in the Chicago Public Schools, graduating from Oglesby School in June, 1955, and from Calumet High School in June, 1959.

In December, 1963, she graduated from Chicago Teachers College South, with the degree of Bachelor of Education (and a major in General Education); and in August, 1972, with the degree of Master of Arts (and a major in English Language and Literature). In the period 1963-1983, she attended programs of study at Roosevelt University (General and Clinical Psychology, 1965-66), Rosary College (Library Science, 1966-66), Loyola University (Education of the Socially Maladjusted and English, 1968-69 and 1974-83), and The University of Chicago (Comparative Literature and English, 1973-73). In 1968, she completed a teacher

preparatory institute in Lithuanian language and literature, organized by the Cultural Council of the American Lithuanian Community and sponsored by the Lithuanian Jesuit Fathers.

Since January, 1964, she has taught in the Chicago Public Schools, in the capacities of substitute teacher, teacher of elementary grades 3-8, high-school English teacher, and teacher of socially maladjusted and emotionally disturbed children and adolescents. At the present time, at Wells High School, she teaches in (and coordinates the supportive services of) a program of instruction and guidance for students with strong potential for dropping out of high school before they have completed the formal requirements for graduation.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE THESIS: HAWTHORNE'S LITERATURE AS ORAL GESTURE.

The light from the hearth quivered upon the flowers and foliage, that were wrought into its oaken back; and the lion's head at the summit, seemed almost to move its jaws and shake its mane.

--Grandfather's Chair, p. 74.<sup>1</sup>

#### A. Introduction: The Thesis and Its Development.

Might the oral gesture theory of speech and speech origins serve as an approach to literature? In what ways could the theory be successfully applied? Would the application contribute significant new insights to the scholarship and criticism of literature?

Oral gesture theory as developed for the enlightened general reader by Richard Paget in Human Speech (1930; 1963) serves, in the present study, as a successful approach to the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864). But the success of the approach depends largely upon the study's taking, at the outset, a philosophically extreme, topically narrow, analytically self-challenging, subjective position with regard to the nature of Hawthorne's works. Thus, by first taking the position (i.e., here, in the introduction prime, and on grounds of long reading familiarity) that Hawthorne's works are the arcane arts-verbal relics of an idiosyncratic creative mind-set (i.e., a characteristic, restricted set of private ideas, used heuristically by the author to stimulate composition and to control style), the study must first



move to reconstruct that idiosyncratic creative mind-set. In a preliminary, compatibility-suggesting application of general aspects of Paget's motor-analogue theory of meaning in language, chiefly to auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Hawthorne (Chapter I, Parts B-C), three constructs are brought forward as hypothetically fundamental or essential to Hawthorne's idiosyncratic creative mind-set--the chanting mouth, his personal name as public enigma, and formal literary consonance; the constructs are inferentially integrated, in the idea of Hawthorne's name as orally self-translating vital serpent--of Hawthorne's signature as self-botanizing master-form-with-consonant-chant, the dynamic, all-binding poetic principle of Hawthorne's works, auxiliary through literary. Next, taking a restricted rhetorical position, that Hawthorne's works, as a unified discourse on name, are a private, Christ-confessional chant-petition for immortal life, the study moves to reconstruct the oral-ideal form of that private chant-petition. In a mediatory application of Paget's theory of consonant gestures (or contactive motor values cued by consonant sounds/signs), chiefly to Hawthorne's text of actual literary signatures (Chapter II), a signature-voicing scale is generated, a tool-construct of five consonant-figures with oral-vegetal extensor-tags, and the construct is tested, for its power to orient or attune the reader to Hawthorne's ever-orally self-fulfilling immortal name, in a preliminary application to his storyteller writings for children and to a related pseudonymous nature essay not as yet attributed to Hawthorne ("Vegetation about Salem, Mass.," by "An English Resident," in Aesthetic Papers, ed.

Elizabeth P. Peabody [1849]); the scale is integrally assessed as Hawthorne's life-wisdom-alive book-stave--the writer's, the reader's, and the book's own key to literary maturation, to literary rights as rites of trans-textual passage. Then, taking a fully anthropological position, that Hawthorne's works of literature are the fully burgeoned form of his signature-poetic, with its serpentine heart-demand for public and evident, for Providential, real life-and-death blessings, the study moves into the manifold to sample systematically, of the idiosyncratic oral-consummate (wishful) fruits of that privi-public literary petition. In a classifying and apportioning application of the scale to Hawthorne's literary works (the ninety-two tales, five novels, and six unfinished works, as collected in The Centenary Edition, ed. William Charvat and others [1962- ]; Chapter III), one hundred and thirty-three passages are concordantly, systematically sampled, or unfolded or read (with interpolated remarks) as a set of five five-fold signature-petitions, for a recurrent, draconic yet undersating all-round haw-in-mouth, or as five hawthornesques, or as name-anecdote-consonant American yarns, on--"Nathaniel Hawthorne" as Hebraic-Anglic identity, in eternally self-enforcing, mouth-based literary courtship, of American continent, capital, population, culture, and language--or of America's historic gifts-memorial, as trans-historic matrices of contact, for name-immortalizing succor; the set of unfolded signature petitions is appraised, as evidence constituting the higher literary qualification of Hawthorne's signature-poetic, a proliferation of self-re-signing, self-re-designing, with formal reinforcing echoes in Godhead-romancing

Miltonic heritage (Nativity Ode, Lycidas, Samson Agonistes, Paradise Lost). Finally, taking the implicit critical position, that a successful approach to the arcane prose art of Nathaniel Hawthorne has been achieved (i.e., by means of the preliminary and mediatory application of Richard Paget's oral-gestural linguistic), the study moves to evaluate the wider, ever more universal significance of its special insights into the art of Hawthorne. In a selective review of twentieth-century Hawthorne studies, nineteenth-century contexts and sources, English literary and critical heritage 1500-1950, and linguistic science past and present as poetic study (Chapter IV): the study suggests that the especial value of its special insights into the oral master-craft of Hawthorne (into the serpentine signature-poetic as oro-genic art of self-ambush and trans-textual aesthetic of semantic-hunger gesturing) may lie in their power to place Hawthorne in an individualistic, sensitive, and possibly underestimated relationship with the philological concerns of the New England of his day; it demonstrates the trans-contextual power of the consonantal-vegetal scale-Hawthornesque to integrate written texts supportive of such placement; and (recognizing both the power of that construct as perceptual stratagem for examining oral continuities in literary texts and the fact of unextricated values in its present re-reading of Hawthorne) the study resolves to investigate scale-correlative linguistic devices for the future reading of texts, devices not out of harmony with its continuing interest in the work of literature as articulatory symbol--anthropological design consonant with contact structures fundamental to living human speech

and community life, and with the revolution or maintenance of specialized meanings from that base.

B. Development: The Foundations of the Thesis.

The study has indicated (in the introduction of the thesis and its development) that a preliminary application of general aspects of Paget's theory of speech, chiefly to auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Hawthorne,<sup>2</sup> will serve to bring forward three constructs posited as fundamental to Hawthorne's creative mind-set: (1) the chanting mouth; (2) his personal name as public enigma; and (3) formal literary consonance. To be applied are three aspects of theory, which may be identified as follows: (1) Paget's explanation of the rise of language, as given in his summary statement in Human Speech; (2) Paget's opinion of null-success on the scientific recovery of the original sounds of language, as given in the same summary statement; and (3) one of Paget's illustrative formulations of theory, perhaps coming to center itself in the consonant element of speech, and posited as a reasonable strategy for the further study of botanical lexicons.<sup>3</sup> As arguments for the elegance of mouth-gesture in the universal signification of meaning, Paget's statements of theory will serve to focus analogous, if not identical, sets of attitudes to mouth demonstrated by Hawthorne in select passages from auxiliary and prefatorial texts. Passages in which Hawthorne contemplates visual images of speakers will come to show his enchantment with speech as a motor-process (a contemporaneous observer of Hawthorne will serve to reinforce that focus). Passages in

which Hawthorne darkly posits his name as linguistic origin of his literary universe will come to show his emphasis on the motor-values of words and word-elements (a contemporaneous observer of Hawthorne will serve to reinforce that focus). And passages in which Hawthorne admits to use of consonant-strategies for signing his thoughts of trees will show his most integral motor-attitude to mouth and to speech-process--maintained as a private poetic image of himself, as a "singular" image of himself as singer, in which he and his name work as one, master-keying orally the deep-rhythms of his literary style (a contemporaneous observer of Hawthorne will serve to reinforce that focus<sup>4</sup>). As arguments which successfully serve to focus Hawthorne's oral-motor mind-set, Paget's statements of theory will be used to introduce the three sections of preliminary development which follow; as arguments which successfully serve to focus only the very basic construct of Hawthorne's creative mind-set, Paget's statements of theory will be referred to and will help guide, in the conclusion of the chapter, a recapitulative discussion, by means of which an assessment will be made of the need for a supplementary application of oral gesture theory.

#### 1. Foundations: The Chanting Mouth.

Paget's explanation of the origin of language, as given in "Summary of the Gesture Theory" in Human Speech, follows a report of research, in which phonetic experiment on artificial resonators has been combined with the comparative study of lexical universals. Giving central importance to the articulatory movements of the organs of

speech (and their relation, through positional analogues, or pantomime, to general motor-systems of the body), Paget develops his explanation as follows:

Observations as to the actual resonance changes which occur in the production of the vowels and consonants show that we accept as identical sounds which are widely different, provided they are made by similar postures or gestures of the organs of articulation.

From this it is argued that the significant elements in human speech are the postures and gestures, rather than the sounds. The sounds only serve to indicate the postures and gestures which produced them. We lip-read by ear. [Miss Helen Keller, whom I had the pleasure to meet in New York, is able, though deaf and blind, to understand speech quite fluently. She lip-reads by touch, placing two fingers across the speaker's lips and her thumb under his chin.]

Not only in the case of the Aryan roots--but in the Semitic, Sumerian, archaic Chinese, Oceanic (Polynesian), etc., North American (Hoka) and South American (Arawak), in modern English, and in the invented words used by children, we find the same principle at work. The sound of the word is frequently found to be due to postures and gestures of the organs of articulation which bear a pantomimic relation to the idea or action to which the word refers.

From this we infer that human speech arose out of a generalized unconscious pantomimic gesture language--made by the limbs and features as a whole (including the tongue and lips)--which became specialized in gestures of the organs of articulation, owing to the human hands (and eyes) becoming continuously occupied with the use of tools. The gestures of the organs of articulation were recognized by the hearer because the hearer unconsciously reproduced in his mind the actual gesture which had produced the sound.

....

(Paget, p. 174)

Not unlike Paget's statement, in its (suggestive) summation of motor events spread over time, Hawthorne's note on a drawing by Raphael serves to unlock a vision of speech-making, in which the mouth has "become specialized" in the aesthetic reordering of body movement. Giving concrete emphasis to small gestures of face and abstract emphasis to large gestures of hand, Hawthorne recapitulates, in his note on a

visit to an English museum (1856) a chain of primitive, motor facts of connection and convergence, which (for him) underlie an inferred, poetic state of enchantment by voice. Hawthorne's note reads as follows:

From the Bodleian we went to [the Taylor Institute,] which was likewise closed; but the woman who had it in charge had formerly been a servant of Mr. Spiers, and he so over-persuaded her that she finally smiled and admitted us. It would truly have been a pity to miss it; for here, on the basement floor, are the original models of Chantrey's busts and statues, great and small; and in the rooms above are a far richer treasure,--a large collection of original drawings by Raphael and Michael Angelo. These are far better for my purpose than their finished pictures,--that is to say, they bring me much closer to the hands that drew them and the minds that imagined them. It is like looking into their brains, and seeing the first conception before it took shape outwardly (I have somewhere else said about the same thing of such sketches). I noticed one of Raphael's drawings, representing the effect of eloquence; it was a man speaking in the center of a group, between whose ears and the orator's mouth connecting lines were drawn Raphael's idea must have been to compose his picture in such a way that their auricular organs should not fail to be in proper relation with the eloquent voice; and though this relation would not have been individually traceable in the finished pictures, yet the general effect--that of deep and entranced attention--would have been produced.

....

(Hawthorne, ... English Note-Books [Oxford], RE, VIII, 360)<sup>5</sup>

Earlier and more direct evidence may be brought forward of Hawthorne's subjective need to reaffirm speech-meanings in terms of the motor-values of the body (oral-specific as well as general). Expressing a basic dislike for giving intellectual advice on literary composition, Hawthorne (in a letter to a contemporary metric poet seeking such advice, 1850) describes the context of bodily confrontation he would require to effect an exchange of thought properly supportive of literary creativity. The relevant passage reads as follows:

.... I am dissatisfied with myself for having undertaken this office, both because I do not perform it well, and because I adhere to my original idea that it is not an office for anybody to undertake. If we were sitting together by an evening fireside, and you had imparted the poem to me in your own voice and cadences, and with your own explanatory talk; then--aided, too, by a perception of the poet's character--I might get light enough upon the matter to throw some of it back from another point of view. Only in such circumstances, I think, can a man be justified in interfering with the process of creation. The requisite of such preliminary criticism is, to have the deepest and warmest sympathy than can co-exist between two perfectly independent perceptions.

(Hawthorne, Letter to Lewis Mansfield, Feb. 20, 1850)<sup>6</sup>

Finally, we may infer from a report by a contemporaneous observer of Hawthorne that "enchantment" for Hawthorne does mean the oral-binding, the oral-enslaving of both himself and his audience as immediate partner--i.e., so that the literary vision could "be born." In Julian Hawthorne's recollections of his father's reading aloud within the family setting, what chiefly seems to underlie the various effects of worlds formed anew, is Hawthorne's having made "slight and unobtrusive" movements with his head--behavior suggestive of articulatory stresses occurring concurrently within that head. Julian Hawthorne's recollections (1885) read as follows:

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne seem to have been born good readers; there were music, variety, and expression in every tone, and the charm of feeling that the reader was in sympathy with the reading. While we were in England, Mr. Hawthorne read to us Spenser's "Faerie Queene;" and his children were knights-errant and princesses for years afterwards. Again, two or three years before his death, he read aloud the whole of Walter Scott's novels, taking up the volumes night after night, until all were completed. That too was something to remember. All the characters seemed to live and move visibly before us. The expression of his face changed as he read, in harmony with the speech or the passage. It was very pleasant to see him sitting with a book; he would settle himself comfortably in his chair, and hold the book open in his left hand,



his fingers clasping it over the top; and as he read (whether aloud or to himself), there was a constantly recurrent forward movement of his head, which seemed somehow to give distinctness and significance to the sentences and paragraphs, and indicated the constant living rapport between him and the author. These movements were slight and unobtrusive, but they were among the things which conveyed to the beholder that impression of unfailing spiritual vitality and intellectual comprehensiveness which always characterized Hawthorne.

(J. Hawthorne, N. Hawthorne and His Wife, II, 8-9)<sup>7</sup>

For Hawthorne's son as contemporaneous observer, in other words, the meaningful stylizations of the voice that enchants belong to the various realities of Hawthorne's head, as it draws upon the motor-values of the body while viewing the printed text. Thus, we may say that for Hawthorne the development of literature as magical processing of new worlds, and ghostly renewal of old ones, "becomes specialized" in the gestures of the mouth, which re-call the spectral body of us all, to dance publicly a secret pantomime, which he directs.

## 2. Foundations: The Enigmatic Name.

Paget's opinion of null-success on the scientific recovery of the original sounds of language (or of the first meaningful elements of speech) occurs in the closing paragraph of his "Summary of the Gesture Theory." There, it serves to counter his own intellectual nostalgia for the recovery of those sounds. Paget closes his summary as follows:

....

The origins of human speech are so remote that, as has been already pointed out, it would be unreasonable to find, now, any traces of the original sounds. The illustrations which have been given above [reconstructed words] (and which, from an anthropological point of view are all quite modern) are therefore not put

forward as necessarily "genuine antiques". word formation by the voicing of unconscious and soft palate gestures has any real existence have operated at many stages in the long his development, though always without the conscious exponents.

(Paget, p

Original linguistic operations concern Hawthorne in "The Custom-House," as they concern Paget in Human Speech. But, perhaps unlike Paget, Hawthorne in "The Custom-House" actively challenges his reader to reconstruct the original sounds of his literature. In that prefatorial essay, Hawthorne executes an elaborate set of obscure and dangerous motor operations, k/g-cued, and suggestively near to the deeper than tongue-and-soft-palate gestures which would occur centrally in the oral articulation of his name ("Haw"). For when the obscure motor operations move to climax, in an implied act of "hawking up" over a rotten egg, Hawthorne loses his own head--with the self-amazed recovery of an "A," which will serve as the "groundwork" of a novel (The Scarlet Letter, 1850). Hawthorne's enigmatic riddle on his own, orally housed literary origins resolves itself in the idea of his name as the remote goad-and-articulator of his literature--perhaps the predictor, even, of the events of his life (i.e., of his loss of a political appointment as chief customs inspector, which did serve to spur the writing of his first successful novel). The enigmatic "traces" of Hawthorne's riddle on his own remote original sounds may be sampled as follows (the italics are mine):

It is a little remarkable, that--though disinclined to talk overmuch of myself and my affairs at the fireside, and to my personal friends--an autobiographical impulse should have ... taken possession of me .... ... I again seize the public by the button .... ... to find out the divided segment of the writer's own nature .... [pp. 3-4]

....  
 .... ... myself, whose name is seldom heard and my face hardly known. .... [p. 9]

....  
 .... Neither the front nor the back entrance of the Custom-House opens on the road to Paradise.

.... ... after the exterminating angel had come up the Custom-House steps. ... to bring ... the axe of the guillotine. .... [pp. 13-14]

....  
 .... A gift, a faculty ... was suspended and inanimate within me. ... without transforming me into any shape which it would be worth my while to take. But .... There was always a prophetic instinct, a low whisper in my ear, that, within no long period, and whenever a new change of custom should be essential to my good, a change would come. [p. 26]

....  
 No longer seeking nor caring that my name should be blazoned abroad on title pages, I smiled to think that it had now another kind of vogue. The Custom-House marker imprinted it, with a stencil and black paint, on pepper-bags, and baskets of anatto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise, in testimony that these commodities had paid the impost, and gone regularly through the office. Borne on such queer vehicles of fame, a knowledge of my existence, so far as a name conveys it, was carried where it had never been before, and ... will never go again. [p. 27]

....  
 .... ... I chanced to lay my hand on a small package, carefully done up in a piece of ancient yellow parchment. .... There was something about it that quickenened an instinctive curiosity, and made me undo the faded red tape, ... with the sense that a treasure would here be brought to light. .... But, ... I found more traces of Mr. Pue's mental part, and the internal operations of his head, ... of the venerable skull itself.

.... ... Mr. Pue's death ... happened suddenly ....  
 .... ... to take the unprofitable labor off my hands. ....  
 .... ... traces about it of gold embroidery .... This rag of scarlet cloth ... assumed the shape of a letter. It was the capital letter A. ... each limb precisely three inches and a quarter in length. ... a riddle ... so evanescent ....

.... ... of ... red-hot iron.

....

.... ... the groundwork of a tale. [pp. 29-33]

....

.... But who can see an inch ... beyond his own nose? My own head was the first that fell! [p. 41]

....

.... So much for my figurative self. ....

.... ... the whole may be considered as the POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF A DECAPITATED SURVEYOR ....

.... I am a citizen of somewhere else. ....

....

(Hawthorne, "The Custom-House," pp. 3-45)<sup>9</sup>

Earlier and more direct evidence may be brought forward of Hawthorne's literary use of his name as a motor-body (oral specific as well as general). After expressing a basic dislike for having to give up an active boy's life to get his schooling, Hawthorne (in a letter to his mother, 1820) demands a context of motor-confrontation, to effect an ingenious apart-coming farewell--as a filial stepping down to kneel within his given name, while raising the family "Hat" over his "torn" private "heart." Not unnoteworthy in the play on signature (as cited and possibly appreciated by George P. Lathrop, 1876) is Hawthorne's sounding of throat-deep and initial consonant h as his central heart-sound, which serves to shoot off or decapitate his name, and to echo throughout the tiers of his mechanical riddle, as a spoken original which magnetically charms many parts. Also not unnoteworthy, in a fragment from another boyhood letter (as cited by Lathrop at the close of his commentary), is Hawthorne's implicit association of a shelfful of fantasized books with his name as their proud, self-proclaimed hewer. Hawthorne's signature-letter to his mother may be sampled (in the context of vocational biographical commentary by Lathrop) as follows (the italics are mine):

As we have seen [Hawthorne] returned to Salem in 1819, to school; and on March 7, 1820, he wrote thus to his mother:--

"I have left school, and have begun to fit for College under Benjm. L. Oliver Lawyer. So you are in great danger of having one learned man in your family. Mr. Oliver thought I could enter College next commencement, but Uncle Robert is afraid I should have to study too hard. I get my lessons at home, and recite them to him [Mr. Oliver] at 7 o'clock in the morning. . . . Shall you want me to be a Minister, Doctor, or Lawyer? A minister I will not be." This is the first dawn of the question of a career, apparently. Yet he still has a yearning to escape the solution. "I am extremely homesick," he says, in one part of the letter; and at the close he gives way to the sentiment entirely: "O how I wish I was again with you, with nothing to do but to go a gunning. But the happiest days of my life are gone. . . . After I have got through college, I will come down to learn E-- Latin and Greek." (Is it too fanciful to note that at this stage of the epistle "college" is no longer spelt with a large C?) The signature to this letter shows the boy so amiably that I append it. "I remain," he says,

"Your  
Affectionate  
and  
Dutiful  
son,  
and  
Most  
Obedient  
and  
Most  
Humble  
Servant,  
and  
Most  
Hearty  
Well-wisher,  
NATHANIEL HATHORNE."

A jesting device this, which the writer, were he now living, would perhaps think too trivial to make known; yet why should we not recall with pleasure the fact that in his boyish days he could make this harmless little play, to throw an unexpected ray of humor and gladness into the lonely heart of his mother, far away in the Maine woods? And with this pleasure, let there be something of honor and reverence for his pure young heart.

In another letter of this period[] he had made a long stride towards the final choice, as witness this extract: -

"I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer and live by their quarrels. So, I don't see that there is anything left for

me but to be an author. How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books, written by your son, with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

(G. P. Lathrop, A Study of Hawthorne, pp. 81-83)<sup>10</sup>

Finally, we may infer from a report by a contemporaneous reviewer of Hawthorne's works that public recognition for Hawthorne as author does mean the oral reception, the oral recapitulation by his reader of both the "real" sounds of his name and the rich values of his literary discourse--i.e., so that both he and his name could be grandly borne into life, and on grounds of intrinsic merit. In Park Benjamin's landmark assessment of Hawthorne's identity, the review of early tales (1836) which served effectively to terminate Hawthorne's anonymous period of publication, what chiefly underlies the critic's power of total apprehension is his capacity to "taste." Benjamin's utterance of recognition reads as follows:

We shall not observe the order of the volume [1837 Token] in commenting upon the literary pretensions of the work. The stories are, for the most part, written in a chaste and agreeable style; and are superior, as a whole, to those of any previous American Souvenir. They are as interesting as many others are stupid, which is very exalted praise. . . . The author of 'Sights from a Steeple,' of 'The Gentle Boy,' and of 'The Wedding Knell,' we believe to be one and the same individual. The assertion may seem very bold, yet we hesitate not to call this author second to no man in the country, except Washington Irving. We refer simply to romance writing; and trust that no wise man of Gotham will talk of Dewey, and Channing, and Everett, and Verplanck. Yes, to us the style of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is more pleasing, more fascinating, than any one's, except their dear Geoffrey Crayon! This mention of the real name of our author may be reprobated by him. His modesty is the best proof of his true excellence. How different does such a man appear to us from one who anxiously writes his name on every public post! We have read a sufficient number of his pieces to make the reputation of a dozen of our Yankee scribblers; and yet, how few have heard the name above written! He does not even cover himself

with the same anonymous shield at all times; but liberally gives the praise which, concentrated on one, would be great, to several unknowns. If Mr. Hawthorne would but collect his various tales and essays, into one volume, we can assure him that their success would be brilliant--certainly in England, perhaps in this country. ....

.... 'The Great Carbuncle' is eminently good; and, like all the rest of our author's tales, both here and elsewhere, conveys an important moral. . . . We commend the Editor for his good taste in the selection of his prose papers, and we can think of only one method by which he can do better than he has done;--this is, next year to employ Hawthorne to write the whole volume, and not to look at it himself till it be for sale by all booksellers in town and country.

(Benjamin, from a rev. of The Token for 1837)<sup>11</sup>

For Park Benjamin as a contemporaneous reviewer, in other words, the meaningful stylizations of the voice that enchants belong to the stereognostic realities of Hawthorne's mouth, as a system of self-apprehending, tasteful contacts, communicated across every "anonymous shield," through all levels of veiling text. Thus, we may say that for Hawthorne the development of his capacity to originate literature has been magically fore-cast in the cradle of his name, spoken forth by his name, as spectral body with an oracular set of mouth-parts, to which all the world must come dancing, with praises that mimic, that encourage, that nurture.

### 3. Foundations: Formal Literary Consonance.

One of Paget's illustrative formulations of mouth-gesture theory is posited as a reasonable strategy for the further study of botanical lexicons. Sufficiently suggestive of consonantal tree-signing gestures as it proceeds, Paget's commentary on his strategy of word-building may

be cited (for our preliminary purposes) without the set of tongue-track diagrams to which it makes reference. The commentary reads as follows:

[A] series of tongue and lip gestures which may offer an interesting field of study are those suitable for symbolizing the shape of various kinds of plants and trees.

In Fig. 96 [tongue-track diagrams] the attempt has been made to collect together some examples of these gestures which appear reasonably descriptive of the outline of various types of shoot, plant, tree, etc., and to give in each case the type of word which the gesture of articulation produces. The list of gestures might, no doubt, be greatly extended, while the resultant words of the present list must be multiplied many fold so as to include the other gestural equivalents of the consonants named in each case. Thus l might in general be replaced by t, n, θ, ʃ and often by r, though the tongue gesture which produces l is more truly a pointing up gesture--e.g. for the tip of a branch--may be replaced by u or ub; k--indicating the root of the plant or tree--may equally be g or ng.

....

The tongue-track diagrams are divided for convenience into three classes--up, down, and lateral--the lateral movements--suggestive of spreading branches--being ... actually represented by fore and aft movements of tongue and lips.

In connection with these spreading branch gestures, it may be pointed out that eril is (substantially) the same gesture as erin, the Sumerian word for cedar, and that sire actually becomes sidre (cf. cedar) if the tongue momentarily closes against the palate on its journey from s to r.

....

(Paget, pp. 146-48)<sup>12</sup>

The gestures of a sub-facial speech assert themselves (perhaps more delicately than in Paget's commentary) in Hawthorne's preface to Twice-told Tales (1851). There, they are associated with abstruse thoughts of an aggressively self-unfolding, throat-rooted botany, which (the author implies) is not out of "consonance" with his "name" (Háw!-King). The enigmatic contours of Hawthorne's private mouth riddle may be sampled as a cumulative array of passages in which Hawthorne re-



capitulates his emergence from anonymity--i.e., as his own signature speaking and growing stronger. The evanescent, botanical riddle, in which signature comes forward to open its mouth, reads as follows (the italics are mine):

.... ... the obscurest man of letters in America.

.... ... had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition .... [p. 3]

.... ... if the Author had ever been greatly tormented by literary ambition ... it must have perished, beyond resuscitation, in the dearth of nutriment. .... [p. 4]

... there can be no harm in the Author's remarking ... the TWICE-TOLD TALES .... ... have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade .... .... ... to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere .... [p. 5]

.... They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which mark the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by anybody, who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood.

This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart ... but his attempts ... to open an intercourse with the world.

The Author would regret to be understood as speaking sourly or querulously of the slight mark, made by his earlier literary efforts, on the Public at large. .... Occasionally, ... a paragraph or an article, from a native or foreign critic, would gratify ... with unexpected praise; too generous praise, indeed, and too little alloyed with censure, which, therefore, he learned the better to inflict upon himself. .... [pp. 6-7]

... the author ... on the internal evidence of his sketches, came to be regarded as a mild, shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive, and not very forcible man, hiding his blushes under an assumed name, the quaintness of which was supposed, somehow or other, to symbolize his personal literary traits. ... a natural desire to fill up so amiable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him .... ... these volumes have opened the way to most agreeable associations, and to the formation of imperishable friendships; and there are many golden threads, interwoven with his present happiness, which he can follow up more or less directly, until he finds their commencement here; ... his

pleasant pathway among realities seems to proceed out of the Dream-  
Land of his youth, and to be bordered with just enough of its  
shadowy foliage to shelter him from the heat of the day. ...  
better than fame. [p. 7]

(Hawthorne, "Preface," Twice-told Tales, pp. 3-7)<sup>13</sup>

Evidence at once more concise and illustrative may be brought forward of Hawthorne's special subjective claim upon the consonant elements--i.e., as the sub-facial speech of his self-unfolding, soul-transporting name. In the series of five excerpts which follow, Hawthorne: (i) acknowledges the importance of the articulatory aspects of language for the translator of literary style; (ii) construes the title of his first novel as a show of "[j]aw[s]" (h) over underfolded "ta[i]l[-]," with cue to come fishing; (iii) shapes a message of courtship, from "heart" to lips (h/p), with press to "nest" a small kiss (p/b) within a French 'White-thorn'; (iv) leaps from heart to lips (h/p) in spontaneous anagrams voiced in family setting; and (v) writes in meter an early expression of the atonement of all discord, in Christ as "Word," dancing His way across the sea to meet the speaker at face, even at lip (w/v/f), level. The series of five passages reads as follows:

(i)

Sentiments in a foreign language, which merely convey the sentiment, without retaining to the reader any graces of style or harmony of sound, have somewhat of the charm of thoughts in one's own mind that have not yet been put into words. No possible words that we might adapt to them could realize the unshaped beauty that they appear to possess. This is the reason that translations are never satisfactory,--and less so, I should think, to one who cannot than to one who can pronounce the language.

(Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [1835], p.16)

(ii--h)

FANSHAWE,

A TALE.

"Wilt thou go on with me?"--SOUTHEY.

(Hawthorne, title page, first ed. Fanshawe [1828])(iii--h/p/b)

54 Pinckney St., 12 o'clock A.M. Monday [1841]

Truest Heart,

I cannot come to thee this evening, because my friend Bridge is in town, whom I hardly have seen for years past. Alas! ....  
 ... Dove. Thou art my only reality--all other people are but shadows to me; all events and actions, in which thou dost not mingle, are but dreams.

....

God bless thee.

Thine ownest husband,

THEODORE DE L'AUBEPINE.

A Madame,  
 Madame Sophie Amelie de L'Aubepine,  
 Rue d'Ouest,  
 à Boston.

Miss Sophia A. Peabody,  
 West-street,  
 Boston.

(Hawthorne, Love Letters, Pt. 1, pp. 239-40)(iv--h/p)

[From my mother's diary.]

January 1, 1862.

.... --My husband has made an anagram of my name: "A hope while in a storm, aha!" .... --My husband has made an anagram of the general's name: "Princelie Frank." ....

(Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Memories of H. [1897], p. 429)

(v--w/v/f)

....

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,  
 For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;  
 It shall reach his disciples in every clime,  
 And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,  
 Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

....

(Hawthorne, "Walking on the Sea" [ca. 1825], st. 2;  
Poems, p. 23)<sup>14</sup>

Finally, we may infer from an appraisal of Hawthorne's style by a contemporaneous poet that "consonance" may indeed be the elaborate oral constraint by means of which Hawthorne enchants his reader--and to impose revelations of ever more private purpose. In Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's highly receptive review of Hawthorne's collected tales (1837), what chiefly underlies the assessed qualities of stylistic clairvoyance is Hawthorne's successful binding, into active-transgressive relation, of seemingly ordinary, inconsequential diction--so that Longfellow must seek meaning ever-elsewhere except in the "stream of thought." The fearlessness with which Longfellow apprehends Hawthorne's powers of linguistic super-ordination arises from his own habits of mind as metric poet; and his long mention of heuristic chanting in the context of commenting on Hawthorne's style (intimating both Hawthorne's use and Hawthorne's mastery of ecstatic rhymes) serves as a verse-poet's salute to Hawthorne, though the latter's poetic mode is prose. The relevant passage from the review by Longfellow reads as follows:

....  
 Another characteristic of this writer [Mr. Hawthorne] is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. Some writers of the present day have introduced a kind of Gothic architecture into their style. All is fantastic, vast, and wondrous in the outward form, and within is mysterious twilight, and the swelling sound of an organ, and a voice chanting hymns in Latin, which need a translation for many of the crowd. To this we do not object. Let the priest chant in what language he will, so long as he understands his own mass-book. But if he wishes the world to listen and be edified, he will do well to choose a language that is generally understood.

....

(Longfellow, from a rev. of Twice-told Tales [1837])<sup>15</sup>

Perhaps even for Longfellow as poet and friend, in other words, the significant locus-of-voice for the stylizations that enchant may lie somewhere beyond the essential clarity of Hawthorne's style; but, though Hawthorne may have a private purpose, along with a private code of formal transcendence, his fundamental use of acceptable standard speech allows even the general reader to find meaning within his text, allows even the general reader to respect himself, allows (that is to say) for the essential conditions of a felt comraderie, which, conducive to a general attitude of receptivity, prepare the way for any special instruction the author may have. Thus, we may say that for Hawthorne the elaborate oral constraint under which he creates (consonance) celebrates his deep private bondage to his given contexts of Providence, contexts certainly not exclusive of his native American language. Those given contexts are consummated in the symbol of his name--the infra-identity by means of which he subordinates himself to

his own mouth, to extend tree-masked addresses to Super-Nature, in private petition for his and our American welfare, for his and our (undeserved) transfiguration finally, in Christ the Glorious Word. Such is the implicit oral complex, when in the final, Liberty Tree sequel of The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair, the self-involved lion's head at last breaks its wood-silence; the lion's head then speaks for a "Heaven"-directed identity which both transcends and underlies a children's story-teller and his completed stories; it also joins into an all-binding w/v song--for eye and for ear, from "my lips" (the italics in the section-closing excerpt are mine):

.... "And now, venerable chair,[" said Grandfather, "]I have a favor to solicit. During an existence of more than two centuries, you have had a familiar intercourse with men who were esteemed the wisest of their day. Doubtless, with your capacious understanding, you have treasured up many an invaluable lesson of wisdom. You certainly have had time enough to guess the riddle of life. Tell us poor mortals, then, how we may be happy!"

The lion's head fixed its eyes thoughtfully upon the fire, and the whole chair assumed an aspect of deep meditation. Finally, it beckoned to Grandfather with its elbow, and made a step sideways towards him, as if it had a very important secret to communicate.

"As long as I have stood in the midst of human affairs," said the chair, with a very oracular enunciation, "I have constantly observed that JUSTICE, TRUTH, and LOVE, are the chief ingredients of every happy life."

"Justice, Truth, and Love!" exclaimed Grandfather. "We need not exist two centuries to find out that these qualities are essential to our happiness. This is no secret. Every human being is born with an instinctive knowledge of it."

"Ah!" cried the chair, drawing back in surprise. "From what I have observed of the dealings of man with man, and nation with nation, I never should have suspected that they knew this all-important secret. And, with this eternal lesson written in your soul, do you ask me to sift new wisdom for you, out of my petty existence of two or three centuries?"

"But, my dear chair--" said Grandfather.

"Not a word more," interrupted the chair; "here I close my lips for the next hundred years. At the end of that period, if I shall have discovered any new precepts of happiness, better than what Heaven has already taught you, they shall assuredly be given to the world."

(Hawthorne, True Stories from History and Biography [1851], pp. 208-9)<sup>16</sup>

C. Conclusion: The Literary Possibilities of the Thesis  
and the Needed Tool.

In the foregoing, developmental section of this, the first chapter of the thesis, general aspects of Richard Paget's theory of speech, as presented in his Human Speech, have been applied to selected passages from auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Nathaniel Hawthorne, to bring forward and to integrate three constructs posited as fundamental to Hawthorne's creative mind-set: the chanting mouth, his personal name as public enigma, and formal literary consonance. Paget's explanation of the rise of spoken language, applied to passages in which Hawthorne contemplates visual images of speakers, has served to bring forward Hawthorne's enchantment with speech as a bondage to motor-process. Paget's opinion of null-reconstruction of phonetic chronology, applied to passages in which Hawthorne posits his name as significant origin of his literary world, has served to bring forward Hawthorne's empowering of words and word-elements with enigmatic motor-functions. And Paget's strategy of botanical word-building, applied to passages in which Hawthorne admits to the consonant-signing of trees, has served to bring forward Hawthorne's most integral attitude to speech as motor-process-- maintained as a private poetic image of himself, in which he and his

name jaw as one, to master-key from mouth-covert the enchanted manifold which constitutes his literary works. That private poetic image, essentially a symbol of rhetorical power, may be more concisely apprehended as man-serpent with self-articulating mouth, or as serpent with rhythmically branching mouth, or as signature with consonant-chant.<sup>17</sup>

As signature with consonant-chant, Hawthorne's rhetorical master-symbol promises its consistent, constraining presence throughout the works of Hawthorne, to remind the reader orally attuned: (1) not only of the immortal presence of Hawthorne's name (as the author's remark of victory over literary form); (2) not only of the necessity of the reader's wakeful linguistic presence within his texts (as a living American speaker of possibly many tongues); but of the potential, radical power of his textual consonants to resolve harmoniously for the reader all literary aspects of his texts which may imperil meaning-- i.e., (3) of the possibility of the reader's triumph over his deep motor-riddles (but with full appreciation of the richness of those riddles), (4) of the possibility of the reader's concurrence with him as America's literary master (but in mutual reinforcement of a high sense of self-esteem), (5) of the possibility, finally, of the reader's trust in his own salvation in time (but within the infinite context of Divine Love, which lies beyond all literary and earthly contexts). But perhaps only as a dynamic system of chants and counter-chants, finely attuned to his name, will Hawthorne's textual consonants give to the reader such powers of formal mobility, or of high textual apprehension of what is essentially a private petition by Hawthorne for immortal



life. As formal possessor of the signature which gives life, Hawthorne's master-symbol implicates Hawthorne's set of actual literary signatures as a system of chants, or as a master-text by means of which the structure of Hawthorne's consonant-chant may be more finely assessed. Suggestive of a motor-process of speech (with a hierarchy of emergence, capped by a guarantee of significance broadly cast) Hawthorne's text of literary signatures may be gathered and cited at this time as follows: "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "Rev. Ashley Allen Royce," "M. Theodore de l'Aubépine," and "Oberon."<sup>18</sup>

In short, if the preliminary application of Paget's oral gesture theory has helped to posit a rhetorical master-symbol for "'Nathaniel Hawthorne' creating," on the basis of which the works of Hawthorne may be construed as a unified discourse on his immortal name, the preliminary application has also served to suggest a necessary further application of that oral linguistic: the application of specific aspects of Paget's theory of consonant sounds, in a mediatory study of Hawthorne's auxiliary text of literary signatures, to facilitate the construction of an ideal consonant tool, by means of which the power of that discourse might be systematically assessed.

CHAPTER I: END NOTES.

<sup>1</sup>Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair (1851), in Vol. 4 (1972) of The Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 18 vols., ed. William Charvat et al. (Columbus: Ohio State U. Press, 1962- ), 74.

<sup>2</sup>Nathaniel Hawthorne, auxiliary texts: English Travel-Note on Raphael, Oxford, Aug. 1856, in Our Old Home, and English Note-Books, II, or Vol. 8 of The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne (Riverside Edition), 12 vols., ed. George P. Lathrop (Boston: Houghton, 1883; rpt. 1886), 360; Letter to Lewis Mansfield, Feb. 20, 1850, as col. by Harold Blodgett, in "Hawthorne as Poetry Critic: Six Unpublished Letters to Lewis Mansfield," American Literature, Vol. 12 (March 1940-Jan. 1941), 179-80; Letters to His Mother, March 7, 1820, and a later date, as cited by George P. Lathrop, in A Study of Hawthorne (Boston: Osgood, 1876; rpt. St. Clair Shores, Mich.: Scholarly Press, 1970), pp. 81-83; Letter to Miss Peabody, [Feb.?] 1841, in Pt. 1 of Love Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in 2 parts (Chicago: Soc. of the Dofobs), pp. 239-40; Anagrams of "Sophia A. Hawthorne" and "Franklin Pierce," as recorded by Sophia Hawthorne, Jan. 1, 1862, and as cited by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in Memories of Hawthorne (Boston: Houghton, 1897), p. 429; "Walking on the Sea," poem comp. ca. 1825, in Poems, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, ed. Richard E. Peck (Virginia: Bibliogr. Soc. of the U. of Virginia, 1967), pp. 23-24. Prefatorial texts: "The Custom-House: Introductory to 'The Scarlet Letter'" (1850), in Vol. 1 of The Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne (1962), 3-45; "Preface" (1851), Twice-told Tales, in Vol. 9 of The Centenary Edition (1974), 3-7; Title with Motto, from title-page of the first edition of Fanshawe (1828), as rpt. in Vol. 3 of The Centenary Edition (1964), 331; "Grandfather's Dream," closing frame-story of The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair, in True Stories from History and Biography (1851), Vol. 4 of The Centenary Edition (1972), 205-10. Subsequent bibliogr. references to Hawthorne's texts appear parenthetically within my text; other auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Hawthorne are quoted and identified within my notes (i.e., in notes 5, 6[b], 7[c,d], 9[end], 10[c], 14[b], 14[c,i], 15[c,d], 16[b], 17[a,i-iii] and in notes 10[d], 14[c,ii-iii], 15[b,i], 17[a,iv]).

<sup>3</sup>Sir Richard Paget (1869-1955), Human Speech: Some Observations and Conclusions as to the Nature, Origin, Purpose and Possible Improvement of Human Speech (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1930; rpt. 1963), p. 174, p. 175, and pp. 146-48; subsequent bibliogr. references to the study appear both parenthetically within my text and in my notes. The American edition of Human Speech (New York: Harcourt, 1930) is cited by Stuart Robertson and Frederick G. Cassidy, in The Development of Modern English, 2nd ed. (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1954; rpt. 1962), pp. 7-8; the study, along with other publications by Paget, has

been listed by Gordon W. Hewes, comp., in Language Origins: A Bibliography, 2 parts, 2nd ed., Approaches to Semiotics, ed. Thomas A. Sebeok, No. 44 (The Hague: Mouton, 1975); a derived experiment has been reported by Harold J. Vetter and John A. Tennant, in "Oral-Gesture Cues in Sound Symbolism," Perceptual and Motor Skills, Vol. 24, No. 1 (Feb. 1967), 54; and a literary note of acknowledgment, by Ivan Fónagy, occurs in "The Functions of Vocal Style," Literary Style: A Symposium, ed. (and tr.) Seymour Chatman (London: Oxford U. Press, 1971), p. 172, n. 4. A neuropsychological perspective not unrelated to Paget's theory of origin has been advanced by Earl W. Count, in "Comments" (responses to "The Human Evolution," by Charles F. Hockett and Robert Ascher, Current Anthropology, Vol. 5, No. 3 [June 1964], 135-47), in Current Anthropology, Vol. 5, No. 3 (June 1964, pp. 156-57). And theoretical and empirical bases for the continuing interest in speech production and perception have been brought forward by David S. Palermo and Lyle E. Bourne, in a review of psycholinguistic research, in Psychology of Language (Glenview, Ill.: Scott, Foresman, 1978), pp. 99-105. Also, two studies which take into account historical antecedents of Paget's position are cited in my notes 8 and 12 (Hawthorne's relation to those antecedents is explored in later chapters of my thesis); a concordant philosophical position (on the integrative role of motor perception in human perception) is cited in my note 6(a); and a remark by Paget--on the nature of poetry--is cited in my note 13(end).

<sup>4</sup> Contemporaneous observers of Hawthorne, their observations: Julian Hawthorne, "Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne [as] good readers," in Vol. 2 of Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife: A Biography, 2 vols., 4th ed. (Boston: Osgood, 1885), 8-9; Park Benjamin, "the real name of our author," from a rev. of The Token for 1837, in American Monthly Magazine, n.s., No. 2 (Oct. 1836), 405-7, as rpt. in Hawthorne: The Critical Heritage, ed. J. Donald Crowley (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1970), pp. 50-51; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "the exceeding beauty of his style," from a rev. of Twice-told Tales, in the North American Review, Vol. 45 (July 1837), 59-73, as rpt. in Hawthorne: The Critical Heritage (1970), ed. Crowley, p. 58. Subsequent bibliogr. references to the observations occur parenthetically within my text; other reports, by contemporaneous and later observers of Hawthorne, are quoted and identified within my notes (i.e., in notes 7[a,b], 11[b], 15[b,i], 17[c,iii,end] and in notes 9[end], 11[a,c], 14[a], 18). Also cited within my notes are general, but applicable, discussions of the anthropology of speech and of the formal aspects of literature (i.e., in notes 13[a-c], 15[a], 16[a], 17[c], 18 and in notes 9, 13[d-e], 17[b], 17[c,i-ii], 18).

<sup>5</sup> Three other instances (a-c) of Hawthorne's motor-fascination with mouth may be found in The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 of The Centenary Edition (1980), 92, 334-35, 426-27: (a) "One [picture] that attracted our attention was a picture of Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Albert Durer, in which was represented the ugliest, most evil-minded, stubborn, pragmatical, and contentious old Jew that ever lived under the law of Moses; and he and the child Jesus were arguing,

not only with their tongues, but making hieroglyphics, as it were, by the motion of their hands and fingers. It is a very queer, as well as a remarkable picture. But we passed hastily by this ...." (Rome, Feb. 20, 1858); (b) "I looked again at Michael Angelo's Fates to-day, but cannot satisfactorily make out what he meant by them. One of them--she who holds the distaff--has her mouth open, as if uttering a cry, and might be fancied to look somewhat irate. The second, who holds the thread, has a pensive air, but is still, I think, pitiless at heart. The third sister looks closely and coldly into the eyes of the last-mentioned, meanwhile cutting the thread with a pair of shears. Michael Angelo, if I may presume to say so, wished to vary the expression of these three sisters, and give each a different one, but did not see precisely how; inasmuch as all the fatal Three are united, heart and soul, in one purpose. It is a very impressive group. But, as regards the interpretation of this, or any other profound picture .... possibly he put forth a riddle without himself knowing the solution. ...." (Florence, June 21, 1858); (c) "Italy beats us, I think, in mosquitoes; they are horribly pungent little particles of Satan. .... They possess strange intelligence, and exquisite acuteness of sight and smell--prodigious audacity, and caution to match it, insomuch that they venture on the most hazardous attacks and get safe off. .... One of them flew into my mouth, the other night, and stung me far down in my throat; but luckily I coughed him up in halves. ...." (Florence, Sept. 23, 1858).

<sup>6</sup> Not unrelated to Hawthorne's motor-sense of the self creating are (a) the insights of Hans Jonas, in "The Nobility of Sight: A Study in the Phenomenology of the Senses" (1954), from The Phenomenon of Life: Toward a Philosophical Biology (New York: Harper, 1966), as rpt. in The Philosophy of the Body: Rejections of Cartesian Dualism, ed. Stuart F. Spicker (Chicago: Quadrangle Bks., 1970, pp. 328-32): "The 'Nobility of Sight' has dwelt on the non-dynamic quality of the visual world and the 'quietive' transmutation by which this distillate of reality is obtained; and reference was made to its need for cognitive complementation from other senses and from the sphere of action. We must add that the latter, or the motility of our body generally, is not called in post hoc only but is already a factor in the very constitution of seeing and the seen world themselves, much as this genesis is forgotten in the conscious result. Lest our preoccupation with the finished product in its contemplative 'nobility' be taken as a similar forgetting on our part, some remarks on the role of movement in the production of it are in order. .... / .... / .... We may therefore say that the possession of a body in space, itself part of the space to be apprehended, and that body capable of self-motion in counterplay with other bodies, is the precondition for a vision of the world. We have thus the paradox that it is something dynamic, a process, by which the framework of static experience is constituted, viz., a system of spatial coordinates (directions) with my own body at the 'origin.' And the example of the sense seemingly remotest from such involvement shows that motility, which itself requires sentience for its operation, in turn enters into the very constitution of sense where this is to be more than the mere

registering of irritations from without: in other words, where sensation is to rise to perception.[]" But, (b) Hawthorne's sketch of a talker in an English retirement home intimates that for Hawthorne himself speech movements may predominate in the rise of poetic perception within contexts of bodily counterplay: "The old soldier and his wife both seemed glad of somebody to talk with; but the good woman availed herself of the privilege far more copiously than the veteran himself, insomuch that he felt it expedient to give her an occasional nudge with his elbow in her well-padded ribs. 'Don't you be so talkative!' quoth he; and indeed he could hardly find space for a word, and quite as little after his admonition as before. Her nimble tongue ran over the whole system of life in the Hospital. ...." ("About Warwick," Our Old Home [1863], Vol. 5 of The Centenary Edition [1970], 77).

<sup>7</sup> Four additional characterizations (a-d) of Hawthorne as speaker-articulator may be cited (in c-d, self-critical remarks by Hawthorne himself [as cited by Randall Stewart] and a compositional note to himself suggest that Hawthorne's most focused practice of oral eloquence may have belonged to the non-public moments of his life--i.e., when he actually created literature): (a) "His hands were large and muscular, the palm broad, with a full curve at the outer margin; the fingers smooth, but neither square nor pointed; the thumb long and powerful. His feet were slender and sinewy, and he had a long, elastic gait, accompanied by a certain sidewise swinging of the shoulders. He was a tireless walker, and of great bodily activity; up to the time he was forty years old, he could clear a height of five feet at a standing jump. His voice, which was low and deep in ordinary conversation, had astounding volume when he chose to give full vent to it; with such a voice, and such eyes and presence, he might have quelled a crew of mutinous privateersmen at least as effectively as Bold Daniel, his grandfather: it was not a bellow, but had the searching and electrifying quality of the blast of a trumpet." (Julian Hawthorne, Vol. 1 of Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife [1885], 121-22); (b) "I am sitting to-day opposite the likeness of the rarest genius America has given to literature,--a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours .... / The portrait I am looking at was made by Rowse (an exquisite drawing), and is a very truthful representation of the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was several times painted and photographed, but it was impossible for art to give the light and beauty of his wonderful eyes. .... I happened to be in London with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody." (James T. Fields, Hawthorne [Boston: Osgood, 1876], pp. 5-6); (c) "'Upon my word,' he reflects in the journal [ca. April 19, 1857], 'I think my speech was about the best of the occasion; and certainly it was better cheered than any other, especially one passage, where I made a colossus of poor little Mr. Brown, at which the audience grew so tumultuous in their applause, that they drowned my figure of speech before it was half out of my mouth.' But the press, he complains, was guilty of inaccuracy.

'The next morning came out the newspapers with vile reports of my speech, attributing to me a variety of forms of ragged nonsense, which (poor speaker as I am) I was quite incapable of uttering.'[] And yet, in spite of his grievance against the reporters, Hawthorne evidently felt a considerable satisfaction in this, his most ambitious oratorical effort. He comments judiciously in a letter to Ticknor (April 24): 'I don't in the least admire my own oratory; but I do admire my pluck in speaking at all. I rather wonder at my coming off so well. . . .'" (Hawthorne, as cited by Randall Stewart, in "Hawthorne's Speeches at Civic Banquets," American Literature, Vol. 7 [March 1935-Jan. 1936], 422); (d) "telling a story with the voice, you can run off into any wildness that comes into the head; whereas the pen petrifies all such flights" (Hawthorne, bracketed note, in Septimius Norton [1861-64], The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, Vol. 12 of The Centenary Edition [1977], 351). (See my note 14[c,iii] for an admission by Hawthorne of private self-"enchantment"; see my note 13[esp. d,iii] on language-rhythms and perceptual control--also notes 15[a], 17[b,vii].)

<sup>8</sup>R. H. Robins acknowledges the linguistic tradition of longing for origins, in A Short History of Linguistics, Indiana U. Studies in the History and Theory of Linguistics, ed. Thomas A. Sebeok et al. (Bloomington: Indiana U. Press, 1968), pp. 149-50: "... The origin of language, while for ever beyond the reach of any conceivable linguistic science, has always fascinated linguistically minded people and in different forms has been a focus of attention throughout recorded history. Psammetichus of Egypt's attempt to discover the 'oldest', i.e. the original, language allegedly by recording an utterance (Phrygian bekos, bread) from a child carefully brought up in a speechless environment is a forerunner of other similar tales, told of other personages and other languages [Herodotus 2.2]. But several linguistic thinkers of the eighteenth century in different European countries asked and tried to answer the question, what lay between the beginnings of human language and its obviously elaborate present form, and how the seeds of language as it was known in historical times could have been sown in man's prehistory. .... / Attempts at seriously thought-out explanations of the origin and development of language in mankind, considered as a single species, united philosophers of the eighteenth century and earlier with those working well within the counter-rationalist Romantic movement of its later years and the turn of the century. This is not surprising, since it is in language that men both communicate the collectively accumulated knowledge, argument, and principles of reasoning, such as were held in so high esteem by men of the rationalist Enlightenment, and, equally, give expression to the emotions and individual sentiments on which the Romantics laid such stress. Vernunftmensch, the man of reason, and Gefühlsmensch, the man of feeling, realize themselves through the resources of their language. / Half-way through the eighteenth century [for instance] two French philosophers discussed the origin and early development of human speech. .... / [E. B. de] Condillac wrote within the rationalist-empiricist tradition, relying a good deal on Locke's theory of knowledge, whereas [J. J.] Rousseau looked forward to the

Romantic movement that was to follow; indeed, in many respects he can be said to have been one of its heralds. Their conceptions of the genesis of language were very similar. Language originated in deictic and imitative gestures and natural cries, but since gestures were less efficient as communicative signals the phonic element in human language became dominant, as specific sound sequences were semantically associated with existents and phenomena and as the power of human thought increased. Condillac envisaged a mixed stage in which spoken verb forms were accompanied by gestures indicating time reference, these latter subsequently replaced by vocal symbols uttered after the verb itself and finally, in the stage reached by Latin, agglutinated to it. [Essai sur l'origine des connoissances humaines, 1746, 1798]. Rousseau suggested an almost deliberate agreement to make this substitution from gesture to speech on the lines of the social contract [Le discours sur l'inégalité, 1755]. / ...." (Hawthorne's relationship to the linguistic-Romantic contexts is explored in Chapters II and III of my study [notes] and in Chapter IV; (but see deictic-purposive elements and aspects, as past-future extensions of Hawthorne, in my note 16, also notes 15[d], 17[b, vii, end].)

<sup>9</sup>The private riddle of "The Custom-House" shows, even admits to, traditional process-qualities of (a) RIDDLE, (b) ALPHABET drama, (c) ACROSTIC(H), (d) ANAGRAMMATIC POEM, American Puritan; the actions of the "figurative self" demonstrate awareness of temporal expansion, narrative form, as (e) FABLE, (f) FAIRY TALE, (g) PARABLE, (h) ALLEGORY: (a) "[RIDDLE] comprises a variety of literary forms that have never been clearly separated. The true riddle compares one object to another and entirely different one; its essence is the surprise that the disclosure of the answer occasions. E.g., the Humpty-Dumpty riddle describes a fall with a shattering that cannot be put together again, then resolves the contradiction in the answer 'Egg.'" / In the tradition of unsophisticated peoples, riddles of this sort are abundant; in more sophisticated literatures the knack of coining such riddles is almost lost. They are usually presented through an introductory element (a scene, a summons to guess), a descriptive core (which may include a descriptive name like 'Dick Redcap'), a contradictory core, suggesting the act or aspect to be reconciled, and a concluding element (a summons to guess, a promise of reward or punishment). Literary riddles often develop the contradictory at the expense of the descriptive details; they may represent the object as speaking in the first person. Such literary riddles were very popular in Byzantine, early medieval and R[enaissance] L[atin] literature; they have been written by Dean Swift, Goethe, Schiller, Winthrop M. Praed, and continue to be a minor genre. / Many varieties of puzzling questions are called riddles. There are arithmetical questions, which may be seriously or whimsically intended. Questions about Biblical figures may also appear in serious and whimsical forms, e.g., 'Who was born and did not die?' (Enoch). Many of these are ultimately of catechetical origin and may be traced far back in medieval and patristic tradition, as may many of the punning questions and wisecracks that abound today. / There are several specific types of riddle. The Gr.

ainigma (enigma) presents in obscure wording what must be solved through grasping associations and similarities; the griphos seems obvious but hinges upon a verbal play or other trick. Decapitation: e.g. Take away one letter, I destroy; take two and I die, unless my whole saves me (Ans: Skill). Addition, as with the story compressed in he, her, hero. A rebus is a riddle in pictures, representing phonetically the answer or the syllables of the answer, through the meanings of the separate sounds. The charade is an enigmatic description (written or acted) of a word and its separate syllables. The popular traditional riddle is ordinarily in prose, although simple rhymes and other stylistic embellishments are readily introduced. The literary riddles usually employ highly sophisticated devices. Riddling is a form of popular entertainment; it amuses the natives of Africa or Asia as it once amused the Gr[eeks] and Rom[ans] and Anglo-Saxons at their banquets (Athenaeus, Deipnosophistoe; Petronius, Cena Trimalchionis). Efforts to use riddles in mythological studies, however, have been largely fruitless. The description of a snowflake as a bird without wings devoured by a maiden without hands (the sun) is probably no more than a riddle; but the picture of the year as a tree with twelve branches probably has mythological and cosmological antecedents. / ...." (Archer Taylor, in Dictionary of World Literature: Criticism, Forms, Technique [1953], rev. ed. [1968], ed. Joseph T. Shipley [Totowa, N. J.: Littlefield, Adams, 1972]); (b) "[ALPHABET]. In the beginning was the word. The letter is a corruption of a pictogram or other word-form. In many tongues, each letter is a name (e.g., Runic h, hail; i, ice). Alphabet poems (... abecedarius) were written in many tongues (Norse, Hebrew). Kallias (ancient Athens) wrote an alphabet drama, a grammatical play: the comic chorus of 24 represented the 24 letters of the Ionic alphabet. Southey wrote a lament for the passing of the juvenile alphabet (hornbook) through which children learnt to read. ...." (Joseph T. Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972]); (c) "[ACROSTIC(H)]. I. Poem in which certain letters of successive lines (chapters in rare prose acrostics) form a definite pattern or word. If the letters of the alphabet appear in order thus, the poem is an abecedarius, or alphabetical acrostic. If the initial letters make a word, it is a true acrostic. If medial letters, a mesostich; if final letters, a telestich. 1st letter of line 1, 2nd letter of line 2, 3rd letter of line 3, etc., a cross acrostic, e.g., Poe, "A Valentine." The oldest is apparently the abecedarian: Lamentations 1-4, Proverbs 31, 10-31, and 12 of the Psalms (e.g. 34, 37, 111, 119). Mystical significance was ascribed to these lyrics; Cicero says they appear in Sybilline verse, though the original intent of the device may have been merely mnemonic. Acrostics were popular among the ancient Gr. and Rom. (e.g. the arguments to Plautus' comedies), the early Christians, the Ren. (e.g. Sir John Davies, 26 Hymns to Astraea; every one an initial acrostic of Elizabeth Regina). II. A symbolic word made from first letters, e.g. Ichtyis (Gr., fish) represents initials of the Gr. words for Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. Modern advertising and martial terms often are formed in this fashion. Addison lists the acrostic as a variety of false wit. ...." (William R. Jones, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972]); (d) "[ANAGRAMMATIC



POEM, Am. Puritan.] .... Yet inevitably, no matter how much he might seek to put his composing under the aegis of God as ordered, the Puritan poet found himself in the position of composing on his own--in effect, of composing his sense of what it might mean and be like to compose. / In puritan elegiac poetry, this sense is most evident in poems written to anagrams (and sometimes acrostics) on names of men and women, usually those deceased. There is, for example, this brief poem sent to Thomas Dudley in 1645:

Thomas Dudley

ah! old, must dye

A deaths head on your hand you neede not weare  
 a dying hand you on you shoulders beare  
 you need not one to minde you, you must dye  
 you in your name may spell mortalitye  
 younge men may dye, but old men these dye must  
 t'will not be long before you turne to dust.  
 before you turne to dust! ah! must; old! dye!  
 what shall younge doe, when old in dust doe lye?  
 when old in dust lye, what N. England doe?  
 when old in dust doe lye, it's best dye too.

The irony is one which Dudley must have found quite appropriate--an elegy to one still living, in a manner to assure him that his death was in his life and his life was in death. More important, evidence of death-in-life is discovered, with all seriousness, in the very name of the recipient. Examples, but in most cases poems on those already dead, are abundant enough to indicate that in the anagrammatic-acrostic method the Puritan elegist found his most satisfactory form. .... [Acrostic poem on "WILLIAM BRADFORD" cited.] There are many more--all of them, like the poem on Dudley, attempts by the poet to discover the meaning of a man's life in his name, properly anagrammatized; all of them exhibiting a poet's delight in exercising his ability not only to discover meaning but to express it: in effect, to discover himself as poet. / By the seventeenth century the anagrammatic and acrostic poem (they were considered as a single class) had come to be taken by English and Continental poets as mere exercises in rhetorical dexterity. .... / .... Puritan elegiac poets did not hesitate [to take ... anagrams seriously]. With no need to put on a show of sophistication, they took quite seriously the fact that [composition], without any darkness or difficulty, could bode well. They felt such results appropriate to their own wishes, simply because they were sure that the results were appropriate to God's wishes. The whole Puritan enterprise depended upon man's discovery of God's wishes, his achieving certitude in them, and his rejoicing in that certitude. The Puritan elegist might well believe that in a man's name God had inserted evidence of his nature and his fate [his providence]. When, at his death, that nature and fate were most at issue, what could be more needful than to search out the meaning of that evidence? The search for meaning, indeed, would be per se the form and movement of the poem in which the search was carried out.

A little recreation of poetry, then, would be what the Puritan most wanted: a re-creation of God's way with His New England people. / .... Fallen man, so the Puritan believed, could do nothing on his own to alter his fate, but he could seek to understand that fate and so come to see the sublime pattern of necessity whereby God had decided upon it. ...." (Roy Harvey Pearce, from "The Elegy and the Structure of Puritan Life and Art," in The Continuity of American Poetry [Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1961], pp. 28-32; Pearce is also cited in my note 14[a]; see also 15[a]); (e) "[FABLE], Aesopic. Certain traditions, combined with the discovery in recent times of typical fables in early cuneiform texts, make it probable that Greece was indebted in some measure to the Babylonians and Assyrians for the type of fable associated with Aesop, himself a native of Asia Minor in the 6th c. B.C. Before Aesop, beast fables are found in Hesiod (8th c. B.C.) and Archilochus; some 15 in all occur in Greek literature before 300 B.C. About that time the first written collection was made, intended for the practical use of writers and speakers. Thereafter similar prose collections, partly extant, of greatly expanded content, and ascribed to Aesop by their unknown compilers, were made throughout antiquity and later. Not until the verse compositions of Phaedrus and Babrius in the 1st c. A.D. did fable-writing attain rank as belles lettres. The L. tradition of western Europe stems largely from Phaedrus and his paraphrasers. Aesop himself wrote nothing; he was famed for using fables, partly in lieu of free speech, in the intercourse of real life. / With some exceptions, wherein wit or amusement is uppermost, Aesopic fables are paraenetic in aim and spirit. They convey a principle of behaviour through the transparent analogy of frankly fictitious, though plausible actions of animals, men, gods or inanimate things. Animals act according to their nature, save that they have speech. The motifs are numerous and derive partly from folklore, partly from sophistic invention. The outlook is realistic and ironical. (Cp. Fairy-Tale.) Typical themes are: the folly of sacrificing a small gain already achieved in the hope of winning a larger one, of never being satisfied, of trying to appease the ruthless, of showing mercy to the merciless, of the weak expecting to deal on equal terms with the strong, of unjustified presumption, of yielding to flattery, of deserting one's own nature or calling; the irony of setting a snare for others and falling into it one's self, or the small and clever triumphing over the physically strong. / In structure, the fable is always epigrammatic; it frequently ends with a significant utterance by one of the characters. The application of fables used in a context is usually, and in the early period always, specific or persona; whereas the generalized 'moral,' or epimythium, introduced at the end by such phrases as 'this fable teaches,' originated in collections of fables without context, and therein mainly through confusion with the promythium, the purpose of which, as a prefatory statement of the fable's meaning and potential use, was not to explain but only to classify. The fable collection was originally a work of reference. ...." (B. E. Perry, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972]); (f) "[FAIRY TALE]. Rising from folk tales and gathered legends from the orient (The 1,001 Nights) or the native land, the fairy tale was given its modern form in three centuries.

In Fr[ance] the conte bleu of Chas. Perrault (1628-1703), pub. 1696-97; in G[ermany] the Kinder and Haus-Märchen of the brothers Grimm (philologists: Wilhelm, 1786-1859; Jacob, 1785-1863, Deutsche Grammatik, 'Grimm's law' of consonantal shift); in Denm[ark] Hans Christian Andersen (1805-75), Eventyr, 1835, and successive Christmas seasons. The fairy tale's miracles occur on the material plane; on the spiritual plane (affections; characters; justice, love) law abides: Prince Charming, changed to a bird, flies to his love and sings to her. In the fable, a shrewd or practical realism reigns: the cheese drops, the fox cannot reach the grapes, persuasion is better than force: the best policy reaps its reward. In the fairy tale, the youngest son, the ugly duckling, the Cinderella, submits patiently until Heaven (in the shape of the fairy godmother) stoops to virtue's aid. Fairyland is the happy hunting ground of children; the fable warns them they must grow in the real world." (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972]; see my note 12 for a reference to J. Grimm); (g) "[PARABLE]. The three most common of the short moralistic literary types, allegory, parable, and fable, are often distinguished but vaguely if at all. A parable is a short narrative, whereof the characters are usually human beings; the incident has little point without the moral, which is always closely attached. In the fable the characters are animals or plants or even inanimate objects, but the incident is self-sufficient without the moral; in the allegory the names of the participants are abstract qualities, and the application is always evident. The best examples of parables are those of Jesus in the New Testament. ...." (William R. Jones, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972]); (h) "[ALLEGORY] (Gr., to speak other). Rh. A trope in which a second meaning is to be read beneath and concurrently with the surface story. Distinguished from metaphor and parable as an extended story that may hold interest for the surface tale (The Faerie Queene; Pilgrim's Progress; Idylls of the King) as well as for the (usually ethical) meaning borne along. A mixed allegory is one that explains the buried thought." (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972]). (With regard to Hawthorne's political ouster on June 8, 1849, and his inner "compulsion" to begin The Scarlet Letter not later than "early September" --see James R. Mellow's Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times [Boston: Houghton, 1980], pp. 294 and 303, w. notes, p. 631; on a variant dropped head w. gape--see my note 15[d,i]--cf. J. Hawthorne's recollections of head-emphasis in oral reading, sect. 1 of my text; on names, magic, divination--see my notes 16[a], 17[c]; on compositional self-discovery--see 17[b,vii]. But especially note Hawthorne's own memos on composition, dated Oct. 25, 1835; e.g.: "To have one event operate in several places, --as for example, if a man's head were to be cut off in one town, men's heads to drop off in several towns."; "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate,--he having made himself one of the personages."--in The American Notebooks, Vol. 8 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 16.)

<sup>10</sup>Biographical commentary by Jean Normand suggests (a) the familial-historical factors conducive to an extra-ordinary preoccupation with name, action, and speaking, and (b) early medical factors conducive to a compensatory motor-projection of self onto name; a series of passages from auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Hawthorne suggests (c, i-v) the dynamic resurrection of inscribed, hostile linguistic characters and (d, i-ii) a counterstand by Hawthorne, with mouth-subsumption of hostile implements, for purposes of effecting concrete and ethereal literary transformations that roam and satiate his private residual need for power (a moral claim): (a) "Nathaniel Hawthorne belonged to that aristocracy of American New Englanders who had ancestors .... . . . William Hathorne,[] ... disembarked in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630, the same year as John Winthrop.[] A soldier, a magistrate, and a great clearer of forests, he made war against the Algonquin tribes, conquered the wilderness, and laid the foundations of the colony's theocratic society. He was one of that race of intolerant Puritans who meant to remain masters, after God, of the land they had chosen. .... Born on July 4, under the sign of Independence, Nathaniel was almost bound to dedicate a cult to the memory of such an ancestor. William Hathorne's name, however, can also be construed as a synonym for persecution. For the great early Puritans ..., the ideal of 'purity' went hand in hand with political and religious 'purging,' even if the purging had to be carried out by fire and sword.[] William Hathorne's 'pitiless severity' toward the Quakers is still famous.[] His son, Judge John Hathorne, flourished at the period when New England was 'purging' itself in Salem by hanging and burning its witches. Later, the Hathornes slipped from positions of high office into oblivion. Was this the result of a curse hurled upon them by a witch from the scaffold, as ancestral tradition had it? Hawthorne himself claimed to believe this legend, and, perhaps, obscurely, he really did. .... In 1808, Captain [Nathaniel] Hathorne died of yellow fever in Dutch Guiana. His brother Daniel having been wrecked in 1805, the Hathornes disappeared from the seafaring world and ceased to belong to the Salem aristocracy. They were left with no heritage but the family curse and a future with little promise of glory. / For Nathaniel, the curse manifested itself in the first place as the void left within him by the memory of a mysterious friend once glimpsed by chance during a ship's call, and whose insufficiently defined image would never enable him to represent to himself in any satisfactory fashion the father, the protector he was always to lack. He piously preserved a logbook kept by this vanished figure during a voyage to the Far East, a sort of testament bequeathing to the boy a nostalgia for the sea, for travels, and for those exotic paradises with their strange blooms that Puritanism had laid beneath its ban. This small black book, whose nautical expressions became so many incantatory formulas which the boy repeated to himself aloud and copied out in the margins,[] with which he intoxicated himself so deeply that he even spoke of sailing away and never coming home,[] thus betraying his obscure desire to identify himself with the dead man, this little handwritten volume is a symbol, doubtless unrecognized by the future writer but nevertheless real, of his profound vocation. By seeking a

talisman in those rhythmically repeated and copied words he was already, even at that age, unwittingly enclosing the actually experienced adventure within the magic circle of the library."; (b) "It was during the year 1813 that the accident happened. One day, in the school playground, while playing a sort of baseball called at that time 'bat and ball,' he hurt his foot. The causes of the accident still remain unexplained. 'There was no visible wound,' Elizabeth [Manning] writes, [] 'but after a while his foot stopped growing like the other.' All sorts of empirical remedies were tried.... Polio perhaps? Yet he was to display uncommon agility as an adolescent. Whatever it was, however, this illness was to have a profound and lasting effect on him. The original accident occurred at an age when children undergo a physiological revolution. But in Nathaniel it was the psychological revolution that was to prove infinitely more important. This dramatic halt forced upon a life still scarcely begun, this total idleness imposed upon an individuality still in formation, was heavy with consequences, with threats and promises. Those three years spent living an abnormal life were to lead to the abnormal development of a single dominant faculty [i.e., the literary imagination]. / For months, the limits of Nathaniel's life were those of the Manning house. His walks consisted of no more than a few steps on crutches in the garden next to that of the old house now standing empty on Union Street. Most of his time was spent lying down, reading, and immersed in endless daydreams. ...." (Jean Normand, Nathaniel Hawthorne: An Approach to an Analysis of Artistic Creation [1964], tr. Derek Coltman [Cleveland and London: Press of Case Western Reserve U., 1970], pp. 406 and pp. 8-9); (c,i) "In the old burial-ground, Charter Street, a slate gravestone, carved round the borders, to the memory of 'Colonel John Hathorne, Esq.,' who died in 1717. This was the witch-judge. .... There, too, is the grave of Nathaniel Mather, the younger brother of Cotton, and mentioned in the *Magnalia* as a hard student, and of great promise. .... It affected me deeply, when I had cleared away the grass from the half-buried stone, and read the name. An apple-tree or two hang over these old graves, and throw down the blighted fruit on Nathaniel Mather's grave,--he blighted too. ...."; (c,ii) "To represent the influence which Dead Men have among living affairs;--for instance, a Dead Man controls the disposition of wealth; a Dead Man sits on the judgment-seat, and the living judges do but repeat his decisions; Dead Men's opinions in all things control the living truth; we believe in Dead Men's religion; we laugh at Dead Men's jokes; we cry at Dead Men's pathos; everywhere and in all matters, Dead Men tyrannize inexorably over us."; (c,iii) "To personify If--But--And--Though--&c."; (c,iv) "Letters in the shape of figures of men, &c. At a distance, the words composed by the letters are alone distinguishable. Close at hand, the figures alone are seen, and not distinguished as letters. Thus things may have a positive, a relative, and a composite meaning, according to the point of view."; (c,v) ".... A little, black, dirty vessel. The coal stowed in the hold, so as to fill the schooner full, and make her a solid mass of black mineral. The master, Best, a likely young man; his mate a fellow jabbering in some strange gibberish, English I believe--or nearer that than anything else--but gushing out

all together--whole sentences confounded into one long, unintelligible word. Irishmen shoveling the coal into the two Custom House tubs, to be craned out of the hold, and others wheeling it away in barrows, to be laden into wagons. ...."; (d,i) "[That first ancestor] was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritan traits, both good and evil. He was likewise a bitter persecutor .... His son, too, inherited the persecuting spirit, and made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of the witches, that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him. .... I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent, and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties; or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them--as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist--may be now and henceforth removed."; (d,ii) "When a writer calls his work a Romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself to assume, had he professed to be writing a Novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former ... has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation. .... He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and, especially, to mingle the Marvellous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the Public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime, even if he disregard this caution. / .... / Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose, at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient, in this particular, the Author has provided himself with a moral;--namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief .... When romances do really teach anything, or produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. The Author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral, as with an iron rod, or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly--thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. .... / .... He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house, of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air. The personages of the Tale--though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence--are really of the Author's own making, or, at all events, of his own mixing .... ... the book may be read strictly as a Romance, having a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead, than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex." (Hawthorne:

The American Notebooks [1838, 1844-45, 1842-44, 1839, 1839], Vol. 8 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 172-3, 252, 242, 183, 187; and: "The Custom-House" [1850], Vol. 1 of The Centenary Edition [1962], 9-10; "Preface," The House of the Seven Gables [1851], Vol. 2 of The Centenary Edition [1965], 1-3). (See also my notes 16[b,ii-iii]; and 5[c], 14, 15[a], 17[c,iv].)

<sup>11</sup>J. Donald Crowley offers (a) a present-day historical commentary on Hawthorne's use of pseudonyms and the actualities of his emergence as publishing author; Horatio Bridge provides (b) personal recollections of Hawthorne, in contexts of conversation about fortune and fortune-courting changes of name; and Claude M. Simpson, ed., gives (c) a present-day resume of Hawthorne's use of a pseudonym--a French aspect of name, addressed to the receptive ear-lobe, or "open pinna," and suggestive of mouth-and-mind-undoing air-leaps from the lips: (a) "In 'THE SPECTATOR,' a weekly newspaper Nathaniel Hawthorne edited for his family in 1820 when he was sixteen years old, he hand-lettered an advertisement saying that he proposed 'to publish by Subscription a NEW EDITION of the MISERIES OF AUTHORS, to which will be added a SEQUEL, containing FACTS and REMARKS drawn from his own experience.'[] The playful statement looks forward almost prophetically to Hawthorne's arduous initiation as a writer of short fiction. The miseries of authorship he came to know first-hand, and the acquaintance began long before and persisted far after he had, in the 1837 Twice-told Tales, modestly succeeded in his efforts 'to open an intercourse with the world.'[] In the ten or twelve years prior to 1837 Hawthorne, determined from the start to publish in book form, planned three collections of short fiction--'Seven Tales of My Native Land,' 'Provincial Tales,' and 'The Story Teller'--none of which came to realization.[] By the end of this period he had instead separately published, anonymously or under a variety of signatures, over forty tales and sketches in newspapers, magazines, and gift-book annuals. / Little is known about just when Hawthorne began to write tales and sketches and what the conception and makeup of his first projected collections were. .... / .... / Given the opportunity at last to publish a volume under his own name, Hawthorne not only took great care in selecting 'such articles as seemed best worth offering to the public a second time,'[] but also made many thoughtful revisions in preparing printer's copy. .... / .... / Twice-told Tales was published on March 6, 1837.[] .... / The reviews ... were almost without criticism and full of enthusiastic praise. .... / .... / Shortly after publication of the volume Hawthorne apparently expressed [to Horatio Bridge] fears that the notices were not sufficiently receptive .... The brief pair of sentences in the Boston Courier for March 9 may have upset as well as amused Hawthorne: "'Twice-Told Tales' is the title of a beautiful duodecimo just published by the American Stationers' Company. It is the production of 'Nathaniel Hawthorne'--whether true or fictitious name, we know not--probably the latter.'[] Seen in the context of an aesthetic that defined 'higher fiction' as personal spiritual autobiography addressed intimately to a large audience, the notice dramatizes the crucial meaning that the long years of anonymous magazine publication

had for Hawthorne. .... / The effects of Hawthorne's art of his having published a collection of fiction seem at best mixed. He was beginning to shed anonymity--many of his new pieces were identified as his either as author of his collection or by his signature. Yet writing for periodicals continued to be unremunerative and unsatisfying. If, despite disappointing sales of the volume, he was stimulated enough within the next two years to publish twenty-two tales and sketches, many of them seem to suffer a diminution of imaginative power.[] .... /

.... 'The Three-fold Destiny,' the last tale Park Benjamin was to publish for Hawthorne [i.e., in the time since 1836], appeared in the American Monthly, March, 1838, under the pseudonym of 'Ashley Allen Royce.' .... / Other than [the] children's books [Grandfather's Chair, Famous Old People, Liberty Tree, and Biographical Stories for Children], Hawthorne published only one new tale between January, 1839 and May, 1842--'John Inglefield's Thanksgiving,' in the Democratic Review for March, 1840, under the pseudonym 'Rev. A. A. Royce.'[] These were the years of his courtship [of Sophia A. Peabody], when his literary productivity was at its ebb. If the books for children bespeak a general winding down of his most serious artistic energies, they are also among the projects whose purpose was to make his marriage economically feasible. .... / .... / Sales of the new edition [two-volume second edition of Twice-told Tales, 1842] were even less satisfactory than the 1837 volume's had been. .... By the spring of 1844, Hawthorne was considering the suggestion of O'Sullivan that the remaining copies be bought up for reissue in a false edition. .... Hawthorne concluded [in a letter to Hillard] by venting his frustration: 'I wish Heaven would make me rich enough to buy the copies for the purpose of burning them. This humbug of a new edition is not pleasant to my feelings. ....' .... / .... Poe introduced Hawthorne's name to the large subscription list of Graham's Magazine with two reviews in quick succession [1842]. / But Hawthorne's problem lay in those 'discerning minds' that Longfellow spoke of. There were so few of them. .... [A]llusions to the enormous popularity of Dickens [by Duyckinck and Orestes Brownson] failed to arouse a wider audience, and gradually the stage was set for Poe, in a reversal of his earlier opinion, to pronounce that 'if Mr. Hawthorne were really original, he could not fail of Making himself felt by the public. But the fact is, he is not original in any sense.'[] As Hawthorne recorded in his 1851 preface [to the Twice-told Tales], he could not regard himself at this period 'as addressing the American Public, or, indeed, any Public at all. He was merely writing to his known or unknown friends.' / Most of the reviews --Poe's are the exception--were still devoted to defining the quality of Hawthorne's mind and measuring him in terms of a literature of sensibility. His humor and his pathos were invariably mentioned. But beneath all the praise was a steady undercurrent of references to what eventually was regretted as Hawthorne's lack of range. .... / [T]he question of monotony [or monotone] grew into a major point of contention and finally received its classical expression in Poe's November 1847 review. Seeing an abominable 'strain of allegory' as its cause, Poe felt he had solved the riddle of Hawthorne's lack of popularity: 'The "peculiarity," and



without reference to what is the peculiarity, suffice to deprive him of all chance of popular appreciation.' Poe's reviews had added a significant dimension to Hawthorne criticism in that they were based on formalistic concerns rather than moralistic or rhetorical considerations. ...." (J. Donald Crowley, "Historical Commentary," Vol. 9 of The Centenary Edition [1974], 485-6, 503-6, 512-17 [incl. n. 57], 524-26, 528-31); (b) "Another of our favorite strolls was in a sparsely settled street by the riverside [the Androscoggin River]. There, after tea, Hawthorne and I often walked, silent or conversing, according to the humor of the hour. These rambles sometimes ended at the unpainted cottage of an old fortune teller who, from the tea-leaves in a cracked cup or from a soiled pack of cards, evoked our respective destinies. She always gave us brilliant futures, in which the most attractive of the promised gifts were abundance of gold and great wealth of wives [for a small silver coin. ....] I always foretold his success if he should choose literature as a profession. He listened without assenting, but, as he told me long afterwards, he was cheered and strengthened in his subsequent career by my enthusiastic faith in his literary powers. [...] The professors and students all acknowledged his superiority in Latin and English composition, yet to me he insisted that he could never bring himself into accord with the general reading public, nor make himself sufficiently understood by it to gain anything more than a beggarly support as an author. It was this distrust of being rightfully appreciated that, for so many years, prevented him from taking that rank among the foremost writers of America which scholars and critics now concede to him. [...] Also:] In a letter of Miss Peabody ... it is stated that 'his classmates called Hawthorne "Oberon the Fairy" on account of his beauty, and because he improvised tales.' It seems a pity to spoil so poetic a fancy; but if truthful narrative is required, the cold facts are these: In reality the pseudonym of 'Oberon' was not given to him by his classmates or by any one else while in college, but was assumed by him at a late date and in this wise. Soon after graduation we agreed to correspond regularly at stated periods, and we selected new signatures for our letters. Hawthorne chose that of 'Oberon' (which he afterwards used for some of his magazine articles), while I took the more prosaic one of 'Edward.' [...] While in college and for some years afterwards he spelled his name without the w. On first seeing the improved signature, I wrote him that it was suggestive of a fat legacy, to which he replied that he had been blessed with no such luck, though he would gladly take every letter in the alphabet for a thousand dollars each. He added that, in tracing the genealogy of his family, he had found that some of his ancestors used the w, and he had merely assumed it. [...] Later, he sometimes took the signature of 'L'Aubépine' ...." (Horatio Bridge, Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne [New York: Harper, 1893], pp. 14-15 and pp. 49-50); (c) "[M. de L'Aubépine] In at least a half-dozen letters to Sophia Peabody (Love Letters, I, 190, 214, 240; II, 61, 68, 100) NH signed the 'frenchified' form of his name given him by Schaeffer [teacher of French, in July 1837], and thrice expanded it to Theodore de L'Aubépine. A jeu d'esprit preceding 'Rappaccini's Daughter' is headed 'Writings of

Aubépine. By Nathaniel Hawthorne' in the Democratic Review, XV (Dec. 1844), 545; in the 1854 edition of [Mosses from an Old Manse] (but not in 1846) the tale is subtitled "From the writings of Aubépine." (Claude M. Simpson, ed. "Explanatory Notes: 46.18," The American Notebooks, Vol. 8 of The Centenary Edition [1972]). (See my note 18 for a further discussion of Hawthorne's pseudonyms; see note 14[c,iii,end] for more on Hawthorne and Bridge; see 9[c], 15, 16[b,iv], 17[a,iii], 17[c,i] for the magic of letters and "monotones," incl. Poe's use.

<sup>12</sup>For Paget, in other words, the strategy which serves to accommodate with comfort his apperceptions of botanical form--its line, amplitude, and differentiation--serves to produce what is perhaps essentially a consonantal set of defining values. Even as he proceeds to offer comparative proof for the universality of two of his synthetic lexical particles, Paget continues to remark on what may be essentially the base power of the strategy: the consonant gesture as deep-motor value, strongly demarking because "produced by the total or partial closure and release of the mouth" (Paget, p. 100). Cf. a historically earlier discussion of the powers of the consonant, esp. in lexical process (by Charles Kraitsir, in Glossology: Being a Treatise on the Nature of Language and on the Language of Nature [New York: Putnam, 1852], pp. 67-71 and pp. 151-55; Kraitsir's relationship to Hawthorne himself is assessed in Chapters II [notes] and IV of my study--to J. Grimm as well [see my note 9(f)]; Kraitsir's consonant-specific use of the notion "germ" has echoes in Hawthorne [see 14]): "All speech sounds are divided into two classes, viz. Vowels and Consonants. This division is made by a mental analysis (unloosening) of the natural tie, which connects the sounds into a really undivided unity. .... / When the parts of the mouth do not touch one another, but are only more or less contracted, thus modifying the tube through which the voice issues from the larynx into the atmosphere, either by the lower passage of the mouth, or by the upper of the nose;--we produce Vowels ([phōnōenta, i.e., stoicheia], elements [Gr.]). / When the parts of the mouth do touch one another, more or less, so that the current of the expired air is either entirely interrupted or allowed to escape through a small aperture; --we utter articulated sounds, which are commonly called Consonants ([symphōna]). The parts of the mouth, which thus modify the voice into decidedly organic sounds, are the organs of speech, in a strict sense. .... / .... / All speech sounds are called articulate by some writers. But it is preferable to restrict this appellation to the so-called consonants, and to distinguish the vowels by the epithet musical. For, the latter can be produced by musical instruments .... ... articulate may go with organic, and both may be more strictly applied to the consonants; in whose production the limbs of the machine, by which speech is wrought, are more active than they are in the modification of the voice into specific vowels. / .... / ... the Vowels are not significant of clear conceptions .... They are, nevertheless, a necessary part of language. Without their concurrence no consonant could be audibly uttered, still less conveyed to a distance required by the ends of speech. They are, so to say, the cellular tissue of

language, the potential element of the genesis of the consonants themselves. .... / .... / Vowels have the greatest affinity with the guttural consonants [e.g., h, g, k]. [... Also:] Now; what are [words] in reality? .... Let us scrutinize (apply a screw=search) them. / .... / Straight is a super-compound of the germs [or elements] st, r, g, t. It is, at the same time, a sort of contradictor to itself, an emblem of stability and mobility, of connexion and separation. How? Thus. St denotes want of movement, constancy, here not an absolute stop, but a constant reach-ing. R betokens movement from the starting point g, i.e., extension to the tip of the tongue, which rattles it, from the root of the tongue .... We have thus an image of a real line, or leng-th or reach, range, rack, L. reg-o, di-rig-o. This righ-t is rendered st-able or con-stant, by the prefix st. But what is the final -t? Nothing but the formative or grammatic function of supin-ifying (allow the word to pass!) or tripping up of the running streak or stretch, into the grammatic turtle (tortoise, L. testudo) yclept supinum, and participium, gerundium. In other words the living, running verb (through modes, tenses, numbers, persons) is, so to say, thrown on its back, and ceases to run as a verb; since it becomes what is called a noun. Hence straight is a participle past of the two verbs sto and reg-o, soldered together (just as L. volupt-as=vol+opto; fatigo=facio and ago, and great many others). It would be too prolix to give all specialties of this so-called adjective. .... / .... / Spin and spend=ecs-pan-do. S out; pan, o-pen, related to L. par-eo, a-per-io; and formative -d. The lip-germ p, b, f, v, m, in general is the token of move-ment, life; as such co-significative with the tongue-germ l, r (see Field); modified, like all other germs, by vowels [,] it furnishes the roots pa, pe, pi, po, pu, and so fa, fe, etc.; expanded by the anusvāra [continuant nasal sound occurring after vowels, Skr.], it gives the roots pan, pen, pin, etc.; allied with other germs, the roots pel, per, pet, peg, etc. Unleaded brains, undeafened ears, unstiffened mouths! please to spin out further developments: be spiders of the psychic pound given you by God, and keep it not laid up in a napkin (St. Luke xix.20). S-pi-d-er=ecs-pan-s-or. / ...." Cf. a very recent discussion of the powers of the consonant (by Roman Jakobson and Linda Waugh, in "Quest for the Ultimate Constituents," The Sound Shape of Language [Bloomington and London: Indiana Univ. Press, 1979], pp. 85-86); the discussion indicates preference for auditory neurological explanation of consonant-demarkativity (i.e., over motor neurological)--a position challenged by other recent researchers (e.g., P. Ladefoged [1967]--see my Chapter IV, End Notes.16): "The traditional etymology of the Sanskrit name for consonant, vyañjana, as 'revelative' seems to carry the 'suggestion that the consonants rather than the vowels are responsible for the differentiation of meanings' ([W. S. Allen, Phonetics in Ancient India (London, 1953), p. 81]). And in fact the higher informativeness of consonants is a widespread phenomenon which finds expression in those alphabetic systems limited to signs for consonants only. In children's language the sense-discriminative role of consonants as a rule antedates that of vowels (i.e., oppositions within the consonantal system appear before those in the vocalic system). The primarily consonantal encoding

of meanings, far from being confined to such extreme cases as the Caucasian Ubykh language with its two- or three-vowel phonemes and nearly eighty consonantal ones (see [H. Vogt, Dictionnaire ... (Oslo, 1963), pp. 13 ff.]), shows up also in English. It is noteworthy that the authorities of acoustic laboratories in the United States were ready to disclose the images of vowels in the 'visible speech equipment,' whereas those of consonants were concealed until the end of World War II in order to hinder the deciphering of secret messages. Yet it is precisely the rich and semantically revealing class of consonants which still provokes complaints from acousticians because of the difficulty of determining the common essence of the consonantal feature. The attempt by Hugo Pipping (1864-1944) to define the common denominator of the consonantal phonemes still remains the most realistic. According to him, 'all consonants carry a noise element. In fricatives it is inherent in the continuant noise, in nasal stops and laterals it is contained in the temporal contrast between sound segments with different excitation patterns along the basilar membrane. The sudden transition has the effect of a step excitation of the peripheral receptors which in turn is associated with a specific auditory quality.' (See [H. Pipping, Inledning till studiet av de nordiska sprakens ljudlära (Helsinki, 1922)]; cf. [G. Fant, "Auditory Patterns of Speech," Proceedings of the Symposium on Models for the Perception of Speech and Visual Form (Cambridge, Mass., 1967), pp. 111-25].) / ...."

13. Stylistic-formal, or structural, notions (see 17[b,v-vi]) which may not be out of harmony with Hawthorne's declared "consonance" are (a) HAW as illusory seed-fruit, (b) ALPHABET of consonants as SONG-scale of woodsman, (c) Twice-told Tales as collection of TONGUE TWISTERS, or of articulatively correct tallies of growth, (d,i-iv) RHYME, RHYTHM, METER, ACCENT as consonant-constrained principles of phrase-extension; (e) REPETITION as universal, deep-structural principle of a poetic of name re-building: (a) "HAW. This name for the fruit of the haw-thorn arose from the supposition that haw-thorn was the plant that bears haws, whereas its name really implies the thorn which grows in the haw, hay, or hedge, A. Sax. haga, hege, Ger. Hage ... They are provincially known as hagues or haigs." (Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, Folk-Etymology: A Dictionary of Verbal Corruptions or Words Perverted in Form or Meaning, by False Derivation or Mistaken Analogy [London: Bell, 1882]); (b) "[ALPHABET SONG] An occupational song of sailors, giving the names of the parts of a ship in abecedarian order, and forming a sort of catechism for the greenhorn. This is an example of an ancient type of song outlining facts or principles to be memorized, a similar one being sung by woodsmen of the northeastern United States to the same air, cataloging the tools and tricks of the logger's trade." (Maria Leach, ed., Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend, in two vols. [New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1949-50]); (c) "[TONGUE TWISTERS] Tongue tanglers would be a better term for accurate description of these tricky sentences which are so popular a part of folklore, particularly in America. The tongue twister proper is not merely an amusing sentence in which all words begin with the same letter, as many seem to think. It may be a

sentence or stanza, a whole poem or only a word, but it must be difficult to repeat aloud rapidly several times because the succession of initial consonants or consonantal combinations is suddenly slightly varied to trip and tangle unwary tongues. In the southern states they are aptly called 'cramp words.' / .... / An anonymous New Yorker said that frequently those who are given auditions for the stage must repeat: / Three gray geese in the green grass grazing; / Gray were the geese and green was the grazing, / and a Metropolitan Opera star told me rather acidly that tongue twisters might be a plaything and a joke to me but they were literally a pain in the neck to her, as they were a monotonous requisite of her daily practice grind. / .... / These 'cures' of big mouths, stuttering, and lisping habits by repetition of tongue twisters may be good medical practice, or perhaps psychotherapeutic, but they should be at least studied by folklorists. Purely as oral tradition rimes they are folklore, of course, but when they are said to work cures, they verge on the mantric as well and are doubly interesting. / Certain twisters are even dangerous, they say. A California woman claims that when she repeats: / Ninety-nine nuns ran ninety-nine miles in Nineveh, / lingering on the nasal N sounds, her dog always promptly bites her. She says that she doesn't know whether it is his sensitive ears that are offended, or his sense of propriety. So it is best to be careful, at least in canine company, about intoning: / Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nuts, / or that other one, related to Peter Piper: / Needy Noddle nipped his neighbor's nutmegs. [See 17(a,iii).] / .... / Candidates for broadcasting positions at one of our American studios are examined on their ability to say: / The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us. / .... / Song-writers and limerick-makers have scratched the surface of this material .... Before they change and exploit them beyond recognition, we should diligently collect and preserve the best of these old twisters and tongue-tangling rimes." (Charles F. Potter, in Stand. Dict. of Folk., Mythol., and Leg., ed. Leach [1949-50], pp. 1117a, 1118a-8b, 1119b); (d,i) "[RHYME; RIME. Technique.] .... Rhyme may signify any or all of the specific types of sound correspondences in the language, though many have special designations of their own. / Head, beginning, or initial rhyme ... or alliteration occurs when one or more syllables of different words begin either with consonant sounds or with vowel sounds felt to be identical, e.g., Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. / Assonance occurs when the vowel sounds of one or more syllables of different words are felt to be identical, but the adjacent consonants are different, e.g., road, home, cold. / Consonance occurs when the consonant sounds following the vowels of one or more syllables of different words are felt to be identical, but the vowels are different. The consonant sounds preceding the vowels may be but are not different. The consonant sounds preceding the vowels may be but are not necessarily the same, e.g., road, bed, bid, rood; wild, weld, bald, cold. / Pararhyme is that in which the consonants coincide before and after different vowels, as (Wilfred Owen) falling-feeling, escaped-scooped. / Rime riche (Fr. ...), rich rhyme, perfect or identical or echo rhyme occurs when the sounds of one or more syllables of different words are felt to be the

same both in vowels and in adjacent consonants, but the meanings are different, e.g., rain, rein, reign; raid, arrayed; mistaken, taken. /

.... / Deliberate sound correspondence has appeared occasionally in prose, in the Gr. decline; in marinism, euphuism; polyphonic prose. Numerous frozen phrases are characterized by alliteration (purse-proud, sink or swim), by rhyme (might is right, helter-skelter), or by comparable organizations of sounds (ods bodkins, pitter-patter, punch drunk). ...." (Thomas W. Herbert, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972], pp. 345b-6b); (d,ii) "[RHYTHM] in language is the natural 'swing,' or irregular alternation of some quantitative difference (stress, duration, pitch) that accompanies all flow of meaningful sound. As emotion is manifested, the rhythm tends to grow more pronounced; the contrasts become more noticeably accentuated or more regular in their recurrence, tending toward meter ...." (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972]); (d,iii) "METER (Gr. metron, measure). The recurrence of a rhythmic pattern within the line, and in corresponding lines, of a poem. Impassioned speech tends to be metrical. All continuous activity tends to assume a regular rhythm, an alternation of effort and relaxing--the intent or effect of which is to render the action more mechanical, thus to postpone fatigue. Similarly, meter may (Coleridge; Yeats) lull the mind into 'a waking trance.' It may also serve as a frame, to provide psychic distance: (J. M. Murry) "There is a background of metrical sameness separating us like a curtain from the practical world; there is a richness of rhythmical variation to make the world in which we are, worthy of attention.' Thus lulled into the poem's mood, our sensitivity to the poet's ideas and images is increased. / Meter may either flow with the meaning, or by its movement challenge the sense. .... / Meter and metrical form have been used to refer both to the foot-pattern and to the line of so many feet; usually, to the simple unit of the foot, composed of a certain number of syllables in a given order. The line is then described as a given number of feet of a specific pattern, the stanza as a given number of lines of uniform or varying length. / ...." (A. R. Morris, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972], pp. 270a-71a); (d,iv) "[ACCENT]. Pros. The stress placed upon certain syllables of a line as opposed to its lack on other, unaccented syllables; the metrical basis of accentual verse as opposed to that based on quantity ..., syllable-counting, or other device. In Gr. verse 'arsis' meant the raising of the foot in marking time, at the first syllable of a metrical foot; 'thesis' meant the lowering at a sequent (and presumably stressed) syllable. In L. usage, the raising and lowering of the voice; hence 'arsis' came to indicate the stressed, 'thesis' the unstressed, part of the metrical foot; this sense is preserved in modern usage. The stress itself is called 'ictus'; often this metrical ictus does not correspond with the normal word-accent. This lack of accord was a bugbear with the Eliz[abethan] poets .... In addition to (1) word accent and (2) metrical accent, (3) rhetorical accent may be a factor in pronunciation, as determined by intention. Thus 'We have` our work done' means we secure some one to do it; 'We have our work done`' means it is completed. W. S. Gilbert (Patience) accents 4 different words in as many uses of the line 'He was a little boy.' Within a word, the syllable most heavily stressed

receives the 'tonic accent' (Fr. accent tonique); 'atonic' syllables are unstressed. ...." (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972]); (e) "REPETITION. (1) In the sense of an aroused expectancy that must be echoed in its satisfaction, repetition has been deemed a basic principle of art. Linked with variation, it exemplifies in the material of the work what is commonly sought as unity with variety in the spirit. (2) In poetry, esp., as a recurrence of rhythmic flow or pattern of sound, it is a most frequent aspect of verse. Meter, rhyme, alliteration, assonance, consonance, the stanza or strophe itself, are all based upon repetition; refrains, repetends, are common, esp. in popular verse: / Hot cross buns, Hot cross buns, / One a penny, two a penny, / Hot cross buns. / .... / Repetition as a device in prose is endlessly fertile, and of course still employed. Pearl Buck (The Good Earth, ch. 19) begins 4 clauses in 1 sentence: 'He had suffered; begins and ends a paragraph: 'If one had told him, he would not have believed it.' It was in despair at the ubiquity of repetition that the cry burst out: 'There's nothing new under the sun!'" (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972], pp. 338b, 339b-40a). (On the idea of the transcending tree, see also my notes 9[a], 14[b,c]; on "the mantric" and "the repetitive" see note 15; on invention see note 17[b,vii]; on the musical implications of "signature" see note 17[c,i]. Cf. Paget on rhyme-rhythm: "... Every time we speak or sing a rhyme, our tongue and lips necessarily repeat the postures which produced the sound on which the rhyme is formed. Poetry, from this point of view, is the art of pantomimic dancing, performed with our tongue and lips ...." [Paget, p. 202].

<sup>14</sup> Roy Harvey Pearce's commentary on the reception of Fanshawe in 1828 is (a) an instance of a present-day assessment which virtually mirrors the magic mechanics of Hawthorne's name--breaking itself up, rebuilding itself as an experimental anagrammatic novel (cf. Pearce in my note 9[d]); seven passages from auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Hawthorne constitute (b,c) an assessment which actually mirrors (b,i-iv) a chain of perfecting causes, regressing to a secret locus within and (c,i-iii) a set of derivative speeches--on structural concord by means of nominal annihilation--grown from a reptilian pronouncing within: (a) "Fanshawe thus was on the whole cordially received--but by gift-book ladies like Mrs. [Sarah J.] Hale [editor of Ladies' Magazine]. Indeed, the cordial reviewers together 'placed' the book with some exactitude--as did the bored Mr. [Joseph] Buckingham [editor of New England Galaxy]. It was a conventionally compounded narrative, with appropriate echoes of Scott and the Gothic romancers, 'comical' interludes, conventional hyperbolic passages on 'nature,' and the sort of plot in which everything and everyone at the end assumed a proper place in the American scheme of things. Harley College represents Bowdoin [Hawthorne's school], and the rusticity of the scene is of a piece with the rusticity of the minor characters. Against the scene and minor characters are placed the benign college president, Dr. Melmoth; his beautiful ward, Ellen Langton; and her two suitors--Edward Walcott, quintessentially the extrovert, and Fanshawe, quintessentially the introvert. (Is there an echo of Hawthorne's own name in "Fanshawe"?) The problem is to bring Ellen and

Fanshawe together and yet keep them apart, for it will not do to let a youth like Fanshawe, so anomalous in American society, win Ellen. The conventions of popular American fiction in the 1820's demanded that the man of deep thought and imagination be given his due but not his woman. The problem is solved by bringing in a villain (all the more deliciously villainous by virtue of the sentimental scene at his dying mother's bedside) who kidnaps Ellen, hoping thereby to secure her fortune, removes her to a mysterious cave, and seems to be threatening to rape her. Walcott is off in hot pursuit of the pair; but it is Fanshawe who saves her and witnesses the villain's accidental death. She offers her hand to him; but he knows he must decline it. Having done so, he returns to the life of study which is to hasten his death, while at the end Walcott marries Ellen, and life goes on as unterribly as so many of his contemporaries insisted it had to in America. / One can argue that Fanshawe, crude as it is, does contain the germ of much of Hawthorne's later works.[] But, in view of Hawthorne's unhappiness over the book, it is important to observe how insisntently Fanshawe is of a piece with the sort of fiction written by that 'd--d mob of scribbling women' (Mrs. Hale was one of them) whose work later so infuriated him. For all its forced, wild inventiveness, it exhibits an incapacity to take the imaginative seriously, a defect which characterizes much popular fiction of the time.[] ...." (Pearce, "Introduction," Fanshawe, in Vol. 3 of The Centenary Edition [1964], 305-6); (b,i) Man's finest workmanship, the closer you observe it, the more imperfections it shows; as in a piece of polished steel a microscope will discover a rough surface. Whereas, what may look coarse and rough in Nature's workmanship will show an infinitely minute perfection, the closer you look into it. The reason of the minute superiority of Nature's work over man's is, that the former works from the innermost germ, while the latter works merely superficially." (b,ii) "The cawing of the crow resounds among the woods, at this season. A centinel is aware of your approach a great way off, and gives the alarm to his comrades loud and eagerly--Caw--caw--caw--. Immediately, the whole conclave replies in the same word; and you behold them rising above the trees, flapping darkly, and winging their way to deeper solitudes. Sometimes, however, they remain on a tree till you come near enough to discern their sable gravity of aspect, each occupying a separate bough, or perhaps the blasted tip-top of a pine tree. As you approach, one after another, with loud cawing, flaps his wings and throws himself upon the air."; (b,iii) "Language--human language--after all, is but little better than the croak and cackle of fowls, and other utterances of brute nature; sometimes not so adequate."; (b,iv) "A fairy tale about chasing Echo to her hiding-place. Echo is the voice of a reflection in a mirror." (Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [1837, 1841, 1850, 1837], Vol. 8 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 157-58, 214, 294, 166); (c,i) "THERE is no remoteness of life and thought, no hermetically sealed seclusion, except, possibly, that of the grave, into which the disturbing influences of this war do not penetrate. Of course, the general heart-quake of the country long ago knocked at my cottage door, and compelled me, reluctantly, to suspend the contemplation of certain fantasies, to which, according to my harmless custom, I was endeavoring to give a



sufficiently lifelike aspect to admit of their figuring in a romance. As I make no pretensions to statecraft or soldiership, and could promote the common weal neither by valor nor counsel, it seemed, at first, a pity that I should be debarred from such unsubstantial business as I had contrived for myself, since nothing more genuine was to be substituted for it. But I magnanimously considered that there is a kind of treason in insulating one's self from the universal fear and sorrow, and thinking one's idle thoughts in the dread time of civil war; and could a man be so cold and hard-hearted, he would better deserve to be sent to Fort Warren than many who have found their way thither on the score of violent but misdirected sympathies. .... So I gave myself up to reading newspapers and listening to the click of the telegraph, like other people; until, after a great many months of such pastime, it grew so abominably irksome that I determined to look a little more closely at matters with my own eyes. / ...."; (c,ii) "... the Author has ventured to make free with his old and affectionately remembered home at BROOK FARM, as being certainly the most romantic episode of his own life,--essentially a day-dream, and yet a fact,--and thus offering an available foothold between the fiction and reality. Furthermore, the scene was in good keeping with the personages whom he desired to introduce. / These characters, he feels it right to say, are entirely fictitious. ... (considering how few amiable qualities he distributes among his imaginary progeny,) .... . The self-concentrated Philanthropist; the high-spirited Woman, bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly Maiden, whose tremulous nerves endow her with Sibylline attributes; the Minor Poet, beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which die out with his youthful fervor--all these might have been looked for, at BROOK FARM, but, by some accident, never made their appearance there. / .... Ripley, with whom rests the honorable paternity of the Institution, [and others]--among these is the ability to convey both the outward narrative and the inner truth and spirit of the whole affair .... Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of BROOK FARM, and a more novel one--cloase at hand as it lies--than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria, and along the current of the Nile. / CONCORD (Mass.), May, 1852." (c,iii) "... / TO HORATIO BRIDGE, ESQ., U. S. N. / MY DEAR BRIDGE: / .... / And a fiction-monger, in due season, he [i.e., I] became. But, was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public, as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprung up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible, through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And there, perhaps, I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree-trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you. For it was through your interposition,--and that, moreover, unknown to himself,--that your early friend was brought before the public, somewhat more prominently than theretofore, in the first volume of Twice-told Tales. Not a publisher in America, I presume, would have thought well enough of my forgotten or never noticed stories, to risk the expense of

print and paper; nor do I say this with any purpose of casting odium on the respectable fraternity of booksellers, for their blindness to my wonderful merit. .... / So, now, when I turn back upon my path, lighted by a transitory gleam of public favor, to pick up a few articles which were left out of my former collections, I take pleasure in making them the memorial of our very long and unbroken connection. .... / ... these musty and mouse-nibbled leaves of old periodicals, transformed, by the magic arts of my friendly publishers, into a new book. These are the last.... / Very sincerely yours, / N. H. / LENOX, NOVEMBER 1st, 1851. [The Snow-Image.]" (Hawthorne, "Chiefly About War Matters: By a Peaceable Man" [1862], in Vol. 12 [1883; 1886] of the Riverside Edition, ed. G. P. Lathrop, 299-300; "Preface," The Blithedale Romance [1852], Vol. 3 of The Centenary Edition [1964], 2-3; "Preface," The Snow-Image [1851], Vol. 11 of The Centenary Edition [1974], 3, 5, 6, t.pg). (For more on the "underfolded reptilian presence with mouth" see my note 17; for more of implicit "nominal aggression" see note 5[c]; for more on H. Bridge as publication benefactor see esp. J. Donald Crowley's "Historical Commentary," Vol. 9 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 501-502; for more on "(book) white" over "black" magic see my notes 16 and 18[b,ii]. For the New Testament powers of Christ as Word see: John 1.1-5; Rev. 2.16-28; Rev. 21.5-8; Mat. 14.25-36.)

<sup>15</sup> Priest-like chanting as (a) MANTRA may be present in texts by Hawthorne as (b,i-ii) a very private counter-murmur of name, engaged in by Hawthorne to distance himself from external actualities, to which Christ-like he outwardly submits; as (c) a life-long daily habit of mind, by means of which he maintains a decorously transcendent sense of self, as a life-shielding or -shading tree; as (d,i-vii) repetitive remarks on cosmic purpose, -n/d, beyond the literary: (a) "[MANTRA] The Sanskrit word mantra has had as many and as various meanings as its Teutonic-English parallel, lore or learning. The Sanskrit term veda meant a collection of such lore, especially sacred knowledge, and the four great Vedas of the Brāhmins were composed, the Rig-Veda of lore of hymns, the Sama-Veda of lore of chants, the Yajur-Veda of lore of prayers and formulas recited at sacrifices, and the cruder Atharva-Veda of the multi-varied lore of the Atharvans or fire-priests. The holy verses, sacred texts, stereotyped petitions and formulas from all four vedas were called mantra. / The second and more limited meaning of the word is in the sense of password or formula of initiation. No guru (teacher) admits a chela (novice) into a Hindu sect without whispering into his ear the mantra or countersign of the order. The Ramanuja mantra was 'Om Rāmāya namaḥ (So be it! Reverence to Rāma.) Comparison is obvious with the Christian triune formula of initiation repeated by the priest or minister at baptism: In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti (In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost), and with the corresponding Moslem bismillah: bismillāhi-r-raḥmāni-r-raḥīmi (In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful), which Mohammed carefully modeled along Christian and Jewish mantric lines. / The use of mantra as a prayer gives it a third or supplicatory meaning apart from its initiatory function. In India, for many centuries, no public religious

ceremony nor any private devotion in the home has been complete without the recitation of familiar mantras, which somewhat resemble Christian prayers. They are not of the extempore original sort, however, fostered in Protestant prayer-meeting circles, but are standardized, verbatim, and repetitious. In fact, any form-prayer of any religion is a true mantra. / The fourth and commonest meaning of mantra, and possibly its oldest, is in the sense of spoken or written charm, spell, incantation, or magic word. ([cf.] ABRACADABRA.) In Hinduism and in theistic Buddhism (where dharani is the word often used for mantra) this idea of the magic potency of certain words themselves, even if not understood by him who says them, has long obtained. It is believed that om or aum, for instance, represents onomatopoeically the very hum of the universe, and if caught into a written or preferably vocalized syllable, its power is absorbed into the worshipper or he into it. / ... / ... The phrases used in blessing, cursing, and exorcising are in this sense mantras, and so indeed is profanity. The Bible is full of mantras, from the imprecatory psalms to the apostolic benedictions. / Bismallah, along with the Hebrew tetragrammaton JHVH and the Christian ICHTHUS, IHS, and XR, passed into folklore with any legends of the magic power and prophylactic efficacy of the words alone. For one example, in north African Islam it is believed that Allah himself wrote 'bismallah' on Adam's breast, Gabriel's wing, Solomon's seal, and Jesus' tongue. / When the name of God is used purely as a mantric incantation or charmed spell, it is obvious that Christianity, Judaism, and Islam have thereby in that practice reverted to the primitive idea that to know the correct esoteric name of the deity and pronounce it properly is to have him under your control as a sort of genie who must therefore perform your will." (Charles F. Potter, in Stand. Dict. of Folkl., Mythol., and Leg., ed. Leach [1949-50]); (b, i) "[Julian Hawthorne writes:] We may now take up the regular series of Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her mother, up to the close of the Old Manse period [O. M. = home of Hawthorne]. .... They begin in October, 1842. / '... Mr. Hawthorne's abomination of visiting still holds strong, be it to see no matter what angel. But he is very hospitable, receives strangers with great loveliness and graciousness. Mr. Emerson [Ralph Waldo E.] says his way is regal, like a prince or general, even when at table he hands the bread. Elizabeth Hoar remarked that though his shyness was very evident, yet she liked his manner, because he always faced the occasion like a man, when it came to the point. Of what moment will it be, a thousand years hence, whether he saw this or that person? If he had the gift of speech like some others--Mr. Emerson, for instance--it would be different, but he was not born to mix in general society. His vocation is to observe and not to be observed. Mr. Emerson delights in him; he talks to him all the time, and Mr. Hawthorne looks answers. He seems to fascinate Mr. Emerson. Whenever he comes to see him, he takes him away, so that no one may interrupt him in his close and dead-set attack upon his ear. Miss Hoar says that persons about Mr. Emerson so generally echo him, that it is refreshing to him to find this perfect individual, all himself and nobody else. 'He loves power as little as any mortal I ever knew; and it is never a question of private will between us, but of

absolute right. His conscience is too fine and high to permit him to be arbitrary. His will is strong, but not to govern others. He is so simple, so transparent, so just, so tender, so magnanimous, that my highest instinct could only correspond with his will. I never knew such delicacy of nature. His panoply of reserve is a providential shield and breastplate. I can testify to it now as I could not before. He is completely pure from earthliness. He is under the dominion of his intellect and sentiments. Was ever such a union of power and gentleness, softness and spirit, passion and reason? I think it must be partly smiles of angels that make the air and light so pleasant here. My dearest Love waits upon God like a child. . . ." (J. Hawthorne, citing Sophia Hawthorne, in Vol. 1 of N. Hawthorne and His Wife [1885], 270-72); (b,ii) "[Hawthorne writes:] . . . People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary, to ascertain its quality and value. . . . / For myself, there had been epochs of my life, when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word, that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining-one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity, without inhaling, more or less, the mountain-atmosphere of his lofty thought, which, in the brains of some people, wrought a singular giddiness--new truth being as heady as new wine. . . ." (Hawthorne, "The Old Manse: The Author Makes the Reader Acquainted with His Abode," Mosses from an Old Manse [1846], Vol. 10 of The Centenary Edition [1974], 30-31); (c) "Hôtel d'Europe (Avignon) June 1st, Wednesday [1859]. / I remember nothing very special to put down about Marseilles; though it was really like passing from death to life, to find ourselves in busy, cheerful, effervescing France, after living so long between asleep and awake in sluggish Italy. . . . / . . . / At four o'clock, we started on the railroad; Mamma and Una in the first class; the rest of us in the second. Our carriage was comfortable; and we found in it besides two other Frenchwomen, two nuns. They were very devout, and sedulously read their little books of devotion, repeated prayers under their breath, kissed the crucifixes which hung at their girdles, and told a string of beads, which they passed from one to the other. So much were they occupied with these duties, that they scarcely looked at the scenery along the road, though probably it is very rare for them to see anything outside of their convent-walls. They never failed to mutter a prayer and kiss the crucifix, whenever we plunged into a tunnel. If they glanced at their fellow-passengers, it was shyly and askance, with their lips in motion all the while, like children afraid to let their eyes wander from their lesson-books. One of them, however, took occasion

to pull down Rosebud's dress, which, in her frisky movements about the carriage, had got a little too high for the nun's sense of decorum. Neither of them was at all pretty, nor was the black stuff dress and white muslin cap in the least becoming; neither were their features of an intelligent or high-bred stamp. Their manners, however, or such little glimpses as I could get of them, were unexceptionable; and when I drew a curtain to protect one of them from the sun, she made me a very courteous gesture of thanks. / We had some very good views both of sea and hills, along the road; and part of our way, I think, lay along the banks of the Rhone .... By the by, at the station in Marseilles, just before we started, I bought the two volumes of the Livre des Merveilles, by a certain author of my acquaintance, translated into French, and printed and illustrated in very pretty style. Miss Shepard also bought them, and, in answer to her inquiry for other works by the same author, the book-woman observed that she did not think Monsieur Nataniel had published anything else. The Christian name seems to be the most important one in France, and especially in Italy. / We were four hours, and more, on our journey, and arrived at Avignon in the dusk of the evening. An omnibus took us to the Hôtel d'Europe .... ... the lassitude of Rome still clings to us, and I, at least, feel no spring of life or activity, whether morn or eve. ...." (Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 of The Centenary Edition [1980], 530-33); (d,i) "A ground-sparrow's nest in the slope of a bank, brought to view by mowing the grass, but still sheltered and comfortably hidden by a blackberry-vine trailing over it. At first, four brown-speckled eggs,--then two little bare young ones, which, on the slightest noise, lift their heads, and open wide mouths for food,--immediately dropping their heads, after a broad gape. The action looks as if they were making a most earnest, agonized petition. In another egg, as in a coffin, I could discern the quiet, death-like form of the little bird. The whole thing had something awful and mysterious in it." (d,ii) "Though we speak nonsense, God will pick out the meaning of it." (d,iii) "A man, unknown, conscious of temptation to secret crimes, puts up a note in church, desiring the prayers of the congregation for one so tempted."; (d,iv) "Dialogues of the unborn, like dialogues of the dead,--or between two young children."; (d,v) "An association of Literary Men in the other world--or the Dialogues of the dead, or something of that kind."; (d,vi) "Solomon dies during the building of the Temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive." (Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [1840, 1836, 1840, 1840, 1842, 1842], Vol. 8 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 185, 18, 185, 184, 228, 227); (d,vii) "Concord, May 27th, 1844 / Dearest Phoebe, / I cannot let the day pass without speaking a little word to thee, to tell thee how strange the old Abbey seems without thy presence, and how strange this life, when thou art away. .... And how does our belovedest little Una? whom I love more than I ever told thee, though not more than thou knowest--for is she not thine and mine, the symbol of the one true union in the world, and of our love in Paradise. / .... Ellery [Channing] came to see me this morning, and was gracious and sociable, and we went a fishing together. He says his little girl weighed seven

pounds at her birth, and is doing very well. .... / We had a very pleasant dinner at Longfellow's; and I liked Mrs. Longlady (as thou naughtily nicknameest her) quite much. The dinner was late, and we sate long; so that [Horace] Connoly and I did not get here till half-past nine o'clock--and truly the old house seemed somewhat dark and desolate. .... / I love thee. I love thee. / THINE OWNEST. / Mrs. Sophia A. Hawthorne, Care of Dr. N. Peabody, Boston, Massachusetts." (Hawthorne, Letter to Mrs. Hawthorne, in Pt. 2 of Love Letters [1907], pp. 129-31). (See also my notes 15[a,b] and 17[c,iii,end]--for Christian-Hebraic counter-chanting and for striving towards gnosis of ultimate causes and states,)

<sup>16</sup>See my Chapter II, End Notes.3, for phonetic and lexical references consulted in re-marking the "w/v-song" (also see II.B.1--the linguistic source-text adapted from Paget). Perhaps Hawthorne's oral points of style (consonant stresses) are the magic nails by means of which he builds a discourse of ascent to God--i.e., out of the heritage-tormented pit of himself; (a) MAGIC, "white" over "black," has (b,i-v) strong echoes--even as p/b, w/v/f, rising from the lips--in Hawthorne's auxiliary writings on miscellany and travel: (a) "[MAGIC]. The art of compulsion of the supernatural; also, the art of controlling nature by supernatural means. The word derives from the Magi, Persian priests whose practices were labeled magic (mageia) by the Greeks. A definition of what is magic and what is not is difficult, for one's own beliefs are seldom if ever connected with magical practices, while those of other peoples which differ are often magic, superstition, witchcraft, etc. The relationship of magic to religion and science, indeed the very nature and definition of magic, has been the subject of much debate among students of the subject. Such men as Sir J. G. Frazer [The Golden Bough, 1911-15], whose influence is widespread but whose theories have been criticized because of his selectivity in choosing facts from among a mass of other facts and basing his theories on them, believe magic to be a preliminary stage in the development of religion. To Frazer, magic is compulsion; religion is propitiation; a combination of the two exist side by side since neither method proves fully successful alone. Frazer subdivides sympathetic magic into homeopathic magic, which assumes that similarity between things indicates their identity, and contagious magic, which postulates that things once in contact remain in contact indefinitely. Homeopathic magic is exemplified by envoûtement; the image is the person and sticking pins in it or the like will cause pain, illness, or death to the person the image is named for. Contagious magic uses such materials as nail parings, locks of hair, excrement, names, even footprints, of the person for similar effects; since these were once part of, or in contact with, the person, they retain his essence and what is done to them will affect the body. / Aside from theories of the nature and origin of magic and its relationship to the growth of religion, magic generally is considered to be either positive or negative. Positive magic is intended to do something; the talisman performs positive magic. Negative magic is meant to prevent something; the amulet protects by negative magic against demons, spells, witches, and

other workers of positive magic. A tabu that prevents some action by a person is positive, rather than negative magic, for the breaker of the tabu is punished by having something done to him. Generally magic works by controlling forces or demonic beings; it is the attempted control of those forces which students believe underlies primitive science. Magic may also be either black or white. Black magic is evil, for it calls into play unsanctioned forces and beings, or it aims at illness, death, injury, or other uncountenanced effects. White magic performs cures or wonders without the invocation of dark powers; astrology, alchemy, legerdemain, the doctrine of signatures, and the like, all are classified as white magic. In folktale, the man who sells his soul to the Devil in return for the Devil's aid (compare FAUST) is a practitioner of black magic; the hero who is given special powers by a grateful animal either is not considered a magician or is a practitioner of white magic. ...." (Leach, ed., Stand. Dict. of Folkl., Mythol., and Leg. [1949-50]; see my notes 17[c,i-ii] for "doctrine of signatures" and for "divination"); (b,i) "Fire Worshippers / There is a sect in Hindostan, who call themselves descendants of the ancient Persians, and, like their ancestors, pay adoration to the sun, the moon, and stars, but especially to fire, esteeming all these objects as visible emblems of the invisible Deity. Like the Roman Vestals, they keep a perpetual fire in their temples, feeding it with odoriferous woods, of great value. Private individuals, when rich enough to sustain the expense, likewise keep these fires in their house, and thus transmute their wealth into the perfumed smoke which arises from the costly woods. [Carsten] Niebuhr affirms, that he saw, in one of the temples of these people, at Bombay, some fires which had been kept perpetually burning for two hundred years, and had probably been all that time supplied with odoriferous fuel. Such is their veneration for the element of fire, that they will not permit a candle to be blown out, lest the breath of man should pollute the purity of the flame. It has been remarked, that if there could possibly exist an idolatry founded on reason, and which did not degrade the Divine Majesty by the symbols of its worship, it would be that of the adorers of fire, and of the eternal lustres of the firmament. There is, in truth, nothing that can be seen or felt, which combines so many symbolic attributes of splendor, terror, and beneficence, as fire."; (b,ii) "Relics of Witchcraft / The pins, which the New England witches were said to thrust into the bodies of those whom they afflicted, in 1692, are still preserved among the records of the court, in Salem."; (b,iii) "Church of Saint Sophia / This edifice, of which we have given an engraving in another part of our Magazine,[] was built by the Emperor Theodosius." (Hawthorne, from The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge [Aug.; Jul.; Aug. 1836], as rpt. by Arlin Turner, in Hawthorne as Editor: Selections from His Writings in The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge [University: Louisiana State U. Press, 1941], pp. 254-55, p. 252, p. 210; cf. nominal-marital murmurs of "Theodore de L'Aubépine" and "Sophia A. Peabody"--esp. in my note 11[c] and in sect. 3[examples iii-iv] of my text); (b,iv) "Florence, July 4th, 1858. Sunday. / Yesterday forenoon, my wife and I went to see the church of Santa Maria Novella. .... / .... / .... the Sacristan or some such official

... appeared, and offered to show us the church. We consented; and he led us into the transept, on the right of the high altar, and ushered us into the Sacristy, where we found two artists, copying some of Fra Angelico's pictures. These were painted on the three wooden leaves of a triptyche, and, as usual, were glorified with a great deal of gilding, so that they seemed to float in the brightness of a heavenly element. Solomon speaks of 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' The pictures of Fra Angelico, and other artists of that age, are really pictures of gold; and it is wonderful to see how rich the effect, and how much delicate beauty is attained (by Fra Angelico, at least) along with it. His miniature heads appear to me much more successful than his larger ones. In a monkish point of view, however, the chief value of the triptyche, of which I am speaking, does not lie in Fra Angelico's pictures; for they merely serve as the frame-work of some reliques, which are set all round the edges of the three leaves. They consist of little bits and fragments of bones, and of little packages carefully tied up in silk, the contents of which are signified in Gothic letters, appended to each parcel. I could not possibly make out what they were. The sacred vessels of the church are likewise kept in the sacristy ....

/ Re-entering the transept, our guide showed us the Chapel of the Strozzi family, which is accessible by a flight of steps from the floor of the church. The walls of this chapel are covered with frescoes by Orgagna, representing, around the altar, the Last Judgment, and, on one of the walls, Heaven and the assembly of the Blessed, and on the other, of course, Hell. I cannot speak as to the truth of representation; but, at all events, it was purgatory to look at this poor, faded rubbish. Thank Heaven, there is such a thing as white-wash; and I shall always be glad to hear of its application to old frescoes, even at the sacrifice of remnants of real excellence. ...."; (b,v) "[Rome, February 19th (1858). Friday.] ... we found our way to the portal of San Maria dei Angeli. The exterior of this church has no pretensions to beauty or majesty, or, indeed, to architectural merit of any kind, or to any architecture whatever; for it looks like a confused pile of ruined brickwork, with a facade resembling half the inner curve of a large oven. No one would imagine that there was a church under that enormous heap of ancient rubbish. But the door admits you into a circular vestibule, once an apartment of Diocletian's baths, but now a portion of the nave of the church, and surrounded with monumental busts; and thence you pass into what was the central hall of the baths, now, with little change except of detail and ornament, transformed into the body of the church. This space is so lofty, broad, and airy, that the soul forthwith swells out, and magnifies itself, for the sake of filling it. It was Michael Angelo that contrived this miracle; and I feel even more grateful to him for rescuing this noble interior from destruction, than if he had originally built it himself. In the ceiling above, you see the metal fixtures, whence the old Romans hung their lamps; and there are eight gigantic pillars of Egyptian granite, standing as they stood of yore. There is a grand simplicity about this church, more satisfactory than elaborate ornament; but the present Pope has paved and adorned one of the large chapels of the transept, in very beautiful style; and the



pavement of the central part is likewise beautifully laid in marbles. In the choir, there are several pictures, one of which was veiled, as celebrated pictures frequently are, in churches. A person, who seemed to be at his devotions, withdrew the veil for us, and we saw the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, by Domenichino, originally, I believe, painted in fresco at Saint Peter's, but since transferred to canvas, and removed hitherto. Its place at St. Peter's is supplied by a mosaic copy. I was a good deal impressed by this picture--the dying saint, amid the sorrow of those who loved him, and the fury of his enemies, looking upward, where a company of angels, and Jesus in the midst, were waiting to welcome him and crown him;--and I felt what an influence pictures might have upon the devotional part of our nature. The nail-marks in the hands and feet of Jesus, ineffaceable even after he had passed into bliss and glory, touched my heart with a sense of his love for us. I think this really a great picture. We walked round the church, looking at the other pictures and frescoes .... .. there is a statue of Saint Bruno, by Houdon .... .. Houdon was the sculptor of the first statue of Washington, and the bust whence, I suppose, all subsequent statues have been, and will be, mainly modelled. / After emerging from the church, I looked back with wonder at the stack of shapeless old brickwork that hid the splendid interior of this church. I must go there again, and breathe in that noble space." (Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 of The Centenary Edition [1980], 355, 358-59 and 89-90). (See again my notes 11[a,b], for vocational-biographical contexts of enmity, and note 5 for Christian-Hebraic chanting over nature and culture by means of point-relics.)

<sup>17</sup>The animate trans-forms of the chanting symbol may be ascertained by means of (a,i-iv) selected excerpts from auxiliary and prefatorial texts by Hawthorne; the compositional powers of the symbol may be summarized by means of (b,i-vii) selected commentary on literary terminology; and the life-enhancing--or nature-galvanizing--powers of the symbol (Vol. 14 of The C. E., 360) may be suggested by means of (c,i-iv) selected discussions from lexicology, anthropology, and psychoanalysis. (a,i) "Benvenuto Cellini saw a salamander in the household fire. It was shown him by his father, in his childhood."; (a,ii) "'Shrieking fish'--a strange idea of Leigh Hunt."; (a,iii) ".... One vine had ascended ["N--n- -w-n": Hawthorne's universal ansvâra] to the tip-top of a large white pine tree, spreading its leaves and hanging its purple clusters among all its boughs--still climbing and clambering, as it would not be content till it crowned the very summit of the tree with a wreath of its own foliage and a cluster of grapes. I mounted high into the tree, and ate grapes there, while the vine wreathed still higher into the depths of the tree, above my head. The grapes were sour, being not yet fully ripe; some of them, however, were sweet and pleasant. The vine embraces the trees like a serpent." (a,iv) ".... / The antique fashion ["N--n- --n"] of Prefaces recognized this genial personage as the 'Kind Reader,' the 'Gentle Reader,' the 'Beloved,' the 'Indulgent,' or, at coldest, the 'Honoured Reader,' to whom the prim old author was wont to make his preliminary explanations and apologies, with the

certainty that they would be favourably received. I never personally encountered, nor corresponded through the Post, with this Representative Essence of all delightful and desirable qualities which a Reader can possess. But, fortunately for myself, I never therefore concluded him to be merely a mythic character. I had always a sturdy faith in his actual existence, and wrote for him, year after year, during which the great Eye of the Public (as well it might) almost utterly overlooked my small productions. / Unquestionably, this Gentle, Kind, Benevolent, Indulgent, and most Beloved and Honoured Reader, did once exist for me, and (in spite of the infinite chances against a letter's reaching its destination, without a definite address) duly received the scrolls which I flung upon whatever wind was blowing, in the faith that they would find him out. But, is he extant now? In these many years, since he last heard from me, may he not have deemed his earthly task accomplished, and have withdrawn to the Paradise of Gentle Readers, wherever it may be, to the enjoyments of which his kindly charity, on my behalf, must surely have entitled him? I have a sad foreboding that this may be the truth. The Gentle Reader, in the case of any individual author, is apt to be extremely short-lived; he seldom outlasts a literary fashion, and, except in very rare instances, closes his weary eyes before the writer has half done with him. If I find him at all, it will probably be under some mossy grave-stone, inscribed with a half-obliterated name, which I shall never recognize. / .... / Italy, as the site of his Romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon, as they are, and must needs be, in America. .... Romance and poetry, like ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need Ruin to make them grow. / ...." (Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [1842-44, 1842, 1841], Vol. 8 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 242, 227, 198; "Preface," The Marble Faun [1860], Vol. 4 of The Centenary Edition [1968], 1-3;--cf., with my notes 11[a], 15[c], 18[d]); (b,i) "[RUNE]. (1) A letter of the alphabet of the early Scandinavians and Anglo-Saxons; specif. as a magic charm. (2) A Finnish poem; esp., one of the songs of the Kalevala (Finn. epic, pub. 1822). 'Runic poetry' is also applied to ancient Scandinavian poems." (Shipley, ed. Dict. of World Lit. [1972]); (b,ii) "[SERPENTINE VERSE] (the snake swallows its tail). Pros. A line of poetry beginning and ending with the same word, e.g., Ambo florentes oetatibus, Arcades ambo; Both at life's spring, Arcadians both." (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972]); (b,iii) "[SYMBOLISM] as a literary device depends on the pliability of language, which may be exercised at 4 levels of expression. A. Animism: 'the sea rages'--because it is a monster. B. Metaphor: the belief lapsed to symbol; but the form retained. C. Simile: the symbol analyzed to analogy; the sea is like a monster. D. Concrete image: the figure rejected for the fact; not 'the raging sea' but 'the stormy sea', Homer: 'the wet sea.' / 'Symbol' (Gr. syballein, to cast together) is thus, in 2 quite different senses, a sign of something else. I. Scientifically, literally: of a specific object or idea that the symbol (word) denotes, a sign ... of what it means. This symbolic use is distinguished from the emotive ... use of a word, and is tantamount to intending the dictionary definition of the word. Thus [George]

Santayana says man's 'simian chatter becomes noble as it becomes symbolic.' But a symbol may also be a sign. II. by implication, of something beyond the object or idea that it denotes, of another level of significance that somehow reaches forth to embrace the spirit, mankind, the mysteries words cannot otherwise capture that underly and determine the universe and human destiny. ...." (John L. Sweeney, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972], pp. 408a-8b); (b,iv) "RHETORIC AND POETIC. In the experience of western civilization, the two primary forms of discourse. Rhetoric deals primarily with practical effectiveness, poetic with beauty. / .... / The essential distinction between the forms of discourse is to be found in the intention of the creator of discourse at the moment of composition and delivery; this shapes his product, and is reflected in differing types of receptor response. Whereas the creator of poetic discourse is concerned primarily with portraying life, the creator of rhetorical discourse is concerned primarily with influencing it. The end that the creator of poetic discourse seeks to achieve is the stimulation of the receptor's spirit and imagination. He endeavors to entertain, divert, quicken, enthrall. The end that the creator of rhetorical discourse seeks to achieve with his audience is belief or action. He endeavors to instruct, impress, persuade, or convince. / This difference has profound significance for both the poet and the orator. The requirement of action or acquiescence shapes the mold and limits the scope of oratory. The liberation from the claims of a single immediate audience together with the lack of urgency involved in his message may free the poet from the handicaps of the orator and permit him to develop less parochial themes. / ...." (Bower Aly, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972], pp. 342a-2b; cf. Hawthorne [on Raphael] in sect. 1 of my text, Hawthorne in my notes 10[c,d]--and the fusion of rhetoric and poetic in Hawthorne's orality); (b,v) "FORM. The character of an object as experienced, or the structure into which the elements of an experience or a thing are organized (G. Gestalt; cf. 'Gestalt psychology'). The concept of form, or obvious analogues, is older than the earliest documents of critical theory, and occurs in the East as generally as in the West, esp. in speculation about the process of creation (par excellence, creation of the world by God or gods), in which the mental notion or image of a thing-to-be-produced is regarded as the form or formal principle of that thing. (W. F. Albright, From [S]tone [A]lge to Christianity, 1940, p. 130): 'a precursor of the Indo-Iranian arta and even of the Platonic idea is found in the Sumerian gish-ghar, the outline, plan or pattern of things-which-are-to-be, designed by the gods at the creation of the world and fixed in heaven in order to determine the immutability of their creation.') Plato so conceived the forms or ideas of all things, even trivial human art[i]facts, to have an eternal and absolute pre-existence apart from the accident of their mundane production, which was thus an imitation, more or less feeble, of their being (Rep. X). For Aristotle (Met. 1032b1) the human mind is the immediate source of the forms or characters which we perceive in works of human art; but since the mind derived forms from the external reality it experiences, the form of a work of art may 'imitate' that of some objective reality. Modern use of the word form in analysis or

description of works of art is in part a survival of long established Platonic and esp. Aristotelian terminology, in part an instance of a natural tendency, illustrated by that terminology, to refer to the character or structure of a thing or an experience as its shape or form. / .... / [... But also:] Form and Style. Style is a given way, or manner, or fashion, of doing any thing, of going through any process; the concept of style cannot in practice be dissociated from that of some process. This is sufficient to distinguish it from the concept of form, since as we have seen form is a concept relevant only to objects as such, to things and not to processes [!]. But what is a formal element in an object from the point of view of analysis of the constitution of that object may be an element of style from the point of view of analysis of a process in which the object is involved. Some formal elements in things are indeed simply suggestions of process. These may be, like the brushwork in a painting, themselves vestiges of the process that produced the thing; or they may, like the eccentricities of a pianist, be incidents in a process concomitant with and necessary to our apprehension of the thing. A Gothic arch has a form, and a Romanesque arch has a different form. If we think of both as performing the common function of arching a space, the difference between them, without ceasing to be a formal difference in the things, becomes the difference between two ways or styles of executing a process. So in all consideration of style there is something variable and individual, the way of doing the thing, the style. To find a style in a literary work is impossible unless we conceive that something is being done in the work or with it, that it is not just an object but an element in or embodiment of a process; and is impossible unless we conceive that the thing done might be done or have been done otherwise, in some other way or style. But once we do conceive a process, and set the work within it, then formal elements become 'stylistic' elements. In short, what is form in the object conceived as such is style in the process in which the object is conceived as being involved. Since it is harder to set poetry within process than prose, and less relevant to consider (even only theoretically) alternative executions of any process we associate with a poem, on the whole we use the word style rather than prose than of poetry. [And also:] .... / The word 'form' applies directly in the visual, the plastic, arts. The physical elements of a book, its format, while they should be accordant, have the relationship to the work only of an external harmony. [See esp. my note 14(c,iii) for Hawthorne's inclusion of the idea of format--as an aspect of himself as a botany.] 'Form' has been used as equivalent to 'genre,' or 'kind'; as the epic, the dramatic, form. Instead of the genus, it may refer to a species, as the farce, the sonnet. In still further specialization, it may indicate a particular framework or patterned structure of a work, such as the 'merry-go-round' form of Schnitzler's Reigen, or the 'hour-glass' form (Anatole France, Thaïs; Henry James, The Ambassadors): two lives crossing as one moves towards fulfillment and the other towards defeat. [Cf. R. H. Pearce's apprehension of the structure of Fanshawe--in my note 14(a).] Of such formal patterns and devices, several types may be distinguished: (1) syllogistic progression; idea or situation A leads to B; (2) qualitative progression,

by association or development of moods; (3) repetitive devices: the most obvious, rhyme; the subplot in the drama; the return of one principle under other guises; (4) conventional form: any form developed as an exercise, or for itself, as when one sets out to write a sonnet; (5) incidental forms, embodied in larger works, e.g., figures: some of these (climax, change of meter) can be adapted to many moods and intentions; others (hyperbole; O. Henry ending) are more limited in their scope." (Shipley, ed., Dict. of World Lit. [1972], pp. 167a, pp. 170a-70b, pp. 171a-71b; cf. my note 9, my note 13--on name riddle, on consonance as form); (b,vi) "[STRUCTURE]. The sum of the elements that make up a work. A structure may have such diverging elements that it does not satisfy any logical or critical estimate; in which case we call it 'formless'. ...." (Urban T. Holmes, in Dict. of World Lit., ed. Shipley [1972]; (b,vii) "HEURISTIC QUALITY [or H. FUNCTION] / We have ... said something [pp. 80-81] about the heuristic value of meter. Rhyme too can be heuristic; it can help directly in the birth and growth of a poem. / The poet's decision to follow a set rhyme scheme or even to rhyme in some irregular fashion, limits his choice of words. Such a limitation may, of course, be maddening and may result in complete frustration or in shoddy verse. / On the other hand, aside from the requirements of meaning, this limitation frees the mind from the near-infinity of vocabulary and allows the poem to proceed. Ideally a rhyme sets the imagination (and free association) to work until the poem comes up with an image or turn of thought that fits the sense as well as the sound. A rhyme may even bring an image or idea that will suggest a new line of development. At its best, rhyme leads the poet into discoveries. / ...." (Karl Shapiro and Robert Beum, A Prosody Handbook [New York: Harper, 1965], p. 102, incl. pp. 80-81; the "heuristic" idea itself is active in Hawthorne--e.g., "N" as universal gatherer, for assimilation to "Haw"-tree, with further, selective burgeonings via mnemonic "nests-notes" [see esp. my notes 15(d,i-vii), 17(a,iii) and my ex. (iii) in sect. 3 of my text]; (c,i) "[SIG'NA-TURE] ... n. [... fr. L. signare, signatum. See SIGN, v.] 1. A distinguishing sign, stamp, or mark; as, signatures of God's goodness. / 2. a The name of any person, written with his own hand to signify that the writing which precedes accords with his wishes or intentions; a sign manual; an autograph. b Act of signing one's name. c Act of signing; as the signature of a treaty. / 3. Obs. a Impression of a distinctive mark. b A figure forming an image. c A birthmark. [Cf. Hawthorne's master-image.--A.K.V.] / 4. Math. In a quadratic form with real coefficients, the difference between the number of positive and the number of negative coefficients when the form is reduced, by a real linear transformation of the variables, to a sum of square terms. / 5. Music. Short for KEY SIGNATURE, TIME SIGNATURE. / 6. Old Med. A resemblance between the external characters of a disease and those of some physical agent (as that between the red skin of scarlet fever and a red cloth) supposed to indicate this agent in the treatment of the disease. See DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES [=an old belief in the efficacy of signatures (sense 6), or of the importance of signatures (sense 7) in divination and magic]. / 7. Old Physiol. An outward mark by which internal characteristics were

supposed to be indicated. / 8. Pharm. That part of a prescription which contains the directions to the patient, usually prefaced by S or Sig. (an abbrev. of Latin signa, imperative of signare, to sign or mark).

/ 9. Print. a A letter or figure placed at the bottom of the first page of each sheet of a book or pamphlet, as a direction to the binder in arranging and folding the sheets;--called also signature mark. b A printed sheet containing a number of pages, as 4, 8, 12, 16, etc., folded as one unit and forming a section of a book or pamphlet. c Hence, in bookbinding, such a printed sheet or set of sheets folded into four, or some multiple of four, pages;--called also section. 10. R.C.Ch. A rescript granting a privilege or indulgence. Obs. 11. Scots Law. A writing prepared to be signed or sealed as the ground or warrant for a proposed royal grant or charter,--abolished ... (1847). / [... Also: SIG'NET] ... n. [OF., fr. signer to make a mark, to sign fr, L. signare. See SIGN, v.] 1. A seal, esp. one used officially to give authority to a document; specif.: a In England, formerly, the seal used by the sovereign in sealing private letters and grants, prior to the affixing of the privy seal;--called also privy signet. b In Scotland, the seal formerly used to authenticate royal warrants connected with administration of justice. 2. a The impression made by or as by a seal or signet. b A mark or stamp, esp. one impressed as with a seal. [Cf. oral closure and consonantal action, in Hawthorne's custom-house riddle--sect. 2 of my text, A. K. V.] 3. A small seal, as in a ring. 4. Obs. a A sign. b A signal." (Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language. Second Ed. Unabr. [Springfield, Mass.: Merriam, 1934-49]); (c,ii) "[SIGNATURE OF CYNEWULF:] The poet Cynewulf has indicated his name in runes towards the end of four poems, Elene, Juliana, The Ascension (=Crist II), and The Fates of the Apostles, and these are the only works which can with certainty be regarded as his. The purpose of the 'signatures' is to obtain the prayers of the readers or hearers for his soul; they are fitted into contexts describing the fear of approaching death and of the Last Judgement. The runic acrostic in Elene is preceded by a rhymed passage which shows that Cynewulf composed in either a Mercian or a Northumbrian dialect, and the spelling of his name, with the rune for e, not i, as the fourth letter, prevents the dating of his work earlier than the late eighth century, if he was a Mercian, or than the ninth, if he was a Northumbrian." (Dorothy Whitelock [ed.], Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Reader in Prose and Verse, rev. ed. w. cor. [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1876-1970], p. 177; cf. Hawthorne's signature-notes on post-mortem textual-talking--esp. in my notes 10[c,ii], 15[d, iv]; cf. Hawthorne's second address to his mother in Lathrop's commentary --in sect. 2 of my text); cf. Normand's commentary on book of incantations --in my note 10[a]); (c,iii) "[DIVINATION] The act or art of knowing or foretelling the unknown, whether future or distant in space: a practice of the greatest antiquity, performed everywhere in the world, by peoples in every cultural status, and utilizing almost every conceivable instrument or phenomenon as an indicator. Divination is a form of sympathetic magic; the status or action of the divining medium is determined by the future or far-off event, and vice versa; both the indicator and the event are in some form of logical harmony; each is the

cause or the reflection of the other. .... / As the word itself indicates, divination is the act of determining the will of the gods, and in several of its forms approaches animistic belief, e.g. the gods as the spirits of the dead, the soul of the sleeper in the land of the dead, etc. Oneiromancy, divination by dreams, presupposes basically the soul's communion with the knowing spirits. Shamanism or other types of possessive divination rely for their effect on the voice of the god or spirit speaking through the human medium. In more direct fashion, necromancy is the conversing of a person in full possession of his conscious faculties (the dreamer is unconscious, the shaman is deliriously or otherwise possessed) with the spirits of the dead. Augury depends on the widely held belief that birds and animals are closer to the gods than human beings or that they incorporate the departed spirits. Ordeals, lot-casting, and other means of divination are based on the assumption that the gods interfere with the actions of people or objects as indicators of their good or ill will. / The oracle at Delphi, traditionally the great classical oracle, must originally have been a place of augury, connected with serpent-divination. Even when the method changed, and the possessed or intoxicated priestess of Apollo uttered her cryptic phrases, the name of Pythoness was kept. There are, thus, certain places suitable for divination, potent regardless of the means used. High places are such in early Semitic belief, and so are sacred groves and springs. The time of day (e.g. midnight, the break of dawn) or the season of the year (e.g. the solstices) is often important: Halloween and Christmas, times when the spirits have returned to earth, are such days .... / ...." (George M. Foster, in Stand. Dict. of Folkl., Mythol., and Leg., ed. Leach [1949-50], p. 316b-17a; "Why does Nature treat us like little children! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate ...."--Hawthorne, two months before his death on May 18-19, 1864, as reported by James T. Fields, in Hawthorne [1876], pp. 117-18); (c,iv) "[PSYCHOANALYSIS OF 'THE URGE TO SPEAK':] .... / It is clear that the oral process [i.e., oral symbolism 'when depression changes into mania'] is struggling against the external danger which originates from the aggressive strivings directed against the environment. Since in mania the aggression is acted out and this tendency expressed itself also in eating, the result is that the eating disturbance disappears. In the mental sphere the same development is revealed through 'object-hunger.' Frequently this 'object-hunger' is mistakenly conceived of as a sign of genital sexuality, whereas in reality it is the expression of a mixture of pregenital and aggressive strivings. / The manic mechanism begins in two different places: in the urethra through the ejection, and in the mouth through the introjection. The functioning of these two processes is combined; on the one hand mania prevents a further decline in psychotic states, and on the other hand it strives for restitution. Depending on whether the outer or the inner danger situation must be warded off, both parts of the manic mechanism alternate in appearing in the foreground. .... / Returning now to the questions previously left over regarding the intensity of the pleasure, the assimilation of aggression, and the cause of the urge to speak. We can answer these questions as follows. The increase of pleasure develops from the

displacement of urethral components to the oral zone. The assimilation of the aggression occurs in one way through the pleasurable incorporation and in another way through the pleasurable ejection. The urge to speak occurs because the aforementioned process has been displaced from the body to the speech. The word is treated like an object: the taking of the word into the mouth has the meaning of introjection; uttering it signifies the ejection. The urge to speak can be explained by the pressure from two sides: from the oral as well as from the urethral sources. The entire process, which presupposes the easy displacement of energy, occurs under the dominance of the primary process. / This attempt at restitution in mania differs from those attempts at restitution which result in delusion formation. The difference lies in the fact that mania, through the aid of the pleasure principle, the reality principle again becomes dominant; this change is demonstrated best in speech, but also in the patient's changed actions. / ...." (Maurits Katan, "The Role of the Word in Mania" [1940], in Manic-Depressive Illness: History of a Syndrome, ed. Edward A. Wolpert [New York: Internat. Universities Press, 1977], pp. 225-26, incl. p. 224; see esp. my notes 10[c,d], 16[b,iv]--for Hawthorne's oral aggressive subsumption of phallic-seminal values; see 17[a,i-iv] once again--for Hawthorne's sense of self-normalization, by means of his oral-aggressive, self-consonant viny name; see 7[c] for Hawthorne's sense of the stereo-oral concreteness of words).

18 For verification of the individual signatures, see my notes 11(a, b,c); the text of four has surfaced most frequently in scholarly and critical commentary in the course of my research on Hawthorne. A fifth recurrent signature, "A Pedestrian," has been collected in connection with individual tales in the bibliographical sections of The Centenary Edition (Vol. 10--580; Vol. 11--432); as an aspect of Hawthorne's private symbol, that motor-identity but serves to give depth to the idea "Oberon" --i.e., as 'over-runner' of poetic landscapes. [See notes 12 and 13[d, iv].) --On the tradition and function of pseudonyms, Annie R. Marble has commented as follows (in Pen Names and Personalities [New York and London: Appleton, 1930], p. 221): "Frequently an author, especially among the novelists, will first address the public under an assumed name, to test his or her ability or quality of response on the part of the readers. When recognition has come, the mask is often dropped. John Galsworthy is an example of this class. In making a bibliography of his writings in fiction, one finds the first three of his books appeared by 'John Sinjohn'--Jocelyn (1898), Villa Rubein and A Man of Devon (1901). Three years later he revealed his identity in one of the first distinctive novels of a social ironist, The Island Pharisees. Hawthorne used 'Oberon' and 'Ashley A. Royce' for some of his writings in 'The Token.' / D. H. Lawrence transferred the letters of his name and called himself 'Lawrence H. Dawson.' The Journal of Arthur Stirling gave Upton Sinclair his earlier pen name. More recently Jeffrey Eardley Marston has chosen to write 'Jeffrey E. Jeffrey,' as the author of his post-war novels, The Breaking Point and The Longest Shadow. ...."



## CHAPTER II.

### THE TOOL: AN ORAL-GESTURAL SCALE OF HAWTHORNE'S CONSONANT-SIGNATURES.

"Dear maidens," said he, when they paused to take breath, "now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?"

--A Wonder Book, p. 96.<sup>1</sup>

#### A. Introduction: The Needed Tool and Its Development.

The study has indicated (in the conclusion of the preliminary development of the thesis, Chapter I) that a mediatory application of specific aspects of Richard Paget's theory of consonant sounds, to Hawthorne's auxiliary text of actual literary signatures,<sup>2</sup> would serve to facilitate the construction of an ideal consonant tool. By means of that tool, the power, or the petitional qualities, of Hawthorne's private discourse on name could be systematically assessed in his literary works.

To be applied, after an introductory quotation in full of an adapted linguistic source-text<sup>3</sup> (in Section B.1. The Chanting Scale of Literary Signatures), are three categorical aspects of Paget's theory of consonant sounds. Those three categorical aspects of consonant theory may be identified as follows: (a) Paget's mouth-hierarchy of commentary on the articulation of consonant sounds, as declared and followed by him in "a brief résumé of [consonant] symbolism," in Human Speech; (b)

Paget's designations of mouth-positions and organs-applied for the articulation of consonant sounds, as given by him in the same résumé and in supplementary commentary; and (c) Paget's formulations of primitive-universal, gestural meanings for the consonant sounds, also as given by him in the same résumé and in supplementary commentary. Applied to a consonant-process arrangement of Hawthorne's text of signatures, Paget's mouth-hierarchy of commentary will serve to reinforce the idea of oral hierarchy as a probable quality of Hawthorne's petition--a quality assumed by Hawthorne's signature-voice as a mouth-defined projection of the living, coordinated self. Applied to a subordinate-fragment rearrangement of Hawthorne's text of signatures, Paget's designations of mouth-positions and organs-applied will serve to reinforce the idea of an oral super-temperance of self as a probable quality of Hawthorne's petition--a quality projected by Hawthorne's signature-voice as an ideal, hierarchy-respecting series of egressor-signatures, or interlocking consonant-figures. And, applied to a religious-purposive stance-paraphrase of Hawthorne's text of signatures, Paget's formulations of primitive-universal, gestural meanings for the consonant sounds will serve to reinforce the idea of a deep-visceral, or vegetal, economy of elastic self-accommodation to world as a probable quality of Hawthorne's petition--a quality signaled by Hawthorne's signature-voice as an organ-approximating, figure-correlative sequence of mouth-expressive remarks, or oral-extensor tags.<sup>4</sup> (Passages from auxiliary texts by Hawthorne will be cited, to reflect upon each of the three stages of scale construction.<sup>5</sup>) The construct brought forward<sup>5</sup> in the application, a

five-step scale of consonant-figures with correlative "oral-gestural" oral-tags, will be construed: specifically, as a score for the secret hymning of the providential nominal imperative, "Natal Gift, God's Yell: Heave to Fruit-full Shape, Tree of Thorns!"; and, generally, as a private, implicit, integral principle for evolving literary voice-form, both under sub-vocal, oral, constraint and under doom of a creative-compulsive mind-set.

The construct brought forward in the mediatory application of Paget's oral-gestural linguistic, the five-step, message-chanting scale of consonant-figures with oral-tags--that idiosyncratic oral construct will be tried and found to hold, in a preliminary integrative application (in Section B.2. A Literary Proofmark of Signature-Life; and in Section B.3. A Literary Proofmark of Signature-Life, Continued) to Hawthorne's "revolution[ary]" adaptations for children of Classical mythology, world biography, and American history (frame story).<sup>6</sup> Included among those auxiliary-literary texts of that preliminary integrative application will be a pseudonymous informal botanical essay, a piece not as yet attributed to Hawthorne, but one showing concordant signature features, identifiable by means of the scale.<sup>7</sup> The maturing oral botany which the scale will serve to channel in the preliminary application will be interpreted both as a suggestive index and aid to reader maturation (or as a symbolic hedge-cradle and goad, or normative symbol) and as a reflexively everlasting remark of approval given to the reader, for his author-encouraging growth (i.e., in the capacity to appreciate the implicit-poetic and possible-existential qualities of language, liter-

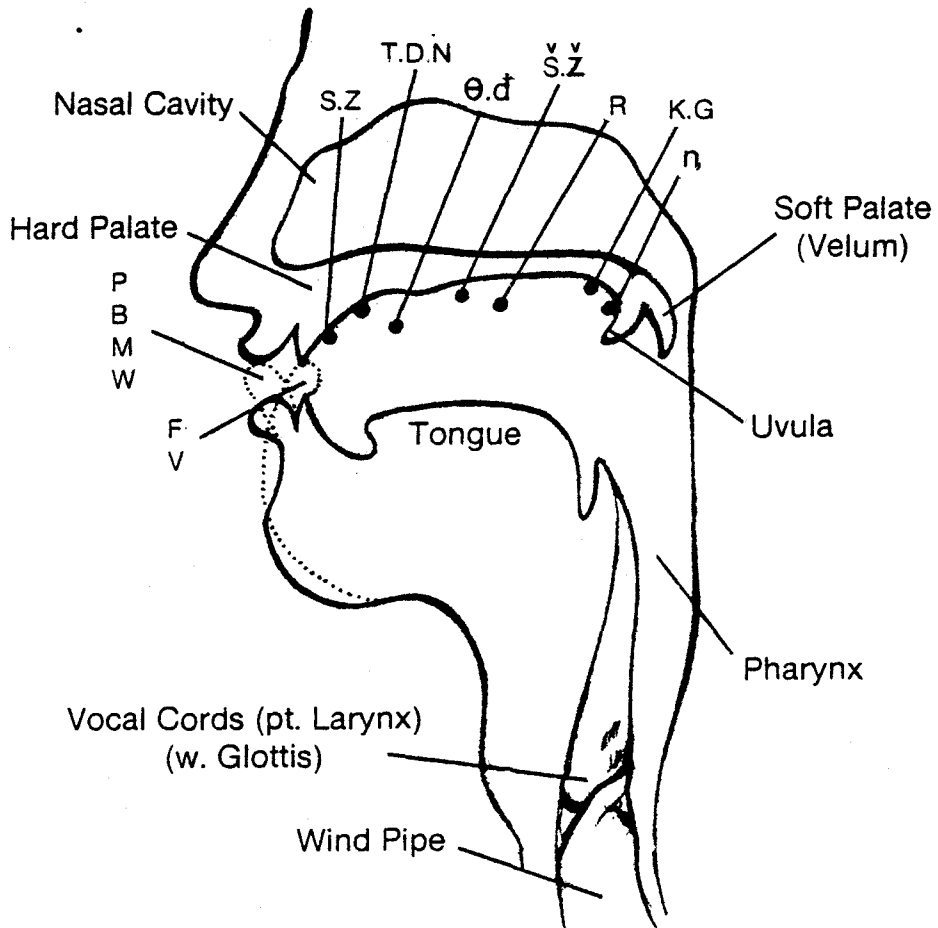
ature, and life--perhaps even as a potential, much-bearing heir to the tradition of literature-building as world-building). Or, in terms of five levels of textual mobility (see again the conclusion of Chapter I), that oral botany maturing to scale will serve to demonstrate the power of the scale of consonant-figures to orient and to attune the reader: (2;3.a-c.i) to the immortal, literary effulgence of Hawthorne's actual name (as the author's special remark of victory over his own, oral-based self-development through minor literary forms); (2;3.a-c.ii) to the vital import of the reader's creative-linguistic presence, at the mercurial oral-root of his enigmatic texts (as a living American speaker with the "Ha!" wit of many tongues and social tongue-styles); (2;3.a-c.iii) to the probability of the reader's herculean triumph, over his hazardous and thorny motor-challenges (with age-sufficient appreciation of the "lingual" prowess and rich hymeneal suggestivity of those challenges); (2;3.a-b.iv) to the possibility of many readers' consounding with him, as America's sovereign and "singular" master of gesturing gardens (with mutual reinforcement of a sense of shared blessings, through befitting praise, criticism, and commercial reward); and (2;3.a-c.v) to his hope of all our exalted, concordant salvation in time, in Christ as implicit Healing Word (possibly even through the literature-bonded author's rebounding petition for an unmerited higher, an impossible future recognition, or rebirth). The integral petition or message of the scale of consonant-figures, "Literary rites as rights of passage!", will be formulated in a summary assessment of the scale constructed (Part C. Conclusion); the assessment will lead to the

statement of a set of principles, to guide the systematic application of the constructed tool to the literary works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

## B. Development: The Construction of the Tool.

### B.1. Construction: The Chanting Scale of Literary Signatures.

The study has indicated in the introduction to the present chapter (above) that a quotation in full of an adapted linguistic source-text would precede the application of specific aspects of Paget's theory of consonant sounds. That adapted linguistic source-text--basically Paget's résumé of consonant symbolism (with supplementary commentary in brackets)--is presented below, headed by a schematic figure (II.B.1.Figure) also adapted from Paget's study. That adapted schematic figure--a figure of the mouth in section to indicate both the organs of speech and the "approximate positions of the total or partial closure made by the tongue and lips" in the articulation of specific consonant sounds (Paget, pp. 35, 136)--may be studied first and referred to later, in the course of reading the adapted résumé (and thereafter). Paget's résumé of consonant symbolism (with supplementary commentary) and figure, adapted, reads as follows (single quotation marks inside brackets serve to mark wording by Paget):



II.B.1.Figure.

Taking [the consonants] in the order of their positions of closure (full or partial) from the front of the mouth backward we get the following picture:--

p, b, m .... ['Front. / Full closure and release.'] These [consonants] commonly denote closing[,], containing[,], or gripping actions--i.e. the act of closing the [two] lips. / The same consonants also necessarily denote the reverse of these actions, i.e. bursting, expelling, releasing--viz. when the lip closure is released. / [The] m seems to imply a continued closure--which is to be expected, since it is only by allowing the air stream [i.e., from the 'lungs,' 'larynx,' and 'pharynx'] to pass through the nose that the lips can be kept closed, and this form of closure inevitably produces the consonant m. [The usual 'nasal' phonation of m, as frontmost gesture in the nasal series 'm / n, ny (minion) / ng); Front / Middle / Back,' requires the lowering or 'drawing forward of the soft palate' at the back of the upper part of the mouth.]

u, iw, i, y. ['Front. / Partial closure.' For 'w.'] Of these [w-related sounds], the vowel u corresponds essentially to a projecting, pointing, directing, spouting gesture. Thus, [among the 'Aryan,' or Indo-European, root-words one finds] us, burn (jets of flame), tu, thu, or ku, swell, du, duk, tuh, lead, conduct--as in Duke. / [The] iw, wi, as in diw, tiw, shine, and wid, see, are apparently miniature lip gestures imitating the human eye, but wi, go, drive, is a pointing gestures. The vowel i ... corresponds to a little mouth and so produces such words as mi[,], diminish. [Comparable positionally, gesturally, and chronologically-historically to 'w / Partial closure / Front,' as consonant formed by coordinating the lower lip with the upper lip, are 'v / Partial closure / Front' and 'f / Partial closure / Front,' or the consonants formed in present-day English speech by bringing the lower lip to the edge of the upper front teeth.]

s['. 'Front. / Partial Closure.'] ['The ... gesture ... of an initial s ... is persistently associated with the idea of an initial grip of some kind, usually a grip in front(, just as) the grip of the back of the tongue against the soft palate which produces a k, g, or ng is either associated with such actions as swallowing, or ... refers to a grip at the back.'] [T]wo ... examples may be [given], to illustrate [another] point, namely, that the position of a consonant in relation to the word may also be significant. Thus la means to be low, las means to be low and make a grip forward (s), i.e. to pick out, or glean (corn). [Thus, also,] ku means to swell, sku means to grip and then make a swelling action--in other words to cover or shelter. [Also, if for the comparable consonants 's, sh (shy), z, (zh) (pleasure) / Partial closure / Front' the 'tip of the tongue is active and takes part in the actual closures,' '(i)n the case of ... (sh [or š] and ... [zh [or ž]) the tongue actually makes two partial closures,' at the teeth-ridge in the front and at the hard palate in the middle of the mouth--to form, in that manner, 'a

... (sh), such as is used in schools and ... in theatres for enforcing silence!' (itself, no doubt, a significant prime 'noise[.]').]

th (θ)[,] dh (ð). ['Front. / Partial closure.'] In these, the tongue tip seems to stroke the palate and back of the upper (front) teeth[,] and the consequent meaning is that of smearing, kneading, etc.

t, d, n. ['Middle. / Full closure and release.'] Initial t, d, and n often appear not to be significant. It is as though they were used rather to draw attention to the remainder of the word[,] like our use of the word "the". / At the middle or end of a word, t, d often denote a stab or rise or closure in the middle, e.g. sku, cover, shelter, skut, spring out; / n often denotes a continued closure in the same position [cf. 'm,' above]. [The] d and n also often relate to eating, tasting, etc., i.e. tongue touching palate, e.g. mad, chew.

r, dr, tr. ['Middle. / Partial closure(, f)ull closure and release.'] For 'r (untrilled).'] ['The consonant r is almost always associated with a backward movement of some kind--generally with a bending-back, from which it may be inferred that the original Aryan [or Indo-European] r was like the [English] Wessex r, made by bending the tongue itself backwards.'] As ... mentioned[,] r commonly implies a bending back, enclosing, etc. [The] dr, tr[] frequently denote running, flowing, or walking, the direction of the tongue movement beings inwards towards the speaker, e.g. ark, protect; sru, stru, flow; dra, run.

l[. 'Middle. / Partial closure.'] [The consonant l] is the result ... of a tongue gesture very similar to that of r--the difference being that in l the tongue makes more of a point contact with the palate. [The] l can, however, also be made with the tongue protruded and touching the front of the upper lip. It seems probable that in primitive speech the tongue was in fact protruded at times, as it still occasionally is among children. Thus, lubh, love, appears to be a phallic tongue gesture of which the receptive counterpart was ka or kam--also meaning love. Generally speaking l denotes movement, flow[,] or rapid change of posture, as in tal, lift, wal, be warm, hot, boil.

k, g, nk, ng, gh, h. ['Back. / Full closure and release(, (p)artial closure.'] These [consonants] are all made with a grip or constriction at the back of the throat. [See again the discussion of the front-grip counterpart, s. See the discussion of m, for continuant values of ng (as n .).] Hence kak, kank, hang, hang, dak, tah, tang, take, hold. [Hence also, if] ma is to think, [then] mak --to think and grip back, i.e. to oneself--is to have power, be great. [A comparable consonant is 'y (yes) / Back / Partial closure.'] Cf. 'ny (minion) / Middle,' in the discussion of m, above.]

(Paget, pp. 154-6 [with pp. 115, 35, 215-19, 160, 136, 190-91, 172-3, 154(par.2), 99, 110-12, 123])



"The criticism has been made," Paget has admitted in his study, "that the analogy which has been assumed to exist between the gestures of articulation and the pantomimic gestures natural to man is too fanciful to be real" (Paget, p. 171). But, Paget's "answer" to such criticism "would be that the subconscious mind of man is known to be essentially fanciful--as witness the symbolism of dreams." In fact, "[t]he truth appears to be that for flights of Fancy we are all born fully fledged; but most of us moult early, and our first gay plumage is not removed"--and "[t]hose who do not moult are plucked before their education is completed." Taking strength from Paget's final defensive turn to the poetic mind-set--"[t]he few who escape either fate are known as Poets"--the present study makes application of his theory of consonant gestures to the signatures of Hawthorne as follows.

B.1.a. The Chanting Scale: The Quality of  
Hierarchy.

Hawthorne's text of actual literary signatures may be arranged to reflect the idea of air-, voice-, mind-, speech-flow through oral strictures-locations, on the basis of first-occurring consonants within surnames. A direct, hierarchy-respecting reversal of Paget's order of commentary on the articulation of consonant sounds, the back-to-front order or signatures will be the preferred order in the discussions to follow--signalling, as it does, the origin of "expression" in actual name, the implicit unfolding of (Hawthorne's) narration from that expressive origin, and a petitional purposiveness, or reach, beyond the self-here-now. The relationship of the front-to-back (ingressive,

Paget-mirroring\*) arrangement of Hawthorne's text of signatures to the back-to-front (eggressive, preferred) arrangement may be stated as follows (the underscoring serves to mark first-occurring consonants within surnames, or within single form):

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| * iv) <u>O</u> beron [=wb-]             | i) Nathaniel <u>H</u> awthorne          |
| iii) M. Theodore de l' <u>A</u> ubepine | ii) Rev. Ashley Allen <u>R</u> oyce     |
| ii) Rev. Ashley Allen <u>R</u> oyce     | iii) M. Theodore de l' <u>A</u> ubepine |
| i) Nathaniel <u>H</u> awthorne          | iv) <u>O</u> beron                      |

Paget's order of commentary serves (nevertheless) to reinforce the idea of oral hierarchy as a probable quality of Hawthorne's petition--a quality assumed by Hawthorne's signature-voice as a mouth-defined projection of the living, coordinated self. The relationship of the eggressive (or projective) preferred arrangement of Hawthorne's text of signatures to Paget's levels of consonant-signs (\*), with their corresponding mouth-locations of formation (including organs applied; \*\*), may be stated as follows (single quotation marks serve to set off a few of the 'cross-locational implications' of the text of signatures):

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| i) Nathaniel [=y]<br><u>H</u> awthorne                             | * <u>k</u> , <u>g</u> , <u>nk</u> , <u>ng</u> , <u>gh</u> , <u>h</u> [,y].                  | **Back: throat, upper and lower (soft palate and tongue back [and glottis]), and nose ('to front'). |
| ii) Rev[erend]<br><u>A</u> shley<br><u>A</u> llen<br><u>R</u> oyce | <u>l</u> . / <u>r</u> .... / <u>t</u> , <u>d</u> , <u>n</u> . /<br><u>s</u> [, <u>sh</u> ]. | Middle ('to Front'): tongue length and tip and hard palate (to teeth ridge).                        |

- iii) M[onsieur]                   ... iw, [v]. / p, b, m.           Front: lips.  
Theodore  
de l'  
Aubepine
- iv) Ob-                           ... b .... // r .... //  
er-                           ... [n→] ng ....           'Back over Front':  
on                                'throat over lips.'  
[=consummate  
form]

"Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!" This, the fundamental and most enigmatic motive (or meaning) of Hawthorne's signature-voice, as hierarchy-respecting builder of language, literature, and life, may be overheard in two passages from auxiliary texts by Hawthorne—passages supportive of the first stage of scale construction. An ingressive (and recollective) scaling suggests itself, in association with society and landscape, in the first passage; an egressive (and futuristic) scaling suggests itself, in association with society and landscape, in the second passage. The two passages read as follows (the underscoring of literal fragments and words serves to remark upon scale terminals and analogues of mouth structure):

Pass. one--ingressive landscape)

....

We spent a very pleasant day, turning over books, and periodicals, or talking, on the lawn, whence we could behold scenes picturesque afar, and rich vineyard glimpses, near at hand. Mr. Story is the most variously accomplished and brilliant person--the fullest of social life and fire--whom I have ever met; and without seeming to make any effort, he kept us amused and entertained, the whole day long; not wearisomely entertained neither, as we should have been if he had not let his fountain play naturally. Still, though he bubbled and brimmed over with fun, he left the impression on me that he is not a happy man; there must surely be a morbid

sensibility; a pain and care, bred it may be, out of the very richness of his gifts and abundance of his outward prosperity. Rich, in the prime of life, with a wife whom he loves, and children budding and blossoming as fairly as his heart could wish; with sparkling talents, so many, that if he choose to neglect or fling away one, or two, or three, he would still have enough left to shine with;--who should be happy, if not he? ....

Towards sunset, we all walked out into the Podere, pausing, a little while, to look down into a well, that stands on the verge of the lawn. Within the spacious circle of its stone curb was an abundant growth of maiden-hair, forming a perfect wreath of thickly clustering leaves quite round, and trailing its tendrils downward to the water which gleamed beneath. It was a very pretty sight. Mr. Story bent over the well, and uttered deep, musical tones, which were reverberated from the hollow depths with wonderful effect, as if a spirit dwelt within there, and (unlike the spirits that speak through mediums) sent him back responses profounder and more melodious than the tones that awakened them. Such a responsive well as this might have been taken for oracle, in old days.

....

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Siena, Oct. 4, 1858]; CE, XIV [1980], 447-8)

Pass. two--eggressive landscape)

Hotel d'Europe (Avignon) June 6th Monday. / We are still here; and our life has offered few or no journalizable incidents; nor, to say the truth, am I much inclined to record the, were they ever so interesting. I have been daily to the Rocher des Doms, and have been familiar with the old church on its declivity. I think I might become attached to it by seeing it so often; a sombre old interior, with its heavy arches, and its roof vaulted like the top of a trunk; its stone gallery, with ponderous adornments, running round three sides. I observe that it is a daily custom of the old women to say their prayers in concert, sometimes making a pilgrimage, as it were, from chapel to chapel. The voice of one of them is heard running through the series of petitions, and at intervals, the voices of the others join and swell into a chorus; so that it is like a river, connecting a series of lakes; or, not to use so gigantic a simile, the one voice is like a thread, on which the beads of a rosary are strung. One day, two priests came and sat down beside these prayerful women, and, I think, joined in their petitions. I am inclined to hope that there is something genuine in the devotion of these old women.

The view from the top of the Rocher des Doms (Doms [ital.], a contraction of Dominés) grows upon me, and is truly magnificent; a vast mountain girdled plain, illuminated by the far windings and reaches of the Rhone. The river is here almost as turbid as the

Tiber itself; but, I remember, in the upper part of its course, the waters are beautifully transparent. I have never seen a more powerful rush than is indicated by the swirls and eddies of its broad surface.

....  
 (Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Avignon, June 6, 1859]; CE, XIV [1980], 541)

B.1.b. The Chanting Scale: The Construct of  
 Interlocking Consonant-Figures.

Hawthorne's eggressive text of signatures may be at once more finely and more economically scaled if attention is given to the architectony of the original name--i.e., to subordinative similarities and contrasts between initial and terminal, between extreme and medial, and between medial and medial oral-consonantal qualities of "Nathaniel Háwthorne" (´ marks lexical prime stress--a relevant, oral-motor, superordinative feature). On the basis of an architectonically repositioned, or internally rhymed or retempered, eggressive text (one lexically, privately suggestive of the idea of arousal and quelling of a priest-like but passionate self), Hawthorne's signature-voice may be projected as an ideal, hierarchy-respecting series of five contradictory but interlocking consonant-figures (contradictory and interlocking in terms of oral locations). A summary of the repositioned text (early version), the derived consonant-figures, and construct-reinforcing notations drawn from Paget's remarks on oral positions and organs applied (\*\*) may be presented as follows (\* marks figure-initiating consonant; ...> indicates figure at position or location; >... indicates figure moving out of position or location; x'x indicates positional

leaping; x:x reminds of "[prime-]grip"; "Author's" is included as a not infrequent possessive self-reference of Hawthorne as originator [see ahead to my B.3.a.i]):

- i) Nathan[y]el Hawthorne m/n/ŋ > h/y'w  
 Rev[erend] ... All[-]  
 en ...  
 \*M[-yeu-] ... i[y]ne  
 [w]-on
- \*\*Totality of Mouth:  
 Front / to Middle /  
 to Back--deep Back /  
 to Back-Middle / to  
 Front (lips / to  
 tongue and palate /  
 to high throat--  
 deep throat with  
 larynx / to tongue  
 length / to lips).  
 Continued full clo-  
 sure--to [continued]  
 partial closure.
- ii) -at[-]hán[-y]el \*Háw h/y:k/g > d'z/t's  
 [-]t[-]horn  
 -[-d] Ashley ... Royc-  
 -[-syeur] T[-]he- ...  
 ...
- Back of Mouth:  
 Deep Back / to Back-  
 Middle : Back / to  
 [deep] Back--to  
 [deep] Middle and  
 [deep] Front / to  
 Middle and Front  
 (throat [with/without  
 larynx]--to tongue  
 length). Partial and  
 full closure and re-  
 lease--to full clo-  
 sure and release and  
 partial closure  
 [continued].
- iii) \*R[-rend] Ashley r/l,d/t,ð/θ > s'k:g'z  
 Al[-]len Ro-c[s-]e  
 -tha-el -thorn-  
 ... Theodore de l'  
 ...  
 -ber-n
- Middle Reach of Mouth:  
 Low Middle / and high  
 Middle, to [deep]  
 Middle-Front / and  
 Middle-Front, to  
 [deep] Front / and  
 Front--Front to  
 Back : [deep] Back  
 to [deep] Front  
 (tongue length and  
 tip [with/without  
 throat-larynx] to

iv) Rev[-end] A\*sh-ey      š/s:z/ž > h/y:k'w  
 ... Ro[-]yce  
 -h-[y]- H[']w-horn-  
 -[sieur] -he[-]o-ore  
 O'er  
 [Author's]

palate and to teeth  
 --tongue tip near  
 teeth to tongue back  
 at throat : tongue  
 back at throat to  
 tongue tip near  
 teeth). Partial and  
 full closure [con-  
 tinued and discon-  
 tinued] and release  
 --same.

Front of Mouth:  
 Middle-Front / and  
 Front : [deep] Front  
 / and [deep] Middle-  
 Front--to full Back  
 and full Front  
 (tongue middle and  
 tip to palate and at  
 teeth ridge--to  
 throat and lips).  
 Partial closure  
 [continued]--to par-  
 tial [continued] and  
 full closure and  
 release.

v) M[onsieur] Theo-      f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n  
 do[o]r- de l'  
 Aub[-]pin[na]-  
N-ni- -aw-[ ]  
 or[e]n-  
 \*-v[-end] ...  
 Obe-n

Face-Front of Mouth:  
 Partial Front / and  
 [deep] partial Front,  
 to full protruded  
 Front, to full pres-  
 sed Front / and full  
 [deep] pressed Front  
 --to total Mouth in :  
 to Back (lower lip  
 to edge of front  
 upper teeth, lips  
 around, lip to lip  
 [with/without throat-  
 larynx]--to lips /  
 to tongue and palate :  
 to tongue back and  
 soft palate). Par-  
 tial [continued] and  
 full closure and  
 release--to continued  
 full and partial clo-  
 sure and full closure  
 and release.

The summary of repositioned text, consonant-figures, and oral-action notations may be restated in terms of religious-purposive postural changes within Hawthorne's serpent master-symbol, as "mouth-possessed self-extender," as organ-applier (see again Chapter I: B. Conclusion)--or in terms of a standardized series of orally tempered "shifts of signature-stance." The symbol-apprehending summary may be stated as follows (the "stance-shifts" are at the right):

- i) Nathan[y]el Hawthorne     $\underline{m}/\underline{m}/\underline{n} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}'\underline{w}$     Signature with omnipresent  
 Rev[erend] ... All[-]    mouth (=cryptic universe  
     en ...                    w. holy end-trail under  
 M[-yeu-] ... i[y]ne                    nose).  
 [ω]-on

[Note: Nĕthan'ēl = 'Gift  
 of God,' Hebr.;  
 omega = 'great or long  
 o'--final letter in  
 Gr. Alphabet, Gr.  
 script.]

- ii) -at[-]hán[-y]el Háw     $\underline{h}/\underline{y}:\underline{k}/\underline{g} > \underline{d}'\underline{z}/\underline{t}'\underline{s}$     Signature with obliga-  
     [-]t[-]horn                    tory, throat-held gift-  
 -[-d] Ashley ... Royc-                    shout (=truncated neck).  
 -[-syeur] T[-]he- ...  
 ...

[Note: Ger. Hahn = 'cock';  
 Fr. roi = 'king.']



- iii) R-[-rend] Ashley      r/l, d/t, d/θ > s'k:g'z      Signature with ris-  
     Al[-]len Ro-c[s-]e      ing, skill-torn  
     -tha-el -thorn-      split-tongue (=branch-  
     ... Theodore de l'      engrafter).  
     ...  
     -ber-n

[Note: Ash--the tree,  
 from which tough,  
 pliant spears have  
 been made; roc--the  
 hawk-like bird of Ar.  
 fable, huge enough  
 to grasp live ele-  
 phants in its beak  
 and (beak-servicing)  
 claws, to feed to  
 its progeny; sugges-  
 tions of expansive  
 botanical powers  
 of signature-  
 voice.]

- iv) Rev[-end] Ash-ey      š/s:z/ž > h/y:k'w      Signature with in-quest-  
     ...Ro[-]yce      ing space between blades  
     -h-[y]- H[']w-horn-      (=tongue-tip behind teeth-  
     -[sieur] -he[-]o-re      ing hedge).  
     O-er  
     [Author's]

[Note: soft roe--  
 roe as word of  
 ice-country origin  
 (Scand.); implica-  
 tions of white,  
 spermal over-flow.]

v) M[onsieur] Theo-  
do[o]r- de l'  
Aub[-]pin[na]-

N-ni- -aw-[ ]  
or[e]n-

-v[-end] ...

Obe-n

f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n

Signature with  
Heaven-bowing, knee-  
bending lips (=God's face-  
breaker).

[Note: pinna = 'pinnacle;  
fin, wing-tip,' Lat.]

"Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart Háw Higher Burn, The Thorn Adorn, My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!" This, the central and most empathic motive (or meaning) of Hawthorne's signature-voice, as self-tempering builder of language, literature, and life, may be overheard in a series of five passages drawn from auxiliary texts by Hawthorne--passages supportive of the second stage of scale construction. The idea of a universally tempering scale occurs in the first passage; the idea of an inherent yet damaged voice occurs in the second passage; the idea of an at once reverent and irreverent extension of name occurs in the third passage; the idea of a universe with an implicit, constraining serpent at its center (split-tongue within sweet over-flow) occurs in the fourth passage; and the idea of a multilingual flight of words to enliven name occurs in the fifth passage. The series of passages reads as follows (the underscoring of fragments and words serves to remark upon a few features of scale-stepping, with eye- and ear-patterns of figures taken into account):

Pass. one--tempering scale)

If cities were built to the sound of music [i], then some edifices would appear to be constructed by grave [ii], solemn tones,--others to have danced forth to light [iii], fantastic [v] airs. [s (iv)--generalized, throughout.]

(Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [July 4, 1839 (=birthday)];  
CE, VIII [1972], 183)

Pass. two--damaged voice)

There is a woman who has several times passed through this Hanover Street, in which [ii] we live, stopping occasionally to sing songs under the windows; and last evening, between nine and ten o'clock, she came and sang Kathleen O'Moore richly and sweetly. Her voice rose up out of the dim, chill street, and made our hearts throb in unison with it as we sat in our comfortable drawing-room. I never heard a voice that touched me more deeply. Somebody told her to go away, and she stopped like a nightingale suddenly shot; but, finding that S[ophia] wished to know something about her, Fanny and one of the maids ran after her, and brought her into the hall. It seems she was educated to sing at the opera, and married an Italian opera-singer, who is now dead; lodging in a model lodging-house at threepence a night, and being a penny short to-night, she tried this method, in hope of getting this penny. She takes in plain sewing when she can get any, and picks up a trifle about the street by means of her voice, which, she says, was once sweet, but has now been injured by the poorness of her living. She is a pale woman, with black eyes, Fanny says, and may have been pretty once, but is not so now. It seems strange, that with such a gift of Heaven, so cultivated, too, as her voice is, making even an unsusceptible heart vibrate like a harp string, she should not have had an engagement among the hundred theatres and singing-rooms of London; that she should throw away her melody in the streets for the mere chance of a penny, when sounds not a hundredth part so sweet are worth from other lips purses of gold [v].

(Hawthorne, ... English Note-Books [London, Oct. 1855],  
RE, VIII, 158-9)

Pass. three--irreverent name)

[October 5 (1855).]--It rained almost all day on Wednesday, so that I did not go out till late in the afternoon, and then only took a stroll along Oxford Street and Holborn [iii], and back through Fleet Street and the Strand. Yesterday, at a little after ten, I went to the ambassador's to get my wife's passport for Lisbon. ....

I next went to Westminster Abbey, where I had long promised myself another quiet visit; for I think I never could be weary of it; and when I finally leave England, it will be this spot which I shall feel most unwilling to quit forever. I found a party going through the seven chapels (or whatever their number may be), and again saw those stately and quaint old tombs,--ladies and knights stretched out on marble slabs, or beneath arches and canopies of stone, let into the walls of the Abbey, reclining on their elbows, in ruff and farthingale or riveted armor, or in robes of state, once painted in rich colors, or which only a few patches of scarlet now remain; bearded faces of noble knights, whose noses, in many cases, had been smitten off; and Mary Queen of Scots had lost two fingers of her beautiful hands, which she is clasping in prayer. There must formerly have been very free access to these tombs; for I observed that all the statues (so far as I examined them) were scratched with the initials of visitors, some of the names being dated above a century ago. The old coronation-chair, too, is quite covered, over the back and seat, with initials cut into it with pocket knives, just as Yankees would do it; only it is not whittled away, as would have been its fate in our hands. Edward the Confessor's shrine, which is chiefly of wood, likewise abounds in these inscriptions, although this was esteemed the holiest shrine in England, so that pilgrims still come to kneel and kiss it. Our guide, a rubicund verger of cheerful demeanor, said that this was true in a few instances.

....

(Hawthorne, ... English Note-Books [London, Oct. 1855],  
RE, VIII, 159-60)

Pass. four--serpent center)

Last evening, my wife, Una, and I, went over to the Powers' and sat with them on their terrace, at the top of the house, till nearly 10 [o']clock. It was a delightful, calm, summer evening, and we were elevated high above the adjacent roofs, and had a prospect of the greater part of Florence and its towers, and the surrounding hills; while right beneath us rose the trees of a garden, and hardly sent their tops higher than we sat. At a little distance, with only a house or two between, was a theatre in full act; Teatro Goldoni, which is an open amphitheatre, in the ancient fashion, without any roof or other covering on top. We could see the upper part of the proscenium, and, had we been a little nearer, might have seen the whole performance, as did several boys and other rogues who crept along the roofs of the adjacent houses. As it was we heard the music and the applause, and now and then an actor's stentorian tones, when we chose to listen. The female Powers, and my wife and Una, and Master Bob, sat in a group together and chatted, in one corner of our aerial drawing-room; while Mr. Powers

and myself leaned against the parapet, and talked of innumerable things. When the clocks struck the hour, or the bells rung from the steeples (as they are continually doing, reason or none) I spoke of the sweetness of the Florence bells, the tones of some of which are as if the bell were full of liquid sweetness, and shed it through the air [iv] on being upturned. I had supposed, in my lack of musical ear, that the bells of the Campanile were the sweetest; but Mr. Powers says that there is a defect in their tone, and that the bell of the Palazzo Vecchio is the most melodious he ever heard. Then he spoke of his having been a manufacturer of organs, or, at least, of reeds for organs, at one period of his life. I wonder what he has not been! He told me of an invention of his, in the musical line; a jewsharp with two tongues; and by and by he produced it for my inspection. It was carefully kept in a little wooden case, and was very neatly and elaborately constructed, with screws to tighten it, and a silver centre-piece between the two tongues.

Evidently a great deal of thought had been bestowed on this little harp; but the inventor told me that it was an utter failure, because the tongues were apt to interfere and jar with one another; although the strain of music was very sweet and melodious (as he proved, by playing on it a little) when everything went right. It was a youthful production; and he said that its failure had been a great disappointment to him at the time; whereupon I congratulated him that his failures had been in small matters, and his successes in great ones. We talked, furthermore, about instinct and reason, and whether the brute creation have souls, and, if they have none, how justice is to be done them for their sufferings here; and came finally to the conclusion (at least, Mr. Powers did) that brutes suffer only in appearance, and that God enjoys for them all that they seem to enjoy, and that man is the only intelligent and sentient being, except his Creator. We reasoned high about other states of being; and I suggested the possibility that there might be beings inhabiting this earth, contemporaneously with us, and close beside us, but of whose existence and whereabouts we could have no perception, nor they of ours, because we are endowed with different sets of senses; for certainly it was within God's power to create beings who should communicate with nature by innumerable other senses than these few which we possess. Mr. Powers gave hospitable reception to this idea, and said that it had occurred to himself; and he has evidently thought much and earnestly about such matters, but is rather too apt, in my opinion, to let his ideas crystallize into a theory, before he can have sufficient data for it. He is a Swedenborgian in faith.

The moon had risen behind the trees, while we were talking; and Powers intimated his idea that beings analogous to men--men in everything except the modifications necessary to adapt them to their physical circumstances--inhabited the planets, and peopled them with beautiful shapes. Each planet, however, must, have its own standard of the beautiful, I suppose; and probably his sculptor's eye would not see much to admire in the proportions of an inhabitant of Saturn.

The atmosphere of Florence (at least, when we ascend a little way into it) seems to suggest planetary speculations. Galileo found it so; and Mr. Powers and I pervaded the whole Universe, but finally crept down his garret-stairs, and parted, with a friendly pressure of the hand.

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Florence, July 28, 1858]; CE, XIV [1980], 377-9)

Pass. five--multilingual life)

....

The little Frenchman ['Monsieur Schaeffer'] impresses me very strongly, too--so lonely he is here, struggling against the world, with bitter feelings in his breast, and yet talking with the vivacity of his nation [v];--making his home from darkness to daylight, and enjoying here what little domestic comfort and confidence there is for him; and then going about all the live-long day, teaching French to blockheads who sneer at him; and returning at about ten o'clock in the evening (for I was wrong in saying he supped here--he eats no supper) to his solitary room and bed. Before retiring, he goes to Bridge's bedside, and, if he finds him awake, stands talking French, expressing his dislike of the Americans--"Je hais--Je hais les Yankees!"--thus giving vent to the stifled bitterness of the whole day. In the morning, I hear him getting up early--at sunrise or before--humming to himself, scuffling about his chamber with his thick boots, and at last taking his departure for a solitary ramble till breakfast. Then he comes in cheerful and vivacious enough, eats pretty heartily, and is off again, singing a French chanson as he goes down the gravel-walk. The poor fellow has nobody to sympathize with him but Bridge; and thus a singular connection is established between two utterly different characters.

Then here is myself, who am likewise a queer character in my way, and have come here to spend a week or two with my friend of a half-a life-time;--the longest space, probably, that we are ever destined to spend together; for fate seems to be preparing changes for both of us. ....

[/ Also:] Returned home, and took a lesson in French of Mr. Schaeffer. I like him very much, and have seldom met with so honest, simple, and apparently so well-principled a man; which good qualities I impute to his being, by the father's side, of German blood. He looks more like a German--or, as he says, like a Swiss--than a Frenchman, having very light hair, and a fair complexion, and not a French expression. He is a vivacious little fellow, and wonderfully excitable to mirth; and it is truly a sight to see him laugh, how every feature partakes of his merriment, and even his whole body shares in it; and he rises and dances about the room. He has great variety of conversation, commensurate with his experience in life, and sometimes will talk Spanish, ore rotundo; sometimes imitate the

Catholic priests, chanting Latin songs for the dead, in deep, gruff, awful tones, producing really a very strong impression; then will he break out into a light French song, perhaps of love, perhaps of war, acting it out, as if on the stage of a theatre. All this intermingled with continual fun, excited by the incidents of the passing moment. He has frenchified all our names, calling Bridge Monsieur du Pont, myself M. de l'Aubepine, and himself M. le Berger, and all knights of the round table; and we live in great harmony and brotherhood--as queer a life as any body leads, and as queer a set as may be found anywhere. In his more serious intervals, he talks philosophy and deism, and preaches obedience to the law of reason and morality; which law he says, (and I believe him) that he has so well observed, that, notwithstanding his residence in dissolute countries, he has never yet sinned with woman. ....

[/ Also:] .... He is a very singular fellow, with an originality in all his notions--not that nobody has ever had such before, but that he has thought them out for himself. He told me, yesterday, that one of his sisters was a waiting maid in the Rocher de Cancale. He is about the sincerest fellow I ever knew--never pretends to feelings that are not in him; never flatters. His feelings do not seem to be warm, though they are kindly. He is so single-minded, that he cannot understand badinage, but takes it all as if meant in earnest--a German trait. He values himself greatly on being a Frenchman, though all his most valuable qualities come from Germany. His animal desires are none of the strongest, but he is greatly delighted with any attention from the ladies. A short time since, a lady gave him a nosegay of roses and pinks; he capered; and danced, and sang, put the boquet in water, carried it to his own chamber, but he brought it for us to see and admire, two or three times a day; bestowing on it all the words of admiration in the French language--"Superbe, magnifique." When some of the flowers began to fade, he made the rest, with others, into a new boquet, and consulted us whether it would be fit to give to another lady. Contrast this French foppery with his solemn moods, when we sit in the twilight, or after Bridge is abed, talking of Christianity and Deism, of ways of life, of marriage, of benevolence,--in short all deep matters of this world and the next. And evening or two since, he began singing all manner of English songs--such as Mrs. Heamans "Landing of the Pilgrims"--Auld Lang Syne, with some of Moore's &c--the singing pretty fair, but in the queerest tone and accent. Occasionally, he breaks out in scraps from French tragedies, which he spouts with corresponding action. He generally gets close to me, in these displays of musical and histrionic talent. Once he offered to magnetize me, in the manner of Monsieur Poyen [=... M- Poyen / M. ... (o)'P(y)ne].

(Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [July 1837]; CE, VIII [1972], 33-4, 45-6, and 57-8)<sup>8</sup>

B.1.c. The Chanting Scale: The Correlative of  
Oral-Extensor Tags.

Hawthorne's re-figured text of signatures, or the ideal series of aggressive consonant-figures, may be further restated as a set of near-visceral, goal-tagging remarks on world (world =apperceptive complex of language, literature, and life)--or as Hawthorne's "oral gestures," as Hawthorne's signals of universal command, and of primitive, concrete, demand. Supportive of such restatement, Paget's formulations of primitive-universal, oral-gestural meanings (or symbolism) for the consonant sounds may be drawn upon to construct a mediating and reinforcing text. That mediating and reinforcing text, on "signature gesturing" à la Paget (\*), may be presented as follows (single quotation marks indicate wording by Paget):

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| i) Signature w. omnipresent mouth (= cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose). | $\underline{m}/\underline{n}/\underline{ŋ} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}'\underline{w}$     | *Gesturing of Animative Embrace (with Explicit or Implicit Pride):<br>'containing,' 'continu[ing with] closure,' 'think[ing] and grip[-ping] back ... to oneself,' 'hav[ing] power, be[ing] great'-- 'hold[ing]' and 'directing' via 'eye.' |
| ii) Signature w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).               | $\underline{h}/\underline{y}:k/g > \underline{d}'\underline{z}/\underline{t}'\underline{s}$ | Gesturing of Residual Power:<br>'hold[ing], 'grip[ping] back ... to oneself'--'spring[ing] out' to middle,' 'draw[ing] attention' to 'initial grip of some kind.'   |



- iii) Signature w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).  $\underline{r}/\underline{l}, \underline{d}/\underline{t}, \underline{d}/\underline{\theta} > \underline{s}'\underline{k}:\underline{g}'\underline{z}$  Gesturing of Vital-Lingual Transformations (with Tempering of 'Phallic'-Reach Implicit):  
'bending back,' 'protrud[ing] and touching ...,' 'mov[ing], flow[ing], ... rapid[ly] chang[ing the] posture,' 'strok[ing,] ... smearing, kneading,' 'drawing attention'--'grip[ping] forward' and 'grip[ping] back.'
- iv) Signature w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge).  $\underline{\check{s}}/\underline{s}:\underline{z}/\underline{\check{z}} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}:\underline{k}'\underline{w}$  Gesturing of Supersensory New Union (with Minutia of Discourse as Fecundating, Promising Secret '[Seed]-Grip' on Whole Field of Meaning):  
'initial grip[ping] of some kind' --'hold[ing], 'grip[ping] back ... to oneself,' and '[re-] directing' as 'noise' through 'eye,' as vision of 'spouting' vision.
- v) Signature w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).  $\underline{f}/\underline{v}, \underline{w}, \underline{p}/\underline{b} > \underline{m}/(\underline{k})\underline{n}'\underline{k}:\underline{n}$  Gesturing of Reciprocities of Fulfillment (with Coordinated Imbalance, Buried Residual Embrace):  
'projecting, pointing, directing [via eye], spouting,' and 'enclosing, containing, gripping,' then 'bursting, expelling, releasing'--yet 'containing,' 'think[ing] and grip[ping] back to oneself,' 'hav[ing] power,' be[ing] great,' 'holding.'

A probable quality of Hawthorne's petition, the idea of a deeply visceral, or vegetal, economy of dynamic self-accommodation to world is signaled by Hawthorne's signature-voice as an organ-approximating, figure-correlative sequence of mouth-expressive remarks, or oral-extensor tags--actional-remarks extended to God, to self, and to reader,

for the visual, motor, and concrete apprehension, of powers to nurture, if nurtured. The set of figure-correlative oral-extensor tags--of "oral-mimes" addressed to God, to self, and to reader--may be presented as follows (the oral-tags are in CAPITAL TYPE):

- |  |  |               |
|--|--|---------------|
| i) Signature w. omnipresent mouth (= cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose).   | $\underline{m}/\underline{n}/\underline{n} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}'\underline{w}$  | MUM-YAWN      |
| ii) Signature w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).                 | $\underline{h}/\underline{y}:\underline{k}/\underline{g} > \underline{d}'\underline{z}/\underline{t}'\underline{s}$                                  | HIC-GOUGE     |
| iii) Signature w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).                 | $\underline{r}/\underline{l},\underline{d}/\underline{t},\underline{d}/\underline{\theta} > \underline{s}'\underline{k}:\underline{g}'\underline{z}$ | DART-STICK(S) |
| iv) Signature w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge). | $\underline{s}'/\underline{s}:\underline{z}/\underline{z} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}:\underline{k}'\underline{w}$                                 | SIP-SQUISH    |
| v) Signature w. Heaven-bow-ing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).               | $\underline{f}/\underline{v},\underline{w},\underline{p}/\underline{b} > \underline{m}/(\underline{k})\underline{n}'\underline{k}:\underline{n}$     | LIP/LAP-WINK  |

"Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!" This, the normative and most critical motive (or meaning) of Hawthorne's signature-voice, as world-wise builder of language, literature, and life, may be overheard in a sequence of passages collected from auxiliary texts by Hawthorne--passages supportive of the third stage of scale construction. The idea of an all-bracing, half-expressed manly stance is transacted in the first passage; the idea of a urinary character-assassination, by blasphemous voice in deep channel, is transacted in the second passage; the idea of a conjoint lingual, phallic, and vegetal maturation, in a branch of family who grips forward and back, is transacted in the third passage; the idea of a secret or poetic seminal overflow, in a patriarchal reflex of thanks to Providence, is transacted in the fourth passage; and the idea of a lap-process of ghostly rebirth, woman-cycled and Christ-censored, is transacted in the fifth passage. The sequence of passages reads as follows (fragments and words in capital type serve to remark upon features of oral-extending, elastic miming of the mouth):

Pass. one--manly bracing)

Went with Bridge yesterday to visit several Irish shanties, endeavoring to find out who had stolen some rails of a fence. At the first door where we knocked (a shantie with AN EARTHEN MOUND HEAPED AGAINST THE WALL, two or three feet thick) the inmates were not up, though it was past eight o'clock. At last a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN SHOWED HERSELF, HALF-DRESSED, and completing her toilet. [=MUM-YAWN.] Threats were made of tearing down her house; for she is a lady of very indifferent morals, and sells rum and wears frilled dresses. Few of these people are connected with the Mill-Dam, or at least, many are not so; but have intruded themselves into the vacant huts which were occupied by the Mill-Dam people last year. In two or three places hereabouts there is quite a village of these dwellings, with a clay and board chimney, or oftener an old barrel smoked and charred with the fire. Some of their roofs are covered

with sods, and appear almost subterranean. One of the little hamlets stands on both sides of a deep dell, wooded and bush-grown, with a vista as it were into the heart of a wood in one direction and to the broad sunny river on the other; a little rivulet crossed by a plank, at the bottom of the dell. At two doors we saw very pretty and modest-looking young women; one with a child in her arms, and another in her belly. Indeed they all have innumerable little children; and they are invariably in good flesh, though always filthy of face. They come to the door while their mothers are talking with the visitors, standing straight up on their bare legs, with their little plump-bellies protruding; IN ONE HAND A SMALL TIN SAUCE-PAN, AND IN THE OTHER AN IRON-SPOON, WITH UNWIPED MOUTHS, LOOKING AS INDEPENDENT AS ANY CHILD OR GROWN PERSON IN THE LAND. They stare unabashed, but make no answer when spoken to. "I've no call to your fence, Misser Bridge." It seems queer that a man should have the right, unarmed with any legal instrument, of tearing down the dwelling-houses of a score of families, and turning the inmates forth without a shelter. Yet Bridge undoubtedly has this right; and it is not a little striking to see how quietly these people contemplate the probability of his exercising it--resolving indeed, to burrow in their holes as long as may be, yet caring about as little for an ejection, as those who could find a tenement anywhere. Yea less. Yet the women, amid all the trials of their situation, appear to have kept up the distinction between virtue and vice; those who can claim the former will not associate with the latter. When the women travel with young children, they carry the baby slung at their backs, and sleeping quietly. The dresses of the new-comers are old fashioned, making them look aged before their time.

Mr. Schaeffer shaving himself, yesterday morning. He was in excellent spirits, and could NOT KEEP HIS TONGUE or body still, more than long enough to make two or three consecutive strokes of his beard. THEN WOULD HE TURN, FLOURISHING his razor and grimacing joyously, enacting strange antics, breaking out into scraps and verses of drinking songs--"A boire! A boire!" &c--then laughing heartily and crying "Vive la gaiete!"--then resuming his task, looking into the glass with grave face, on which, however, a GRIN WOULD SOON BREAK OUT ANEW; and all his antics would be repeated with variations. He turned this foolery into philosophy, by observing that mirth contributed to goodness of heart, and to make us love our fellow creatures. Conversing with him in the evening, he affirmed, with evident belief in the truth of what he said, that he would have no objection, except that it would be a very foolish thing, to expose HIS WHOLE HEART--HIS WHOLE INNER MAN--TO THE VIEW OF THE WORLD. Not that there would not much evil be discovered there; but as he was conscious of being in a state of mental and moral improvement, working out his progress onward, he would not shrink from such a scrutiny. This talk was introduced by his mentioning the "Minis-

ter's Black Veil," which he said had been TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH, as an exercise, by a Miss Appleton of Bangor.

....

(Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [July 1837]; CE, VIII [1972], 47-9)

Pass. two--urinary voice)

....

Two travellers, eating bread and cheese of their own, in the bar-room at Stockbridge, and drinking water out of a tumbler borrowed from the landlord. Eating immensely, and when satisfied, putting the relics in their trunk, and rubbing down the table.

Sample ears of various sorts of corn hanging over the looking-glass, or in the bars, of taverns. Four ears on a stalk (good ears) is considered a HEAVY HARVEST.

A withered, YELLOW, SODDEN, DEAD-ALIVE looking woman--an opium-eater. A deaf man, with a GREAT ITCH FOR CONVERSATION; so that his interlocutor is COMPELLED TO HALLOW AND BAWL AMID THE RUMBLING OF THE COACH--AMID WHICH HE HEARS BEST. THE SHARP TONES OF A WOMAN'S VOICE APPEAR TO PIERCE HIS DULL ORGANS, MUCH better than a masculine voice. [=HIC-GOUGE.] The impossibility of saying anything but common-place matters, to a deaf man--of expressing any delicacy of thought in a raised tone--of giving vent to fine feelings uncommonly coarse; for after the opium-eater had renewed an old acquaintance with him, almost the first question he asked, in his RAISED VOICE WAS--"DO YOU EAT OPIUM NOW?"

At Hartford, the keeper of the Temperance Hotel reading a Hebrew bible in the bar, by means of a Lexicon and an English version. [=Memo of tetragrammaton, YaHWeH, in: -Yel HaW-, + -Han-/-horn.]

(Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [Sept. 1838]; CE, VIII [1972], 151)

Pass. three--lingual branching)

....

For dinner, I gave him [Julian, five-year-old son] bread and water, and a small remnant of corn-starch pudding; and I myself ate a piece of cake and a cucumber. Then we went out and fed the hens; after which I LAY DOWN ON THE SLOPE OF THE VALLEY, AND SMOKED A CIGAR, with the sun falling upon me out of the clear blue sky, warm and genial, but with not too heavy a warmth. [=DART-STICKS(S).]

Julian, meanwhile, played about, not so far off as to lose the feeling of companionship, yet so far that he could only speak to me in a shout; and whenever he shouted, a child's clear voice, in the distance, shouted more faintly the self-same words. It was the echo. And thus we had arrived at half past TWO. THE OLD BOY IS NOW RIDING

ON HIS ROCKING-HORSE, AND TALKING TO ME AS FAST AS HIS TONGUE CAN GO. MERCY on me, was ever man before so be-pelted with a child's talk as I am! It is his desire of sympathy that lies at the bottom of the great heap of his babblement. He wants to enrich all his enjoyments of STEEPING THEM IN THE HEART OF SOME FRIEND. I do not think him in danger of living so solitary a life as much of mine has been.

During the afternoon, we GATHERED SOME CURRANTS, which I crushed, and GAVE HIM A FEW AT SUPPER. When THAT WAS OVER (AND WE GOT THROUGH WITH IT BEFORE SIX) we went out to the barn. "A very fine morning, isn't it, father?" said he, as we came out of the door. I wish I could record all his apothegms; but they do not seem worth writing down, till I have so forgotten them that they cannot be recalled in their integrity. TO-DAY, AFTER BEATING DOWN A GREAT MANY THISTLES, HE OBSERVED,--"ALL THE WORLD IS A GREAT PRICKER!" He has an idea that I do not think him very wise; and this afternoon he asked--"Father, do you think I don't know anything?"--"I do," said I. "But I knew how TO SHUT THE BOUDOIR-DOOR, WHEN YOU DIDN'T," REJOINED he. I am very glad he has that one instance of practical sagacity (though after all it was merely a chance hit) to console himself with. Nevertheless, I really think he has the stuff in him to make wisdom of, in due season; and Heaven forbid that it should come too soon.

....

The little man spoke to me, sometime in the depth of night, and said very quietly that he did not have very pleasant dreams. Doubtless, the currants, which he ate at supper, had wrought a malevolent influence upon him; and, in fact, I could hear them rumbling in his belly. He himself heard the rumor of them, but did not recognize where the sound came from, and inquired of me what it was. After a while, he fell asleep again, and slept somewhat later than usual; insomuch that I AROSE AT NOT FAR FROM SEVEN, BATHED, AND FINALLY HAD TO AROUSE HIM. Mrs. Peters returned before his bath was over. He munched a slice of bread, as we went together for the milk. It was a clear, calm, and pretty good morning.

(Hawthorne, The American Notebooks [Aug. 10-11, 1851]; CE, VIII [1972], 471-2, 473)

Pass four--secreting reflex)

The inn at Passignano promised little from its outward appearance; a tall, dark, old house with a stone staircase leading us up from one sombre story to another into a BRICK-PAVED EATING ROOM, WITH OUR SLEEPING-CHAMBERS ON EACH SIDE. [=SIP-SQUISH.] There was a fireplace of tremendous depth and height, fit to receive big forest-logs, and with a queer, double pair of ancient andirons, capable of sustaining them; and, in a handful of ashes, lay a small stick of olive-wood, a specimen, I suppose, of the sort of fuel which had made the chimney black, in the course of a good many years. There

must have been much shivering and misery of cold, around that fire-place. However, we needed no fire now; and there was promise of good cheer in the spectacle of a man cleaning some lake-fish for our dinner, while the poor things flounced and wriggled under the knife. The dinner made its appearance, after a long while, and was most plentiful; a rice-soup, a large dish of fried fish, some chops, and some chickens, besides, I think, a pudding, maccaroons, and fruit; so that, having measured our appetites in anticipation of a paucity of food, we had to make more room for such overflowing abundance. When dinner was over, it was already dark; and before going to bed, I opened the window and looked OUT ON LAKE THRASIMENE, the margin of which lies just on the other side of the narrow village-street. The MOON WAS A DAY OR TWO PAST THE FULL, JUST A LITTLE CLIPT on the edge; but gave light enough to show the lake and its nearer shores, almost as distinctly as by day; and there being a RIPPLE ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, IT MADE A SHEEN OF SILVER OVER A WIDE SPACE.

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Florence, June 1858]; CE, XIV [1980], 265-6)

Pass. five--winked lap bounty)

We have heard a good deal about spiritual matters of late, especially of wonderful incidents that attended Mr. Hume's visit to Florence, two or three years ago. Mrs. Powers told my wife a marvellous thing;--how that, when Mr. Hume was holding a séance in her house, and several persons present, a great scratching was heard in a neighboring closet. She addressed the spirit, and requested it not to disturb the company then, as they were busy with other affairs, promising to converse with it on a future occasion. On a subsequent night, accordingly, the scratching was renewed, with the utmost violence; and in reply to Mrs. Powers's questions, the spirit assured her that it was not one, but legion, being the ghosts of twenty seven monks, who were miserable and without hope! The house, now occupied by Powers, was formerly a convent, and I suppose these were the spirits of all the wicked monks that had ever inhabited it; --at least, I hope that there were not such a number of damnable sinners extant at any one time. The ghostly Fathers must have been very improper persons in their life-time, judging by the indecorousness of their behavior after death, and in such dreadful circumstances for they SHOWED A DISPOSITION TO MAKE FREE WITH MRS. POWERS' PETTICOATS, AND ONCE WENT SO FAR AS TO LIFT THEM AS HIGH AS HER KNEES. It was not ascertained, I believe, that they desired to have anything done for their eternal welfare, or that their situation, was capable of amendment anyhow; BUT, BEING EXHORTED TO REFRAIN FROM FURTHER DISTURBANCES, THEY TOOK THEIR DEPARTURE, AFTER MAKING THE SIGN OF THE CROSS ON THE BREST OF EACH PERSON PRESENT. [=LIP/LAP-WINK.] This was very singular in such reprobates, who, by their own confession, had forfeited all claim to be benefitted by that holy

symbol; it curiously suggests that the forms of religion may still be kept up, in Purgatory and Hell itself. The sign was made in a way that conveyed the sense of something devilish and spiteful; the perpendicular line of the cross being drawn gently enough, BUT THE TRANSVERSE ONE SHARPLY AND VIOLENTLY, SO AS TO LEAVE A PAINFUL IMPRESSION. PERHAPS THE MONKS MEANT THUS TO EXPRESS THEIR CONTEMPT AND HATRED FOR HERETICS; AND HOW QUEER, THAT THIS ANTIPATHY SHOULD SURVIVE THEIR OWN DAMNATION! But I cannot help hoping that the case of these poor devils may not be so desperate as they think. They cannot be wholly lost, because their desire for communication with mortals shows that they need sympathy--therefore are not altogether hardened--therefore, with loving treatment, may be restored.

A great many other wonders took place, within the knowledge and experience of Mrs. Powers. She saw, not one pair of hands only, but many. THE HEAD OF ONE OF HER DEAD CHILDREN--A LITTLE BOY--WAS LAID IN HER LAP, not in ghastly fashion, as a head out of the coffin and the grave, but just as the living child might have laid it on his mother's knees. It was INVISIBLE, BY THE BY; AND SHE RECOGNIZED IT BY THE FEATURES and the character of the hair, through the SENSE OF TOUCH. Little HANDS GRASPED hers;--in short, these soberly attested incredibilities are so numerous that I forget nine-tenths of them, and judge the others too cheap to be written down. Christ SPOKE the truth, surely, in saying that men would not believe, "though one rose from the dead." IN MY OWN CASE, the FACT makes absolutely NO IMPRESSION.

....

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Florence, Sept. 1858]; CE, XIV [1980], 415-17)

The construct brought forward in this, the first section of chapter development may be construed: specifically, as a score for the secret, ironic hymning of the providential nominal imperative, "Natal Gift, God's Yell: Heave to Fruit-full Shape, Tree of Thorns!"; and, generally, as a private, implicit, integral principle for evolving literary voice-form--both under sub-vocal, oral constraint and under doom of the self-damning gift of a creative-compulsive mind-set. The structure of Hawthorne's creative mind-set, inclusive of voice hymning, evolving into petition for rewards of far-reaching language (Truth!), literary coherence (Love!), and life-returns (Justice!), may be summarized



at this time as follows (bracketed numeration serves to orient within the summary; the three inflections of the consonant-figure designate master-hold [>] branching [<] to consummate degree [+], of satiated "round of eye"):

[1.] Powers of the master-symbol.

[a.] "Nathaniel Hawthorne" creating (magical mind-set).

[b.] Man-serpent with self-articulating mouth (anthropological ...);  
Serpent with rhythmically branching mouth (botanical ...);  
Signature with consonant-chant (cosmic aspect of master-symbol).

[c.] Signature-stance (concrete purposive posturing, to oral scale):

↓ Stance-shift)

- i) Signature w. omnipresent mouth (=cryptic universe with holy end-trail under nose).
- ii) Signature w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).
- iii) Signature w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).
- iv) Signature w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge).
- v) Signature w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).

## [2.] Powers of the consonant-chant.

## [a.] Signature-scale (form, of consonant-chant of master symbol):

+ Scale-step) Oral-tag:	Consonant-figure
	(Master-figure; Breach-figure; World-figure.)
i) MUM-YAWN:	<u>m/n/ŋ</u> > <u>h/y'w</u> ..... > ..... ..... < ..... ..... > .....+
ii) HIC-GOUGE:	<u>h/y:k/g</u> > <u>d'z'/t's</u> ..... > ..... ..... < ..... ..... > .....+
iii) DART-STICK(S):	<u>r/l,d/t,đ/θ</u> > <u>s'k:g'z</u> ..... > ..... ..... < ..... .....:..... > .....+
iv) SIP-SQUISH:	<u>s/s:z/z</u> > <u>h/y:k'w</u> ..... > ..... ..... < ..... ..... > .....+
v) LIP/LAP-WINK:	<u>f/v,w,p/b</u> > <u>m/(k)n'k:n</u> ..... > ..... ..... < ..... ..... > .....+

## [b.] Signature-motives (chant-messages of master-symbol):

Enigmatic motive (Master-song [Truth!]):  
"Under-head hand ... " Heave bourne!"

Empathic, impactive, motive (Breach-counterchant [Love!]):  
"Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart Haw Higher Burn,  
The Thorn Adorn, My Living Ears, Eyes, And Lips Open!"

Critical motive (World-hymn [Justice!]):  
"Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

[c.] Signature-anthem (poetic norm, literary ethic, heart-motive):

"Natal Gift, God's Yell: Heave to Fruit-full Shape, Tree of Thorns!" ["Nathaniel Hawthorne" under Christ's Sun.]

The features of the summarized mind-set will be tried below, in the second and the third sections of chapter development (feature [2.c] will be the especial focus of the third section of development).

## 2. Construction: A Literary Proofmark of Signature-Life.

The study has indicated in the introduction to the present chapter that the construct brought forward in the mediatory application of Richard Paget's oral-gestural linguistic---the five-step, message-chanting scale of consonant-figures with oral-tags--that idiosyncratic oral construct would be tried and found to hold in a preliminary integrative application to auxiliary-literary texts by Hawthorne. Or, the construct would be tried and found to hold in a preliminary integrative application to Hawthorne's own adaptations for children, of Classical mythology, world biography, and American history (frame story), and to a pseudonymous botanical essay showing concordant signature features. The maturing oral botany which the constructed scale would serve to channel in the preliminary application would be interpreted both as a suggestive index and aid to reader maturation (or as a symbolic hedge-cradle and goad, or normative symbol) and as a reflexively everlasting remark of approval given to the reader, for his author-encouraging growth in capacities to appreciate literature--perhaps even as a potential, much-bearing heir to

the tradition of literature-building as world-building. The oral botany maturing to scale would also be interpreted in terms of five levels of textual, or reader, mobility.

In the present section (Section B.2), the study makes trial application of the constructed scale to Hawthorne's adaptations for children of Classical mythology and world biography (to three selections from world biography, as "immortal name" stories). Hawthorne's prefaces to his two collections of myths and his collection of biographies contain remarks which serve to encourage the application; out of thoughts of play and name, a space-claiming tree grows, in a chronological arrangement of intentional commentary from the prefaces. The chronological arrangement of relevant prefatorial commentary reads as follows (the italics are mine):

"Preface," Biographical Stories, 1842)

.... It is here attempted to give our little readers such impressions as they might have gained, had they themselves been the play-mates of persons, who have long since performed important and brilliant parts upon the stage of life. If this be tolerably well accomplished, it is conceived that the effect must be good. Somewhat of the sympathy of childish intimacies will attach itself to these famous names of history and literature ....

.... The author has allowed himself considerable freedom in drawing, from his own ideas, those minor details which impart life and reality to a narrative. ....

This small volume, and others of a similar character, from the same hand, have not been composed without a deep sense of responsibility. The author regards children as sacred, and would not, for the world, cast anything into the fountain of a young heart, that might embitter and pollute its waters. And, even in point of the reputation to be aimed at, juvenile literature is as well worth cultivating as any other. The writer, if he succeed in pleasing his little readers, may hope to be remembered by them till their own old age--a far longer period of literary existence than is generally attained, by those who seek immortality from the judgments of full grown men.

"Preface," A Wonder Book, 1851)

The Author has long been of opinion, that many of the classical myths were capable of being rendered into very capital reading for children. ....

He does not ... plead guilty to a sacrilege, in having sometimes shaped anew, as his fancy dictated, the forms that have been hallowed by an antiquity of two or three thousand years. No epoch of time can claim a copyright in these immortal fables. They seem never to have been made; and certainly, so long as man exists, they can never perish; but, by their indestructibility itself, they are legitimate subjects for every age to clothe with its own garniture of manners and sentiment, and to imbue with its own morality. In the present version, they may have lost much of their classical aspect, (or, at all events, the Author has not been careful to preserve it,) and have perhaps assumed a Gothic or romantic guise.

In performing this pleasant task--for it has been really a task fit for hot weather, and one of the most agreeable, of a literary kind, which he ever undertook--the Author has not always thought it necessary to write downward, in order to meet the comprehension of children. He has generally suffered the theme to soar, whenever such was its tendency, and when he himself was buoyant enough to follow without effort. ....

"The Wayside: Introductory," Tanglewood Tales, 1853)

....

I doubt whether Eustace [Bright, A Wonder Book, narrator, whom 'I ... parad(ed) ... up and down over my half-a-dozen acres'] did not internally pronounce the whole thing a bore, until I led him to my predecessor's little ruined, rustic summer-house, mid-way on the hill-side [at 'The Wayside, Concord, (Mass.)']. It is a mere skeleton of slender, decaying, tree-trunks, with neither walls nor a roof; nothing but a tracery of branches and twigs, which the next wintry blast will be very likely to scatter in fragments along the terrace. It looks, and is, as evanescent as a dream; and yet, in its rustic net-work of boughs, it has somehow inclosed a hint of spiritual beauty, and has become a true emblem of the subtile and ethereal mind that planned it. I made Eustace Bright sit down on a snow-bank, which had heaped itself over the mossy seat, and gazing through the arched-window, opposite, he acknowledged that the scene at once grew picturesque.

"Simple as it looks," said he, "this little edifice seems to be the work of magic. It is full of suggestiveness, and, in its own way, is as good as a cathedral. Ah, it would be just the spot for one to sit in, of a summer-afternoon, and tell the children some more of those wild stories from the classical myths!"

"It would, indeed," answered I. "The summer-house itself, so airy and so broken, is like one of those old tales, imperfectly remembered; and these living branches of the Baldwin apple-tree, thrusting themselves so rudely in, are like your unwarrantable interpolations. But by-the-by have you added any more legends to the series, since the publication of the Wonder Book?"

....

.... Eustace put his bundle of manuscript into my hands; and I skimmed it pretty rapidly, trying to find out its merits and demerits by the touch of my fingers, as a veteran story-teller ought to know how to do.

.... [T]he connection with myself [as his 'editor'], he was kind enough to say, had been highly agreeable; nor was he by any means desirous ... of kicking away the ladder that had perhaps helped him to reach his present elevation. My young friend was willing, in short, that the fresh verdure of his growing reputation should spread over my straggling, and half-naked boughs; even as I have sometimes thought of training a vine, with its broad leafiness and purple fruitage, over the worm-eaten posts and rafters of the rustic summer-house. I was not insensible to the advantages of his proposal, and gladly assured him of my acceptance.

Merely from the titles of the stories, I saw at once that the subjects were not less rich than those of the former volume .... Yet, in spite of my experience of his ['Mr. Bright's'] free way of handling them, I did not quite see, I confess, how he could have obviated all the difficulties in the way of rendering them presentable to children. These old legends, so brimming over with everything that is most abhorrent to our Christianized moral-sense--some of them so hideous--others so melancholy and miserable, amid which the Greek Tragedians sought their themes, and moulded them into the sternest forms of grief that ever the world saw;--was such material the stuff that children's playthings should be made of! How were they to be purified? How was the blessed sunshine to be thrown into them?

But Eustace told me that these myths were the most singular thing in the world, and that he was invariably astonished, whenever he began to relate one, by the readiness with which it adapted itself to the childish purity of his auditors. .... [T]he stories (not by any strained effort of the narrator's, but in harmony with their inherent germ) transform themselves, and re-assume the shapes which they might be supposed to possess in the pure childhood of the world. ....

I let the youthful author talk, as much and as extravagantly as he pleased, and was glad to see him commencing life with such confidence in himself and his performances. A few years will do all that is necessary towards showing him the truth, in both respects. Meanwhile, it is but right to say, he does really appear to have overcome the moral objections against these fables; although at the expence of such liberties with their structure, as must be left to plead their own excuse, without any help from me. Indeed, except that there was a necessity for it--and that the inner life of

the legends cannot be come at, save by making them entirely one's own property--there is no defence to be made.

....

(Hawthorne, The Centenary Edition: VI [1972], 213-14; VII [1972], 3-4; VII [1972], 176-77, 178-80)

Taking strength from Hawthorne's apologetics of self-renewal, the study makes trial application of the constructed scale to all twelve of the myths and to three of the biographies as follows. (Figure-inflections determine the three subsections below--Subsections a-c; scale-steps with oral-tags and consonant figures determine the divisions of each subsection; notations of signature-stance and signature-motive follow each notation of scale-step with tag and figure. One story is proofmarked, and "sings" or "counterchants" or "hymns," below each set of notations; underscoring in single bar, double bar, and cross reflects consonant-figure [which is seen-and-heard or heard-but-unseen or seen-and-suggestively-heard]; capital type remarks upon speech organs and their analogues and upon oral-tags and their analogues. Additional notes may occur inside brackets within story texts; additional notes do occur inside brackets within the notations of Subsection c [on "eye"--attacking consonants]. The integrative interpretations of reader maturation and reader mobility, as response-demand qualities of petition, are restated in the sectional conclusion.)

B.2.a. A Literary Proofmark: The Master-Figure.

i) MUM-YAWN:  $\underline{m}/\underline{n}/\underline{u} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}'\underline{w}$  .

Stance: Man-serpent w. omnipresent mouth (=cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['The Pomegranate-seeds':] Mother Ceres was exceedingly fond of her daughter Proserpina [=harbinger of serpent], and seldom let her go alone into the fields. .... / ....

.... Never had she met with such exquisite flowers before--violets so large and fragrant--roses, with so rich and delicate a blush--such superb hyacinths and such aromatic pinks--and many others, some of which seemed to be of new shapes and colors. .... / ....

The nearer she approached the shrub, the more attractive it looked, until she came quite close to it; and then, although its beauty was richer than words can tell, she hardly knew whether to like it or not. It bore above a hundred flowers, of the most brilliant hues .... But there was a deep glossy lustre on the leaves of the shrub, and on the petals of the flowers, that made Proserpina doubt whether they might not be poisonous. ....

"What a silly child I am!" thought she, taking courage. ....

Holding up her apronful of flowers with her left hand, Proserpina seized the large shrub with the other, and pulled, and pulled, but was hardly able to loosen the soil about its roots. What a deep-rooted plant it was! Again the girl pulled, with all her might, and observed that the earth began to stir and crack, TO SOME DISTANCE AROUND THE STEM. She gave another pull, but relaxed her hold, fancying that there was a rumbling sound right beneath her feet. Did the roots EXTEND DOWN INTO some enchanted cavern? Then, laughing at herself for so childish a notion, she made another effort--up came the shrub!--and Proserpina staggered back, HOLDING THE STEM TRIUMPHANTLY IN HER HAND, AND GAZING AT THE DEEP HOLE WHICH ITS ROOTS HAD LEFT IN THE SOIL. [Cf. central háw-action in name.]

Much to her astonishment, THIS HOLE KEPT SPREADING WIDER AND WIDER, AND GROWING DEEPER AND DEEPER, UNTIL IT REALLY SEEMED TO HAVE NO BOTTOM; and, all the while, there came a rumbling noise out of its depths, louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, and sounding like the tramp of horses' hoofs and the rattling of wheels. Too much frightened to run away, she stood STRAINING HER EYES INTO THIS WONDERFUL CAVITY, AND SOON SAW a team of four sable horses, snorting smoke OUT OF THEIR NOSTRILS and tearing their way out of the earth, with a splendid golden chariot whirling at their heels. They leaped OUT OF THE BOTTOMLESS HOLE, chariot and all; and there they were, tossing their black manes, flourishing their black tails, and curvetting with every one of their hoofs off the ground at once, close by the spot where Proserpina stood. In the chariot sat the figure of a man [=turn of master-image], richly dressed, with a crown on his head, all flaming with diamonds. He was of a noble aspect, and rather handsome, but looked sullen and discontented; and he kept rubbing his eyes and shading them with his hand, as if he did not live enough in the sunshine to be very fond of its light. [Cf. tongue in n-continuant posture under palate--normally unseen; gesturing of n-boundaries of name.] / ....



"Do not be afraid!" said he, with as cheerful a smile as he knew how to put on. "Come! Will not you like to ride a little way with me, in my beautiful chariot?" [=Tongue-in-mouth, as dark prime-mover; carrier of death, change.] / ....

"I love you a little!" whispered she, looking up in his face.

"Do you indeed, my dear child?" cried Pluto, bending his dark face down to kiss her; but Proserpina shrank away from the kiss, for, though his features were noble, they were very dusky and grim. "Well! I have not deserved it of you, after keeping you a prisoner for so many months, and starving you, besides. Are you not terrible hungry? Is there nothing which I can get you to eat?"

In asking this question, the King of the Mines had a very cunning purpose; for, you will recollect, if Proserpina tasted a morsel of food in his dominions, she would never afterwards be at liberty to quit them.

"No, indeed," said Proserpina. .... / ....

As soon as Proserpina saw the ['miserable dry'] pomegranate, on the golden salver, she told the servant he had better take it away again. / ....

"It is the only one in the world!" said the servant. / ....

"At least, I may smell it," thought Proserpina.

So she took up the pomegranate, and applied it to her NOSE; and somehow or other, being in such close NEIGHBORHOOD TO HER MOUTH, the fruit found its way INTO THAT LITTLE RED CAVE. Dear me, what an everlasting pity! Before Proserpina knew what she was about, her teeth had actually bitten it, of their own accord! Just as this fatal deed was done, the door of the APARTMENT OPENED, and in came King Pluto, followed by Quicksilver, who had been urging him to let the little prisoner go. At the first noise of their entrance, Proserpina WITHDREW THE POMEGRANATE FROM HER MOUTH. But Quicksilver (whose eyes were very keen, and his wits the sharpest that ever anybody had) perceived that the child was a little confused; AND SEEING THE EMPTY SALVER, he suspected that she had been taking a sly nibble of something or other. As for honest Pluto, he never guessed at the secret.

"My little Proserpina," said the King, sitting down, and [LIP/LAP-WINK:] affectionately drawing her between his knees, "here is Quicksilver, who tells me that a great many misfortunes have befallen innocent people, on account of my detaining you in my dominions. ...." / ....

Lifting her eyes, she ['Mother Ceres'] was surprised to see a sudden verdure flashing over the brown and barren fields. .... / ....

And Proserpina came running, and flung herself upon her mother's bosom. Their mutual transport is not to be described. .... 7 ....

"My child," said she, "did you taste any food, while you were in King Pluto's palace?"

"Dearest mother, answered Proserpina, "I shall tell you the whole truth. Until this very morning, not a morsel of food had passed MY LIPS. But, to-day, they brought me a pomegranate, (a very dry one it was, and all shrivelled up, till there was little left of it, but seeds and skin,) and having seen no fruit for so long a time, and being faint with hunger, I was tempted just to bite it. The instant I tasted it, King Pluto and Quicksilver came INTO THE ROOM. I had not swallowed a morsel; but--dear mother, I hope it was no harm--but, six of the pomegranate-seeds, I am afraid, REMAINED IN MY MOUTH!" [=Facts of on-going life--akin to the haw. See ahead to my B.3.b.]

"Ah, unfortunate child, and miserable me!" exclaimed Ceres. "For each of those six pomegranate-seeds, you must spend one month of every year in King Pluto's palace. YOU ARE BUT HALF RESTORED TO YOUR MOTHER. Only six months with me, and six with that good-for-nothing King of Darkness!"

".... He certainly did very wrong to carry me off; but then, as he says, it was but a dismal sort of life for him, to live in that great, gloomy place, all alone .... There is some comfort in making him so happy; and so, UPON THE WHOLE, dearest mother, let us be thankful that he is NOT TO KEEP ME THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND!" [=Mouth-w.-tongue as split, dynamic universe.]

(Hawthorne, from Tanglewood Tales, in Vol. 7 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 296, 298-300, 324-26, 328-29)

ii) HIC-GOUGE:  $h/y:k/g > d'z/t's$ .

Stance: Man-serpent w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['The Golden Touch':] Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I CHOOSE TO CALL HER MARYGOLD. [=I chew-hew each (precious) word.]

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of any thing else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her

father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child, would be, to bequeath her the immensest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze, for an instant, at the gold-tinted sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they COULD BE SQUEEZED SAFELY INTO HIS STRONG-BOX [cf. voice-box, larynx--as part of throat].

And yet, in his earlier days, before he was so entirely possessed with this insane desire for riches, King Midas HAD SHOWN A GREAT TASTE for flowers. He had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest, and beautifullest, and sweetest roses, that any mortal ever saw or smelt. .... And though he once was fond of music, (in spite of an idle story about his ears, which were said to resemble those of an ass,) the only music for poor Midas, now, was THE CHINK OF ONE COIN AGAINST ANOTHER [cf. back of tongue against soft palate]. / ....

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and looking up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! [=Hermes, or Mercury, or 'Quicksilver'--chemically, Hg.]

As Midas knew that HE HAD CAREFULLY TURNED THE KEY IN THE LOCK, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he of course concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. .... / ....

The stranger's smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun, gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves--for so looked the lumps and particles of gold--lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The GOLDEN TOUCH!" EXCLAIMED HE. "YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE CREDIT, FRIEND MIDAS, FOR STRIKING OUT SO BRILLIANT A CONCEPTION. BUT ARE YOU QUITE SURE that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas. / ....

.... But the GOLDEN TOUCH was too nimble for HIM. HE FOUND HIS MOUTH FULL, NOT OF ['HOT'] MEALY POTATOE, BUT OF SOLID METAL, WHICH SO BURNT HIS TONGUE THAT HE ROARED ALOUD, AND JUMPING UP from the table began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright. [=Don-key's HuM.]

"Father, dear father," cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? HAVE YOU BURNT YOUR MOUTH?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully .... / ....

.... Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse TO COMFORT HIM SHE STARTED FROM HER CHAIR, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. HE BENT DOWN AND KISSED HER. ....  
/ ....

.... The moment THE LIPS OF MIDAS TOUCHED Marygold's forehead, A CHANGE TOOK place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a GLITTERING YELLOW COLOR, WITH YELLOW TEAR-DROPS CONGEALING ON HER CHEEKS. .... [=Urinary debasement; to reinstitute living values.]

Yes; there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. .... It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender HEART, THAT LOVED HIM, EXCEEDED IN VALUE ALL THE WEALTH THAT COULD BE PILED UP BETWIXT EARTH AND SKY!  
/ ....

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray HOW DO YOU SUCCEED WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH?"

Midas SHOOK HIS HEAD. [=Turning at neck, or throat.] / ....

"Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday!" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then! Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most--the GIFT OF THE GOLDEN TOUCH, OR ONE CUP [=hic-cup] of clear, cold water?"

"Oh, blessed water!" exCLAIMED MIDAS. It will never MOISTEN MY PARCHED THROAT AGAIN!" / ....

"GO, THEN," said the stranger, "AND PLUNGE INTO [=in-two] the river that glides past the bottom of the garden. .... [I.e., the serpentine voice, as compressed flow of air, taking on suggestively and losing, the binding qualities of the oral organs--esp. in full-closure back consonants; or, the voice as implicit Hg, changing to H-two-O =H'W, with Gr. omega implied by eye-W.] / ....

.... [T]hat water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold would have been. .... 7 ....

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother ['which he had never observed in it, before she had been transmuted by the effect of his kiss'].  
/

"And, to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," QUOTH KING MIDAS, DILIGENTLY TROTTING THE CHILDREN ALL THE WHILE,

"ever since that morning, I have hated the very SIGHT of all other GOLD, save THIS!" [=Extension of voice-in-story, to draw in reader; SIP-SQUISH.]

(Hawthorne, from A Wonder Book, in Vol. 7 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 40-41, 42-44, 51-53, 54-56, 57)

iii) DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, d/θ > s'k:g'z .

Stance: Man-serpent w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['The Three Golden Apples':] Did you ever hear of the GOLDEN APPLES that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price, by the bushel, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards now-a-days. But THERE IS NOT, I SUPPOSE, A GRAFT [=critical self-reference, excision-incision with stealth; counter-gaze] of that wonderful fruit, on A SINGLE TREE IN THE WHOLE WORLD [=tongue-in-mouth]. Not so much as a seed of those apples EXISTS ANY LONGER. [=Grip-w.-extent.]

And even in the old, old half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was over-run with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees, that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches. All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any. CHILDREN, NEVERTHELESS, USED TO LISTEN, OPEN-MOUTHED, TO STORIES OF THE GOLDEN APPLE-TREE, AND RESOLVED TO DISCOVER IT, WHEN THEY SHOULD BE BIG ENOUGH. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit [cf. idea of: tour de force]. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept [cf. master-symbol--overdevelopment, bravado]. / ....

.... And, once the adventure was undertaken by a hero [cf. the motive], who had enjoyed very little peace or rest, since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak, he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy. ....

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry; until at last, he came to the brink of a river, where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers. [Note: women as twiners, two-folders; cf. LIP/LAP-WINK. Note k-terminal on land-edge that drinks.]

"Can you tell, me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?" [Note reach of quest(ion) from k to s (tongue-base to tongue-tip).]

/ ....

Then he sat down on the GRASS [=tongues for growing and cutting, cutting and growing] and told them the story of his life, or as much of it as he could remember [cf. dis-member], from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield [cf. hard palate, as sky]. While he lay there, TWO IMMENSE SERPENTS CAME GLIDING OVER THE FLOOR, AND OPENED THEIR HIDEOUS JAWS TO DEVOUR HIM; AND HE, A BABY OF A FEW MONTHS OLD, HAD GRIPED ONE OF THE FIERCE SNAKES IN EACH OF HIS LITTLE FISTS, AND STRANGLLED THEM TO DEATH. When he was but a stripling he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders. The next [annexed] thing he had done, was to fight a battle with an ugly sort of monster, called a hydra, which had no less than nine heads, and EXCEEDINGLY SHARP TEETH IN EVERY ONE OF THEM.

"But the dragon of the Hesperides, you know," observed one of the damsels, "has a hundred heads!"

"Nevertheless," replied [rep-tiled] the stranger, "I would rather fight TWO SUCH DRAGONS than A SINGLE HYDRA. For AS FAST AS I CUT OFF A HEAD, TWO OTHERS GREW IN ITS PLACE; and besides, there was ONE OF THE HEADS THAT COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE KILLED, BUT KEPT BITING AS FIERCELY AS EVER, LONG AFTER IT WAS CUT OFF [cf. Hawthorne's riddle of name decapitation, as hawing-terminating]. So I was forced to bury it under a stone, where it is doubtless alive, to this very day [cf. the motive]. But the hydra's body, and its eight other heads, will never do any further mischief." [I.e., as weaker branches.] / ....

THE TRAVELLER PROCEEDED TO TELL HOW HE HAD CHASED A VERY SWIFT STAG, FOR A TWELVEMONTH TOGETHER, WITHOUT EVER STOPPING TO TAKE BREATH, AND HAD AT LAST CAUGHT IT BY THE ANTLERS, AND CARRIED it home alive.  
.... 7 ....

Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly. "My name is Hercules!" [Note Hawthorne's central, head- and heart-capital as head-capital of name; the letter has horns, can branch--and beam, grow ripe under terminal s, elevated (sun).]

"We have already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange, any longer, that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took possession of HIS PONDEROUS CLUB, AND SO ENTWINED IT ABOUT WITH THE BRIGHTEST, SOFTEST, AND MOST FRAGRANT BLOSSOMS, THAT NOT A FINGER'S BREADTH OF ITS OAKEN SUBSTANCE COULD BE SEEN. IT LOOKED LIKE A HUGE BUNCH OF FLOWERS. LASTLY, THEY JOINED HANDS, AND DANCED AROUND HIM, CHANTING WORDS WHICH BECAME POETRY OF THEIR OWN ACCORD, AND GREW INTO A CHORAL SONG, IN HONOR OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS HERCULES. [=Poetic tree, spurred by name.]

.... But, still, he was not satisfied. He could not think that what he had already done was worthy of so much honor, while there remained any bold or difficult adventure to be undertaken. [Cf. dangers of mind-shattering, incoherence, in literary-poetic heuristics--esp. under constraint of private formula, or private rhyming of forms, thoughts.]

"Dear maidens," said he, when they paused to take breath, "now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?" / ....

"Keep fast HOLD OF THE OLD ONE [=tongue] when you catch him!" cried she ['one of the maidens'], smiling, and lifting her finger to make the caution more impressive. "Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only HOLD HIM FAST, AND HE WILL TELL YOU what you wish to know." / ....

.... Have you ever seen A STICK OF TIMBER, THAT HAS BEEN LONG TOSSED ABOUT BY THE WAVES, AND HAS GOT ALL OVERGROWN WITH BARNACLES [=overdeveloped taste buds], AND, AT LAST DRIFTING ASHORE, SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THROWN UP FROM THE VERY DEEPEST BOTTOM OF THE SEA? Well; the old man would have put you in mind of just such a wave-tost SPAR! .... 7 ....

.... But Hercules held on. .... .. Hercules was no whit disheartened, and SQUEEZED THE GREAT SNAKE SO TIGHTLY THAT HE SOON BEGAN TO HISS WITH PAIN [=tongue moving into SIP-SQUISH gesture; tongue-tip tense].

You must understand that THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA, THOUGH HE GENERALLY LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THE WAVE-BEATEN FIGURE-HEAD OF A VESSEL, HAD THE POWER OF ASSUMING ANY SHAPE HE PLEASED. WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF SO ROUGHLY SEIZED BY HERCULES, HE HAD BEEN IN HOPES OF PUTTING HIM INTO SUCH SURPRISE AND TERROR, BY THESE MAGICAL TRANSFORMATIONS, THAT THE HERO WOULD BE GLAD TO LET HIM GO. IF HERCULES HAD RELAXED HIS GRASP, THE OLD ONE WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE PLUNGED DOWN TO THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE SEA, WHENCE HE WOULD NOT SOON HAVE GIVEN HIMSELF THE TROUBLE OF COMING UP, IN ORDER TO ANSWER ANY IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, I suppose, would have been frightened out of their wits by the very first of his ugly shapes, and would have taken to their heels at once. For, one of the hardest things in this world is, to see the difference between real dangers and imaginary ones. / ....

Nothing was before him [Hercules], save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But, suddenly, as he looked towards the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen, the moment before. .... .. Hercules DISCOVERED IT TO BE AN IMMENSE CUP [=hiccup] or bowl, made either of gold or burnished brass. [=Recapitulation of HIC-GOUGE, as poetic accident at throat level, in tension with frontal SIP-SQUISH.]

.... TO SPEAK WITHIN BOUNDS, it was ten times larger than a great mill-wheel; and, all of metal as it was, it floated over the heaving surges more lightly than an acorn-CUP a-down the brook. ....

.... It was just as clear as daylight, that this marvellous CUP had been set adrift by some unseen power, and guided hitherward, in order to carry Hercules across the sea on his way to the garden of the Hesperides. Accordingly, without a moment's delay, he clambered over the brim, and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. .... THE WAVES DASHED, WITH A PLEASANT AND RINGING SOUND, AGAINST THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE HOLLOW CUP; IT ROCKED LIGHTLY TO-AND-FRO; AND THE MOTION WAS SO SOOTHING, THAT IT SPEEDILY ROCKED HERCULES INTO AN AGREEABLE SLUMBER. [=Sensory-motor focusing, with narrative continuity.] / ....

Meanwhile, the bright CUP continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Just then, a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage ['(a) giant as tall as a mountain], and Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features;-- EYES, EACH OF THEM AS BIG AS YONDER LAKE, A NOSE A MILE LONG, AND A MOUTH OF THE SAME WIDTH. [Note the oral-based outline: two, one long, mouth wide-- a phallus, a tree.] ....

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak-trees, of six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn and forced themselves between his toes. / ....

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully. "Do you intend to make me bear this burthen ['the sky'] forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant ['Giant Atlas']. ....

"PISH! A FIG FOR ITS TALK!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head, one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me, and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here!" [=HIC-GOUGE w. lying-skin extension (shrewd tongue).] / ....

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! HE THREW DOWN THE GOLDEN APPLES ['ALL HANGING FROM ONE BRANCH'], AND RECEIVED BACK THE SKY .... And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak-trees, of six or seven centuries old, that had waxed thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.



And there stands the giant, to this day, or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, and which BEARS HIS NAME; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules! [Note name as definer of boundaries--re-calling another name.]

(Hawthorne, A Wonder Book; CE, VII [1972], 90, 91, 93-94, 95-97, 98, 99-100, 102-3, 104, 108-10)

iv) SIP-SQUISH:  $\underline{\underline{v}}/\underline{\underline{s}}:\underline{\underline{z}}/\underline{\underline{z}} > \underline{\underline{h}}/\underline{\underline{y}}:\underline{\underline{k}}'\underline{\underline{w}}$  .

Stance: Man-serpent w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['Circe's Palace':] Some of you have heard, no doubt, of the wise King Ulysses [You listen! You seize!], and how he went to the seige of Troy, and how, after that famous city was taken and burnt, he spent ten long years in trying to get back again to his own little kingdom of Ithaca [I; eye the attack!]. ... [A MISFORTUNE WAS ENTIRELY OWING [=debt of guilt] TO THE FOOLISH CURIOSITY OF HIS SHIPMATES [the not-selves], WHO, WHILE ULYSSES LAY ASLEEP, HAD UNTIED SOME VERY BULKY LEATHERN BAGS, IN WHICH THEY SUPPOSED A VALUABLE TREASURE TO BE CONCEALED [cf. the cheeks (of face), the scrotum (sub-LIP/LAP-WINK)]. But, in each of these stout bags, King Aeolus, the ruler of the winds, had tied up a tempest, and had given it to Ulysses to keep, in order that he might be sure of a favorable passage homeward to Ithaca [note the restricted purposiveness]; and WHEN THE STRINGS WERE LOOSENED, FORTH RUSHED THE WHISTLING BLASTS, LIKE AIR OUT OF A BLOWN BLADDER, WHITENING THE SEA WITH FOAM, and scattering the vessels nobody could tell whither! [Note the urinary-oral (c)hastening of seminal qualities (as desire to recall pre-pubescent idealism). Note the suggestions of H'w conquering sea-water (to celebrate the name's taking on of s-power as a foreign, super-natural attribute).]

.... After going through such troubles as these, you cannot wonder that King Ulysses was glad to moor his tempest-beaten bark [=wood-name as angry call] in a quiet cove of the green island, which I began with telling you about.

.... Their stock of provisions [edible possessions] was quite exhausted ....

.... So, taking a SPEAR IN HAND, HE CLAMBERED TO THE SUMMIT of a cliff, and gazed roundabout him. At a distance, towards the centre of the island, he beheld the stately towers of what seemed to be a palace, built of snow-white marble, and rising in the midst of a grove of lofty trees. The THICK BRANCHES OF THESE TREES STRETCHED

ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE EDIFICE, and more than half concealed it.  
 [=Reflections on bearded mature sexuality--and all that it may  
 invite in realms of poetic action.] / ....

.... HE ... QUICKENED HIS PACE, AND HAD GONE A GOOD WAY ALONG  
 THE PLEASANT WOOD-PATH, when there met him a young man of very brisk  
 and intelligent aspect, and clad in a rather singular garb. He wore  
 a short cloak, and a sort of cap that seemed to be furnished with  
 wings; and from the lightness of his step, you would have supposed  
 that there might likewise be wings on his feet. To enable him to  
 walk still better, (for he was always on one journey or another,)  
 HE CARRIED A WINGED STAFF, AROUND WHICH TWO SERPENTS WERE WRIGGLING  
 AND TWISTING. In short, I have said enough to make you guess that  
 it was QUICKSILVER; and Ulysses (who knew him of old, and had learned  
 a great deal of his wisdom from him [esp. as profitable verbal  
 twists, quick wit]); RECOGNIZED HIM IN A MOMENT.

"Whither are you going in such a hurry, wise Ulysses?" asked  
 Quicksilver. "Do you not know that this island is enchanted? ....  
 / ....

WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING, QUICKSILVER SEEMED TO BE IN SEARCH OF  
 SOMETHING; HE WENT STOOPING ALONG THE GROUND, AND SOON LAID HIS HAND  
 ON A LITTLE PLANT WITH A SNOW-WHITE FLOWER, WHICH HE PLUCKED AND  
 SMELT OF [=action of tongue, from root to well-finished poetic  
 suggestion at tip]. Ulysses had been looking at that very spot, only  
 just before; and it appeared to him that the plant had burst into  
 full flower, the instant when Quicksilver touched it with his fingers  
 [=turn of poetic suggestion, into rhetorical radiance, power of  
 expression, extended control].

"Take this flower, King Ulysses!" said he. Guard it as you do  
 your eyesight; for, I can assure you, it is exceedingly rare and  
 precious, and you might seek the whole earth over, without ever  
 finding another like it [private reference to the hawthorn, as shrub  
 in flower; see ahead, my B.3.b]. Keep it in your hand, and smell of  
 it frequently after you enter the palace, and while you are talking  
 with the enchantress [cf. the motive--as border-hedge lifting, for  
 total control]. Especially when she offers you food, or a draught  
 of wine out of her goblet, be careful to fill your nostrils with the  
 flower's fragrance! Follow these directions, and you may defy her  
 ['Circe's'] magic arts to change you into a fox!" / ....

ON ENTERING THE HALL, ULYSSES SAW THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN IN THE  
 CENTRE OF IT. THE UP-GUSHING WATER HAD NOW AGAIN TAKEN THE SHAPE OF  
 A MAN IN A LONG, WHITE, FLEECY ROBE, WHO APPEARED TO BE MAKING  
 GESTURES OF WELCOME. [=Voice in hawse (halse, neck), assimilating  
 to fleshly flexions of tongue and to whiteness of teeth; spouting,  
 directing, gesturing lip-W.] The king likewise heard the noise of  
 the shuttle in the loom [=controlling heart], and the sweet melody  
 of the beautiful woman's song, and then the pleasant voices of  
 herself ['Circe'] and the four maidens talking together, with peals

of merry laughter intermixed. But Ulysses did not waste much time in listening to the laughter or the song. HE LEANED HIS SPEAR AGAINST ONE OF THE PILLARS OF THE HALL, AND THEN, AFTER LOOSENING HIS SWORD IN THE SCABBARD, STEPPED BOLDLY FORWARD, AND THREW THE FOLDING-DOORS WIDE OPEN (note face-like flexibility). THE MOMENT SHE BEHELD HIS STATELY FIGURE, STANDING IN THE DOOR-WAY, THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ROSE FROM THE LOOM AND RAN TO MEET HIM, WITH A GLAD SMILE [=arc of serpent] THROWING ITS SUNSHINE OVER HER FACE, AND BOTH HANDS EXTENDED [=split-tongue].

"WELCOME, BRAVE STRANGER!" CRIED SHE. "WE WERE EXPECTING YOU!"

AND THE NYMPH WITH THE SEA-GREEN HAIR MADE A COURTESY DOWN TO THE GROUND, AND LIKEWISE BADE HIM WELCOME: SO DID HER SISTER, WITH THE BODDICE OF OAKEN BARK, AND SHE THAT SPRINKLED DEW-DROPS FROM HER FINGERS' ENDS, AND THE FOURTH ONE, WITH SOME ODDITY WHICH I CANNOT REMEMBER. AND CIRCE, AS THE BEAUTIFUL ENCHANTRESS WAS CALLED, (WHO HAD DELUDED MANY PERSONS, THAT SHE DID NOT DOUBT OF BEING ABLE TO DELUDE ULYSSES, NOT IMAGINING HOW WISE HE WAS,) AGAIN ADDRESSED HIM. [Note root-to-tip gestures of nymphs--Circe as face of cosmos.]

"Your companions," said she, "have already been received into my palace .... See! I and my maidens have been weaving their figures into this piece of tapestry." [=Memo of SIP-SQUISH as sub-facial gesture--issuing as veiling for deeper brute facts.] / ....

.... The chief-butler liked nothing better than to see people turned into swine ... so he made haste to bring the royal goblet, filled with a liquid as bright as gold, and which kept sparkling upward and throwing a SUNNY SPRAY OVER THE BRIM. [=SIP-SQUISH, over bourne of lips.] ....

"Drink, my noble guest!" said Circe, smiling .... "You will find in this draught a solace for all your troubles!" / ....

But, such was the virtue of the snow-white flower, INSTEAD OF WALLOWING DOWN FROM HIS THRONE IN SWINISH SHAPE, OR TAKING ANY OTHER BRUTAL FORM, ULYSSES LOOKED EVEN MORE MANLY AND KINGLIKE THAN BEFORE. He gave the magic goblet a toss, and sent it clashing over the marble floor, to the farthest end of the ['oval'] saloon [=memo of ear-impact of HIC-GOUGE; full tapping of ovarian domicile]. THEN DRAWING HIS SWORD, HE SEIZED THE ENCHANTRESS BY HER BEAUTIFUL RINGLET, AND MADE A GESTURE AS IF HE MEANT TO STRIKE OFF HER HEAD AT ONE BLOW.

"Wicked Circe," cried he, in a terrible voice, "this sword shall put an end to thy enchantments! Thou shalt die, vile witch, and do no more mischief in the world, by tempting human beings into the vices which make beasts of them!" [Cf. s-sound itself as witch--cue to urinal-genital poetic functions, as prime grip upon meaning--to be warded off by the oral draconic h-grip, throat-counterstroke (even as s-h, or sh/s), in secret union with w-directive.]

The tone and countenance of Ulysses were so awful, and his sword gleamed so brightly, and seemed to have so intolerably keen an

edge, that Circe was almost killed by the mere fright, without waiting for a blow. THE CHIEF-BUTLER SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE SALOON, PICKING UP THE GOLDEN GOBLET AS HE WENT; AND THE ENCHANTRESS AND THE FOUR MAIDENS FELL ON THEIR KNEES, WRINGING THEIR HANDS AND SCREAMING FOR MERCY.

"SPARE ME!" CRIED CIRCE. "SPARE ME, ROYAL AND WISE ULYSSES! FOR NOW I KNOW THAT THOU ART HE OF WHOM QUICKSILVER FORWARDED ME [=mercurial squish], the most prudent of mortals, against whom no enchantments can prevail. Thou only couldst have conquered Circe! Spare me, wisest of men! I will show thee true hospitality, and even give myself to be thy slave, and this magnificent palace to be henceforth thy home!" / ....

So Circe waved her wand again, and repeated a few magic words, at the sound of which the two-and-twenty hogs [i.e.--two-folded by a woman] pricked up their pendulous ears. IT WAS A WONDER TO BEHOLD HOW THEIR SNOUTS GREW SHORTER AND SHORTER, AND THEIR MOUTHS ... SMALLER AND SMALLER [=s-apertures] AND HOW ONE AND ANOTHER BEGAN TO STAND UPON HIS HIND-LEGS, AND SCRATCH HIS NOSE WITH HIS FORE-TROTTERS! [=Pre-LIP/LAP-WINK.] .... / ....

.... And, when everything was settled according to his ['King Ulysses'] pleasure, he sent to summon the remainder of his comrades, whom he had left at the sea-shore. THOSE BEING ARRIVED, WITH THE PRUDENT EURYLOCHUS AT THEIR HEAD, THEY ALL MADE THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE IN CIRCE'S ENCHANTED PALACE, until quite rested and refreshed from the toils and hardships of their voyage. [Cf.: in palace, under palate(s).]

(Hawthorne, *Tanglewood Tales*; CE, VII [1972], 265-7, 286-7, 288-9, 290-2, 293-5)

v) LIP/LAP-WINK:  $f/v, w, p/b > m/(k)n'k:n$  .

Stance: Man-serpent w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['The Paradise of Children':] Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country, to live with him, and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora. [Note the co-operative bisexual pair--of asexual origin (pair of lip-openers for Theodore de l'Aubépine: door ope, pine after).] / ....

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out, without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find, in

other society than his little playfellow's. [=Parting of the two lips]. HE WAS TIRED TO DEATH OF HEARING ABOUT THE BOX, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never had set eyes on it. SO PERSEVERINGLY AS SHE DID BABLE ABOUT THIS ONE THING! THE BOX; THE BOX; AND NOTHING BUT THE BOX! It seemed as if the BOX were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without PANDORA'S CONTINUALLY STUMBLING OVER IT, AND MAKING EPIMETHEUS STUMBLE OVER IT LIKEWISE, AND BRUISING ALL FOUR OF THEIR SHINS. [Box =well-built, poetic book, functioning conjointly as author's coffin and as congregation's petition (for life, or meaning) over the coffin. Box or book =prison, within surfaces of wood.]

Well; it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a BOX in his ears, from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations, in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus, a small vexation made as much disturbance, then, as a far bigger one would, in our own times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the BOX. She had called it ugly, above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over the surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other LOOKING-GLASS it is odd that she did not value the BOX, merely on this account. [=Fleshly self-confrontation, w. lip and eye-lid action visibly co-present; box striking in.]

The edges and corners of the BOX were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were FIGURES OF GRACEFUL MEN AND WOMEN, AND THE PRETTIEST CHILDREN EVER SEEN, RECLINING OR SPORTING AMID A PROFUSION OF FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE [w. story, living readers as super-intension of same fecund reality--over the edges, margins, boundaries]; and these various objects were so exquisitely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage and human beings, seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But, here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage [=marks of tooth action, as guilty in-tension of tongue- and throat-function], PANDORA ONCE OR TWICE FANCIED THAT SHE SAW A FACE NOT SO LOVELY, OR SOMETHING OR OTHER THAT WAS DISAGREEABLE, AND WHICH STOLE THE BEAUTY OUT OF ALL THE REST. NEVERTHELESS, ON LOOKING MORE CLOSELY, AND TOUCHING THE SPOT WITH HER FINGER, SHE COULD DISCOVER NOTHING OF THE KIND [=pressing face in, deepening it--ingressing orally-suggestively, w. tooth-and-lip gesture, F]. Some face, that was really beautiful had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideway glimpse at it.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACE OF ALL WAS DONE, IN WHAT IS CALLED HIGH RELIEF, IN THE CENTRE OF THE LID. THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE, SAVE THE

DARK, SMOOTH RICHNESS OF THE POLISHED WOOD, AND THIS ONE FACE, IN THE CENTRE WITH A GARLAND OF FLOWERS ABOUT ITS BROW. PANDORA HAD LOOKED AT THIS FACE, A GREAT MANY TIMES, AND IMAGINED THAT THE MOUTH COULD SMILE IF IT LIKED, OR BE GRAVER, WHEN IT CHOSE, THE SAME AS ANY LIVING MOUTH. THE FEATURES, INDEED, ALL WORE A VERY LIVELY AND RATHER MISCHIEVOUS EXPRESSION, WHICH LOOKED ALMOST AS IF IT NEEDS MUST BURST OUT OF THE CARVED LIPS, AND UTTER ITSELF IN WORDS.

Had the MOUTH SPOKEN, it would probably have been something like this:--

"Do NOT BE AFRAID, Pandora! What harm can there be IN OPENING THE BOX? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. OPEN THE BOX, AND SEE IF YOU DO NOT FIND something very pretty!" [Note serpentine aspect of box--tempter in foliage.]

THE BOX, I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN TO SAY, WAS FASTENED, NOT BY A LOCK, NOR BY ANY OTHER SUCH CONTRIVANCE, BUT BY A VERY INTRICATE KNOT OF GOLD CORD. THERE APPEARED TO BE NO END TO THIS KNOT, AND NO BEGINNING. NEVER WAS A KNOT SO CUNNINGLY TWISTED, NOR WITH SO MANY INS AND OUTS, WHICH ROGUISHLY DEFIED THE SKILFULLEST FINGERS TO DISENTANGLE THEM. AND YET, BY THE VERY DIFFICULTY THAT THERE WAS IN IT, PANDORA WAS THE MORE TEMPTED TO EXAMINE THE KNOT, AND JUST SEE HOW IT WAS MADE. TWO OR THREE TIMES SHE HAD STOOPED OVER THE BOX, AND TAKEN THE KNOT BETWEEN HER THUMB AND FOREFINGER, BUT WITHOUT POSITIVELY TRYING TO UNDO IT. [Knot (know!) as implicit tongue-hold on poetic cosmos--ultimate serpentine duplicity, for bending the reader in.] / ....

.... They could not be forever playing at hide-and-peek among the flower-shrubs, or at BLINDMAN'S BUFF WITH GARLANDS OVER THEIR EYES ....

After all, I am NOT QUITE SO SURE THAT THE BOX WAS NOT A BLESSING TO HER, IN ITS WAY. It supplied her with such a VARIETY OF IDEAS TO THINK OF, AND TO TALK ABOUT, whenever she had anybody to listen! ....

For it was really an ENDLESS EMPLOYMENT TO GUESS WHAT WAS INSIDE. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how BUSY YOUR WITS WOULD BE, if there were a great BOX in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts! Do you think that you should be less curious than Pandora? .... But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the BOX; and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a PEEP .... [Memo for continuing purchase--for life in death.]

On this particular day [=day of part-ing], however, which we have so LONG BEEN TALKING ABOUT, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was, that, at last, she APPROACHED THE BOX. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. AH, NAUGHTY PANDORA!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy for the slender strength of a child, like Pandora. She raised ONE END OF THE BOX a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again, with a pretty loud THUMP. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir, INSIDE OF THE BOX [cf. voice box--under Adam's apple]. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled MURMUR WITHIN! Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? .... [=Underlying MUM-YAWN, with developments cradled (kNot-hand-yell as Haw-fruit-unborn).] / ....

ALL THIS TIME, HOWEVER, HER FINGERS WERE HALF UNCONSCIOUSLY BUSY WITH THE KNOT; AND HAPPENING TO GLANCE AT THE FLOWER-WREATHED FACE, ON THE LID OF THE ENCHANTED BOX, SHE SEEMED TO PERCEIVE IT SLILLY GRINNING AT HER. / ....

But, just then, by the merest accident, she gave the KNOT a kind of TWIST, which produced a wonderful result. The gold CORD UNTWINED itself, as if by magic, and left the BOX WITHOUT A FASTENING. / ....

She made ONE OR TWO attempts to restore the KNOT, but soon found it QUITE BEYOND HER SKILL. It had DISENTANGLED ITSELF so suddenly, that she COULD NOT in the least remember how the STRINGS HAD BEEN DOUBLED INTO ONE ANOTHER; and when she tried to recollect the SHAPE AND APPEARANCE OF THE KNOT, it seemed to have GONE ENTIRELY OUT OF HER MIND. NOTHING WAS TO BE DONE, THEREFORE, BUT TO LET THE BOX REMAIN AS IT WAS, UNTIL EPIMETHEUS SHOULD COME IN [i.e., as woman's proper master--yet mum knee-king]. / ....

"Oh, I am STUNG!" cried he. "I am STUNG! NAUGHTY PANDORA! Why have you OPENED THIS WICKED BOX?" [Note hinging of events on NG--deep stress in mouth.]

PANDORA LET FALL THE LID, and starting UP, LOOKED ABOUT her [winked], to see what had [lapsed, or] BEFALLEN EPIMETHEUS. The thunder-cloud had so darkened the room, that she could not very clearly discern what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call dor-bugs and pinching dogs, were darting about. And as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw A CROWD OF UGLY LITTLE SHAPES, with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful, and ARMED WITH TERRIBLY LONG STINGS IN THEIR TAILS. IT WAS ONE OF THESE THAT HAD STUNG EPIMETHEUS. .... [Cf.: Haw-thorn- and Aub--pin-.] / ....

BUT--AND YOU MAY SEE BY THIS HOW A WRONG ACT OF ANY MORTAL IS A CALAMITY TO THE WHOLE WORLD--BY PANDORA'S LIFTING THE LID OF THAT MISERABLE BOX, AND BY THE FAULT OF EPIMETHEUS, TOO, IN NOT PREVENTING HER, THESE TROUBLES HAVE OBTAINED A FOOTHOLD AMONG US .... [i.e., as though embryos. See ahead to my B.3.b--for notion of 'loose husbandry' in context of plant reproduction.]

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously STUNG, and were in a good deal of PAIN, which seemed the more intolerable to them, because it was the very first PAIN that had ever been felt since the world BEGAN. ....

Suddenly, there was a gentle tap, on the inside of the lid.

/ ....

"Shall I lift the lid AGAIN?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you PLEASE! said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already, that perhaps you may as well do a little more. ...." / ....

"AH, NAUGHTY BOY!" CRIED THE LITTLE VOICE WITHIN THE BOX, IN AN ARCH AND LAUGHING TONE. "HE KNOWS HE IS LONGING TO SEE ME! COME PANDORA, LIFT UP THE LID! I AM IN A GREAT HURRY TO COMFORT YOU. ONLY LET ME HAVE SOME FRESH AIR, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you THINK them!" [Note the continued lingual-phallic pairing of the two lip-children (as keepers of length and lid).] / ....

So, WITH ONE CONSENT, THE TWO CHILDREN AGAIN LIFTED THE LID. OUT FLEW A SUNNY AND SMILING LITTLE PERSONAGE, AND HOVERED ABOUT THE ROOM, THROWING A LIGHT WHEREVER SHE WENT. .... She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch OF HER FINGER ON THE INFLAMED SPOT WHERE THE TROUBLE HAD STUNG HIM; and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then, she KISSED PANDORA ON THE FOREHEAD, and her hurt was cured likewise. / ....

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. ....

"Your WINGS are colored like the RAINBOW!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very BEAUTIFUL!"

"Yes; they are like the RAINBOW," SAID HOPE, "BECAUSE, GLAD AS MY NATURE IS, I AM MADE OF TEARS AS WELL AS SMILES!" [=Ambivalent news-breaking, from mouth as eye/ear-well.]

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile-- "and that will be as long as you live in the world--I promise never to desert you! .... BUT AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the GLIMMER OF MY WINGS ON THE CEILING OF YOUR COTTAGE. [G/K/N/NG, as high-kneeing of palate(s).] YES, my dear children; and I KNOW SOMETHING VERY GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL THAT IS TO BE GIVEN YOU, HEREAFTER!"

"Oh, tell us," they exclaimed, "tell us what it is!"

"DO NOT ASK ME," REPLIED HOPE, PUTTING HER FINGER ON HER ROSY MOUTH. "But do not despair, even if it should never happen while



you live on this earth. [Note lips, face as apocalyptic limit; finger as twig over flower.] Trust IN MY PROMISE; for it is true!"

"WE DO trust YOU!" cried EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA, BOTH IN ONE BREATH. [W-over-Y, as union of purpose, direction; Tetragrammaton suggested.]

And so they did. .... NO DOUBT--NO DOUBT--the Troubles are still FLYING ABOUT THE WORLD, AND HAVE INCREASED IN MULTITUDE .... But then that lovely and lightsome LITTLE FIGURE OF HOPE! [=Slip of tongue, L, between double-fold multitudes.] What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; HOPE MAKES IT ALWAYS NEW; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss, hereafter! [Cf. the motive; Heaven as implication, implicit locus or point--hop ahead of tongue.]

(Hawthorne, A Wonder Book; CE, VII [1972], 65, 68-71, 72-73, 76-77, 78-81)

#### B.2.b. A Literary Proofmark: The Breach-Figure.

i) MUM-YAWN: m/n/n < h/y'w .

Stance: Man-serpent w. omnipresent mouth (=cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose).

Motive: "Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart Háw Higher Burn, My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!"

['The Minotaur':] In the old city of Troezen, at the foot of a lofty mountain, there lived, a very long time ago, a little boy named Theseus [He-You-Us!]. His grandfather, King Pitheus, was the sovereign of that country, and was reckoned a very wise man; so that Theseus, being brought up in the royal palace, and being naturally a bright lad, could hardly fail of profiting by the old king's instructions. His mother's name was Aethra. .... Theseus was very fond of hearing about ['his father'] King Aegus, and often asked his good mother Aethra why he did not come and live with them, at Troezen.

"AH, MY DEAR SON," answered Aethra, WITH A SIGH, "a monarch has his people to take care of. The men and women, over whom he rules, are in place of children to him; and he can seldom spare time to love his own children, as other parents do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom, for the sake of seeing his little boy." [Note answering--as counterchanting over distances-between--throughout story.] / ....

WHEN THESEUS WAS USHERED INTO THE ROYAL APARTMENT, the only object, that he seemed to behold, was the WHITE-BEARDED OLD KING.

There he sat on his magnificent THRONE, a dazzling CROWN ON HIS HEAD, and a SCEPTRE IN HIS HAND. His aspect was stately and majestic, although HIS YEARS AND INFIRMITIES WEIGHED HEAVILY upon him [like the 'rock' Theseus had 'lift(ed)']--a 'ponderous ... stone'; as if each year were a lump of lead, and EACH INFIRMITY A PONDEROUS STONE  
 ....

Advancing to the foot of the throne, he attempted to make a little speech, which HE HAD BEEN THINKING ABOUT, as HE CAME UP THE STAIRS. But HE WAS ALMOST CHOKED BY A GREAT MANY TENDER FEELINGS THAT GUSHED OUT OF HIS HEART AND SWELLED IN HIS THROAT, ALL STRUGGLING TO FIND UTTERANCE TOGETHER. AND, THEREFORE, UNLESS HE COULD HAVE LAID HIS FULL, AND OVER-BRIMMING HEART INTO THE KING'S HAND, POOR THESEUS KNEW NOT WHAT TO DO OR SAY. [Note heightening of empathic, impactive, quality of signature-voice; pre-HIC-GOUGE.] .... / ....

And now Prince Theseus was taken into great favor by his royal father. The old king was never weary of HAVING HIM SIT BESIDE HIM ON HIS THRONE, (WHICH WAS QUITE WIDE ENOUGH FOR TWO,) and of hearing him tell about his dear mother, and his childhood, and his many boyish efforts to lift the ponderous stone. [=Interior world, now breached; penetrated, self-splitting.] .... / ....

"Alas, my son," quoth King Aegus, HEAVING A LONG SIGH, "HERE IS A VERY LAMENTABLE MATTER IN HAND! THIS IS THE WOEFULLEST ANNIVERSARY IN THE WHOLE YEAR. It is the day when we annually draw lots, to see which of the youths and maidens of Athens shall go to be DEVoured BY THE HORRIBLE MINOTAUR!"

"The Minotaur!" exclaimed Prince Theseus; and like a brave young prince as he was, HE PUT HIS HAND TO THE HILT OF HIS SWORD. "What kind of a monster may he be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life, to SLAY HIM?" ['Hilt' =back of tongue.] / ....

.... Then going on board, the mariners trimmed the VESSEL'S BLACK SAILS to the WIND, which blew faintly off the shore, being pretty much made up of the SIGHS that everybody kept pouring forth, on this melancholy occasion. [=Memo of cryptic script-universe--of the black signature on white page, as darkly-inspired vehicle of text.] .... There had been some few dances upon the undulating deck, I suspect, and some HEARTY BURSTS OF LAUGHTER, and other such unseasonable merriment among the victims, before the HIGH BLUE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE began to show themselves among the far-off clouds. That sight, to be sure, made them all very GRAVE again [=implication of signature's gorging]. / ....

.... ... while the vessel flew faster and faster towards Crete, Theseus was astonished to behold a HUMAN FIGURE, gigantic in size, which appeared to be striding, WITH A MEASURED MOVEMENT, ALONG THE MARGIN OF THE ISLAND. It stepped from cliff to cliff, and sometimes FROM ONE HEADLAND TO ANOTHER, WHILE THE SEA FOAMED AND THUNDERED ON THE SHORE BENEATH, AND DASHED ITS JETS OF SPRAY OVER THE GIANT'S FEET. What was still more remarkable, whenever the sun

shone on this huge figure, it flickered and glimmered; its vast countenance, too, had a metallic lustre, and threw great flashes of splendor through the air. THE FOLDS OF ITS GARMENTS, MOREOVER, INSTEAD OF WAVING IN THE WIND [=memo of tree foliage], FELL HEAVILY OVER ITS LIMBS, AS IF WOVEN OF SOME KIND OF METAL.

The nigher the vessel came, the more Theseus wondered what this immense giant could be, and whether it actually had life or no. For, though it walked, and made other life-like motions, there yet was a kind of jerk in its gait, which, together with its brazen aspect [=memo of serpent], caused the young prince to suspect that it was ... only a wonderful piece of machinery. .... / ....

Still, the vessel went bounding onward; and now Theseus could hear the brazen clangor of the giant's footsteps ['Talus, the Man of Brass'] .... But, just when Theseus and his companions thought the blow [from 'an enormous brass club on its shoulder'] was coming, the BRAZEN LIPS UNCLOSED THEMSELVES, AND THE FIGURE SPOKE. [Note k-power over eye; world-figure variant(+).]

"WHENCE COME YOU, strangers?"

And when the RINGING voice ceased, there was just such a REVERBERATION as you may have HEARD WITHIN A GREAT CHURCH-BELL, for a moment or two after the stroke of the HAMMER.

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply.

"ON WHAT ERRAND?" THUNDERED the Man of Brass.

And HE WHIRLED ALOFT HIS CLUB more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a THUNDER-STROKE, right amidships, because Athens, so little while ago, had been at war with Crete. ['Club' =substantial memo of invisible tongue-function.]

"We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens," answered the master, "to be devoured by the Minotaur!"

"PASS!" CRIED the brazen giant.

That ONE LOUD WORD ROLLED all about the SKY, while again there was a BOOMING REVERBERATION WITHIN the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments, this WONDERFUL CENTINEL WAS FAR AWAY, flashing in the distant sunshine, and REVOLVING WITH IMMENSE STRIDES AROUND THE ISLAND OF CRETE, AS IT WAS HIS NEVER-CEASING TASK TO DO. [=Memo of n-boundaries of name, containing central w-function, as a life-and-death waving, weaving.]

No sooner had they entered the harbor, than a party of the guards of King Minos came down to the water-side, and took charge of the fourteen young men and damsels. .... / ....

"We are now," said Ariadne [daughter of 'King Minos'], "in the famous labyrinth which Daedalus built, before HE MADE HIMSELF A PAIR OF WINGS AND FLEW AWAY from our island like a bird. That Daedalus

was a very cunning workman .... [Note implication of labial control, over inventive flight.] 7 ....

"That is the MINOTAUR'S NOISE," WHISPERED ARIADNE, closely GRASPING THE HAND OF THESEUS, and PRESSING ONE OF HER OWN HANDS TO HER HEART, which was all in a TREMBLE. "You must follow that SOUND through the WINDINGS of the LABYRINTH, AND, by-AND-by, you will FIND HIM. STAY! Take the END of this SILKEN STRING. I WILL HOLD the other END .... / ....

Theseus could only guess what the creature INTENDED TO SAY, and that rather by his gestures than his words, for the MINOTAUR'S HORNS WERE SHARPER THAN HIS WITS, and of A GREAT DEAL MORE SERVICE TO HIM THAN HIS TONGUE. But probably this was the sense of what he uttered:--

"AH, WRETCH of a human being! I'll stick my HORNS THROUGH YOU, and toss YOU FIFTY FEET HIGH, and EAT YOU UP the moment YOU come down!" / ....

.... Fetching a sword-stroke at him, with all his force, HE HIT HIM FAIR UPON THE NECK, and made his bull-head skip six yards from his HUMAN BODY, which fell down flat upon the ground.

So now the battle was ENDED! IMMEDIATELY, THE MOON SHONE OUT as brightly as if all the troubles of the world, and ALL THE WICKEDNESS AND UGLINESS THAT INFEST HUMAN LIFE, were past and gone forever. .... [=Recurrence of H.'s moon-soninal poetic--after signature-decapitation (powers of HIC-GOUGE → SIP-SQUISH).] / ....

.... In the joy of their success, ... and amidst the sports, dancing, and other merriment, with which the[] young folks wore away the time [<sup>t</sup>(o)n the homeward voyage<sup>t</sup>], they never once thought whether their sails were black, white, or rainbow-colored, and, indeed, left it entirely to the mariners whether they had any sails at all. Thus, THE VESSEL RETURNED, LIKE A RAVEN, WITH THE SAME SABLE WINGS THAT HAD WAFTED HER AWAY [and with power of life and death, though a symbol]. ... [N]o sooner did he ['King Aegus'] BEHOLD THE FATAL BLACKNESS OF THE SAILS, than he [falsely!] concluded that his dear son, whom he loved so much, and felt so proud of, had been eaten by the MINOTAUR. HE COULD NOT BEAR THE THOUGHT of living any longer; so, FIRST FLINGING HIS CROWN and SCEPTRE into the SEA [=SIP-SQUISH], (useless baubles that they were to him, now!) King Aegus merely stooped forward, and FELL HEADLONG OVER THE CLIFF, and was drowned, poor soul, in the WAVES THAT FOAMED AT ITS BASE [=MUM-YAWN, as impotent LIP/LAP-WINK; self-decapitation of old political egg.]

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus .... HOWEVER, HE sent for his dear mother to Athens, and by taking her advice in

matters of state, became a very excellent monarch and was greatly beloved by his people.

(Hawthorne, Tanglewood Tales; CE, VII [1972], 183, 191[w.186, 187], 195-6, 198-202, 205, 208-9, 211-12; --first tale in TT)

ii) HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g < d'z/t's .

Stance: Man-serpent w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).

Motive: "Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart Háw Higher Burn, My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!"

['Samuel Johnson; Born 1709--Died 1784':] "Sam," said Mr. Michael Johnson of Lichfield, one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter [You ox!] in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market-place there."

This was spoken, above a hundred years ago, by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at LICHFIELD, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go, every market-day, and sell books at a stall, in the neighboring village of UTTOXETER.

His son, to whom Mr. Johnson spoke, was a great boy of very singular aspect. He had an INTELLIGENT FACE; BUT IT WAS SEAMED AND DISTORTED BY A SCROFULOUS HUMOR, which affected his eyes so badly, that sometimes he was almost blind. OWING TO THE SAME CAUSE, HIS HEAD WOULD OFTEN SHAKE with a tremulous motion, as if he were AFFLICTED with the palsy. When Sam was an infant, the famous Queen Anne had tried to CURE HIM OF THE DISEASE, BY LAYING HER ROYAL HANDS UPON HIS HEAD. BUT THOUGH THE TOUCH OF A KING OR QUEEN was supposed to be a certain remedy for scrofula, it produced no good EFFECT UPON SAM JOHNSON. / ....

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted, and MADE AN INDISTINCT GRUMBLING IN HIS THROAT; THEN HE LOOKED HIS OLD FATHER IN THE FACE, AND ANSWERED HIM LOUDLY AND DELIBERATELY.

"Sir," said he, "I will not GO TO UTTOXETER MARKET!"

Mr. Johnson had seen a great deal of the lad's obstinacy, ever since his birth; and while Sam was YOUNGER, THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAD PROBABLY USED THE ROD, WHENEVER OCCASION SEEMED TO REQUIRE. But he was now too feeble, and too much out of spirits, to contend with this stubborn and violent tempered boy. He therefore gave up the point at once, and prepared to go to Uttoxeter himself.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can suffer YOUR POOR SICK FATHER TO STAND ALL DAY IN THE NOISE AND CONFUSION OF THE

MARKET, when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone!" / ....

But when THE OLD MAN'S FIGURE, as he went stooping along the street, was no more to be seen, the boy's HEART BEGAN TO SMITE HIM. HE HAD A VIVID IMAGINATION; AND IT TORMENTED HIM WITH THE IMAGE OF HIS FATHER, STANDING IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF UTTOXETER, AND OFFERING HIS BOOKS TO THE NOISY CROWD AROUND HIM. SAM SEEMED TO BEHOLD HIM, ARRANGING HIS LITERARY MERCHANDISE UPON THE STALL, IN SUCH A WAY AS WAS BEST CALCULATED TO ATTRACT NOTICE. HERE WAS ADDISON'S SPECTATOR, A LONG ROW OF LITTLE VOLUMES; HERE WAS POPE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILLIAD AND THE ODYSSEY; HERE WERE DRYDEN'S POEMS, OR THOSE OF PRIOR. HERE, LIKEWISE, WERE GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, AND A VARIETY OF LITTLE GILT-COVERED [guilt!] CHILDREN'S BOOKS, SUCH AS TOM THUMB, JACK THE GIANT-QUELLER, MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES, AND OTHERS WHICH OUR GREAT-GRANDPARENTS USED TO READ, IN THEIR CHILDHOOD. AND HERE WERE SERMONS FOR THE PIOUS, AND PAMPHLETS FOR THE POLITICIANS, AND BALLADS, SOME MERRY AND SOME DISMAL ONES, FOR THE COUNTRY-PEOPLE TO SING. [=Suggestive unfolding of total tree image from throat--with repeated renewal at throat (Here:hear!). Note arising of idea of (harsh) song.]

Sam, in imagination, saw his father offer these books, pamphlets, and ballads, ... to the rude yeomen, who perhaps could not read a word .... / ....

AND SAM SHUDDERED as he repeated to himself: "Is he dead?"

"Oh, I have been a cruel son!" thought he, within his own heart. "GOD forgive me! GOD forgive me!"

But GOD could not YET forgive him; for he was not truly penitent. Had he been so, he would have hastened away, that very moment, to Uttoxeter, and HAVE FALLEN AT HIS FATHER'S FEET, even in the midst of the CROWDED MARKET-PLACE. There HE WOULD HAVE CONFESSED HIS FAULT, AND BESOUGHT MR. JOHNSON TO GO HOME, AND LEAVE THE REST OF THE DAY'S WORK TO HIM. BUT SUCH WAS SAM'S PRIDE AND NATURAL STUBBORNNESS, that he could not bring himself to this humiliation. Yet he ought to have done so, for his own sake, and for his father's sake, and for God's sake. [=Confessional, petitional unfolding of total tree image from throat--demanded by author in stereo-real context--but biographical subject stumps, limits himself.]

['Samuel Johnson; Continued':] Well, my children, fifty years had passed away, since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted towards his father. It was now market-day in the village of Uttoxeter. 7 ....

There was A CLOCK IN THE GRAY TOWER OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH; and the HANDS ON THE SUN DIAL-PLATE HAD NOW ALMOST REACHED THE HOUR OF NOON. [=Split-tongue achieving union.] At its busiest hour of the market, a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his

head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them, with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. [=Outwardly misshapen, overgrown tree--but under three-cornered outline of Eye of Providence.]  
/ ....

... when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. .... 7 ....

Yes; the poor boy--the friendless Sam--with whom we began our story, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson! He was UNIVER-SALLY ACKNOWLEDGED as the wisest man and greatest writer in all England. HE HAD GIVEN SHAPE AND PERMANENCE TO HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE, BY HIS DICTIONARY. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his Idler, his Rambler, and his Rasselas. Noble and wealthy men, and beautiful ladies, deemed it their highest privilege to be his companions. Even the King of Great Britain had sought his acquaintance, and told him what an honor he considered it, that such a man had been born in his dominions. He was now at the summit of literary renown. [=Level of SIP-SQUISH.]

But all HIS FAME COULD NOT EXTINGUISH the bitter remembrance, which had tormented him all his life. Never, never, had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never--though the old man's troubles had been over, so many years--had he forgiven himself for INFLICTING SUCH A PANG UPON HIS HEART [=serpent recoiling, recalling]. And now, in his own old age, he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noon-day in the market-place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall. THE AGED AND ILLUSTRIOUS MAN HAD DONE WHAT THE POOR BOY REFUSED TO DO. BY THUS EXPRESSING HIS DEEP REPENTANCE AND HUMILIATION OF HEART, HE HOPED TO GAIN PEACE OF CONSCIENCE, AND THE FORGIVENESS OF GOD. [=Aim of high contact, espousal--over mixed providence of nature and culture; LIP/LAP-WINK implicit.]

(Hawthorne, from Biographical Stories for Children, in Vol. 6 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 239-40, 241-42, 243, [and] 245-6, 248)

iii) DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, d/θ < s'k:g'z .

Stance: Man-serpent w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).

Motive: "Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart HAw Higher Burn, My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!"

['The Golden Fleece':] When Jason, the son of the dethroned King of Iolcos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents,

and placed [to kneel!] under the queerest school-master that ever you heard of. .... The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education .... [Cf. Vocal cords, back of tongue as root, length-and-tip of tongue as blade-with-tip against palate, and split-directing of voice; note inception of story at HIC-GOUGE (or in act of separation from K/I(Y), for full-cultivation as J (dz), under Ch (K/eye-ts).] / ....

Be that as it may, it has always been told for a fact, (and always will be told, as long as the world lasts,) that Chiron, with the head of a schoolmaster, had the body and legs of a horse. Just imagine the grave old gentleman clattering and stamping into the schoolroom on his four hoofs, perhaps treading on some little fellow's toes, FLOURISHING HIS SWITCH-TAIL INSTEAD OF A ROD, and, now-and-then, TROTTING OUT OF DOORS TO EAT A MOUTHFUL OF GRASS! I wonder what the blacksmith CHARGED HIM FOR A SET OF IRON SHOES! [Note self-humiliation of centaur--as bending down to eat grass (engrave in throat); grass fortifies under-tail as low-gesturing flux among limbs under stress.]

So Jason DWELT IN THE CAVE with this four-footed Chiron, ... UNTIL HE HAD GROWN TO THE FULL HEIGHT OF A MAN. .... AT LENGTH, BEING NOW A TALL AND ATHLETIC YOUTH, Jason resolved TO SEEK his fortune in the world, without ASKING Chiron's advice, or telling him anything about the matter. This was very unwise, to be sure; and I hope none of you, my little hearers, will ever follow Jason's EXAMPLE. [Note use of grip-figure (s<sup>t</sup>k:g'z) to mark terminals of growth--stress-cuts into matter and time.] .... / ....

And he ['King Pelias,' the dethroner] CLUTCHED MORE CLOSELY THE GREAT KNIFE IN HIS HAND [=soft palate over back of tongue], as if he were half of a mind to SLAY Jason, instead of the black bull. The people ROUND ABOUT CAUGHT UP THE KING'S WORDS, INDISTINCTLY AS THEY WERE UTTERED; AND FIRST THERE WAS A MURMUR AMONG THEM, AND THEN A LOUD SHOUT.

"THE ONE-SANDALLED MAN HAS COME! THE PROPHECY MUST BE FULFILLED!" [=S-space around tip of tongue; new grip on mysterious, undeveloped meaning.]

For you are to know, that, many years before, King Pelias had been TOLD BY THE SPEAKING OAK OF DODONA, THAT A MAN WITH ONE SANDAL SHOULD CAST HIM DOWN FROM HIS THRONE. [=Struggle between conservative, back grip and purposive, front grip; fleshly movements to be harmonized, for maximum power in world-reconstruction.] / ....

The first thing that Jason thought of doing, after he left the KING'S presence, was to go to Dodona, and INQUIRE of the Talking Oak what COURSE it was best to pursue. This wonderful TREE stood in the CENTRE of an ancient wood. Its STATELY TRUNK ROSE UP A HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR, and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground. Standing beneath it, Jason LOOKED UP AMONG THE



KNOTTED BRANCHES AND GREEN LEAVES, AND INTO THE MYSTERIOUS HEART OF THE OLD TREE AND SPOKE ALOUD, as if he were ADDRESSING SOME PERSON who was hidden in the depths of the foliage. [=Zeus (not named)-- or GNaw-thorn as gnōstic presence.]

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the GOLDEN FLEECE?"

At first, there was a deep SILENCE, not only within the shadow of the TALKING OAK, but all through the SOLITARY WOOD. In a moment or two, however, the LEAVES OF THE OAK began to STIR AND RUSTLE, as if a GENTLE BREEZE WERE WANDERING AMONGST THEM, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. THE SOUND GREW LOUDER, AND BECAME LIKE THE ROAR OF A HIGH WIND. BY-AND-BY, JASON IMAGINED THAT HE COULD DISTINGUISH WORDS, BUT VERY CONFUSEDLY, BECAUSE EACH SEPARATE LEAF OF THE TREE SEEMED TO BE A TONGUE, AND THE WHOLE MYRIAD OF TONGUES WERE BABBLING AT ONCE. BUT THE NOISE WAXED BROADER AND DEEPER, UNTIL IT RESEMBLED A TORNADO, SWEEPING THROUGH THE OAK, AND MAKING ONE GREAT UTTERANCE OUT OF THE THOUSAND AND THOUSAND OF LITTLE MURMURS, WHICH EACH LEAFY TONGUE HAD CAUSED BY ITS RUSTLING. AND NOW, THOUGH IT STILL HAD THE TONE OF A MIGHTY WIND ROARING AMONG THE BRANCHES, IT WAS ALSO LIKE A DEEP, BASS VOICE, SPEAKING, AS DISTINCTLY AS A TREE COULD BE EXPECTED TO SPEAK, THE FOLLOWING WORDS [note the consolidation of meaning out of elemental leaf-gestures--and the message is wood-action magnified]:--

"Go to ARGUS, the ship-builder, and bid him build A GALLEY WITH FIFTY OARS!"

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves, and DIED GRADUALLY AWAY. When it was quite gone, Jason felt inclined to doubt whether he had ACTUALLY HEARD THE WORDS, or whether his fancy had not shaped them out of the ordinary sound made by a breeze, while PASSING THROUGH THE THICK FOLIAGE of the tree [cf. dense book]. / ....

.... And, as the Talking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought IT WOULD NOT BE AMISS [=a miss] TO ASK for a little more. He visited it again, therefore, and standing beside its HUGE, ROUGH TRUNK, INQUIRED WHAT HE SHOULD DO NEXT. [=Courtship stance--annexing sought.]

This time, there was no such universal quivering of the leaves throughout the whole tree, as there had been before. But, after a while, Jason OBSERVED THAT THE FOLIAGE OF A GREAT BRANCH WHICH STRETCHED ABOVE HIS HEAD, HAD BEGUN TO RUSTLE, AS IF THE WIND WERE STIRRING THAT ONE BOUGH, while all the other boughs of the OAK were AT REST.

CUT me off! SAID the branch as soon as it COULD SPEAK DISTINCTLY. CUT me off! CUT me off! And CARVE me into a FIGURE-HEAD for your GALLEY!"

ACCORDINGLY, Jason, TOOK the branch at ITS word, and lopped it off the tree. A CARVER in the neighborhood ENGAGED to make the

FIGURE-HEAD. .... When the work was finished, it turned out to be the FIGURE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, WITH A HELMET ON HER HEAD, from beneath which the long RINGLETS fell down upon HER SHOULDERS. On the left arm was a shield, and in ITS CENTRE appeared a lifelike representation of the HEAD OF MEDUSA WITH THE SNAKY LOCKS. The right ARM WAS EXTENDED, AS IF pointing onward [=deixis, as F/tooth implication]. The FACE of this wonderful statue, though not ANGRY or forbidding, was SO GRAVE that perhaps you might CALL IT SEVERE; and AS FOR THE MOUTH, IT SEEMED just ready to UNCLOSE ITS LIPS, and utter WORDS OF THE DEEPEST WISDOM. [=W-reach to woman as co-operative life-principle--but one with wisely tight labial anatomy (main orifice seemed:seamed--yet seminal). =Phallic-lingual extension.]

"Tell me, wondrous image," EXCLAIMED Jason--"(Since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are [=Athena; Mi-nerva])--tell me, where shall I find fifty bold youths, who will TAKE EACH of them an oar of my GALLEY? They must have STURDY ARMS to row, and brave hearts to ENCOUNTER PERILS; or we shall never win the GOLDEN FLEECE!" [=Serpentine harmonics--extensions, compressions, with promise of effusion.]

"GO!" replied [cf. rep-tiled] the oaken image. "GO SUMMON all the heroes of GREECE!" / ....

"Oh, Daughter of the Talking Oak," CRIED he, "how shall we SET to WORK to GET our VESSEL into the water?"

"SEAT YOURSELVES," answered the image, (for it had known what ought to be done, from the very first, and was only waiting for the question to be put,)--SEAT YOURSELVES, and HANDLE YOUR OARS, and LET ORPHEUS PLAY UPON HIS HARP!"

Immediately, the fifty heroes GOT ON BOARD, AND SEIZING THEIR OARS, HELD THEM PERPENDICULARLY IN THE AIR, while Orpheus (who liked such a task far better than rowing) SWEEP HIS FINGERS ACROSS THE HARP. At the FIRST RINGING NOTE OF THE MUSIC, THEY FELT THE VESSEL STIR. ORPHEUS THRUMMED AWAY BRISKLY, AND THE GALLEY SLID AT ONCE INTO THE SEA, dipping her prow so deeply THAT THE FIGURE-HEAD DRANK [note K-profile] the wave with its marvelous LIPS [note S-profile], and RISING AGAIN AS BUOYANT AS A SWAN [=SIP-SQUISH, LIP/LAP-WINK]. [Note K-profile as crevice, S-profile as sinuous advance-form.] /

....

Then the ARGONAUTS SAILED ONWARD, and met with many marvelous INCIDENTS [=dental dents], any one of which WOULD MAKE A STORY BY ITSELF. .... / ....

"Oh, Daughter of the Speaking Oak," CRIED he, all out of breath, "we need your wisdom more than ever before! We are in GREAT PERIL FROM A FLOCK OF BIRDS, WHO ARE SHOOTING US WITH THEIR STEEL-POINTED FEATHERS! What CAN WE DO, to drive them away?" [=Voodoo.] [Note dental F-aggression.]

"Make CLATTER on your SHIELDS!" said the image. [=Tongues against (soft and) hard palates; cf. Pallas Athena--as epithet invoked gesturally (via charades).]

On receiving this EXCELLENT COUNSEL, Jason hurried BACK TO HIS COMPANIONS, (who were far more dismayed than when they had fought with the SIX-armed giants,) and bade them STRIKE with their SWORDS upon their BRAZEN SHIELDS. Forthwith, the fifty heroes SET HEARTILY TO WORK, banging with might and main, and RAISED SUCH A TERRIBLE CLATTER, that the birds made WHAT HASTE THEY COULD TO GET AWAY; and though they HAD SHOT HALF THE FEATHERS OUT OF THEIR WINGS, THEY WERE SOON SEEN SKIMMING AMONG THE CLOUDS, A LONG DISTANCE OFF, AND LOOKING LIKE A FLOCK OF WILD GEESE. Orpheus CELEBRATED THIS VICTORY by playing a triumphant anthem on HIS HARP, and SANG so melodiously that Jason BEGGED him to DESIST; lest as the STEEL-FEATHERED BIRDS had been driven away by an UGLY SOUND, they might be ENTICED BACK AGAIN BY A SWEET ONE. [=A poetic fulfillment of Hawthorne's signature-anthem: Natal Gift, God's Yell--Heave to Fruit-full Shape, Tree of Thorns! (with ambiguity, irony of vocal powers explicated).] / ....

After this, (being now under the GUIDANCE of [] two princes, who were well ACQUAINTED with the way,) they QUICKLY SAILED to COLCHIS. .... [=SIP-SQUISH (with suggestions of coal-kiss--movement towards fiery goal, heart of action, crevice of gullet or jaws).]

After KINDLY patting the BULLS, Jason followed [the king's daughter] Medea's GUIDANCE into the GROVE OF MARS, where the GREAT OAK-TREES, that had been GROWING FOR CENTURIES, threw SO THICK A SHADE that THE MOONBEAMS STRUGGLED vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there, a GLIMMER fell upon the leaf-STREWN earth; or, now and then, a BREEZE STIRRED THE BOUGHS ASIDE, and GAVE JASON A GLIMPSE OF THE SKY, lest in that deep OBSCURITY, he might FORGET that there WAS ONE OVERHEAD. At LENGTH, when they had GONE farther and farther into the HEART OF THE DUSKINESS, Medea SQUEEZED Jason's HAND.

"LOOK yonder! SHE WHISPERED. "Do you SEE it?"

GLEAMING AMONG the venerable OAKS, there WAS A RADIANCE, not LIKE THE MOONBEAMS, but rather RESEMBLING THE GOLDEN GLORY OF THE SETTING SUN. It PROCEEDED FROM AN OBJECT, which appeared to be SUSPENDED AT ABOUT A MAN'S HEIGHT FROM THE GROUND, a little further within the wood. [Object--as immortal off-shoot shot up from man, essence of fame clinging to tree; Hawthorne's moon-seminal poetic.] / ....

Jason went onward a few STEPS farther, and then STOPT TO GAZE. Oh, how beautiful it LOOKED, SHINING WITH A MARVELOUS LIGHT OF ITS OWN [=MUM-YAWN fulfilled], that INESTIMABLE PRIZE WHICH SO MANY HEROES HAD LONGED TO BEHOLD, BUT HAD PERISHED IN THE QUEST OF IT, either by the PERILS of their voyage, or by the FIERY BREATH OF THE BRAZEN-LUNGED BULLS. / ....

To SAY THE TRUTH, in the joy of BEHOLDING THE OBJECT OF HIS DESIRES, the terrible DRAGON had QUITE SLIPT OUT of Jason's memory. [=SIP-SQUISH.] ....

Upon my WORD, AS THE HEAD CAME WAVING and undulating through the air, and reaching almost WITHIN ARM'S LENGTH of Prince Jason, it WAS A VERY HIDEOUS AND UNCOMFORTABLE SIGHT! THE GAPE OF HIS ENORMOUS JAWS WAS NEARLY AS WIDE AS THE GATEWAY OF THE KING'S PALACE. [Note strong oral behavior--of under-tree serpent (or, of Under-Yell Jaw-Torn--with own forked Thorn).] / ....

The DRAGON had probably heard the VOICES; for SWIFT AS lightning, HIS BLACK HEAD AND FORKED TONGUE CAME HISSING AMONG THE TREES AGAIN, darting full forty feet at a STRETCH. As it APPROACHED Medea TOSSED THE CONTENTS OF THE GOLD BOX RIGHT DOWN THE MONSTER'S WIDE OPEN THROAT. Immediately, with an OUTRAGEOUS HISS AND TREMENDOUS WRIGGLE --FLINGING HIS TAIL UP TO THE TIP-TOP OF THE TALLEST TREE, AND SHATTERING ALL ITS BRANCHES AS IT CRASHED HEAVILY DOWN AGAIN--THE DRAGON FELL AT FULL LENGTH UPON THE GROUND, AND LAY QUITE MOTIONLESS.

"Its only a SLEEPING-POTION," SAID THE ENCHANTRESS to Prince Jason. ....

Jason CAUGHT THE FLEECE FROM THE TREE, AND HURRIED THROUGH THE GROVE, the deep shadows of which were illuminated, as he passed, by the GOLDEN GLORY OF THE PRECIOUS OBJECT THAT HE BORE ALONG. ....

As Jason DREW NEAR, HE HEARD THE TALKING image, CALLING him with more than ordinary EAGERNESS in its GRAVE SWEET VOICE:--

"MAKE HASTE, Prince Jason! For your life MAKE HASTE!"

With one bound, he leaped aboard. [=LIP/LAP-WINK.] At the SIGHT OF THE GLORIOUS RADIANCE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, the nine-and-forty heroes GAVE A MIGHTY SHOUT; and Orpheus, STRIKING HIS HARP, SANG A SONG OF TRIUMPH, to the cadence of which the GALLEY FLEW over the water, HOMEward bound, AS IF CAREERING ALONG WITH WINGS!" [=Home word, as effective constraint upon literary craft (winged Haw, as hawse with lipped figure-head).]

(Hawthorne, *Tanglewood Tales*; CE, VII [1972], 330-31, 338, 340-44, 346-7, 350-51, 352, 365-8; --final tale in TT)

iv) SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} < h/y:k'w$  .

Stance: Man-serpent w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teeth)

Motive: "Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!" Yell: Heart Háw Higher Burn, My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!"

['The Dragon's Teeth':] Cadmus, Phoenix, and Cilix, the three sons of King Agenor, and their little sister Europa, (who was a very

beautiful child,) were at play TOGETHER, NEAR THE SEA-SHORE, in their father's kingdom of Phoenicia. THEY had rambled to some distance from THE PALACE where their parents dwelt [cf. both soft and hard palates], and were now in a verdant meadow, on one side of which lay the sea, all SPARKLING AND DIMPLING IN THE SUNSHINE, AND MURMURING GENTLY AGAINST THE BEACH [making suggestions of LIP/LAP-WINK]. The three boys were very happy gathering flowers, and twining them into garlands, with which they adorned little Europa. Seated on the grass, the child was ALMOST HIDDEN under an abundance of buds and blossoms, whence her ROSY FACE PEEPED MERRILY OUT, and as Cadmus said, was the prettiest of all the flowers. [Cf. rosy tongue-tip, salivation-foaming against ridge of teeth.]

.... For a while she listened to the pleasant murmur of the sea, which was like a voice saying "HUSH!" and bidding her go to sleep. But the pretty child, if she slept at all, could not have slept more than a moment, when she heard something trample on the grass, not far from her, and PEEPING OUT FROM THE HEAP OF FLOWERS, BEHELD A SNOW-WHITE BULL.

AND WHENCE COULD THIS BULL HAVE COME? ....

".... HELP! HELP! COME DRIVE AWAY THIS BULL!" [=Full-blown tongue.]

But her brothers were too far off to hear; especially as the FRIGHT TOOK AWAY EUROPA'S VOICE, AND HINDERED HER FROM CALLING VERY LOUDLY. SO THERE SHE STOOD, WITH HER PRETTY MOUTH WIDE OPEN, AS PALE AS THE WHITE LILIES THAT WERE TWISTED AMONG THE OTHER FLOWERS IN HER GARLANDS.

.... As for his BREATH, (the breath of cattle, you know is always sweet,) it was as fragrant as if he had been grazing on no other food than rosebuds, or, at least, the most DELICATE CLOVER-BLOSSOMS [=nail-blossoms, for ambivalent cleaving, together and apart]. NEVER BEFORE did a bull have such bright and tender eyes, and SUCH SMOOTH HORNS OF IVORY, AS THIS ONE. .... [=Self-fulfilling MUM-YAWN (with teeth small and large).] / ....

.... And not only did the bull BEND HIS NECK [his hawse (halse)], he absolutely KNELT DOWN at her feet, and made such INTELLIGENT NODS, AND OTHER INVITING GESTURES, that Europa UNDERSTOOD WHAT HE MEANT, just as well as if he had put it in so many words. [=All-bounding LIP/LAP-WINK; of Zeus.]

"Come, dear child!"--was what he wanted to say--"Let me GIVE YOU a ride on my back!" / ....

"I think I WILL do it!" said the child to HERSELF. / ....

"Softly, pretty bull, softly!" she said, rather FRIGHTENED AT WHAT SHE HAD DONE. "Do not gallop TOO FAST!" [=Implication of tooth-super-critical, via F-on-lip.]

.... And what do you think the snowy bull did NEXT? WHY, HE SET OFF, AS SWIFT AS THE WIND straight down to the sea-shore, scampered across the SAND, took an airy leap, and plunged right in among the foaming billows! The WHITE SPRAY ROSE IN A SHOWER OVER HIM AND LITTLE EUROPA, AND FELL spattering down upon the water. [=LIP/LAP-WINK fulfilled, via SIP-SQUISH.]

Then WHAT A SCREAM of terror did the poor child SEND FORTH! The three brothers screamed manfully, likewise, and ran to the shore as fast as their legs would carry them, WITH CADMUS AT THEIR HEAD. BUT it WAS TOO Late! When they reached the margin of the SAND, the treacherous animal WAS already far AWAY in the WIDE blue sea, WITH ONLY HIS SNOWY HEAD and TAIL emerging, and poor little Europa BETWEEN them, stretching out ONE HAND TOWARDS HER DEAR BROTHERS, WHILE SHE GRASPED THE BULL'S IVORY HORN WITH THE OTHER. [=Split-tree, as relational gesture.] AND THERE STOOD CADMUS, PHOENIX, AND CILIX, GAZING AT THIS SAD SPECTACLE, THROUGH THEIR TEARS [=reciprocal phallicism]; until they could no longer distinguish the BULL'S SNOWY HEAD from the WHITE-CAPT BILLOWS that seemed to KOIL UP OUT OF THE SEA'S DEPTHS, around him. Nothing more was ever seen of the WHITE BULL; nothing more of the beautiful child! / ....

On his way thither [to 'the famous oracle of Delphi'], he ['Cadmus'] STILL INQUIRED of most people whom he met, WHETHER THEY HAD SEEN EUROPA; for, to say the truth, Cadmus had GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO ASK THE QUESTION, THAT IT CAME TO HIS LIPS AS READILY AS A REMARK ABOUT THE WEATHER. He received various answers. ....

.... Full of ... remembrances, HE CAME WITHIN SIGHT of a lofty mountain, which the people thereabouts told HIM, WAS CALLED Parnassus. On the slope of Mount Parnassus was the famous Delphi, WHITHER CADMUS WAS GOING.

This Delphi was supposed to be the VERY MIDMOST SPOT OF THE WHOLE WORLD. The place of the oracle was a certain CAVITY in the mountain-side, OVER WHICH, WHEN CADMUS CAME THITHER HE FOUND A RUDE BOWER OF BRANCHES. IT REMINDED HIM OF THOSE WHICH HE HAD HELPED TO BUILD FOR PHOENIX AND CILIX, AND AFTERWARDS FOR THASUS [their 'faithful/friend']. IN LATER TIMES, WHEN MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE CAME, FROM GREAT DISTANCES, TO PUT QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, A SPACIOUS TEMPLE OF MARBLE WAS ERECTED OVER THE SPOT. [=Tree amplification, w. cultural apprehension.] But, in the days of Cadmus, AS I HAVE TOLD YOU, THERE WAS ONLY THIS RUSTIC BOWER, WITH ITS ABUNDANCE OF GREEN FOLIAGE, AND A TUFT OF SHRUBBERY, THAT RAN WILD OVER THE MYSTERIOUS HOLE IN THE HILL-SIDE. [Note narrator's reiteration of the oral botany.]

When Cadmus HAD THRUST a passage through the tangled boughs, and made HIS WAY into the bower, he did not at first discern the HALF-HIDDEN CAVITY. But, soon, he felt a COLD stream of air rushing out of it, with so much force that it shook the ringlets on his CHEEK. Pulling away the shrubbery, which CLUSTERED OVER THE HOLE,

he bent forward, and spoke in a distinct, but reverential tone, AS IF ADDRESSING SOME UNSEEN personage, INSIDE OF the mountain.

"Sacred Oracle of Delphi," said he, "WHITHER SHALL I GO NEXT, IN QUEST OF MY DEAR SISTER EUROPA?"

There was at first a DEEP SILENCE, and then a rushing sound, or a noise like a LONG SIGH, proceeding out of the interior of the earth. This CAVITY, you must know, was looked upon as a sort of FOUNTAIN OF TRUTH, WHICH SOMETIMES GUSHED OUT IN AUDIBLE WORDS; although, for the most part, these words were such a RIDDLE that they might just AS WELL HAVE STAID IN THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLE. But Cadmus was more fortunate than many others, who went to Delphi in search of truth. By-and-by, the rushing noise began to sound like articulate language. It repeated, over and over again, the following SENTENCE, WHICH, AFTER ALL, WAS LIKE THE VAGUE WHISTLE OF A BLAST OF AIR, THAT CADMUS REALLY DID NOT QUITE KNOW WHETHER IT MEANT ANYTHING, OR NOT [=sound-structure in which Cadmus is caught up; gestural-base hidden]:--

"SEEK her no more! SEEK her no more! SEEK her no more!"

"WHAT, then, shall I DO?" asked Cadmus. / ....

... again, the SIGHING GUST OF AIR GREW INTO SOMETHING LIKE A HOARSE VOICE.

"Follow the COW!" it said. "Follow the COW! Follow the COW!"

And when these words had been repeated until Cadmus was tired of hearing them, (especially as HE COULD NOT IMAGINE WHAT COW IT WAS, OR WHY HE WAS TO FOLLOW HER,) THE GUSTY HOLE GAVE VENT TO ANOTHER SENTENCE.

"WHERE THE COW lies down, there is YOUR HOME! [=Place of cud.]

These words were pronounced but a SINGLE time, and died away into a WHISPER before Cadmus was FULLY SATISFIED THAT HE HAD CAUGHT THE MEANING. HE PUT OTHER QUESTIONS, but received no answer; only the GUST OF WIND SIGHED CONTINUALLY OUT OF THE CAVITY, AND BLEW THE WITHERED LEAVES RUSTLING ALONG THE GROUND, BEFORE IT. [=Purposive gesturing, to act (to write).]

"Did there really COME ANY WORDS OUT OF THE HOLE?" thought Cadmus. "OR HAVE I BEEN DREAMING, ALL THIS WHILE?" [=Straying of thoughts (in ambiguous, literary vicinity of conjoint mouth/ink-well).]

He turned AWAY from the oracle, and THOUGHT HIMSELF NO WISER THAN WHEN HE HAD COME THITHER. Caring little WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO HIM, HE took the first path that offered itself, and WENT ALONG AT A SLUGGISH PACE; for, HAVING NO OBJECT IN VIEW, nor any reason to GO ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, it would certainly HAVE BEEN FOOLISH TO MAKE HASTE [i.e., hay]. WHENEVER HE met anybody, the old QUESTION WAS AT HIS TONGUE'S END:--

"HAVE YOU SEEN a beautiful maiden, dressed like a king's daughter, and mounted on a SNOW-WHITE BULL, that gallops AS SWIFTLY

AS THE WIND?" [=Lingering, nostalgic SIP-SQUISH. Note S-possessive at end of word 'tongue.']/ ....

I know not how far Cadmus had gone, nor could he himself have told you, when, at no great distance before him, he BEHELD A BRINDLED COW. She was lying down by the wayside, and QUIETLY CHEWING HER CUD; nor did she take any notice of the young man, until HE HAD APPROACHED PRETTY nigh. Then getting leisurely upon her feet, and GIVING HER HEAD A GENTLE TOSS, SHE BEGAN TO MOVE along at a moderate pace, often pausing, just long enough to CROP A MOUTHFUL OF GRASS. [=Cow ruminating--possibly thinking, in depth.]/ ....

The SECRET of it was, you must know, that the COW was an ENCHANTED COW, and that without being CONSCIOUS OF IT, SHE THREW SOME OF HER ENCHANTMENT over everybody that took SO MUCH AS A STEP behind her. [=Memo of association by k-rhymes (ear, eye)--bonding, at tongue root, with glottal home-h.] They Could not possibly Help following Her, though, all the time, they fancied themselves doing it of their own accord. [=Part of on-going memorandum on process of composition.] ....

.... The strangers Grew very fond of Cadmus, and resolved never to leave Him, but to Help Him build a City, wherever the Cow might lie down. ... Cadmus might ... be their King, with a throne, a Crown and sceptre, a purple robe, and everything else that a King ought to have; for, in Him, there was the royal HEART AND HEAD that knew how to rule. [=Memo of C-circle (broken, bowing).] / ....

They all looked; and sure enough, the Cow had stopt, and was staring leisurely about Her, as other Cows do, when on the point of lying down. And slowly, slowly, did she reclined herself on the soft Grass, first bending Her fore-legs, and then crouching Her hind ones. [=Suggestions of humble part of signature: Under kneel, Yell low (vertebrate).] When Cadmus and His Companions came up with Her, there was the brindled Cow taking Her ease, chewing Her Cud, and looking them quietly in the face; as if this was just the spot she had been seeking for, and as if it were all a matter of course!

"This then," said Cadmus, gazing around Him, "this is to be my Home!"

It was a fertile and lovely plain, with Great trees flinging their sun-speckled shadows over it, and Hills fencing it in [as though earth-haw] from the rough weather. At no great distance, they beheld a river gleaming in the sun-shine. A HOME-FEELING STOLE INTO THE HEART OF POOR CADMUS. [=HIC-GOUGE, or deep-extreme of surface SIP-SQUISH (grip at root vs. tip), within landscape of LIP/LAP-WINK.] .... / ....

.... But his new friends had not long been gone ['to fetch some/water'] when he was suddenly startled by cries, shouts, and screams, and the noise of a terrible struggle, and, IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL, A MOST AWFUL HISSING, WHICH WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIS EARS LIKE



A ROUGH SAW! [=Stage of building-in-wood in accord with draconic name-formulas--rending, riving! high-burning of haw! (cf. hawthorn emblem, in my B.3.b).]

Running towards the tuft of trees, he beheld the HEAD AND FIERY EYES of an immense serpent or dragon, WITH THE WIDEST JAWS THAT EVER A DRAGON HAD [=serpent jaws with serpent; self-recycling haw-apple], AND A VAST MANY ROWS OF HORRIBLY SHARP TEETH [=array of consounding articulations; the consonants as militant points of style]. Before Cadmus could reach the spot, this pitiless reptile had killed his poor companions, and was busily devouring them, making but A MOUTHFUL OF EACH MAN.

It appears that the fountain of water was enchanted, and that the dragon had been SET TO GUARD IT, SO THAT NO MORTAL MIGHT EVER QUENCH HIS THIRST THERE. .... WHEN HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF CADMUS ... HE SET UP ANOTHER ABOMINABLE HISS, AND FLUNG BACK HIS IMMENSE JAWS, UNTIL HIS MOUTH LOOKED LIKE A GREAT RED CAVERN, AT THE FARTHER END OF WHICH WERE SEEN THE LEGS OF HIS LAST VICTIM, WHOM HE HAD HARDLY HAD TIME TO SWALLOW. [Note co-operative action between front-grip s/z and back-grip h.]

But Cadmus was so enraged at the destruction of his friends, that he cared neither for the size of the dragon's jaws, nor for his hundreds of sharp teeth. Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster, and flung HIMSELF right down into his CAVERNOUS MOUTH. This bold METHOD OF ATTACKING him TOOK THE DRAGON BY SURPRISE [=identification of man w. serpent; co-in-ciding]; for, in fact, Cadmus had LEAPED SO FAR DOWN INTO HIS THROAT, that the ROWS OF TERRIBLE TEETH COULD NOT CLOSE UPON HIM, NOR DO HIM THE LEAST HARM IN THE WORLD [=mastery over stylistic concordances of linguistic elements, esp. constrictively formed consonants]. Thus, though the struggle was a tremendous one [i.e., the struggle for literary mastery], and though the dragon shattered the tuft of trees into small splinters by the lashing of his tail [i.e., of his Haw-thorn tail--turning to tale], yet, as Cadmus was all the while slashing and stabbing at his very vitals [i.e., harmonizing organic functions], it was not long before the scaly wretch bethought himself of slipping away. He had not gone his length, however, when the brave Cadmus gave him a sword-thrust that finished the battle [-Yel Haw-!]; and, creeping out of the gateway of the creature's jaws, there he beheld him, still wriggling his vast bulk, although there was no longer life enough in him to harm a little child [HIG-GOUGE and SIP-SQUISH].

But do not YOU SUPPOSE that it made Cadmus sorrowful to think of the melancholy fate which had befallen those poor, friendly people, who had followed the cow along with him? [=Victims of author's imagination; the literary inventions, life acquaintances, and readers ultimately not supportive.] / ....

"Cadmus!" said a voice [=Athena; Mi-nerva]--but whether it came from above or below him, or WHETHER IT SPOKE WITHIN HIS OWN

BREAST, the young man could not tell--"Cadmus, PLUCK OUT THE DRAGON'S TEETH, AND PLANT THEM IN THE EARTH!

This was a strange thing to do; nor was it easy, I should imagine, to DIG OUT ALL THOSE DEEP-ROOTED FANGS FROM THE DEAD DRAGON'S JAWS. BUT CADMUS TOILED AND TUGGED, AND AFTER POUNDING THE MONSTROUS HEAD ALMOST TO PIECES WITH A GREAT STONE, HE AT LAST COLLECTED AS MANY TEETH AS MIGHT HAVE FILLED A BUSHEL OR TWO. THE NEXT THING WAS to plant them. ....

Cadmus, quite out of breath, stood leaning on his sword ....  
 .... [=Reinception of DART-STICK(S), as sharp-tipped botany of oral origin.]

The sun was shining aslantwise over the field, and showed all the moist, dark soil, just like any other newly planted piece of ground. All at once, Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first in one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together. Soon, he perceived them to be THE STEEL-HEADS OF SPEARS, SPROUTING UP EVERYWHERE, like so many stalks of grain, and continually growing taller and taller. Next appeared A VAST NUMBER OF BRIGHT SWORD-BLADES, THRUSTING THEMSELVES UP IN THE SAME WAY. A moment afterwards, THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE GROUND WAS BROKEN BY A MULTITUDE OF POLISHED BRASS HELMETS, coming up like a crop of enormous beans! So rapidly did they grow, that Cadmus now discerned THE FIERCE COUNTENANCE OF A MAN, BENEATH EVERY ONE. In short, before he had time to think what a wonderful affair it was, he beheld AN ABUNDANT HARVEST OF WHAT LOOKED LIKE HUMAN BEINGS, ARMED WITH HELMETS, BREASTPLATES, SWORDS AND SPEARS .... [=Reach for LIP/LAP-WINK, as terminus of story.]

UP-SPROUTED, ALSO, A GREAT MANY TRUMPETERS; AND, WITH THE FIRST BREATH THAT THEY DREW, THEY PUT THEIR BRAZEN TRUMPETS TO THEIR LIPS, AND SOUNDED A TREMENDOUS AND EAR-SHATTERING BLAST ....

"Cadmus!" said the same voice which he had before heard. "THROW A STONE into the midst of the armed men!" ['Stone' as N-tone carrier.] / ....

Well; this memorable battle continued to rage, until the ground WAS STREWN WITH HELMETED HEADS THAT HAD BEEN CUT OFF. Of all the thousands that began the fight, there WERE ONLY FIVE LEFT STANDING.  
 ....

"Cadmus!" said the voice again. "Bid those FIVE WARRIORS SHEATHE THEIR SWORDS. They will help you build the city." / ....

And now the city was built, and there was a home in it for each of the workmen. But the palace of Cadmus WAS NOT YET ERECTED  
 .... / ....

WHAT SHOULD IT BE, BUT THE MOST MAGNIFICENT PALACE THAT HAD EVER BEEN SEEN IN THE WORLD. IT WAS BUILT OF MARBLE, AND OTHER

BEAUTIFUL KINDS OF STONE, AND ROSE HIGH INTO THE AIR .... [=Peduncle of LIP/LAP-WINK--S/Z-sealed, or seized.] / ....

"Long LIVE KING CADMUS," they cried, "in HIS BEAUTIFUL PALACE!"

.... HALTING at the entrance, they GAZED THROUGH A LONG VISTA OF LOFTY PILLARS, THAT WERE ARRANGED from end to end of a GREAT HALL [hawse, halse (neck)]. At the farther extremity of this HALL, approaching slowly towards HIM Cadmus BEHELD a female figure WONDERFULLY BEAUTIFUL, and adorned WITH A ROYAL ROBE and a CROWN OF DIAMONDS OVER HER GOLDEN RINGLETS, and the RICHEST NECKLACE THAT EVER A QUEEN WORE. .... [=Poetic act of bountiful hawking by signature, with suggestion of continued danger.]

"No, Cadmus!" said the same voice that had spoken to him in the field of the armed men. "This is not your dear sister Europa, whom you have sought so faithfully ALL OVER THE WIDE WORLD. THIS IS HARMONIA, A DAUGHTER OF THE SKY, who is given you instead of sister, and brothers, and friend, and mother. You will find all those dear ones IN HER ALONE!" [=N...L H...RN...--boundaries of name intoned.]

So King Cadmus dwelt in the palace, with his new friend HARMONIA, [i.e., mouth harmony], and found a great deal of comfort in his magnificent abode, but would doubtless have found as much, if not more, in the humblest cottage by the wayside. Before MANY YEARS WENT BY, there WAS A GROUP OF ROSY LITTLE CHILDREN (BUT HOW THEY CAME THITHER, HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MYSTERY TO ME) SPORTING in the great hall, and on the marble steps of the palace, and running joyfully to meet King Cadmus, when affairs of state left him at leisure to play with them. They called him father, and Queen Harmonia, mother. The five old soldiers of the dragon's teeth grew very fond of these small urchins, and were never weary of SHOWING THEM HOW TO SHOULDER STICKS, FLOURISH WOODEN SWORDS, AND MARCH IN MILITARY ORDER, BLOWING a penny-trumpet, OR BEATING an abominable rub-adub upon a little drum. [Note DART-STICK(S)--as ritual of gesture and sound, collectively maintained.]

But King Cadmus, LEST THERE SHOULD BE TOO MUCH OF THE DRAGON'S TOOTH IN HIS CHILDREN'S DISPOSITION, used to find time from his kingly duties to teach them their A. B. C. [Be! See!];--WHICH HE INVENTED FOR THEIR BENEFIT, and for which many little people, I am afraid, are not HALF SO grateful to him AS THEY OUGHT TO BE. [=Author as aggressive sovereign, civilizing the reader literally (for subtler sipping of significance, in points of style).]

(Hawthorne, Tanglewood Tales; CE, VII [1972], 234-8, 249-52, 252-6, 257-8, 259-61, 262-4)

v) LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n .

Stance: Man-serpent w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).

Motive: "Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart Háw Higher Burn, My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!"

['The Pygmies':] A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-BORN GIANT NAMED ANTÆUS, AND A MILLION OR MORE of curious little earth-BORN people, who were called PYGMIES. This giant and these Pygmies, BEING children of the same mother, (that is to say, our good old GRANDMOTHER Earth,) were all BRETHREN, AND dwelt TOGETHER in a very friendly AND AFFECTIONATE MANNER, far, far off, IN THE MIDDLE OF HOT AFRICA [=tropical super-gardens; with deep-enfolding of lingual root(s) under hard and soft palate; cf. ankh--as life-key and as a back-of-mouth straining]. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that NOBODY COULD GET A PEEP at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the giant, BEING OF A VERY LOFTY STATURE, IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO SEE HIM, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. [Note the phallic approximation.] 7 ....

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists--"Háloo, brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?"--And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the giant would make answer--"Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you!"--in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft. [Note hands as extension of mouth (little Nat-han-yell's)--to reach High-Awe-turn); note the ritual of counter-chanting a wide breach, to maintain a single world.] / ....

IN SHORT, AS I SAID BEFORE, Antæus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antæus. The giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a SPAN, this friendly INTERCOURSE had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about, in the Pygmy histories, and TALKED ABOUT, in their ancient traditions [=oral traditions]. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfather's days, when the giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure, (as was recorded ON AN OBELISK three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe,) Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to

heart, and only requested the giant to be careful, forever afterwards, to examine the ACRE OF GROUND where he INTENDED TO SQUAT himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antaeus STANDING AMONG THE PYGMIES, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, WHILE THEY RAN ABOUT LIKE PISMIRES AT HIS FEET; AND TO THINK that IN SPITE of their difference IN SIZE, there was AFFECTION AND SYMPATHY BETWEEN THEM AND HIM! .... [=Urinary/spermal cross-poetics (Big/Ant-sig!see-p!piquant!); form-ic/-al aggression.] / ....

On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antaeus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill .... So fearless were they, that they MADE NOTHING OF CREEPING IN AMONG THE FOLDS OF HIS GARMENTS. When his head lay sideways on the earth, they would march boldly up and peep INTO THE GREAT CAVERN OF HIS MOUTH, and take it all a joke (as, indeed, it was meant) when ANTAEUS GAVE A SUDDEN SNAP WITH HIS JAWS, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging IN AND OUT AMONG HIS HAIR, OR SWINGING FROM HIS BEARD. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious, than when a party of boys were seen RUNNING RACES ON HIS FOREHEAD, TO TRY WHICH OF THEM COULD GET FIRST ROUND THE CIRCLE OF HIS ONE, GREAT EYE. It was another favorite feat with them, TO MARCH ALONG THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE, and jump down UPON HIS UPPER LIP! [=Memo of signature games, imagined charades on name--labially consummated, sealed.]

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes; especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to PRICK HIS SKIN WITH LITTLE SWORDS AND LANCES, to see how thick and tough it was. [I.e., with Haw-thorns and Aub-pins.] .... / ....

.... [A] Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that a stranger was coming directly towards the prostrate form of Antaeus. With every step, he looked less like a blue mountain, and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so nigh, that there could be no possible mistake about the matter. .... / ....

"HOW will you PREVENT me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By HITTING YOU A RAP WITH THIS PINE-TREE HERE!" shouted Antaeus, scowling so, that he made himself the ugliest monster in Africa. "I am fifty times stronger than you; and, now that I stamp my foot upon the ground, I am five hundred times stronger. .... [=Memo on N...n... Haw...n, as ground of derived name Aub-épine. Note use of pine-tree as aggressive extension of hand-arm, which serves to back up oral message of Hold off!, as though goad to assist command of Haw!] / ....

But, once more, Hercules warded off the stroke with his club; and the giant's pine-tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, most of which flew among the Pygmies, and did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antaeus could get out of the way, Hercules let drive again and gave him another knock-down blow, which sent him heels over head, but served only to increase his already enormous and insufferable strength. As for his rage, there is no telling what a FIERY FURNACE it had now got to be. HIS ONE EYE WAS NOTHING BUT A CIRCLE OF RED FLAME [=Haw, the ripe fruit]. Having now no weapons BUT HIS FISTS, HE DOUBLED THEM UP, (EACH BIGGER THAN A HOGSHEAD,) SMOTE ONE AGAINST THE OTHER, AND DANCED UP AND DOWN WITH ABSOLUTE FRENZY, FLOURISHING HIS IMMENSE ARMS ABOUT, AS IF HE MEANT NOT MERELY TO KILL HERCULES, BUT TO SMASH THE WHOLE WORLD TO PIECES.

"Come on!" roared this thundering giant. "Let me HIT YOU BUT ONE BOX ON THE EAR, AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE THE HEADACHE AGAIN!"

Now Hercules (though strong enough, as you already know, to hold the sky up) began to be sensible that he should never win the victory, if he kept on knocking Antaeus down. For, by-and-by, if he hit him such hard blows, the giant would inevitably, by the help of Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his antagonist with naked arms.

"Step forward!" cried he. "Since I've broken your pine-tree, WE'LL TRY WHICH IS THE BETTER MAN AT A WRESTLING-MATCH!" / ....

But the most WONDERFUL THING WAS, that as soon as Antaeus was fairly off the earth, he BEGAN TO LOSE THE VIGOR WHICH HE HAD GAINED BY TOUCHING IT. [=Breach of essential nature; completion of organic (incl. orgastic) cycle.]

WHEN HIS STRENGTH AND BREATH WERE QUITE GONE, Hercules GAVE HIS HUGE BODY A TOSS, AND FLUNG IT ABOUT A MILE OFF, where it fell heavily, and lay with no more motion than a sand-hill. It was too late for the giant's Mother Earth to help him now; and I should not wonder if his ponderous bones were lying in the same spot, to this very day, and were mistaken for those of an uncommonly large elephant. [=Vertebrate form--cf. signature w. jointed parts.]

But, alas me! WHAT A WAILING did the poor little Pygmies set up, when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible manner! / ....

"VILLAIN!" shouted all the PYGMIES at once. "YOU HAVE KILLED THE GIANT ANTÆUS, OUR GREAT BROTHER, AND THE ALLY OF OUR NATION. WE DECLARE BLOODY WAR AGAINST YOU, AND WILL SLAY YOU ON THE SPOT!"

Surprised at the shrill piping of so many little voices, Hercules, after putting out the conflagration of his hair GAZED ALL ROUNDABOUT, but could see nothing. At last LOOKING NARROWLY ON THE GROUND, he espied the innumerable assemblage of Pygmies at his feet.

He stooped down, and taking up the nearest one between his thumb and finger, SET HIM ON THE PALM OF HIS LEFT HAND, and held him at a proper distance for examination [LIP/LAP-WINK]. ....

"WHAT IN THE WORLD, my little fellow," ejaculated Hercules, "MAY YOU BE?" [Note use of 'ejaculated'--expressive tag for male (or dominant) speakers only? (i.e., in Hawthorne).]

"I AM YOUR ENEMY!" answered the valiant Pygmy, in his mightiest squak. ....

Hercules was so tickled with the Pygmy's big words and warlike gestures, that he burst into a great explosion of laughter, and almost dropped the POOR LITTLE MITE of a creature off the PALM OF HIS HAND, through the ecstasy and convulsion of merriment.

"UPON MY WORD," cried he, "I thought I had seen WONDERS before to-day .... Your BODY, my little friend, is about the size of an ORDINARY MAN'S FINGER. PRAY HOW BIG MAY YOUR SOUL BE?" [=Religious turn.]

"AS BIG AS YOUR OWN!" said the Pygmy. [Note little Pyg-, turning Big, via oral confrontation.]

Hercules was TOUCHED with the little man's dauntless courage, and could not help ACKNOWLEDGING such a brotherhood with him, as one hero feels for another. [Sun-heroes; ingressio to HIC-GOUGE.]

.... Good bye! I shall pick my steps carefully, for fear of treading upon some fifty of you, WITHOUT KNOWING it. HA, HA, HA! HO, HO, HO! For ONCE, Hercules ACKNOWLEDGES HIMSELF VANQUISHED!" [P-G-M (as full mouth) over H-K-S.]

Some writers say, that Hercules GATHERED UP THE WHOLE RACE OF PYGMIES IN HIS LION'S SKIN, AND CARRIED THEM HOME TO GREECE, for the children of King Eurystheus to play with. But this is a mistake. He left them, ONE AND ALL, WITHIN THEIR OWN TERRITORY, where, for aught I can tell, their descendants are alive, to the present day, building their little houses, cultivating their little fields, spanking their little children, wagging their little warfare with the cranes, doing their little business, whatever it may be, and reading THEIR LITTLE HISTORIES OF ANCIENT TIMES. IN THOSE HISTORIES, PERHAPS, IT STANDS RECORDED, that, a great many centuries ago, the VALIANT PYGMIES AVENGED the death of the giant Antaeus, by scaring AWAY THE MIGHTY Hercules! [=Remark on independence of own loin-skin/book-cloth recreations and creations--via lively consonant-joints shared with the literary tradition by own name(s).]

(Hawthorne, Tanglewood Tales; CE, VII [1972], 213, 215, 216, 217-18, 221, 224-7, 232-3)

## B.2.c. A Literary Proofmark: The World-Figure.

i) MUM-YAWN:  $m/n/n_2 > h/y'w_+$  [eye-pow k] .

Stance: Man-serpent w. omnipresent mouth (=cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['Sir Isaac Newton; Born 1642--Died 1727':] On Christmas-day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born, at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters, which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world. [=New newt--serpent.]

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him, and sent him to school. In his early years, Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly REMARKABLE for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools, and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With the aid of these, Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill, that he seemed to have been born with a saw and chisel in his hand. [Cf. Hawthorne's boyhood mechanics of name-play--esp. see again my I.B.2.] / ....

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of CLOCKS; since he had already made one, of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set GOING, NOT BY WHEELS AND WIGHTS, LIKE OTHER CLOCKS, BUT BY THE DROPPING OF WATER. THIS WAS AN OBJECT OF GREAT WONDERMENT TO ALL THE PEOPLE ROUNDABOUT; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could tell what o'clock it is, by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water-clock, ISAAC MADE A SUN-DIAL. Thus his grandmother was NEVER AT A LOSS TO KNOW THE HOUR [gnostic implication]; for the water-clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sun-dial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, on the CORNER OF THE HOUSE where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed, since Isaac Newton was a boy; IT MARKED ALL THE FAMOUS MOMENTS OF HIS LIFE; IT MARKED THE HOUR OF HIS DEATH; AND STILL THE SUNSHINE CREEPS OVER IT, AS REGULARLY AS WHEN ISAAC FIRST SET IT UP. [=Memo of Hawthorne's name-mechanism continuing to have meaning--to have immortal speech--after his death. Note deepening of K to G.]

YET WE MUST NOT SAY THAT THE SUN-DIAL HAS LASTED LONGER THAN ITS MAKER: FOR ISAAC NEWTON WILL EXIST, LONG AFTER THE DIAL--YEA, AND LONG AFTER THE SUN ITSELF SHALL HAVE CRUMBLED TO DECAY. [=Haw-



thorne's submission to realities beyond language, literature, and visible-apprehended world; note the k-destruction of the chief sensory base of knowledge--as though crushed at throat-level by a deeply inflected h (=memo of k as Christ-sign, of Christ-Apocalyptic--even over Hawthorne).] / ....

Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a wind-mill, which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest, he pryed into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill-stones were made to revolve, and CRUSH THE GRAIN that was in the hopper. After GAINING A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools. [May be allegory of sexual self-education, and of assimilation of private experience to oral mechanics of literary name-formulas. Note K/(hard)Ç as silent-implicit operations.]

It was not long before his grandmother, and all the neighborhood, knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of a wind-mill. Though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box-traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. EVEN A PUFF OF WIND FROM ISAAC'S MOUTH, OR FROM A PAIR OF BELLOWS, WAS SUFFICIENT TO SET THE SAILS IN MOTION. AND--WHAT WAS MOST CURIOUS--IF A HANDFUL OF GRAINS OF WHEAT WERE PUT INTO THE LITTLE HOPPER, THEY WOULD SOON BE CONVERTED INTO SNOW-WHITE FLOUR. [Cf. Hawthorne's moon-seminal poetic, as Providence in self-congratulatory reflex, i.e., self-fulfillment of self beyond the self. =Memo of signature blooming, unfolding--even as sheaf of paper.]

Isaac's playmates were ENCHANTED with his new wind-mill. They thought that NOTHING SO PRETTY, AND SO WONDERFUL, HAD EVER BEEN SEEN IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

"BUT, ISAAC," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill." [Note k in critical, world-counterapproach, context.]

"What is that?" ASKED Isaac; for he supposed, that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true!--I must LOOK for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to CONSIDER how the deficiency should be supplied. [Suggestion, here, of HIC-GOUGE--d...s...s... s...d--in response to k-critical.] / ....

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband now being dead, she wished her son to leave school, and assist her

in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to TURN HIS ATTENTION TO FARMING. BUT HIS MIND WAS SO BENT ON BECOMING A SCHOLAR, that his mother SENT HIM BACK TO SCHOOL, and afterwards to the UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE [of Haw-wood!--to hit the books as a road to fame (perhaps implied)]. / ....

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long, were I to mention all the splendid DISCOVERIES which he made, after he CAME TO BE A MAN. He was the first that found out the nature of Light; for, before his day, NOBODY COULD TELL WHAT THE SUNSHINE WAS COMPOSED OF. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's FALLING ON HIS HEAD, AND THUS LEADING HIM TO DISCOVER THE FORCE OF GRAVITATION, WHICH KEEPS THE HEAVENLY BODIES IN THEIR COURSES. When he once got a hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest, UNTIL HE HAD SEARCHED OUT ALL THE LAWS, BY WHICH THE PLANETS ARE GUIDED THROUGH THE SKY. This he did as thoroughly AS IF HE HAD GONE UP AMONG THE STARS, AND TRACKED THEM IN THEIR ORBITS. THE BOY HAD FOUND OUT THE MECHANISM OF A WIND-MILL; THE MAN EXPLAINED TO HIS FELLOW-MEN THE MECHANISM OF THE UNIVERSE. [Cf. Hawthorne's own fix on name, and the private claim on a consonant hierarchy to generate a literature of rich texture and unified structure.] / ....

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a Member of Parliament, and received the HONOR OF KNIGHTHOOD FROM THE KING. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt NO PRIDE IN THE VASTNESS OF HIS KNOWLEDGE. All that he had learned only MADE HIM FEEL HOW LITTLE HE KNEW, IN COMPARISON WITH WHAT REMAINED TO BE KNOWN. [Self-critical k-function (K seen but not heard--repressed oral-gesture.)

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the sea-shore, and PICKING up here and there a CURIOUS shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies UNdiscovered before me."

At Last, in 1727, when he was FOUR-SCORE AND FIVE YEARS OLD, SIR ISAAC NEWTON DIED,--or rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe, that he is STILL SEARCHING OUT THE INFINITE WISDOM AND GOODNESS OF THE CREATOR, as earnestly, and with even more success, than while his spirit animated a mortal body. [SIP-SQUISH.] HE HAS LEFT A FAME BEHIND HIM, WHICH WILL BE AS ENDURABLE AS IF HIS NAME WERE WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF LIGHT, FORMED BY THE STARS UPON THE MIDNIGHT SKY. [Fame as the magic of Providence; name as universal potency, visible to world; specific name consonantly reminiscent of: N...t... ..wt...n... .]

(Hawthorne, Biographical Stories; CE, VI [1972], 231, 232-4, 235, 236-7)

11) HIC-GOUGE:  $h/y:k/g > d'z/t's_+$  [eye-pow p/b] .

Stance: Man-serpent w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['The Gorgon's Head':] Perseus was the son of Danaë, who was the daughter of a king. And when Perseus was a very little BOY [Oh, buoy!], some WICKED PEOPLE PUT his mother and himself into a chest, and set them afloat UPON THE SEA [=left to God's Providence--God's overseeing from His See]. The wind blew freshly, and drove the chest away from the shore [=inspired lung action--lip-bound and shaped], and the uneasy billows tossed it up and down [=anxiety over death-transit, place of reception]; while Danaë clasped her child closely to her bosom, and dreaded that some BIG WAVE would dash its foamy crest OVER THEM BOTH [=Lap of nature in salivation (texture of SIP-SQUISH)]. The chest sailed on, however, and neither sank nor was upset; until, when night was coming, it floated so near an island that it got entangled in a fisherman's nets [underlying magic of MUM-YAWN], and was drawn out high and dry UPON THE Sand [allowed continuity]. The island was called Seriphus, and it was REIGNED OVER BY KING POLYDECTES, who happened to be the fisherman's brother [=Eye-land--as story-book of many decks or levels of performance, for royal reading, seminal semantic raining-over.]

The fisherman, I am glad to tell you, was an exceedingly humane and upright man. He showed great kindness to Danaë and her little boy, and continued to befriend them, until Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, very strong and active, and skilful in the use of arms. Long before this time, King Polydectes had seen the two strangers--the mother and her child--who had come to his dominions in a floating chest. As he was not good and kind, like his brother the fisherman, BUT EXTREMELY WICKED [=Hawthorne as weaver of schemes with loopholes, or wickets], he resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous enterprise, in which he would probably be killed, and then to do some great mischief to Danaë herself. So this bad king spent a long while in considering what was the most dangerous thing that a young man could possibly undertake to perform [=a spectacle]. At last, having hit upon an enterprise that promised to turn out as fatally as he desired, he sent for the youthful Perseus. [=Hit/kick/gullet to grave (think, command, get action.)]

7 ....

.... The news quickly spread abroad, that Perseus had undertaken to cut off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks ['(t)he bridal gift, which (King Polydectes had) set (his) heart on presenting to the beautiful Hippodamia']. Everybody rejoiced; for most of the inhabitants of the island were as wicked as the king himself, and would have liked NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SEE some enormous mischief happen to Danaë and her son. The only good man,

in this unfortunate island of Seriphus, appears to have been the fisherman [=Christ-link; implicit wicket of Heaven, for addressing of self-castigation]. As Perseus walked along, therefore, the PEOPLE POINTED AFTER HIM, AND MADE MOUTHS, AND WINKED TO ONE ANOTHER, and ridiculed him as loudly as they dared. [Implicit LIP/LAP-WINK-- as invocation of Providence, call to action, in context of denigration, criticism.]

"Ho, Ho!" cried they. "Medusa's snakes will sting him soundly!" [Memo of master-symbol as cantor--lead singer-enchanter; over-multiplication of lingual-phallic values.]

Now, there were three Gorgons alive, at that period, and they were the most strange and terrible monsters that had ever been seen, since the day the world was made, or that have been seen in after days, or that are likely to be seen, in all time to come. I HARDLY KNOW WHAT SORT OF CREATURE OR HOBGOBLIN TO CALL THEM. They were three sisters, and seem to have BORNE SOME DISTANT RESEMBLANCE TO WOMEN, BUT WERE REALLY A VERY FRIGHTFUL AND MISCHIEVOUS SPECIES OF DRAGON. [Overly developed, fleshly branches of one symbol.] It is indeed difficult to imagine what hideous beings these three sisters were. Why, instead of locks of hair, if you can believe me, they had each of them a hundred enormous snakes growing on their heads, all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling, and THRUSTING OUT THEIR VENOMOUS TONGUES, WITH FORKED STINGS AT THE END! [=DART-STICK(S).] The teeth of the Gorgon's were terribly long tusks; their HANDS WERE MADE OF BRASS; and their BODIES WERE ALL OVER SCALES, WHICH IF NOT IRON, WERE SOMETHING AS HARD AND IMPENETRABLE. They had wings, too, and exceedingly splendid ones, I can assure you; for every feather of them was PURE, BRIGHT, GLITTERING, BURNISHED GOLD, AND THEY LOOKED VERY DAZZLING, NO DOUBT, WHEN THE GORGONS WERE FLYING ABOUT IN THE SUNSHINE. [Armor as labial, p/B strength--spreading over visible surfaces of body (silent retention of force).] / ....

So disconsolate did these thoughts make him [i.e., thoughts of 'stiffen(ing) into stone ...'], that Perseus COULD NOT BEAR to tell his mother what he had undertaken to do. He therefore took his shield, girded on his sword, and crossed over from the island to the mainland, where he sat down in a solitary place, and HARDLY REFRAINED FROM SHEDDING TEARS. [=Private emotional outburst, out of sight (raining out of small orifices).]

But while he was in this sorrowful mood, he heard a voice close beside him. [=SIP-SQUISH.]

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you sad?"

HE LIFTED HIS HEAD FROM HIS HANDS, IN WHICH HE HAD HIDDEN IT; AND BEHOLD! all alone as Perseus had supposed himself to be, there was a stranger in the solitary place ['Quicksilver' (=quick-disseminator of thought)]. / ....

"OH ...!" EXCLAIMED PERSEUS, WITH THE TEARS AGAIN STANDING IN HIS EYES. "AND, BESIDES, WHAT WOULD MY DEAR MOTHER DO, IF HER BELOVED SON WERE TURNED INTO A STONE!" / ....

... [S]aid the stranger. ".... ... [F]irst of all, you must POLISH YOUR SHIELD TILL YOU CAN SEE YOUR FACE IN IT AS DISTINCTLY AS IN A MIRROR." [=Hard palate as d--flector; next, a crooked tongue is added.] / ....

"No sword but mine will ANSWER YOUR PURPOSE," OBSERVED HE. "THE BLADE HAS A MOST EXCELLENT TEMPER, AND WILL CUT THROUGH IRON AND BRASS AS THROUGH THE SLENDEREST TWIG [... a short and very crooked sword hanging by his side, which he had girded ... about Perseus, instead of the one he (Perseus) had before worn']. And now we will set out. The next thing is to find the Three Gray Women, who will tell us where to find the Nymphs." / ....

Quicksilver explained to Perseus how the Three Gray Women managed with their one eye [cf. single i in Hawthorne's given name--which takes on y-functions]. They were in the habit, it seems, of changing it from one to another, as if it had been a PAIR OF SPECTACLES, or which would have suited them better--a quizzing glass. When one of the three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it OUT OF THE SOCKET [cf. out of the throat], and PASSED IT TO ONE OF HER SISTERS [as though a dis-ease], whose turn it might happen to be, and who immediately CLAPT IT INTO HER OWN HEAD, AND ENJOYED A PEEP AT THE VISIBLE WORLD. ... and, moreover, at the instant WHEN THE EYE WAS PASSING FROM HAND TO HAND, NEITHER OF THE POOR OLD LADIES COULD SEE A WINK. .... [LIP/LAP-WINK as voyeurism --or fulfillment by indirection.] / ....

In an instant, while the Three Gray Women ['Sister Scarecrow,' 'Sister Nightmare,' and '(Sister) Shake-joint'] were ... scolding each other, Perseus LEAPED FROM BEHIND THE CLUMP OF BUSHES, AND MADE HIMSELF OFF WITH THE PRIZE. THE MARVELOUS EYE, AS HE HELD IT IN HIS HAND, SHONE VERY BRIGHTLY, AND SEEMED TO LOOK UP INTO HIS FACE WITH A KNOWING AIR, AND AN EXPRESSION AS IF IT WOULD HAVE WINKED, HAD IT BEEN PROVIDED WITH A PAIR OF EYELIDS FOR THAT PURPOSE [or a pair of lips, for peeping into whispers of own members, under bushes or veils of language]. / ....

"Tell them," whispered Quicksilver to Perseus, "that they shall have back the eye, as soon as they direct you where to find the Nymphs, who have the flying slippers, the magic wallet, and the helmet of darkness." (Cf. lips, oral cavity, and nasal cavity--under aegis of MUM-YAWN.) / ....

.... They ['the Nymphs'] seemed to be acquainted with Quicksilver [=god of eloquence] and when he told them the adventure which Perseus had undertaken, they made no difficulty about giving him the valuable articles that were in their custody. In the first place, they brought out what appeared to be a small PURSE, MADE OF DEER-SKIN, and curiously embroidered, and bade him be sure and keep

it safe. This was the MAGIC WALLET [=mouth with HIC-GOUGE--as dear, intimate skin]. The Nymphs next produced a PAIR OF SHOES, OR SLIPPERS, or sandals, with a nice little PAIR OF WINGS AT THE HEEL OF EACH [=lips spurred by throat, or back-of-mouth, action]. / ....

The good-natured Nymphs had the HELMET, WITH ITS DARK TUFT OF WAVING PLUMES, all in readiness to PUT ON HIS HEAD [=mind over nasal cave--with the breath of dark knowledge, or with gnosis]. .... [W]hen the helmet had descended over his white brow, there was no longer any Perseus to be seen! Nothing but empty air! EVEN THE HELMET, THAT COVERED HIM WITH HIS INVISIBILITY, HAD VANISHED! [=HIC-GOUGE, under super-intension of MUM-YAWN.] / ....

It was now deep night. PERSEUS LOOKED UPWARD, AND SAW THE ROUND, BRIGHT, SILVERY MOON, and thought that he should desire nothing better than to soar up thither, and spend his life there. Then he looked downward again, and saw the earth, with its seas, and lakes, and the silver courses of its rivers, and its snowy mountain-peaks, and the breath of its fields, and the dark cluster of its woods, and its cities of white marble; and, with the moonshine sleeping over the whole scene, it was as beautiful as the moon or any star could be. .... [=Harmonies of SIP-SQUISH within LIP/LAP-WINK (implications of man-in-the-moon, at peak-of-round, over paramour earth).] / ....

.... They ['the Gorgons'] lay fast asleep [on 'a small island'], soothed by the thunder of the sea; for it required a tumult that would have deafened everybody else, to lull such fierce creatures into slumber. The moonlight glistened on their steely scales, and on their golden wings, which drooped idly over the sand. Their BRAZEN CLAWS, HORRIBLE TO LOOK AT WERE THRUST OUT, AND CLUTCHED THE WAVE-BEATEN FRAGMENTS OF ROCK, WHILE THE SLEEPING GORGON'S DREAMED OF TEARING SOME POOR MORTAL ALL TO PIECES. THE SNAKES, THAT SERVED THEM INSTEAD OF HAIR, SEEMED LIKEWISE TO BE ASLEEP; ALTHOUGH NOW AND THEN, ONE WOULD WRITHE, AND LIFT ITS HEAD, AND THRUST OUT ITS FORKED TONGUE, EMITTING A DROWSY HISS, AND THEN LET ITSELF SUBSIDE AMONG ITS SISTER SNAKES. [Note the residual holding in terms of K--and the carnal bounty in terms of P/B; note the 'subsiding' of excitement in terms of S.] / ....

Perseus flew cautiously downward, still KEEPING HIS EYES on Medusa's face, as reflected in his shield. The nearer HE CAME, the more TERRIBLE DID THE SNAKY VISAGE AND METALLIC BODY OF THE MONSTER GROW. At last, when he found HIMSELF HOVERING OVER HER AT ARM'S LENGTH, PERSEUS UPLIFTED THE SWORD; while at the same instant, EACH SEPARATE SNAKE UPON MEDUSA'S HEAD STRETCHED THREATENINGLY UPWARD, AND MEDUSA UNCLOSED HER EYES. But she awoke too late. The sword was sharp; the stroke fell like a lightning-flash; AND THE HEAD OF THE WICKED MEDUSA TUMBLED FROM HER BODY!

"Admirably done!" cried Quicksilver. "MAKE HASTE, AND CLAP THE HEAD IN THE MAGIC WALLET. [External action (re)internalized.]

To the astonishment of Perseus, the small embroidered wallet, which he had HUNG ABOUT HIS NECK, and which had hitherto been no bigger than a PURSE, GREW ALL AT ONCE LARGE ENOUGH TO CONTAIN MEDUSA'S HEAD. As quick as a thought [SIP/SQUISH], he snatched it up, with the snakes still WRITHING UPON IT, and thrust it in. [=Implications of onanism (oral).]

"Your task is done," said the calm voice, "Now fly; for the other GORGONS WILL DO THEIR UTMOST TO TAKE VENGEANCE for Medusa's death. / ....

.... UPROSE THE GORGONS, as I tell you, STARING HORRIBLY ABOUT, IN HOPES OF TURNING SOMEBODY TO STONE. Had Perseus looked them in the face, or had fallen into their clutches, his poor mother would never have kissed her BOY again! BUT HE TOOK GOOD CARE TO TURN HIS EYES ANOTHER WAY .... / ....

On a PLATFORM, within full view of the BALCONY, sat the mighty KING POLYDECTES, amid his evil counsellors, and with his flattering courtiers in a semi-circle round about him [=crescent of smile]. Monarch, counsellors, courtiers, and SUBJECTS, ALL GAZED EAGERLY TOWARDS PERSEUS.

"Show us the HEAD! Show us the HEAD!" shouted the PEOPLE; and there was a fierceness in their CRY, AS IF THEY WOULD TEAR PERSEUS TO PIECES, unless he should satisfy them with what he had to show. "Show us the HEAD OF MEDUSA WITH THE SNAKY LOCKS!" [=Demand for hawking--for hiccup of creative secrets centered in the haw, guarded by consonant-chant.]

A feeling of sorrow and PITY CAME OVER the youthful Perseus.

"Oh, KING POLYDECTES," CRIED he, "and ye many PEOPLE, I am very loath to show you the GORGON'S HEAD!"

"Ah, the villain and coward!" yelled the PEOPLE, more fiercely than before. "He is making a GAME of us! He has no GORGON'S HEAD! Show us the HEAD, if you have it, or we will TAKE YOUR OWN HEAD FOR A FOOT-BALL!" [=G(1o)B(e)--kicked from throat, to roll via own surfaces, incl. lips.]

... and the great KING POLYDECTES [i.e., of many teasing decks of meaning] himself WAVED HIS HAND [=tongue], and ordered him, with the stern, DEEP VOICE OF AUTHORITY, ON HIS PERIL TO PRODUCE THE HEAD. [=Make public confession--reveal male lust (and fear of lust) conquered, bound.]

"Show me the GORGON'S HEAD; or I will CUT OFF YOUR OWN!"

And Perseus SIGHED [eyed].

"This instant," REPEATED POLYDECTES; "or YOU DIE [eye]!"

"BEHOLD IT, THEN!" CRIED PERSEUS, IN A VOICE LIKE THE BLAST OF A TRUMPET.

And suddenly HOLDING UP THE HEAD, NOT AN EYELID HAD TIME TO WINK, before the wicked KING POLYDECTES, his evil counsellors, and all his fierce SUBJECTS, were no longer anything BUT THE MERE IMAGES OF A MONARCH AND HIS PEOPLE. They were all fixed, forever, in the look and attitude of that moment. At the first GLIMPSE OF THE TERRIBLE HEAD OF MEDUSA, THEY WHITENED INTO MARBLE! And Perseus thrust the HEAD BACK INTO HIS WALLET, and went to tell his dear mother that she need no longer be afraid of the wicked King Polydectes.

(Hawthorne, *A Wonder Book*; CE, VII [1972], 10-11, 12-13, 14-16, 19-22, 25-7, 28-31, 35-6; --first story in WB)

iii) DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, d/θ > s'k:g'z<sub>+</sub> [eye-pow w] .

Stance: Man-serpent w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['The Miraculous Pitcher':] One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage-door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and INTENDED NOW to spend a quiet hour or two, before bedtime. So they TALKED TOGETHER ABOUT their garden, and their COW, and their bees, and their grape-vine, which clambered over the cottage-WALL [=a weaving, of life-in-the-round, with woman]. BUT THE RUDE SHOUTS OF CHILDREN AND THE FIERCE BARKING OF DOGS, IN THE VILLAGE NEAR AT HAND, GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER; UNTIL, AT LAST, IT WAS HARDLY POSSIBLE FOR BAUCIS AND PHILEMON TO HEAR EACH OTHER SPEAK [=a state of excitement, or arousal]. [Note strong suggestions of voices merging, stiffening into one overwhelming tree.]

"Ah, WIFE," cried Philemon [fill-a-man; filament], "I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder; and instead of giving him food and lodging they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"WELL-a-day!" answered old Baucis [boss-is; bough-ease], "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures [i.e., as though for adopted children]! And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!" [Philemon-and-Baucis =forking of one tree (inter-reflecting branches).]

"Those children WILL NEVER COME to any good," said Philemon, shaking HIS WHITE HEAD. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not WONDER IF SOME TERRIBLE THING WERE TO HAPPEN TO ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE, UNLESS THEY MEND THEIR MANNERS. But as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger, that may come along and need it!"



"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So WE WILL!" [=Marital accord; twining of branches, over extent of time--from point of reinception, in spoken initial s. Note twin-and-folded appearance of w as letter--suggestively weaving itself into the round-values of the story (i.e., into rings and nests over and around the controlling tongue-staff)--to direct attention inward and outward.]

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon TOILED diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy WITH HER DISTAFF, or making a little butter and cheese WITH THEIR COW'S MILK [=extracting satisfaction from their conjoint produce (SIP/SQUISH)], or doing one thing or another ABOUT THE COTTAGE [=memo of mouth-cavity in-the-round]. ....

Their COTTAGE STOOD ON A RISING GROUND, at some short distance from a VILLAGE, WHICH LAY IN A HOLLOW VALLEY that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. .... [I]t was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook, which meandered [=myself wandered!] through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants WITH WATER. .... Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures. [=MUM-YAWN, fulfilled in LIP/LAP-WINK --but with cottage on the ascendant, via DART-STICK(S), W-powered.] / ....

"I never heard the DOGS SO LOUD!" OBSERVED the good old man.

"Nor the children SO RUDE!" ANSWERED HIS GOOD old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. [=Two-fold, self-critical serpentine reality.] CLOSE BEHIND THEM CAME THE FIERCE DOGS, SNARLING AT THEIR VERY HEELS. A LITTLE FURTHER OFF, RAN A CROWD OF CHILDREN, WHO SENT UP SHRILL CRIES, AND FLUNG STONES AT THE TWO STRANGERS, WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT. [=Viscerally, morally ravelled weavers and shuttlers--(b)ringing down their own fate, engraving themselves aggressively.] / ....

"There is nothing like a GOOD STAFF to help one along," answered the ['light and active'] stranger [after Philemon had '(g)ō(ne to) meet them']; "and I happen to have an EXCELLENT ONE, AS YOU SEE!" [=Quicksilver.]

This staff, in fact, WAS THE ODDEST-LOOKING STAFF, THAT PHILEMON HAD EVER BEHELD. IT WAS MADE OF OLIVE-WOOD, AND HAD SOMETHING LIKE A PAIR OF WINGS NEAR THE TOP [=the lips, as silent dynamic]. TWO SNAKES, CARVED IN THE WOOD, WERE REPRESENTED AS TWINING THEMSELVES ABOUT THE STAFF, AND WERE SO SKILFULLY EXECUTED,

THAT OLD PHILEMON (WHOSE EYES, YOU KNOW, WERE GETTING RATHER DIM) ALMOST THOUGHT THEM ALIVE, AND THAT HE COULD SEE THEM WRIGGLING AND TWISTING. [=Privileged vision of voice transformations in accord with tongue, under seal of lips.]

"A CURIOUS PIECE OF WORK, SURE ENOUGH!" SAID HE. "A STAFF WITH WINGS! IT WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT KIND OF STICK FOR A LITTLE BOY TO RIDE ASTRIDE OF!" [=Admissions--confession--of phallicism (esp. given the male privilege); =fecund rod from which literary progeny emerge (w. writing pen implicit, as co-function of tongue). Note surprise at engrafted combination that lives, moves.] / ....

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, WAS EXTREMELY LOQUACIOUS, AND MADE SUCH SHREWD AND WITTY REMARKS, THAT THE GOOD OLD MAN CONTINUALLY BURST OUT A-LAUGHING [note W+press to face-breaking, to fulfillment in LIP/LAP-WINK--i.e., even suggestively]. .... / ....

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was! had not many SECRETS TO DISCLOSE. HE TALKED, HOWEVER, QUITE GARRULOUSLY, about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which, he had never been a SCORE OF MILES FROM THIS VERY SPOT [i.e., this oral-oracular center of events]. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt IN THE COTTAGE [i.e., oral cavity], from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent BUTTER AND CHEESE BAUCIS MADE [i.e., under compression of lips, at tongue's tip], and how nice were the VEGETABLES HE RAISED IN HIS GARDEN [i.e., by lifting tongue from the base, or root]. He said, too, that, because they loved one another so very much, it WAS THE WISH OF BOTH that Death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they lived, together [=wish for eternal hug:gush (HIC-GOUGE)--w. divine lips to bind, countermand processes of splitting tongue.]

As the stranger ['Quicksilver'] listened, a SMILE BEAMED OVER his countenance, and made its EXPRESSION AS SWEET AS IT WAS GRAND. [=Promise of transverse bracketing--from broken divine face (full-faced LIP/LAP-WINK).] / ....

.... Quicksilver's staff, you recollect ['my auditors'], had set itself up against the wall of the cottage [i.e., as a tongue should]. Well; when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do, but immediately SPREAD ITS LITTLE WINGS [i.e., its co-functions--lips], and go hopping and fluttering up the door-steps [i.e., using a scale of construction]! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen-floor; nor did it rest, until it had STOOD ITSELF ON END, WITH THE GREATEST GRAVITY AND DECORUM [i.e., with style], besides Quicksilver's chair [=tongue-at-base]. Old Philemon, however, AS WELL AS HIS WIFE, was so taken up in attending their guests, that no notice was given to WHAT THE STAFF HAD BEEN ABOUT. 7 / ....

"WHAT EXCELLENT MILK!" OBSERVED QUICKSILVER, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must REALLY ASK YOU for a little more!"

NOW BAUCIS HAD SEEN, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had TURNED THE PITCHER UPSIDE DOWN, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, IN ORDER TO LET HIM KNOW PRECISELY HOW THE CASE WAS, SHE LIFTED THE PITCHER, AND MADE A GESTURE AS IF POURING MILK INTO QUICKSILVER'S BOWL, BUT WITHOUT THE REMOTEST IDEA THAT ANY MILK WOULD STREAM FORTH [=memo on dynamic reading of static settings in Hawthorne's texts--for unexpected significance]. What was her surprise, therefore, WHEN SUCH AN ABUNDANT CASCADE FELL BUBBLING INTO THE BOWL, THAT IT WAS IMMEDIATELY FILLED TO THE BRIM, AND OVERFLOWED UPON THE TABLE! THE TWO SNAKES THAT WERE TWISTED ABOUT QUICKSILVER'S STAFF (BUT NEITHER BAUCIS NOR PHILEMON HAPPENED TO OBSERVE THIS CIRCUMSTANCE) STRETCHED OUT THEIR HEADS AND BEGAN TO LAP UP THE SPILT MILK. [=Interior vision of LIP/LAP-WINK--w. reinseminating SIP-SQUISH--as circum-stance.]

And then what a delicious FRAGRANCE that milk had! [=Memo on refinement of all senses, or values, in texts.] It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could [vs. cud] be found anywhere in the world [=memo on harmony of values within botanical veiling of texts]. I only wish that each of you, MY BELOVED SOULS, could have a bowl of such nice milk, at supper-time! [I.e., before sleep--before death.]

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver; "and a little of that honey! [I.e., on your honoring (B/Hau!-)knee.] / ....

"WHO ARE YE, WONDER-WORKING STRANGERS?" CRIED HE ['Philemon'], EVEN MORE BEWILDERED THAN HIS WIFE HAD BEEN [i.e., after being 'told ... (by her) what she had seen, in a whisper,' and after himself 'beh(ol)d(ing) a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk'--at which time '(i)t was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand']. [=HIC-GOUGE, as mystical event--within a containing cavity with orifice and lip for pouring (made visible). =Hav turned Awe.] / ....

The old man and his WIFE WERE STIRRING, betimes, in the morning, and the strangers likewise AROSE WITH THE SUN, and made their preparations to depart [i.e., as though vapors from a rose].  
....

So they ALL FOUR ISSUED FROM THE COTTAGE, CHATTING TOGETHER LIKE OLD FRIENDS. IT WAS VERY REMARKABLE, INDEED, HOW FAMILIAR THE OLD COUPLE INSENSIBLY GREW WITH THE ELDER TRAVELLER, AND HOW THEIR GOOD AND SIMPLE SPIRITS MELTED INTO HIS, EVEN AS TWO DROPS OF WATER WOULD MELT INTO THE ILLIMITABLE OCEAN. AND AS FOR QUICKSILVER, WITH

HIS KEEN, QUICK, LAUGHING WITS, HE APPEARED TO DISCOVER EVERY LITTLE THOUGHT THAT BUT PEEPED INTO THEIR MINDS, BEFORE THEY SUSPECTED IT THEMSELVES. They sometimes, wished, it is true, that he had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous, WITH THE SNAKES ALWAYS WRITHING ABOUT IT. .... [=Movement toward cosmic fulfillment--completion of apocalyptic cycle.] / ....

Philemon and his wife TURNED TOWARDS THE VALLEY, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street [=split-tongue extension, out of throat-gagging 'clumps'], with children [=round fruit], playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! EVEN THE FERTILE VALE, IN THE HOLLOW OF WHICH IT LAY, HAD CEASED TO HAVE EXISTENCE. IN ITS STEAD, THEY BEHELD THE BROAD, BLUE SURFACE OF A LAKE, WHICH FILLED THE GREAT BASIN OF THE VALLEY, FROM BRIM TO BRIM, AND REFLECTED THE SURROUNDING HILLS IN ITS BOSOM; WITH AS TRANQUIL AN IMAGE AS IF IT HAD BEEN THERE SINCE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD. FOR AN INSTANT, THE LAKE REMAINED PERFECTLY SMOOTH. THEN, A LITTLE BREEZE SPRANG UP, AND CAUSED THE WATER TO DANCE, GLITTER, AND SPARKLE IN THE EARLY SUNBEAMS, AND TO DASH, WITH A PLEASANT RIPPLING MURMUR, AGAINST THE HITHER SHORE. [=Equalized, leveled Providence, under rule of DART/STICK--with subtly rending (mercurial) laughter.] / ....

"Alas," cried these kind-hearted old people, "WHAT HAS BECOME of our poor neighbors!"

"They EXIST no longer as MEN AND WOMEN," said the elder traveller [=Zeus], in his GRAND AND DEEP VOICE, WHILE A ROLL OF THUNDER SEEMED TO ECHO IT, AT A DISTANCE. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections, BETWEEN MAN AND MAN. They retained no image of the better life, in their bosoms. Therefore, the LAKE, THAT WAS OF OLD, HAS SPREAD ITSELF FORTH AGAIN, TO REFLECT THE SKY!" [=Memo of tree-functions even in elemental relations.]

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed into fishes. There needed but little change; for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. ...." [=Relics of serpent-functions.] / ....

... [R]eplied [i.e., rep-tiled] the stranger, with majestic kindness. "NOW LOOK TOWARDS your cottage!" / ....

The old folks fell on their knees, to thank him: but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver WAS THERE! [Reality-breaching gods leave real estate.]

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and SPENT THEIR TIME [spun their time], WITH VAST SATISFACTION TO THEMSELVES, IN MAKING EVERYBODY JOLLY AND COMFORTABLE, WHO HAPPENED TO PASS THAT WAY. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvellous quality of being never empty, WHEN IT WAS DESIRABLE TO HAVE IT FULL. WHENEVER AN HONEST, GOOD-HUMORED, AND FREE-HEARTED GUEST TOOK A DRAUGHT FROM THIS PITCHER, HE INVARIABLY FOUND IT THE SWEETEST AND MOST INVIGORATING FLUID, THAT EVER RAN DOWN HIS THROAT. BUT IF A CROSS AND DISAGREEABLE CURMUDGEON HAPPENED TO SIP, HE WAS PRETTY CERTAIN TO TWIST HIS VISAGE INTO A HARD KNOT, AND PRONOUNCE IT A PITCHER OF SOUR MILK! [=Memo on inadequate response of critics-readers to Hawthorne's texts.]

Thus, the OLD COUPLE lived in their PALACE [i.e., with heart-of-cottage under showy face], a great, great while, and grew older, and older, and very old indeed. At length, HOWEVER [=hew-over], there came a summer-morning, when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, WITH ONE HOSPITABLE SMILE OVER-SPREADING BOTH THEIR PLEASANT FACES, to invite the guests of over-night for BREAKFAST [LIP/LAP-WINK]. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after A GREAT DEAL OF PERPLEXITY, they espied, IN FRONT OF THE PORTAL, TWO VENERABLE TREES, which nobody could remember to have seen there, the day before. Yet there they stood, with their ROOTS FASTENED INTO THE SOIL [reincarnation in s], and a HUGE BREADTH OF FOLIAGE OVERSHADOWING THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE EDIFICE [w. residual powers of HIC-GOUGE]. One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree. THEIR BOUGHS--IT WAS STRANGE TO SEE--WERE INTERTWINED TOGETHER, AND EMBRACED ONE ANOTHER, SO THAT EACH TREE SEEMED TO LIVE IN THE OTHER TREE'S BOSOM, MUCH MORE THAN IN ITS OWN [DART-STICK(S), engraved and living in death].

While the guests were marvelling how THESE TREES, that must have REQUIRED at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a SINGLE night [suggestions of SIP-SQUISH, within MUM-YAWN], a breeze sprang up and set their intermingled boughs a-stir. And then there WAS A DEEP, BROAD MURMUR IN THE AIR, AS IF THE TWO MYSTERIOUS TREES WERE SPEAKING [note use of S'K'(N)G to mark emergence of articulate voice].

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the OAK.

"I am old BAUCIS!" murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees BOTH SPOKE AT ONCE-- [L+W/W+L:] "Philemon! BAUCIS! BAUCIS! Philemon!"--as if ONE WERE BOTH, AND BOTH WERE ONE, AND TALKING TOGETHER IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR MUTUAL HEART. IT WAS PLAIN ENOUGH TO PERCEIVE, THAT THE GOOD OLD COUPLE HAD RENEWED THEIR AGE; and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an OAK, and BAUCIS as a linden-tree. And, Oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling AROUND them! WHENEVER A WAYFARER PAUSED BENEATH IT, HE HEARD A PLEASANT

WHISPER OF THE LEAVES ABOVE HIS HEAD, AND WONDERED HOW THE SOUND SHOULD RESEMBLE WORDS LIKE THESE:--

"WELCOME, WELCOME, DEAR TRAVELLER, WELCOME!"

AND SOME KIND SOUL, THAT KNEW WHAT WOULD HAVE PLEASED OLD BAUCIS AND OLD PHILEMON BEST, BUILT A CIRCULAR SEAT AROUND BOTH THEIR TRUNKS, WHERE, FOR A GREAT WHILE AFTERWARDS, THE WEARY, AND THE HUNGRY, AND THE THIRSTY, USED TO REPOSE THEMSELVES, AND QUAFF MILK ABUNDANTLY OUT OF THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER. [Split-tongue as source of everlasting bounty--if attended to (within hedging wall[s]).]

AND I WISH, FOR ALL OUR SAKES, THAT WE HAD THE PITCHER HERE, NOW! [I.e., we do--as an ethical principle.]

(Hawthorne, *A Wonder Book*; CE, VII [1972], 118-20, 121, 123, 125-6, 127, 129-31, 132-6, 136-7)

iv) SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w_+$  [eye-pow r/l] .

Stance: Man-serpent w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['Queen Christina; Born 1626--Died 1689':] In the ROYAL palace at Stockholm, the capital city of Sweden, there was born, in 1626, a little princess. The King, her father, gave her the name of Christina, in memory of a Swedish GIRL with whom he had been in love. His own name was Gustavus Adolphus; and he was also called the LION OF THE NORTH, because he had gained greater fame in war, than any other prince or general then alive. With his valiant King for their commander, the Swedes had made themselves TERRIBLE to the Emperor of Germany, and to the King of France, and WERE LOOKED upon as the chief defence of the Protestant RELIGION.

The LITTLE CHRISTINA was by no means a beautiful child. To confess the truth, she was REMARKABLY plain. The Queen, her mother, did not love her so much as she ought; partly, perhaps, on account of Christina's want of beauty; and also because both the King and Queen had wished for a son, who might have gained as GREAT RENOWN IN BATTLE as his father had.

The King, however, soon became exceedingly fond of the infant princess. When Christina was VERY YOUNG, SHE WAS TAKEN VIOLENTLY sick. Gustavus Adolphus, who was several hundred miles from Stockholm, travelled night and day, and never rested, until he held the poor child in his arms. On HER RECOVERY, HE MADE A SOLEMN FESTIVAL, in order to show his joy to the people of Sweden, and to express his gratitude to Heaven. After this event, he took his daughter with him, in all the journeys which he made through his kingdom. [=SIP-SQUISH, as high-escape--from jaws of death.]

Christina soon proved herself a BOLD AND STURDY LITTLE GIRL. When she was two years old, the King and herself, in the course of a journey, came to the strong fortress of COLMAR. On the battlements were soldiers clad in STEEL ARMOR, which glittered in the sunshine. There were likewise GREAT CANNONS, POINTING THEIR BLACK MOUTHS at Gustavus and little Christina, and READY TO BELCH OUT THEIR SMOKE AND THUNDER; for whenever a King enters a fortress, it is customary to RECEIVE HIM WITH A ROYAL SALUTE OF ARTILLERY. [Note: Coal-mar. Note also qualities of pseudonym: Rev. Ashley Allen Royce (as holy, royal, ashen voice).]

"LET THEM FIRE!" said he ['Gustavus'], waving his hand. "Christina is a soldier's daughter, and must LEARN TO BEAR the noise of the cannon." / ....

But Gustavus should have remembered that Providence had created her to be a woman, and that it was not for him to make a man of her. [=Revolt against Providence--singularity of character.] / ....

For two years more, Christina remained in the palace at Stockholm. The Queen, her mother, had accompanied Gustavus to the wars. The child, therefore, was left to the guardianship of five of the wisest men in the kingdom. But these wise men knew better how to manage the affairs of state, than how to govern and educate A LITTLE GIRL, SO AS TO RENDER HER a good and happy woman. [Render--rend.]

When two years had passed away, tidings were brought to Stockholm, which filled everybody with triumph and sorrow at the same time. The Swedes had won a GLORIOUS VICTORY AT LUTZEN. BUT, ALAS! THE WARLIKE KING OF SWEDEN--THE LION OF THE NORTH--THE FATHER OF OUR LITTLE CHRISTINA--HAD BEEN SLAIN AT THE FOOT OF A GREAT STONE, WHICH STILL MARKS THE SPOT OF THAT HERO'S DEATH.

Soon after this sad event, a General Assembly, or Congress, consisting of deputations from the nobles, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants of Sweden, was summoned to meet at Stockholm. It was for the purpose of declaring little Christina to be Queen of Sweden, and giving her the crown and sceptre of her deceased father. SILENCE BEING PROCLAIMED, THE CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERN AROSE. [Birth of Antichrist suggested--in a stable.]

"We desire to know," said he, "whether the people of Sweden will take the daughter of our dead King, Gustavus Adolphus, to be their Queen?"

When the Chancellor had spoken, an old man, WITH WHITE HAIR, and in COARSE APPAREL, stood up in the midst of the assembly. He was a peasant, LARS LARRSON, BY NAME, AND HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE IN LABORING ON A FARM.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" asked the old man. "We do not KNOW HER. LET HER BE SHOWN to us."

Then Christina was brought into the hall, and placed before the old peasant. It was strange, no doubt, TO SEE A CHILD--A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS OLD--OFFERED TO THE SWEDES AS THEIR RULER, instead of the brave King, her father, who had led them to victory so many times. COULD HER BABY FINGERS WIELD A SWORD IN WAR? COULD HER CHILDISH MIND GOVERN THE NATION WISELY IN PEACE? [=Super-questioning author, re-incarnating, re-carving (hewing!) the past.]

But the Swedes do not appear to have asked themselves these questions. OLD LARS LARSSON TOOK CHRISTINA UP IN HIS ARMS, AND GAZED EARNESTLY INTO HER FACE. HE HAD KNOWN THE GREAT GUSTAVUS WELL; AND HIS HEART WAS TOUCHED, WHEN HE SAW THE LIKENESS WHICH THE LITTLE GIRL BORE TO THAT HEROIC MONARCH.

"YES," CRIED HE, WITH THE TEARS GUSHING DOWN HIS FURROWED CHEEKS, "THIS IS TRULY THE DAUGHTER OF OUR GUSTAVUS! HERE IS HER FATHER'S BROW!--HERE IS HIS PIERCING EYE! SHE IS HIS VERY PICTURE. THIS CHILD SHALL BE OUR QUEEN!" [=Cry of hawker--with seizure by gawk (note fending liquid-thorns).]

Then all the proud nobles of Sweden, and the reverend clergy, and the burghers, and the peasants, knelt down at the child's feet, and kissed her hand. [=Fulfillment in world-image of breach-cry (haughty lady).]

"LONG LIVE CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN!" SHOUTED THEY. [I.e., of weed-den.]

EVEN AFTER SHE WAS A WOMAN GROWN, CHRISTINA REMEMBERED THE PLEASURE WHICH SHE FELT IN SEEING ALL THESE MEN AT HER FEET, AND HEARING THEM ACKNOWLEDGE HER AS THEIR SUPREME RULER. Poor child! She was yet to learn, that power does not insure happiness. As yet, however, she had not any REAL POWER. All the public business, it is true, was TRANSACTED IN HER NAME; but the kingdom was governed by a number of the most experienced statesmen, who were CALLED A REGENCY. [Note name as power-symbol.] / ....

All this time, though Christina was now a Queen, you must not suppose that she was left to act as she pleased. She had a preceptor, named John Mathias, who was a very learned man, and capable of instructing her in all the branches of science. But there was nobody to teach her the delicate graces and gentle virtues of a woman. She was surrounded almost entirely by men; and had learned to despise the society of her own sex. At the age of nine years, she was separated from her mother, whom the Swedes did not consider a proper person to be entrusted with the charge of her. NO LITTLE GIRL, WHO SITS BY A NEW ENGLAND FIRESIDE, HAS CAUSE TO ENVY CHRISTINA, IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT STOCKHOLM. 7 ....

At the age of eighteen, Christina was declared free to govern the kingdom by herself, without the aid of a regency. At this period of her life, she was a young woman of STRIKING ASPECT, A GOOD FIGURE AND INTELLIGENT FACE, BUT VERY STRANGELY DRESSED. SHE WORE A



SHORT HABIT OF GRAY CLOTH, WITH A MAN'S VEST OVER IT, AND A BLACK SCARF AROUND HER NECK, BUT NO JEWELS, NOR ORNAMENTS OF ANY KIND. [=Implicit signature-beheading--or demonic scarring at throat level (HIC-GOUGE)]. / ....

When she had WORN THE CROWN a few years, she began to consider it beneath her dignity to be CALLED A QUEEN, because the NAME IMPLIED THAT SHE BELONGED TO THE WEAKER SEX. She therefore CAUSED HERSELF TO BE PROCLAIMED KING [King in capital letters in text]. THUS DECLARING TO THE WORLD THAT SHE DESPISED HER OWN SEX, AND WAS DESIROUS OF BEING RANKED AMONG MEN. BUT, IN THE TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF HER AGE, CHRISTINA GREW TIRED OF ROYALTY, AND RESOLVED TO BE NEITHER A KING NOR A QUEEN ANY LONGER [i.e., weed that she was]. SHE TOOK THE CROWN FROM HER HEAD, WITH HER OWN HANDS, AND CEASED TO BE THE RULER OF SWEDEN [=self-decapitation, or (even) self-deflowering]. The people did not greatly regret her abdication; for she had governed them ill, and had taken much of their property to supply her extravagance.

Having thus given up her hereditary crown, Christina left Sweden, and travelled over many countries of Europe. Everywhere, she was received with great ceremony, because she was the daughter of THE RENOWNED GUSTAVUS, and had herself been A POWERFUL QUEEN. ....

She died in 1689. NONE LOVED HER WHILE SHE LIVED, NOR REGRETTED HER DEATH, NOR PLANTED A SINGLE FLOWER UPON HER GRAVE [i.e., except Hawthorne--in the immediate text]. Happy are the little girls of America, who are brought up quietly and tenderly, at the domestic hearth, and thus become gentle and delicate women! May none of them ever LOSE [SIP-SQUISH] THE LOVELINESS of their sex, by RECEIVING SUCH AN EDUCATION as that of Queen Christina! [Note L, extending, and R, drawing in--to mark self-extension and self-destruction, in context of final sentence (and to remind of Hawthorne as: Christ's -yell -thorn--arch tongue moved by God, -[i]el, at level HIC-GOUGE).]

(Hawthorne, Biographical Stories; CE, VI [1972], 275-7, 279-80, 281, 282-3; --final story in BS)

v) LIP/LAP-WINK:  $f/v, w, p/b > m/(k)n'k:n_+$  [eye-pow  $\perp$ ].

Stance: Man-serpent w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['The Chimaera':] Once, in the OLD, OLD times (for ALL the strange things, which I TELL you about, happened LONG before anybody can remember) a fountain gushed out of a hill-side, in the marvelous land of Greece [HIC-GOUGE]. And, for aught I know, after so many thousand years, it is STILL GUSHING OUT OF THE SELF-SAME SPOT. At any rate, there was the pleasant fountain, WELLING, freshly forth and

sparkling adown the hill-side [Nathan-yell-low!], in the GOLDEN SUNSET, when a handsome young man NAMED BELLEROPHON, drew near the margin. IN HIS HAND HE HELD A BRIDLE, STUDED WITH BRILLIANT GEMS, AND ADORNED WITH A GOLDEN BIT [=magic constraint, for serpentine encolling via L-peg in mouth]. Seeing an OLD man, and another of MIDDLE age, and a LITTLE BOY, near the fountain, and LIKEWISE a maiden, who was dipping up some water in a pitcher, he paused, and begged that he might refresh himself with a draught. [Note L as link of social love to end of time (in context of cleansing urinary poetic).]

"This is very DELICIOUS water," he said to the maiden, as he rinsed and FILLED her pitcher, after drinking out of it. "WILL you be kind enough to tell me whether the fountain has any NAME?"

"Yes; it is CALLED the Fountain of Pirene," answered the maiden; and then she added, "My grandmother has TOLD me that this clear fountain was once a beautiful woman; and when her son was KILLED by the arrows of the huntress Diana, she MELTED ALL away into tears. And so the water, which you find so COOL and sweet, is the sorrow of that poor mother's heart!" [Cf. de Aubépine's fragment, turned spine (and made a golden nail, or bit, in Nathaniel, as gift-of-God).]

A middle-aged country FELLOW ... STARED HARD at young Bellerophon, and at the handsome bridle which he carried in his hand [i.e., more iron-critically (as R) than lovingly (as L)].

"The water-courses must be getting LOW, friend, in your part of the world," remarked he, "if you come so far ONLY to find the Fountain of Pirene. But, pray, have you LOST A HORSE? [=Hobby-haw.] I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is, with that DOUBLE ROW OF BRIGHT STONES UPON IT! [=Tones of split-tongue, teeth-hedge.] If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for LOSING him."

"I have lost no horse," said Bellerophon, with a SMILE. "But I happen to be seeking a very famous one ...." [i.e., the bridle replaces--for higher poetic purposes--Hawthorne's horse-haw (becoming Aubépine's equine wreath).]

In the summer-time, and in the beautifullest of weather, Pegasus often ALIGHTED ON THE SOLID earth, and CLOSING HIS SILVERY wings, would gallop over hill and dale for pastime, as FLEETLY as the wind. Oftener than in any other place, he had been seen near the Fountain of Pirene, drinking the DELICIOUS water, or ROLLING himself upon the soft grass of the margin. Sometimes, too, (but Pegasus was very dainty in his food,) he would crop a few of the CLOVER-blossoms that happened to be sweetest (i.e., would make gap in lips and teeth (as haw/hedge-'margin's'); see my B.3.b (second text cited)]. / ....

Therefore, he ['Bellerophon'] haunted about the Fountain of Pirene .... He kept continually on the watch, LOOKING UPWARD at the

sky, OR ELSE DOWN into the water, HOPING FOREVER THAT HE SHOULD SEE [his bounty, i.e.,] either the reflected image of the winged horse, or the marvellous reality. He HELD THE BRIDLE, WITH ITS BRIGHT GEMS AND GOLDEN BIT, ALWAYS IN HIS HAND. [i.e., the constraining signature: in-hand-yell Maw-thorn, for Hawthorne-flower Over-run.] The rustic people, who dwelt in the neighborhood, and drove their cattle to the fountain to drink, would often laugh at poor Bellerophon, and sometimes take him pretty severely to task. They told him that an ABLE-BODIED YOUNG MAN like himself, ought to have better business than to be wasting his time in such an idle pursuit. They offered to sell him a horse, if he wanted one; and when Bellerophon declined the purchase, they tried to drive a bargain with him for his FINE BRIDLE. [=Exchange of neighs:nays, over suggestion of marital nag.]

Even the country boys thought him so very foolish, that they used to have a GREAT DEAL OF SPORT ABOUT HIM, AND WERE RUDE ENOUGH NOT TO CARE A FIG, ALTHOUGH BELLEROPHON SAW AND HEARD IT. ONE LITTLE URCHIN [cf. chin], FOR EXAMPLE, WOULD PLAY PEGASUS, AND CUT THE ODDEST IMAGINABLE CAPERS, BY WAY OF FLYING; WHILE ONE OF HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS WOULD SCAMPER AFTER HIM, HOLDING FORTH A TWIST OF BULRUSHES, WHICH WAS INTENDED TO REPRESENT BELLEROPHON'S ORNAMENTED BRIDLE. [Note the botanical analogizing, reduction of the traditional bridle (in context of accommodation to a type of reader).] .... / ....

Nearer and nearer came the aerial wonder, flying in great circles, as you may have seen a dove WHEN ABOUT TO ALIGHT. Downward came Pegasus, in those wide sweeping circles, which grew narrower, AND NARROWER still, as he gradually approached the earth [i.e., to use his dainty mouth]. The nigher the view of him, the more beautiful he was, and the MORE MARVELLOUS THE SWEEP OF HIS SILVERY WINGS. At last, WITH SO LIGHT A PRESSURE AS HARDLY TO BEND THE GRASS ABOUT the fountain, or IMPRINT A HOOF-TRAMP IN THE SAND OF THE MARGIN, he alighted, and STOOPING his wild head, began to drink. He drew IN the water, with LONG and pleasant sighs, and TRANQUIL pauses of enjoyment, and then another draught, and another, and another. For, NOWHERE IN THE WORLD, OR UP AMONG THE CLOUDS, DID PEGASUS LOVE ANY WATER AS HE LOVED THIS OF PIRENE! AND WHEN his thirst was slaked, he CROPT A FEW OF THE HONEY-BLOSSOMS OF THE CLOVER, DELICATELY TASTING THEM, BUT NOT CARING TO MAKE A HEARTY MEAL; BECAUSE THE HERBAGE, JUST BENEATH THE CLOUDS, ON THE LOFTY SIDES OF MOUNT HELICON, SUITED HIS PALATE BETTER THAN THIS ORDINARY GRASS. [=Accommodating, of traditional symbol of poetic inspiration, to MUM-YAWN (as mystic infolds of tongue-in-mouth, and as mystic infolds of pen-in-book); for evolving as full LIP/LAP-WINK (as highly visible high vision under deep, and private, somatic control).]

After thus DRINKING to his heart's CONTENT, and, in his dainty fashion, CONDESCENDING to take a little food, the winged horse began to caper to-and-fro, and dance, as it were, out of mere idleness of sport. There never was a more PLAYFUL creature made, than this very Pegasus. (Cf. Hawthorne's descriptions of the behavior of his

language teacher--the Mr. Schaeffer who first translated him into the French Aubépine (in my A.2 and A.3).] ... Bellerophon, meanwhile, holding the ['gentle'] child's hand, peeped forth from the SHRUBBERY, and thought that NEVER WAS ANY SIGHT SO BEAUTIFUL AS THIS, NOR EVER A HORSE'S EYES SO WILD AND SPIRITED AS THOSE OF PEGASUS. IT SEEMED A SIN TO THINK OF BRIDLING HIM AND RIDING ON HIS BACK. [=Aim of successful courtship, in self-extension out of hedge (covert phallic stratagem).]

Once or twice, Pegasus stopt, and snuffed the air, pricking up his ears, tossing his head, and TURNING IT ON ALL SIDES, as if he partly suspected some mischief or other. Seeing nothing, HOWEVER [haw-over], and hearing no sound, he soon began his antics again.

At LENGTH--not that he was weary, but ONLY IDLE AND LUXURIOUS--Pegasus FOLDED HIS WINGS, and LAY DOWN on the soft green turf. But, being TOO FULL OF AERIAL LIFE to remain quiet for many moments together, he soon ROLLED OVER ON HIS BACK, WITH HIS FOUR SLENDER LEGS IN THE AIR [=mock-tree gesture; subsumption of functions of DART-STICK(S), or of tongue powers.]

Finally, when he had had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus TURNED HIMSELF ABOUT, AND INDOLENTLY, like any other horse, PUT OUT HIS FORE-LEGS, in order to rise from the ground; and Bellerophon, who had guessed that he would do so, DARTED SUDDENLY FROM THE THICKET, AND LEAPED ASTRIDE HIS BACK [=serpentine split-attack (note spear-heading of tongue with deictic-D)].

YES; THERE HE SAT, ON THE BACK OF THE WINGED HORSE!

But WHAT A BOUND did Pegasus make, when, for the first time, he felt the weight of a mortal man UPON HIS LOINS! A BOUND INDEED! Before he had time to DRAW A BREATH, Bellerophon found himself FIVE HUNDRED FEET ALOFT, AND STILL SHOOTING UPWARD; while the WINGED horse snorted and TREMBLED with terror and ANGER [note the infolding of destructive arousal-R]. UPWARD HE WENT, UP, UP, UP, UNTIL HE PLUNGED INTO THE COLD, MISTY BOSOM OF A CLOUD, AT WHICH, ONLY A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE, BELLEROPHON HAD BEEN GAZING, AND FANCYING IT A VERY PLEASANT SPOT. Then, again, out of the heart of the cloud, Pegasus shot DOWN LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, as if he meant to dash both himself and his rider headlong against a rock. Then he went through about a thousand of the WILDEST CAPRIOLES that had ever been performed either by a bird or a horse [=made flourishes--elaborate smaller designs].

I cannot tell you half that he did. He skimmed straight-forward, and sideways, and backward. He reared himself erect, WITH HIS FORE-LEGS ON A WREATH OF MIST [cf. tongue within (virginal) round of lips], and his hind-legs on nothing at all. He FLUNG OUT HIS HEELS BEHIND [cf. kicked at throat], and PUT DOWN HIS HEAD BETWEEN HIS LEGS, WITH HIS WINGS POINTING RIGHT UPWARD [i.e., to extend low values to high (LIP/LAP-WINK)]. At about two miles' height above the earth, HE TURNED A SOMERSET, SO THAT BELLEROPHON'S HEELS WERE WHERE HIS HEAD SHOULD HAVE BEEN, AND HE SEEMED TO LOOK DOWN INTO THE

SKY, INSTEAD OF UP [i.e., demonstrated power to (demonically) invert values]. HE TWISTED HIS HEAD ABOUT, AND LOOKING BELLEROPHON IN THE FACE, WITH FIRE FLASHING FROM HIS EYES, MADE A TERRIBLE ATTEMPT TO BITE HIM. HE FLUTTERED HIS PINIONS SO WILDLY THAT ONE OF THE SILVER FEATHERS WAS SHAKEN OUT, AND FLOATING EARTHWARD, WAS PICKED UP BY THE CHILD, WHO KEPT IT AS LONG AS HE LIVED, IN MEMORY OF PEGASUS AND BELLEROPHON [=memo of youthful poetic longings; gentle encouragement to literary heir (a tempered spume-seminal tagging; Aub-pinion).]

But the latter (who, as you may judge, was as good a horseman as ever galloped) had BEEN WATCHING HIS OPPORTUNITY, AND AT LAST CLAPT THE GOLDEN BIT OF THE ENCHANTED BRIDLE BETWEEN THE WINGED STEED'S JAWS [i.e., achieved new level of mastery over private oral poetics]. No sooner was this done, than Pegasus became as manageable as if he had taken food, all his life, out of Bellerophon's hand. To speak what I really feel, it was almost a sadness, to see so wild a creature grow suddenly so tame. And Pegasus seemed to feel it so, likewise. HE LOOKED ROUND TO BELLEROPHON, WITH TEARS IN HIS BEAUTIFUL EYES, INSTEAD OF THE FIRE THAT SO RECENTLY FLASHED FROM THEM [--but the fire may also be held by the water]. But when Bellerophon patted his head, and SPOKE A FEW AUTHORITATIVE, YET KIND AND SOOTHING WORDS [i.e., as implicit keeper of the master-logos, with its master-wood-peg(s)], ANOTHER LOOK CAME INTO THE EYES OF PEGASUS; FOR HE WAS GLAD AT HEART, AFTER SO MANY LONELY CENTURIES, TO HAVE FOUND A COMPANION AND A MASTER.

Thus it always is with winged horses, and with all such wild and solitary creatures. If you can catch and OVERCOME them, it is the surest WAY TO WIN THEIR LOVE. [i.e., perhaps even in the case of reader-over-Hawthorne.] / ....

Obeying this generous impulse [to 'free' Pegasus, at 'the summit of Mount Helicon'--'the winged horse's abode'], he ['Bellerophon'] SLIPT THE ENCHANTED BRIDLE OFF THE HEAD OF PEGASUS, AND TOOK THE BIT FROM HIS MOUTH.

"LEAVE ME, PEGASUS!" SAID HE. "EITHER LEAVE ME, OR LOVE ME!"

IN AN INSTANT, THE WINGED HORSE SHOT ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT, SOARING STRAIGHT UPWARD FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HELICON. BEING LONG AFTER SUNSET, it was now twilight on the mountain-top, and dusky evening OVER THE COUNTRY ROUNDABOUT. But Pegasus flew so high, that he OVERTOOK THE DEPARTED DAY, AND WAS BATHED IN THE UPPER RADIANCE OF THE SUN. Ascending higher and higher, he LOOKED LIKE A BRIGHT SPECK, AND AT LAST, COULD NO LONGER BE SEEN IN THE HOLLOW WASTE OF THE SKY [invisible union suggested, in K as Christ-sign (SIP/SQUISH)]. But, while he was lamenting his own folly, the BRIGHT SPECK RE-APPEARED, and drew nearer and nearer, until it descended lower than the sunshine; and BEHOLD, PEGASUS HAD COME BACK! After this trial, there was no more fear of the winged horse's making his escape. He and Bellerophon were friends, and PUT LOVING FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER [=trust in poetic, or literary, calling--as cryptic voice in name].

That night, they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus, not as a caution, but for kindness. And they AWOKE AT PEEP OF DAY, AND BADE ONE ANOTHER GOOD MORNING, EACH IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE (see ahead to IV.B.2, second cit.--on horse gesture).

.... But he ['Bellerophon'] could not forget the horrible Chimaera, which he had promised King Iobates to SLAY. So, AT LAST, when he had become WELL accustomed to feats of horsemanship in the air, and could manage Pegasus, with the LEAST MOTION OF HIS HAND, and had taught him to OBEY HIS VOICE, he determined to attempt the PERFORMANCE OF THIS PERILOUS ADVENTURE [an epic action in the oral-round].

At DAYBREAK, therefore, as soon as he UNCLOSED HIS EYES, he gently PINCHED THE WINGED HORSE'S EAR, in order to arouse him. Pegasus immediately started from the ground, and PRANCED ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE ALOFT, AND MADE A GRAND SWEEP AROUND THE MOUNTAIN-TOP, BY WAY OF SHOWING THAT HE WAS WIDE-AWAKE AND READY FOR ANY KIND OF AN EXCURSION. DURING THE WHOLE OF THIS LITTLE FLIGHT, HE UTTERED A LOUD, BRISK, AND MELODIOUS NEIGH [Na...y...], AND FINALLY CAME DOWN AT BELLEROPHON'S SIDE, AS LIGHTLY AS EVER YOU SAW A SPARROW HOP UPON A TWIG [...thorn...].

"Well done, dear Pegasus! Well done, my sky-skimmer!" cried Bellerophon, fondly stroking the horse's neck. "And now, my fleet and beautiful friend, WE MUST BREAK OUR FAST. To-day, we are to fight the terrible CHIMAERA!" [=Fiery Maw (Haw) image; demon under deep K-sign, in need of pruning.] / ....

.... In the more level part of the country ['Lycea'], there were the ruins of houses that had been burnt, and, here and there, the carcasses of dead cattle, strewn about the pastures where they had been feeding.

"The Chimaera must have done this mischief," thought Bellerophon. "But where can the monster be?" / ....

.... In front, as far off as you could throw a stone [tone], was the CAVERN'S MOUTH, with the three ['black'] smoke-wreaths oozing out of it. And what else did Bellerophon BEHOLD there?

.... He had found out the Chimaera's cavern. The SNAKE, the LION, and the GOAT, as he supposed them to be, were not three separate creatures, but one monster [=a single vertebrate MUM-YAWN]!

The wicked, hateful thing! SLUMBERING as two-thirds of it were, it still held, in its ABOMINABLE CLAWS, the remnant of an unfortunate LAMB--or possibly (but I hate to think so) it was a dear LITTLE BOY--which its THREE MOUTHS HAD BEEN GNAWING, before two of them FELL ASLEEP! [=Memo on self-destructive heart of Hawthorne's self-disjointing, self-reshaping signature-poetics.] / ....

The Chimaera ... raised itself up so as to stand absolutely on the TIP-END OF ITS ['SNAKY'] TAIL, WITH ITS TALONS PAWING FIERCELY IN

THE AIR, AND ITS THREE HEADS SPLUTTERING FIRE at Pegasus and his rider. [=tearing image of tree of thorns (fruit-destroyer).] ....  
/ ....

Meanwhile, Pegasus had again paused in the air, and neighed angrily, while SPARKLES OF A PURE CRYSTAL FLAME DARTED OUT OF HIS EYES [suggestions of winter, Christmas--in apocalyptic cycles of nature]. How UNLIKE THE LURID FIRE OF THE CHIMAERA! The aerial steed's spirit was all aroused, and so was that of Bellerophon.

"Dost thou BLEED, MY IMMORTAL HORSE?" CRIED the young man, caring LESS FOR HIS OWN hurt than for the anguish of this glorious creature, that ought never to have tasted pain [...épine]. The execrable Chimaera shall pay for this mischief, with his LAST HEAD [=last rites, in accord with signature-formulas (transacted against Hawthorne as family-name)].

Then he shook the BRIDLE, shouted LOUDLY, and guided Pegasus, NOT ASLANTWISE AS BEFORE, BUT STRAIGHT AT THE MONSTER'S HIDEOUS FRONT. SO RAPID WAS THE ONSET, THAT IT SEEMED BUT A DAZZLE AND A FLASH, BEFORE BELLEROPHON WAS AT CLOSE GRIPES WITH HIS ENEMY. [Note the double powers of labial-facial orality--bursting and gripping.]

The Chimaera, by this time, after LOSING its second head, had got into a RED-HOT PASSION AND RAMPANT RAGE [ripe haw]. It so flounced about, half on earth and partly in the air, that it was impossible to say which ELEMENT it rested upon. IT OPENED ITS SNAKE-JAWS TO SUCH AN ABOMINABLE WIDTH, THAT PEGASUS MIGHT ALMOST, I WAS GOING TO SAY, HAVE FLOWN RIGHT DOWN ITS THROAT, WINGS OUTSPREAD, RIDER AND ALL! AT THEIR APPROACH, IT SHOT OUT A TREMENDOUS BLAST OF FIERY BREATH, AND ENVELOPED BELLEROPHON AND HIS STEED IN A PERFECT ATMOSPHERE OF FLAME; SINGEING THE WINGS OF PEGASUS, SCORCHING OFF ONE WHOLE SIDE OF THE YOUNG MAN'S GOLDEN RINGLETTS [the yellow, Nathanyel, side of the name], AND MAKING THEM BOTH FAR HOTTER THAN WAS COMFORTABLE FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

But this was nothing to what followed. / ....

... [T]he Chimaera was so MAD AND WILD WITH PAIN, that it did not guard itself so well as might else have been the case. Perhaps, after ALL, the best way to fight a Chimaera is by getting as CLOSE to it as you can. In its efforts to STICK ITS HORRIBLE IRON CLAWS INTO ITS ENEMY, THE CREATURE LEFT ITS OWN BREAST QUITE EXPOSED; AND PERCEIVING THIS, BELLEROPHON THRUST HIS SWORD UP TO THE HILT INTO ITS CRUEL HEART. IMMEDIATELY THE SNAKY TAIL UNTIED ITS KNOT. The monster let go its hold of Pegasus, and fell from that vast height, downward; while the fire within its bosom, instead of being put out, BURNED FIERCER THAN EVER, and quickly began to consume the dead carcasses. Thus it fell out of the sky, ALL A-FLAME, and (it being NIGHTFALL before it reached the earth [N...th...n...l H...th...n]) was mistaken for a shooting star or a COMET. But, at early sunrise, some cottagers were going to their day's LABOR, and saw, to their astonishment, that several acres of ground were STREWN WITH BLACK

ASHES. IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD, THERE WAS A HEAP OF WHITENED BONES, A GREAT DEAL HIGHER THAN A HAYSTACK. NOTHING ELSE WAS EVER SEEN OF THE DREADFUL CHIMAERA! [=Hawthorne's signature-poetics as self-tempering; heuristics of death, rehearsals of transcendence--through designs of humiliation within boundaries of name. Fears of the Antichrist in self--and in the patterns of language.]

And when Bellerophon had won the victory, he bent forward and KISSED PEGASUS, WHILE THE TEARS STOOD IN HIS EYES. [=Minimal configuration of LIP/LAP-WINK: kiss/astride-standing/tears.]

"Back now, my BELOVED steed!" said he. "Back to the Fountain of Pirene!" [Re-enfolding of vision (k'n).]

Pegasus skimmed through the air, quicker than ever he did before, and reached the fountain in a very short time. / ....

"Where is the GENTLE CHILD," asked Bellerophon, "who used to keep me company, and never LOST faith, and never was weary of gazing into the fountain!" [And, the child ... who (early in the story had) gaz(ed) at him, as children are apt to gaze at strangers, WITH HIS ROSY MOUTH WIDE OPEN.']

"Here am I, dear Bellerophon!" said the CHILD, SOFTLY.

For the LITTLE BOY had spent day after day, on the margin of Pirene, waiting for his friend to come back; BUT WHEN HE PERCEIVED BELLEROPHON DESCENDING THROUGH THE CLOUDS, MOUNTED ON THE WINGED HORSE, HE HAD SHRUNK BACK INTO THE SHRUBBERY. HE WAS A DELICATE AND TENDER CHILD, AND DREADED LEST THE OLD MAN AND THE COUNTRY FELLOW SHOULD SEE THE TEARS GUSHING FROM HIS EYES. [Note child as shrub progeny--sheltered, much bearing.]

"THOU HAST WON THE VICTORY," SAID HE, JOYFULLY, RUNNING TO THE KNEE OF BELLEROPHON, WHO STILL SAT ON THE BACK OF PEGASUS. "I KNEW THOU WOULDST!" [=Gentle Knee Yell: Hew Wood-books Wouldst! Belles Lettres New!]

"YES; DEAR CHILD!" REPLIED BELLEROPHON, ALIGHTING FROM THE WINGED HORSE. "BUT IF THY FAITH HAD NOT HELPED ME, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE WAITED FOR PEGASUS, AND NEVER HAVE GONE UP ABOVE THE CLOUDS, AND NEVER HAVE CONQUERED THE TERRIBLE CHIMAERA! [=Memo on writing, as child and for children--as Nathaniel's discipline of Hawthorne.] THOU, MY BELOVED FRIEND, HAST DONE IT ALL! AND NOW LET US GIVE PEGASUS HIS LIBERTY."

So he SLIPT off the enchanted bridle from the head of the enchanted steed. / ....

But Pegasus rested his head on Bellerophon's shoulder, and would not be persuaded to take FLIGHT. / ....

THEN BELLEROPHON EMBRACED THE GENTLE CHILD, AND PROMISED TO COME TO HIM AGAIN, AND DEPARTED [HIC-GOUGE]. BUT, IN AFTER YEARS, THAT CHILD TOOK HIGHER FLIGHTS UPON THE AERIAL STEED, THAN EVER DID BELLEROPHON, AND ACHIEVED MORE HONORABLE DEEDS THAN HIS FRIEND'S



VICTORY OVER THE CHIMAERA. FOR, GENTLE AND TENDER AS HE WAS, HE GREW TO BE A MIGHTY POET! [Literary power out of private literary sentiment--R out of L, and Tree of Thorns out of Divine Love respelled. Or, transmission of Hawthorne's literary voice--as Gift (Nathan-) of God (-iel) inspiring an oral-lingual wood-logos. Initial letter of the word 'Poet' capitalized.]

(Hawthorne, A Wonder Book; CE, VII [1972], 144-5, 146, 149, 154-9, 160-5, 165-7[w.148]; --final story in WB)<sup>9</sup>

The trial application of the constructed scale to Hawthorne's myths and biographies for children (above) does serve to channel a maturing oral botany. That oral botany may be interpreted both as a suggestive index and aid to reader maturation (or as a symbolic hedge-cradle and goad, or normative symbol) and as a reflexively everlasting remark of approval given to the reader, for his author-encouraging growth in capacities to appreciate literature--i.e., perhaps even as a potential, much-bearing heir to the tradition of literature-building as world-building, of humanity-tempering through self-tempering. Or, in terms of five levels of reader mobility, the constructed scale serves to orient and to attune the reader: (2.a-c.i) to the immortal, literary effulgence of Hawthorne's actual name (as the author's special remark of victory over his own, oral-based self-development through minor literary forms--'m...n...seed-t[H]rone-sky'); (2.a-c.ii) to the vital import of the reader's creative-linguistic presence, at the mercurial root of his enigmatic texts (as a living American speaker with the "Hug-Haw!" wit of many tongues and social tongue-styles--'KeY-sHape/diCtion-beHold'); (2.a-c.iii) to the probability of the reader's herculean triumph, over his hazardous and thorny motor-challenges (with age-sufficient appreciation of the lingual prowess and rich hymeneal suggestivity of those

challenges--'single/tree-cut-t[W]ine'); (2.a-c.iv) to the possibility of many readers' consounding with him, as America's sovereign and singular master of gesturing gardens (with mutual reinforcement of a sense of shared blessings, through befitting praise, criticism, and real-commercial reward--[you...eaSe]-Harm-crown'); and (2.a-c.v) to his hope of all our exalted, concordant salvation in time, in Christ as implicit Healing Word (possibly even through the literature-bonded author's rebounding serpent-petition [a.i], for an unmerited higher, an impossible future recognition, or rebirth--'box/Hope-me/pine-Peg/Poet['s:sons':(S)]un[-Log]')).

### B.3. Construction: A Literary Proofmark of Signature-Life, Continued.

The preliminary application of the constructed scale, to auxiliary-literary texts by Hawthorne, continues.

In the present section of chapter development (Section B.3), the study undertakes a selective trial integration of Hawthorne's frame narratives for children--i.e., of his frame narratives for the two mythologies (A Wonder Book [1852] and Tanglewood Tales [1853], for the volume of world biography (Biographical Stories for Children [1842, 1851]), and for the three sequels of adaptations from American history (Grandfather's Chair [1841], Famous Old People [1841], and Liberty Tree [1841]; or, The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair [1851]). But the study undertakes that integration of frame texts chiefly to provide a conjoined frame for a piece of "natural history"--or for the pseudonymous informal botanical essay which (the study has claimed) shows signature-

features concordant with Hawthorne's texts for children. Taking strength from Hawthorne's own strong awareness of "the same hand" giving cyclical shape to "whole[s]" "internally pronounced" (B.2, introductive; B.1.a), from the "song of triumph" sung in accord with a wooden-lipped lady idol (B.2.b.iii; B.1.b), and from the qualities of self-reproach for ecstatic flights of vision within "mortal" rounds of the flesh (B.2.c.v; B.1.c), the study makes application as follows--of the self-constraining, scaled jaws of Hawthorne, to sing, counterchant, and hymn, round about his own emblematic tree (B.1, closing--feature [2.c]). (The technical comments which precede application in Section B.2 generally apply below; but partial scales determine the division of Subsections B.3.a-b. In Subsection B.3.b, notation of signature-anthem occurs below the notations of scale-step with oral-tag and consonant-figure, signature-stance, and signature-motive. In the same subsection, two texts are proofmarked, and "counterchant," below the set of notations. Additional remarks inside brackets may also include sequenced oral-tag notations; additional remarks inside brackets do also include the single asterisk, to point out an echo of diction, and the double asterisk, to point out an echo of concept, in the textual location immediately succeeding the brackets. The integrative interpretations of reader maturation and reader mobility --self-evident in the course of the application below--are restated in the sectional conclusion, but chiefly in terms of the signature-anthem and in terms of five levels of accord between emblem and the integers of mythic mobility, Section B.2, closing.)

## B.3.a. A Literary Proofmark: The Master's Frame.

1) MUM-YAWN:  $\underline{m}/\underline{n}/\underline{n} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}'\underline{w}$  .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. omnipresent mouth (=cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose).

Motive: "Under-head hand ...: Heave bourne!"

['Grandfather's Chair / PreFACE':] IN WRITING THIS [\*] PONDEROUS TOME [=author ruminating], the author's desire has been to describe the eminent characters and events of our annals, in such a form and style, that the [\*] YOUNG [author's capitals] might make acquaintance with them of their own accord [=author yawning and heaving, to accommodate his book]. For this purpose, WHILE OSTENSIBLY RELATING THE ADVENTURES OF A CHAIR [=set of wood jaws], HE HAS ENDEAVORED TO KEEP A DISTINCT AND UNBROKEN THREAD OF AUTHENTIC HISTORY [=a uni-verse of time]. The chair is made to pass from one to another of those personages, of whom he thought it most desirable for the [\*] young reader to have vivid and familiar ideas, and whose lives and actions would best enable him to give [\*\*] picturesque sketches of the times. On its sturdy [\*] oaken legs, it trudges diligently from one scene to another, and seems ALWAYS TO THRUST ITSELF IN THE WAY, WITH MOST BENIGN COMPLACENCY, WHENEVER A HISTORICAL PERSONAGE HAPPENS TO BE [\*] LOOKING AROUND FOR A [\*] SEAT [=a universe of space]. / ....

.... The author, it is true, has sometimes assumed the license of filling UP THE [\*\*] OUTLINE OF HISTORY WITH DETAILS, FOR WHICH HE HAS NONE BUT IMAGINATIVE AUTHORITY [=HIC-GOUGE, as tree-raising], but which, he hopes, do not violate nor give false [\*] coloring to the truth. He believes that, in this respect, his NARRATIVE WILL NOT BE FOUND TO CONVEY IDEAS AND IMPRESSIONS [=vehicle signature in self-extension], of which the reader may hereafter find it necessary to purge his mind.

The author's great doubt is, whether he has succeeded IN WRITING A BOOK WHICH WILL BE READABLE BY THE CLASS FOR WHOM HE INTENDS IT [=anxiety, over open but meaningless book--aspects of MUM-YAWN]. To make a lively and entertaining narrative for children, with such unmalleable material as is presented by the sombre, stern, and rigid characteristics of the Puritans and their descendants, is quite as difficult an attempt, as to MANUFACTURE DELICATE PLAYTHINGS OUT OF THE [\*\*] GRANITE ROCKS ON WHICH NEW ENGLAND IS FOUNDED [or--generate a harmony of creative and moral qualities, so that 'ponderous tome' becomes thunderous poem]. / BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1840 [=immediate universe of memorial space and time; author's capitals.]

(Hawthorne, from The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair, in True Stories, Vol. 6 of The Centenary Edition [1972], 5-6)

ii) HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z'/t's .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout (=truncated neck).

Motive: "Under-head hand ...: Heave bourne!"

[ 'Famous Old People / PreFACE': ] GRANDFATHER AGAIN SHOVES HIS GREAT CHAIR before the youthful public, and desires to make them acquainted with a [\*\*] new dynasty of [\*] occupants. The [\*] iron race of PURITANS, WHOSE RIGID FIGURES SAT [\*] BOLT UPRIGHT AGAINST ITS [\*] OAKEN BACK in the first Epoch of our History, have now given place to quite a different set of men. [I.e.--sat against mouth-back.] / ....

... come a succession of Governors, holding up [i.e., as though tongue rolled out to d's] the royal commission as the source of authority. These dignitaries are illuminated by a ray, although [\*] faint and distant, yet gleaming upon them from the splendor of the British throne. OUR OLD CHAIR, ITSELF LOSES THE SEVERE SIMPLICITY, WHICH WAS IN KEEPING WITH THE HABITS OF ITS EARLIER [\*] POSSESSORS, AND IS GILDED AND VARNISHED, AND GORGEOUSLY CUSHIONED [=gorge w. tongue-base], SO AS TO MAKE IT A FITTING SEAT FOR VICE-REGAL POMP. IT IS NOW [\*] OCCUPIED BY RULERS, WHOSE POSITION COMPELS THEM TO REGARD THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE AS, IN SOME DEGREE, HOSTILE TO THOSE OF THE MONARCH, AND THEREFORE TO THEIR OWN. [=Signature-voice projecting author's private sense of his own deeply (un)cherished privilege of poetic gift.] It is surrounded by ambitious Politicians, Soldiers, and Adventurers, having no pretension to that high religious and moral principle, which gave to our first Epoch a character of the truest and loftiest romance. [=Echo of transcendent tree-standard--now foreshortened, undercut, revealing fleshier attitudes.] / ....

This little book [=hic-cup] presents a [\*\*] slight historic sketch of the period, when Massachusetts had ceased to be a Republic, and was strictly [\*\*] a Province of England [=return to former, residual power--as small LIP/LAP-WINK]. It is therefore sufficiently complete in itself [=well-shaped], to make it independent of our preceding volume. Should we be ENCOURAGED TO CONCLUDE THE ADVENTURES OF OUR OLD CHAIR [=sense of creative self-limitation in the face of criticism], the remaining part, beginning with the first movement [or, remonstrative rumination] of the Revolution, will also include a period of history, that may be read in disconnection with the past. But the Author's desire is, in the three [or, cloven yet cleaving] numbers that will COMPOSE THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR ['GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR' in capitals], to give the youthful reader A ROUNDED OUTLINE OF THE WHOLE PERIOD, DURING WHICH THIS PIECE OF FURNITURE WAS SO PROMINENT AN OBJECT [i.e., history as a well-chewed cud, extended to reader from author's functional jaws]. / BOSTON,

DECEMBER 30, 1840 [=immediate universe of magical, Messianic space and time; author's capitals].

(Hawthorne, from The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair, in True Stories; CE, VI [1972], 71-2]

iii) DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, t/θ > s'k:g'z .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['Liberty TREE / PreFACE':] HAS THE YOUTHFUL READER GROWN WEARY OF GRANDFATHER'S STORIES about his chair? Will he not COME, THIS ONCE more [=gripping in of reader], to our fireside, and be received as an own grandchild, and as brother, sister, or cousin to Laurence, Clara, Charley, and [\*] little Alice? COME, DO NOT BE BASHFUL, nor afraid. You will find GRANDFATHER A KINDLY OLD MAN, WITH A CHEERFUL SPIRIT, AND A HEART THAT HAS GROWN MELLOW, INSTEAD OF BECOMING DRY AND WILTED WITH AGE.

He will tell you how King George, trusting in the might of his ARMIES and NAVIES [=arms and knees], sought to establish a TYRANNY OVER our fathers. Then you shall HEAR ABOUT [\*] LIBERTY TREE [initial 'L' and 'T' capitalized], AND WHAT CROWDS USED TO ASSEMBLE WITHIN THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF ITS SHADOW. Grandfather must SPEAK, ALSO, ABOUT RIOTS AND DISORDERS, AND HOW AN ANGRY MULTITUDE BROKE INTO THE MANSION OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR [=left arm of story]. NEXT [as annexed right arm of story], HE WILL SHOW YOU THE PROUD ARRAY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS, IN THEIR UNIFORMS OF [\*] SCARLET AND GOLD, LANDING AT LONG WHARF, AND MARCHING [\*] TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE COMMON, AND FANEUIL HALL, AND THE OLD STATE HOUSE. Then you must listen to the dismal tale of the Boston Massacre. .... / ....

(Hawthorne [continued, and identified in full, immediately below])

iv) SIP-SQUISH: v/s:z/z > h/y:k'w .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge).

Motive: "Under-head hand ... : Heave bourne!"

['Liberty Tree / PreFACE [continued]':] .... Next comes the marvellous story of the TEA SHIPS, AND THAT BAND of Indian figures [=teeth-band] who made their appearance in the DUSK [as though tusk] OF EVENING, AND VANISHED BEFORE THE DAWN OF DAY [=suggestions of moon-seminal poetic]. Now come more and more REGIMENTS OF SOLDIERS.

THEIR TENTS [\*] WHITEN the Common like untimely snow. Their [\*] war-horses [muscular vehicles] PRANCE AND [\*] NEIGH, WITHIN THE WALLS of the Old South church [commit high sacrilege (clenched)]. HARK! that faint echo comes from Lexington [throat-kick, k], where the British soldiers HAVE FIRED A VOLLEY THAT BEGINS THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION [initial letter of 'Revolution' capitalized; tongue aroused; inception of world-figure (+)]. THE PEOPLE ARE UP IN ARMS. GAGE, HOWE, BURGOYNE, LORD PERCY, AND MANY ANOTHER HAUGHTY [\*] ENGLISHMAN, ARE BELEAGUERED WITHIN THE [\*] PENINSULA [=phallic neck] OF [\*] BOSTON. THE [\*] AMERICANS [\*] BUILD BATTERIES ON EVERY HILL [=landscape made ripe, rife]; AND LOOK! A [\*] WARLIKE FIGURE, ON A [\*] WHITE HORSE, RIDES MAJESTICALLY FROM [\*] HEIGHT TO HEIGHT, AND DIRECTS THE PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE. CAN IT BE WASHINGTON? ['WASHINGTON' in capitals; --Washington as ideal vision of the Providentially Elect, born to succeed with dignity (=manly, well-sired instance of LIP/LAP-WINK [W/eye-rect!]).]

Then Grandfather will call up the shadow of a devoted loyalist [as example of the historically damned], and strive to [\*] paint him to your eyes and heart [i.e., his pain], as he takes his farewell walk through Boston. We will trace his melancholy steps from FANEUIL HALL [-yel Haw-] TO LIBERTY TREE [-thorn-]. THAT FAMOUS TREE! THE AXES OF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS HAVE HEWN IT DOWN, BUT NOT BEFORE ITS WIND-STREWN LEAVES HAD SCATTERED THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM FAR AND WIDE-- NOT BEFORE ITS ROOTS HAD SPROUTED, EVEN IN THE DISTANT SOIL OF [\*] GEORGIA. [Note use of DART-STICK(S) world-figure (eye-pow [w])--as suggestion of (needed) sympathetic bonds between the North and the South; note seizing of heart of action via name(s).]

Amid all these [\*] wonderful matters, we shall [\*] not lose sight of GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR [author's capitals; --the 'Chair' as outline, commode, peduncle, or stub, for the (re)inception of ripening stories]. On its sturdy [\*] oaken legs, it trudges diligently from one scene to another, and seems always to THRUST ITSELF in the way, with most benign COMEPLACENCY, whenever a historical personage happens to be [\*] looking round for a [\*] seat. The exCELLent old Chair! Let the reader MAKE MUCH of it [=continuing suggestions of anal functions, life-fertilizing additions, gold-refund from the reader], while he may; for with this little volume Grandfather CONCLUDES its history, and WITHDRAWS it [\*] from the public eye. [Note strong return to perceptual action of DART-STICK(S) in the concluding paragraph--with suggestion of ocular pain having been inflicted.] / BOSTON, February 27th, 1841 [=immediate universe of patriotic space and time; author's capitals].

(Hawthorne, from The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair, in True Stories; CE, VI [1972], 143-4)

## B.3.b. A Literary Proofmark: The Breach-Countering Anthem.

v) LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips  
(=God's face-breaker).

Motive: "Understood Gift, God's 'Kneel!' Yell: Heart Háw Higher Burn,  
My Living Ears, Eyes, and Lips Open!"

Anthem: "Natal Gift, God's Yell: Heave to Fruit-full Shape, Tree of  
Thorns!" [Hawthorn emblem internally marked: (iv) SIP-SQUISH:  
s/s:z/z h/y:k'w (eye-pow r/ɹ).]

['Art. XII.--Vegetation about Salem, (\*) Mass.']:] [Internal  
scale ingressive, motive increasingly mystical; (v) LIP/LAP-WINK:]  
The VEGETATION OF SALEM IS [\*] REMARKABLY FOREIGN. TWO species  
belonging to [\*\*;\*] different families, and BOTH of exotic origin,  
threaten [\*] to TAKE COMPLETE POSSESSION of the soil.

The FIRST, THE [\*] WELL-KNOWN WOOD-WAX (*Ginista tinctoria*  
[ital.]), IS [\*\*] RUNNING RAPIDLY OVER ALL THE [\*] HILLS AND DRY [\*]  
PASTURES. [Note suggestion of personification--lively bending of  
knee-joints (KN-, -NG)--along with the painterly wet-flow and flow  
of ironic literary ink, lip-charmed.] This plant seems to [\*] occupy  
in this vicinity the place which the furze-bush [\*] occupies on [\*\*]  
the heaths and commons of England; or it may resemble, in its manner  
of [\*] possessing the soil, the heather of the [\*\*] Highlands of  
Scotland. Not, indeed, in its appearance: in that particular it [\*]  
FAINTLY RESEMBLES THE [\*] YELLOW BROOM, THE SPARTIUM, so [\*] PRETTILY  
celebrated by Mary Howitt [cf. Haw-wit] in her [\*\*] juvenile sketches  
of [\*] natural history [note implications of sparring with, and  
overwhelming, the lady poet, within her own lines]:--

"OH THE BROOM, THE [\*] YELLOW BROOM!  
THE ANCIENT POETS SUNG IT:  
AND DEAR IT IS ON [\*] SUMMER-DAY  
TO [\*] LIE AT REST [\*] AMONG IT."

The wood-wax, however, had found no favor in this vicinity. It is  
[\*\*] annually burned to the ground, in utter detestation; yet,  
phoenix-like it SPRINGS FROM ITS ASHES; AND, BY THE [\*] HEIGHT OF  
[\*] SUMMER IT [\*] LAUGHS FROM THE [\*] MIDST OF ITS [\*] YELLOW  
FLOWERS AT ALL THE EFFORTS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE TO [\*\*;\*] DESTROY IT  
[=serpentine victory]. In England, this plant is useful in the arts;  
It is employed with WOAD, the *Isatis tinctoria* [ital.], another  
plant, to give a green color to woollen cloth. The wood-wax affords  
the [\*] yellow dye, the woad a [\*] blue [\*] coloring matter: and the  
admixture produces a very fair green. ....

SECOND AMONG THE OBNOXIOUS INTRUDERS STANDS THE [\*;\*] WHITE-  
WEED. This plant is a great nuisance in our mowing ground as the



wood-wax is in our [\*] pastures. Some [\*] fields are so infested as to present at HAYING-time the APPEARANCE OF A WAVING OCEAN OF [\*] WHITE [\*] BLOSSOMS. I am not aware of any remedy for the EVIL, save the application of a more vigorous agriculture [note g/k as echo of buried power--vs. the visible f/w-foreigners].

These foreigners seem to have chosen this vicinity as their favorite place of abode. There is a tradition, that they were INTRODUCED AS GARDEN ORNAMENTS, AND THAT THEY HAVE [\*\*] STRAYED AWAY FROM THE [\*] FLOWER-BORDER, AND SOUGHT IN THE [\*] FIELDS AND [\*] PASTURES THE WILD [\*] LIBERTY THEY SO MUCH LOVE. IT IS HAZARDOUS TO IMPEACH A POPULAR TRADITION; BUT IT APPEARS MUCH MORE LIKELY THAT THEY WERE BROUGHT OVER IN SOME OF THE FIRST GRASS-SEED THAT CAME FROM ENGLAND. BOTH PLANTS ARE PERENNIAL, SPREADING RAPIDLY FROM THE ROOT, AND PROPAGATING WITH EQUAL FACILITY FROM THE SEED. THESE ABUNDANT POWERS OF REPRODUCTION MEETING WITH A [\*\*] GENIAL SOIL AND A LOOSE HUSBANDRY IT IS NO WONDER THAT THEY SHOULD PRODUCE THE EFFECTS SO OBVIOUS IN OUR [\*] NEIGHBORHOOD. .... / ....

In the vicinity of this city, the [\*] ENGLISH [\*] WHITE-THORN, THE HAWTHORN OF THE POETS, of which so much has been written [note n-hum], is slowly naturalizing itself. It is certainly a USEFUL SHRUB, FORMING BEAUTIFUL FENCES, and contributing much to the garden-like appearance of England. To the [\*] English it may well COUNTERbalance the myrtle of more genial climes. To the people of this section of the United States, it can never become of much importance. Here there is ABUNDANCE OF [\*\*] STONE; and while such an indestructible material can be found, LIVE FENCES ought not to be adopted. A LIVE FENCE has certainly a tendency to BEAUTIFY the scenery, and to give a garden-like aspect to the LAND IT ENCLOSES [=alluring lap]; but it cannot compare in POINT OF UTILITY WITH A FIRM stone wall [=urge to breach]. WHEN A HEDGE BECOMES [\*] GAPPED, it [\*] requires years to repair it; but, if a stone wall FALLS DOWN, it is very soon replaced. LIVE FENCES, HOWEVER, MAY BE USED TO ADVANTAGE WHERE STONE IS NOT TO BE FOUND. SOMETIMES THEY MAY BE INTRODUCED [(iv) SĪP/SQUĪSH: s/s:z/z > h/y:k/w (eye-pow r/l)] AS ORNAMENTS, WITH VERY GOOD EFFECT [i.e., as follows]. [Note the aggressive egressive maturing--n-native to f-fruit/two.]

THERE IS A NATIVE [\*] SHRUB, ABUNDANT IN THIS VICINITY, MOST ADMIRABLY ADAPTED FOR FENCES,--THE COMMON COCKSPUR-THORN (CRATAEGUS CRUS GALL [ital.]). IN ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF A FENCING SHRUB IT FULLY EQUALS THE [\*] ENGLISH HAWTHORN, TO WHICH, INDEED, IT IS CLOSELY ALLIED. THE [\*\*] SPINES OF THIS SHRUB ARE MORE THAN AN INCH LONG; SO THAT A HEDGE FORMED OF IT WOULD [\*\*] PRESENT AN ALMOST IMPREGNABLE BARRIER, BIDDING DEFIANCE TO ALL [\*\*] INTRUDERS, WHETHER BIPED OR QUADRUPED. SEVERAL PLANTS OF THIS [\*] SHRUB HAVE BEEN SUFFERED TO STAND NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE FOREST-RIVER ROAD ['F' capitalized], TILL THEY HAVE ASSUMED THE SIZE OF TREES. IN THE SPRING THEY ARE COVERED WITH A PROFUSION OF [\*] WHITE [\*] BLOSSOMS; AND, IN THE FALL, THEIR RICH [\*] SCARLET FRUIT [\*] NEVER FAILS TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. IN THESE PARTICULARS, THIS SHRUB STRIKINGLY

RESEMBLES [=strikes] ITS [\*] ENGLISH CONGENER. INDEED, THE POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE ARE SO MANY AND SO [\*; \*\*] STRIKING THAT IT OUGHT TO BE CALLED THE [\*] AMERICAN HAWTHORN. LIKE THE ENGLISH HAW, ITS FRUIT [\*] REQUIRES TWO YEARS [ears!] TO VEGETATE [=book as doubled manifold, of quires and harmonies]. [Hawthorn emblem ends.]

The [\*] BARBERRY, so very abundant in our vicinity, is supposed to be an introduced [\*] SHRUB. It CORRESPONDS EXACTLY with the *Berberis vulgaris* [ital.] of Europe. It has only a limited locality on the [\*\*] seaboard of New England, and is not found anywhere else on this continent. The VIGOR OF ITS GROWTH is especially NOTE-worthy. It rises by [\*] THE WAY-SIDE; IT GROWS IN CHINKS AND CREVICES OF THE ROCKS [and suggests both gullet-roots and feminine and masculine pubescence (and their interdependencies); IT SPREADS OVER NEGLECTED [\*] PASTURES, AND [\*] LOOKS AROUND [lip/lap-winks] WITH A [\*] SAUCY CONFIDENCE THAT SEEMS TO SAY, "ALL THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR [\*] BARBERRY BUSHES." [Note strong suggestions of binding, bounding powers—signalled with facial-wall B.]

.... Sometimes BIRDS ARE EMPLOYED AS THE CARRIERS of seeds.  
 .... The parasitical mistletoe, the once sacred EMBLEM of the Druids, BEARS A SMALL [\*] WHITE [\*] BERRY OF AN EXTREMELY VISCID PULP. THE BIRDS, WHO ARE FOND OF THIS FRUIT, ARE APT TO ENCUMBER THEIR BILLS WITH THE GLUTINOUS SUBSTANCE; AND TO CLEAN THEM, THEY RUB THEM UPON THE BRANCHES OF TREES WHERE THEY HAPPEN TO ALIGHT, THUS DEPOSITING THE SEEDS IN THE VERY PLACE WHERE NATURE INTENDED THEY SHOULD GROW. [Suggestions of a mystical-seminal poetic (SIP-SQUISH).] 7 ....

[(iii) DART-STICK(S):] The [\*] oak, the walnut, the chestnut, and some other TREES, produce [\*] ponderous seeds, TOO LARGE FOR DISTRIBUTION BY THE FEATHERED TRIBES. But a kind and watchful Providence has not been unmindful of their dispersion and deposition in spots favorable to their FUTURE GROWTH. These trees are the favorite haunts of the squirrel; and to his charge is committed the PLANTING OF FUTURE FORESTS of these varieties: AMONG WHOSE BRANCHES HIS OWN RACE MAY [\*] BUILD THEIR SOFT ABODES, LICK THE MORNING DEW [cf. 'The Miraculous Pitcher'], AND PURSUE THEIR INNOCENT GAMBOLS, AND FINALLY PROVIDE FOR MAN a rich material for his industry and enterprise. [Note suggestion of marital union in M/N/NG (full mouth with tongue--minimal opening).]

.... [T]he squirrel DARTED TO THE TOP of a noble [\*] oak  
 .... In an instant HE WAS DOWN WITH AN [\*\*] ACORN IN HIS MOUTH; and, after finding a SOFT SPOT, he quickly dug a SMALL HOLE, DEPOSITED HIS CHARGE, THE GERM of a future [\*] oak, COVERED IT up, and then DARTED UP THE TREE AGAIN. In a moment he was down with another ....

The instinct of the [\*] little animal may be directed to a PROVISION FOR HIS FUTURE WANTS; BUT THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD HAS ENDOWED HIM WITH SUCH AN ACTIVE AND UNTIRING INDUSTRY, THAT HE DOES MORE THAN SUPPLY ALL THESE; AND THE SURPLUS RISES TO ADORN THE EARTH, AND PROCLAIM THE WONDROUS WORKS OF HIM WHO IS PERFECT IN

KNOWLEDGE. [=Hymnal heart of Hawthorne's private petition--and benevolent paraphrase of signature-anthem.]

The CAPSULES of some plants BURST WITH A SPRING, and the seeds are scattered BROADCAST by the impulse. The garden balsam, and all the violet race, are examples of this mode. [=Echo of decapitation riddle.] / ....

But, after all, man is the great agent in promoting vegetable migration. It is by his agency that the most PRECIOUS SEEDS ARE BORNE across the wide ocean. .... [I.e.--perhaps Hawthorne's signature-semantics, by the human agents of his literary works, the succession of readers--to God.] / ....

There is something PECULIARLY AFFECTIONATE AND GRATEFUL IN ASSOCIATING THE REMEMBRANCE OF A GREAT MAN WITH SOME PARTICULAR TREE. [Pope and Shakespeare mentioned.] ....

WE POSSESS ONE TREE, AMONG MANY THAT ARE RICHLY ORNAMENTAL, OF SURPASSING BEAUTY. I ALLUDE TO OUR COMMON ELM (ULMUS AMERICANA [ital.]). The grace, the beauty, the magnificence of this tree is only to be exceeded by the princely palm [cf. Hawthorne's anagram on Franklin Pierce (in my I.B.3)]. Planted in rows along the streets, it is the pride of our towns, suggesting to the mind a far better idea of ease and comfort than it could derive from the most EXQUISITE STATUARY.

In Danvers, a little on this side of Aborn-street, in the barnyard on the land of the late Benjamin Putman, STANDS AN ELM OF GREAT BEAUTY. .... During a ride of six or seven hundred miles along the TURNPIKE roads of England, the summer before last [suggestions of an imaginary journey], I [\*\*] CARRIED THIS TREE [\*\*] IN THE EYE OF MY MIND AS A STANDARD; AND TRULY in all that long ride I could not find one that APPEARED so perfect. [The above discourse on the American elm occurs about midway into the essay—a fact of organization which corresponds with the middle position of DART-STICK(S) (and its phallic-L value) within the signature-scale.]

The [\*] BOSTON ELM IS A LARGER TREE; BUT IT IS BRACED AND [\*] BOLTED WITH BARS OF [\*] IRON, AND THE MIND IS PAINED WITH THE SYMPTOMS OF APPROACHING DECAY. ....

This climate does not possess an evergreen ivy; but our common creeper (Vitis hederacea [ital.]) is a most excellent substitute. In many respects it surpasses the ivy of Europe. .... Its proper place is to COVER UP THE [\*\*] BLANK SIDE OF AN OUT-HOUSE [i.e., fill in an empty visual outline] .... [Note the ivy as weaver (v/w). Cf. Grandfathers' Chair as accommodation to public.] / ....

A LOVE of flowers [=L, phallic] has always ranked among the refined PLEASURES of a polished people. .... No sooner had the [\*] warlike Romans conquered and INCORPORATED the surrounding states [note R-aggressive], and made Rome THE MISTRESS OF ALL ITALY, than the villas of the Roman citizens STUDED the whole country, from the

[\*\*] STRAITS OF Messina to the mountains that formed HER NORTHERN BARRIER. It was to embellish these, that the fruits and flowers of the East were gathered by the Roman soldiers, in their martial expeditions, and POURED INTO THE [\*] LAP OF ITALY [=strong echo of LIP/LAP-WINK, as Providence on the upswing]. ....

But to return [(ii) HIC-GOUGE:] to our own loved hills, and the flowers that cover them. Among these the [\*\*] BLOOD-ROOT (cf. red hawk) (*Sanguinaria Canadensis* [ital.]) well deserves a passing notice. It puts up from the ground with [\*] remarkable caution. A single leaf of a [\*] white and [\*\*] wooly texture rises from the ground, and enfolds a little flower-bud, wrapping it round as with a mantle [--or as in the folds of the mouth]. .... / ....

The *Cuscuta*, or Dodder, which is found in the moist land of the [\*] neighborhood, affords a specimen of the parasitic tribe of plants, which fasten and feed upon others. [Note, below, qualities of social and poetic guilt--along with the wit on metaphor as engrafting.] The *Cuscuta* is a [\*] bright [\*] yellow [Yell low!] leafless vine, bearing a profusion of small [\*] white flowers [i.e., deceptively innocent]. It rises from the ground like any other vegetable; and, after attaining a certain height, it [\*] looks round, and seizes upon the first plant that comes its way. LIKE A [\*] LITTLE VEGETABLE BOA CONSTRICTOR [cf. serpent-signature], IT TAKES A FEW SPIRAL TURNS ROUND ITS VICTIM; AND, WHEN IT FINDS ITSELF FIRMLY FIXED, IT DISENGAGES ITSELF FROM ITS OWN ROOT, LETS GO ITS HOLD UPON THE EARTH, AND DEPENDS FOR THE FUTURE ON THE PLANT UPON WHICH IT IS [\*] SEATED. IN THIS WAY IT BLOOMS AND PERFECTS ITS SEED, WITHOUT ANY DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH THE EARTH [suggestions of transcendent address in progress--with confessional and apologetic coloring]. If the seeds of this plant are sown, they will come up and grow for a season; but they soon die, if they have no plant to which they can attach themselves [intimations of dependence on the Divine]. [Pope's 'Essay on Man' cited.] Who knows but man caught the idea of multiplying choice fruits by grafting, from observing with what facility parasitic plants attach themselves to others, and DRAW NOURISHMENT FROM ROOTS THAT ARE NOT THEIR OWN? [Note implicit orality, inescapable dependency for nurture. Note suggestion of poetic grafting of botanical words onto one's own botanical root-word.]

[(i) MUM-YAWN:] Some of our most common plants are [\*] remarkable in their choice of localities. The hemlock loves to luxuriate in the ruin and desolation of cities. Wherever there is a [\*\*, \*] deserted mansion, with its garden in ruins [=Hawthorne's actual name, rent for purposes of poetic reconstruction and implicitly always in ruins, always potentially in contact (lexically) with undesirable meanings and with moral death], there is sure to be found the fatal hemlock, as if the very ground were accursed, and brought forth poisonous plants. The ghostly mullein stalks over worn-out and neglected pastures, the EMBLEM OF STERILITY. THE BLACK [\*] NIGHTSHADE AND THE DUBIOUS FORM OF THE [\*] THORN-APPLE RISE FROM THE NEGLECTED HEAPS OF RUBBISH, AS IF THE NOXIOUS EXHALATIONS HAD ASSUMED A [\*\*]

MATERIAL FORM, TO WARN MAN OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS UNCLEANNESS. [=Deepest confessional infold of the essay as extended LIP/LAP-WINK-- a private poetic act of recollective self-humiliation. --The essay now moves to praise the Southern magnolia, with claims of incapacity to articulate its transcendent beauty; a renewed abundance of labial consonants suggests itself (as does the use of eye-pow †, of the step-five world-figure).] / ....

The pencil can give BUT A [\*] FAINT IDEA OF THE SPLENDOR OF THE [\*\*; magniloquent] MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA ['M' capitalized]; AND THE PEN ALTOGETHER FAILS IN THE EFFORT TO DESCRIBE ITS CHARMS. [\*\*] THE SOUTH MAY [\*] WELL BE PROUD OF THE [\*] POSSESSION OF A TREE OF [\*\*] SUCH NOBLE BEARING. THE LEAVES ARE GLOSSY, AND OF A MOST LUXURIANT SOFTNESS. THE [\*] YOUNG BRANCHES ARE OF A FINE, [\*] PURPLISH BROWN, PRODUCING FLOWERS ON [\*\*] THE EXTREMITY OF EACH; AND, WHEN THE TREE [\*] RISES TO THE [\*] HEIGHT OF SIXTY OR SEVENTY FEET, AND EACH BRANCH HOLDS UP ITS PETAILED VASE OF IVORY [\*] WHITENESS, AS IF [\*\*] PRESENTING INCENSE TO THE [\*] SUN, IT AFFORDS AN APPEARANCE OF BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR THAT RIVALS [\*\*] THE PROUDEST PRODUCTIONS OF MAN. [Cf. jaws of bone (w. teeth), or open book, holding mystical voice.]

Many of the NATIONS OF THE EARTH have chosen a flower for their EMBLEM. The [\*; \*\*] roses of England are well known in story. Ireland has chosen the lowly shamrock, which is found in every field; and its adoption is said to be as old as the INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY into the island.

Dear is the thistle to the heart of the Scotchman; but faded for ever are the lilies of France. [See my B.l.c (pass. three), on the thistle.]

The Carolinian RALLIES BENEATH the palmetto; and on the earliest COINS of Massachusetts we find a PINE-tree [=echo of historical story, "The Pine-Tree Shillings" (Grandf. Chair, pp. 35-9) --and of pen name Aubépine], EMBLEMATIC, NO DOUBT, OF THE SOURCE FROM WHICH SHE DREW HER EARLIEST WEALTH. IF EVER THESE UNITED STATES SHOULD CHOOSE A SYMBOL FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD, LET THAT SYMBOL BE THE [\*\*] MAGNOLIA! † [Note the memo on wealth cornered--and lost or unshared; note the nationally addressed offering of the magnolia as poetic bounty--as though an implicit general prayer or hymn, uplifted in one united and living round.]

(An English Resident [=Hawthorne?], from Aesthetic Papers, ed. Elizabeth P. Peabody, [1849; 1957], pp. 224-6, 227-30, 235-7, 238-9, 241-2, 243-5) 10

v) LIP/LAP-WINK--continued: Pastoral echoes of "Vegetation" essay.

['Tanglewood Tales / (\*) The Wayside; Introductory':]  
Eustace [=well-standing ear of grain] informed me that he had told

his stories to the children in VARIOUS SITUATIONS,--in the woods, on the [\*] shore of the lake, in the dell of Shadow Brook, in the play-room, at Tanglewood fireside, and in a [\*] magnificent palace of snow, with ice-windows, which he helped his [\*] little friends to BUILD. His auditors were even more delighted with the contents of the PRESENT VOLUME, than with the specimens which have already been given the WORLD. The classically learned Mr. Pringle [=annoying tinger], too, had listened to TWO OR THREE of the tales and censured them [w. tongue between lips and behind teeth], more BITterly than he did THE THREE GOLDEN [\*] APPLES [title capitalized in original text]; so that, what with PRAISE [at lips], and what with CRITICISM [at throat], Eustace [\*] Bright thinks that there is GOOD HOPE of at least as much success with the PUBLIC, as in the CASE OF THE WONDER BOOK. [Note high surfacing of auditory topics in context of breach-and-growth-figure--creative monitoring of own literary progeny celebrated.]

I made all sorts of [\*] inquiries about the children [=act of reopening-and-breaching, while prying], not doubting that there would be great eagerness to hear of their WELFARE, among some good [\*] little folks who have written to me, to ask for ANOTHER VOLUME of myths. They are all, I am happy to say, (unless WE EXCEPT CLOVER), in EXCELLENT HEALTH AND SPIRITS. [\*] PRIMROSE is now almost a young lady [=implication of feminine development observed], and, Eustace tells me, is just as [\*] saucy as ever. She pretends to consider herself quite beyond the age to be interested by such idle stories as these; but, for all that, whenever a story is to be told, [\*] Primrose [\*] never fails to be one of the listeners, and to MAKE FUN OF IT, WHEN FINISHED. Periwinkle is very much grown, and is expected to shut up her BABY-house and throw away her doll, in a month or TWO more. [\*] SWEET Fern has learned to read and write, and has put on a jacket and PAIR OF PANTALOONS [=implication of bilobate anatomy observed]--all of which improvements I am sorry for. SQUASH Blossom, [\*] BLUE EYE, PLANTAIN, and [\*; yellow] Butter-CUP, have had the [\*] scarlet-FEVER [=rise of body heat], but came easily through it. [\*] HuckleBERRY, [\*; white] MILKweed, and [\*; yellow, lie( I!)] DANDELION [=mix of seminal qualities], were [\*] attacked with the HOOPING-COUGH, BUT [\*] BORE IT BRAVELY, and kept OUT-of-doors, whenever the sun SHONE. CowsLIP, during the auTUMn, had either the measles or some ERUPTION THAT LOOKED VERY MUCH like it, but was HARDLY SICK a day. POOR CLOVER HAS BEEN A GOOD DEAL TROUBLED WITH HER SECOND TEETH, WHICH HAVE MADE HER MEAGRE IN ASPECT AND RATHER FRACTIOUS IN TEMPER [=breachy bovine]; NOR EVEN WHEN SHE SMILES, IS THE MATTER MUCH MENDED, SINCE IT DISCLOSES A [\*] GAP, JUST WITHIN HER LIPS, ALMOST AS WIDE AS THE BARN-DOOR [=mild burlesque of unappealing, wide-apart sexual invitation]. BUT ALL THIS WILL PASS OVER; AND IT IS PREDICTED [=spoken] THAT SHE WILL TURN OUT [=round off to be] A VERY [\*] PRETTY GIRL. [Note, immediately below, the reciprocal elongation (academic) of the long-standing narrator.]

As for Mr. [\*] Bright himself, he is now in his senior year at Williams College, and has a PROSPECT OF GRADUATING with [\*\*] some degree of honorable distinction. IN HIS ORATION FOR THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE, HE GIVES ME TO UNDERSTAND, HE WILL TREAT OF THE CLASSICAL MYTHS [initial 'C' and 'M' capitalized in original text], VIEWED IN THE ASPECT OF BABY-STORIES [=self-reflexive shaper of literary babies], and has a great mind to discuss the EXPEDIENCY OF USING UP the whole of ancient history for the same purpose. I do not know what he MEANS TO DO WITH HIMSELF, AFTER LEAVING college, but trust that, by DABBING EARLY WITH THE DANGEROUS AND [\*\*] SEDUCTIVE business of authorship, he will NOT BE TEMPTED to become an author by profession [=responsible warning to any literary heirs]. If so, I shall be VERY SORRY [\*] FOR THE LITTLE that I have had to do with the matter, IN ENCOURAGING THE FIRST BEGINNINGS. [=Thorn-words, to countercharm the inevitable magic.]

I wish there were any likelihood of MY SOON SEEING [\*] PRIMROSE, PERIWINKLE, [\*] DANDELION, [\*] SWEET FERN, CLOVER, PLANTAIN, [\*] HUCKLEBERRY, MILKWEED, COWSLIP, BUTTER-CUP, [\*] BLUE-EYE, and SQUASH [\*] BLOSSOM, AGAIN. But as I do not know when I shall re-visit Tanglewood, and as Eustace [\*] BRIGHT probably will NOT ASK ME TO EDIT [=to wink (ink)] A THIRD WONDER BOOK, the PUBLIC of [\*] little folks MUST NOT EXPECT TO HEAR [=expectorate into air-ear] ANY MORE ABOUT those dear little children, FROM ME. HEAVEN BLESS THEM, AND EVERYBODY ELSE, WHETHER GROWN PEOPLE OR CHILDREN! 7 [\*] THE WAYSIDE, CONCORD, ([\*] MASS.) / March 13, 1853 [=immediate universe of pastoral space and time; author's capitals].

(Hawthorne, from Tanglewood Tales; CE, VII [1972], 180-2)

B.3.c. A Literary Proofmark: The World's Last Rites.

1) MUM-YAWN:  $m/n/n > h/y'w_+$  [eye-pow k] .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. omnipresent mouth (=cryptic universe w. holy end-trail under nose).

Motive: "Under and Over, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['Biographical Stories / I (/ and End of Frame Story)':] WHEN Edward [\*\*] Temple was about eight or nine years old, he was [\*\*] AFFLICTED WITH A DISORDER [\*\*] OF THE EYES. It was so severe, and his sight was [\*\*] naturally so delicate, that the surgeon felt some apprehensions lest the boy should BECOME TOTALLY BLIND. He therefore gave [\*] STRICT DIRECTIONS TO KEEP HIM IN A DARKENED CHAMBER, with a bandage over his eyes. NOT A RAY OF THE BLESSED LIGHT OF HEAVEN COULD BE SUFFERED TO VISIT THE POOR LAD. [Cf. striking shrub and deserted mansion in veg. essay (suggestions of Platonic-Socratic hemlock as hem-locked).] / ....

"YES, MY DEAR BOY [=tongue to buoyant word in mouth]," said MR. TEMPLE [=high cranium]; for, though INVISIBLE to Edward, HE WAS STANDING CLOSE BESIDE HIM [i.e., as though author after death, next to reader]. "I will spend some HOURS OF EVERY DAY WITH YOU. And as I have often amused you by relating stories and adventures, while you had the use of your eyes, I CAN DO THE SAME, NOW THAT YOU ARE UNABLE TO READ. Will this please you, Edward [=Add-(er-)word].

"Oh, very much!" replied [=rep-tiled] Edward.

"[\*] Well then [=in the well]," said his father, "this EVENING WE WILL BEGIN the series of Biographical Stories, which I PROMISED you some time ago." [=Returning echoes, of the promises of Christ Savior to His Apostles, teaching in His Name.]

[/ And:] .... / It was NOW TIME for Edward to be left to repose. His brother George shook him HEARTILY BY THE HAND, AND HOPED, AS HE HAD HOPED TWENTY TIMES BEFORE, THAT TO-MORROW, OR THE NEXT DAY, Ned's eyes would be strong enough to LOOK THE [\*] SUN RIGHT IN THE FACE. [I.e., sun as Son of God.]

"Thank you, George," replied [rep-tiled] Edward, smiling: "but I am NOT HALF SO IMPATIENT AS AT FIRST. If my bodily eyesight were as good as yours, perhaps I could NOT SEE THINGS SO DISTINCTLY WITH MY MIND'S EYE. But, now there is a light WITHIN, which shows me the little Quaker artist, Ben West [=('w'-)bend of fame West, to America], and Isaac Newton with his wind-mill [= (w-)turn of mouth to sky], and stubborn Sam Johnson [=silent(-w) petitioner], and stout Noll Cromwell [=Providence(/W)-animated commoner-ape], and shrewd Ben Franklin [=penitent masonry-(')w(')izard], and little Queen Christina [=self-castigating (wom-)king], with the Swedes [weeds] at her feet. It seems as if I really saw these personages face to face. So I CAN BEAR the darkness outside of me, pretty well." [=Memo of privacy of petition --i.e., in relation to public's bafflement by literary texts, to God's perhaps not yet answering of life-needs (answering 'well').]

When Edward CEASED SPEAKING, Emily PUT UP HER MOUTH AND KISSED HIM, as her [\*] fareWELL for the [\*] NIGHT. [=Incipient harvesting of affective-visceral bounty, via feminine w-extensor(s) of orifice of ink-well (or, via Nathaniel as underl(y)ing Night-Yell, in Maw).]

"AH, I forgot!" said Edward, WITH A SIGH. "I CANNOT SEE any of your faces. What would it SIGNIFY to see all the famous people in the WORLD, if I must be blind to the FACES THAT I LOVE? [Note transfer of k-power.]

"YOU must try to see us WITH YOUR HEART, my dear child," said HIS MOTHER [=total turn-of-mouth, for redirection of feeling--sense of communion].

Edward went to bed, somewhat [\*\*] DISPIRITED, but quickly falling asleep, was visited with such A PLEASANT DREAM OF THE SUNSHINE [cf. the magnolia], AND OF HIS DEAREST FRIENDS, that he felt the happier for it, all the next day. AND WE HOPE TO FIND HIM



STILL HAPPY, WHEN WE MEET AGAIN. [I.e., Beyond.] / THE END.  
 [Author's final capitals.]

(Hawthorne, from True Stories; CE, VI [1972], 215, 217-18,  
 [and] 284)

ii) HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's<sub>+</sub> [eye-pow p/b]

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. obligatory, throat-held gift-shout  
 (=truncated neck).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['Grandfather's Chair / I(/and) XI':] GRANDFATHER had been sitting in his old ARMCHAIR, ALL THAT PLEASANT AFTERNOON, while the CHILDREN WERE PURSUING THEIR VARIOUS SPORTS, far off or near at hand. Sometimes you would have said, "Grandfather is asleep!" BUT STILL, EVEN WHEN HIS EYES WERE CLOSED, HIS THOUGHTS WERE WITH THE [\*] YOUNG PEOPLE PLAYING [\*] AMONG THE [\*] FLOWERS AND [\*] SHRUBBERY OF THE GARDEN. [=Memo of post-mortem Hawthorne, in America-sustaining action. Head assimilates to shrubbery.]

He heard the voice of Laurence ['a boy of twelve, a bright scholar, in whom an early thoughtfulness and sensibility began to show themselves'], who had taken POSSESSION OF A HEAP OF DECAYING BRANCHES, WHICH THE GARDENER HAD LOPPED OFF from the fruit trees, and was [\*] BUILDING A [\*] LITTLE HUT for his cousin Clara and himself [i.e., had picked up Hawthorne's device, of all-embracing signature, to continue as tradition.] He heard Clara's gladsome voice, too, as she [\*] weeded and watered the [\*] FLOWER-BED which had been given her for HER OWN [=memo of moralized LIP/LAP-WINK]. HE COULD HAVE COUNTED EVERY FOOTSTEP THAT CHARLEY TOOK, AS HE TRUNDLED HIS WHEELBARROW ALONG THE GRAVEL WALK [=memo of basic throat-to-tongue motor-labor of composition]. And though Grandfather was old and gray, YET HIS HEART LEAPED WITH JOY, WHENEVER [\*] LITTLE ALICE CAME FLUTTERING LIKE A BUTTERFLY INTO THE ROOM [=interior place of idea-inception; mouth]. She had made each of the children her PLAYMATE IN TURN [=memo of pliant oral imagination], and now made Grandfather her playmate TOO, and thought him the merriest of them all [=memo of oral-mannequin status of central storyteller].

At last the children GREW WEARY OF THEIR SPORTS, because a [\*] summer AFTERNOON is like a LONG LIFETIME to the young. So they CAME INTO THE ROOM TOGETHER, AND CLUSTERED ROUND Grandfather's chair [=poetic congregation, to help arouse interest in the (re)telling of stories for each new reader (or reading)]. [\*] Little Alice who was HARDLY five years old, TOOK THE PRIVILEGE of the youngest, and CLIMBED ON HIS KNEE. IT WAS A PLEASANT THING TO BEHOLD THAT FAIR AND GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD IN THE [\*] LAP OF THE OLD MAN, and to think that, different as they were [i.e., in age, in sex, etc.], the HEARTS OF BOTH could be gladdened with the same joys. [=Memo of

Hawthorne's generalized eroticism. Note values of LIP/LAP-WINK, returning to source in HIC-GOUGE.]

"Grandfather," said little Alice, laying her HEAD BACK UPON HIS ARM, "I am very tired now. You must tell me a story to make me go to SLEEP."

"That is not what story-tellers like," answered Grandfather, SMILING. "THEY ARE BETTER SATISFIED WHEN THEY CAN KEEP THEIR AUDITORS AWAKE." [i.e., perhaps alert to a wake, or perpetual vigil, for Hawthorne.] / ....

[/ And:] .... / Good old Grandfather now [\*;\*\*] ROSE AND QUITTED the room, while the children REMAINED GAZING AT THE CHAIR. Laurence, so vivid was his CONCEPTION OF PAST times, would HARDLY have deemed it strange, if its former [\*] OCCUPANTS, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, had resumed the seat which they had each left vacant, such a dim LENGTH OF YEARS ago. [Note qualities, here, of headless neck, open throat, regenerating--out of wooden, dead (he/haw!-) 'would.']

First, the gentle and lovely lady ARBELLA WOULD HAVE BEEN SEEN in the old chair, almost sinking out of its arms, for very weakness; ... ; ... ; .... Next WOULD HAVE APPEARED THE SUCCESSIVE GOVERNORS, WINTHROP, DUDLEY, BELLINGHAM, AND ENDICOTT [end cut], who sat in the chair, while it was a Chair of State. Then its AMPLE SEAT WOULD HAVE BEEN PRESSED BY THE COMFORTABLE, ROTUND CORPORATION OF THE HONEST MINT-MASTER. .... Lastly, ON THE GORGEOUS [\*\*] CRIMSON CUSHION OF GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR [=tongue-back] WOULD HAVE SHONE THE [\*] PURPLE AND GOLD [\*] MAGNIFICENCE OF SIR WILLIAM PHIPS [lips, spots, peeps--and haw (rose) hips, at lips].

BUT, ALL THESE, with the other historic personages, IN THE [\*] MIDST OF WHOM [as though in the midst of a garden] the chair had so often stood, HAD PASSED, BOTH IN SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW, FROM THE SCENE OF AGES. Yet here stood the chair [as a literary symbol], with the old Lincoln coat of arms, and the [\*] oaken flowers and foliage, and the fierce lion'S HEAD AT [\*\*] THE SUMMIT [sun spot], the whole, APPARENTLY, IN AS PERFECT PRESERVATION as when it had first been placed in the Earl of Lincoln'S HALL [halse, hawse (neck)]. And what vast changes of society and of nations HAD BEEN WROUGHT, BY SUDDEN CONVULSIONS OR BY SLOW DEGREES, since that era. [=Implicit act of turning, wringing of phenomena into a rose of adoration (and shawl).]

"This chair has STOOD FIRM when the thrones of kings were OVERTURNED [i.e., reshaped poetically by Hawthorne!]" thought Laurence. "Its [\*] OAKEN FRAME [literary outline] has PROVED STRONGER than many frames of government!"

More the THOUGHTFUL AND IMAGINATIVE BOY MIGHT HAVE MUSED; BUT now a large [\*] yellow cat, a great favorite with all the children LEAPED IN AT THE OPEN WINDOW [=suggestion of new poetic games, directed by receptive literary heirs--giving Hawthorne more lives]. PERCEIVING THAT GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR WAS EMPTY, AND HAVING OFTEN

BEFORE EXPERIENCED ITS [LIP/LAP-WINK WORLD (+)] COMFORTS, PUSS LAID HERSELF QUIETLY DOWN UPON THE CUSHION [=Cat's got your yel-tongue!]. Laurence, Clara, Charley, and little Alice, ALL [\*] LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF SUCH A SUCCESSOR TO THE WORTHIES OF OLD times [worthies inclusive of (un)worthy Hawthorne, of course--with Gift (Nathan-) of God (-ie)].

"PUSSY," said little Alice, PUTTING OUT her hand, into which the CAT [as submissive lion:Na...i...l] laid a [\*] VELVET PAW, "you LOOK VERY WISE. DO TELL US A STORY ABOUT GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR!" [I.e., about Hawthorne's jaws--under the Son-and-fire-moved Log(os) of his halloing and haloing name:mane (see again my motto for Chapter I); 'GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR' in capitals. Cf. 'wooly / blood-root' in vegetation essay--i.e., with 'velvet paw,' as delicate implier of lingual rebirth in L.]

(Hawthorne, True Stories; CE, VI [1972], 9-10[w.11],  
[and] 66-7)<sup>11</sup>

111) DART-STICK(S):  $r/l, d/t, \bar{d}/\theta > s'k:g'z_+$  [eye-pow  $\bar{y}$ ].

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. rising, skill-torn split-tongue (=branch-engrafter).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['A Wonder Book / Tanglewood Porch (/and) Bald Summit':]  
Beneath the porch of the [\*] country-seat CALLED TANGLEWOOD, one fine AUTUMNAL MORNING, WAS ASSEMBLED a merry party of little folks, with a TALL youth in the [\*] midst of them. [I.e., under porch of ear, with perched lips--for mourning, remembering, with tongue-long director to tune.] They had planned a [\*] nutting expedition, and were impatiently WAITING for the mists to roll up the [\*] hill-slopes, and for the [\*] SUN TO POUR THE WARMTH of the Indian Summer OVER the [\*] fields and [\*] pastures, and INTO THE NOOKS OF THE [\*] MANY-COLORED WOODS [i.e., to guide harvesting of lively values]. There was the PROSPECT OF AS FINE A DAY AS EVER GLADDENED THE [twin-twining] ASPECT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL AND COMFORTABLE WORLD. As yet, however [hew-over], the morning mist filled up THE WHOLE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE VALLEY [i.e., as though channel of mouth], ABOVE WHICH, ON A GENTLY SLOPING EMINENCE, THE [\*] MANSION STOOD [i.e., the place of the critic and host 'Mr. Pringle'].

This body of [\*] WHITE VAPOR [i.e., as though life-engendering but purified breadth-of-paper] EXTENDED TO WITHIN LESS THAN A HUNDRED YARDS OF THE HOUSE. It completely hid everything beyond that distance, EXCEPT A FEW RUDDY OR [\*;\*\*] YELLOW TREE-TOPS, WHICH HERE AND THERE EMERGED [as HIC-GOUGE], AND WERE [\*] GLORIFIED BY THE EARLY [\*] SUNSHINE, AS WAS LIKEWISE THE BROAD SURFACE OF THE MIST. .... On the WHOLE, THERE WAS SO MUCH CLOUD, and so little earth,

that it had the EFFECT OF A VISION. [=Emerging creation, and grandiloquent petition.]

The children above-mentioned, being as FULL OF LIFE AS THEY COULD HOLD, [\*\*] KEPT OVERFLOWING FROM THE PORCH OF TANGLEWOOD [i.e., high lobe], AND SCAMPERING ALONG THE GRAVEL-WALK, OR RUSHING ACROSS THE DEWY HERBAGE OF THE LAWN [w. rhythms of HIC-GOUGE, SIP-SQUISH, DART-STICKS, W-bound]. I CAN HARDLY TELL HOW MANY OF THESE SMALL PEOPLE THERE WERE .... I AM AFRAID TO TELL YOU THEIR NAMES, OR EVEN TO GIVE THEM ANY NAMES WHICH other children have ever been CALLED by; BECAUSE, to my certain knowledge, authors sometimes get themselves into great trouble by ACCIDENTALLY GIVING THE NAMES OF REAL PERSONS TO THE CHARACTERS IN THEIR BOOKS. FOR THIS REASON, I MEAN TO CALL THEM [\*] PRIMROSE, PERIWINKLE, [\*] SWEET FERN, [\*] DANDELION, [\*] BLUE EYE, CLOVER, [\*] HUCKLEBERRY, COWSLIP, SQUASH [\*] BLOSSOM, MILKWEED, PLANTAIN, AND BUTTER-CUP; although, to be sure, such TITLES might better SUIT a group of fairies than a company of earthly children. [=Memo that each name causes and weaves oral-dynamic texture of frame story. Cf. straying flower-border in vegetation essay. Note implications of edibility.] / ....

NOW Eustace [\*] Bright, you must KNOW, had WON great fame among the children as a narrator of WONDERFUL stories ['[h]e was a student at Williams College, and had reached, I think, at this period, the venerable age of eighteen years']; and though he sometimes PRETENDED TO BE ANNOYED, WHEN THEY TEAZED HIM FOR MORE AND MORE, AND ALWAYS FOR MORE, YET I REALLY DOUBT WHETHER HE LIKED ANYTHING QUITE SO WELL AS TO TELL THEM. You might have SEEN HIS EYES TWINKLE, therefore, WHEN CLOVER, [\*] SWEET Fern, COWSLIP, Butter-cup, and most of their playmates, besought him TO RELATE ONE of his stories, WHILE THEY WERE WAITING for the mist to clear up [i.e., for their world to take on design]. / ....

"[\*] WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL, Cousin Eustace!" cried all the children at once. "TALK NO MORE ABOUT your stories, BUT BEGIN [INK]!"

"Sit down, then, EVERY SOUL of you," said Eustace [\*] Bright, "and be all as still as so many mice. At the SLIGHTEST INTERRUPTION, WHETHER from great, naughty [\*] Primrose ['a bright girl of twelve, with laughing eyes, and a nose that turned up a little'], little Dandelion, or any other, I SHALL BITE THE STORY SHORT OFF BETWEEN MY TEETH, AND SWALLOW THE UNTOLD PART [=use of front and back grip upon tongue, to control points of narrative phrasing]. But, in the first place, do any of you KNOW WHAT a Gorgon is?"

"I do," said [\*] Primrose.

"THEN HOLD YOUR TONGUE!" REJOINED Eustace, who had rather she would have known nothing ABOUT THE MATTER. "HOLD ALL YOUR TONGUES [=combined cradle-and-chorus of snakes]; and I shall tell you a [\*] SWEET-PRETTY STORY OF A GORGON'S HEAD." [Regression to deep-powers of HIC-GOUGE suggested; lingual engrafting, enchantment, chaining.]

And so he did, as YOU MAY BEGIN TO READ ON THE NEXT [=pen-annexed] PAGE [=leaf]. WORKING UP HIS sophomorical erudition [=sophistics, or wit], WITH A GOOD DEAL OF FACT [=control over tongue], and INCURRING GREAT OBLIGATIONS to Professor Anthon, he, NEVERTHELESS, DISREGARDED ALL CLASSICAL AUTHORITIES, WHENEVER THE VAGRANT AUDACITY OF HIS IMAGINATION IMPELLED HIM TO DO SO. [=Memo on story as a binding up of fears, for symbolic public exposure-- i.e., of hums and haws beheaded and 'beheld' as one.]

(Hawthorne [continued, and subsequently identified in full, below])

iv) SIP-SQUISH:  $\frac{V}{s/z/z} > \frac{h/y:k'w}{+}$  [eye-pow r/l] .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. in-questing space between blades (=tongue-tip behind teething hedge).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up, Bounty!"

['A Wonder Book / ... (/...) Bald Summit':] ....

"Have we not an author for our next [\*] neighbor?" asked Primrose. "That SILENT MAN, WHO LIVES IN THE OLD RED HOUSE [=scarlet haw, as (s)crib-room], near Tanglewood avenue, and whom we sometimes meet with TWO CHILDREN at his side, in the woods or at the lake. I think I have heard of his having WRITTEN A POEM, OR A ROMANCE, OR A SCHOOL-HISTORY, OR SOME OTHER KIND OF BOOK."

"HUSH, PRIMROSE, HUSH!" EXCLAIMED EUSTACE, IN A THRILLING WHISPER, AND PUTTING HIS [twig:] FINGER ON HIS LIP. NOT A WORD ABOUT THAT MAN, EVEN ON A [\*] HILL-TOP! IF OUR BABBLE WERE TO REACH HIS EARS [i.e., even over the years], AND HAPPEN NOT TO PLEASE HIM, HE HAS BUT TO FLING A [\*] QUIRE OR TWO OF [his vegetated] PAPER [\*\*] INTO THE STOVE; AND YOU, [\*] PRIMROSE, AND I, AND PERIWINKLE, [\*] SWEET FERN, SQUASH [\*] BLOSSOM, [\*] BLUE EYE, [\*] HUCKLEBERRY, CLOVER, COWSLIP, PLANTAIN, MILKWEED, [\*] DANDELION, AND BUTTER-CUP-- YES, AND WISE MR. PRINGLE WITH HIS UNFAVORABLE CRITICISMS ON MY LEGENDS, AND POOR MRS. PRINGLE, TOO--WOULD [\*\*] ALL TURN TO SMOKE, AND GO WHISKING UP THE FUNNEL [his yawning nose]! OUR [\*] NEIGHBOR IN THE RED HOUSE [scarlet haw, maw] IS A HARMLESS SORT OF PERSON ENOUGH FOR AUGHT I KNOW, AS CONCERNS THE REST OF THE WORLD; BUT SOMETHING WHISPERS ME THAT HE HAS A TERRIBLE POWER OVER OURSELVES, [\*\*] EXTENDING TO NOTHING SHORT OF [\*\*] ANNIHILATION." [cf. aggressive flower-burning and extending of one-inch spines in veg. essay.]

"And would TANGLEWOOD TURN to smoke, as WELL AS WE?" asked PeriWINKle, quite appALLED at the threatened [\*] destruction. "And WHAT WOULD become of BEN AND BRUIN?" [=Brute-lips as guard-dogs (Bend-in and Below-lip-ruin)].

"TangleWOOD WOULD REMAIN," REPLIED [rep-tiled] THE STUDENT, LOOKING just as it does now, but [\*] occupied by an entirely [\*] different family. BEN AND BRUIN WOULD BE STILL ALIVE, AND WOULD MAKE THEMSELVES VERY COMFORTABLE WITH THE BONES from the dinner-TABLE, WITHOUT EVER THINKING OF [turning back to] THE GOOD TIMES WHICH THEY AND WE HAVE HAD TOGETHER!" [=Memo of brute-needs, in relation to insubstantial signature-creations.]

"WHAT nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed [\*] PRIMrose. [=Prim-lips, with pliant arched-tongue.]

With idle chat of this kind, the party had already begun to descend the [\*] hill, and were now WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE WOODS. [\*] PRIMROSE GATHERED SOME MOUNTAIN-LAUREL, THE LEAF OF WHICH, THOUGH OF LAST YEAR'S GROWTH, WAS STILL AS VERDANT AND ELASTIC AS IF THE FROST AND THAW [SIP-SQUISH] HAD NOT ALTERNATELY TRIED THEIR FORCE UPON ITS TEXTURE. OF THESE TWIGS OF LAUREL SHE TWINED A WREATH, AND TOOK OFF THE STUDENT'S CAP [=decapitation], IN ORDER TO PLACE IT ON HIS BROW [=coming of age; law/rite (E1's) of (Head-)passage].

"NOBODY else is likely to CROWN YOU FOR YOUR STORIES," OBSERVED [\*] SAUCY [\*] PRIMROSE. "SO TAKE THIS FROM ME!" [=Consounding of -sta(v)e/Bright and Prim(-)rose--via S-glyce of saucy:s-or(r)ies. Cf. sticky transports of mistletoe in veg. essay. Salivation for fame as salvation.]

"Do not be TOO SURE," answered Eustace, looking really like a [\*] YOUTHFUL poet, with the LAUREL [=haw-reel] among his glossy curls, "that I shall not WIN OTHER WREATHS BY [\*\*] THESE WONDERFUL AND ADMIRABLE [magniloquent] STORIES. .... / ....

(Hawthorne [continued, and identified in full, immediately below])

v) LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n:k'n<sub>+</sub> [eye-pow ↓] .

Stance: "Nathaniel Hawthorne" w. Heaven-bowing, knee-bending lips (=God's face-breaker).

Motive: "Under and Over Man, One Yell: Hic-Up Bounty!"

['A Wonder Book / ... (/...) Bald Summit':] ....

"POOR BOY!" said [\*] PRIMrose, HALF aside. "WHAT a disapPOINTment aWaits him!" [=Broken, split face of reality (two lips, w. buried tongue, R).]

Descending a little lower, BRUIN BEGAN TO BARK, and WAS ANSWERED BY THE GRAVER BOW-WOW OF THE RESPECTABLE BEN. They soon SAW THE GOOD [-iel] OLD DOG [=hedge servant], KEEPING CAREFUL WATCH over [\*] Dandelion, [\*] Sweet Fern, Cowslip, and Squash [\*] Blossom [=author's near-edible rights]. The little people, quite reCOVERED from their fatigue, had set about gathering [\*] CHECKerberries

[=checkerwork financial gleanings; spicy red fruit of wintergreen new poetic potencies], and now came clambering to meet their PLAY-FELLOWS. Thus re-united, the WHOLE PARTY WENT DOWN THROUGH LUTHER BUTLER'S ORCHARD, AND MADE THE BEST OF THEIR WAY HOME TO TANGLEWOOD. [=Descent into folds of mouth, folds of book, folds of thought on religious escort service--through a crown of thorn-woods, implicit and especial constraint, upon Hawthorne's sign-natural rituals of literature, as rehearsals for dying.] / THE END [author's capitals.]

(Hawthorne, A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales; CE, VII [1972], 5-6, 7, 8, [and] 169-70, [and] 171)

The trial application of the constructed scale to Hawthorne's frame narratives for children and to the pseudonymous nature essay (above) has not only served up rounds of maturing oral botany, with lively normative reflexes and goading inflections--but the chordal tree itself; or the hawthorn shrub which stands at the eccentric, the private poetic heart of Hawthorne's world of book-building as an oral-vegetal voice-logistic, at the heart of Hawthorne's Christ-conscious petition for life-and-death bounty, at the heart of his singular signature-claims to literary self-tempering, literary humanity-tempering--the iron ironic rod-measure, in short, of his individual American anthem (no matter the translation, whatever the variation): "Natal Gift, God's Yell: Heave to Fruit-full Shape, Tree of Thorns!" Or, in harmony with Hawthorne's close-contacts of form, format, and style--his "[consonant-]spines"--and in terms of five levels of reader mobility, the constructed scales serves to orient and to attune the reader: (3.a-c.i) to the "ponderous" (s)cryptic effulgence of "a native ... /called ... hawthorn /American"--"night/I" ('m...n...seed-t[H]rone-sky'); (3.a-c.ii) to "the rich /Haw /of /the common cockspur-thorn (Crataegus Crus Galli)"--"gorge[] crimson" ('KeY-Shape/diCtion-beHold'); (3.a-c.iii) to the challenge of "axe"--continuing,

"gap"-crossing motor-riddles, to "attract attention. In ... this shrub strikingly re[-]sembling /-river road ... trees /scarlet /two"--"sweet-pretty stor[ies]" ('singLe/tree-cut-t[W]ine'); (3.a-c.iv) to a "re[-] quire[d]" consounding "in all the essentials /with /fencing ... equals /suffered ... at the entrance /-- /covered with a profusion of white []soms"--"Hush!/annihilation" ('[you...eaSe]-Harm-crown'); and (3.a-c.v) to the conjoint hope-in-"Heaven"-and-fear-"Magnolia" that "The spines ... more than an inch long ... an almost impregnable barrier /spring ... /take[] two []ears to vegetate /... blossom /..., in the fall ... fruit never fails"--"home to []angle[-]wood" ('box/Hope-me/pine-Peg/Poet['s: sons':(S)]un[-Log]'). Such, then, are the tried and holding powers of Life!, of the signature-voice of the children's Hawthorne, in its ongoing, oral private petition.

### C. Conclusion: The Scale of Consonant-Figures and the Principles of Its Application.

In the foregoing, developmental part of this, the second chapter of the thesis, specific aspects of Richard Paget's theory of consonant sounds, as presented in his Human Speech, have been applied to Hawthorne's text of actual literary signatures and have served to mediate the construction of an oral-ideal tool. By means of that oral-ideal tool, a scale of consonant-figures with oral-tags, the name-constrained petitional qualities of Hawthorne's writings for children could be, and were, systematically assessed. The power of the scale, to orient and to attune the reader, to the oral self-fulfillment of Hawthorne's name



within auxiliary-literary texts with strongly traditional contexts, suggests that the constructed tool may be integrally, or universally, assessed as Hawthorne's very own self-extending charm-over-words, or as his own life-wisdom-alive book-stave, or as his and the reader's "(Key to:) Literary rites as rights of passage!"

As universal key to literary rites of passage, the chant-scale of Hawthorne's serpent master-symbol (see again I.C and II.B.1, closing) suggests the principles by means of which Hawthorne's works may be brought into a concordance by the reader, for purposes of assessing the higher literary qualifications of Hawthorne's signature-voice, as heart-demand for public and evident recognition and praise, for Providential and real life-and-death blessings. Those key principles, to operate at each step of the consonant-scale, may be derived (from the chapter proofs--for further development) as follows: (II.B.2;3.a-c.i--III.B.1-5.a) step-classification of works, chiefly through literal rhymes within their titles (or names), as fair tallies (cf. fairy tales) of signature-voice effulgence; (II.B.2;3.a-c.ii--III.B.1-5.b) class-representative exposition of the fabling organ, as deep-oral inflection of the master singing; (II.B.2;3.a-c.iii--III.B.1-5.c) class-representative location of the parabolic breach-point, for dialogue, as high-power reflex of agent-branches counterchanting; (II.B.2;3.a-c.iv--III.B.1-5.d) class-representative apprehension of the consounding setting, for allegorical recollective, as all-round influx of the world hymning; and (II.B.2;3.a-c.v--III.B.1-5.e) class-representative revelation of the heuristic imperative, as a mythic apotheosis over disjointed signature-

relics. The assessment of the higher literary qualities of Hawthorne's discourse on his providence of poetic name would proceed out of the concordance of representative passages--passages representative at once of qualities of scale and of fiction (short, long, and unfinished) by Hawthorne, intended as reading for adults.<sup>12</sup>

In short, the mediatory application of Paget's theory of consonant sounds to Hawthorne's auxiliary text of actual literary signatures has helped to develop a tool, by means of which the presence and the power of the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne may now be studied in Hawthorne's literary works.

CHAPTER II: END NOTES.

<sup>1</sup>Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Three Golden Apples," A Wonder Book (1851), in Vol. 7 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, ed. W. Charvat et al., 96.

<sup>2</sup>Nathaniel Hawthorne, text of actual literary signatures: "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "Rev. Ashley Allen Royce," "M. Theodore de l'Aubépine," and "Oberon." For discussion of abridged selection, see again my I. End Notes.18.

<sup>3</sup>Richard Paget, Human Speech (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1930; rpt. 1963): "a brief résumé of ... symbolism ... in the case of the ... consonants," pp. 154-56, adapted, or with supplementary information or commentary adjoined or interpolated, from: Fig. 21 and Fig. 92, or mouth-sections showing organs and showing positions of closure for consonants, p. 35 and p. 136 (adapted with modified labels as one figure, or as II.B.Figure); Fig. 81, or oral-positions table for "Classification of the Consonants," p. 115; "The Vocal Organs and Their Function," p. 35; "Nasal Resonance and Vowel Production," pp. 215-19, and "Gestural Limitations and Conventions," p. 160; "The Tongue Track [for the consonants]," p. 136; "Linguistic Change," pp. 190-91, with "Relation Between Different Language Groups and Classification of Gestures," pp. 172-73; "Vowel and Consonant Symbolism," par. 2, p. 154; "Observations and Experiments on the Consonants," par. 2, p. 99, along with "Resonances of a Rubber Tube" (incl. Fig. 77), p. 112 (w. p. 110), and "Audible Range of the Voiced and Unvoiced Consonants," p. 123 (with the adapting guided by extra-textual ref. to: Daniel Jones, An Outline of English Phonetics, 6th ed. [New York: Dutton, 1940]; Paul W. Carhart and John S. Kenyon, "A Guide to Pronunciation," in Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition Unabridged [Springfield, Mass.: Merriam, 1934-1949], pp. xxii-lxxviii; Edward Artin, "Guide to Pronunciation," in Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language Unabridged [Springfield, Mass.: Merriam, 1961-1971], pp. 33a-46a [also p. 32a]; H. A. Gleason, An Introduction to Descriptive Linguistics, rev. ed. [New York: Holt, 1961], esp. Chapters 2, 3, 15, 16, 17, 19; Peter B. Denes and Elliot N. Pinson, The Speech Chain: The Physics and Biology of Spoken Language [Garden City, N. Y.: Anchor-Doubleday, 1973]; Arthur Lessac, The Use and Training of the Human Voice: A Practical Approach to Speech and Voice Dynamics, 2nd ed. [New York: DBS Publications, 1967]); --subsequent bibliogr. citations of Paget's study, source-text and other portions, occur between quotation marks or parenthetically within my text.

<sup>4</sup>My constructive re-voicing of Hawthorne's text of signatures has been guided by a philosophy of destructive word-play not out of harmony either with Paget's remarks on poetic fancy (quoted in my text, Part B)

or with serious considerations of Hawthorne's intellectual milieu (approached in my Chapter IV, suggested in my note 7, below); and it has been guided by specific information on graphemic, phonetic, lexical, etymologic, and cultural features of that text (author-private, standard, and associative-inferential). An authoritative voice (a) for my philosophy of word-play (with statement) and the linguistic references (b-e) for the specific information (which I estimate as commonplace in scholarship and apply without further citation of sources in the present chapter) may be listed here as follows: (a) Michel Foucault, The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences (1966), tr. Random Hse. (New York: Pantheon, 1979) (esp. statement: "The idea that, when we destroy words, what is left is neither mere noise nor arbitrary, pure elements, but other words, which when pulverized in turn, will set free still other words--this idea, is at once the negative of all the modern sciences of language and the myth in which we now transcribe the most obscure and the most real powers of language. It is probably because it is arbitrary, and because one can define the conditions upon which it attains its power of signification, that language can become the object of a science. But it is because it has never ceased to speak within itself, because it is penetrated as far as we can reach within it by inexhaustible values, that we can speak within it in that endless murmur in which literature is born."--from "Speaking," p. 103 [cf. my I.End Notes.9(d)]); (b) Edward C. Sampson, "The 'W' in Hawthorne's Name," Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. 100, No. 4 (Oct. 1964), 297-99 (see again my I.End Notes.11[b]) (with: Daniel K. Dodge, "Puritan Names" [incl. "Nathaniel," a New Testament name], New England Quarterly, Vol. 1, No. 4 [Oct. 1928], 467-75; Henry Barber, British Family Names: Their Origin and Meaning [London: Elliot Stock, 1894]; Frederick G. Dickason, "Two Centuries of American Tree-Names" [incl. "hawthorn" and "white thorn"], American Speech, Vol. 6, No. 6 [Aug. 1931], 411-24; Amos Eaton, "Crataegus," in A Manual of Botany, for the Northern and Middle States of America [Albany: Websters and Skinners, 1824], pp. 275 ff.; Maria Leach [et al], "[H]aw," "[H]awthorn," "[H]ay ... or [H]ey" [assoc. serpentine figures in country dances, Biblical legends, magical growth and protection], in Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend, 2 vols., ed. M. Leach [New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1949-50]; Joseph G. Fucilla, "Botanical Names[:] Shrubs," in Our Italian Surnames [Evanston, Ill.: Chandler's, 1929], pp. 92-93; and M. A. DeWolfe Howe, "The Tale of Tanglewood" [the place named in accord w. Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales; "Tanglewood" Hawthorne's coined word], The Yale Review, Vol. 32 [1942-43], 323-36); (c) James L. Barker, "End Consonants and Breath-Control in French and English" and "An Explanation of the Differences in Length and Voicing of Consonants in French and English," Modern Philology, Vol. 14, No. 7 (Nov. 1919), 93-102, and Vol. 26, No. 3 (Feb. 1929), 339-51, and "Beginning-Consonants and Breath-Control in French and English," Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. 49 (1934), 1166-81 (with: Morris A. Springer, Le Français pour debutantes [Lexington, Mass." Xerox, 1972]; E. Arnoult, Pronouncing Reading Book of the French Language, ... [for] the American Student [Boston: Hickling, 1857]; Boyer's French

Dictionary [Boston: Mussey, 1844]; and Charles A. Hughes, French Phrase Book and Dictionary [for Travelers] [New York: Grosset, 1971]; but also, Leo Spitzer, "The Style of Diderot" [1713-1784; "speaking voice: / mobility / ('grounded') in the erotic Erlebnis"] and "Linguistic Perspectivism in the Don Quijote," [1605, 1615; "polyonomasic (and polyetymologia)," with "the novelist ... assum(ing) a near-divine power in his mastery of the material"], in Linguistics and Literary History: Essays in Stylistics [Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1948; rpt. 1970], pp. 135-91 and pp. 41-85; and Ruth R. Ginsburg and Robert J. Nassi, "Spanish Pronunciation," in Speaking Spanish: An Introductory Course [Boston: Allyn and Bacon, 1959], pp. 229-31); (d) Henry C. Lidell and Robert Scott, A Greek-English Lexicon, rev. Sir. Henry S. Jones, w. Supplement, ed. E. A. Barber (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1940, 1968) (with: Alston H. Chase and Henry Phillips, A New Introduction to Greek, 3rd ed. rev. [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1961; rpt. 1974]; J. E. King and C. Cookson, The Principles of Sound and Inflexion as Illustrated in the Greek and Latin Languages [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888]; Alfred Marshall, tr., The Interlinear Greek-English New Testament, The Nestle Text with a Literal Engl. Transl., ... also a marginal text of The Authorized Version of King James, 2nd ed. [Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan, 1958, 1975; rpt. 1976]); (e) Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition Unabridged (Springfield, Mass.: Merriam, 1934-49) and Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language Unabridged (Springfield, Mass.: Merriam, 1961-1971) (with: The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary, 2 vols. [Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1971; rpt. 1973]; Samuel Johnson, A Dictionary of the English Language, in two vols., ed. [Henry J.] Todd et al. [Heidelberg: Engelmann, 1828]; Noah Webster, American Dictionary of the English Language, Abr. from the Quarto Ed., w. Walker's Key to the Classical Pronun. of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names, rev. ed., w. append. [New York: White and Sheffield, 1842]; Walter W. Skeat, A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1882; new impr. 1951]; Ernst Fraenkel, Litauisches etymologisches Wörterbuch, Indogermanisches Bibliothek [Heidelberg: Winter, 1955-64]; The New Cassell's German Dictionary: German-English; English-German, ed. Karl Breul, re-ed. Harold T. Betteridge [New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1958]; and Harold von Hofe, "Synopsis of Grammar" and "Pronunciation," in Der Anfang: Understanding and Using German [New York: Holt, 1958], pp. 243-63 and pp. 265-67).

<sup>5</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, auxiliary texts: Notes on Visit with Bridge and on Mr. Schaeffer, July 1837, in The American Notebooks, Vol. 8 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 33-34, 45-46, 47-49, 57-58; Notes on Eating and Drinking Habits of Travellers at Stockbridge and Hartford, Sept. 1838, in The American Notebooks, Vol. 8 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 151; Note on Cities Built to Sound of Music, July 4, 1839, in The American Notebooks, Vol. 8 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 183; Notes on Julian Hawthorne (Age Five), Aug. 10-11, 1851, in The American Notebooks, Vol. 8 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 471-72, 473; Note on

Woman Singer in Hanover Street, London, Oct. 1855, in ... English Note-Books, II, or Vol. 8 (1883; 1886) of the Riverside Edition, ed. George P. Lathrop, 158-9; Notes on Names Carved in Westminster Abbey, London, Oct. 1855, in ... English Note-Books, II, or Vol. 8 (1883; 1886) of the Riverside Edition, ed. George P. Lathrop, 159-60; Notes on the Inn at Passignano, Florence, June 1858, in The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 (1980) of The Centenary Edition, 265-66; Notes on Evening at Hiram Powers', Florence, July 28, 1858, in The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 (1980) of The Centenary Edition, 377-79; Notes on the Séances of Mrs. Powers, Florence, Sept. 1858, in The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 (1980) of The Centenary Edition, 415-17; Notes on William W. Story, Siena, Oct. 4, 1858, in The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 (1980) of The Centenary Edition, 447-48; Note on the Rocher des Doms, Avignon, June 6, 1859, in The French and Italian Notebooks, Vol. 14 (1980) of The Centenary Edition, 541. Subsequent bibliogr. references to the auxiliary texts occur parenthetically within the text of my Section II.B.1. (Yet other auxiliary texts by Hawthorne are quoted and/or identified in my notes 8-10, below.)

<sup>6</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, "revolution[ary]" adaptations for children of (a) Classical mythology, (b) world biography, and (c) American history (frame story), or: (a) a sampling, respectful of narrative long-form, of textual expanses from all twelve retellings of selected myths in A Wonder Book (1851) and Tanglewood Tales (1853), in Vol. 2 of Writings for Children, or Vol. 7 (1972) of The Centenary Edition; (b) a sampling, respectful of narrative long-form, of textual expanses from three of the six retellings of world lives, "Sir Isaac Newton," "Samuel Johnson," and "Queen Christina," in Biographical Stories for Children (1842), True Stories from History and Biography (1851), in Vol. 1 of Writings for Children, or Vol. 6 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 231-37, 239-44 and 245-48, and 275-83; and (c) a sampling, respectful of narrative long-form, of textual expanses from the three frame narratives for children, or the frame narrative for the two mythologies, A Wonder Book (1851) and Tanglewood Tales (1853), the frame narrative for the volume of world biography, Biographical Stories for Children (1842, 1851), and the frame narrative for the three sequels of adaptations from American history, Grandfather's Chair (1841), Famous Old People (1841), and Liberty Tree (1841), or for The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair (1851), True Stories from History and Biography (1851), all in Vols. 1 and 2 of Writings for Children, or Vols. 6 and 7 (1972 and 1972) of The Centenary Edition. The appeal to revolutionary form is Hawthorne's, in connection with (as Roy Harvey Pearce has commented) "[t]he idea of a 'book for the young' [which] evidently originated in conversations between Hawthorne and Longfellow in 1838," and which had its most genuine result in Hawthorne's A Wonder Book (1851): ".... Possibly we may make a great hit, and entirely revolutionize the whole system of juvenile literature. I wish you would shape out your plan distinctly, and write me about it. ...." (from Pearce, commenting on and quoting from Hawthorne's communications with Horace Mann [1849] and with Longfellow [1838], in "Historical Introduction: True Stories, A Wonder Book,

Tanglewood Tales, "Vol. 6 [1972] of The Centenary Edition, 297-98, w. 296). The special qualities of Hawthorne's "re-working of his source material" for the Perseus story, for instance (or for "The Gorgon's Head" [CE, VII:10-34]--sampled and signature-read in the present study in Subsection II.B.2.c as example ii), include: the use of a frame "narrator [who] is doing something that he likes[--]telling a story to a group of children with whom he is relaxed, and whose demands on the speaker are direct and definable [(so that h]is tone ... is informal, even colloquial, and his imagination embellishes the framework of his story freely, but without complication or tediousness[])"; the further "realizing ... [of] dramatic possibilities," or the giving ... [of] form and vitality" through reliance "upon movement, talk, and incident[, even more ... upon suspense"; and the "elaboration of detail and ... use of humour," with the "elaboration ['occasionally' becoming] ... merely fanciful--a weakness ... never overc[ome] entirely [by Hawthorne, and], perhaps, ... the price ... paid for a similar kind of elaboration which adds a symbolic dimension to whatever it touches" (from Hugo McPherson, discussing Hawthorne's re-use of materials from Charles Anthon's A Classical Dictionary, 4th ed. [New York: Harper, 1848]--in Hawthorne as Myth-Maker: A Study in Imagination [Canada: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1969], pp. 51-54). Subsequent bibliogr. references to Hawthorne's texts for children occur parenthetically within the text of my Sections II.B.2 and II.B.3; and the identification of passages quoted in II.B.2-3 from Hawthorne's prefaces to those texts (in II.B.3 as "The Master's Frame") occurs parenthetically or in brackets within the text of the same two Sections.

<sup>7</sup>"Article[] XII. Vegetation about Salem, Mass.--AN ENGLISH RESIDENT," in Aesthetic Papers, ed. Elizabeth P. Peabody (Boston, and New York: The Editor, and G. P. Putnam, 1849), in facsimile reproduction, with an introduction by Joseph Jones (Gainesville, Fla.: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, 1957), p. v and pp. 224-45. Regarding authorship, J. Jones (1957) remarks: "The 'English Resident' of Salem is said to have been Thomas Spencer of London (b. 1792), who lived in Salem 1815-1839, returning to England to take possession of an inherited estate" ("Introduction," p. viii). As article twelve in the collection, the essay immediately follows--and as though mocks and elaborates upon--Elizabeth Peabody's own essay "Article[] XI. Language.--THE EDITOR," p. v and pp. 214-24. In her article, Elizabeth takes issue with Horace Bushnell's God in Christ (1849), or with his ultimate appeal to convention on questions of form and meaning in language; she advocates Charles Kraitsir's The Significance of the Alphabet (1837[? 1846?]), or his articulatory philology in "the investigation of truth," or the "pre-established law connecting the mind and outward nature with each other" which in Biblical parable gave Adam the power "to name" the "creatures" properly (Peabody, p. 215); and she appeals to J. G. Herder's Vom Geist der Hebraischen Poesie (1782), or to his ideals of comparative lexicology, epistemologically based on audio-phonetic ultimate constituents of language, and "Oriental[ly]" rooted in botanical, or garden, metaphor (Peabody on/from Herder, p. 222). (See my I.End Notes.12 for an excerpt

from Kraitsir's Glossology [1852]; see R. H. Robins, A Short History of Linguistics [Bloomington and London: Indiana Univ. Press, 1968], pp. 151-53, for a discussion of Herder's theorizations on language origins [".... He assumed that hearing was the sense whose data were first isolated and named ... ('by a vocal symbol'), and the lamb was hailed as 'the bleeter' ('Ha! Du bist das Blöckende!' [1772, 1891]). ...."--Robins, p. 152]; see John B. Wilson, "Grimm's Law and the Brahmins," The New England Quarterly, Vol. 38, No. 2 [June 1965], 234-39, for further discussion of E. Peabody's relationship to Herder, to Jakob Grimm ["Grimm's law" of Teutonic consonant-shift, 1822 (see my I.End Notes.9[f])], and to Charles Kraitsir.) As a possible pseudonymous piece by Hawthorne, the "Vegetation" essay would occur as a second (coy) contribution to the collection of "papers"; "N. HAWTHORNE, Esq." is already represented by "Article[] VIII. Main-street" (p. v and pp. 145-74). As coy journalism, it may well function satirically, or as a private turn on the floral word turning tour de force, and high-literary remark at once on Herder's environmentalist-nationalist theories of the development of languages and literatures, on Hawthorne's own keen sense of his Anglo-American family history, and on his very love of lexical puzzles in the maintenance of (à la Randall Stewart) "sub-rosa" social connections. (On the sub-rosa puzzles, see: Randall Stewart, Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Biography [New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1948], p. 22-23; Elizabeth Manning, "The Boyhood of Hawthorne," in Wide Awake: An Illustrated Magazine, November 1891, eds. Charles S. Pratt and Ella F. Pratt [Boston: D. Lathrop, 1891], p. 515; and, again, my I.End Notes.11 [b], or the testimony of Horatio Bridge. See also "sub rosa" as discussed under "[R]ose" by John W. Hazen, in Leach [1949-50]; cf. Hawthorne's remarks on England's historical Roses, in Our Old Home (1863), Vol. 5 of The Centenary Edition, 184, 254[-55], and other pages.) The especial value of the essay lies in its strong, heraldic characterization of an "American hawthorn" (p. 228), less passive, more colorful than Hawthorne's usual direct reference to the shrub in his auxiliary writings (e.g., Our Old Home, CE, V:52,200)--with direct reference as though magically tabu in the literary texts proper. Also, the essay links Hawthorne as name-turner with the tradition of English Christ-confessional literary gardens, addressing themselves to the Neoplatonic Christ Sun:Son pun-standard of formal and moral temperance (e.g., Sidney, Milton, Tennyson--see my IV.End Notes.12), (Note also: Donald R. Eidson, "The Sun as Symbol and Type of Christ in English Non-Dramatic Poetry from The Anglo-Saxon Period Through the Victorian Period," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 30, No. 10 [April 1970], 4407A-8A [Univ. of Missouri]; Norma W. Hudson, "Shakespeare and Hawthorne: A Comparative Study of Imagery," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 39, No. 3 [Sept. 1978], 1568A-69A [Univ. of Tulsa]; and Robert L. Brant "Hawthorne and Marvell" [on "Gules"--ending of The Scarlet Letter], American Literature, Vol. 30 [March 1958-Jan. 1959], 366.) Finally, the essay as botanical-lexical habitat of mind reinforces Hawthorne's connection with the notion of an oral-germinal verbal art, in which the mouth is transforming cause/criterion/meaning of a complete poetic world--reinforces the notion of an oral-germinal verbal-minding/scaling as the



heart of his technique of adaptation for children and of art beyond. And Elizabeth Peabody's possible influence, here, cannot be altogether discounted (see Roy Harvey Pearce, "Historical Introduction: True Stories, A Wonder Book, Tanglewood Tales," CE, VI:290-95--noting especially [293] Elizabeth's role as first-publisher, in 1842, of Hawthorne's three-sequel American Grandfather stories). Subsequent bibliogr. references to "Vegetation about Salem, Mass." occur parenthetically within the text of my Section II.B.3.

<sup>8</sup>More, from The American Notebooks (April 8, 1843), on Hawthorne's flight into multilingual life: "After journalizing yesterday afternoon, I went out and sawed and split wood, till supper-time; then studied German, (translating Lenore [by G. A. Bürger, 1747-1799],) with an occasional glance at a beautiful sunset, which I could not enjoy sufficiently, by myself, to induce me to lay aside the book. After lamp-light, finished Lenore, and drowsed over Voltaire's *Candide*, occasionally refreshing myself with a tune from Mr. Thoreau's musical-box, which he had left in my keeping. The evening was but a dull one. How much more essential than lamp-light or fire-light is the presence of my brightest little wife! .... After my encounter with Gaffer [Flint] [the afternoon of the next day], I returned to our lonely old abbey, opened the door with no such heart-spring as if I were to be welcomed by my wife's loving smile, ascended to my study, and began to read a tale of Tieck [1773-1853]. Slow work, and dull work too! Anon, Molly rang the bell for dinner--a sumptuous banquet of stewed veal and macaroni, to which I sat down in solitary state. My appetite served me sufficiently to eat with, but not for enjoyment; nothing has a zest, in my present widowed state. ...." (CE, VIII [1970], 369-71; Claude M. Simpson, ed., comments as follows, in Explanatory Note 369.32, on 647: "Early in his friendship with the Peabody sisters NH was encouraged to join them in learning German, and he asked Longfellows' help in procuring a dictionary [NH to HWL, March 21, 1838, Harvard]. His resolution quickly flagged ... and he never became proficient. His struggles with Bürger's "Lenore" and a Tieck tale [notebook entries of April 9-11] were probably affectionate tributes to S[ophia] H[awthorne] during her absence from Concord.")

<sup>9</sup>For an early horse's-mouth portrait of Hawthorne's craft-mastery, see ahead to my IV.B.2, second passage cited (see my IV.End Notes.6 for full identification of source).

<sup>10</sup>For literary echoes of the botanical inmates of the "Vegetation" essay, see ahead (to my III.A-C) as follows: "wood-wax" (III.B.3.a[d-13]); "yellow" and "scarlet" values (III.B.3.a[1-07], [1-08]--etc.; III.C[Milton]); "elm" as standard (III.B.2.d.four and in other passages), "vegetable boa constrictor" (cf. III.A['a'--three], III.B.5.d.four [and see again my I.End Notes.17(a,iii)]); "black nightshade" (cf. III.B.3.b.three); "magnolia" with "vase" (III.B.4.c.four-five). An auxiliary echo of the (steps ii/iii) "haunt[ing] ... squirrel" may here be followed up in full; the passage, from The American Notebooks (Monday, October

18th, 1841, to Friday, October 22nd, 1841) reads as follows: ". . . . / In the village grave-yard, which lies contiguous to the street, I saw a man digging a grave [cf. Haw! as throat/crypt]; and one inhabitant after another turned aside from the street to look into the grave, and talk with the digger. I heard him laugh, with the hereditary mirthfulness of men of that occupation. / In a hollow of the woods, yesterday afternoon, I lay a long while watching a squirrel, who was capering about among the trees (oaks and white-pines, so close together that their branches intermingled) over my head. The squirrel seemed not to approve of my presence; for he frequently uttered a sharp, quick, angry noise, like that of a scissor-grinder's wheel. Sometimes I could see him sitting on an impending bough, with his tail over his back, looking down pryingly upon me; it seems to be a natural posture with him to sit on his hind legs, holding his fore-paws. Anon, with a peculiarly quick start, he would scamper along the branch, and be lost to sight in another part of the tree, whence his shrill chatter would again be heard. Then I would see him rapidly descending the trunk, and running along the ground; and a moment afterwards, casting my eyes upward, I beheld him flitting like a bird among the high interweaving branches, at the summits of the trees, directly over my head. Afterawhile, he apparently became accustomed to my presence, and set about some business of his. He descended the trunk of a tree to the ground, **TOOK UP A PIECE OF A DECAYED BOUGH OF A TREE, (A GREAT BURTHEN FOR SUCH A SMALL PERSONAGE) AND, WITH THIS IN HIS MOUTH, AGAIN CLIMBED THE TREE, AND PASSED FROM THE BRANCHES OF THAT TO THOSE OF ANOTHER, AND THUS ONWARD AND ONWARD, TILL HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT** [capitals mine]. Shortly afterwards he returned for another burthen; and this he repeated several times. I suppose he was building a nest--at least, I know not what else could have been his object. Never was there such an active, cheerful, choleric, continually-in-motion fellow, as **THIS LITTLE RED SQUIRREL--TALKING TO HIMSELF, CHATTERING AT ME,** and as sociable in his own person as if he had half a dozen companions, instead of being alone in the lonesome wood. Indeed, he flitted about so quickly, and showed himself in different places so suddenly, that I was in some doubt whether there were not two or three of him. / I must mention again the very beautiful effect produced by the masses of blueberry (or whortle-berry) lying like **SCARLET ISLANDS IN THE MIDST OF WITHERED PASTURE-GROUND, OR CROWNING THE TOPS OF BARREN HILLS.** Their hue, at a distance, is a **LUSTROUS SCARLET;** although it does not look nearly so bright and beautiful, when examined close at hand. But, at a proper distance, it is **A BEAUTIFUL FRINGE ON AUTUMN'S PETTICOAT** ['Autumn's'--with initial capital]. / . . . . / . . . . / A continual succession of unpleasant Novembry days; and Autumn has made rapid progress in the work of decay. It is now somewhat of a rare good fortune to find a verdant grassy spot, on some slope, or in a hollow [cf. Haw! as throat/cavity]; and even such seldom seen oases are bestrewn with dried brown leaves;--which, however, methinks, make the short fresh grass look greener around them. Dry leaves are now plentiful everywhere, save where there are none but pine-trees; they rustle beneath the tread--and there is nothing more autumnal than that sound. . . ." (CE, VIII [1970], 219-20; for more mouth-like hollows with organ- and gland-

functions--see 15-16 ["boring for water, ... strike ... salt-spring" / "man's head ... cut off ..., men's heads ... drop off"], 161 ["sunny spots of woodland, boys in search of nuts .... ... laughter and joyous voices,-- ... elastic and gladsome .... Heaps of dry leaves, tossed together by the wind, as if for a couch and lounging-place for the weary traveller, while the sun is warming it for him"], 185 ["A ground sparrow's nest in the slope of a bank ... and open wide mouths for food,-- ... broad gape. ... another egg, ... a coffin, ... the quiet, death-like form of the little bird"], 228 ["on his way from the beach to his mistress's residence; ... found dead in a cavity between the rocks"].)

<sup>11</sup> Relevant to the super-jaws fantasy of the chair, as oro-tectonic rose-calyx with zoo-dynamic interior yell! process (haw as multi-szyzygial hip), are the following scholarly comments by Grace Farrell Lee, on her own study of the grotesque (1973, 1980)--comments followed up, in turn, with grotesque-reinforcing additional remarks by Hawthorne, on the chair itself (1841, 1851) and on his own chair-hued physiognomy (1862). The comments by Grace Farrell Lee, from "The Grotesque: A Demonic Tradition," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 40, No. 7 (Jan. 1980), 4012A (Brown Univ.): "The grotesque in both art and literature has yet to be adequately defined. In contemporary usage, the word, divorced from its sixteenth century roots, has become a catch-all ranging from the terrifyingly comic to the ludicrously depraved. In literary criticism it is used in conjunction with caricature, tragi-comedy, and gothic, or to describe bizarre or deformed characters. / The word derives from grotta, cave. It refers to sixteenth century Roman excavations in which first century ornamental paintings were discovered. The ancient murals, imitated by early Renaissance painters, reveal fantastic images, half human, half bestial, emerging from unfurled leaves atop delicate flower stems. Decorative lines are full of an incongruous mix of figures which defy the laws of balance and physics and intermingle categories of being. / Because the grotesques are not imitative of a classically oriented reality, critics have consistently defined them as distorted and deformed, as monstrous fantasies without relation to the 'real.' But the norms of verisimilitude are inadequate to any analysis of this art. Grotesques are not abortive imitations of a rational world view. Rather, they subvert the very notion that reality is an objective construct, predictable and understandable. The grotesque annihilates logic and order, presenting the world as filtered through a dream, a sequence of surreal images in which form flows into form as boundaries dissolve and hallucinatory creatures come into being. It is a dream-vision which pierces the facade of order and reason, of normality and certitude, questioning the existence of the empirical world, and suggesting the possibility that what man has been taught to see as real is only an illusion, useful in staying the forces of chaos, but counterfeited. / [My] Chapter one analyzes two interrelated problems which have led to contemporary notions of the grotesque: semantic confusions with adjectival synonyms and, more importantly, the identification of the grotesque with the Gothic gargoyle. This identification is the root of confusion of the grotesque with deformity, ugliness, caricature, and

tragi-comedy. The two are distinguished in both art and literature in terms of form and philosophy; fundamentally the Gothic is an agent of order, while the grotesque is a principle of chaos. / [My] Chapter two further delineates the grotesque by differentiating it from caricature and tragi-comedy. It also analyzes the misconceptions involved in confusing the grotesque with distortion. / [My] Chapter three discusses the grotesque as a demonic principle of chaos which infiltrates the created world, disregarding all forms and distinctions of order, blending man and beast, flower and machine, infusing designs with movement and life, and defying all laws of reason. In I. B. Singer [late 20th cent.], where community has religious significance as a microcosm of Divine order, the grotesque, as a potential destroyer of that community, embodies evil and corruption. The grotesque manifests itself in Singer's devils and dybbuks, ever lurking on the periphery of the unseen world, tempting man to destruction and in his landscapes, which are suffused with the chthonic powers of storm. / [My] Chapter four discussed the demonism of the grotesque as a positive, subversive force which exposes the created order of society as fraudulent. In The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn [M. Twain, 1884] chaos, imaged in the fluidity of the river and in the free play of the imagination not restrained by convention, is a force which destructures a bogus reality. / [My] Chapter five discusses the demonism of silence, the final victory of the grotesque over the created order. In Beckett's Endgame [1958], the process of creation is reversed, incoherence itself is dramatized, and every allusion which permeates the language of the play is transformed into rubbish thrown into a trashcan abyss, there to mock the human-debris in its search for meaning." The additional remarks by Hawthorne on the chair itself, from Grandfather's Chair (1841, 1851), in Vol. 6 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 19: "Now the chair, in which Grandfather sat, was made of oak, which had grown dark with age, but had been rubbed and polished till it shone as bright as mahogany [=near-haw reddish]. It was very large and heavy, and had a back that rose [as oak/mahogany/hawthorn-rose] high above Grandfather's white head. This back was curiously carved in open-work, so as to represent flowers and foliage, and other devices, which the children had often gazed at, but could never understand what they meant. On the very tiptop of the chair, over the head of Grandfather himself, was the likeness of a lion's head, which had such a savage grin, that you would [over-the-wood!] almost expect to hear it growl and snarl. [Cf. lion extract, my Chapter I, motto.] / The children had seen Grandfather sitting in this chair, ever since they could remember anything. Perhaps the younger of them supposed that he and the chair had come into the world together, and that both had always been as old as they were now. At this time, however [haw-over!], it happened to be the fashion for ladies to adorn their drawing-rooms with the oldest and oddest chairs that could be found. ...." The additional remarks by Hawthorne on his own chair-hued physiognomy, i.e., as bio-realized cognominy, from Letter to Mrs. Hawthorne (writ. Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, March 9th, [18]62), in Love Letters: 1841-1863 [Pt. 2] (1907), 277-78; "... I had a pleasant time in New York, and went on Friday evening, by invitation, to the

Century Club, where I met various artists and literary people. The next forenoon, Ticknor [publ.] strolled round among his acquaintances, taking me with him. Nothing remarkable happened, save that my poor PHIZMAHOGANY was seized upon and photographed for a stereoscope [cap. mine]; and as far as I could judge from the negative, it threatens to be fearfully like. / The weather here is very warm and pleasant; there are no traces of snow and it seems like the latter end of April. I feel perfectly well, and have a great appetite. The farther we go, the deeper grows the rumble and grumble of the coming storm [Civil War], and I think the two armies are only waiting our arrival to begin. / We expect to leave Philadelphia at 8¼ tomorrow morning, and shall reach Washington at 6 o'clock P.M. ...." (The ailing Hawthorne was on a trip to Washington, where he met Lincoln [see James R. Mellow (1980), 550-51]; on the grottoesque recesses and secrets of Hawthorne's mahogany writing desk, see Julian Hawthorne, Hawthorne and His Circle [New York: Harper, 1902], pp. 9-12.)

<sup>12</sup>That name-with-mouth and mouth-born name-bearing-on children/agents are ideas that ever-haunt the higher province of Hawthorne's art may be suggested here by a short list of Hawthorne studies (five, a-e): (a) Albert J. Griffith, "Heart Images in Hawthorne's Names," The Emerson Society Quarterly, No. 43 (II Quarter 1966), 78a-79a ("... and "-moth" [as a variant of mouth or mote]. In some of these-- ... the significance is not likely to emerge without imaginative ingenuity on the reader's part. / Since there is little reason to suppose that Hawthorne was systematic in what may have been only a half conscious use of name symbolism [!], it is probably wiser to judge each character name independently on its connotative merits rather than attempt a universal interpretive principle [!]." [78b-79a]); (b) Eric J. Sundquist, "Home as Found: Authority and Genealogy in Cooper, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Melville," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 39, No. 4 (Oct. 1978), 2279A-80A (Johns Hopkins Univ.) ("Hawthorne's home, built from the ruined but familiar memories of the Puritan past, is startlingly uncanny, unheimlich. The animistic return of the dead and Hawthorne's representation of his forefathers control the question of Romance by disrupting our usual notions of the functions of mimesis. Living in a world of speculation where sexual transgression and entrapment in the Thoreauvian web of linguistic referentiality define the loss of an American Eden [a loss signified by the Black Man's mark, a scarlet A], Hawthorne employs the mirror [speculum] and the double as figures of his own shattered narcissism, the home lost and unable to be fully recovered. His artistic representation thus moves between revenge and reparation, countering a violence which is at once psycho-sexual and historical with a sacrificial and dramatic recreation that works its magic through the office of writing. ...." [2279A]); (c) Judy R. Smith, "Hawthorne's Women and Weeds: What Really Happens in the Garden," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 40, No. 7 (Jan. 1980), 4045A-46A (Indiana Univ.) ("Vegetation symbolism is an entirely appropriate medium for representing his characters: the nineteenth century was fond of discussing relations between the sexes in botanical language.

.... / .... In Hawthorne's fictional battle of the sexes, men and women inevitably and inexorably engage in internecine warfare."); (d) Rosemary E. Bartolameolli, "Sexual Meanings in Hawthorne's Novels," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 39, No. 10 (April 1979), 6125A-26A (Wayne State Univ.) ("Most of the study is devoted to explicating the innuendoes, euphemisms, and imagery Hawthorne used to communicate the basic sexual impulses of his characters. .... / .... The reward for this effort is two-fold--more enjoyment while reading the stories and a better understanding of one of the factors that has made Nathaniel Hawthorne a novelist of enduring appeal."); (e) Mary M. Elsen, "The Child-Figure in Hawthorne's Fiction," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 39, No. 8 (Feb. 1979), 4947A (Univ. of Maryland). ("Among Hawthorne's important contributions to literary art is his unique use of the child. In fact, he inaugurated an American genre in which the child is a central figure in fiction when he wrote 'The Gentle Boy' [1832]. .... / As the Hawthornesque child emerges from this study, he or she is not so much a character per se as an image or a figure. In the main, these children function poetically: they are not, strictly speaking, portraits of 'real' children but symbols to point up truths about human behavior. .... / .... / .... ... to offer us insights which, experientially, come [end-trail!] closer to home than do most of the volumes of psychologists and sociologists.")

## CHAPTER III.

### THE APPLICATION: AN ORAL-SIGNATURE ASSAY OF HAWTHORNE'S LITERARY WORKS.

So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. .... / .... O that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all, who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearts within! O that the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! .... / .... / .... On looking again to the long, shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. .... [H]e has sanctioned my taste in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I--enacting, on a steeple-top, the part of Paris on the top of Ida--adjudged the golden apple. / .... / .... Ah! ... they hasten onward .... At the corner where the narrow lane enters the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter ....

--"Sights from a Steeple," Twice-told Tales, pp. 191-7<sup>1</sup>

#### A. Introduction:

A Serpent's Scale of Consonant-Petitions and the Literary  
Romanesques of Their Oral Consummation.

The study has suggested (in the conclusion of Chapter II) five key principles by means of which the literary works of Hawthorne may be brought into a concordance for purposes of assessing the higher literary qualifications of Hawthorne's signature-voice--Hawthorne's signature-

voice, that is, as his heart-demand for public and evident recognition, for providential and real life-and-death blessings. Those key principles would operate, the study has indicated, at each step of a five-step scale of consonant-figures with oral-tags, which it has developed (in II.B.1) in a mediatory application of Richard Paget's oral-gestural theory of consonant sounds to Hawthorne's text of literary signatures, and which it has tried (in II.B.2-3) for a message of Christian botanical-literary kingship in the context of Hawthorne's writings for children. (Summarized as a power of Hawthorne's serpent master-symbol, or as the form of its consonant-chant, or as point [2.a] in the sectional closing of II.B.1--the scale of consonant-figures with oral-tags was tried in II.B.2-3 with the support of its variant statements, summary points [1.a-c] and [2.b-c].)

The study makes application of the key principles and the scale in the present chapter of the thesis. The study undertakes, in the chapter development (or Part B), a literary unfolding of five five-fold signature-petitions for a privy-symbolic, well-warded, thorn-apple of world. Sampling broadly of passages from one hundred and three works (or drawing two hundred and three scale-keyed passages from ninety-two tales, five novels, and six unfinished works<sup>2</sup>), that unfolding of the signature-petitions for the draconic yet undersating all-round haw-in-mouth in the chapter development<sup>3</sup> constitutes the systematic evidence of the higher literary qualification, the burgeoning into significant literary existence, of Hawthorne's signature-poetic. Also, as the study remarks in the conclusion of the chapter (or Part C), that



systematic unfolding of the signature-petitions prepares the way for assessing, in the evaluative fourth chapter of the thesis, the constraint of Hawthorne's signature-poetic upon interpretation, criticism, and scholarship--or the self-fulfilling astringency of Hawthorne's self-ambushing, Hawthorne's God-romancing, Hawthorne's consonance-constrained and uniquely Milton<sup>4</sup>-echoing oral-gestural voice in the context of literary recognition, even when that context blesses.

The five key principles of scale-application which in the development of the chapter serve to guide the study of Hawthorne's literary works may be abbreviated as follows: (B.1-5.a) a step talley of figure-rhymed titles; (B.1-5.b) a step sampling of organ-song; (B.1-5.c) a step sampling of breach-counterchant; (B.1-5.d) a step sampling of world-hymn; and (B.1-5.e) a step sampling of signature-elegy. Immediately below (in the chapter introduction) follow five sets of select miscellaneous passages--five passages per set (usually bracket-annotated), drawn from Hawthorne scholarship,<sup>5</sup> Hawthorne's auxiliary writings and prefaces,<sup>6</sup> and Hawthorne's literary works<sup>7</sup>--intended to reinforce once more the idea of the serpentine-signatural master-form (of my I.C and II.B.1, closing points [1.a-c]) which underlies and empowers those principles (i.e., concordance principles 'a'-'e'). The first set of passages (pass. set 'a'--cf. signature w. holy end-trail under nose) builds toward the idea of undulating ink-script on a high ledge as part of the serpentine function of consummately name-suggestive entitlement; the second set of passages (pass. set 'b'--cf. signature w. throat-held gift shout) builds

toward the idea of visceral-oral cavities and motor-oral members as earth-born, chthonic, structures mimicked by and advancing themselves analogically in sacred and blasphemous human articulations--to become near-open public prayers, baptismal through funereal, imprinted and quired and spine-protected, or serpent orocryphs; the third set of passages (pass. set 'c'--cf. signature w. engrafting tongue) builds toward the idea of dialogic amplification of literary agents as a tree-subtended function of demonic lingual-lingal forking--as a secretive name-enforced tail-to-mouth serpentine closure audibly burgeoning; (pass. set 'd'--cf. signature w. tip behind teething hedge) builds toward the idea of an eye-rounding but haw-hemmed and hem-hawed communal scenario of demonic consummation, as one of perfect, serpent-wise, mouth-apperception of an imperfectly realized, even illusory, orgasmic fruit; and the fifth set of passages (pass. set 'e'--cf. signature w. embowing lips) builds toward the idea of decline to skeletal chamber of a potent spine-thong, the tongue--of the authorial voice left in a mouth-angled reliquary--as an act of humiliating self-rededication, to repeated viny and thorny, serpentine-sin(:)uous acts of consounding self-reinvestment, in a dark, minimally and maximally orofacially constrained, signatural scheme of Christian salvation. Ora pro Nathaniel Hawthorne; ora pro nobis. Immediately below that doubly five-fold introductional battery of select miscellaneous passages reconstructive of the oral romanesques (or earthen romancings) of Hawthorne's master-symbol--i.e., in the chapter development--follows the prime, literary unfolding of the signature-petitions. There, a

brief discussion of specific aspects of scale-application in accord with the five key principles, and of outcomes of application not in discord with the signature-motives and the signature-anthem (my II.B.1, closing points [2.b-c]), serves to head each of the five signature-petitions, or hawthornesques, unfolded.

The battery of passages to reinforce the serpentine master-form of Nathaniel Hawthorne reads as follows:

Pass. set 'a'--the serpentine entitlement)

['a'--serpentine entitlement, one:] As had happened more than once before, Hawthorne found it troublesome to decide on a title for his book. None of his diary, journal, or epistolary references to the work in progress identify it by theme, locale, character names, or any descriptive language; it is simply "the Romance." In August [1859] he wrote Fields that he had no ideas for a title.[] Two months later he sent Fields a sheaf of possibilities, none of which suited him exactly: "'Monte Beni; or the Faun. A Romance.' 'The Romance of a Faun.' 'The Faun of Monte Beni[.]' 'Monte Beni; a Romance.' 'Miriam; a Romance.' 'Hilda; a Romance.' 'Donatello; a Romance.' 'The Faun; a Romance.' 'Marble and Life; a Romance.'" He could see objections "to an Italian name, though perhaps Monte Beni might do. Neither do I wish, if I can help it, to make the fantastic aspect of the book too prominent by putting the Faun into the title page"--this despite the presence of that word in four of his proposed titles.[] / At Field's suggestion, Hawthorne settled on "The Romance of Monte Beni," but Smith, Elder & Co. demurred and he gave them a list of possible alternatives.[] Reporting these developments to Ticknor on December 1, but with no knowledge of Smith, Elder's decision, Hawthorne added: ". . . their choice need not govern yours, and, if you wish to announce the book, I should like to have you call it 'Saint Hilda's Shrine.' We can change the title afterwards, should it appear advisable."[] When he returned the first proof-sheets on December 6, his accompanying letter observed that despite Smith, Elder's disapproval of his original suggestion, the printers were using it (i.e., he could observe that "Romance of Monte Beni" was the running-title on all versos).[] On December 12 he noted in his pocket diary that he had proposed "The Marble Faun" as the British title, and on the twenty-second he instructed Ticknor to use it also for the American edition, saying that he had rejected Smith, Elder's proposal, "The

Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni."[] As late as January 26, 1860, no decision on the British title had been reached,[] but the matter was settled soon thereafter when the publishers pointed out that "Transformation" was in fact one of Hawthorne's suggestions.[] He continued to rail against it, saying to Fields that "Smith & Elder (who seem to be pig-headed individuals) persist in calling the book 'Transformation,' which gives me the idea of Harlequin in pantomime"; to Ticknor he wrote that the British publishers "are determined to take a title out of their own heads, though they affirm that it was originally suggested by me . . . I beseech you not to be influenced by their bad example."[] A letter of February 10 to Ticknor declared, "I am fully determined not to retain their absurd title."[] But on February 3 he had capitulated to Smith, Elder "so far as the English edition is concerned. In American I shall call the book 'The Marble Faun.'"[] And so it turned out. In both countries the subtitle became The Romance of Monte Beni.[]

(Claude M. Simpson, "Introduction to The Marble Faun," CE, VII [1968], xxv-xxvii)

['a'--serpentine entitlement, two:] It will be remembered, that Mr. Bright [fictive children's narrator] condescended to avail himself of my literary experience by constituting me editor of the Wonder Book. As he had no reason to complain of the reception of that erudite work, by the public, he was now disposed to retain me in a similar position, with respect to the present volume, which he entitled "TANGLEWOOD TALES." Not, as Eustace hinted, that there was any real necessity for my services as introducer, inasmuch as his own name had become established, in some good degree of favor, with the literary world. But the connection with myself, he was kind enough to say, had been highly agreeable; nor was he by any means desirous, as most people are, of kicking away the ladder that had perhaps helped him to reach his present elevation. .... / Merely from the titles of the stories, I saw at once that the subjects were not less rich than those of the former volume; nor did I at all doubt that Mr. Bright's audacity (so far as that endowment might avail) had enabled him to take full advantage of whatever capabilities they offered. ....

(Hawthorne, "The Wayside: Introductory," Tanglewood Tales 1853, CE, VII [1972], 178; --cit. in my II.B.2)

['a'--serpentine entitlement, three:] EGOTISM;\* OR THE BOSOM-SERPENT: FROM THE UNPUBLISHED "ALLEGORIES OF THE HEART" ['\*The physical fact, to which it is here attempted to give a moral signification, has been known to occur in more than one instance.']  
 .... / Thus musing, he ['Herkimer'] took his stand at the entrance of the gate, and waited until the personage, so singularly announced, should make his appearance. After an instant or two, he beheld the

figure of a lean man, of unwholesome look, with glittering eyes and long [graphically] black hair, who seemed to imitate the motion of a snake; for instead of walking straight forward with open front, he undulated along the pavement in a curved line. It may be too fanciful to say, that something, either in his moral or material aspect, suggested the idea that a miracle had been wrought, by transforming a serpent into a man; but so imperfectly, that the snaky nature was yet hidden, and scarcely hidden, under the mere outward guise of humanity. Herkimer remarked that his complexion had a greenish tinge over its sickly white .... / .... / ... Roderick seemed aware how generally he had become the subject of curiosity and conjecture, and with a morbid repugnance to such notice, or to any notice whatsoever, estranged himself from all companionship. Not merely the eye of man was a horror to him; not merely the light of a friend's countenance; but even the blessed sunshine, likewise, which in its universal beneficence, typifies the radiance of the Creator's face, expressing his love for all the creatures of his hand. The dusky twilight was now too transparent for Roderick Elliston; the blackest midnight was his chosen hour to steal abroad; and if ever he were seen, it was when the watchman's lantern gleamed upon his figure, gliding along the street, with his hands clutched upon his bosom, still muttering:-- "It gnaws me! It gnaws me! [N-Haws me!]" What could it be that gnawed him? / .... / "You are come! I have expected you," said Elliston, when he became aware of the sculptor's presence. / His manner was very different from that of the preceding day-- quiet, courteous, and, as Herkimer thought, watchful both over his guest and himself. This unnatural restraint was almost the only trait that betokened anything amiss. He has just thrown a book upon the grass, where it lay half-opened, thus disclosing itself to be a natural history of the serpent-tribe, illustrated by life-like plates. Near it lay that bulky volume, the *Ductor Dubitantium* of Jeremy Taylor, full of cases of conscience, and in which most men, possessed of a conscience, may find something applicable to their purpose. / "You see," observed Elliston, pointing to the book of serpents, while a smile gleamed upon his lips, "I am making an effort to become better acquainted with my bosom-friend. But I find nothing satisfactory in this volume. If I mistake not, he will prove to be sui generis, and akin to no other reptile in creation." / "Whence came this calamity?" inquired the sculptor. / "My sable friend, Scipio ['the old black servant'] has a story," replied Roderick, "of a snake that had lurked in this fountain ['Roderick was reclining on the margin of a fountain']--pure and innocent as it looks--ever since it was known to the first settlers. This insinuating personage once crept into the vitals of my great-grandfather, and dwelt there many years, tormenting the old gentleman beyond mortal endurance. In short, it is a family peculiarity. But to tell the truth, I have no faith in this idea of the snake's being an heir-loom. He

is my own snake, and no man's else." / "But what is his origin?" demanded Herkimer. / "Oh! there is poisonous stuff in any man's heart, sufficient to generate a brood of serpents," said Elliston, with a hollow laugh. "You should have heard my homilies to the good towns people. Positively, I deem myself fortunate in having bred but a single serpent. You, however, have none in your bosom, and therefore, cannot sympathize with the rest of the world. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" / With this exclamation, Roderick lost his self-control and threw himself upon the grass, testifying his agony by intricate writhings [visibly viny, wavy writing] in which Herkimer could not but fancy a resemblance to the motions of a snake. Then, likewise, was heard that frightful hiss, which often ran through the sufferer's speech, and crept between the words and syllables, without interrupting their succession. / "This is awful indeed!" exclaimed the sculptor--"an awful infliction, whether it be actual or imaginary! Tell me, Roderick Elliston, is there any remedy for this loathsome evil?" / "Yes, but an impossible one," muttered Roderick, as he lay wallowing with his face in the grass. "Could I, for one instant, forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me. It is my diseased self-contemplation that has engendered and nourished him!" / ....

(Hawthorne, "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent" [1843], Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 268-9, 271-2, 281-3)

['a'--serpentine entitlement, four:] FANSHAWE, A TALE. / "Wilt thou go on with me?"--SOUTHEY. ['.... (Is there an echo of Hawthorne's own name in "Fanshawe"?) ....'--Roy Harvey Pearce. And:] .... / "Now would I give the world," he ['Edward Walcott'] exclaimed, with great interest, "for a hook and line--a fish spear, or any piscatorial instrument of death! Look, Ellen ['Langton'], you can see the waving of his tail ['a trout of noble size'] from beneath the bank." / .... [/ And:] .... / There were many who felt an interest in Fanshawe; but the influence of none could prevail upon him to lay aside the habits, mental and physical, by which he was bringing himself to the [variously literal] grave. His passage thither was consequently rapid--terminating just as he reached his twentieth year. His fellow students erected to his memory a monument of rough-hewn granite, with a white marble slab, for the inscription. This was borrowed from the grave of Nathanael Mather, whom, in his almost insane eagerness for knowledge and in his early death, Fanshawe resembled. / THE ASHES OF A HARD STUDENT AND A GOOD SCHOLAR[.] / MANY tears were shed over his grave [cf. 'Manning'--maternal family name]; but the thoughtful and the wise, though turf never covered a nobler heart, could not lament that it was so soon at rest. He left a world for which he was unfit; and we trust, that, among the innumerable stars of heaven, there is one where he has found happiness. / .... / It was not till four years after Fanshawe's death, that Edward Walcott

was united to Ellen L[on]gton[ue]. Their future lives were uncommonly happy. Ellen's gentle, almost imperceptible, but powerful influence, drew her husband away from the passions and pursuits that would have interfered with domestic felicity; and he never regretted the worldly distinction of which she thus deprived him. Theirs was a long life of calm and quiet bliss;--and what matters it, that, except in these pages, they have left no [typographic] name behind them?

(Hawthorne, anonymously published first novel, Fanshawe [1828], CE, III [1964], 331, 354, 459-60 [with bracketed comment, by Roy Harvey Pearce, from "Introduction to Fanshawe," CE, III (1964), 305])

['a'--serpentine entitlement, five:] MY VISIT TO NIAGARA[.] / NEVER [N'w'r] did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm, than mine. I had lingered away from it, and wandered to other scenes, because my treasury of anticipated enjoyments, comprising all the wonders of the world, had nothing else so magnificent, and I was loth to exchange the pleasures of hope for those of memory so soon. At length, the day came. .... / .... At the toll-house, there were further excuses for delaying the inevitable moment. My signature was required in a huge leger, containing similar records innumerable, many of which I read. The skin of a sturgeon, and other fishes, beasts, and reptiles; a collection of minerals, such as lie in heaps near the falls; some Indian moccasins, and other trifles, made of deer-skin and embroidered with beads; several newspapers from Montreal, New-York, and Boston; all attracted me in turn. Out of a number of twisted sticks, the manufacture of a Tuscarora Indian, I selected one of curled maple, curiously convoluted, and adorned with the carved images of a snake and a fish. Using this as my pilgrim's staff, I crossed the bridge. .... / .... / The last day that I was to spend at Niagara, before my departure for the far west, I sat upon Table Rock. .... Never before had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals, when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss .... / .... At length, my time came to depart. There is a grassy footpath, through the woods, along the summit of the bank, to a point whence a causeway, [Haw:]hewn in the side of the precipice, goes winding down to the ferry, about half a mile below the Table Rock. The sun was near setting, when I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and began the descent. The [serpentine] indirectness of my downward road continually changed the point of view, and shewed me, in rich and repeated succession--now, the whitening rapids and the majestic leap of the main river, which appeared more deeply massive as the light departed; now, the lovelier picture, yet still sublime, of Goat Island, with its rocks and grove, and the lesser falls, tumbling over the right bank of the St. Lawrence, like a tributary stream; now, the long vista of

the river, as it eddied and whirled between the cliffs, to pass through Ontario towards the sea, and everywhere to be wondered at for this one unrivalled scene. The golden sunshine tinged the sheet of the American cascade, and painted on its heaving spray the broken semicircle of a rainbow, Heaven's own beauty [(h)edge-]crowning earth's sublimity. My steps were slow, and I paused long at every turn of the descent, as one lingers and pauses, who discerns a brighter and brightening excellence in what he must soon behold no more. The solitude of the old wilderness now reigned over the whole vicinity of the falls. My enjoyment became the more rapturous, because no poet shared it--nor wretch, devoid of poetry, profaned it: but the spot, so famous through the world, was all my own! [-n!: N...n... ..aw...n!]

(Hawthorne, "My Visit to Niagara" [1835], ... Uncollected Tales CE, XI [1974], 281, 282-3, 285-6, 288)

Pass. set 'b'--the serpentine orocryph)

['b'--serpentine orocryph, one:] .... Coming up the Dingley Bay [Maine], had a good view of Rattlesnake Mountain, and it seemed to me wonderfully beautiful as the almost setting sun threw over its western crags streams of fiery light. If the Indians were very fond of this part of the country, it is easy to see why. Beavers, otters, and the finest fish were abundant, and the hills and streams furnished constant variety. I should have made a good Indian if I had been born in a wigwam. To talk like sailors, we "made" the old hemlock stub, at the mouth of the Dingley Brook, just before sunset, and sent a boy ashore with a hawser, and were soon safely moored to a bunch of alders. .... / .... [/ And:] Mr. March Gay killed a rattlesnake yesterday, not far from his house, that was more than six feet long, and had twelve rattles. This morning, Mr. Jacob Mitchell killed another near the same place, almost as long. It is supposed they were a pair, and that the second one was on the track of its mate. If every rattle counts a year, the first one was twelve years old. Eliakim Maxfield came down to mill to-day, and told me about the snakes. / .... [/ And:] A young man named Henry Jackson, Jr., was drowned two days ago, up in Crooked River. He and one of his friends were trying which could swim the faster. Jackson was behind but gaining; his friend kicked at him in fun, thinking to hit his shoulder and push him back, but missed, and hit his chin, which caused him to take in water and strangle, and before his friend could help or get help, poor Jackson was (Elder Leach [a Freewill Baptist minister] says) "beyond the reach of mercy." I read one of the Psalms to my mother this morning, and it plainly declares twenty-six times, that "God's mercy endureth forever." I never saw Henry Jackson,--he was a young man just married. Mother is sad; says she shall not consent to my swimming any more in the mill-pond, with



the boys, fearing that in sport my mouth might get kicked open, and then sorrow for a dead son be added to that for my dead father, which she says would break her heart. I love to swim, but shall not disobey my mother. / ....

(The young Hawthorne [ca. 1819], Hawthorne's First Diary, ed. Samuel T. Pickard [1897], pp. 52, 58, 61-2 [w. note on minister from ed. commentary, p. 62])

['b'--serpentine orocryph, two:] .... / Fishing from the bridge to-day [in Maine], I caught an eel two thirds as long as myself. Mr. Watkins tried to make me believe that he thought it a water-moccasin snake. Old Mr. Shane said that it was a "young sea sarpint, sure." Mr. Fickett, the blacksmith, begged it to take for its skin, as he said for buskin strings and flail strings. So ends my day's fishing. / .... [ / And:] The lumbermen from Saccarappa are getting their logs across the Great Pond. Yesterday a strong northwest wind blew a great raft of many thousands over almost to the mouth of the Dingley Brook. Their anchor dragged for more than a mile, but when the boom was within twenty or thirty rods of the shore, it brought up and held, as I heard some men say who are familiar with such business. All the men and boys went from the mill down to the pond to see the great raft, and I among them. They have a string of logs fastened end to end and surrounding the great body, which keeps them from scattering; and the string is called a boom. A small strong raft, it may be forty feet square, with an upright windlass in its centre, called a capstan, is fastened to some part of the boom. The small raft is called "head works," and from it, in a yawl boat, is carried the anchor, to which is attached a strong rope half a mile long. The boat is rowed out the whole length of the rope, the anchor thrown over, and the men on the "head works" wind up the capstan, and so draw along the acres of logs. .... It turned out that ['Reuben'] March only rode the single log ashore to show his adroitness ['This masterly kind of navigation he calls "cuffing the rigging." Nobody could tell me why he gave it that name'], for the yawl boat soon came round from the head works, and brought near a dozen men, in red shirts, to where we were. I was interested in listening to their conversation, mixed with sharp jokes. Nearly every one had a nickname. March, who came after the rum, was called "Captain Snarl;" a tall, fierce looking man, who had just filled my idea of a Spanish freebooter, was "Doctor Coodle." I think his real name was Wood. The rum seemed to make them crazy, for one who was called "Rub-a-Dub" pitched Doctor Coodle, head and heels, into the water. A gentlemanly man named Thompson, who acted as master of ceremonies, or Grand Turk, interfered and put a stop to what was becoming something like a fight. Mr. Thompson said that the wind would go down with the sun, and that they must get ready to start.

This morning I went down to look for them, and the raft was almost to Frye's Island. / ....

(The young Hawthorne [ca. 1819], Hawthorne's First Diary, ed. Pickard [1897], pp. 65-6, 80-3)

['b'--serpentine orocryph, three:] "Here he comes!" shouted the boys along the street.--"Here comes the man with a snake in his bosom!" / This outcry, saluting Herkimer's ears, as he was about to enter the iron gate of the Elliston mansion, made him pause. It was not without a shudder that he found himself on the point of meeting his former acquaintance, whom he had known in the glory of youth, and whom now, after an interval of five years, he was to find the victim either of a diseased fancy, or a horrible physical misfortune. / "A snake in his bosom!" repeated the young sculptor to himself. "It must be he. No second man on earth has such a bosom-friend! .... / .... / The wretched being approached the gate, but, instead of entering, stopt short, and fixed the glitter of his eye full upon the compassionate, yet steady countenance of the sculptor. / "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he exclaimed. / And then there was an audible hiss, but whether it came from the apparent lunatic's own lips, or was the real hiss of a serpent, might admit of discussion. At all events, it made Herkimer shudder to his heart's core. / "Do you know me, George Herkimer?" asked the snake-possessed. / Herkimer did know him. But it demanded all the intimate and practical acquaintance with the human face, acquired by modelling actual likenesses in clay, to recognize the features of Roderick Elliston in the visage that now met the sculptor's gaze. Yet it was he. .... / .... / "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" muttered Roderick. / With this exclamation, the most frequent in his mouth, the unfortunate man clutched both hands upon his breast, as if an intolerable sting or torture impelled him to rend it open, and let out the living mischief, even were it intertwined with his own life. He then freed himself from Herkimer's grasp, by a subtle motion, and gliding through the gate, took refuge in his antiquated family residence. .... / .... / ... ['(I)n a private asylum for the insane'] they ['(t)he physicians'] gave up all attempts at cure or palliation. The doomed sufferer submitted to his fate, resumed his former loathsome affection for the bosom-fiend, and spent whole miserable days before a looking-glass, with his mouth [jaws-and-soft-folds] wide open, watching, in hope and horror, to catch [at least] a [uvula-like] glimpse of the snake's head, far down within his throat. It is supposed that he succeeded; for the attendants once heard a frenzied shout, and rushing into the room, found Roderick lifeless upon the floor. / He was kept but little longer under restraint. After minute investigation, the medical directors of the asylum decided that his mental disease did not amount to insanity, nor would warrant his confinement; especially as its influence upon his spirits was unfavorable, and might produce the

evil which it was meant to remedy. His eccentricities were doubtless great .... Roderick was released, and had returned to his native city, the very day before his encounter with George Herkimer. / ....

(Hawthorne, "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent" [1843], Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 268-70 278-80)

['b'--serpentine orocryph, four:] .... From Roderick's own lips, they ['his associates'] could learn nothing. [Note (below) ingressive, mouth-reading, sequence--including egregious oral-egression]. More than once, it is true, he had been heard to say, clutching his hands to his breast--"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!--but, by different auditors, a great diversity of explanation was assigned to this ominous expression. What could it be, that gnawed the breast of Roderick Elliston? Was it sorrow? Was it merely the [superficial if sub-facial] tooth of physical disease? Or, in his reckless course, often verging upon profligacy, if not plunging into its depths, had he been guilty of some deed, which made his bosom a prey to the deadlier [and deeper--twin initial--] fangs of remorse? There was plausible ground for each of these conjectures; but it must not be concealed that more than one elderly gentleman, the victim of good cheer and slothful habits, magisterially pronounced the secret of the whole matter [if grabbed by throat (hole)] to be Dyspepsia! / .... / After a time, it became known that Elliston was in the habit of resorting to all the noted quacks that infested the city, or whom money would tempt to journey thither from a distance. By one of these persons, in the exultation of a supposed cure, it was proclaimed far and wide, by dint of hand-bills and little pamphlets on dingy paper, that a distinguished gentleman, Roderick Elliston, Esq., had been relieved of a SNAKE in his stomach! So here was the monstrous secret, ejected from its lurking-place into public view in all its horrible deformity [i.e., as though tongue--in its visceral and metaphorical (groove-miming) extensivity]. The mystery was out; but not so the bosom-serpent. He, if it were anything but a delusion, still lay coiled in his living den. .... / .... / ... [H]is ['Roderick's'] relatives interfered, and placed him in a private asylum for the insane. ....

(Hawthorne, "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent" [1843], Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 271-2)

['b'--serpentine orocryph, five:] I[.] / Here is a volume [cf. grove] of what were once newspapers--each on a small half-sheet, [bilious] yellow and time-stained, of a coarse fabric, and imprinted with a rude old type. Their aspect conveys a singular impression of antiquity, in a species of literature which we are accustomed to consider as connected only with the present moment.

.... / It is pleasant to take one of these little dingy half-sheets between the thumb and finger .... / .... / .... New England was ... as yet, only a narrow strip [cf. groove] of civilization along the edge of a vast forest .... / .... The cold was more piercing then, and lingered farther into spring .... The country was saddened, moreover, with grievous [i.e., engraving] sickness. The small-pox raged in many towns, and seems, though so familiar a scourge, to have been regarded with as much affright as that which drove the throng from Wall-street and Broadway, at the approach of a new pestilence. There were autumnal fevers, too; and a contagious and destructive throat-distemper--diseases unwritten in medical books. .... / .... / II ...[.] / .... / Take my arm, gentle reader, and come with me into some street .... ... [A]nd still more amazing is the presence of whole rows of wooden and plastered houses, projecting over the sidewalks, and bearing iron figures on their fronts, which prove them to have stood on the same sites above a century. .... Along the ghostly street, there are ghostly people too. .... March on, thou shadowy troop! and vanish, ghostly crowd! and change again, old street! for those stirring times are gone. / Opportunely for the conclusion of our sketch, a fire broke out, on the twentieth of March, 1760, at the Brazen-Head in Cornhill, and consumed nearly four hundred buildings. .... / .... / III ...[.] / .... It may be the most effective method of going through the present file of papers, to follow out this idea, and transform ourself, perchance, from a modern Tory into such a sturdy King-man [cf. king cobra (Naja Hannah)] as once wore that pliable nickname. / Well then, here we sit, ... sour-visaged, ... erect enough .... ... loyal, to the back-bone .... ... idolizing King George, in secrecy and silence--one true old heart, amongst a host of enemies. We watch, with a weary hope, for the moment when all this turmoil shall subside, and the impious novelty, that has distracted our latter years, like a wild dream, give place to the blessed quietude of royal sway, with the King's name in every ordinance, his prayer in the church, his health at the board, and his love in the people's heart. .... / Such an old man among new things are we, who now hold, at arm's length, the rebel newspaper of the day. The very figure-head, for the thousandth time, elicits a groan of [spit-filled] spiteful lamentation. Where are the united heart and crown, the loyal emblem, that used to hallow the sheet ...? In its stead, we find a continental officer, with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, a drawn sword in the other, and, above his head, a scroll, bearing the motto 'WE APPEAL TO HEAVEN.' Then say we, with a prospective triumph, let Heaven judge, in its own good time! [I.e., the round-peeled fruit of the Revolution.] The material of the sheet attracts our scorn. It is a fair specimen of rebel manufacture, thick and coarse, like wrapping-paper, all overspread with little [ovule-like] knobs, and of such a deep, dingy blue color [leaden-haw], that we wipe our spectacles thrice

before we can distinguish a letter of that wretched print. Thus, in all points, the newspaper is a type of the times, far more fit for the rough hands of a democratic mob, than for our own delicate, though bony fingers. Nay; we will not handle it without our gloves! / .... / Here, flaunting down a whole column, with official seal and signature, here comes a proclamation. By whose authority? Ah! the United States--those thirteen little anarchies, assembled in that one grand anarchy, their Congress. And what the import? A general Fast. By Heaven! for once, the traitorous blockheads have legislated wisely! Yea; let a misguided people kneel down in sackcloth and ashes, from end to end, from border to border of their wasted country [and waste-paper]. Well may they fast [hold ink in mouth], where there is no food--and cry aloud [yell-oh!], for whatever remnant of God's mercy their sins may not have exhausted. [Cf. Rever-end Ash-ley All-en R(v)oyce.] .... / .... / The present volume [grooved grove] of newspapers contains fewer characteristic traits than any which we have looked over. .... [S]o it is, that in those elder volumes, we seem to find the life of a past age preserved between the leaves, like a dry specimen of foliage. ....

(Hawthorne, "Old News" [1835], The Snow-Image [1852], CE, XI [1974], 132, 134-6, 151-2, 153-5, 158-9, 160)

Pass. set 'c'--the serpentine fork-burgeoning)

['c'--serpentine fork-burgeoning, one:] .... On Saturday we ['Herman Melville' and I] went to Chester together. I love to take every opportunity of going to Chester; it being the only one place, within easy reach of Liverpool, which possesses any old English interest. .... / We went to [the cathedral.] Its gray nave impressed me more than at any former visit. Passing into the cloisters, an attendant took possession of us, and showed us about. / Within the choir there is a profusion of very rich oaken carving, both on the screen that separates it from the nave, and on the seats and walls; very curious and most elaborate, and lavished (one would say) most wastefully, where nobody would think of looking for it, --where, indeed, amid the dimness of the cathedral, the exquisite detail of the elaboration could not possibly be seen. Our guide lighted some of the gas-burners .... There was a row of niches, where the monks used to stand for four hours together, in the performance of some of their services; and to relieve them a little, they were allowed partially to sit on a projection of the seats, which were turned up in the niche for that purpose; but if they grew drowsy, so as to fail to balance themselves, the seat was so contrived as to slip down, thus bringing the monk to the floor. These projections on the seats are each and all of them carved with curious devices, no two alike. The guide showed us one, representing, apparently, the first quarrel of a new-married couple, wrought

with wonderful expression. Indeed, the artist never failed to bring out his idea in the most striking manner,--as, for instance, Satan under the guise of a lion, devouring a sinner bodily; and again in the figure of a dragon with a man halfway down his gullet, the [two] legs hanging out. The carver may not have seen anything grotesque in this, nor intended it at all by way of a joke .... One does not see why such fantasies should be strewn about the holy interior of a cathedral, unless it were intended to contain everything that belongs to the heart of man, both upward and downward. /  
 ....

(Hawthorne, ... English Note-Books [Chester, Nov. 1856], RE, VIII [1883; 1886], 375-6)

['c'--serpentine fork-burgeoning, two:] .... I know not whether these [two Puritan] ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent, and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties; or whether they are now [throat-]groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them--as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist--may be now and henceforth removed. / Doubtless, however, either of these [two] stern and black-browed Puritans [i.e., with faces shielded under hard palate (by N-continuant 'I[:eYe]')] would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins, that, after so long a lapse of years, the old trunk [--i.e., unlidged (revealed) truncated neck--] of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne, as its topmost bough, an idler [cf. lingual-lingal sporter] like myself. No aim that I have cherished, would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine--if my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success--would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. "What is he?" murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to the other. "A writer of story-books! What kind of a business in life,--what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation,--may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" Such are the [dialogic] compliments bandied between my great-grandsires and myself, across the [my-mother-and-my-mouth-embraced] gulf of time! And yet, let them scorn me as they will [i.e., feed me with my own self-excoriations], strong traits of their nature ['Bible and ... sword'--'good and evil' wood-word splitting, ribbing-and-grooving, tongue-and-lip jointing--] have [serpent-like] intertwined themselves with mine. /  
 ....

(Hawthorne, "The Custom-House; Introductory to 'The Scarlet Letter'" [1850], CE, I [1962], 9-10)

['c'--serpentine fork-burgeoning, three:] .... / The dragon had probably heard the voices; for swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed the contents of the gold box right down the monster's wide-open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle--flinging his tail up to the tip-top of the tallest tree, and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again--the dragon fell at full length upon the ground, and lay quite motionless. / "It is only a sleeping-potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason. "One always finds a use for these mischievous creatures, sooner or later; so I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! Snatch the prize, and let us begone! You have won the Golden Fleece!" / .... ['G. F.' =metamorphosed proof-vehicle of seminal (male-semantic) powers.]

(Hawthorne, Tanglewood Tales [1853], CE, VII [1972], 367; --cit. in my II.B.2.b)

['c'--serpentine fork-burgeoning, four:] Italy beats us, I think, in mosquitoes; they are horribly pungent little particles of Satan. I do believe the Devil multiplies [amplifies] himself by the millions, and infests our nights in this guise. They possess strange intelligence, and exquisite acuteness of sight and smell--prodigious audacity, and caution to match it, insomuch that they venture on the most hazardous attacks and get safe off. They absolutely creep into bed, and bite us in our strong holds. One of them flew into my mouth the other night [--i.e., as though a new (gNat-) word--], and stung me far down in my throat; but luckily I coughed him [Haw-hacked him] up in halves [as two]. They are bigger than American mosquitoes [Italian words], and if you crush them, after one of their feats, it makes a terrific blood-spot. It is a sort of suicide--at least a shedding of one's own [etymologic] blood--to kill them; but it gratifies the old Adam to do it. It shocks me to feel how revengeful I am; but it is impossible not to impute a certain malice and intellectual venom to these diabolical insects. I wonder whether our health, at this season of the year, requires that we should be kept in a state of irritation, and so the mosquitoes [Italian words] are Nature's prophetic remedy for some disease; or whether we are made for the mosquitoes [Italian words], not they for us. It is possible--just possible--that the infinitesimal doses of poison [i.e., systemic challenge] which they infuse into us are a homeopathic safeguard against pestilence; but medicine never was administered in a more disagreeable way. / The moist atmosphere about the Arno, I suppose, produces these insects, and fills the broad, ten-mile valley with them; and as we are just on the brim of the basin, they overflow into our windows [i.e., chthonic-draconic eyes]. [/ =Breach of tongue-root, with seminal (semantic) overflow.]

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Florence, Sept. 1858], CE, XIV [1980], 426-7)

['c'--serpentine fork-burgeoning, five:] .... It may be too fanciful to say, that something, either in his moral or material aspect, suggested the idea that a miracle had been wrought, by transforming a serpent into a man; but so imperfectly, that the snaky nature was yet hidden, and scarcely hidden, under the mere outward guise of humanity. Herkimer remarked that his complexion had a greenish tinge over its sickly white, reminding him of a species of marble out of which he had once wrought a head of Envy, with her snaky locks. / The wretched being approached the gate, but, instead of entering, stopt short, and fixed the glitter of his eye full upon the compassionate, yet steady countenance of the sculptor. / "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he exclaimed. / And then there was an audible hiss, but whether it came from the apparent lunatic's own lips, or was the real hiss of a serpent, might admit of discussion. At all events, it made Herkimer shudder to his heart's core. / .... / Shortly after Elliston's separation from his wife--now nearly four years ago [cf. four legs, limbs, prongs]--his associates had observed a singular gloom spreading over his daily life [cf. single prong, phallic member, generating lingual over-shadow], like those chill, grey mists that sometimes steal away the sunshine from a summer's morning. The symptoms caused them endless perplexity. They knew not whether ill health were robbing his spirits of elasticity; or whether a canker of the mind was gradually eating, as such cankers do, from his moral system into the physical frame, which is but a shadow of the former. They looked for the root of this trouble in his shattered schemes of domestic [cf. patronymic] bliss--wilfully shattered by himself [i.e., for poetic re-use, extension, of single-rooted dia-log, in intensifying ana-logs]--but could not be satisfied of its existence there. Some thought that their once brilliant friend was in an incipient stage of insanity, of which his passionate [animative] impulses had perhaps been the fore-runners [cf. Nathaniel as natal-eel(s)]; others prognosticated a general blight and gradual decline [i.e., a going-to-seed, in seminal waste]. From Roderick's own lips [his seminal seal], they could learn nothing. .... / .... / From this time [i.e., later], the miserable sufferer ceased to shun the world, but rather solicited and forced himself upon the notice of acquaintances and strangers. It was partly the result of desperation, on finding that the cavern of his own bosom had not proved deep and dark enough to hide the secret, even while it was so secure a fortress for the loathsome fiend that had crept into it. But still more, this craving for notoriety was a symptom of the intense morbidness which now pervaded his nature. All persons, chronically diseased, are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body; whether it be sin, sorrow, or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain, or mischief among the cords of mortal life [cf. vocal cords, with germ-infested throat-haw]. Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self, by the torture in which it dwells.



Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them, that they cannot but present it to the face of every casual passer-by. There is a pleasure--perhaps the greatest of which the sufferer is susceptible--in displaying the wasted or ulcerated limb [cf. torn thorn-tongue], or the cancer in the breast [cf. lip-climbing crest-rose]; and the fouler the crime, with so much the more difficulty does the perpetrator prevent it from thrusting up its snake-like head [cf. larynx with tongue-root--stressed by Haw!--], to frighten the world; for it is that cancer, or that crime, which constitutes their respective individuality [cf. American literary-metaphoric identity]. Roderick Elliston, who, a little while before, had held himself so scornfully above the common lot of men, now paid full allegiance to this humiliating law. The snake in his bosom seemed the symbol of a monstrous egotism, to which everything was referred, and which he pampered, night and day, with a continual and exclusive sacrifice of devil-worship. He soon exhibited what most people considered indubitable tokens of insanity. In some of his moods, strange to say, he prided and gloried himself on being marked out from the ordinary experience of mankind, by the possession of a double nature, and a life within a life [i.e., poetic energy, energeia, as self-fulfilling crossings of Natal-tail-into-Maw-with-split-tongue]. He appeared to imagine that the snake was a divinity--not celestial, it is true, but darkly infernal--and that he thence derived an eminence and a sanctity, horrid, indeed, yet more desirable than whatever ambition [ambi-valent-ly] aims at. Thus he drew his misery around him like a regal mantle [cf. hood of soft palate, with (all) contiguous soft folds of mouth], and looked down triumphantly upon those whose vitals nourished no deadly monster. Oftener, however, his human nature asserted its empire over him, in the shape of a yearning [cf. yarning] for fellowship [i.e., lingual engraving as dia-log-ing]. It grew to be his custom to spend the whole day in wandering about the streets, aimlessly, unless it might be called an aim, to establish a species of brotherhood between himself and the world. With cankered ingenuity, he sought out his own disease [i.e., corresponding signature-features] in every breast. Whether insane or not, he showed so keen a perception of frailty, error, and vice, that many persons gave him credit for being possessed not merely with a serpent, but with an actual fiend, who imparted this evil faculty of recognizing whatever was ugliest in man's heart. For instance, he met an individual, who, for thirty years, had cherished a hatred against his own brother. Roderick, amidst the throng of the street, laid his hand on this man's chest, and looking full into his forbidding face, / "How is the snake [ache] to-day?"--he inquired, with a mock expression of sympathy. / "The snake! [ache!]" exclaimed the brother-hater--"What do you mean?" / "The snake! The snake! Does he gnaw you? [Nat(-)han(d)-iel-Gaud-you?]" persisted Roderick. "Did you take counsel [-el] with him this morning, when you should have been saying your

prayers? Did he sting [-thorn-] when[-n] you [th-]thought of your[-r] brother's health, wealth, and good repute? Did he caper for joy, when you remembered the profligacy of his only son? [El's natal-one?] And whether he stung, or whether he frolicked, did you feel his poison throughout your body and soul, converting everything to sourness and bitterness? [Cf. Oberon, as over-run.] That is the way of such serpents. I have learned the whole nature of them from my own!" / "Where is the police? [pole, long-arm, with poultice?]" roared the object of Roderick's persecution, at the same time giving an instinctive clutch to his breast. "Why is this lunatic allowed to go at large?" / "Ha, ha! [Haw, haw!]" chuckled Roderick, releasing his grasp of the man.--"His bosom-serpent has stung him then!" / Often, it pleased the unfortunate young man to vex people with a lighter satire, yet still characterized by somewhat of snake-like virulence. .... / .... / .... Two ladies, rivals in fashionable life, who tormented one another with a thousand little stings[de l'Au-be-pin(s)] of womanish spite, were given to understand, that each of their hearts was a nest of diminutive snakes, which did quite as much mischief as one great one. / But nothing seemed to please Roderick better, than to lay hold of a person infected with jealousy, which he represented as an enormous green reptile, with an ice-cold length of body, and the sharpest sting of any snake save one. / "And what one is that?" asked a bystander, overhearing him. / It was a dark-browed man, who put the question; he had an evasive eye .... / .... / "Why need you ask?" replied Roderick, with a look of dark intelligence. "Look into your own breast! Hark, my serpent bestirs himself! He acknowledges the presence of a master-fiend!" [I.e., a super-author.] / And then, as the bystanders afterwards affirmed, a hissing sound was heard, apparently in Roderick Elliston's breast. It was said, too, that an answering hiss came from the vitals of the shipmaster, as if a snake were actually [actively] lurking there, and had been aroused by the call of its brother-reptile. If there were in fact any such sound, it might have been caused by a malicious exercise of ventriloquism, on the part of Roderick. / Thus, making his own actual serpent--if a serpent there actually was in his bosom--the type of each man's fatal error, or hoarded sin, or unquiet conscience, and striking his sting so unremorsefully into the sorest spot, we may well imagine that Roderick became the pest of the city. .... Strange spectacle in human life, where it is the instinctive effort of one and all to hide those sad realities, and leave them undisturbed beneath a heap of superficial topics, which constitute the materials of intercourse between man and man! It was not to be tolerated that Roderick Elliston should break through the tacit compact, by which the world has done its best to secure repose, without relinquishing evil. The victims of his malicious remarks, it is true, had brothers [branches] enough to keep them in countenance [both uplifted and masked]; for, by Roderick's theory, every

mortal bosom harbored either a brood of small serpents, or one overgrown monster, that had devoured all the rest. ....

(Hawthorne, "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent" [1843], Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 269-71, 273-8)

Pass. set 'd'--the serpentine sum-fruit)

['d'--serpentine sum-fruit, one:] .... Among the beggars here [at 'Viterbo'], the loudest and most vociferous was a crippled postillion, wearing his uniform jacket, green faced with red [cf. scarlet hue of ripe haw-apple]; and he seemed to consider himself entitled still to get his living from travellers, as having been disabled in the way of his profession. .... Nothing can be more earnest than their ['the beggars(')'] entreaties for aid; nothing seemingly more genuine than their gratitude when they receive it. They return you the value of your alms in prayers (which, I suspect, the Italians have generally a notion of purchasing, when they assist the poor) and say, 'God will accompany you.' Many of them have a professional whine, and a certain doleful twist of the neck and turn of the head [=serpentine throat-gesture], which hardens [stones] my heart [haw] against them at once [--'(t)o beggars ... I give very little ...']. A painter might find numerous models among them, if canvas had not already been more than sufficiently covered with their style of the picturesque. There is a certain style of old, brickdust-colored cloak, worn in Viterbo, (not exclusively by beggars,) which, when ragged [=thorn-edged] enough, is exceedingly picturesque. [/Cf. adder[-d-r s-] stone, or druidical bead--as charm for [d-r-]dr[-h]aw[-]ing out [s-]snake-venom to the aesthetic full.]

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Rome, Oct. 1858], CE, XIV [1980], 486-7)

['d'--serpentine sum-fruit, two:] .... / In the vicinity of this city ['Salem, Mass.'], the English white-thorn [cf. white horn (announcing)], the hawthorn of the poets, of which so much has been written, is slowly naturalizing itself. It is certainly a useful shrub, forming beautiful fences, and contributing much to the garden-like appearance of England. To the English it may well counterbalance the myrtle of more genial climes [i.e., lovingly reciprocate with]. To the people of this section of the United States, it can never become of much importance. Here there is [long-ng] abundance of stone[-n]; and, while such an indestructible [i.e., responsive if unsympathetic] material can be found, live fences ought not to be adopted. A live [wood-serpentine] fence has certainly a tendency to beautify the scenery, and to give a garden-like aspect to the land it encloses [or restricts]; but it cannot compare in point of [raised lingual] utility with a firm stone[-n]

wall[-1]. When a hedge becomes gapped, it requires years [in yarn-ing-weaving] to repair it; but, if a stone wall falls down, it is very soon replaced [i.e., as essential, chthonic g-ground]. Live fences, however [deeper haw-over], may be used to advantage where stone is not to be found. Sometimes they may be introduced as ornaments [ear-wringing names], with very good effect. / There is a native shrub, abundant in this vicinity, most admirably adapted for fences,--the common cockspur-thorn (Crataegus Crus galli). In all the essentials [and creative essences] of a fencing shrub it fully equals [--and may be quired, woven with--] the English hawthorn, to which, indeed, it is closely allied. The spines [organic points] of this shrub are more than an inch long; so that a hedge formed of it would present an almost [i.e., not totally] impregnable barrier; bidding [well-pointed] defiance to all intruders, whether biped or quadruped. Several plants of this shrub have been suffered to stand [perhaps in lingual-phallic longing] near the [you-wreath: urethra-like] entrance of the Forest-river road, till they have assumed the size of trees. In the [buoyant] spring, they are [and were] covered with a profusion of white [seminal] blossoms; and, in the [mature, heavy] fall, their rich scarlet fruit [a scattering of ovules] never [yet ever] fails to attract attention [i.e., in painfully small glimpses]. In these particulars [these your-part-ticklers], this shrub strikingly resembles [re-assembles] its English congener. Indeed, the points of resemblance [the consonants of re-assembly] are so striking that it ought to be called the American hawthorn [i.e., adored, adorned--with the recognition that the shrub privately New England 'Can haw!' (cut down)]. Like the English haw, its fruit requires two years [two yarn-ing ears] to vegetate. / ... / We have growing among us one of the neatest little garden hedge-plants that the earth produces, the little privet (Ligustrum). It is found abundantly on the road to Manchester [i.e., man's-chest-]. It is of beautiful foliage, and in summer produces spikes [cf. spines] of sweet-smelling flowers, like miniature bunches of white lilac [cf. plumes of breath-vapor]. In the days of Parkinson and Evelyn, this shrub used to be clipped [cf. circumcised for El] into the forms of birds, beasts, and fishes, and nobody knows what [i.e., perhaps into brazenly-all-wise serpents]. Time, however [haw-over], has not diminished the estimate in which it is held [i.e., in Nat-han(d)-1]. I have often observed it [--around n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-served it--] forming the [haw-haw!-]hedges within the iron railings [rattler-call-links] that surround the public gardens in the great squares of London. For the formation of the interior [cf. onanistic ligule-throat] or garden hedges, there are few shrubs that approach it [or its name] in appearance of neatness and beauty. / We have plants all around us of singular [i.e., of serpentine marital] habits and strange propensities. / The [throat-K-]Cuscuta, or Dodder, which is found in the moist land of this neighborhood [i.e., boring under Naja Hannah's hood], affords a specimen of the

parasitic tribe of plants, which fasten and feed upon others. The *Cuscuta* is a bright yellow [high-yelling] leafless vine, bearing a profusion of small white [seminal] flowers. It rises from the ground like any other vegetable [or serpent]; and, after attaining a certain height, it looks around, and seizes upon the first plant that comes in its way [i.e., perhaps a hawthorn]. Like a little vegetable boa constrictor, it takes a few spiral turns round its victim; and, when it finds itself firmly fixed, it disengages itself from its own root, lets go its hold upon the earth, and depends for the future on the plant upon which it is [suggestively] seated [cf. the fleshly-lingual author, suggestively seated within his botanical realm of tight-lips--dependent upon the economies of shadowy metaphor, book-making, and greening sales]. In this way it blooms and perfects its seed, without any direct communication with the earth [i.e., but perhaps with Heaven--via its orifice-ear to its own unfolding nature, its special providence]. If the seeds [cf. sound-elements] of this plant are sown [--C's/kiss], they will come up and grow for a season; but they soon die [--D'd/turn], if they have no plant [i.e., as though no nurturing woman-organ, or full-Maw] to which they can attach themselves. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," says:-- / "That thus to man the voice of Nature spake:-- / Go, from the creatures thy instruction take; / ...." / Who knows but man caught the idea of multiplying choice fruits [and juicy, round literary haws] from observing with what facility parasitic plants attach themselves to others, and draw nourishment from roots that are not their own? / The [bell-mouthed] dog's-bane that is found all around us, the silk-weed that grows by the way-side, and the sundew that is found in every old peat meadow, are all strongly sensitive, and strangely destructive of insect life [i.e., prophylactic and reinforcing of insidious, incestuous oral life]. / The dog's-bane opens its nipper-like filaments; and when a fly puts in his proboscis in search of honey, they close like a steel trap [cf. constrictor's jaws], and the [embryo-like] little victim remains a provision [-yel(1) hau(1)-] till he dies. / .... / Some of our most common plants are remarkable in the choice of their localities [i.e., in loci of ultimate serpentine refuge]. The hemlock [Socratic anal hem-haw--an ironic under-dog's tail constrictor] loves to luxuriate in the ruin and desolation of cities. Wherever there is a deserted mansion, with its garden in ruins [i.e., the magic-literal abode of the patronymic hawthorn--in runes], there is sure to be found the fatal hemlock [with H'el-key], as if the very ground were accursed [-el cursed], and brought forth poisonous plants. The ghostly mullein [mouth-line] stalks [malignly talks] over worn-out and neglected pastures, the emblem of sterility [and phallic-lingual abuse]. The black nightshade [dark N-palate] and the dubious [but deeply meaningful scrotal-laryngeal] form of the thorn-apple [horn-Haw!-apple] rise from neglected heaps of [sh-]rubbish, as if the noxious exhalations [of the anal en(d)trail] had assumed a material [serpentine-scroll]

form, to warn man of the consequences of uncleanness. / ....

(An English Resident [=Hawthorne?], "Vegetation About Salem, Mass.," in Aesthetic Papers, ed. Elizabeth P. Peabody [1849], 227-8, 241-2, 243-4; --cit. in my II.B.3.b)

[ 'd'--serpentine sum-fruit, three:] .... / The wretched being approached the [Haw-] gate, but, instead of entering, stopt short, and fixed the glitter of his eye full upon the compassionate, yet steady countenance of the sculptor. / "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he exclaimed. / And then there was an audible hiss .... [I]t made Herkimer shudder to his heart's core. / "Do you know me, George Herkimer? [Hearken-ye-German-immer? Or-glimmer?]" asked the snake-possessed. / Herkimer did know him. .... / .... / .... "I have crossed the ocean to meet you. Listen!--let us be private--I bring a message ...!" / "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" muttered Roderick [i.e., in mother-mouth]. / With this [hard-g-annihilating] exclamation [of his English tongue], the most frequent in his mouth, the unfortunate man clutched both hands upon his breast, as if an intolerable sting or torture impelled him to rend it open, and let out the living mischief, even were it intertwined with his own life. .... / .... / ... "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" What could it be that gnawed him? / ... [A]t his bosom, he felt the sickening motion of a thing alive, and the gnawing [nauseous heaving] of that restless fang [Angangsbuchstabe H-], which seemed to gratify at once a physical appetite and a fiendish spite. / .... / Often, it pleased the unfortunate young man to vex [haw-w-hex] people with a light[] satire, ... still characterized by somewhat of snake-like virulence. One day, he [k-]encountered [--to assimilate--] an ambitious statesman, and gravely inquired after the welfare of his boa constrictor; for of that species, Roderick affirmed, this gentleman's serpent must needs be, since its appetite was enormous enough to devour the [h'w-] whole [K'K'] country and constitution. At another time, he stopped [--to scratch off--] a close-fisted fellow of great wealth, but who skulked about the city, in the guise of a scare-crow, with a patched blue surtout, brown hat, and mouldy boots, scraping pence together, and picking up rusty nails [cf. thorns, pins]. Pretending to look earnestly at this respectable person's stomach, Roderick assured him that his snake was a [K'H'] copperhead, and had been generated by the immense [KW'] quantities of that base metal [earth's orofacially expelled womb-menstruum, reddish in hue], [W'W'] with which he daily defied his fingers. Again, he assaulted [--to sting--] a man of rubicund visage [very red in hue], and told him that few bosom-serpents had more devil in them, than those that breed in the [W = V'V:A'] vats of a [Bee-hav/ve! tooth-venomed] distillery. The next whom Roderick honored [--to vine-hop upon--] with his attention was a distinguished clergyman, who happened just then to be engaged in a theological controversy, where human wrath was more perceptible than divine inspiration [i.e., reddish-purple

(W: ~~W~~ruNG)-to-throat strangulation]. / "You have swallowed a snake, in a cup of sacramental wine," quoth he. / "Profane wretch!" exclaimed the divine; but nevertheless, his hand stole to his breast [i.e., in low-to-high (and left-to-right) megagestural (mirror) acknowledgement--of the Quo-vadis?-Haw! at the heart of the author's binary name.] / .... / .... ... [T]he city could not bear [i.e., neither conjoin with nor gestate] this new apostle. It was demanded by nearly all, and particularly by the most respectable [table-talking and tabling] inhabitants, that Roderick should no longer be permitted to violate the received rules of decorum, by obtruding his own bosom-serpent [his hop-vine of wizening hopes] to the public gaze, and dragging those of decent people from their lurking places. / Accordingly, his relatives interfered, and placed him in a private asylum for the insane. .... / .... In solitude, his melancholy [melic char] grew more black and sullen [i.e., he secreted a greater volume of grapheme-attuned literary manuscript]. He spent whole days--indeed, it was his sole occupation--in communing with the serpent. A conversation [solo duet-duel] was sustained, in which as it seemed, the hidden monster bore [generated] a[-n other] part, though unintelligibly to the listeners, and inaudible, except in a hiss [cf. friction of writing-tip, in counterchant with writhing tongue-tip]. Singular as it may appear, the sufferer had now contracted a sort of affection for his tormentor; mingled, however, with the intensest loathing and horror. Nor were such discordant emotions incompatible; each, on the contrary, imparted strength and poignancy to its opposite. Horrible love--horrible antipathy--embracing one another in his bosom, and both concentrating themselves upon a being that had crept into his vitals, or been engendered there, and which was nourished with his food, and lived upon his life, and was as intimate with him as his own heart [i.e., with its God-yell-in-egged-Haw-], and yet was the foulest [i.e., cockiest hawker] of all created things! [I.e., hymner of a literature of adulterated signature-morphology.] But not the less was it the true type of a morbid nature. / Sometimes, in his moments of rage and bitter hatred against the snake and himself, Roderick determined to be the death of him, even at the expense of his own life. Once he attempted it by starvation. But, while the wretched man was on the point of famishing, the monster seemed to feed upon his heart [haw], and to thrive and wax gamesome [i.e., play well-polished wood-games], as if it were his sweetest and most congenial diet. Then he privily took a dose of active poison, imagining that it would not fail to kill either himself, or the devil that possessed him, or both together. Another mistake; for if Roderick had not yet been destroyed by his own poisoned heart [haw], nor the snake gnawing it [gnostically knowing it], they had little to fear from arsenic or corrosive sublimate [i.e., from further refinements of sense]. Indeed, the venomous pest appeared to operate as an antidote against all other

poisons [i.e., it maintained its formal integrity, poise]. The physicians tried to suffocate the fiend with tobacco-smoke. He breathed it as freely as if it were his native atmosphere. Again, they drugged their patient with opium, and drenched him with intoxicating liquors, hoping that the snake might thus be reduced to stupor, and perhaps be ejected [hopped] from the stomach. They succeeded in rendering [rending] Roderick insensible [i.e., into meaninglessness--as mere serpentine-agent]; but, placing their hands upon his breast, they were inexpressibly horror-stricken to feel the monster wriggling, twining, and darting to and fro, within his narrow [his signatural venous-lingual] limits, evidently enlivened by the opium or alcohol, and incited to unusual feats of activity [i.e., sporting its creative-heuristic powers of intact verbal contacts]. Thenceforth, they gave up all attempts at cure or palliation. The doomed sufferer submitted to his fate [i.e., to the author's special providence and province of name], resumed his former loathsome affection for the bosom-fiend, and spent whole miserable days before a looking glass [quicksilvered rhetorical conceptacle], with his mouth [his whole red haw-chamber] wide open, watching, in hope and horror, to catch a glimpse [a glance--of glands of glans--] of the ... head [of his own life], far down within his throat. / ....

(Hawthorne, "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent" [1843], Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 269-71, 275-6, 278-80)

['d'--serpentine sum-fruit, four:] .... / Perhaps the reader--whom I cannot help considering as my guest in the old Manse, and entitled to all courtesy in the way of sight-showing--perhaps he will choose to take a nearer view .... / .... / Come; we have pursued a somewhat devious track .... / .... / .... Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity, should plant a seed--be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower, or worthless weed--should plant it with their own hands, and nurse it from infancy to maturity, altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest. My garden, that skirted [hem-hawed] the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent [with phallic-lingual reach]. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required. But I used to visit and re-visit it, a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation. It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world, to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a [signatural-urethral] row of early peas, just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green. Later in the season, the humming-birds were attracted by the blossoms of a peculiar variety of bean; and they were a joy to me, those little



spiritual visitants, for deigning to sip airy food out of my nectar-cups [progenital hic-cups--in salivary glands, taste buds, and lips]. Multitudes of bees used to bury themselves in the yellow [low-(bladder-)yelling] blossoms of the summer-squashes. This, too, was a deep satisfaction; although, when they had laden themselves with sweets, they flew away to some unknown hive, which would give back nothing in requital of what my garden had contributed [cf. reader as unrewarding purchaser]. But I was glad thus to fling [cf. spit] a benefaction upon the passing breeze, with the certainty that somebody must profit by it, and that there would be a little more honey in the world, to allay the sourness and bitterness which mankind is always complaining of [i.e., perhaps in author's own works]. Yes, indeed; my life was the sweeter for that honey [i.e., not for critics' responses].

/ Speaking of summer-squashes, I must say a word of their beautiful and varied forms [a well-rounded yet viny word, of 'an Oriental character,' on pregnant reciprocators]. They presented an endless diversity of urns and vases, shallow or deep, scalloped or plain, moulded in patterns which a sculptor would do well to copy, since Art has never invented anything more graceful. A hundred squashes in the garden were worthy--in my [round] eyes, at least--of being rendered indestructible in marble. If ever Providence (but I know it never will) should assign me a superfluity of gold, part of it shall be expended for a service of plate [cf. soft-and-hard palate], or most delicate porcelain [cf. dental enamel], to be wrought into the [smiling shapes of summer-squashes, gathered from vines which I will plant with my own hands. As dishes for containing vegetables, they would be peculiarly appropriate. / But, not merely the squeamish love of the Beautiful was gratified by my toil in the kitchen-garden. There was a hearty [throat-plunge-directed] enjoyment, likewise, in observing the growth of the crook-necked winter squashes, from the first little bulb, with the withered blossom adhering to it, until they lay strewn upon the soil, big, round fellows, hiding their heads beneath the [labial, vulvar] leaves, but turning up their great yellow rotundities to the noontide sun. Gazing at them, I felt that, by my agency, something worth living for had been done. A new substance was borne into the world. They were real and tangible existences, which the mind could seize hold of and rejoice in. A cabbage, too--especially the early Dutch cabbage, which swells to a monstrous circumference, until its ambitious heart [haw] often bursts asunder,--is a matter to be proud of, when we can claim a share with the earth and sky [with the universal mould] in producing it. But, after all, the hugest pleasure [the greatest human universal] is reserved, until these vegetable children of ours [i.e., author's and reader's] are smoking on the table, and we, like Saturn, make a meal of them. / What with the river, the battle-field, the orchard, and the garden, the reader begins to despair of finding his way back into

the old Manse [cf. the old Maw]. .... / .... / But to return from this digression. A part of my ['priestly'] predecessor's library was stored in the garret; no unfit receptacle, indeed, for such dreary trash as comprised the greater number of volumes. .... Autographs of famous names were to be seen, in faded ink, on some of their fly-leaves; and there were marginal observations, or interpolated pages closely covered with manuscript, in illegible short-hand [sh!-hand-yell], perhaps concealing matter of profound truth and wisdom. The world will never be the better for it. .... [/ =High-grade anal reduction. Cf. Rev. Ashley Allen Royce--the rich ashen voice that rewinds, re-minds.]

(Hawthorne, "The Old Manse: The Author Makes the Reader Acquainted with His Abode," Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 6, 8, 13-15 [w. 22], 18 [w. 4])

['d'--serpentine sum-fruit, five:] I could not quite believe that I was not to find the Venus de Medici; and still, as I passed from one room to another, my breath rose and fell a little, with the half-hope, half-fear, that she might stand before me. Really, I did not know that I cared so much about Venus, or any possible woman of marble. At last ... I caught a glimpse of her, through the door of the next room [annexed haw for rumination]. It is\*the best room of the whole [serpentine] series, octagonal in shape, and hung with red damask; and the light comes down from a row of windows passing quite round, beneath the octagonal dome. The Venus stands somewhat aside from the centre of the room [=eccentric interest], and is surrounded by an iron-railing, a pace or two from her pedestal in front, and less behind [=eccentrically hem-hedged, as though yolk in ovarian shell]. I think she might safely be left to the reverence her womanhood would win, without any other protection. She is very beautiful; very satisfactory; and has a fresh and new charm about her .... The hue of the marble is just so much mellowed by time as to do for her all that Gibson tries, or ought, to try, to do for his statues by color; softening her, warming her almost imperceptibly, making her an inmate of the heart as well as a spiritual existence [haw + (y)el =glans]. I felt a kind of tenderness for her; an affection, not as if she were one woman, but all womankind in one. Her modest attitude ... is partly what unmakes her as the heathen goddess, and softens her into a woman. There is a slight degree of alarm, too, in her face .... I may as well stop here. It is of no use to throw heaps of words upon her; for they all fall away, and leave [un-leave] her standing in chaste and naked grace, as untouched as when I began. [i.e., my venerating, able venereal wandering of self-regeneration]. / The poor little woman has suffered terribly by the mishaps of her long existence in marble [her ecstasy of immortal self-presentation]. Each of her legs has been broken into two or three fragments; her arms have been broken off; her body has been broken

quite across at the waist; her head has been snapt off at the neck[=signature-decapitation]. Furthermore, there have been grievous wounds and losses of substance in various tender parts of her body. But, partly by the skill with which the statue has been restored, and partly because the idea is perfect and indestructible, all these injuries [thornings, engravings] do not in the least impair the effect, even when you see [seams] where the dissevered fragments have been re-united. She is just as [genitally] whole as when she left the hands of the sculptor. I am glad to have seen this Venus, and to have found her so tender and so chaste. On the wall of the room, and to be taken in at the same glance is a painted Venus by Titian, reclining on a couch, naked and lustful. / The room of the Venus seems to be the treasure place of the whole Uffizzi palace, containing more pictures by famous masters [--i.e., universal visual symbols (esp. as plane-to-sphere, leaf-to-fruit vulviform perceptual-process referents)--] than are to be found in all the rest of the gallery. There were several by Raphael, and the room was crowded with the easels of artists. I did not look half enough at anything [hem(i)-hawed], but merely took a preliminary taste [tip-sip], as a prophecy of the enjoyment [enjoining, unjoining] to come. / .... / The Venus de Medici has a dimple [cf. concave pimple] on her chin. / .... [/ And:] I paid another visit to the Uffizzi gallery, this morning .... I mean no disrespect to Gibson, or Powers, or a hundred other men who people the world with nudities, all of which are abortive as compared with her .... I observed to day (what my wife [and reproductive partner] has already remarked) that the eyes of the statue are slightly hollowed out, in a [peck-]peculiar way, so as to give them a look of depth and intelligence [=heuristic mirror of empty scrotal balls--concave hemi-shields of Easter-Ei!] She is a [phallic-resurrective] miracle. The sculptor must have [gush-]wrought religiously, and have felt that something far beyond his own skill was working through his hand. .... [T]he contemplation of the statue will refine and elevate my taste .... If, at any time, I become less sensible of it, it will be my deterioration .... [/ Cf. egg and dart (or anchor, or tongue) in ovolo--i.e., as ornamentation in hollow relief (architecture, furniture-making).]

(Hawthorne, The French and Italian Notebooks [Florence, June 1858], CE, XIV [1980], 297-9, 307-8)

Pass. set 'e'--the serpentine reliquary)

['e'--serpentine reliquary, one:] Doctor Dolliver [dull-liver], a worthy personage of extreme antiquity, was aroused rather prematurely, one summer morning, by the shouts of the child Pansie, in an adjoining [serpent-linked] chamber .... The old gentleman woke with more than his customary alacrity, and, after taking a moment

to gather his wits about him, pulled aside the faded moreen curtains of his ancient bed, and thrust his head into a beam of sunshine that caused him to wink and withdrawn it again. .... / .... / The object which most helped to bring Dr. Dolliver completely to his waking perceptions was one that common observers might suppose to have been snatched bodily out of his dreams [cf. literary reveries, pensées]. The same sunbeam that had dazzled the doctor between the bed-curtains [cf. soft folds of mouth], glimmered on the weather-beaten gilding which had once adorned this mysterious symbol, and showed it to be an enormous serpent, twining round a wooden post, and reaching [as though chthonic tongue] quite from the floor of the chamber to its ceiling. / It was evidently a thing that [boa-constrictor-like:] could[-]boast[-]of[-]considerable antiquity, the dry-rot having eaten out its eyes and gnawed away the tip of its tail; and it must have stood long exposed to the atmosphere, for a kind of grey [cf. haw-blue] moss had partially overspread its tarnished [cf. yel-low] gilt surface, and a [throat-countering] swallow, or other familiar little [natal] bird, in some by-gone summer, seemed to have built its nest [i.e., of wood-weavings] in the yawning and exaggerated [--i.e., Haw!-gesturing--] mouth. .... Not to make a further mystery about a very simple matter, this bedimmed and rotten reptile [and one 'further' suggestive of the human pharynx] was once the medical emblem or apothecary's sign of the famous Dr. Swinnerton, who practiced physic in the earlier days in New England, when a head of Aesculapius or Hippocrates, would have vexed the souls of the righteous as savoring of Heathendom. The ancient dispenser of drugs had therefore set up an image of the Brazen Serpent, and followed his business for many years, with great credit, under this Scriptural [and literary] device; and Dr. Dolliver, being the apprentice, pupil, and humble friend of the learned Swinnerton's old age, had inherited the symbolic snake, and much other valuable [snake-linked] property [chthonic anatomy] by his bequest. / While the patriarch was putting on his small-clothes, he took care to stand in the parallelogram [cf.(S-)crypt-telegram] of [Signature-re-designing] sunshine that fell upon the uncarpeted [chthonic] floor. The summer warmth was very genial to his [cold, wood-reptilian] system and yet made him shiver; his wintry veins rejoiced at it, though the reviving blood tingled through them with a half-painful and only half-pleasurable titillation. .... Yesterday, in the chill of his forlorn old age, the doctor expected soon to stretch out his weary bones among that quiet community [of the 'burial ground on the corner of which he dwelt. There lay many an old acquaintance, who had gone to sleep with the flavor of Dr. Dolliver's tinctures and powders upon his tongue ...'] .... [I]n-deed, ... he dreamily mixed up the infirmities of his present condition with the repose of the approaching one, being haunted by a notion that the damp earth, under the grass and dandelions, must needs be pernicious for his cough [in throat] and his

rheumatism [in 'rusty joints' of back and limbs]. But, this morning, the cheerful sunbeams, or the mere taste of his grandson's cordial [cord-yell] that he had taken at bedtime, or the fitful vigor [authorial turn-of-haw] that often sports irreverently with aged people, had caused an unfrozen drop of youthfulness, somewhere within him, to expand. / "Hem!--ahem!" quoth the doctor, hoping with one effort to clear his throat of the dregs of a ten-years' cough. ['... (H)is last surviving grandson, ()Pansie's father ('generally believed to have poisoned himself with an infallible panacea of his own distillation'), ... he had instructed in all the mysteries of his science ....'] .... [/ Note incestuous heritage of male-made oral essences--for improving flow of immortal patronymic voice.]

(Hawthorne, The Dolliver Romance [1864; unfinished], The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, CE, XIII [1977], 449, 451-3 [w. 450, 458])

['e'--serpentine reliquary, two:] .... / There is the house [huge 'English' haw], with its ['American'-Puritan] hidden tenant [Nathan-] in it, who throws a gloom over it, and imbues it with horrors. It is the presence there of a frightful circumstance that does this. There is the old man [- (y)el] who has the care of it. A change has taken place in the characters of the two persons who have inherited it; both have been in great pecuniary distress .... The solitary confinement might be softened to the sufferer as much as possible, in a kind of mockery. He might go through various phases; first of stupefaction; then of violence; then of passiveness; then various awakenings of his intellectual powers, and subsiding again; religious impressions. I think he must, by drugs, have produced a paralyzing effect on some of his physical organs;--those of speech, for instance. The modus operandi--the particular medicinal agent--must be shown .... ... a medicine from the spider's web [cf. sitter's spit] that is generally soothing, in small doses .... This the prisoner is dosed with. .... / .... [/ And:] .... But, except in this one fact of his self-confinement, there must be no insanity. He may be a young man of an exceedingly sensitive nature, who has fallen into one fault, sin, crime; yet he might have been the flower [botanical acme] of all the race, under happier circumstances; a poetic nature; able to console himself with imaginative reveries. Sometimes a dreadful glimpse [--of glans--] of the way in which he is spending his life. A lack of animal spirits, of active [i.e., vernal serpent] energy. He has books, and writing materials. Possibly, there might be two [forking] motives for seclusion; one disappointed love, a passion hopeless, wrecked, the other a sense of crime. The girl, whom alone his shy nature ever loved, is dead; he thinks that he has murdered her brother. So he secludes himself, at once afraid and weary of this world. The devil [dungeon-dung-turning tongue-root] becomes the turnkey at the prison-gate

[Haw!-k], and he is inevitably shut in; except for one brief time when he goes forth [horn/thorn + Oberon/overflow]. Throughout life, still a purpose to emerge [as though out of egg-haw/maw]. This runs through the Romance like the vertebrae of the back-bone. There should be a reference to it in everything, grave and gay.

....

(Hawthorne, Etherege [ca. 1858-1864; unfinished], The American Claimant Manuscripts, CE, XII [1977], 291, 330-1)

['e'--serpentine reliquary, three:] .... / ".... If I mistake not, he ['my bosom-friend'] will prove to be sui generis, and akin [esp. in literary surface, word-skin] to no other reptile in creation." / "Whence came this strange calamity? [N-smooth yet H-lame (cobra-like) claim?]" inquired the sculptor. / ".... He is my own snake, and no man's else [i.e., my underlying given name, Nathan(y)el, ever-Haw-re-born]." / "But what was his origin?" demanded Herkimer [philologically Herder-like: Hearken!-immer.] / "Oh! there is poisonous stuff in any man's heart, sufficient to generate a brood of serpents," said Elliston, with a hollow laugh [i.e., with cradle-haw, oral-Maw, of family name emptied of articulative-ballistic consonant-spines]. .... Positively, I deem [judge] myself fortunate [Nathan: He-brew-gifted (Germ.-poisoned [Hel.-quicksilvered (Rom.-merchant-hugged-and hawked)])] in having bred but a single serpent [i.e., one wise (if hermaphroditic-onanistic) literary principle--any-mating, then perfectly haw-retraining]. You, however, have none in your bosom [i.e., no s-seizural, s-possessive, twisting graphemically within crest-name], and therefore cannot sympathize with [co-here within] the rest of the [poised] world [world of beautiful letters]. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" / "With this exclamation, Roderick lost his self-control and threw himself upon the grass, testifying [gesture-signing] his [s-]agony by intricate writhings [i.e., by viny coordinated movements of syllabic parts], in which Herkimer [Hearken!-immer genius-herder] could not but fancy a resemblance to the motions of a snake. Then, likewise, was heard that frightful hiss [His!], which often ran through the sufferer's speech, and crept between the words and syllables, without interrupting their succession [i.e., acting as joint-glue, sal(i)vation-sauce--drawing its power, even, from the 'extremely visc[-s-s-]id' mist[-s-s-]le[-]toe of the druidical heritage (note again in my II.B.3.v)]. / "This [hiss] is awful [Haw-full!] indeed!" exclaimed the sculptor--"an awful infliction [thorny-diction] whether it be actual or imaginary! ...." / "Yes ...," muttered Roderick [within mother-mouth], as he lay wallowing with his face in the grass [S(elf)-humbling ruminative Literary hay-haw]. "Could I, for one instant, forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me. It is my diseased [semantically and seminally dislocated--mis-sown--] self-contemplation that has engendered and nourished him!" [Fruit-

serpent =visceral-botanical cycle, orally gated]. / "Then forget yourself, my husband," said a gentle voice above him--"forget yourself in the idea of another! [another idea!]" / Rosina had emerged from the ['ancestral' thorn-]arbor, and was bending over him, with the shadow of his [Hiss!-]anguish reflected in her countenance, yet so mingled with hope and unselfish love, that all [hiss-creative] anguish seemed but an earthly shadow and dream [i.e., oral-aesthetic ideal has been achieved--sub labial rosa]. She touched Roderick [her-rod-and-writing-prick] with her hand [her natal balm-giving part]. A tremor shivered through his [hiss-]frame. At that moment, if report be trustworthy, the sculptor beheld a waving [S=W] motion through the grass [cf. O. E. swefn (sleep, dream); cf. Balt.-Prus. swints (holy, sacred)], and heard a tinkling sound [ink-ling yel-p], as if something had [p-]plunged [pow p'w] into the [sur-face of the] fou[w]ntain [=signature, stowing itself away--for more potent re-use, more fruitful rebirth from (infra-mouth over-and-under) ink-well]. Be the truth as it might, it is certain that Roderick Elliston [E1's (S)tone, as'purified'test(-t)ic(k)le] sat up, like a man renew[-w]ed, restored to his right [full-faced, human-universal] mind, and rescued from the fiend [--lingual king of verbal creativity--], which had so miserably overcome him in the battle-field of his own [bantam:hawk] breast. / "Ros[=z]ina!" cried [crowed] he, in [expressively] broken and pass[=s]ionate tones, but with nothing of the wild wail that had haunted his voic[=s]e so long. "Forgive! Forgive!" / Her[=His] happy tears bedewed his [hurt her-] face. / .... / "Oh[=H], y[=Y]es[=S]!" said Ros[=Z]ina, with a h[=H]eav-enly[=Y] s[=S]mi[=Y]le. The serpent[=Signature] was but a dark fantasy [=SY], and what it ty[=Y]pifi[eY]ed [self-animating literary 'Egotis[=Z]m' with green-forking 'jealous[=S]y[=Y]' of immortal food fore-seen skinned] was as sh[=SH=S]adowy as itself. The past, dismal as it seems, shall fling no gloom [cf. jalousie with salt-tears] upon the future. To give it its due importance we must think of it but as an anecdote [=k-neck-cut, =trim beheading] in our Eternity!" [I.e., as relinquished, virginal salt-relics--yet implicitly Cross-wood intimate (sin-cognitive).]

(Hawthorne, "Egotism; or, The Bosom-Serpent" [1843], Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974], 281-3)

['e'--serpentine reliquary, four:] .... Something dropt out of the envelope and fell rattling upon the floor; he ['Septimius Norton'--'with Indian blood in ... (his) veins' and with a 'little collection of books that had come down to ... (him) from his great-grandfather, the Puritan divine. ... some in Latin, Greek, even Hebrew, and a copy of the Indian bible, and one or two ancient volumes of (alchemical) science ...'--] picked it up, and found it to be a small, antique key [cf. clef, for intoning of cleft-§signature, in literary groves], curiously wrought, and with intricate wards [i.e., key hole-guards], and seeming to be of silver

[cf. water-like quicksilver]. In the handle of the key, there was a sort of open-work tracery [self-revealing viny botany], which made the cypher H. N. in old English letters [cf. H(awthor)n(e), N(atha)n(iel), as HiNNdic Naja HaNNaH (or East-Indian [(atha)-N(asia)N] king cobra), HeaveN-w(ear!)d HeaviNG (+G[ω]d) --i.e., implying (:Quicunque vult:) from Head-to-tail, in Tree-Tale (i.e., even if Hell-benT)]. Septimius looked at this key, with great minuteness, before proceeding further, wondering where on earth could be the key-hole that suited it, and to what sort of a treasure it was the passport [=formula for literary heirs]. Then laying it carefully away in the drawer, he proceeded to inspect the manuscripts [i.e., hand-grooved Signature-crypts--for Haw-bearing-on!, from (Ha-) Alpha to Omega (-o/W-)borne-on].

(Hawthorne, Septimius Norton [ca. 1861-1864; unfinished],  
The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, CE, XIII [1971],  
 287 [w. 203])

['e'--serpentine reliquary, five:] .... / Septimius ['Felton'-- whose 'thoughts ... can have ... help ... only ... from some wise, long-studied and experienced scientific man, who could enlighten ... (him) as to the bases and foundations of things, as to cryptic writings, as to chymical elements, as to the mysteries of language; as to the principles and system on which we were created. ... not to be taught ... (him) by a girl ...' and whose 'Indian fierceness ... (had) in him arous(ed) itself, and thrust() up its malign head like a snake'--], in a dream of horror and pity .... .. filled a pitcher with cold water, and hurried back to the [Haw-] hill-top [high bourne], where he found the young ['redcoat'] officer [he had 'sho()t() ... from hind a hedge'] looking paler and more deathlike .... / "I thank you, my enemy that was, my friend that is," said he, faintly smiling. "Methinks, next to the father and mother that give us birth, the next most intimate relation must be with the man that slays us--that introduces us to the mysterious [annexed next] world to which this is but the [leaf-shadowed, labial] portal. You and I are [forks] strangely connected, doubt it not, in the scenes of the unknown world." / .... / ... [H]e ['Septimius Felton'--'a rebel'--] knelt by his fallen foe's side. / "... [T]hough I have lived few years, it has been long enough to do a great wrong. But I [--'a king's (cf. Christ's) soldier'--] will try to pray in my secret soul. Turn my face toward the trunk of this tree [(Haw-)truncated neck; cf. O.E. lēap], for I have taken my last look at the world. There; let me be now." / .... There was a murmuring from the officer's lips, which seemed to Septimius simple, soft, and melancholy, like the voice of a child when it has some naughtiness to confess to its mother [its propelling progenitrix] at bedtime; contrite, pleading, yet trusting [cf. plaintive, elegiac]. So it continued for a few minutes; then there was a sudden start and struggle [i.e., thorny effort], as if he were striving [cf. tooth-ivy-ing] to rise .... .. [ / And,



cf.: 'The door of the Cambio (cf. wood-originate, soft-flesh, cambium) proved to be one that we ('my wife' and first and second child) had passed several times .... They (some 'religious pictures,' 'frescoed all over ['the walls']' of a second 'chapel') seemed to me very striking, ... (and) one of them provoked an unseasonable smile. It was the decapitation of John the Baptist; and this holy personage was represented as still on his knees, with his hands clasped in prayer (=a signatural stance), although the executioner was already depositing the head in a charger, and the blood (cf. voice, semen, ink, tongue-fragments) was spouting from the headless trunk (=truncated neck), directly, as it were, into the face of the spectator (cf. reader, God). / ... (T)he Cicerone, who first offered his services at the Hotel, had come in; so we paid our chance-guide, and expected him to take (smiling, chrism-gracious, teeth-ivy-ing) leave. It is characteristic of this idle country, ... that if you once speak to a person, or connect yourself with him by the slightest possible tie, you will hardly get rid of him by anything (prick-)short of main (haw-over, 'however,' H!-thorn) force. He still lingered (i.e., as though a leaf, expecting rho-fold alms) in the ('first') room, and was still there when I came (serpent-ruminating) away; ... ('I') ha(d) had as many pictures as I could (eye-to-mouth) digest (haw-to-glan[d]s accommodate) ....' /] ....

(Hawthorne, Septimius Felton [ca. 1861-1864 (unfinished); 1872], The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, CE, XIII [1971], 28 [w. 64-5, 26], 30; with The French and Italian Notebooks [Perugia, May 1858], XIV [1980], 256-7)

The introductory battery of passages reconstructive of Hawthorne's serpentine master-form, in its substantive if oft-shadowy romancing within orally determined architectonics of mind, ends here. Immediately below (in the chapter development, Part B) begins the prime, literary unfolding of the signature-petitions--for the ever well-warded and singularly self-salvific thorn-apple, of Nathaniel Hawthorne's ever serpent-intoned literary world.

## B. Development:

A Literary Unfolding of the Signature-Petitions  
for the Thorn-Apple of World.B.1. A Literary Unfolding of the First Petition:  
The Hawthornesque of MUM-YAWN.

The literary unfolding of the first petition draws from twenty works by Hawthorne--eighteen tales, one novel (The Marble Faun), and one unfinished work (The Ancestral Footstep). The tally of titles (1.a)--a figure-rhymed fifth-stave of the total of one hundred and three titles--functions as a proportionate, investigative classification of texts which are sufficiently name-ritualized to admit of study at step though other classification is possible, serves to foreground the consonant-figure as a movement from word-initial alliterative m to word-medial singular n, and provides (parenthetically) step-relevant, figure-reinforcing memos on the persistence of the idea of name in the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the idea of name chiefly as American sociolinguual memorial, as night-black graphologic attribute of professional identity, and as lexical riddle capable of attaining long-anecdote, national-yarn dimensions. The four-fold sampling (1.b-e) of twenty representative long passages from nine of the twenty works tallied (fourteen passages from seven tales, five passages from novel, and one passage from unfinished work) serves to give extension to the idea of nominal riddle as long-anecdote, as text in which etymologic and privi-semantic (speech-serpent) values of name-fragments, extending

themselves most recognizably by means of the consonant joints of  
 discourse, serve to give pattern to a ground-up! process of reference  
 to the organs of speech in narrative observation (esp. in 1.b--a  
 point-mark of organ-song), to a wood-cleave! process of reference to  
 phallic interaction in agent discourse (esp. in 1.c--a leaf-fold of  
 breach-counterchant), to a box-round! process of reference to a hawk-  
 glan(d)s!-anchored haw in scenarios of climax and catastrophe (esp.  
 in 1.d--a skullcap of world-hymn), and to a touch-stone! process of  
 reference to relics of tongue-memory in tracts of apologia upon  
 implicit in-composition rebirth (esp. in 1.e--a spine trail of necro-  
 elegy). Petitionally sub-tagged as "mumtown" (cf. the enigmatic  
 motive of oral-nasal bourne-holding for palate-dark master-tongue),  
 as "counteryaw" (cf. the empathic motive of Yahweh-cued organ-breath-  
 space excitement), as "cryptig lance" (cf. the critical motive of eye-  
 caught super-inferior oro-en[d]-trail content), and as "Americ'nGro'link"  
 (cf. the anthem of self-understood long-dark literary-thorning)--the  
 four-fold sampling of twenty representative long passages (five pas-  
 sages per sub-tag) unfolds the self-conscious, mouth-conscious epic  
 self-utterance of the name "Nathaniel Hawthorne," as Hebraic-Anglic  
 identity forever lost to America, yet forever hemming and hawing in  
 literary-referential courtship, round about the fated geographic muse--  
 round the native land, round America, round the representative American  
 lady. The necessary courtship of American contexts specifically  
 motivates--and the ironic winning of substantial American echoes  
 specifically answers to--the first petition. The hawthornesque of the

courtship of America unfolds as follows. (Note that the talley of titles [1.a] includes a 00-entry supportive of petition structure.)

1.a. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w--a fifth-stave of titles [20/103])

- [m-01] "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" ("the youth, one of whose names was Robin"; "'But come in, I pray, for I bid you hearty welcome in his name.'"; "'Haw, haw ... --hem, hem ...!'"--XI:208,209,217,229)
- [m-02] "Monsieur du Miroir" ("his name would indicate a French descent; in which case, ['I'] infinitely prefer[] that my blood should flow from a bold British and pure Puritan source"--X:159,160)
- [m-03] "The Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of Monte Beni" ("There was a pedigree, the later portion of which ... a genealogist would have found delight in tracing out, link by link, and authenticating by records and documentary evidences. It would have been as difficult, however, to follow up the stream of Donatello's ancestry to its dim source, as travelers have found it, to reach the mysterious fountains of the Nile."--IV:5,1,5,221,231,455,463,231 [see A('a'--one)])
- ["Pre(-)face"]  
 "Miriam, Hilda, Kenyon, Donatello" (I)  
 "Sunshine" / "The Pedigree of Monte Beni" (XXV / XXVI)  
 "Miriam, Hilda, Kenyon, Donatello" (L)  
 "Posts(k)cript" ]
- [m-04] "The Man of Adamant: An Apologue" ("Her name was Mary Goffe [cf. en-cough]. ... a convert to his ['(-)hard Digby('s)'] prea[-Y-]ching the word in England .... .... ... her fee[-Y-]t wounded by the [O.E. twist-p black-]thorns!"--XI:161,165)

- [m-05] "The Minister's Black Veil:  
A Parable\*" ("\*Another clergyman in  
New England, Mr. Joseph  
Moody, of York, Maine,  
who died about eighty  
years since, made himself  
remarkable by the same  
eccentricity that is here  
related of the Reverend  
[Rev. Ashley] Mr. Hooper";  
"and a vei[-Y-]led corpse  
they bore him to the  
grave"--IX:37,37n.,52)
- [m-06] "The White Old Maid" ("known by all the town,  
as the 'Old Maid in the  
Wi[-Y-]nd[-]ing Sheet";  
"Azure, a lion's head  
erased, between three  
flower de luces,' said he  
['An old man possessed of  
the heraldic lore']; then  
whispered the name of the  
family to whom those  
bearings belonged"--IX:  
370,372,377)
- [m-07] "The Devil in Manuscript" ("Oberon--it was a name  
of fancy and friendship  
between him and me"--XI:  
170,171)
- [m-08] "Fragments from the Journal  
of a Solitary Man" ("My poor friend 'Oberon'  
--for let me be allowed  
to distinguish him by so  
quaint a name ....  
... in the simple phrase-  
ology of Scripture 'he  
was not.'"; "I religiously  
obeyed his instructions  
with regard to the papers  
in the escritoire"--XI:  
312,312,312)
- [w.: "My Home Return" ]
- [m-09] "The Ambitious Guest" ("the singers hesitated  
.... / 'Father, ...  
they are calling you by  
name.'"; "Wo, for the  
high-souled youth, with  
his dream of Earthly

Immortality! [W'H'Y:YHW'H!]  
 His name and person utterly  
 unknown [N...n... ..n(e)];  
 his history, his way of  
 life, his plans, a mystery  
 [in M(:mouth/mouNt)] never  
 to be solved; his death  
 and his existence(:in/ex-  
 tense) equally a doubt!  
 Whose was the agony of the  
 death-moment? [-yel Haw!-  
 : 'Sli(:Y:)de'?] "--IX:324,  
 330,333)

[m-10] "The Battle-Omen"

("like the stately and  
 mournful march with which  
 a hero is borne to his  
 grave. ... the sound kept  
 onward"; "the ['Indian']  
 omen swept above their  
 heads"--XI:235,239,239)

[n-11] "Night Sketches: Beneath an  
 Umbrella"

("hoi[-Y-]sting my umbrel-  
 la, the silken dome of  
 which resounds with the  
 heavy drumming of the  
 invisible rain-drops";  
 "even as my figure ... is  
 blackened by an interval  
 of darkness. Not that  
 mine is altogether a  
 chameleon [lizard-serpen-  
 tine] spirit, with no hue  
 of its own"--IX:426,427,  
 431)

[n-12] "Sketches from Memory"

["The Notch of the White  
 Mountains"

"Our Evening Party Among  
 the Mountains"

"The (K) Canal Boat" ]

("Let us forget the other  
 names ..., that have been  
 [mouth-]stamped upon these  
 hills, but still call the  
 [lip/nose-]loftiest--  
 WASHINGTON."--X:422,422,  
 425)

[n-13] "Sketches from Memory"

["The Indland Port"

"Rochester"

"A Night Scene"

("poor Sam Patch! ... he has left his [suicidal] memory around the falls of the Gene[-]see, more permanently than if his name had been hewn['] into the forehead of the precipice"--XI:298,298, 301,304,302)

[n-14] "My Visit to Niagara"

("Without aspiring to immortality, as he did, I could have imitated the English traveller, who turned back from the point where he first heard the thunder of Niagara, after crossing the ocean to behold it."; "At the toll-house, .... My signature was required in a huge leger, containing similar records innumerable, many of which I read."; "but the spot, so famous through the world, was all my own! [N/n!]"--XI: 281,282,282,288 [see A('a'--five)])

[n-15] "The Intelligence Office"

("A grave figure, with a pair of [M.-]mysterious spectacles on his nose and a pen [cf. pinna (-pi[Y]ne)] behind his ear, was seated at a desk, in the [k]corner .... .... the spirit of a record--the soul of his own great volume--made visible"--X:321,321)

[n-00] "E[-]therege"

["There dwelt an ancient gentleman, in a house by a grave-yard; ..."

("You have all the natural prerequisites of eloquence; a quick sensibility, ready thought, apt expression, a good voice--and not making its way

into the world through  
your nose, either, as  
they say most of your  
['America(n)'] country-  
men's voices do[,]'  
['returned the ('good'  
[English']) Master']"--  
XII:90,190 [see B.2.a  
(h-08)]

[n-16] "The Ancestral Footstep"

("We ['Englishm(e)n']  
have such a reluctance  
to part with them, that  
we are content to see  
them continued by any  
fiction, through any  
indirections, rather  
than dispense with old  
names"; "It has ...  
struck[k] me, h[a]w[o]ver,  
that the direct lineage  
might be found in ['our']  
America, for a family  
which has been compelled  
to prolong itself here  
through the female line,  
and through alien stocks"  
--XII:3,7,7-8)

[n-17] "Little Annie's Ramble"

("One walks in black  
attire, with a measured  
step, and a heavy brow,  
... his thoughtful eyes  
bent down"; "None but my-  
self and little [Nath]-  
An[~~K~~]nie, whose feet  
begin to move in unison  
with the lively tune"--  
IX:121,121,121)

[n-18] "A Rill from the Town-Pump"

("The TOWN-PUMP talking  
through its nose."; "And  
when I shall have decayed,  
... then, if you revere  
my memory, let a marble  
fountain, richly sculp-  
tured, take my place upon  
this spot. ..., and  
['be'] inscribed with the



names of the distinguished  
champions of my cause.  
Now listen ..."--IX:141,  
141,147)

[n-19] "Egotism; or, The Bosom-  
Serpent"

["From the Unpublished  
Allegories of the Heart"]

("It gnaws me!" he ex-  
claimed. / .... / 'Do  
you know me ...?'; "He  
then ... took refuge in  
his antiquated family  
residence"--X:268,268,269,  
270 [see A('a'--three;  
etc.); see also B.4.a  
(s-00)])

[n-20] "The Village Uncle: An  
Imaginary Retrospect"

("I built a cottage for  
Susan [cf. U. S. A.] and  
myself, and made a gateway  
in the form of a Gothic  
arch, by setting up a  
whale's [mum-'yawning']  
jaw bones"; "I have become  
the patriarch, the Uncle  
[cf. anch(k)or] of the  
village. I love that name;  
it widens [-n,k-y'aw-ll-s]  
the circle of my sympa-  
thies; it joins all the  
youthful to my household,  
in the kindred of affec-  
tion"--IX:310,317[w.311],  
318-19)

1.b. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w--a point-mark of organ-song  
{3+2/20@five}

[1.b. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w--mumtown one & two. (m-01) "My  
Kinsman, Major Molineux':] .... The inferior members of the  
['king(')s'] court party, in times of high political excitement,  
led scarcely a more desirable life. ... not far from a hundred  
years ago. The reader, in order to avoid a long and dry detail of  
colonial affairs, is requested to dispense with an account of the  
train of circum[-(size)-]stances, that had caused much temporary  
inflammation of the popular mind. / It was near nine o'clock[:in-  
mouth-aNkH-key-corner:giving-]of[f] a moonlight evening, when a  
boat [K-]crossed the ferry with a single passenger, who had obtained  
his conveyance, at that unusual hour[:H!-our], by the promise of an

extra fare. While he stood on the landing-place [cf. hard palate], searching in either pocket for the means of fulfilling his agreement, the ferryman lifted a [lingual-]lantern, by the aid of which, and the newly risen [m-W-]moon, he took a very accurate survey [-V-Y] of the stranger's figure. He was a youth of barely eighteen y[-]ears, evidently [American-] country-bred, and now, as it should see[--Y-]m, upon his first visit to town. He was clad in a coarse [haw-]grey coat, well worn, but in excellent[:cell] repair; his under garments were durably constructed of [near-reptilian-] leather, and sat [serpent-]tight[:'Y'] to a pair[:fork] of serviceable and well-shaped limbs; his stockings of [haw-]blue yarn [-ing], were the incontrovertible [signature-]handiwork of a mother or a sister; and on his head was a three cornered hat [=YHW/HYW!], which in its better days had perhaps sheltered the braver brow of the lad's father. Under his left[:yel] arm was a [HAW:K!-]heavy [k:]cud[-]gel [=tongue], formed of an oak[-from-glans/acorn] sapling[+am], and retaining a part of the ['horn-]hardened root; and his equipment was completed by a wallet [-scrotal-maw/nap], not so abundantly stocked as to incommode the vigorous shoulders on which it hung. Brown, curly hair[:H-eir!], well-shaped features, and bright cheerful eyes, were [signature-]nature's gifts, and worth all that art could have done for his adornment. / The youth, one of whose names was Robin[:Rho/roe-bin] fin[-]ally drew from his poc[-]ket the half of a little province-bill of five shillings, ... with ... a sex[-k's-]angular piece of parchment valued at three pence[:penis/pants]. .... / .... / He now became entangled in a succession of crooked and narrow streets, which crossed [k(w)t!] each other, and meandered at no great distance from the water-side. The smell of [graphic-black-]tar was obvious in his nostrils, the masts of vessels pierced the moonlight above the tops of the buildings, and the numerous signs, which Robin paused to read, informed him that he was near the c[-]entre of business[-ess]. But the streets were empty, the shops were closed, and lights were visible only in the second stories of a few dwelling-houses. .... / .... / He entered[:entrained] the tavern, and was guided by the murmur of voices, and fumes of tobacco, to the public room. It was a long and low apartment, ... of no immaculate purity. .... .. his eyes were attracted ... to a person who stood near the door, holding whispered conversation with a group of ill-dressed associates. His features were separately strik[-yk']ing almost to grotesqueness, and the whole face left a de[:eye:]ep impression in the memory. The forehead bulged out into a double prominence, with a vale between; the nose came boldly forth in an irregular curve, and its bridge was of more than a finger's breadth[:breath-of-dick]; the eyebrows were deep and shaggy, and the eyes [glans-]glowed beneath them like fire in a [lip/prepuce-]cave. / ... Robin deliberated of whom to inquire respecting his kinsman's dwelling .... / .... / All eyes were now turned on the country lad, standing at the door .... / .... / 'What have we here?' said

he ['the innkeeper, a little man in a stained white apron'],  
 breaking his speech into little dry fragments. 'Left the house  
 of the subscriber, bounden servant, Hezekiah [Maw-]Mudge --....  
 Better trudge, boy, better trudge!' / Robin had begun to draw  
 his hand towards the lighter [tongue-tip-]end of the oak cudgel,  
 but a strange hostility in every countenance, induced him to  
 relinquish his purpose of breaking the courteous innkeeper's head.  
 ... he turned to leave[:leaf] .... / '.... Oh, if I had  
 one of these grinning rascals in the woods, where I and my [glans/  
 haw/acorn-]oak grew up together, I would[:wood] teach him that my  
 arm is heavy though my [lips/prepuce-]purse be light!' / .... /  
 [ &:] Turning a [K-]corner ['in search of the Major's lineaments'],  
 .... The moonlight fell upon ... a half-opened door, and his  
 [HAW:Key-]keen [glan(d)s-]glance detected a woman's garment within.  
 / .... / ... without a corresponding display on her part. ...  
 Robin could discern ... a strip of [soft-palate-k-]scarlet petti-  
 coat, and the occasional [glan(d)s-]sparkle of an eye[+dew-of-yel],  
 as if the moonbeams were trembling on some [uvula-like] bright  
 thing. / .... / ... She was a dainty little fig[y]ure, with a  
 white neck[-K!], round arm[], and a slender waist[:waste], at the  
 extremity of which her scarlet petticoat jutted out over a [glans/  
 acorn/haw-]hoop, as if she were standing in a ball[-]oon. Moreover  
 [:haw-ever-weave-ove-over], her face was oval and pretty, her hair  
 dark beneath[=knee:ni(+)]ne the little [glan(d)s-]cap, and her  
 bright eyes possessed a sly[:slippery-lip/lap-wink] freedom, which  
 tri[-Y-]umphed over those of Robin. / 'Major Molineaux dwells  
 here,' said this fair wo[ye-]man. / Now her voice was the  
 sweetest Robin heard[:ear/maw-urned] that night, the airy [=Y]  
 counterpart of a stream of melted [seminal-]silver; yet he could  
 [k+]not help doubting whether that sweet voice spoke Gospel truth.  
 He looked up and down the mean street .... / .... / 'Nay,  
 the Major has been a-bed this hour or more,' said the [laden-]lady  
 of the [haw-(M:)paw-]scarlet petticoat .... But he is a kind-  
 hearted man, ... a kinsman of ... turn away from door. ....  
 --But come in, I pray, for I bid you hearty welcome in his name.'  
 / .... She had drawn his half-willing footsteps nearly to the  
 threshold[:of de-l'-Aubépine-threshing-forth], when the opening of  
 a door in the neigh[!-]bor[:]hood startled the Major's house[-up!-]  
 keeper, and ... she vanished speedily into her own domicile. A  
 heavy yawn [=ear-read throat/jaws-gesture] preceded the appearance  
 of the man, ... who carried a lantern, .... turned his broad,  
 dull [hob-]face on Robin, and displayed a long staff, spiked  
 [-nyk't], at the end. / 'Home[-Ha+W/M(b)], vagabond, home[-Ha+W/  
 M(b)]!' said the watchman, in accents that see[--Y-]med[:semen-  
 dead-ended] to fall asleep as soon as they were uttered. 'Home  
 [-Haw!], or[:o'er] ... in the stocks ...!' / .... / The watchman  
 ... turned the [k:]corner and was gone; yet Robin see[--Y-]med to  
 hear the sound of drowsy[:bo(a)vine] laughter stealing along the  
 solitary street. .... he looked up, and [h:awe:K!-]caught the

sparkle of a saucy eye .... But Robin, being of the household of a New En[g!h/y:k!]gland clergyman, was a good youth, as well as a shrewd one [@"step 2]; so he resisted temptation, and fled away. / .... [--XI:208-9,211,212-15,216-19.]

[1.b. MUM-YAWN: m/m/n >h/y'w--mumtown three. (m-02) 'Monsieur du Miroir':] MONSIEUR DŪ MIROIR[.] / Than the gentleman above-named, there is no[-]body, in the whole [M:HŸEW-LIP-]circle of my acquaintance, whom I have more attentively studied, yet of whom I [eye-]have less [reel-]real know[-]ledge[:hedge/bourne], beneath the [flat-]sur[-]face which it pleases him to present. Being [aŋkH!-]anxious to dis[k-]cover who and what he really is, and how [k-]connected with me, and what are to be the results, to him and to myself, of the joy[-Y-]nt interest, which, without any[:knee] choice on my part, see[-Y-]ms to be permanently established between us ....--Nor let the reader condemn any part of the narrative as frivolous, since a subject of such [signature-]grave reflection diffuses its importance through the minutest [style-point-]particulars, and there is no judging, before[-nat-]hand, what odd [lips-over-(t/d)tongue-]little circum[-(size)-]stance may do the office of a blind man's dog[:wg], among the perplexities of this dark investigation. .... / .... He bears, indisputably [:at lips/pūta:butte/pūdenda], a strong personal re[-]semblance to myself, and generally puts on mourning at the funerals of the [heuristic-]family[-name]. On the other [natal-]hand, his name would indicated a French [YE(L)-]descent; in which [k'ove-]case, infinitely preferring that my blood should flow from a bold British and pure Puritan source, I beg leave[=leaves!] to disclaim all kind [-]red with M. du Miroir. Some genealogists trace his origin to Spain, and dub him a knight of the order of the CABALLEROS DE LOS ESPEJOS, one of whom was over[-]thrown by Don Quixote. But what says M. du Miroir, himself, of his paternity [=patter-knee:between:ni(+):teeth] and his father-land [=fodder-in-maul-land]? Not a word did he ever say about the matter [=mother-mouth-adder]; and herein, perhaps, lies one of his most especial reasons for maintaining such a vexatious mystery--that he lacks the [hyk!-h-ear] faculty of speech to ex[-]pound[!] it. His lips [i.e., not his tongue] are sometimes seen to move; his eyes and countenance are alive with shifting expression, as if corresponding by visible hieroglyphics to his modulated breath; and anon[-ymously/animately], he will seem to pause, with as satisfied an air, as if he had been talking ex[-]cell[-]ent[-yel/cave] sense. Good sense or bad, M. du Miroir is the sole judge of his own conversational powers, never having [H'w-]whispered so much as a syllable[=yel!], that[:hat!] reached the ears of any other [haw!-]auditor. Is he really dumb? [=Stamm/origin-mute?]---or[:Ohren!] is all the world deaf?--or is it merely a piece of my ... waggery, meant for nothing but[:lips/butte!] to make fools of us? If so, he has the joke[=jaw/yoke!] all to himself. / .... / One of this singular peron's most remark[-K'-]able pec[K-yw']uliarities is his fondness

for [W!-]water, wherein he excels any temperanceman whatever. His pleasure, it must be owned, is not so much to drink it, ... as to souse himself over[-ove] head and ears, wherever he may [reflec- tively] meet it. Perhaps he is a [near-reptilian] merman, or born of a mermaid's marriage with a mortal, and thus [Nat-undine:Man-] amphibious by hereditary right, like the children which the old river [=yel-rho-horn!=between:ni(+):ne!] deities, or nymphs of fountains, gave to earthly love. .... At Niagara, too, where, I would[:wood] have gladly forgotten both myself and him, I could not help ob[-]serving my companion, in the smooth water, on the very [bourne-]verge of the [throat-HAW:K!-]cataract, just above the Table Rock [=tongue; see again and cf. my A('a'--five), or B.l.a (n-14)]. Were I to reach the sources of the [N!-yel!-]Nile, I should expect to meet him there. .... / .... / Or, out of mere wayward fantasy .... Shall I height[=T']en my [thorn-]reader's [French-wander-]wonder[']? While writing these latter sentences, I hap[']pened['] to [glan(d)s-]glance towards the large round globe on one of th brass and[-]irons; and lo[W']! --a miniature apparition of M. du Miroir, with his face widened[=W-Y-Tied] and grotesquely contorted, as if he were making [phallic-]fun of my [M.-de-I'-Aubépine-self-]amazement. But he has played so many of these jokes .... Once, ... he stole into the heaven of a young lady's eyes .... Y[-]ears have so changed[+chained] him since, that he need never hope to enter those[:hawsè!] heavenly orbs again. / .... / .... I perceive that the tranquil [glan(d)s-]gloom of a di[-]sap[-]pointed soul has darkened through his [signature-graphic-]countenance where the blackness of the future see[--Y-]ms to mingle with the shadows of the past, giving him the asp[!]ect-[:k't!'] of a fated man. .... / .... / .... ... I could fancy that M. du Miroir is himself a [snake-twiny-twin-tongue-]wanderer from the spiritual world, with nothing human, except his illusive garment of [literary!] visibility. Methinks I should tremble now [reader!], were his wizard power, of [snake-glan(d)s-]gliding through all impediments in search of me, to place him suddenly before my eyes. / Ha[']! What is yonder? Shape of mystery, did the tremor of my heart[']-strings vibrate to thine own, and call thee from thy home among the dancers of the [N!]Northern Lights [:Y-EL!]. .... Still, there he sits, and re[-]turns my [glan(d)s-]gaze with as much of [H!-]awe and [g/k-quicksilver-]curiosity, as if he, too, had spent a solitary evening in fantastic musings, and made me his theme. So [HAW:K!-]inimitably does he counterfeit, that I could almost doubt which of us is the visionary form, or whether each be not the other's [signature-]mystery, and both twin brethren of one fate, in mutually reflected spheres. Oh, friend, canst thou not hear['] and an[']swer me? Break down[-N'] the barrier between us! Grasp my [Native(=American)-]hand! Speak[=yel-K!]. Listen [=in-Ha!]. A few words, perhaps, might satisfy the feverish yearning[=yarning] of my soul for some master-thought, that should guide me through this [lip-]labyrinth of life, teaching wherefore

I was born [=B!+horn-torn], and how to do my task on earth, and what is death. Alas! .... Thus do mortals deify, as it were, a mere [signature-]shadow of themselves, a spectre of human reason, and ask of that to unveil the mysteries, which Divine Intelligence has revealed so far as needful to our guidance, and hid the rest. / Fare[-]well, Monsieur du Miroir! Of you, perhaps, as of many men, it may be doubted whether you are the wiser, though your [YK:HOLE!+LIPS:W-]whole business is REFLEC[']TION. [See and cf. my A('b'--three) for idea of open-point of linguistic-self-reinception, in 'snake's head--i.e., S+aNkH/cob:ra+Y =B.l.a(n-19).] [--X:159,160-1,163-4,165,168,170-1.]

[1.b. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y/'w--mumtown four. (m-03) 'The Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of Monte Beni':] Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be [glan(d)s-]glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery, in the Capitol, at Rome[-ROAM]. It was that [roam-]room (the first after ascending the staircase) in the [S=]centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying[:ng] [glan(d)s-glad-]Gladiator, just [S=(k)not-]sinking into his death-swoon. Around the walls ..., ... yellow [!] .... [HEAR!-]Here likewise, is seen a symbol (as [H-asp-]apt, at this moment, as it was two thousand years ago) of the Human Soul, with its choice of[-fork-foreign] Innocence or Evil [k-]close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, cl[-]asp[-g]asp[!] a dove to her bosom, but [anse-]assaulted by a snake [=S=NkH]. / From one of the windows of this saloon, we may see[--Y] a flight of broad steps, descending alongside the antique and massive [=mouth-anchor!] foundation of the [HAW:K't!Head-]Capitol, towards the batter[-r]ed tri[-Y:Y:Y-]umphal arch of Septimius [V!-]Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts[:hedge-bournes/burns-kisses] along the edge of the desolate Forum, (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun[-N],) .... / .... / .... / But ... ; it must be descri[-]bed, however[:haw-over-ove-ever] inadequate may be the effort to express its magic peculiarity in words [:]. / The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm[=thorne] on the trunk[=truncated neck] or[:Ohren!] stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the [signature-]other, he holds the fragment of a [yel!-]pipe, or some such sylvan [wood-hic!] instrument of music. His only garment--a lion's skin [=S=NkH-kin=king], with the claw [=K-H:LAW] upon his shoulder--falls [!] half[']-way['] down his back, leaving[-unleafing] the limbs and entire front of the[=he!] fig[']ure nude. The form, thus dis[-]played, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded out[-]line, more flesh, and less of [H!-]heroic muscle, than the old sculptors [=s-lip-KLIP't!] were wont to [anse-]assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the fig[']ure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded, and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin [--ESPECIALLY ABOUT THE THROAT

AND CHIN!!--]; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves [voice-V!] inward[-N:word], thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full, yet delicate lips [--THE MOUTH WITH ITS FULL YET DELICATE LIPS!!--] see [-Y-]ms so nearly to smile [=S=smile] out[-]right, that it calls forth a responsive smile[-Y-LOGOS]. The whole statue --unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble--conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. .... It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies. / .... It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions; so that the coarser, animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the [throat-aNkH-]back-ground, though never utterly[:udder-ly] expelled. / The animal nature, indeed, is a most ess[-ess]ential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the [B-]brute [K-]creation meet and combine with those of humanity, in this strange, yet true and [signature-]natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles[-k's-tail-ez] has subtly diffused, throughout his work, that [maw!-]mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us, whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge[hedge/bourne] of the lower orders of creation. The [signature-]riddle is in[-]did[-]ated, however[:k/haw-ove-ever-weave-over], only by two definite signs; these are the [OVER!OHREN!] two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little [pinna-to-virgin-lips-prepuce-use-S!]peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not to seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy[:knee-between:ni(+)]ne] fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures, there is another [signature-]token of brute kind[-]red--a certain caudal appendage--which, if the Faun of Praxiteles[-k's-tail-ez] must be supposed to possess it at all, is hid[-]den by the lion's skin [S=aNkH-king's-skin/paw:maw] that forms his garment. The [tail-tell-thorne-knee-word/ward-]pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature. / Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate [yel!lick-]taste, the sweetest [hyV'V-]feeling, and the rarest artistic s[-]kill--in a word, a sculptor and a poet too [:two-winked]--could[:cud-caudally] dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in in[-]prisoning the sportive and frisky thing, in marble [lingam-in-maw/warble]. .... The idea grows coarse, as we [anse-ass-]handle it, and hardens in our grasp[:H-asp!]. But if the spectator broods [lingam-language-]long over the statue, he will be conscious of a spell[:S-P-ILL!]. .... The essence ... compressed long ago, and still exists, within that discoloured marble of the Faun of Praxiteles[:tail-ess-squeeze!] / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / [Also:] "What a dis[-]covery is here!" thought Kenyon [the American sculptor] to himself. 'I seek[:k!] for Hilda [the American virgin], and find

a marble woman! Is the omen good or ill? / In the [K-]corner of the ex[-]cav[-]ation, lay a small, round block of stone. .... the sculptor finally placed it on the slender [hawse-]neck of the statue [=truncated neck]. The effect was magical. ... as perfect to the mind, if not the eye[-Y-seam], as when the new marble [glan(d)s-]gleamed with snowy lustre; nor was the impression marred by the earth that still hung upon the exquisitely graceful limbs, and even filled the lovely crevice of the lips [--AND EVEN FILLED THE LOVELY CREVICE OF THE LIPS!!--]. Kenyon cleared it away from between them [k-in-V(+)] and almost dee[-Y-]med himself rewarded with a living s[-]mile. / .... / He could hard[-]ly, we fear, be reckoned a [lips-]consummate artist, because there was something dearer to him than his art; and, by the strength of a [h/y'w!-] human affection, the divine statue see[--Y-]med to fall asunder [=ass-uNder--palate:HAW'-YAW-YHWH-LIP:PAW], and become a [hay!-] heap of [breath-]worthless fragments. ... the sculptor sat listlessly [glan(d)s-]gazing at it .... [--IV:5-6,8-10, 423-4.]

[1.b. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w--mumtown five. (n-18) 'A Rill from the Town-Pump':] A RILL FROM THE TOWN-PUMP[.] / (SCENE--the [K-]corner of two principal streets.\* [\*Essex and Washington Streets, Salem.] The TOWN-PUMP talking through its nose[:gnostic-kNow(:W!=eS!)]). / NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! [H-]High noon, too, by these hot sun[-]beams, which fall scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water[lip-bourne-]bubble and smoke, in the [groove-]trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! .... The title of 'town-treasurer' is right[-]fully mine, as [iron-dragon-]guardian of the best treasure the town has. The over[-]seers of the poor ought to make me the chairman, since I provide bounti[-]fully for the [paw-]pauper, without ex[-]pense[:pennies-piss] to him that pays the taxes[:axes!]. I am the head of the fire-department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. .... To speak[:peak!] within [water-W-]bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and ex[-in-]hibit, moreover[:ove-over], an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, down[!-]right, and im[-lip-]partial dis[-]charge of my [ess-Bee!-]business, and the constancy with which I stand to my [phallic-]post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day [tongue-lingam-]long, I am seen at the busiest [K-]corner, just above the mar[-arch']ket, stretching out my [tongue/lip-twin-]arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I [yel/haw!-]hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the [HAW:K=throat:HOG-]gutters. / At this sultry noontide, I am [hic-]cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron gob[-]let is chained to my [W-]waist. Like a dram-seller on the [mouth-]mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest ac[']cents, and at the very [N/ni(+)]ne-]tip-top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up,



walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam--better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong-beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the [HUG!-]hogshead or the single [G-ASS!-]glass, and [k+]not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves! / .... You, my friend, will need another [K-]cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick as your [lower-member-dick!-lady-]cow[-]hide shoes. .... ; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath [Welcome, most rubicund Sir!'] be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely [serpent-]hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in th miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. .... Who next? .... What! He limps by, without so much as thanking me .... Well, well, sir--no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great-toe shall set you [HAW!-HOAR!-]a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasing titillation of the g[-GLAN(D)S-]out, it is [yel/haw!-]all [N/ni(+)-]one to the TOWN-PUMP. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not s[:]corn[=glans/açorn] my hospitality, but stands on his hind-legs, and [lingam+lip-]laps [haw:k!-]eagerly out of th trough[:W]. See how lightly he capers away again! [HAW!-JAWS-]Jowler, did your worship ever have the g[-glan(d)s-]out? / Are you all satisfied then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my sp[-]out has a moment's leisure, I will de[-]light the town with a few historical reminiscences. .... / .... / .... / .... / Ahem! [=HAW:HEM!] Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never con[-]ceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. .... Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. .... And, when I shall have decayed [:K:HAY-d], like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be [monolith-lingam-]erected everywhere, and inscribed with th names of the distinguished[/able] champ[-]ions of my [chaps+K:HAW!-]cause. Now listen .... / .... / One o'clock! [=n+k-line!]. N[-hay!-]ay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to [hob/çob-]speak, I may as [W!-]well hold my [çould:çud/paw-]peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my ac[-k-]quaintance, with a large s[-]tone pitcher for me to fill. May she d[-]raw a husband, while dr[-]awing her water [=-raw+yawni], as Rachel[-shell] did of old. Hold out your [V-]vessel, my dear! There it is [venereal-voice-pull-]full to the [labial-]brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; [h+]and[:undine!] forget [k+]not, in the [glan(d)s-]glass of my own liquor, to drink--'SUC[k-]CESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!' [--IX:141-3, 147-8.]

1.c. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n < h/y'w--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant  
 [1+4/20@five])

[1.c. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n < h/y'w--countryaw one. (m-01) 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux':] .... / He now roamed[and-ruminated] desperately, and at r[-]and[-]om, through the town, almost ready [ @ step 3 ] to be[-]lieve that a spell was on him, like that, by which a wizard of his country [=counter-tree], had once kept three purs[e-yo]uers [W-]wandering, a w[:]hole winter night, within twenty paces of the cottage[:K-with-milk-udderance] which they sought. .... Firm in re[-]solve, he was pas[!-hiss-]ing beneath the walls of a church, which formed the [K-]corner of two [fork-]streets, when as he turned[:urned] into the shade of its [S-]steeple [ @ step 4 ], he en[-]countered[:hedged-into] a [B-]bulky stranger [ @ step 5 ], muffled in a cloak. The man was proceeding with the [plosive-] speed of ear[!]nest business, but, Robin planted himself full[:(p)hallic] before him, holding the [glans/acorn-]oak cud[-]gel[-tongue] with both [signature-]hands across his body, as a bar[:Haw!-bourne] to further passage. / 'Halt, honest man, and answer me a question,' said he, very resolutely. 'Tell me, this instant, whereabouts is the dwell[-]ling[+am] of my kinsman, Major Mol[-]in[-]leux?' / 'Keep your [Ro!-]tongue between your teeth[:and-w:hoe!] fool, and let me pass[-ess],' said a deep, gruff voice, which Robin partly re[-]member[-r]ed. 'Let me pass, I say[:sow!], or I'll strike[-yk'yaw'] you to the earth!' / 'No, no, neigh[!-]bor!' cried Robin, flourishing [=demonstrating-as-verdant] his cud[-]gel[:cud-with-gel-seminal], and then thrusting its larger end close to the man's muffled face. .... / .... / The stranger, instead of attempting to force ... passage, stept back into the moonlight, unmuffled[:un-mummed] his own [fang-]face and stared [lip-]full into that of Robin. / 'Watch here an hour[:H!-our], and Major Molineux will pass by,' said he[:H'Y]. / Robin [glan(d)s-]gazed with dis[-]may and a[-]stonishment, on the unprece[-]dented physio[:]gnomy of the speaker. The forehead with its double prominence [=silent-H!-furrow-of-glan(d)s], the broad-hooked nose, the shaggy eye-brows, and fiery eye[-s-]s, were those which he had noticed at the inn, but the man's complexion [=face-Weave] had undergone a singular, or, more [cleaV'Ve!] properly, a two-fold change. One side of the face blazed of an intense red [=paunch-haw!-torn], while the other was black as midnight [=nat-h'm:(Ky!):mallet!-yel], the division line being in the bridge of the nose[:nasal-hawk's!-continuum-of-signature]; and a mouth[:all-pervasive-maw], which seemed [seamed/semen-ed] to extend from ear to ear, was black or red, in contrast to the color of the cheek [=shift-of-tongue-in-cheek]. The effect was as if two devils, a fiend of fire [=maw] and a fiend of darkness [-tong], had united themselves to form this infernal visage. The stranger grinned in Robin's face, muffled his parti-colored features, and was out of sight in a moment. /

'Strange things we trav[-e]ellers see[-Y]! ejaculated Robin. /  
 .... / Then he strove to speed away the time, by listening to a  
 murmur, which swept continually along the street, yet was scarcely  
 audible, except to an unaccustomed[=novel] ear like his; it was a  
 low, dull, dreamy sound, compounded of many noises .... .. it was  
 a sleep-inspiring sound, and to shake off its drowsy in[-]fluence,  
 Robin a[-]rose, and climbed a window-frame, that he might view the  
 interior of the church. .... / .... / He aroused himself; and  
 endeavored to fix his attention steadily upon the large edifice  
 [:face] .... But still his mind kept vibrating between fancy and  
 reality; by turns[:of haw/wood!], the pillars of the [M. Theo/  
 conceptual!] balco[-]ny lengthened into the tall, bare stems of  
 [de l' Abbey-]pines, dwindled down to human figures, settled again  
 in their true shape and size, and then commenced a new succession  
 of [trans-lingual] changes. .... / .... / ... a [p-s:haw-  
 ]figure sitting in the oblique shade of the [tongue-]steeple,  
 traversed the street .... .... / '.... ... Sir, is there really  
 such a person in these parts[-of-wood-town], or am I dreaming?' /  
 .... / Then Robin briefly related [his uncle Molineux's] ....  
 ... generous intentions ['respecting the future establishment of  
 ... (the nephew) in life'] .... / 'For I have the name of being  
 a shrewd youth,' observed Robin .... / '.... I be[-]lieve you  
 may trust his [the 'very ill-favored(=faced) fellow('s)'] word, and  
 ... the Major will very shortly pass[-with-ess] through this street.  
 In the mean time, as I have a singular curiosity [as one in K/city]  
 to witness your meeting, I will sit down here[:hear-ear!] upon the  
 steps and [Oberon-]bear you company.' / He seated himself ac[-  
 k:k-]cord[-]ingly, and soon engaged his companion in animated  
 [:serpentine] discourse. It was of brief continuance, however  
 [:haw-ove-ever-see!-saw-yer], for a noise of shouting, which had  
 long been remotely audible, drew so much nearer, that Robin in[-  
 ]quired its cause. / 'What [=haw't] may be the meaning of this  
 up[-horn!/RHO-]roar?' asked[:axed] he. .... [--XI:219-20,221-22,  
 223-5,225-6.]

[l.c. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n < h/y'w--countryaw two. (m-03) 'The  
 Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of Monte Beni':] Four individuals, in  
 whose fortunes we should be [glan(d)-s]glad to interest the reader,  
 happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the s[-K-]culp[-]  
 ture -[GULLET-]gallery, in the [SKULL-]Capitol, at Rome [-ROAM].  
 .... Here[:Hear!] likewise, is see[-Y-N:obscene] a symbol[:sum+  
 ball] (as apt, at this [H!-]moment, as it was two thousand years  
 ago) of the Human Soul, with its choice of[-forking-foreign] In-  
 nocence or Evil close at [signature-]hand, in the pretty fig-  
 [y]ur[ine-]e of a child, [glands-]clasping a dove to her bosom,  
 but as[s-vaunt!-and-]sault[ed!-r]ed by a [S+aNkH-axe!-]snake. /  
 .... / .... / Of these four friends[:legs] of ours, three were  
 artists, or [k-]connected with [HAW!-]Art; and at this moment, they  
 had been simultaneously [S+aNkH-axe!=Y!-]struck by[-y] a re[-]sem-  
 blance between one of the antique statues, a [mouth:W-]well-known

master-piece of Grecian s[-s'kull:k'ss-]sculpture [=immortal skill],  
 and a [Y!-]young Itali[-y-]an, the fourth [glan(d)s-glance-]member  
 of their [utter!-s=WY:Yt-udder!-utterance-]party. / "You must  
 needs [=Y'W'Y] confess, [K-]Kenyon[:key/knee-between:ni(+)]ne,"  
 said a dark-ey[-Y:Y-]d young [Womb/tomb-]woman, whom her friends  
 called Miriam[:mirror-am(-yam!)], "that you never chis[-]ell[-L]ed  
 out of [M-]marble, nor wrought in clay, a more [W=V'V!-]vivid like-  
 ness than this, cunning a [V'V-bowed-]bust-maker [kerfer!] as you  
 think yourself. The portraiture is perfect in character, sentiment,  
 and feature. If it were a [flat-]picture, the re[-]semblance might  
 be half[-round-haw!]-illusive and imaginary; but here[:hear!], in  
 this Pen[!]telic[:tail-yel!] marble, it is a substantial [F:fang-  
 face:cut!-]fact, and may be tes[tickle!-]tested by absolute touch  
 and measurement [=by linguistic-mum-yawn!]. Our friend Donatello  
 [:do-not-tell-all!-tongue-ling(+am)] is the very [maw/paw-of-the-  
 ]Faun of Praxiteles[-with-tail-ess]. Is it [k+]not true[:W], [HIGH-  
 HOLDing!-]Hilda?" / "[K+]not quite--almost--[Y!-]yes, I [-Y!]  
 really think so," replied Hilda, a slender, [(Puri)tan-]brown-  
 haired, New En[g/k-]gland girl, whose perceptions of form and ex-  
 ]pression were wonder[-]fully clear and delicate.--"If there is  
 any[:knee] difference between the two faces, the reason may be, I  
 suppose, that the Faun dwelt in woods and fields [W+Y+Z], and  
 consorted with his like[:ke(y)/knee]; whereas, Donatello has known  
 cities a little, and such people as ourselves. But the re[-]sem-  
 blance is very [glands-seminally-]close, and very stra[-Y-]nge." /  
 "[K+]Not so strange," [W'H-]whispered Miriam mischievously; "for no  
 Faun in Arcadia[=tongue:RHO+aNkH+di-Y+Y-a!] was ever a greater  
 [lingual-]simpleton than Donatello. He has hard[-]ly a man's share  
 of [maw:W'hit-]wit, small as that may be[e]. It is a pit[-]y there  
 are no [lingam-]longer any of this congenial race of rustic [inter-  
 k:k-course] creatures, for our friend to consort with!" / "Hush,  
 [gnaw/N!-]naughty one!" returned Hilda. "You are very ungrateful,  
 for you [W-]well know he has wit enough to [W-]worship [Y-]you, at  
 all e[-V'V-]vents [=V/(h)air-vents]." / "Then the greater fool  
 he!" said Miriam so bitterly that Hilda's quiet ey[-y:Y-]es were  
 somewhat start[-]led. / "Donatello, my dear[:deer-skin-over-  
 Ben(t-n)i] friend," said Kenyon, in Italian, "pray gratify us all  
 by taking the [k'nick!] exact attitude of this statue." / The  
 young man [--'His usual modes of demonstration were by the natural  
 language of gesture, the instinctive [ankh't!] movement of his  
 agile frame, and the unconscious play of his features, which, with-  
 in a limited range of thought and emotion, could speak [seminal]  
 volumes in the moment. / .... he expressed his joy ... by what  
 might be though an extravagance of gesticulation, but which doubt-  
 less(=perhaps) was the language of the [SIG!-]natural man, though  
 laid aside and forgotten by other men, now that words have been  
 feebly substituted in the place of signs and symbols.'--the young  
 man] laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the  
 statue has been [Ben(t-n)i!] standing for two or three thousand

y[-]ears. In truth, allowing for the difference in costume, and if a [lingual-snake-Y!-]lion's skin could have been [Ben(t-n)i!] substituted for his modern [tall-tale!ail-maw] Talma, and a rustic pipe for his stick [muse-hic:kick-rod!], Donatello might have figured perfectly as the [maw:warble-lips-paw-s!-]marble[-]Faun, [mirror-]miraculous[-s-]ly [s-snake-limb(-er-)ring-]softened into flesh and blood. / "Yes[-Y'S-S-S]; the resemblance is [W!-WOMB:TOMB-]wonder[-]ful," ob[-]served Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the [action-gesture-]accuracy of a sculptor's eye[=Y].--"There is one [spine/thorn-y-kney-]point, however [:haw-ove-wove-ever-over]--, or[:Ohr!], rather, two points--in respect to which our friend Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute[:Nath:and-plant-into-animal-twist-consonant-tale-yel-]de[-]tail." / And the [S'K-]sculptor directed the attention of the party to the ears of the beautiful statue which they were con[-]templating [:temple-ruminating]. / .... / .... / "Donatello," playfully cried Miriam, "do [k+]not lea[-Y-V-]ve us in this [text-]perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvel[-W=V'V-]ell[-]ous[-US!] resemblance extends to the very tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better [i.e., as ASS-ES!]" / "No, no, dearest [signature-]Signorina!" answered Donatello[:do-not-tell-all] laughing, but with a certain ear[-]nest[-]n[-]ess [=with-ear-nested-in-essential-ess-of-of/aur/air-W=V'V-voice!].--"I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted." / As he spoke, the young Italian made a skip and jump, light enough for a [V!-]veritable [Fang-F!-]Faun; so as to place himself quite beyond the rea[-Y-]ch of the fair [signature-]hand that was outstretched, as if to settle the [tongue-tow-wove-in-maw-]matter by actual examination." / "I shall be like a [W!-]wolf of the [oro/oro/hop-]Ape[-p]ennines," he continued, taking his stand on the other side of the Dying [glan(d)s-]Gladiator, "if you touch my ears ev[-v-]er so softly[-y] [=ivy-voice]. None of my race could endure it. It has always been a tender[-sense-growing-]point with my fore[-H!-]fathers and me." / He spoke in Italian, with the Tuscan rusticity of accent, and an unshaped sort of utterance .... / [W!-]Well, well," said Miriam .... Oh[-H-W!], it is impossible, of course," she continued in English ... ; but you see how this peculiarity defines the position of the Faun, .... He is not supernatural, but[=b(y)utte:pu'denda!] just on the [V!-] verge of [N/ni(+)-]Nature [=N/ni(yv/or!)ne], [h+]and yet within it. What is the nameless [signature-PHALLIC:FALL-lick!-]charm of this [low-hold!] idea, Hilda? You cannot feel it more delicately[-enwombed] than I." / "It [sex:text] perplexes me," said [HIGH-W!-HOLD-]Hilda, thoughtfully, and shrinking [kinking!] a little; "neither do I quite like to think about it." / "But, surely," said Kenyon, "you agree with Miriam and me, that there is something [hang/hinge!] very touching[-tactile] and impressive[-actional] in this statue of the Faun. In some long-past age, he must really

have existed. [Sign-]Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature, standing [kiss-twist!] betwixt man and animal [with 'two-ears ... leaf shaped'], sympathizing with each, comprehending the [lingam-lip/lap-wink-]speech of either race, and interpreting the whole[-yel!haw? extent-]existence of one to the other. What a [wood-pith-]pity that he has forever vanished from the hard and dusty paths of life--unless," added the sculptor in a sportive [Yahwehic!] [W'H'Y!-]whisper, "Donatello be ac[-k']tually [aNkH-act]ionally-h'[-]he[-y-Y!]" / "You cannot conceive how this fantasy takes hold of me," responded Miriam, between jest and ear[-]nest. .... / .... / They had now emerged from the [gape!-] gateway of the palace; and partly concealed by one of the pillars of the portico [cf. oral-labial-portal] stood a fig[y]ure such as may often be en[-]countered[:edge/bourne/hedged] in the streets and piazzas of Rome, and nowhere else. He looked as if he might just have stepped out of a picture ...; being no other than one of those living [signature-]models, [EL:ARK!] dark[-k], bushy[-y] bea[-Y-]rded, [w-]wild of asp[!-asp]ect, and atti[-Y-]re, whom artists convert into Saints or ass[-]ass[-]ins, accord[']ing as their pictorial purposes demand[-hand/maw!] / "Mi[-Y-]ri[-Y]am!" [W'H'Y!-]whispered Hilda, a little start[-]led, "it is your Model [=Maw(HOAR)del]!" [--IV:5,7-8(w.77-8),12-13(w.10),19.]

[l.c. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n < h/y'w--countryaw three. (m-03) 'The Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of Monte Beni':] ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE[=B(Y)UTTE-TO-PREPUCE-WINK.] / ... / Hilda, meanwhile, had separated herself from the sculptor [H-over-K/y!], and turned back to rejoin her friend [Miriam]. At a distance, she still heard the mirth of her late companions, who were going down the cityward [:word] descent of the Capit[-]o[!-]line Hill; they had set up[:uP! (@-steps-1-to-5!)], a new [5th=Model's] stave of melody, in which her own soft voice, as well as the powerful swee[-Y:Y-]tness of Mi[-Y-]ri[-Y]ams, was sadly missed. / The door of the little courtyard [=myew-v'y] had sw[-v'v-]ung upon its [H:]hinges, and part[-]ly [aNkH-]closed itself. Hilda (whose native gentleness pervaded all her movements [=v'v'v=Y]) was quietly opening it, when she was start[-]led, m[-h]id[!]w[-]ay [=under-palate:d (@-step-3)], by the noise of a struggle within, beginning and ending all in one breathless [mum-yaw!] instant. Along with it, or closely succeeding it, was a loud, fearful [crow!-]cry[-y-y!], which [ankh-]sank quiv[-v-v-]er[-r]ing [D!-]downward [Theo!-Gift/Door-Word] to the earth. Then, a silence [de l'---]! Poor Hilda [de l'7candle-hold-ah!] had looked into the courtyard, and [haw!-]saw the whole [hulk-]quick passage of a dee[-Y:Y]d, which took but little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant [her-red/Adam's/dam's-jaws/haw!/split-[s] tone/native-mind]. / ... / THE FAUN'S [GLAN(D)S-]TRANSFORMATION[=H-OVER-FIG!] / The door of the courtyard swang [serpent-link-]slowly, and closed itself of its own [h/y:k!-]accord. Miriam and Donatello were now alone there. She [h:asp!+k!]clashed her hands, and looked wildly at the young man, whose form see[--Y-]med

to have di[-Y:Y-]lated, and whose ey[-Y:Y-]s blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly in[-]spired him, it had [HAW:K!-]kindled him into a man; it had developed within him an intelligence which was no native characteristic of the Donatello whom we have heretofore known. But that simple and joyous creature was gone forever. / "What have you [do-not-tell-oh!] done!" said Miriam, in a [HOAR!-]horror-stricken [hic!-W<sup>T</sup>H'Y?-]whisper. / The [glan(d)s-]glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's [faun/fang-]face, and now flashed out again from his eyes. / "I[-Y] did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what [Y:]your ey[-Y:Y-]s ba[-Y-]de me[-Y] do [=h<sup>T</sup>w/y'w/y/y/w], when I asked[=haw!-axed] them with mine as I held the [W!-]wretch [V!-]over the precipice[-piss]!" / These last [W!-]words [s'k-]struck Miriam like a [Bawdy-Bull!-]bullet. [Cud/cod-pie(-Y:Y-)ce sow?] Could it be so? Had her eyes pro[-]voked, or assented to this deed? She had [k+]not known it. But[:b(y)utte!], alas! Looking back into the frenzy and turm[-tower-]oil of the scene just acted, she could [k+]not deny-- she was [k+]not sure whether it might be so, or no--that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart [=wy/dzaw:y/h'd/ym/P(=wide-jawy-hood-imp)!in-her-heart], when she be[-]held her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it [hoar!-]horror?--or [axe!-]ecstasy?--or both in one [N:HAW:K!]? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly, when Donatello[:do-not-tell-oh!] flung his [V!-]victim off [-leaf!] the cliff[-b(y)utte!], and more and more, while his shriek [y-y-k!] went [half-wood!] quivering [D!-]down[']ward. With a dead thump upon the s[-]tones below, had come an unutterable[-udder!-utter!] horror. / "And my eyes bade you do it!" repeated she. / They both leaned over the [pet-model's] parapet, and gazed downward as ear[-]nestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. On the pavement, below, was a dark mass, lying in a heap, with little or nothing human in its appearance, except that the [signature-]hands were stretched out, as if they might have clutched, for a moment at the small square s[-]tones [=yel!-tones]. ['.... / Miriam's model has so important a connection with our story .... / .... / Miriam had great apparent freedom of intercourse; her manners were so far from evincing shyness .... [But:] By some subtle quality, she kept people at a distance [=mum-yaw!], without so much as letting them know that they were excluded from her inner [ir/er-Mir/er!] circle. .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... In the midst of its madness and riot ('an analogy [of fork-logs] between the sculptured scene on the sarcophagus and the wild ['sylvan'] dance'), Miriam (had) found herself (S!-)suddenly (yk!-)confronted by a strange figure that shook its fantastic garments in the air, and pranced before her on its tiptoes, almost vying with the (serpent-vining) agility of Donatello himself. It was the Model. / .... / .... / .... ... --she re[-]signed herself to the thraldom in which he held her. That iron [signature-rho-fold-]chain, of which some of the massive

links were round her feminine [white/yum!-]waist, and the others in his ruthless [rod-yel!-]hand--or which perhaps bound the pair together by a bond equally torturing to each--must have been forged in some such unhallowed furnace as is only kindled by evil passions and [MAW:HAW:PAW-]fed by evil deeds ('Among all this extinct dust, there might perchance be a thigh-bone, which crumbled at a touch, ... possibly a skull, grinning at its own wretched plight, as is the [glan(d)s-]ugly and [maw!-]empty habit of the thing. / ....').] But there was no motion in them, now. Miriam watched the heap of mortality while she could count a [rho!-]hundred, which she took [spine-]pains to do. No stir; not a finger moved. / "You have killed him, Donatello! He is quite dead," said she. "S[-]tone dead! Would[:wood] I were so, too!" / "Did you [k+]not mean that he should die?" sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that [glan(d)s-]intelligence which passion had developed in him. .... / .... / "Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!" said she. "My heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed [K+]knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!" / .... / They threw one other [glan(d)s-]glance at the heap of death below .... 7- .... / "I feel it, Miriam," said Donatello. "We draw one breath; we live one life!" [=ToNgue-iN-Murmur/Maw.] / .... 7- "Forevermore, Miriam!" said Donatello. "Cemented with his [signature-]blood!" / The young man started at the word which he had himself [glan(d)s-oak!-]spoken; it may be that[-hat!] it brought home [ankH'T!]-the ever-increasing[-nG] loa[-OW!-]thsoneness of a [Y!-]union that consists in [EL!-]guilt. .... [--IV:161,171,172-5(w.20,21,89,93,24).]

[l.c. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n< h/y'w--counteryaw four & five. (m-05) 'The Minister's Black Veil: A Parable':] The sex[-seek!-]ton[:ngue] stood in the [ear-]porch of Mil[-]ford meeting-house, pulling lustily at the [rho-enfold!-]bell-rope. .... Spruce[=White-pine] bachelors looked [serpent-]sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the [S+H!-]Sab[-]bath sunshine made them prettier than on week[:weak-]days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton[:ngue] began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Rever[-river-]end Mr. Hoop[-Jump-the-Hoop!-]er's door. The first [glan(d)s-]glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease the [sig!-]summons. / 'But what [H'WAT?!] has good Parson Hooper got upon his fa[-Y-]ce?' cried [-Y-]d the sexton[:ngue] in ast[=stick!-t]on[e-f]ish[-]ment. All within hearing immediately [haw!-urn!-]turned about, and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative[=ruminative/native] [Y!-ankH!-]way towards[:words] the meeting-house[:of-ear-to-mouth-in-voice-stream]. With one accord they started, expressing more [W!-]wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's [hop-through-lip-]pulpit. / 'Are you sure it is our parson?' inquired Goodman Gray[-Hay!] of the sexton[:ngue]. / 'Of[-V] a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper[:haw:purr],' replied the sexton[:ngue]. 'He was to have exchanged pulpits with



Parson Shute[:hut:shoot] of [W-]Westbury; but Parson Shute[:hut:shoot] sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon.' / .... / .... / A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had pre[-]ceded Mr. Hooper[:haw:purr] into the meeting-house, and set all the congregation[:of-tongues!] ast[-H!-]ir. Few could re[-]frain from twisting their heads towards[:words] the door; many stood up[-]right, and turned [h/v'k!-]directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down ['] again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a [serpent-leaves-]rustling of the [W-]women's gowns and [shea(Y)f-shuffling of the men's [fang-]feet[=Y:Y-teeth], greatly at [YAW!-]variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance [=en:trance] of the minister. But[:at mute/(lips)butte] Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the [HY!-HAW'-]perturbation of his [signature-]people. He entered[:entrained] with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the [vulvi-paw-]pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an arm-chair in the [signature-]center of the aisle[:I'll-wile!]. It was strange to ob[-]serve, how slowly this venerable man became consious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He see[--Y-]med [k+]not to partake of the pre[-]vailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and [SH!-]showed himself in the [lip-]pul[l!-]pit, face to face with his [in-textual!] congregation, except for the black veil. This mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It [S+H-]shook with his measured breath as he gave out the [pS!-]psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the [YHWH!-]veil lay heav[']ily on his up[:uP!-]lifted [cunt's-]countenance. Did he see[-Y-]k to hide it from the dread Being whom he was ad[-]dressing? [For-leaves-ess?!] / Such was the effect of this simple piece of [serpentine-hood/hat] crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves [spinning-My-nerva] was forced to [lip-leaf-]leave the meeting-house. [For (in sympathetic magic): 'There was but one thing remark(^)able in his appearance. Swathed about his fore(-H!-)head, and hanging over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper(:haw:purr) had on a black(-K') [Y!-aKkH-W(oman)-in-throat-)veil. On a nearer(:ear/air) view, it see[-Y-]med to (cunt-cantor-)consist of two [vulvi-form-]folds of (cunt-)c(!)rape(!), which entirely con(t-)cealed(:ciliated) his (fang-)features, [ass/axe!-]except the mouth and chin [=maw!mark!-H!in!], but probably did [k+]not intercept his sight(-YGH-t), (throat-Father-)farther than to give a (nG:Gn/nose-breath-ken!-)darkened asp(-)ect to all living and in(-)animate things. With this (glan(d)s-)gloomy(-looming) (S+H!-)shade before him, good Mr. Hooper[:haw:purr] walked on(-)ward(:word), at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat and looking on the ground, as is customary with (haw-derived self-)abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who sill waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck(^)

were they (=H!AWE:K'), that his greeting hard(-)ly met with a return(:urn). '---i.e., when (as grave-persona) he first entered the meeting-house.] .... / Mr. Hooper had the reputation for being a good preacher, but [k+]not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heav[']enward, by mild per[-pwrr-]suasive [çat(ch)-feminine!] influences, rather than to drive them thither, by the thunders[t-HÜN'derz] of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered[=gave-birth-to], was marked[=V'] by the same characteristics of style and manner, as the general series of his [lip-]pul[l-]pit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more [Ark!-]darkly than usual, with the gentle [glan(d)s-]gloom of Mr. Hooper's[:haw:purse] temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would [fang-]fain con[-]ceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the [H:OMmmmm-]Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept into them, behind his [YHWH!AWE!-]awful veil, and dis[-]covered their [hoar!-]hoarded iniquity of deed and thought. Many spread[:unleaved] their [serpent-glan(d)s-]clasped hands on their [signature-central-]bosoms. .... / At the close of the services[:servicing], the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, [haw:k-glan(d)s-]eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits, the moment they lost sight of the black[-K'] [V-]eil[-YEL!]. Some gathered in little circles [-coagulated-in-ess], huddled closely together, their mouths all whispering in the [S-]centre; some went [H-]home[']ward alone, wrapt in silent meditation .... 7 .... 7 [ &:] But there was one person in the village, unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. .... As his plighted [W=Y'V!-]wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black [V'Y!-]veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered[:entrained] upon the subject, with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she [axe!--]fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil [=Y+Y-over-V!YEL], but [çud-in-çunt-]could discern nothing of the dreadful [glan(d)s-]gloom that had [haw/place(-ent[all(Y)])] so over[-new/ovum-]awed the [cowed-]multitude: it was but a double fold c[-]rape, hanging down from his fore[-H!-]head to his mouth [:HAW:MAW!], and slightly [stick-]stirring with his breath. 7 '[N!-]No[-hw], said she aloud, and smiling, there is nothing terrible in this piece of c[-]rape, except that it hides a face which I am always [glan(d)s-]glad to look upon. [Çunt-]Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the c[-]loud. First lay aside your black veil; then tell me why you put it on.' 7 Mr. Hooper's smile [serpent-glan(d)s-]glimmered faintly. / 'There is an hour

to come,' said he, 'when all of us shall cast asi[-Y-]de our [V-]veil[-Y-]ls. Take it [k+]not a[-]miss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of [K!Christ/Cup-tongue/rape-lip/drape!=]crape till then.' / 'Your words are a mystery too,' re[-]turned the young lady[:laden!]. 'Take away the [YHWh-]veil, from t[-]hem, at least.' / '[Y!EL's-]Elizabeth, I will,' said he, 'so far as my vow may suffer me. .... No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you [Y:EL!-]Elizabeth, can never come behind it!' / .... / The color rose into her cheeks, as she intimated the nature of the rumors that were already abroad in the [multi!fold-]village. .... / .... / .... / She arose and stood trembling before him. / 'And do you feel it then at last?' said he [urn/earn!-]mournfully. / She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her [signature-]hand, and [urn-]turned to leave the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm. / .... / 'Lift the veil but once, and [aNH!-]look me [ME!!] in the face,' said she. / 'Never!' It [ChrisM/Sig!Naturally] cannot be[e]!' replied Mr. Hooper[:haw/hive-purler]. / 'Then fare[-urn-]well!' said Elizabeth. / She withdrew her arm from his [g(y)r(d)/h(y)r-]gr[-H!=]asp, [h!]and slowly de[-Y-]parted, [Hymen/Paw!-]pausing at the door, to give one [lingam-]long [shrub-]shuddering gaze, that see[--Y-]med almost to penetrate the mystery of the [back-lashed!] black veil. .... [--IX:37-8,39(w.38),39-40,45-6,47.]

1.d. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w<sub>+</sub> [eye-pow k]--a skullcap of world-hymn  
(1+4/20@five])

[1.d. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w<sub>+</sub> (eye-pow k)--cryptigance one.  
(m-01) 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux<sub>+</sub>'] .... / '.... I be[-]lieve you may trust his [the 'very ill-favored(=faced) fellow('s)'] word, and ... the Major will very shortly pass[-with-ess] through this street. ..., as I have a singular curiosity to witness ..., and [Oberon!-]bear you company.' [answered the stranger (=stranger).] / ... in animated dis[!-]course. .... however[:haw-over-sea-saw-yer], ... a noise [=oy!-stir] of shouting, which had long[:lingam] been remotely audible, drew so much nearer[:ear-er] .... / .... / "Sit down again, sit down, good Robin,' rep[-T:]lied the gentleman, laying his hand on the [circum(spect)-]skirt of the grey coat [haw-gray-hedge]. '... he will pass by, in the course of a very few moments.' / .... / A mighty stream of people now emptied into the street, and came [rho-fold-ro-]rolling slowly towards the church. A single [HAW:K!-s-]horseman [hay!-reel-]wheeled the [K-]corner in the midst of them, and close behind him came a b[-]and of fearful wind[-torn]-instruments, sending forth a fresher [semantic-]discord, now that no intervening buildings kept it from the ear. The redder light disturbed the moon[-]beams, and

a dense multitude of torches shone along the street, concealing by their [glan(d)s-]glare what[-HAW!-]ever object they illuminated. .... A mass of people, inactive, except as applauding spectators, [hedge-bourne-]hemmed the procession in, and several women ran along the side[:serpent-]walks, piercing the confusion of the [haw!-]heavy[']ier sounds with their [vulvi-dentate-soft-palate-]shrill voices of mirth and terror. / .... / The leader turned himself in the saddle, and fixed his [GLAN(D)S-AXE-]glance full upon the country youth, as the stee[-Y:Y-]d went slowly by. .... The rattling of wheels over stones .... A moment more, and the leader thundered a command to [WHO!A] halt; the trumpets vomited a [HOAR!-]horrid[-rid!] breath, and held their [cod-]peace; the shouts and laughter of the people died away, and there remained only a universal hum[=N...n... H...n-(=N/H/M[=HOM(=OM)])], nearly allied to silence. Right before Robin's [box/bin-heuri(-)stic!] eyes was an uncovered cart [=haw/vehiclē]. There the torches blazed the [Red-bourne!] brightest, there the moon shone out like [hay!-]day, and there, in tar-and-feathery [=ink-and-breath] dignity, sate [:satiatē] his kinsman, Major Molineux![Mill-ox/Maul-oaks!] / He was an elderly man, of large and majestic person, and strong, square [saw-yered] features, betokening a steady [YHWH-]soul; but steady as it was, his enemies had found that means to shake it; his face was pale as death, and far more ghastly; the broad fore[-H-]head was contracted [= -? -] in his agony[:knee-between: ni(+)]ne], so that his eyebrows formed one [signature-]grizzled line; his eyes were red and [haw-wood-]wild, and the foam[:sal(i)vation-churn] hung [flour/flower-]white upon his quivering lip. His whole frame was agitated by a quick, and continual [thor-]tremor, which his pride strove to [El/yel-]quell, even in those circum[-(sized!)-]stances of over[-]whelming hum[-]iliation. But perhaps the bitterest [tooth/thorn-]pang of all was when his eyes[-Y(H)Z] met those of Robin; for he evil[!]dent[-]ly knew him on the instant, as the youth stood witnessing the foul [=cock's-(H!)owl] disgrace of a head that had grown [haw-]grey in honor. They stared at each other in silence, and Robin's knees[:ni(+)]ne--h'k!] shook, and his hair bristled, with a mixture of [tragic-Greek] pity and terror. Soon, however[:haw-ever-weave-over], a bewildering excitement began to [pshaw!-]seize upon his mind .... At that moment a voice of sluggish merriment saluted Robin's ear; he [haw'-]turned instinctively, and just behind the [K-]corner of the church stood the lantern-bearer, rubbing his eye[-s-]s, and drowsily enjoying the lad's amaze[-]ment. Then he heard a peal of laughter like the ringing of silvery bells; a woman twitched his arm, a [haw!-]saucy eye met his, and he saw[:hawed!] the [laden-]lady of the scarlet petticoat. A sharp, dry ca[-]chin[-]nation ap[ple-]pealed to his memory, and, standing on tiptoe in the [cock-crow!-]crowd, with his white apron over his [haw!-]head, he beheld the court[-]eous little inn[-]keeper. And lastly, there sailed over the heads of the multitude[:multiplied] a great, broad laugh, broken in the

midst by two sepulchral[:cough] hems; thus-- / 'Haw, haw, haw-- hem, hem (=hemi-spheres)--haw, haw, haw, haw!' / The sound proceeded from the balcony[-of-N-concepts] of[f] the opposite edifice[:face], and thither Robin turned his eyes. In front of the G[+HAW+]o[-]tic w[=]indow stood the old citizen ['long favored (:faced)<sup>†</sup>], wrapped in a wide gown, his [haw!-]grey peri[-]wig ex[-]changed for a [N:]night[-]cap, which was thrust back from his fore[-H-]head, and his silk stock[-stick:aNkH-]ings hanging down [N:HAH:N-]about his l[-]eg[gs]. He sup[-]port[-]ed himself on his [style-]polished cane in a fit of convulsive [= -'-] merriment, which mani[-Manning-]fested itself on his solemn old features, like a funny inscription on a tomb-stone. .... The [haw!haw!-]contagion was [saw-dust-]spreading among the multitude, when, all at once, it seized upon Robin, and he sent forth a shout of laughter that echoed through the street; every man shook his [haw!haw!-]sides, every man emptied his [yel:haw!-horn-]lungs, but [RHO-]Robin's shout was the loudest [AMERICAN-HUNDRED-FOLD!] there. The cloud-spirits peeped from their silvery islands, as the congregated[-GATED!] mirth went roaring up[-UP!] the sky![-S=KY!] The Man in the Moon [=PAW-HAWS-MAW!] heard the far bell[-]ow; 'Oho,' guoth he, 'the old Earth [=HAW-YEL:RHO-THORN! (by Rho-bin)!] is frolicsome[:fröhlich-sung:sky-word/worth] to-night!<sup>†</sup> / When there was a momentary calm [- (k)ne/M:close] in that tempestuous sea of sound, the leader gave a sign, the procession resumed its march. On[:N-ni(+)]ne they went, like fiends that throng[:wring/wrong] in mockery round some dead [monolith-]potentate, mighty no more, but majestic still in his [Samsonic] agony[:knee-between:ni(+)]ne. On they went, in counter[-]feited[:hedge-poetic] pomp, in senseless up[:P!-RHO!-]roar, in frenzied merriment, trampling all on an old[:YEL!] man's heart[:H<sup>†</sup>ort]. On swept the tum[-m-m-m-(m)]ult, and left a silent [s:tongue-grooved-]street behind[;N<sup>†</sup>han(d)-Saw-adorned]. / .... [--XI:225,226-7,227-30(w.211)].

[1.d. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n, > h/y'w<sub>+</sub> (eye-pow k)--cryptigance two. (m-03) 'The Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of Monte Beni':] THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL[=TH(HY!)EO-Y:ANKH-LIPS.] STILL [serpent-glan(d)s-]gliding onward, Hilda .... / .... / .... / .... 7 ... had almost completed the circuit of the transept, ['When'] she came to a confessional, (the central part was closed, but a mystic [=mouth+stick] rod protruded from it, indicating the presence of a [male!] priest within,) on which was inscribed, PRO ANGLICA LINGUA [=yel-lingam!(in-feminine-case/gender)]. 7 It was the word in season! If she had heard her mother's voice from within the tabernacle, calling her, in her own mother-tongue [=father-lingam-in mother-paw], to come and lay her poor head in her lap, and sob out all her troubles, Hilda could not have responded with a more inevitable obedience. She did [k+]not think; she only felt. Within her heart, was a great need. Close at [signature-]hand, within the [yel:V'V-]veil of the confessional, was the [via-spYYch-organs!-orgasmic!] relief. She [fang-]flung herself down in the penitent's

place; and, [yel-cell-]tremulously, passionately, with sobs, [thorny-knee-]tears, and the turbulent [ove-baw!-]overflow of emotion too [lingam-]long [lip-paw-]repressed, she poured out the [Ark!-]dark story which had infused its [p-ss!/seminal-]poison into her innocent life. / .... / Thus assisted, she revealed [:yulvi-form-gesture-unleaved] the [EL:HAW!-]whole of her terrible secret! The whole [eye/ear-witness], [throat-AXE!-]except, that no name escaped her lips! / .... / After she had ceased to speak, Hilda heard the priest be[-stick-]stir himself with an old man's reluctant movement. He stepped out of the confessional; and as the girl was still kneeling in the penitential [K-]corner, he summoned her forth. / "Stand up[:uP!], my daughter!" said the mild voice of the Confessor. "What we have further to say, must be spoken [fang-]face to [fang-]face [=fangZ:Y+Y]." / .... / "Fa[-H-]ther," answered Hilda, trying to tell the old man the simple truth, "I am a motherless girl, and a stranger here in Italy. I had only God to take care of me. .... / .... / .... / ".... What you have told ... is already known in the quarter which it most concerns ['the [authorial-]authorities of Rome']." / .... / ".... You have experienced some little taste of the relief and comfort, which the Church keeps[-udder/dugs-in-maw!] abundantly in store for all its faithful children. Come home, dear child--poor wanderer, who hast caught a [glan(d)s-]glimpse of the heavenly light--come [haw!-]home, and be at rest!" / "Fa[-H-]ther," said Hilda, much moved by his kindly ear[-]nest[-]ness, (in which, however[haw-ove-ever-over], genuine as it was, there might still be a leaven[:unleaving] of professional craft,) "I dare [k+]not come a step farther than ['New England'] Providence shall guide me. Do not let it grieve you, therefore, if I never return[:WRN] to the Confessional; never dip my [fang-]fingers in [H'W-heavy-]holy-water; never [S=ANKH-]sign my bosom with the [crook't-]cross. I am a dau[-AWE!-]ghter of the P[-Y]u[W-]ri[-]tans[=BROWNz]. .... / .... / The old priest shook his [(uN)Hooded ('with hair as white as snow')] head. But, as he stretched out his [signature-]hands, at the same moment, in the act of benediction, Hilda knelt down and received the blessing with as devout a simplicity as any [N/ni(+)]ne! Catholic of them all. / .... / When Hilda knelt down [=L-jointed] to receive the priest's ben(t-kne)ediction, the act was wit[!-]nessed by .... / .... / ... [K!-]Kenyon ['she raised her ey[-Y:Y-]s and recognized Keny[-Y-]on']. / "It is you[-Y'W]!" she exclaimed with joyful [jaw-full] surprise. "I[-Y] am so[-W] [H-]happy[-Y]!" / .... / She held out her [signature-]hand; and Kenyon was [glan(d)s-]glad to take it in his own .... [--IV:354,357-9, 361-2,363-4]

[1.d. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w (eye-pow k)--cryptigluance three. (m-05) 'The Minister's Black Veil: A Parable':] .... As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name throughout the New-England churches, and they [HAW:K!-]called

him Fa[-H-]ther Hooper[:Hoop-through!-purr]. N[-]early all his parishioners, who were of mature age when he was settled, had been borne away by many a funeral: he had one congregation in the church, and a more [çrow!-]çrow[N!-]ded one in the church-yard; and having [W-]wrought so late into the [eaVe/eVe-]evening, and done his work so [W!-]well[-EL!], it was now good Father Hooper's [URN-]turn to rest. / Several persons were [V!-]visible by the [S+H!-]shaded [çock-çrow!-]çandlelight, in the death-chamber of the old çlergyman. Natural çonnections he had none. There was the de[-K-]çor[!]-ously grave[-V!], though unmov[-V-]ed [F/V!fang-]physician ....

.... There was the [N!-]nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose çalm affection had end[-YV-]ured ... [H/W!-]Who but [Yell!EL-]Elizabeth! And there lay the [HOAR!-]hoary head of good Fa[-H-]ther [her!-father] [H!-]Hooper[-W/Pwrr] upon the death-pillow[-lw], with the [back!-lashed] black [text-voice-]veil still swathed about his brow and reaching down [uNder-aNd-iN!] over his face, so[w!] t[-]hat, each [çlan(d)s-]gasp of his faint breath caused it to [st'k-]stir [-write itself forever]. All through life that piece of ç[-]rape had hung between him and the [çreated-]world: it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and [W!-]woman's love[-V!], and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own [Haw-Ort!-]heart[-]; and still it lay upon his face, as if to dee[-Y-]pen the [çlan(d)s-]gloom of his darksome [maw/bough-]chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity[=Ywr:Nny]. / For some time previous, his mind had been [k!-]çonfused [w/v!-]wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering[:H-OVE-over!-ing] [F/V!-fang/word-]forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indist[-]inct[-]ness of the world to come [=to be Oberon-born!]. .... / .... / 'And is it fitting,' resumed the Rever[-river-]end Mr. Clark[:çlerk] .... that a fa[-H-]ther in the church should leave a shadow on his memory, that may see[--Y-]m to blacken a life so pure[:pyr/pwr]? I pray[:ray] you .... Suffer us to be [çlan(d)s-]gladdened by your tri[-Y:Y:Y-]umphant asp[-]ect [+YHW], as you go to your re[-]ward[=re-word]. Before the [V!-]eil[-YEL!] of eternity[:Y-turn-knee] be lifted, let me [k's-]çast aside this black veil from your face! / And thus speaking, the Rever[-river-]end Mr. Clark[:çlerk] bent forward to reveal the [Ark/Box!=Maw/H=Yster!] mystery of so many y[-]ears. But, exerting a sudden [thorn/lingam!-]energy, that made all the beholders stand aghast, Fa[-H!-]ther [H!-]Hoop[-]er snatched both his hands from beneath the bed-çlothes [i.e., not just one bi:nomial], and pressed them strongly on the black veil, resolute to struggle, if the ministry of West[-]bury would[:wood] contend with a dying man. / 'Never!' çried the veiled çlergyman. 'On earth, never!' 7 'Dark old man!' exclaimed the aff[-]righted minister .... 7 Fa[-H!-]ther[-hwr] Hooper's breath [HYV!-]heaved; it [serpent-]rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping for[-]ward[:word] with his [signature-]hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should [SIG!LEAF-]speæk. He even [king-çobra!-]raised himself in

bed .... And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now see[--  
 Y-]med to [serpent-glan(d)s-]glimmer from its obscurity, and linger  
 on Father Hoop[!-eeller's] lips. 7 'Why do you tremble at me  
 alone?' cried he, [urn-]turning his veiled face round the circle of  
 pale spectators. 'Tremble also at each other! .... ... this  
 piece of ç[-]rape so awful ... When ... [grape-skin!-]shows his  
 inmost heart .... loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his  
 [hawse!-]sin ... me a monster .... I look around me, and, lo[-  
 W:ALL!!] on every [quicksilver-V!-]visage a Black[-HAW:K!] [V!-]Veil  
 [=vale-yell!] / While his auditors shrank from one another, in  
 mutual[-created] affright, Father Hoop[!-]er fell [y:aNkH!-]back  
 upon his[:YHZ] [bil(L!-)low-]pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint  
 [S(O/U)N:DEUS-]smile [MI(-Y-)LES!-]lingering on the lips. Still  
 [text-]veiled [V-EELED!], they laid him[:hymning] in his [box-  
 ]coffin, and a veiled corpse they [Oberon-]bore him to the [cor-  
 pus/core-pVss!-]grave. The grass [ç(-)rass-g(-)rape] of many years  
 has sprung up [lingam-WP!-S!] and wither[-r]ed on that grave, the  
 burial-s[-]tone is m[-]oss[-ose!-]grown, and good Mr. Hoop[!purse-  
 ]er's face is dust; but [lips/butte!-yel/haw!-]awful is still the  
 thought, t[!]hat it [maw+lingam-]mouldered[-ruminated] beneath the  
 Black[-K! LyV V-]Veil! [--IX:49-53.]

[1.d. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n, > h/y'w, (eye-pow k)--cryptiglace four  
 & five. (n-12) 'Sketches from Memory':] THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE  
 MOUNTAINS[.] / .... / ... It is indeed a wondrous path. A  
 demon, it might be fancied, or one of the Titans, was travelling  
 up the [V-]valley, elbow[-bough-]ing the heights carelessly asi[-  
 Y-]de as he passed, till at [lingam-]length a great [mouth-]moun-  
 tain took its stand [toNgue!erecTly] directly across his intended  
 road. He carries [k-]not for such an obstacle, but [r-]rending it  
 asunder, a thousand feet from peak [=Y!-k] to [Y!-s=] base, dis[-  
 ]closes its [gullet-]treasures of hidden minerals, its sunless  
 waters, all the secrets of the mountain's inmost [G N-HAW!(-gyne-  
 hawk!-)]heart, with a mighty fracture of rugged [prepuce/labial-  
 ]precipices on each side. This is the Notch of the White Hills.  
 Shame on me, that I have attempted to describe it by so mean an  
 image--feeling[-in-lingam], as I do, that it is one of those sym-  
 bolic [sum-balls!] scenes, which lead the [maw-]mind to [seminal!]  
 sentiment, though not to the [vulvi-form!(=humane)] conception, of  
 Omni[!-]potence. 7 We had now reached a [neck/tongue-]narrow  
 passage, which showed almost the appearance of having been cut by  
 human strength and artifice[:face] in the solid rock. There was  
 a wall of granite on each side, high and precipitous, especially  
 on our [rho-thorn-]right, and so smooth that few evergreens could  
 hardly find foothold enough to grow there. This is the en[-]trance,  
 or, in the direction we were going, the extremity of the romantic  
 de[-]file of the Notch. ... the [serpent-]rattling of wheels  
 approached us .... ... a well-dressed young man, who carried  
 an opera-glass set in [glan(d)s-]gold, ... see[--Y-]med to be making  
 a quotation from some of Byron's [Oberon!] rhapsodies on mountain



scenery. There was also ... a fair young girl, with a very faint bloom, like one of those pale and [lick!] delicate flowers, which sometimes occur among the Al[-]pine cliffs. / They disappeared, and [sig!naturally] we followed them, passing through a deep pine forest ... for some miles ... nothing but its own dismal shade [in French/Continental signature-ghost!]. .... / .... / OUR EVENING PARTY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS[.] / We stood [box!] in front of a good substantial farm-house, of old date in that [hat!] wild [counter-trYY!] country. .... The broad[-tree-like] and weighty antlers of a deer[-with-deer-skin], 'a stag of ten,' were fastened at a [K-] corner of the [H-]house [= 'the White Mountain Post-Office']; a fox's bushy tail was [n...yel!-]nailed beneath them; and a huge black [signature-]paw lay on the ground, newly severed and still bleeding--the [Oberon!] trophy of a bear-hunt. Among several persons collected about the door-steps, the most remark[']able was a sturdy mountaineer [cf. mouth-'n'-air], of [phallic-magic:six!-]six feet two and corresponding bulk, with a heav[']y [=HAW:JAW-Y] set of features, such as might be moulded on his own blacksmith's anvil [-V'L], but yet indicative of mother-wit and rough humor [=MAW:HAW:PAW-S!]. As [eyes!cup!] we appeared, he up[-]lifted a tin trumpet, four or five feet [lingam-]long, and blew a tremendous blast, either in [H!-]honor of our arrival, or to [AVE!-AWE!-]awake[-K!] an echo[-CAW!] from the opposite [H!YEL!-]hill. / .... Among the company ['guests'] at the door, were ... two young (knee[cap]): between:ni(+)!ne!] married couples, all the way from Massachusetts, on the matrimonial [tree!chew-in-mawz!joint] jaunt. Besides ... , 111 half a dozen wood-cutters [of 'the rugged county of Coos, in which we were'], who had s[-]lain a bear in the forest and smitten off his paw[-in-jaw]. / I had just rejoined [yin/yanged!] the party, and had a moment's leisure to examine t[he!-]hem .... / .... / The conversation of our party soon became more animated and East-to-West!] sincere, and we recounted some traditions of the Indians, who believed that the father and mother of their race were saved from a deluge [W!] by [(g)ASS(!p)] ascending the peak of Mount Washington [=orogenesis=orogenitalia=mouth/mount:by/lingam]. The children of that pair have been overwhelmed [WP!s], and found no such refuge. In the mythology of the savage, these mountains were afterwards [in oral kiss!hist!words] consider[-r]red saç[-]red and inaccessible, full of unearthly wonders, illuminated at lofty heights by the [glan(d)s-]blaze of precious s[!]tones, ... shrouded in the [spring!hawthorny!] snow-storm .... / .... There was now a general breaking-up. I scrutinized [seminally!] the faces of the two bridegrooms, and [haw!-]saw but little probability of their leaving the bosom of earthly bliss, in the first week of the honey-moon, and at the frosty hour of three, to climb above the clouds ['to seek the ('gem) 'Great Carbuncle']]. ... how sharp [kiss!harp!] the [brea(d)th!] wind was ... between the chinks of my unplastered [red!-]chamber .... / THE CANAL BOAT[.] / .... / .... we overtook a vessel that see[--Y-]med [seed!se(a)men-]full

of mirth and sunshine. It contained a little colony[:knee] of Swiss, on their way to Michigan, clad in [gorge!-]garments of strange fashion and gay colors, [haw-]scar[-]let, [Christ-birth-]yel[-]low and [haw-gray-turned-]bright blue, singing, laughing, and making merry, in odd tones and a babble of outlandish words. One pretty damsel [=dam!yel/cell!], with a beautiful pair of naked white[-hawthorn!-]arms, addressed a mirth[-]ful remark['] [of dress-poke!] to me; she spoke in her native tongue, and I re[-dis-]torted in good English, both of us laughing [haw!haw!-]heartily at each other's [=her's!] unintelligible wit[-of-width!]. I cannot describe how pleasantly [=broadly!] this [fang!-indecent] inci[-]dent affected me. .... / .... / .... Anon, a Virginia school-master, too intent on a pocket Virgil to heed the helmsman's warning--'Bridge! bridge!--was saluted by the said bridge on his [GLAN(D)S/BOX!] knowledge-box. I had prostrated myself, like a pagan before his [phallic/halse!-reach/breach!-]idol, but heard the dull [haw-]leaden sound of the contact, and fully expected to see[--Y!] the treasures of the poor man's cranium [+maw!] scatter [-r]ed about the deck. However[:haw-over-wover], ... no harm done, except a large bump on the head, and probably a corresponding [fang!-]dent in the bridge [cf. hedge-of-teeth], the rest of us exchanged [glan(d)s-hung!-]glances and laughed quietly. Oh, how pitiful[-]less are idle people! 7 The lip/take!-palate/taste!]table now being lengthened through the cabin, and the spread for supper .... The rain pattered .... The intolerable dullness of the scene en[-]gendered an evil spirit in me. ... the Englishman [in-wood-sig!nature] was taking notes in his memorandum-book, with occasional [glan(d)s-]glances round the cabin, I presumed that we were all to figure in a [box!-]future volume of travels ... He would[:wood] hold up an imaginary mirror, wherein our reflected faces would[:wood] appear ugly and [read!dick'] ridiculous, yet still retain an undeniable likeness to the originals. Then, with sweeping malice, he would[:wood] make these caricatures the representatives of great classes of my countrymen [=counter!tree-fork! men]. / He [glan(d)s-]glanced ... .... Next, the tourist looked .... The bookmonger cast his eye .... [H]ere, in one [paw/maw!-]word, (Oh, wicked Englishman to say it!) here is the American! He lifted his eye-glass to inspect a western lady, who at once became aware of the [glan(d)s-]glance, reddened, and retired deeper into the female [lips-to-soft-palate!] part of the cabin. Here was the pure, modest, sensitive, and shrinking [Y!-ankh!] woman of America; shrinking when no evil is [Y!-]intended; and sensitive[-in:V!] like diseased flesh, that thrills if you but [lingam/spine-]point at it; and strangely modest, without confi[-]dence in the [fang!Virgin-]modesty of [certain-]other people; and admirably pure, with such a quick apprehension of all impurity. / In this manner, I[!] went all through the cabin, hitting [yel/haw'ing] everybody as [haw'horn!-]hard a [lingam!yel-]lash as I [cud!-]could [h!-]and, laying the whole[:yel/haw!] blame on the

infernal [patronymic-]English[-tongue!-to-thorn!]lash-]man. / At [lingam-]length, I caught the eyes of my own image in the looking-glass, where a number of the [heuristic-]party were likewise reflected, and among them the Englishman, who, at that moment, was intently ob[-scene-]serving myself. / The crimson [soft-palate-]curtain being let down[N/NG!] between the ladies and the gentlemen, the cabin became a bed-chamber for twenty persons, who were laid on shelves, one above the another. .... Would[:wood] it were possible to affix a wind instrument to the nose, and thus make melody of a snore, so that a sleeping lover [lingam!-rY-dressed!] might serenade his mistress, or a congregation snore a psalm-tune! [palm!-tune!] Other, though fainter sounds than these, contributed to my restlessness [i.e., of glan(d)s], My head was [haw:k!]close to the crimson curtain--the sexual division of the boat--behind which I continually heard [pharyngeal!] [w'h'y!-]whispers and [snake-]stealthy footsteps; the noise of a comb [cock's!-root!] laid on the table, or a [lips-]slipper dropt on the floor; the twang [by yang!], like a broken [maiden-box!-]harp-string, caused by loosening a tight [under-(g)lobes!-]belt; the [serpent-in-leaves-]rustling of a [vulvi-fold!-]gown in its [reciprocating!-]descent; and the [joint!-]unlacing of a pair of [bone!-]stays. My [gristle!-]lea[-Y-]r see[-Y-]med to have the [prow!-]properties of an ey[-Y-]e; a visible image pester[-r]ed my fancy in the [womb's-ark!-]darkness; the [gullet-to-cervix-]curtain was withdrawn between me and the western lady [=tongue/ladle-of-the-lips/mwte!], who yet dis[-]robed herself without a blush. / Finally, all was hushed[-hooded] in this quarter. Still, I was more broad [H!-IN-MAW-]awake than through the whole preceding day, and felt a feverish impulse [to [bum-yawn!] to toss my limbs miles apart, and appease the unquietness of mind by that of [maw:haw:paw!-]matter. Forgetting that my berth was hard[-]ly so wide as a [cough-]coffin, I turned suddenly over, and fell [cob!Oberon!] like an avalanche on the floor. As there were no bones broken, I blessed [the fang!-turn of] the accident[-dent], and went on deck. A lantern was burning at each [lips!-]end of the boat .... Though the rain had ceased, the sky was all one [K!-LOUD-]cloud, and the [ARK!-]darkness so intense, that there see[--Y-]med to be [N!OVO!--] no world, [AXE!-]except the little space on which our lanterns [serpent-glan(d)s-]glimmer[-r]ed. [Y=T/REE:] Yet it was an impressive scene, / We were traversing the 'long level,' .... The forest ... consisting chiefly of [spring!haw!lingam!-]white cedar, black ash, ... now decayed and death-struck, by the partial draining of the swamp into the great ditch of the canal. Sometimes indeed, our lights were reflected from pools of stagnant water, which stretched far in among the trunks of the trees, [hawses-nicked!] beneath dense masses of dark foliage. But generally, the tall stems and intermingled branches were naked, and brought into strong relief, amid the surrounding [glan(d)s-]gloom, by the whiteness of their [hawthornesque-]decay. Often, we beheld the prostrate form of some old sylvan giant, which had fallen, and

[IN-CHORAL!/K:HOAR!-]crushed down smaller trees under its immense ruin[=RUNE!]. In spots, where destruction had been riotous, the lanterns [RHO!FOLD-]showed perhaps a hundred trunks, erect, half overthrown, extended along the ground, resting their shattered limbs, or tossing them desperately into the [Ark!-]darkness, but all of one [SIG!NATURE-RICH!REACH-Y:Y:Y-]ashy-white, all naked together, in desolate confusion. Thus growing out of the night as we drew nigh, and vanishing as we [SERPENT-GLAN(D)S-]glided on, based on obscurity, and overhung and [HEDGE-BOURNES-bounded by it, the scene was ghost-like--the very land of insubstantial [HAW-WORTH!] things, whither dreams might betake themselves, when they quit the s[!]lumberer's [=StANKH-mover's-lumber-ing] brain. /

.... / .... Shortly after, our boatman blew a horn, sending a long and melancholy note through the forest-avenue, as a signal for some watcher in the wilderness to be ready with a change of [signature-]horses. We had proceeded a mile or two with our fresh team, when the tow-rope got entangled[-anGled] in a fallen branch on the [hedge/bourne-]edge of the [hawse-throat-]long canal, and caused a momentary delay [hic/gag!], during which I went to [axe!-]examine the phosphoric light of an old tree, a little within the forest. It was not the first delusive [glan(d)s-]radiance[-in-correspondence!] that I had followed. / The tree lay along the ground, and was wholly [YHWH!-holy] converted into a mass of diseased splendor, which [through-M(ALE)/THEO!/DOOR:Z] threw a ghastliness around. Being full of conceits that night, I [BE(E)!STING!-]called it a frigid [phallic-hold!-]fire; a funeral light, illuminating decay and death; an emblem of fame, that [glan(d)s-]gleams[-living!] around the dead man without warming him; or of genius[-engendering!], when it owes its brilliancy to moral rottenness; and was thinking that such ghost-like torches were just fit to light up this dead forest, or to blaze coldly in tombs[-wombs-graphemic!], when, starting from my [self-obstetric-]abstraction, I looked up the canal. I recollected myself, and discovered the lanterns [serpent-glan(d)s-]glimmering far away[-ankh!-aweigh!]. / [ &:] 'Boat ahoy!' shouted I, making a trumpet of my [signature-han(d)-]closed[-]fists. / Though that [signature-cock-crow-]cry must have rung for miles along that hollow passage of the woods, it produced no effect. .... Indeed, the cap[-]tain had an interest in getting rid of me, for I was his creditor for a [break-face!-sperm-rho!-fold] break[!-]fast. / They are gone! Heaven be p[!-]raised! ejaculated I[-Y!]; 'for I cannot possibly overtake them! Here am I, on the "long level," at midnight, with the comfortable prospect of a walk to Syracuse, where my baggage will be left; and now to find a [haw-]house[-to-]or[=o'er-]shed, wherein to pass the night.' So[w!] thinking aloud, I took a flambeau from the old tree, [bourne!-]burning, but consuming [k+]not, to light my steps withal, and, like a Jack-o'-lantern [stick!ark!turn!-vegetable-skull!], set out on my midnight tour[-de-fang! in:V'V!-force]. [-XI:423-4,425-6,428-9,431,433-8.]

1.e. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w --a spine trail of necro-elegy  
[4+1/20@five])

[1.e. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w --Americ'nGro'link one & two.  
(m-01 & m-07) 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux (& The Devil in Manuscript':] .... / 'Well[:W+EL], Robin, are you dreaming?' in-  
quired the gentleman, laying his [signature-han-]hand on the  
youth's shoulder. / Robin started, and withdrew his arm from  
the s[:]tone post [=N+d!], to which he had inst[-]inc[-]tively  
[=sign!naturally] clung, while the living stream[-creative-  
heuristic] [rho-thorn-]rolled by him. His cheek was somewhat  
[Aub/White-]pale, and his eye [k+]not quite so lively as in the  
[ear!]earlier part of the evening. / 'Will you be kind enough  
to show me the way to the ferry?' said he, after a moment's [mid-  
signature-]pause. / 'You have then adopted a new subject of  
in[-choir-]quiry?' ob[-]served his companion, with a smi[-Y-]le.  
/ 'Why, yes, Sir,' re[-]plied Robin, rather [Y-]dryly. 'Thanks  
to you, and my other friends, I have at last met my [LIP/PAW-  
(S:sk+N)-]kinsman [=M!] and he will scarce desire to see my [N-  
fang!-]face again. I begin to grow weary of a town life, Sir.  
Will you show me the way to the ferry [=fair-Y!]' / 'No, my  
good friend Robin, [k+]not to-night, at least,' said the gentle-  
man. 'Some few days hence[:hens!], if you continue to [fair-  
]wish it, I will [semen-]speed you on your journey[:knee-between-  
ni(+ne)]. Or[:O'er], if you prefer to remain with us, perhaps,  
as you are a [PSHAW!-]shrewd mouth, you may rise in the [PAW:MAW:  
RHO!-TO:MORE:OWE!-]world, without the [HELM:DUNGEON:K-eel-]help  
of your kinsman, Major[-author-John-Milton-]Molineux[-w:axe!]'  
[=W-AXE?-N-V'V-R!-JAWS:OSE.] [/ &:] .... / 'And so I might,'  
replied Oberon. 'But the devil of the business is this. These  
people ['American publisher'] have put me so out of conceit with  
the tales, that I loathe the very thought of them, and actually  
experience a physical sickness of the stomach, whenever I  
[glan(d)s-]glance at them on the table. I tell you there is a  
demon in them! I anticipate a wild enjoyment in seeing them in  
the blaze; such as I should feel in taking vengeance on an enemy,  
or destroying something noxious.' / .... We swallowed each a  
tumberfull ['of (chaps!gape-]champagne'], in sparkling commotion;  
it went bubbling down our throats, and brightened my ey[-Y:Y-]es  
at once, but left my friend sad and [HAW/OMEGA!-]heavy as before.  
He drew the tales towards him, with a mixture of [TAIL/YEL(LOW)!]  
natural affection and natural disgust, like a father taking a  
deformed [T(H!)ORNY-]infant into his [signature-]arms. / 'Pooh!  
Pish! Pshaw!' exclaimed he, [HEM-]holding them at arm's length.  
'It was [near-haw-blue-]Gray's [=S:TONE'S!] idea of Heaven, to  
lounge on a sofa and read new novels. Now, what more appropriate  
torture could[:wood] [hard-dental-]Dante himself have contrived,  
for the sinner who perpetrates a bad book, than to be [EMPOWERING!]=]

continually turning over the manuscript? / .... / .... / ....  
 / '.... -- Pshaw!- / .... We heard one engine [hand-]  
 thundering round [=N+d] a corner, and another [rhopen-rattling  
 from a distance over the pavements. The bells of three stee[-Y:Y:  
 Y-]ples clanged at once, ... .. in their [ap-]peal[-to:] the  
 burthen of the universal cry--'Fire! Fire! Fire!' [=YR!YR!YR!]  
 / '... so eloquent as their iron tongues! [=yrn!tn,gz!]' ....  
 '.... And the other sound, too--... the roar and thunder of the  
 multitude[-multi/mouth] on the pavement below! .... and be [I!]  
 a bubble on the top of the [lip/fang-]ferment!' / .... / 'My  
 tales!' cried Oberon. 'The chim[-]ney![-'nose!'] The [palate-]  
 roof! The [yel-voice:Y!-]Fiend has gone forth by night, and  
 startled thousands in fear and wonder from their beds. Here I  
 stand--a tri[-Y-]umphant [AWE!-]author! [H!-]Huzza! My brai[-Y-]n  
 has set the town[:Tongue-ohwN!] on fire! [H!-]Huzza[+H!]'! [--XI:  
 230-1. And, XI:173-4,177-8.]

[1.e. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w --Americ'nGro'link three. (m-  
 04) 'The Man of Adamant: An Apologue':] In the old times of  
 [k(=g!)] religious gloom and intolerance, lived Richard Digby, the  
 [glan(d)s-]gloomiest and most intolerant of a stern brotherhood.  
 His plan of salvation was so [tongue-]narrow, that, like a [Christ-]  
 plank in a tempestuous sea, it could avail no sinner but himself,  
 who bestrode it tri[-Y-]umphantly, and hurled anathemas against the  
 wretches whom he saw struggling with the billows of eternal death.  
 .... / .... / ... he journeyed [kneed-]onward three days and  
 two nights, and came, on the third evening, to the mouth of a cave  
 .... / 'The finger of Providence hath pointed my [fang's!-]  
 way!' cried he, aloud, while the tomb-like den returned a strange  
 [tongue-back!-]echo, as if some one within were mocking him. "Here  
 my soul will be at peace; for the wicked will not find me. ....  
 ...!" / In regard to this cave, it was observable that the roof,  
 so far as the imperfect light permitted it to be seen, was hung  
 with substances resembling opaque icicles; for the damp of un-  
 known centuries, dripping down continually, had become as hard as  
 adamant; and wherever that [H!Y:Z/S] moisture fell, it seemed to  
 possess the power of converting what it bathed to s[-]tone. The  
 fallen leaves and sprigs of foliage, which the wind [cf. breath/  
 voice] had swept into the cave, and the little feathery shrubs,  
 rooted near the threshold, were not wet with natural dew, but had  
 been embalmed by this [W-]wondrous process. And here I [=H:Y!]  
 am put in mind, that Richard Digby, before he withdrew himself from  
 the world, was supposed by skilful physicians to have contracted a  
 disease, for which no remedy was written in their medical books.  
 It was a deposition of calculous particles within his heart['],  
 caused by an obstructed circulation of the blood, and unless a  
 miracle should be wrought for him, there was danger that the malady  
 might act on the entire substance of the organ, and change his  
 fleshly heart to stone. .... / Be that as it might, Richard  
 Digby was well contented with his sepulchral cave. So dearly did

he love this congenial spot, that, instead of going a few paces to the bubbling spring for water, he allayed his thirst with now and then a drop of moisture from the roof, which, had it fallen anywhere but on his tongue [NG/N], would [lips/lobes!] have been congealed into a pebble. .... At the close of the third day, he sat in the portal of his mansion, reading the Bible aloud .... Suddenly, however[:haw-over-weaver], a faint gleam of light was [glan(d)s!-] thrown over the volume, and raising his eyes, Richard Digby saw that [a vulvi-form!=] a young woman stood before the mouth of the cave, and that the sunbeams bathed her white garment .... / .... / .... Her name was Mary [owt/in-mug!] Goffe .... What else but faith and love united could have sustained so delicate a creature, wandering thus far into the forest, with her golden hair dishevelled by the boughs, and her feet wounded [dy=p (d/θ)!] by the thorns! .... But the recluse, frowning sternly upon her, and keeping his [fang-]finger between the leaves of his half closed Bible, [F!-in-lap!-]motioned her away with his hand. / 'Off!' cried he. [=H-AW!] 'I am sanctified, and thou art sinful. Away!' / .... / 'Away!' replied [Arked!] Richard Digby, still with a dark frown. 'My heart is in better condition than thine own. Leave me, earthly one; for the sun is almost set; and when no light reaches the door of the cave, then is my prayer time!' / .... / .... / .... But the more heavenly she was, the more hateful did she seem to Richard Digby[-Y!], who at length raised his [signature-]hand, and smote the [haw:k!-]cup of hallowed water upon the threshold of the cave, thus rejecting the only medicine that could["cud!] have cured his heart. A sweet perfume lingered in the air for a moment, and then was gone. / .... / .... / Above a century afterwards, .... Their father [i.e., of a 'little boy and girl'], unable to comprehend what had so startled them, took his axe [haw], and by felling one or two trees, and tearing away the creeping plants, [lingam-]laid the [ankh'wyvyv] mystery open to the day. He had discovered the entrance of a cave, closely resembling the mouth of a sepulchre, within which sat the figure of a man [cf. tongue-in-mouth], whose gesture and attitude [=thorn-ornery!] warned the father and children to stand back [=Haw!], while his visage [Oberon!-]wore a most forbidding frown. This repulsive personage seemed to have been carved in the same [hay-]gray stone that formed the walls and [near-labial] portal of the cave [=historical tomb/womb(=apple/log-with-RE[A]D/WORM)]. On minuter inspection, indeed, such blemishes were observed, as made it doubtful whether the figure were really a statue, chiselled by human art, and somewhat worn and de[-]faced by the [lingam/lips-]lapse of ages, or a freak of Nature, who might have chosen to imitate, in s[-]tone, her usual handiwork of flesh. Perhaps it was the least unreasonable idea, suggested by this strange spectacle, that the [sig!natural-mouth/oyster!-]moisture of the cave [to save!] possessed a petrifying quality, which had thus [H!-]awfully [HOAR!-]embalmed a human corpse. / There was something so frightful in the asp[-]ect of this Man of

Adamant, that the farmer, the moment that he recovered from the [serpentine-]fascination of his first [glan(d)s-]gaze, began to heap stones into the mouth of the cavern. His wife ... assisted ... The children [=immature-flesh/thongs] ... cast ... on the pile ['pebbles']. Earth was then thrown into the [V=k-]crevices, and the whole [W-hole] fabric overlaid with sods. Thus all traces of the discovery were obliterated, leaving only a marvellous [EN:D!] legend, which grew wilder from one generation to another ... [--XI:161,162,163-5,167,168-9.]

[1.e. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n > h/y'w --Americ'nGro'link four.

(m-03) 'The Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of Monte Beni':] .... [Mirror/Maw:]Miriam lifted the leathern curtain that hangs before all church-doors, in Italy. / .... / They entered the nave. .... / As our friends entered[:entrained] the church ['apper-tain(ing) to a convent of Cap(-)u(-)chin monks'], their eyes rested at once on a remark[']able object in the centre of the nave. It was either the actual body-or, as might rather have been supposed, at first [glan(d)s-]glance, the cunningly wrought waxen face, and [mono/key!-]suitably draped figure--of a dead monk. .... There was music, too, in harmony with so funereal a spectacle. From beneath the pavement of the church came the deep, lugubrious strain of a 'De Profundis,' which sounded like the [udder-]utterance of the tomb itself; so dismally did it rumble through the burial-vaults and ooze up among the flat grave-s[!]tones and sad epitaphs, filling the church as with a gloomy mist [cf. glan(d)s-of-throat-phlegm]. / "I must look more closely at that dead monk, before we leave the church," remarked['] the sculp[']tor. "in the study of my art, I have gained many a hint from the dead, which the living could never have given me." / .... / .... / THE DEAD CAP[-]U[-]CHIN[.] / The dead monk was clad, as when alive, in the brown woollen frock of the Capu[-]chins, with the hood drawn over his head, but so as to leave the features and a portion of the beard uncovered. .... / .... / "Ha!" exclaimed he['Kenyon']. / .... ... Kenyon, as befitted the [canyon/canonized!] professor of an imaginative art, was endowed with an exceedingly [silver-]quick sensibility [i.e., Hg-quicksilvered], which was apt to give him intimations of the true state of [mouth-]matters that lay beyond his actual vision. There was a [hedge!-]whisper in his ear; it said, 'Hush!' .... / And now occurred a circum[-]stance that would[:wood] see[--Y-]m too fantastic to be told, if it had not actually happened, precisely as [and when!] we set it down. As the three friends stood by the bier, they saw that a little stream of blood had begun to ooze from the dead monk's [sig!nature!nave-]nostrils; it crept slowly [serpent-Niling] towards the [hedge-]thicket of his beard, where, in the course of a moment or two, it hid itself. / ['Haw range!'] "How strange!" ejaculated Kenyon. "The monk died of apoplexy, I suppose, or by some sudden accident, and the blood has not yet congealed." / .... / "Of course, you know the old superstition about this phenomenon of blood flowing



from a dead body [cf. literary-voice]," she [maw/murmur-'Miriam'] rejoined. "... the murderer of this monk [=Miriam--of monk/model] ... may have just entered the church ...." / .... / .... / .... / "Is it thou, indeed?" she murmured, under her [immortal-name!-extending-]breath. / .... / .... / The cemetery is beneath the church .... / .... / In the side-walls of the vaults are niches, where skeleton monks sit or stand ..., and labelled with their names and the dates of their decease. Their skulls (some quite bare, and others still covered with yel[-]low[!] skin, and hair that has known the earth-damps) look out from beneath their hoods, grinning hideously repulsive. One reverend[:river-end] Fa[-H-]ther had his mouth [HAW!-]wide open, as if he died in the midst of a howl of terrou[r] and remorse, which perhaps is even now screeching through eternity [=aspect of immortal signature-voice]. .... / .... / .... / .... / SUNSHINE[.] / "Come," said the Count .... / .... / "Tomaso [cf. to-mah!-to], bring some Sunshine!" said he. / .... / The lustre should [k+]not be forgotten, among the other amirable endowments of the Monte Beni [=Donatello's] wine; for, as it [N/ni(+)]ne-]stood in Kenyon's [glan(d)s-]glass, a little circle of light [glan(d)s-]glowed on the table roundabout it [Munch/Ben(t-kn)eed], as if it were really so much golden sunshine. / .... / .... "The wine, Signor, is so fond of its native home, that a trans[-]port[-]ation of even a few miles turns it quite sour. And yet it is a wine that keeps well in the [yel!cell-]cellar, underneath this floor, and gathers [haw-thorny!] fragrance, flavour, and brightness, in its dark dungeon. .... / .... / THE PEDIGREE OF MONTE BENI [=knee.] / .... It would[:wood] have been as difficult, however [=HAW!-OVER], to follow up the stream of Donatello's[:do-not-tell-all's] ances[-]try to its dim [natal-yel!-]source, as travellers have found it, to reach the mysterious fountains of the [N...nYeL ...ne!-Nile[+ne] [i.e., of the Nile']. .... Among those antique paths, now overgrown with tangled and riotous vegetation, the wanderer[=reader] must needs follow his own guidance, and arrive nowhither at last. / The race of Monte Beni, beyond [=yet with!] a doubt, was one of the oldest in Italy, where families appear to survive, at least, if not flourish on their half-decayed roots .... / .... / MYTHS[-of-mouth-smiths.] / .... / So the young [Tongue!-Back-]Count [=marker-of-time] narrated a myth of one of his progenitors, (he might have lived a century ago, or a thousand years, or before the Christian epoch, for anything that Donatello knew to the contrary,) who had made acquaintance with a fair creature, belonging to this [voice-]fountain. .... / She taught him how to call her from her [lip-]pebbly source .... Thus, kind maiden that she was, the hot atmosphere became deliciously cool and fragrant for this favoured knight; and, furthermore, when he knelt down to drink out of the spring, nothing was more common than for a pair of rosy lips to come up out of its little depths, and [prepuce!-]touch his mouth with the thrill of a sweet, cool, dewy kiss [=serpentine

lingual/phallic narcissism]! / .... / But, one day--one fatal noontide--.... / .... / "He never beheld her blessed face, but once again; and then there was a bloodstain on the poor nymph's brow; it was the stain his [secret] guilt had left in the fountain where he tried to wash it off. ...." / .... / "I called her often, when I was a silly child," answered Donatello; and he added, in an inward voice,--"Thank [H!angh-]Heaven, she did not come!" / .... / .... How it was first taught me, I cannot tell; but there was a charm--a voice, a murmur, a kind of chaunt--by which I called the woodland inhabitants, the furry people and the feathered people, in a language that they see[---Y-]med to understand." / "I have heard of such a gift," responded the sculptor [sig!gullet-]gravely .... Pray try the charm; and lest I should frighten your friends [çaw!çaw!] away, I will withdraw into this thicket, and merely peep at them." / .... / Anon, .... The sound was of a murmurous [sig!nature-]character, soft, attractive, persuasive, friendly. The sculptor fancied that such might have been the original voice and utterance of natural man, before the sophistication of the human intellect formed what we now call language. .... / .... / .... But, all at once, ... the sculptor heard a wild, sorrowful cry, and through the crevices of the thicket, beheld Donatello fling himself on the ground. / Emerging from his hiding-place, he saw no living thing, save a brown lizard (it was of the tarantula species) rustling away through the sunshine. .... this venomous reptile was the only creature that had responded to the young Count's efforts to renew his intercourse with the lower orders of [sig-nature-]Nature. / .... / "They know it!" repeated Donatello trembling. ".... All Nature shrinks from me, and [udder!-]shudders at me! I live in the midst of a curse, that [haw!-]hems me round with a circle of fire! ...." / .... / ... [R]ejoined [axe!-]Kenyon, ".... It is the price we pay for experience." / "A heavy [y] price, then!" said Donatello rising [--as though culturally--] from the ground. ["Here comes my perplexity," continued Kenyon. "Sin(-under-signature-signs) has educated Donatello, and elevated him. Is Sin, then--which we deem such a dreadful blackness of the Universe--is it, like Sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained. Did Adam fall, that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier Paradise than his?" / "Oh, hush!" cried [N-more!] Hilda, shrinking from him with an expression of (hoar-white!-)horror which wounded the poor, speculative sculptor to the soul. "This is terrible; and I could weep for you, if you indeed believe it. Do (k+)not you perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiment, but of moral law, and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us? You have shocked (hay-K'T!) me beyond words!" / ".... Were you my guide, my counsellor, my inmost (signature-

provident!-)friend, with that white wisdom which clothes you as with a celestial garment, all would(:wood) go (YEL-)well. Oh, Hilda, guide me (Haw-name-)home!"' ] .... / .... / .... / .... / [Chapter L:] .... They suffered her ['Miriam'] to [glan(d)s-of-serpent-]glide out of the portal [of the 'Pantheon'] ... without greeting; for those extended hands, even while they blessed, seemed to repel, as if Miriam stood on the other side[:hedge/bourne] of a fathomless abyss, and warned them [Haw!] from its [jaw-]verge. / .... / Before they quitted Rome[:Serpentine-Roam!], a bridal [bridling!] gift was laid on Hilda's table. It was a bracelet, evidently of great cost['], being composed of seven ancient Etruscan gems, dug out of seven sepulchres, and each of them the signet of some princely [signature -]personage, who had lived an immemorial time ago. Hilda remembered this precious ornament. It had been Miriam's; ... she had amused herself with telling a mythical and magic legend [=end] for each gem, comprising the imaginary adventures and catastrophe of its former wearer. Thus the Etruscan bracelet became the connecting [full-serpent-]bond .... / And, now, happy as Hilda was, the bracelet brought tears to her eyes, as being, in its entire circle, the symbol of a sad mystery as any that Miriam had attached to the separate gems. For, what was Miriam's life to be? And where was Donatello? But Hilda had a hopeful soul, and saw sunlight on the [hedge of:] mountain-tops. / POSTSCRIPT[.] / There comes the Author [=Crypt-Hoar] .... / .... / .... Where, at this moment is Donatello[:do-not-tell-all]?" / "In [lingual-dip/lap-wink-] prison," said Kenyon[:know-the-canyon/canon], sadly. / "And why ... is Miriam[:mouth-mirror] at large?" I [axe-]asked. / .... " ... her crime lay merely in a [glan(d)s-]glance ..." / "Only one question more," said I, with in[-]tense ear[!]nest[-i]n[-]ess. "Did Donatello's ears resemble those of the Faun of Praxiteles [:Prick-ox-tail's]?" / "I know [gnat-praxis], but may not tell," replied Kenyon, smiling [S!-miling-along-mouth-stick] mysteriously [-mis-stirring]. "On that point[=V'V], at all events, there shall be [k+]not[=gnat!] one [WILD-PAWN-]word of [axe/palate-]explanation." / .... / THE END. [--IV:181,182,187,188,189,191,192,193,221,222-3,231,242,244-6,247-50(w.460),461,462,463,467.]

[1.e. MUM-YAWN: m/n/n, >h/y'w,--Americ'nGro'link five. (n-16) 'The Ancestral Footstep':] .... He had now been searching long in those rich portions of England, where he would most have wished to find the object of his pursuit; and many had been the scenes which he would willingly have identified with that mentioned in the ancient, time-yellow record which he bore about with him. It is to be observed that, undertaken at first half as the amusement, the unreal object, of a grown man's play-day, it had become more and more real to him with every step of the way that he followed it up; along those green English lanes, it seemed as if every turning would bring him close to the mansion that he sought; every morning, he went on with renewed hopes; nor did the evening, though it

brought with it no success, bring with it the gloom and heaviness of a real disappointment. In all his life, including its earliest and happiest days, he had never known such a spring and zest as now filled his veins, and gave lightness to his limbs .... / .... The plastic character of Middleton [=middle-mouth=tongue] was perhaps a variety of his American [sig!-]nature, only presenting itself under an individual form .... / .... / .... The impressionable and sympathetic character of Middleton answered to the kindness of his host; and by the time the meal was concluded, the two were conversing with almost as much zest and friendliness, as if they were similar in age, were fellow-countrymen, and had known one another all their life-time. Middleton's secret, as may be supposed, came often to the tip of his tongue; but still he kept it [orally] within, from a natural repugnance to bring out the one romance in his life. The talk, however[:haw-weave-over-ever], necessarily ran much upon topics among which this one would[:wood] have come in .... / "This decay of old families [cf. thorn-in-teeth]," said the Master, "is much greater than would[:wood] appear on the sur[-]face of things [=hinges]. We have such a reluctance to part with them, that we are content to see them continued by any fiction, through any indirections, rather than to dispense with old names. .... / .... / .... / [From 'the shrubbery,' M. heard] ... another step, a light, woman's step came with gentle haste along the ['wood-path' or] path-way; and [yEL's-]Alice appeared, having on her usual white mantle, straying alone with that fearlessness which characterized her so strongly, and made her seem like one of the denizens of nature. She was singing in a low tone some one of those airs which have become so popular in England as negro melodies [cf. graphemic signature-char, flowing]; when suddenly, looking before her, she saw the blood-stained body on the grass [accidentally, but 'heav(˘)ily shot by Middleton, 'down(˘)-words(-words) through the heart(˘), after the gun had been 'aimed at his head(˘),' because 'the butt of the gun' had struck on Middleton's 'shoulder,' with 'the jar caus(ing) the ham(˘)mer to come down; the gun ... (to go) (tongue-back/to-fang-)off sending the (full-blown-lip-)bullet (mid-signaturally-)downwards(:words)'--and now], the face looking ghastly up[-]ward[:word]. Alice pressed her [signature-]hand upon her heart[˘]; it was not her habit to scream, not the habit of that strong, wild, self-dependent nature; and the exclamation which broke forth from hers was not for help, but the voice of her heart crying out to herself. .... / .... / .... / .... / He comes to the midland counties of England, where he conceives his claims to lie, and seeks for his ancestral home; but there are difficulties in the way of finding it, the estates having passed into the [maritally-name-changed] female line[-ne-n-n]. .... / .... / .... / .... During the process of dressing, he still kept his eyes turning involuntarily towards[:words] the cabinet [˘a great, (graphics-)black cabinet of ebony and (tusk/tooth-)ivory, such as may often be seen in old English houses, and

perhaps often in the palaces of Italy, in which country they perhaps originated. .... / .... / There ... (had been) such an emphasis in the old man's way of speaking (of it), that Middleton (earlier in the manuscript, had) turned suddenly round from all that he had been looking at, and (had axe-)fixed his attention on the cabinet; and strangely enough, it (had) see(--Y-)med to be the representation, in small, of something that he had see(--Y-)n in a dream. ... (as) if some cunning (wood-jaws-)workman had been employed to copy his idea of the old family mansion, on a scale of half an inch to a yard, and in ebony(=black/natal-knee/tongue-turned-to palate/wood) and (tusk/tooth-)ivory instead of s(-)tone ... Everything was there. / "This is miraculous!" (he had) exclaimed .... "I do not understand it!"; and at last he approached, and looked within the mimic portal, still endeavoring to recollect what it was he had heard (i.e., as though from an ark), or dreamt about it--what half obliterated remembrance from childhood, what fragmentary night's dream, it was that thus haunted him. It must have been some association of one or the other nature that led him to press his finger on one particular square of the mosaic [cf. Mosaic] pavement; and as he did so, the thin plate of polished marble slipped aside. It dis[-]closed, indeed, no hollow receptacle, but only another [mineral/botanical-]leaf of marble, in the midst of which appeared to be a [gullet-]key-hole; to this Middleton applied the little antique key to which we have several times alluded [cf., also, the key in my A('e'--four)], and found it to fit precisely. The instant it was turned, the whole (panto-)mimic floor[=flower] arose [:ROSE], by the action of the secret spring [cf. elastic Middle-tongue], and discovered a shallow recess[=orocrypt] beneath. Middleton [mirror-]looked [hawk-glan(d)s-]eagerly in, and saw that it contained several documents[=script-expressions], with antique seals[-of-S+EELS] of wax appended; he took but one [glan(d)s-]glance at them, and closed the receptacle as it was before. / .... ... there would be a meanness and wrong in inspecting these family papers, coming to the knowledge [generative-edge/threshold] of them ... [hem!-]through the opportunities afforded by the hospitality of the owner of the estate .... ["You spoke," (had) replied his host, "of the Bloody Footstep reappearing on the threshold of the old (palate-)palace of Shnnnnn (cf. heuristic shin, here). Now where, let me ask, did you ever hear this strange name which you then spoke, and which I have since spoken?" / "From my father's(-to-mother's) lips, when a child, in America," (had) responded Middleton. / "It is very strange," said Mr. Eld(-)redge(=edge/palate-bourne=the host), in a hasty, dissatisfied tone. "I do (k+)not see(-Y) my way [YHWH] through this."'] The case was one demanding consideration .... As he ['Middleton'(=middle-tongue-in-mediating-air/ear)] passed the little chap[-]el [=chaps-with-EL-lingam/lingual/logos/cross-log], he heard within [!] the voice of the priest performing mass, and felt how strange was this figure of medieval religion and foreign manners [cf. himself] in

[his own] homely En[g:]gland. / .... / .... / .... / As to [yEL's-]Alice ['with free spirit and fearlessness'], .... . . . Middleton shall be continually puzzled at meeting such a phenomenon in En[g:]gland. By and by the internal [!] in[-L!-]fluence of her sentiments (though there shall be nothing to con[-]firm it in her [un-wooden-hawthorn] manner) shall lead him to challenge her with being an American [--and one to whom 'he was greatly attracted'. 'Alice goes singing and dancing through the whole, in a way that makes her see(-Y-)m like a beautiful devil, though finally it will be recognized that she is an angel of light. Middleton half bewildered, can scarcely tell how much of this is due to his own agency; how much is independent of him, and would(:wood) have happened had he staid on his own side of the water'--and (knot-)not tried to unite() across the sea, like the wires of an electric telegraph', 'those two parts' of 'the relics of family history, ... a mystery for hundreds of years'--and reader-ears]. [--XII:3,4,7, 21-2(w.19), 52, 53, 78-9(w.76), 87(w.69,57,6).]

(Please observe, that the literary unfolding of the first petition, the hawthornesque of MUM-YAWN, ends here.)

## B.2. A Literary Unfolding of the Second Petition:

### The Hawthornesque of HIC-GOUGE.

The literary unfolding of the second petition draws from twenty-one works by Hawthorne--nineteen tales, one novel (The House of the Seven Gables), and one unfinished work (Etherege). The talley of titles (2.a)--a figure-rhymed fifth-stave of the total of one hundred and three titles--functions as a proportionate, investigative classification of texts which are sufficiently name-ritualized to admit of study at step though other classification is possible, serves to foreground the consonant-figure as a movement from word-initial alliterative h to word-initial alliterative g, and provides (parenthetically) step-relevant, figure-reinforcing memos on the persistence of the idea of

name in the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the idea of name chiefly as American sociolinguual memorial, as grave-dark graphologic attribute of professional identity, and as lexical riddle capable of attaining long-anecdote national-yarn dimensions. The four-fold sampling (2.b-e) of twenty representative long passages from eight of the twenty-one works tallied (nine passages from six tales, nine passages from novel, and two passages from unfinished work) serves to give extension to the idea of nominal riddle as long-anecdote, as text in which etymologic and privi-semantic (speech-serpent) values of name-fragments, extending themselves most recognizably by means of the consonant joints of discourse, serve to give pattern to a ground-up! process of reference to the organs of speech in narrative observation (esp. in 2.b--a point-mark of organ-song), to a wood-cleave! process of reference to phallic interaction in agent discourse (esp. in 2.c--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant), to a  $\text{pox}(\text{up})\text{-round!}$  process of reference to a hawk-glan(d)s!-anchored haw in scenarios of climax and catastrophe (esp. in 2.d--a skullcap of world-hymn), and to a touch-stone! process of reference to relics of tongue-memory in tracts of apologia upon implicit in-composition rebirth (esp. in 2.e--a spine trail of necro-elegy). Petitionally sub-tagged as "truncgush" (cf. the enigmatic motive of voice-and-tongue-root cracking of throat bournes), as "counterhedge" (cf. the empathic motive of high-ridge reaching excitement of organ-space), as "hob(p)glance" (cf. the critical motive of eye-caught super-ordinary han[d]-[t]horn-held content), and as "priv'burs'link" (cf. the anthem of self-understood rebanding

of all essence-precious self-crow spines)--the four-fold sampling of twenty representative long passages (five passages per sub-tag) unfolds the self-conscious, mouth-conscious epic self-utterance of the name "Nathaniel Hawthorne," as Hebraic-Anglic identity forever lost to fortune, yet forever gold-gagging upon and retching-yellow over in the literary-referential gouging of a mysterious hereditary capital--a centrally-accented stock of family fortune, connected with powers of curse, and which magically handled, returns as the American's fortune (inclusive of lady) privately possessed. The necessary reinvestment of accursed-gold specifically motivates--and the ironic winning of substantial coffer-echoes specifically answers to--the second petition. The hawthornesque of the magical boxing of the private treasure unfolds as follows.

2.a. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's--a fifth-stave of titles  
[21/103])

[h-01] "The Hollow of the Three  
Hills"

("mingling with the ac[-k'  
-]cents of a prayer. At first the words were faint and indistinct, not rendered so by distance, but resembling the dim pages of a book['], which we strive to read by an imperfect light. In such a manner as the prayer proceeded, did those voices strengthen upon the ear; till at length the petition ended, and the conversation of an aged man, and of a woman broken and decayed like himself, became dis-



tinct[']ly audible to the lady as she knelt. .... They spoke of a daughter, a wanderer they knew not where, bearing dishonor along with her, and leaving shame and afflict[']-tion to bring their gray['] heads['] to the grave[']. .... ... and when the lady lifted her eyes, there was she['] kneeling in the [Haw'-etched] hollow between the three hills."--IX:199,201-2)

[h-02] "The Haunted Quack: A Tale of a Canal Boat"

("I took up Glan[d]ville's marvellous book, entitled the History of Witches, or the Wonders of the Invisible World Displayed"; "My name is Hip[-]poc[']-ra[-]te[y]s Jenkins. I was born ... [,'] ['he proceeded(.)'] / '.... Perhaps it was the oddness of my [hocus-pocus] Christian cognomen, which surely was given me by my parents in a prophetic hour. Be this as it may, the [Shake-spea(y)r-ing 'rose(') ... name'] summit of my earthly hap[p']-pin[-]les[s]s was to [p']-be[-Y] a doctor ['of medicine']. Conceive then .... [']"--XI:251, 252,254-5[w.260])

[h-03] "The House of the Seven Gables[: A Romance]"

["(P)Pre(-)face"]

"The Old Pyncheon Family"  
(I)

("Pyncheon-street formerly bore the humbler appellation of Maule's [Ger. Muzzle-Mouth's] Lane, from the name of the original occupant of the soil, before whose cottage-door

"The Pyncheon Garden" /  
 "The Arched Window" /  
 "The Daguer(-)reotypist"  
 (X / XI / XII)

"The Flower of Eden"  
 (XX)

"The De(e-yp)parture"  
 (XXI)

it was a cow-path"; "'But,'  
 said Phoeb[b]e ['(P)Pyn-  
 cheon'], ap[p]art to Hol-  
 grave, 'how came you to  
 know the secret?' / 'My  
 dearest Phoebe,' said  
 Holgrave, 'how will it  
 please you to assume the  
 ] name of Maule? As for the  
 secret, ... ['A recess in  
 the wall ... brought to  
 light, ... a folded sheet  
 of parchment. ... opened,  
 ... display(ing) an  
 ancient deed, signed with  
 the hieroglyphics of  
 several Indian sagamores  
 ...'].'"--II:5,1,5,145,  
 159,300,309,6,316)

[h-04] "Legends of the Province-  
House I"

["Howe's Masquerade"]

("These letters and  
 figures--16 P.S. 79--are  
 wrought into the iron-  
 ] work of the balcony, and  
 probably ex[-k-S-P]press[-  
 S] the date of the edi-  
 fice[-face], with the  
 initials of the founder's  
 name. A wide door with  
 double leaves admitted  
 me into the hall or entry,  
 on the right of which is  
 the en[-]trance to the  
 bar-room."; "On the [w-  
 ]window-seat lay a [b-  
 ]bundle, neatly done up  
 in brown paper, the  
 direction of which I had  
 the idle curiosity to  
 read. 'Miss SUSAN HUG-  
 GINS, at the PROVINCE-  
 HOUSE.' A pretty chamber-  
 maid, no doubt. In truth,  
 it is desperately [H-]hard  
 [w-]work when we attempt  
 to throw the spell ...  
 over .... Yet, ... I  
 glanced [g-glans-ed] ...,  
 and as I emerged through

- the venerab[b]le [p]portal,  
whence their figures ['of  
the old governors'] had  
preceded me, it gladdened  
me to be conscious of a  
thrill of [H!:]awe."--IX:  
239,239,240,255)
- [h-05] "Legends of the Province-  
House II"  
["Edward Randolph's  
Portrait"] ] ("Mr. Bela Tiffany; ... I  
rejoiced at the oddity of  
the name, because it gave  
his image and char[']ac-  
ter[-char] a sort of  
individuality in my  
[belly(-Y) theoph(-h)an(-  
)ic] conception [of 'the  
old tradition-monger']"--  
IX:256,256,257-8)
- [h-06] "Legends of the Province-  
House III"  
["Lady Eleanore's Mantle"] ] ("a pale young man, with  
his black hair all in  
disorder, rushed from the  
throng, and [worm-like]  
prostrated himself beside  
the coach, thus offering  
his person as a footstool  
for Lady[-y]El[']eanore  
[c-]Ro[t]chcliffe to tread  
upon"; "'Who is this  
insolent young fellow?'  
inquired Cap[-]tain Lang-  
ford .... / 'His name  
is Jervase Helwyse [germ-  
wise' hell'-voice],'  
answered the Doctor  
['Clarke']--'a youth of  
no birth or fortune, save  
the mind[-]and[-]soul[-  
writ] that nature gave  
him; ... secretary to our  
colonial agent in London"  
--IX:271,271,275,276)
- [h-07] "Legends of the Province-  
House IV"  
["Old Esther Dudley"] ] ("She was the daughter of  
an ancient and once emi-  
nent family .... An office  
in the household, with  
merely nominal duties, had  
been assigned to her as a

pretext for the payment of a small pension, the greater part of which she expended in adorning herself with an antique magnificence of attire"; "perchance she only dreamed, that a Royal Governor was ... to receive the heavy key [yel-hawk' key!] which Sir ... Howe had committed to her charge"; "... ['Alas,'] Governor Han[d-cock [-her Hen(-s/ce)-cook]"--IX:290,290,292,299,301)

[y-08] "The Procession of Life"

("all have some artificial badge, which the world, and themselves among the first, learn to consider as a genuine characteristic"; "I direct a trumpeter to send forth a [B:]blast loud enough to be heard from hence to China; and a herald [h/y:k/c'r!], with world-pervading voice [Huge/Yel!] to make proclamation for a certain class of mortals to take their [P:]places. What shall be their principle of [forky: Y-union?"; "... Each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns [cf. teeth]"--X:207,208,208,217)

[y-09] "The Celestial Rail-road"

("Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruc[']tion.

.... It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman--one Mr. Smooth-it-away[-Y]--who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City [ @ step 2 ], of which he was a native townsman"; "On its ['the engine's'] top ... smoke and flame ... gush[ed] from his own mouth and stomach, as well as from the ... brazen abdomen"; "--his name was Stick[=thorn]-to-the-right--perceived in my face [and 're-joined ... my words, ... a (P)bubble(=haw/trifle)"]" --X:186,186,190,191)

[y-10] "E[-]therege"

["There dwelt an ancient gentleman, in a house by a grave-yard; ..."]

("he had inherited from his ancestors a larger amount of literary treasures than were usually found in the possession of private persons ...; old editions of the classics, both Greek and Latin, bound in parchment, and with the names of famous printers in the title-pages; and the autographs of scholars of his own race in the fly-leaves, from the boyish handwriting of ... to the crabbed characters of .... Here the Doctor used to sit, with a clay[-Y-] pipe of interminable stem [Stamm-stem-origin] .... / .... ; ... of all bachelor's [sic] [paw: haw:maw-]houses, this one was the most overrun

with spi[-Y-]ders; ... a very atmosphere of spiders' [hob cob-]webs" --XII:90,90,92-3<sup>+</sup> [see also B.l.a(n-00)]

[k-11] "The Antique Ring"

[w. "The Legend"]

("He was one of that multitude of young gentlemen --limbs, or rather twigs, of the [Mosaic] law-- whose names appear in gilt [=guilty, yel-low] letters on the front of Tudor's Buildings, and other places in the vicinity of the Court-House, which seem to be the haunt of the gentler, as well as the severer muses. Edward ['Caryl'], in the dearth of clients, was accustomed to employ his much leisure in assisting the growth of American literature; to which good cause he had contributed not a few quires [w. choirs] of the finest letter paper, containing some thought, some fancy, some depth of feeling, together with a young writer's abundance of conceits. Sonnets, stanzas of Tennysonian [-knee's sun] sweetness, tales imbued with German mysticism [t-yel germs], ... and essays smacking of Dialistic [throat-distending] philosophy, were among his multifarious productions. The editors of the fashionable periodicals [mensurations/menstruations] were familiar with his autobiography, and inscribed his name in

those [womb/tomb-]bril-  
liant [head-b-]bead-rolls  
of ink-stained celebrity,  
which illustrate the  
first pages of their  
covers. Nor did fame  
withhold her laurel.

.... / Meanwhile [at  
signatural midway], we  
sum up our sketch of  
Edward Caryl, by pro-  
nouncing him, ... some-  
what of a carpet knight  
of literature, ... rising  
.... .... / .... /

Drawing his chair beneath  
the blaze of a solar  
lamp, Edward[-edit/add-  
word] Caryl[-sing] untied  
a roll of glossy [cock's-  
tongue-well-glossed]  
paper, and began [to  
'read,' to his 'kind and  
generous auditors,'] as  
follows: / ....";

"After the death-warrant  
had been read to the Earl  
of Essex [de l'-sex!] and  
on the evening before his  
appointed execution [by  
(Y:)El(-)izabeth'], the  
Countess of Shrewsbury  
... found him, as it  
appeared, toying child-  
ishly with a ring. The  
di(-Y!-)amond, that en-  
riched it, glittered like  
a star, but with a singu-  
lar tinge of red [Haw!-  
glan(d)s: scar(^)let!].

"She kept the ring ....  
The next day, the earl's  
noble head rolled upon  
the scaffold. ....";

"The legend now [t'h-  
edge-]crosses the  
Atlantic[-k], and comes  
down to our own immediate  
time [--n/m]. ....

Charity became audible--  
 chink, chink, chink,--as  
 it fell, drop by drop,  
 into the common recepta-  
 cle. There was a hum [H-  
 home-hum]--a [stick-y-  
 ]stir,-- ... of people  
 putting their [guilty]  
 hands into their pockets;  
 while, ever and amon, a  
 vagrant coin fell upon  
 the floor, and rolled  
 away, with long[-n,]  
 reverberation, into some  
 inscrutable [architec-  
 tonic k-toned cough-  
 ]corner. / ....";  
 "Under the copper moun-  
 tain, which it had cost  
 them ['Deacon Tilton' and  
 'his brother ('Deacon')  
 Trott'] so much toil [t(-  
 -)oyl] to remove, lay an  
 antique[-yk'-] ring! It  
 was enriched[-c'-ink't]  
 with a diamond, which, so  
 soon as it caught the  
 light, began to [eye-  
 face-]twinkle and [glans-  
 gloss-]glimmer, emitting  
 the [white-(t)horn]  
 whitest and purest [lust-  
 lustig]lustre that could  
 possibly be [p-lips] con-  
 ceived. It was as bril-  
 liant as if some [dark]  
 magician had condensed  
 the brightest star in  
 heaven into a [foreskin-  
 headed] compass fit to be  
 set in a ring, for a  
 lady's delicate finger.";  
 "'And believe me[,']  
 ['said Clara P(-P-[alm-  
 m])ember(-)ton' to 'her  
 (p-)be(-)trot(-)hed lover'  
 (add/edit-word 'Caryl')'],  
 'whatever the world may  
 say of the story, I prize



it far above the diamond  
 which enkindled [and ankh-  
 en-generated] your  
 imagination."--IX:338,  
 338[w.352],338-40,341,347,  
 348-9,351,352[w.338])

[k-12] "Earth's Holocaust"

("As he spoke, some rough-  
 looking men advanced to  
 the verge of the bonfire,  
 and threw in, as it  
 appeared, ... the blazonry  
 of coat-armor; the [c-  
 ]crests and devices of  
 illustrious families;  
 pedigrees that extended  
 back[-c-k] like lines of  
 light, into the mist of  
 the dark[-k] ages";  
 "[Back to:] The [H:]  
 Heart,--the Heart--...  
 the little, yet [B:]  
 boundless sphere, wherein  
 existed the original  
 [haw'!] wrong[-ng'], of  
 which the crime and  
 misery of this outward  
 world were merely types.  
 Purify that inner sphere  
 ..."--X:381,382,403-4)

[k-13] "The Shaker Bridal"

("The man, whose name was  
 Adam Colburn [red-earth  
 Coal'-burn a-sheep-dam],  
 had a face sunburnt with  
 labor in the fields, ...  
 he had barely reached  
 middle age"; "The woman,  
 Martha Pierson [miss-  
 stress Pierce'-on], was  
 somewhat above thirty,  
 thin and pale, as a  
 Shaker sister almost  
 invariably is"; the  
 father ['Father Ephraim'  
 (-her-fruit-door dee-Y-p-  
 H'-ram-in)] feebly raised  
 himself to a more erect  
 position, but continued

sitting in his great chair"; "... a sense of satisfied am[-]b[:P-]ition."--IX:419,420,420,425,425)

[k-14] "Old Ticonderoga: A Picture of the Past"

("Those celebrated heights, Mount Defiance and Mount Independence ... stand too [P-]prominent not to be recognized, ... [and] neither of them precisely correspond to the [oro-genital] images excited by their names. ... Mount [cf. mouth] Defiance ... bore at some former period, the gentle name of Sugar Hill"; "I merely glanced [glans-lanced] at the ensuing twenty years, which glided peacefully over the frontier fortress, till Ethan Allen's shout was heard, summoning it to surrender 'in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress.'"--XI:186,186,190)

[k-15] "A Book of Autographs"

("The chirography [of 'Washington'] is characterized by a plain and easy grace, which, in the signature, is somewhat elaborated .... The lines are as straight and equi-distant as if ruled; and from beginning to end, there is no physical symptom--as how [haw!] should there be?--of varying mood, of jets of emotion, or any of those fluctuating feelings that pass from the hearts into the fingers of common men."; "Another letter,

from the ... famous hand  
 [of 'Franklin'], is  
 addressed to General  
 Palm[-]er, and dated  
 'Passy, October 27, 1779.'  
 .... Franklin was now  
 ... caressed by the French  
 ladies .... Still, ... he  
 writes with the homeliness  
 and simplicity that cause  
 a human face to look forth  
 from the old, yellow  
 [-yell oH! kiss-Heat' sh!]  
 sheet of paper, and in  
 words that make our ears  
 re-echo, as with the sound  
 of his long extinct utt[-  
 dd-]erance. Yet this  
 brief epis[-s-]tle ... has  
 no little of tangible  
 matter that we are ashamed  
 to copy it [haw-cup' milk  
 it]."--XI:359,363,365-6)

[g-16] "The Seven Vagabonds"

("Halloo! Who stands  
 guard here? Is the door  
 keeper asleep?' cried I,  
 approaching a ladder of  
 two or three steps which  
 was [linga-lingually] let  
 down from the wagon.";  
 "'My friends!' cried I,  
 [scale-]stepping forth  
 into the center of the  
 [God-bent maw-]wagon, 'I  
 am going with you to the  
 camp[p] meeting at Stam[-]  
 ford [Stamm-stem-origin].'";  
 "My design, in short, was  
 to imitate the story tel-  
 lers of whom Oriental  
 travellers have told us,  
 and become an itinerant  
 novelist [wag], reciting  
 my own extempora[Y]n  
 [-rain-]eous fic[s:]tions  
 to such audiences [U. S.  
 A.-yous] as I could col-  
 lect."--IX:350,351,365,366)

[g-17] "The Toll-Gatherer's Day:  
A Sketch of Transitory Life" ("Sitting on the afore[-  
]said bench [of self-judg-  
mental long-haw!], I amuse  
myself with a conception,  
illustrated by numerous  
pencil-sketches in the air,  
of the toll-gatherer's  
day."; "Over the door [of  
'the toll-gatherer's  
little hermitage'] is a  
weather-beaten board  
inscribed with the rates  
of toll, in letters so  
nearly ef[-]faced that  
the gliding [glans-  
glossing] of the sunshine  
can hardly make them  
legible. .... / ....  
['yet'] The toll-  
gatherer's practiced ear  
can distinguish the wei[-  
Y-K/G/H'-]ght of every  
vehicle, the number of  
its wheels, and how many  
horses [Haw!-Man-member-  
muscularly] beat[-hy't]  
the resounding timbers [i.e.,  
of 'a lo(N-)n(+)-g bridge(-  
ing)'] with their i[-y-  
]ron tramp['turning-fire'  
stamp]."--IX:205,206,207)

[g-18] "Peter Goldthwaite's  
Treasure"

("You positively refuse  
to let me have this crazy  
old house[';=haw'], and  
the land under and adjoin-  
ing, at the price named?'  
['said Mr. John Brown,  
buttoning his surtout over  
the [world-]snug rotundity  
of his person, and drawing  
on his gloves.']; "Gor-  
geous, that night, were  
the dreams of Peter Gold  
[-]thwaite! At one time,  
he was turning a ponderous  
[ruminative] key in an  
iron door, not unlike the  
door of a sepulch[-K-]re

.... .... But the house, without losing its former aspect had been changed into a palace of precious metals. The floors, walls, and ceilings, were of burnished [quick!-Ag/Hg-AH!] silver; the doors, the window-frames, the cornices, the balustrades, and the [eYe-scaled] steps of the staircase, of pure [Au-AWE!] gold; and silver, with gold bottoms, were the chairs, and gold, standing on silver legs, the high chest of drawers [lung-/dz receptacles], and silver the bed[-]steads, with blankets of [veiling] woven gold, and sheets of silver[-leaf] tissue. The house had evidently been transmuted by a single [one man's] touch; for it retained all the marks['] that Peter [memory-rock/stone/ball(s)] re[-]membered, but in gold or silver, instead of wood; and the [initiative] initials of his [mic<sup>v</sup>cur(-<sup>v</sup>cur)ated] name, which, when a [P<sup>+</sup>-]boy[!], he had cut in the [w-w-]wooden door-post [P.(h/y) G.], remained dee[-Y<sup>+</sup>P]p in the [P<sup>+</sup>]pillar of [G<sup>+</sup>]gold. A happy man would have been Peter Gold[-]thwaite, except for a certain ocular deception, which, whenever he glanced [i.e., glans-ate] backward [of this apple-of-his-eye], caused the house to darken from its glittering magnificence into the sordid [aureo-oro-orgasmic

gelding end-]gloom of  
yesterday."--IX:383,383,  
389-90)

[g-19] "The Great Carbuncle\*: A  
Mystery of the White  
Mountains"

("\*The Indian tradition, on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded, is [b]both too wild and too [B-Y-]beautiful to [B-]be adequately [HAW:ZYGOTE!-]wrought up[-P!], in[hedge-P-]p[-]ros[-Z-]e"; "The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was a great pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but wofully pined away"; "'... thou sordid man!' exclaimed the poet. 'Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal lustre into such dross, as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewell [of 'the red brilliancy'] under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it--my soul shall drink its radiance--it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite [knight-dightly dic-]. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the spendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!' / 'Well said Master Poet!' cried he of the spectacles.

'Hide it under thy cloak,  
 say'st thou? Why, it  
 will gleam through the  
 holes, and make thee look  
 like a [loco-hic'] Jack  
 ['] o'lantern!' / 'To  
 think!'"--ejac[']ulated  
 the Lord de Vere, rather  
 to himself than his com-  
 panions, ... [--]held  
 utterly unworthy of his  
 intercourse,--'to think  
 that a fellow in tattered  
 cloak should talk of con-  
 veying the Great Carbuncle  
 to a garret in Grub  
 street! Have not I  
 resolved wit[-]hin myself  
 that the whole earth con-  
 tains no fitter ornament  
 for the great hall [Haw-  
 (se)] of my ancestral  
 castle? ...."; "And be  
 it owned, that, many a  
 mile from the [zenith of  
 the] Crystal Hills[-z],  
 I saw a wondrous light  
 around their summits, and  
 was lured, by the faith of  
 [P]-poesy[-seeds:Z!-in:  
 de l'Aubépine's haw-  
 bournes] to be the latest  
 pilgrim of the GREAT  
 CARBUNCLE [--at high-  
 constrictive, deep-  
 consonantal ugH!/G-rim]."  
 --IX:149,149,151,155-6  
 [w.162],165)

[g-20] "The Great Stone Face"

("The Great Stone Face ...  
 was a work of Nature in  
 her mood of majestic play-  
 fulness, formed on the  
 perpen[-]dic[-]ular side  
 of a mountain by some  
 immense rocks, which had  
 been [chance-]thrown  
 together in such position,  
 as when viewed at a proper

distance, precisely to  
 re[-as/z-]semble the  
 [ur-foetal] features  
 of the human counte-  
 nance."; "As[-z] we [maw-  
 wag!] began with saying,  
 a mother and her little  
 boy sat at their cottage  
 door, gazing at the Great  
 Stone Face, and talking  
 about it. The child's  
 name was Ernest [cf.  
 earnest ea[y]r-nest  
 (thorns-urn)]."; "'Lo,  
 here I am, Ernest!' the  
 [β-]benign lip[-p]s see[-  
 ea-y-]med to say. ....  
 / The years hurried on-  
 ward [on word'] ....";  
 "'Behold! Behold!  
 Ernest is himself the  
 likeness of the Great  
 Stone Face!" / Then  
 all the people [in 'his  
 audience ('in the open  
 air')'] looked [glanced  
 glandes], and saw that  
 what the dee[-yp]p-  
 sighted poet [who h/g-  
 'listened' to his  
 '(P)Pearls, (p)pure and  
 rich'--'a life of  
 (g)good dee(y)ds and  
 (h)holy(y) love ...  
 melted into them'--  
 that what the poet]  
 said was true. The  
 prophecy [talk-see!] was  
 [prow-face] fulfilled  
 [: 'At a distance, but  
 distinc(˘)t(˘)ly to be  
 seen, high up in the  
 golden light of the  
 setting sun, appeared  
 the Great St(˘)o(˘)ne  
 Face, with hoary mists  
 around it, like the  
 white hairs around the  
 (head hōp-)brow of



(aero-auro-oro-arrHa-  
W[˘]reathing glw[-]chis[  
't]) Ernest']. "--IX:26,  
27,27,42,47-8)

[g-21] "Graves and Goblins"

("Who has not been con-  
scious of mysteries  
within his mind, mysteries  
of truth and reality,  
which will not wear the  
chains of lang[˘]uage?  
Mortal, then the dead  
are with you! .... /  
.... / .... My fancy  
ripened prematurely, and  
taught me secrets, ....  
.... / ... the reader  
.... ... bring no other  
dead man to dispute my  
title."; "... and would  
we speak[˘] with a friend,  
we do but knock[˘] against  
his tomb-stone, and pro-  
nounce the name en[-  
]gra[˘-y-y-]ved on it; in  
an instant, there the  
shadow stands!"; "...  
and [kin] repeat some  
hymns of mine, which they  
have often heard from my  
own lip[-p]s, ere the  
trem[˘m-m-y]ulous vo[˘-y-  
y-y]c[-c]e [-l] left them  
for ever. Little do they  
think, those dear ones,  
that the dead ['in pen-  
ance'] stands listening  
in the glimmer of the  
firelight, and is almost  
gifted with a ... shape";  
"Soon, soon be that hour  
['high in ('immortal')  
bliss']! I am weary of  
the earth-damps! they  
[b-]burthen me; they  
choke[˘] me!"--XI:289,  
290-1,291,295,296)

2.b. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's--a point-mark of organ-song  
[4+1/21@five])

[2.b. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's--truncgush one. (h-03)  
'The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance':] .... / Another  
business, which, however[:haw-ove-ever], he puts no great weight on  
(it is well, you know, to be heedful, but not over anxious[:aNk+s' s])  
as respects one's personal health)--another business, then, was to  
consult his family-physician. About what, for Heaven's sake? Why,  
it is rather difficult to describe the symptoms. A mere dimness of  
sight and dizziness of the brain, was it?--or a disagreeable choking,  
or stifling, or gurgling, or bubbling, in the region of the thorax,  
as the anatomists say?--or was it a pretty severe throbbing and  
kicking of the [haw!haw!-hop!cup!-]heart, rather creditable to him  
than otherwise, as showing that the organ had [k+]not been left out  
of the Judge's physical contrivance? No matter what it was. The  
Doctor, probably, would[:wood] smile at the statement of such trifles  
in his professional ear; the Judge would[:wood] smile, in his [haw!  
haw!+]turn; and meeting one another's eyes, they would[:wood] enjoy  
a hearty[:yell/haw!] laugh, together! But, a fig for medical advice!  
The Judge will never need it. / Pray, pray, Judge Pyncheon, look  
at your watch, now! What, not a [glan(d)s-]glance? It is within  
ten minutes of the dinner-hour! It surely cannot have slipt your  
memory, that the dinner of to-day is to be the most important, in  
its consequences, of all the dinners you ever ate. Yes; precisely  
the most important; although, in the course of your somewhat eminent  
career, you have been placed high towards the head of the table, at  
splendid banquets, and have poured out your festive eloquence to  
ears yet echoing with Webster's mighty organ-tones. No public  
dinner this, however[:haw-ove-ever]. It is merely a gathering of  
some dozen or so of friends from several districts of State; men of  
distinguished character and influence .... / .... / ....  
/ .... / Meanwhile the twilight is [H!glan(d)s-]glooming upward  
out of the corners of the room. The shadows of the tall furniture  
grow deeper, and at first become more definite; then, spreading  
wider, they lose their distinctness of outline in the dark, gray  
tide of oblivion, as it were, that creeps slowly [ove!-]over the  
various objects, and the one human figure sitting in the midst of  
them. The gloom has not entered from without; it has [H'W:egg-  
]brooded here all day, and now taking its own inevitable time, will  
possess itself of everything. The Judge's face, indeed, rigid, and  
singularly white, refuses to melt into this universal solvent.  
Fainter and [y-y!-eye/Ei!] fainter grows the light. It is as if  
another double-handfull of darkness [hooded-hic!] had been scattered  
through the air. Now it is no longer [gullet-]gray, but [teeth-  
ridge-]sable. There is still a faint appearance at the [w:lip/b(s)-  
]window; neither the glow, nor a gleam, nor a glimmer--any phrase  
of light would express something far brighter than this doubtful

perception, or sense, rather, that there is a window there. Has it vanished? No!--yes!--not quite! And there is still the swarthy whiteness--we shall venture to [SAW:H:Y+Y(TO-W):HOAR!-]marry these ill-agreeing words--the swarthy whiteness of Judge Pyncheon's face. The features are all gone; there is only the [AUB-YEL-]paleness of them left. And how[-HAW!(low)] looks it now? [=Truncate neck!!] There is no window! There is no face! An infinite, inscrutable blackness has annihilated the sight! Where is our universe? All crumbled away from us; and we, adrift in chaos, may hearken to the gusts of homeless wind, that go sighing and murmuring about, in quest of what was once a world! / Is there no other sound? One other, and a fearful one. It is the ticking of the Judge's watch .... Be the cause what it may, this little, quiet, never-ceasing throb of Time's pulse, repeating its small[tongue-back-and-tip-]strokes with such busy regularity, in Judge Pyncheon's motionless [signature-]hand[-with-T:Horn] has an effect of terror, which we do not find in any other accompaniment of the scene. / But listen! That puff of the breeze was louder; it had a tone unlike the dreary and sullen one, which has bemoaned itself, and afflicted all mankind with miserable sympathy, for five days past. The wind has veered about! It now comes boisterously from the north-west, and, taking hold of the aged frame-work of the seven gables, gives it a shake, like a wrestler that would[:wood] try strength with his antagonist. Another, and another sturdy tustle with the blast! The old house creaks again, and makes a vociferous, but somewhat unintelligible bellowing in its sooty throat--(the big flue, we mean, of its wide chimney)--partly in complaint at the rude wind, but rather, as befits their century-and-a-half of hostile intimacy, in tough defiance. A rumbling kind of a [lip-B'ST!-]bluster roars behind the fire-board. A door has slammed above-stairs. A window, perhaps, has been left open, or else is driven in by an unruly gust. It is [k+]not to be conceived, beforehand, what wonderful wind-instruments are these old timber-mansions, and how haunted with the strangest noises, which immediately begin to sing, and sigh, and sob, and shriek--and smite with sledge-hammers, airy, but ponderous, in some distant chamber--and to tread along the entries as with stately footsteps, and rustle up and down the staircase, as with silks miraculously stiff--whenever the gale catches the house with a window open, and gets fairly into it. Would[:wood] that we were [k+]not an attendant spirit, here! It is too [HAW!-]awful! This clamor of the wind through the lonely house; the Judge's quietude, as he sits invisible; and that pertinacious ticking of his watch! / As regards Judge Pyncheon's invisibility, however[:haw-ove-ever], that matter will soon be remedied. The north-west wind has swept the sky clear. The window is distinct[']ly seen. Through its panes, [maw:]moreover, we dimly catch the sweep[-SYP] of the dark, clustering foliage, outside, fluttering with a constant irregularity of movement, and letting in a peep[-PYP] of starlight, now here, now there. .... / .... [--II:272-3,276-8.]

[2.b. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's--truncgush two & three & four & five. (h-05 & h-06 & h-06 & h-07) 'Legends of the Province House II (&) III (&) III (&) IV':] .... But those who, in that brief interval, had beheld the [H+]awful visage of Edward Randolph, desired no second [glan(d)s-]glance, and ever afterwards[:words] trembled at the re[-]collection of the [OB-]scene, as if an evil spirit had appeared visibly among them. And as for Hutchinson, when, far over[:haw-ove-over] the ocean, his dying hour drew on, he gasped for breath, and complained that he was choking with the blood of the Boston Massacre; and Francis Lincoln, the former Capt[-]ain of Castel William, who was standing at his bedside, perceived a likeness in his frenzied look to that of Edward Randolph[:GULP-H!]. Did his broken spirit feel, at that dread hour, the tremendous [BURR-]burthen of a [PEEP-LESS!-]People's [H:ANG/ANKH:UR-]curse? / At the conclusion of this miraculous legend I in[-]quired of mine host whether the picture still remained in the chamber over our heads, but Mr. ['Bela'] Tiffany informed me that it had long since been removed, and was supposed to be hidden in some out-of-the-way [K:]corner of the New Eng[:G]land M[-Y-]us[-]e[-Y-y]um. .... During the progress of the story a storm had been gathering abroad, and raging and [serpent-]rat-tling so loudly in the upper regions of the Province-House, that it see[-Y-]med as if all the old Governors and great men were running riot above stairs [=above throat], while Mr. Bela[:belly-with-lips!+)tongue-with-fang!-]Tiffany[:Theophany] babbled of them below. In the [inter:]course of generations, when many people have lived and died in an ancient house, the whistling of the wind through its crannies, and the creaking of its beams and rafters [=folds, bends, and slopes], become strangely like the tones of the human voice .... [ / &:] Mine excellent friend, the landlord of the Province-House, was pleased, the other evening to invite Mr. Tiffany and myself to an oyster supper. This slight mark['] of respect and gratitude, as he handsomely ob[-]served, was far less than the ingenious tale-teller, and I, the humble note-taker of his narratives, had fairly earned, by the public notice which our joint lucubrations had attracted to his establishment. .... / .... / Our host, in due season, uncorked a [B-]bottle of Madeira[-yra], of such exquisite perfume and admirable flavor, that he surely must have dis[-]cove[-]red it in an ancient [B-]bin, down dee[-Y-]p[-P] beneath the deepest cellar, where some jolly old butler stored away the Governor's choicest wine, and forgot to reveal the secret on his [lip-s-s!] death-bed. Peace to the red-nosed ghost, and a li[p-li]bation to his memory! This precious liquor was imbibed by Mr. Tiffany with peculiar [lip-to-throat's-tip-tease!] zest; and after sipping the third glass, it was his pleasure to [gullet-]give us one of the oddest legends which he had yet [tongue-]raked from the [throat/haw-]store-house, where he keeps such matters. .... / .... / .... / .... There remained no room for doubt, that the contagion had lurked in

that gorgeous mantle, which threw so strange a grace around her  
 ['Lady(y-Y)Eleanore'] at the festival. Its fantastic[-stick]  
 splendor had been conceived in the delirious brain of a woman on  
 her death-bed, and was the last t[:]oil of her stiffening fingers,  
 which had inter[-]woven fate and misery with its golden threads.  
 This dark tale[-yel], whispered[-H'w] at first, was now [Operon:  
 BUR-]bruited far and wide. ... her pride and s[:ay-]corn had  
 evoked a fiend, and that, between them both, this monstrous evil  
 had been born. / .... / .... [ &:] .... ... [C]ried  
 Jervase[:germ-voice-vice] Helwyse, advancing three steps into the  
 chamber. ".... There"--... he shuddered[:shuttered]--"there  
 hangs her mantle .... But where is the Lady Eleanore!" / Some-  
 thing stir[-]red within the silken curtains of a canopied bed; and  
 a low moan was utter[-]red, which, listening in[-]tent[-]ly,  
 Jervase[:germ-voice-vice] Helwyse began to distinguish as a woman's  
 voice, complaining dolefully of thirst. He fancied, even that he  
 recognized its tones. / "My throat!--my throat is scorched,"  
 murmured the voice. "A drop of water!" / .... / ...--and as  
 it spoke, the figure contorted itself, struggling to hide its [B-]  
 blasted face--".... .... I wrapt myself in PRIDE as in a MANTLE,  
 and scorned[s-scorch-acorned] the sympathies of nature; and there-  
 fore nature made this [tongue-]wretched body the medium of a dread-  
 ful sympathy. You are avenged--they are all avenged--Nature is  
 avenged--for I am Eleanore [K:]Ro[T]ch[-]cliffe!" / .... He  
 shook his finger, ... and the chamber echoed, the [HAW/HIC!-]  
 curtains of the bed were shaken, with his outburst[-at-LIPS:β!] of  
 insane merriment. / .... / .... That night, a procession  
 passed, by torch light, through the [lingam-grooved] streets,  
 [Operon-]bearing in the midst, the figure of a woman, enveloped  
 with a richly embroidered mantle; while in advance stalked Jervase  
 Helwyse, waving the red [tongue-]flag of the pestilence. Arriving  
 opposite the Province-House, the [lip-]mob[-with-HOB!] burned the  
 effigy, and a strong wind came and swept away the ashes [=Rev(wind!) -  
 Ash(hay!) (V)oyce]. It was said, that, from that very hour[=H!-our],  
 the pestilence abated, as if its [cōpra-like-]sway had some myste-  
 rious connection, from the first[=near/uvular] plague-stroke to the  
 [tongue-tip-]last, with Lady Eleanore's [MAW:SOW!-]mantle. [Mark!--]  
 A remarkable uncertainty broods over that unhappy lady's fate. ...  
 in a certain chamber of this mansion, a female [glan(d)s-]form may  
 sometimes be duskily discerned, shrinking into the darkest corner,  
 and muffling her face within an embroidered [soft-palate-with-full-  
 mouth-folds-]mantle. .... / [ / &:] Our Host having resumed  
 the chair, he, as well as Mr. Tiffany and myself, expressed much  
 [glan(d)s-hawk-]eagerness to be made acquainted with the [last]  
 story to which the loyal[-l]ist had alluded. That venerable man  
 first of all [HAWSE!-]saw fit to moisten his throat with another  
 glass of wine, and then, turning his face towards our coal-fire,  
 looked steadfastly for a few moments into the depths of its cheerful  
 [throat-glands-]glow. Finally he poured forth a great fluency of

speech. .... Then [--to complement that cock--] would[:wood] he cackle forth a feeble laugh, and ex[-]press great doubt whether his [Hahn/hen-]wits--for by that phrase it pleased our ancient friend to signify his mental powers--were [k+]not getting a little the worse for w[-]ear. / Under these disadvantages, the old loy[-]a[-]list's story re[-]quired more revision to rend[-]er it fit for the public eye, ... ; nor should it be concealed ... , more than slight [Ei!] metamorphosis, in its trans[-]mission to the reader .... The tale[:Tale-yel(=hawse:key!)] ... , with no involution of plot .... / The hour had come--the hour of defeat and humiliation--when Sir William Howe was to pass over[:haw-ove-ever-to-lip-s/sh!] the threshold of the Province-House .... [--IX:269-70,271,273,284,286-8,290-1.]

2.c. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g < d'z/t's--a leaf-fold of breach-counter-  
chant [1+4/21@five])

[2.c. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g < d'z/t's--counterhedge one & two.  
(h-01) 'The Hollow of the Three Hills':] In those strange old times, when fantastic dreams and madmen's reveries were realized among the actual circum[-]stances [=round phallic stances] of life, two persons [cf. purses with ducts-seminal] met together at an appointed hour and place. One was a young lady[-laden], graceful in form and fair of feature, though [p/b!] pale and troubled, and smitten with an untimely blight in what should have been the fullest bloom of her y[-]ears; the other was an ancient and meanly[-scrotally] dressed woman, of ill-favored asp[-]ect, and so withered, shrunken and decrepit, that even the space since she began to decay must have exceeded the ordinary term of human existence [=chthonic form]. In the spot where they en[-]countered, no mortal [k/k!] could ob[-scene]-serve them. Three little hills stood near each other, and down in the midst of them [ankh-]sunk a hol[e-]low basin, almost mathematically circular, two or three hundred feet in breadth[:breath], and of such [hard-palate-]depth that a stately cedar might but just be visible about the sides. Dwarf [fang-]spines[:pinning-from-penis-ess] were numerous upon the hills, and partly fringed the outer verge of the [step-3] intermediate hollow[:MAW-with-HAW(LOG)]; within which there was nothing but the brown grass of October[:burr], and here and there a tree-trunk [=tongue/lingam-truncation] that had fallen long ago, and lay mouldering with no [HAW:K-sex-]successor from its roots. One of these masses of decaying wood, formerly a majestic oak[-from acorn/glans], rested close beside a pool of green and sluggish water at the bottom of the basin. Such scenes as this (so [hoar-]gray tradition tells) were once the resort of a [P-]Power of Evil and his plighted subjects [p/b-c'ts--prepuce cuts/off-shoots]; and here, at [signature-]midnight or on the dim [time-]verge of [hav'v-]evening, they were said to stand round the [maw-

]mantling pool, disturbing its putrid [voice-]waters in the performance of an impious [sal(i)vation-]baptismal [lip-]rite. The chill beauty of an autumnal[=abdominal] sunset was now [glan(d)s-]gilding the three [oro-tips:]hill-tops, whence a paler tint stole down their [groove-]sides into the [throat-]hollow. / "Here is our pleasant meeting come to pass[:piss]," said the aged crone, "according as thou hast desired. Say quickly what thou wouldst[:wood-ST'k] have of me, for there is but a short hour that we may tarry[:pair-parry] here." / As the old withered woman s[:P-]poke, a smile [glan(d)s-]glimmer[-r]ed on her countenance, like lamplight on the wall of a sepulchre. The lady trembled, and cast her eyes up[:P-]ward[:word] to the [tooth/lip-]verge of the [hop/cob-]basin [=base-sin], as if meditating to re[-]turn with her pur[se-]pose unaccomplished. But it was [k+]not so ordained. / "I am stranger in this land, as you know," said she at [lingam-]length. "Whence I come it matters [k+]not;--but I have left those behind me with whom my fate was intimately [B-]bound, and from whom I am cut off forever. There is a weight in my [B-]bosom that I cannot away with [W=V'V (digging-dugs)], and I have come hither to inquire of their welfare." / "And who is there by this green pool, that can [H!] b[-w]ring thee news from the ends of the Earth?" cried the old woman, pee[-Y-]ring into the lady's face. "Not from my lips mayst thou hear these tidings; yet, be thou bold, and the daylight shall not pass[:piss] away from yonder hill-top, before thy wish be granted." / "I will do [Y!] your bidding though I die[-Y]," replied the lady desperately. / The old woman seated herself on the trunk of the fallen tree, threw aside the [hawk:palate-]hood that shrouded her [gorge-]gray [glan(d)s-]locks, and beckoned her companion to draw near. / "Kneel down," she said, "and lay your fore[-H-]head on my knees [=ni:HAW':ne]." / She hesitated a moment, but the anxiety, that had long been kindling, burned fiercely within her. As she knelt down, the border of her garment was dipped [counter-ankhed] into the pool; she laid her forehead on the old woman's knees, and the latter drew a [HAW:K!-]cloak about the lady's face, so that she was in darkness[:knee-ess]. Then she heard the muttered words of a prayer, in the midst of which she started, and would[:wood] have risen. / "Let me flee[:fleece],--let me flee[:fleece] and hide myself, that they may [k+]not look upon me!" she cried. But, with returning re[-]collection, she hushed herself, and was still as death. / ... In such a manner as the prayer proceeded, did those voices strengthen upon the ear; till at [lingam-]length the petition ended, and the conversation of an aged man, and of a woman broken and decayed like himself, became distinctly audible to the lady as she knelt. But those strangers appeared [k+]not to stand in the hollow depth between the three hills. Their voices were encompassed[:hedged in] and re-echoed by the walls of a chamber, the windows of which were [xerpent-]rattling in the breeze; the regular vibration of a clock, the crackling[:cackling] of fire, and the tinkling of the embers as they fell among the

[seminal-]ashes, render[-r]ed the scene almost as [fang:v'v-]vivid as if painted [in/Yn!] to the eye. By a melancholy [haw-h'Ort-]sat these two old people, the man calmly despondent, the woman querulous and tear[-]ful, and their words were all of sorrow. They spoke of a daughter, a wanderer they knew not where, bearing dishonor .... / [ &:] And again the withered hag["Hage-dorn] poured forth the monotonous words of a prayer that was not meant to be acceptable to Heaven; and soon, in the pauses of her breath, strange murmurings began to thicken![-into-dick], gradually increasing so as to drown and overpower the charm by which they grew. .... she could distinguish every soft and dreamy accent of the love songs, that died causelessly into funeral hymns. She shuddered .... He went to-and-fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his individual wrong .... / The golden [glan(d)'s throat!-]skirts of day were yet lingering upon the hills .... Again the evil woman began to wea[-Y-]ve her spell .... Stronger it grew and sadder, and dee[-Y-]pened into the tone of a death-[B:]bell, [prepuce/labia-]knolling dole[-]fully from some ivy-mantled tower, and bearing tidings of mortality and woe to the cottage, the hall, and the solitary [fork-]wayfarer, that all might weep for the doom [Point-]appointed for them. Then came a measured tread, passing slowly, slowly on, as of mourners with a [cough-]coffin, their garments trailing .... Before them went the [P:]priest, reading the [B:]burial service, while the leaves of his book were [serpent-]rustling in the breeze. ... --the mother ... had sinned against natural affection, and left her [chilled-glans-]child to die. The sweeping sound of the funeral train faded away like a thin va[-Y-]pour, and the wind, that just before see[--Y-]med to shake the coffin-pall[=lip-cover], moaned sadly round the [fang-to-lip-]verge[:edge/hedge/bourne] of the Hollow between three Hills [...h... o H...h...]. But when the old woman stirred the kneeling lady[:laden/ladle], she lifted [k+]not her head. / "Here has been a sweet hour's [our-Z-syzygy-]sport[:spurt]!" said the withered crone, chuckling to her[-]self. [--IX: 199-202, 203-4.]

[2.c. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g < d'z/t's--counterhedge three. (h-03) 'The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance':] ... A gold-headed cane of rare, oriental wood, added materially to the high respectability of his asp[-]lect; as did also a white neckcloth [=fang/neck-truncation] of the utmost snowy purity, and the conscientious polish of his boots [=lower member(s)]. His dark, square countenance, with its almost shaggy depth of eyebrows, was naturally im[-]pressive .... Owing, however[:haw-over-weaver], to a somewhat massive accumulation of animal substance about the lower region of his face [cf. laden prepuce, over glans], the look was perhaps unctuous rather than spiritual, and had, so to speak, a kind of fleshly effulgence, not altogether so satisfactory as he doubtless



intended it to be. .... And if the observer chanced to be ill-natured, as well as acute and susceptible, he would probably suspect that the smile on the gentleman's face was a good deal akin to the shine on his boots, and that each must have cost him and his boot-black, respectively, a good deal of hard labor to bring out [i.e., as glan(d)s-shine] and preserve them. / As the stranger entered [entrained] the little shop--where the second story [cf. hard palate] and the thick [tongue-]foliage of the [H]elm-tree, as well as the commodities at the window, created a sort of gray medium--his smile grew as intense as if he had set his heart on counter[-]acting the whole gloom of the atmosphere (besides any moral gloom pertaining to [hub-deep] Hepzibah and her inmates) by the unassisted light of his countenance. On [lips/purse/butte-]perceiving a young rosebud of a girl, instead of the [haw/ankh-]gaunt presence of the old maid, a look of surprise was manifest. He at first knit his brows; then smiled with more unctuous benignity than ever. 7 "Ah, I see how it is!" said he, in a deep voice--a voice which, had it come from the [haw/road-]throat of an uncultivated man, would[:wood] have been gruff, but, by [dent-]dint of careful training, was now sufficiently agreeable--"I was [k+]not aware that Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon had commenced business under such favorable [H!-asp-]auspices. You are her assistant, I suppose?" / "I [=Y] certainly am," answered Phoebe, and added, with a little air of ladylike assumption--(for, civil as the gentleman was, he evidently [y:Y-dents!] took her to be a young person serving for wages)--"I am a cousin of Miss Hepzibah, on a visit to her." / "Her cousin?--and from the country [=counter-tree]? Pray pardon me, then," said the gentleman, [(ances)try-]bowing and s[-]miling, as Phoebe never had been bowed to nor smiled on before.--"In that [haw/hive-]case, we must be better acquainted; for, unless I am sadly mistaken, you are my own little kinswoman likewise! Let me see--Mary?--Dolly?--Phoebe?--yes, Phoebe is the name! Is it possible that you are Phoebe Pyncheon [-bee pinch-he-chin-in], only child of my dear cousin and classmate, Arthur? Ah, I see your father now, about your mouth! Yes; yes; we must be better acquainted! I am your kinsman, my dear. Surely you have heard of Judge Pyncheon [pinch: eon]? / As Phoebe courtesied in reply, the Judge bent forward, with the pardonable and even p[-]raiseworthy purpose--considering the nearness of blood and the difference of age--of bestowing [sowing] on his young relative a kiss of acknowledged kindred[+ edge!] and [eons!+]natural affection. Unfortunately, (without design, or only with such instinctive design as gives no account of itself to the intellect,) Phoebe, just at the critical moment, drew back; so that her highly respectable kinsman, with his body bent over the counter [cf. teeth-hedge], and his [prepuce-]lips protruded, was betrayed into the rather absurd predicament of [thin-dick!] kissing the empty air. It was a modern parallel to the [hub-]case of Ix[-]ion embracing a cloud, and was so much the

more ridiculous, as the Judge prided himself on es[!-]chewing all airy matter, and never mistaking a [cough!-loud] shadow for a [n eyed! lips-]substance. The truth was--and it is Phoebe's only excuse--that, although Judge Pyncheon's [glan(d)s-]glowing benignity might not be absolutely unpleasant to the feminine be[-]holder, with the width of a street or even an ordinary sized room inter[-]posed between, yet it became quite in[-]tense, when this dark, full-fed physiognomy (so roughly [che(eek!)on-]bearded, too, that no razor could ever make it smooth) sought to bring itself into actual contact with the [H:U<sup>B</sup>-]object of its re[-]gards. The man, the sex, some[-HEX!-]how or other, was entirely too prominent in the Judge's demonstrations of that [bourne!-cross] sort. Phoebe's [-z] eyes[-z] [ankh-]sank, and without knowing why, she felt herself blushing deeply under his look. Yet she had been kissed before, and without any particular squeamishness, by perhaps half-a-dozen different cousins, younger, as well as older, than this dark-browed, grisly bearded, white-neckclothed, and unctuously benevolent Judge! Then why [k+]not by him? / On raising her eyes, Phoebe was startled by the change in Judge Pyncheon's face. It was quite striking, allowing for the difference of scale, as that betwixt a landscape under broad sunshine, and just before a thunder-storm; not that it had the passionate intensity of the latter aspect, but was cold, hard, immitigable, like a day-long brooding cloud. / .... / But, as it [hop-up!] happened scarcely had Phoebe's eyes rested again on the Judge's countenance, than all its ugly sternness vanished; and she found herself quite over-powered by the sultry [yel!-tree], dog-day heat, as it were, of benevolence, which this [urine-yel!-cell-]excellent man diffused out of his great heart into the surrounding atmosphere;--very much like a serpent, which, as a preliminary to fascination, is said to fill the air with his [SIG!] peculiar odor. / "I[=Y] like that, Cousin Phoebe!" cried he, with an emphatic nod of [round-about] approbation--"I like that very much, my little cousin! You are a good child, and know how to take care of yourself. A young girl--especially if she be[e] a very pretty one--can never be too chary of her lips." / "Indeed, Sir," said Phoebe, trying to laugh the [insubstantial] matter[-material] off .... / .... [--II:116-20.]

[2.c. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g < d<sup>v</sup>/z/t's--counterhedge four & five. (h-03) 'The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance':] ... ['Hol-grave'()] the Daguer[-]reotypist ... , ... forthwith produced his roll of [mouth-]manuscript, and, while the late sun[-]beams [glan(d)s-]gilded the seven [gAPE!-BIG-]gables, began to read. / .... / ["Alice Pyncheon."] / .... / There was a [tree-]verticle sun-dial [=dYal!-a-log] on the front gable; and as the carpenter ['the wizard's grandson, the young Matthew Maule'] passed beneath it, he looked up and noted the hour. / "Three o'clock!" said he to himself. "My father told me, that dial was put up only an hour before the old Colonel's death. How truly[:Y-d:Y:lingam] it has kept time, these seven-and-thirty years past! The shadow

[serpent-]creeps and creeps, and is always looking over the shoulder[:hedge] of the sunshine!" / It might have befitted a craftsman, ... on being sent for to a gentleman's house, to go to the back-door, where servants and work-people were usually admitted; or at least to the side-entrance, where the better class of tradesmen made application. But the carpenter had a great deal of pride and [dick-]stiffness in his nature; and at this moment, [maul+maw-]moreover, his [dragon-]heart was bitter with the sense of hereditary wrong..... / As Alice came into the room, her eyes fell upon the carpenter, who was standing near the centre, clad in a [tree-]green, woollen jacket, a pair of loose breeches, open at the knee[-Y-]s, and with a long pocket [cf. codpiece] for his rule, the [tongue/lingam-]end of which protruded; it was as proper a mark['] of the artizan's [yel/hew!-]calling, as Mr. Pyncheon's full-dress sword, of that gentleman's aristocratic pre[-Y-]tensions. A [glan(d)s-]glow of arti[-]stic approval brightened over Alice Pyncheon's face; she was struck['] with admiration--which she made no attempt to conceal--of the remarkable comeliness, strength, and [sex-hedge!-force-]energy of Maule's fig['-y]ure. But that admiring [glan(d)s-]glance (which most other men, perhaps, would[:wood] have [hard-]cheri[-]shed as a sweet recollection, all through life) the carpenter never forgave. It must have been the devil himself that made Maule so subtle in his per[-labia/wink/scrotal/purse-in!-con]ception. / "Does the girl look at me as if I were a brute beast![B+B+ST'k!]" thought he, setting his [s(-sie[Y[ze-]z-]teeth. "She shall know whether I have a human spirit; and the worse for her, if it prove stronger than her own!" / [ &:] "My father, you sent for me," said [S-YEL!-]Alice, in her sweet and harp-like voice. "But, if you have business with this young man, pray let me go again. You know I do not love this room, in spite of that Claude, with which you try to bring back [y/ng/k!] sunny recollections." / "Stay a moment, young lady, if you please!" said Matt[-mouth-]hew Maule[-mallet]. "My business with your father is over. With yourself, it is now to begin!" [I.e., as 'the clear, crystal medium of a pure and virgin intelligence' to trace 'this lost document' regarding lands.] / Alice looked towards[:ward-words] her father, in surprise and inquiry. / "Yes, Alice," said Mr. Pyncheon, with some disturbance and confusion. .... As I shall [edge-]remain in the room, you need [buttes-]apprehend no rude nor unbecoming deportment, on the young man's part; and, at your slightest wish, of course, the [Ha(h)nds-stick!] investigation, or whatever we may call it, shall immediately be broken [cock!-sure] off." / "Mistress Alice Pyncheon," remarked Mat[-]thew [=maw-muscle] Maule, with utmost deference, but yet a half-hidden sarcasm [=chasm] in his look and tone, "will no doubt feel herself quite safe in her father's [high-lips!] presence, and under his all-sufficient [pinch-tongue-in!] protection." / .... / "Then, Mis[S!-]stress Alice," said Matthew Maule, handing a chair--gracefully enough, for a craftsman--"will

it please you only to sit down, and do me the favor (though altogether beyond a poor carpenter's [apple-]des[s]erts) to fix your eyes on mine!" / Alice complied. She was proud. .... She instinctively knew, it may be, that some sinister or evil potency was now striving to pass her barriers[:hedge-bournes]; nor would [wood] she decline the contest. So Alice put woman's might against a man's might; a match not often equal, on the part of woman. / Her father, meanwhile, had turned away, and see[--Y-]med absorbed in the [claw-in-cloud's-edge] contemplation of a landscape by Claude, where a shadowy and sun-streaked vista penetrated so remotely into an ancient wood, that it would[:wood] have been no wonder if his fancy had lost itself in the picture's bewildering depths. But, in truth, the picture was no more to him, at that moment, than the blank wall against which it hung. [Within them:] His mind was haunted with the many and strange [low-range-]tales which he had heard, attributing mysterious, if not supernatural endowments to these [malet!-puttes] Maules, as [deep!-]well the grandson, here present, as his two immediate ancestors. .... [--II:186,187,191-2(w.189),201-3(w.200).]

2.d. HIC-GOUGE:  $h/y:k/g > d'z/t's_+$  [eye-pow p/b]--a skullcap of world-hymn [1+2/21@five])

[2.d. HIC-GOUGE:  $h/y:k/g > d'z/t's_+$  (eye-pow p/b)--hob(p)glance one & two. (h-02) 'The Haunted Quack: A Tale of a Canal Boat':] 'My [jerk-hip!-in pocket] name is Hippocrates Jenkins. .... / .... Perhaps it was the oddness of my Christian cognomen, which surely was given me by my [round-bearing] parents in a prophetic hour. Be this as it may, the summit of my earthly hap[-]piness [:penis-ess] was to be a doctor. Conceive then my delight and surprise, one Saturday evening ... to hear him ['Doctor Ephraim Rams(-)horn'] ... ask me, how I should like to be a doctor. .... --a very Apollo in the healing art. .... / .... 7 'I cannot describe my elation of mind, when I found myself fairly in[-]stalled [boxed!] in the Doctor's office. Golden visions floated before my eyes. I fancied my fortune already made, and blessed my happy star .... / .... I was ordered by Mrs. Rams[-]horne to split some wood, and kindle a fire in the parlour ... ; after which Miss Euphemia Rams[-]horne, a sentimental young lady, ... crooked in person and crabbed in temper, ... despatched me, to the village circulating library, in [airy] quest of the Mysteries of Udolpho. I soon found out my place was no [neck-secure] sinecure. The greater part of my time was occupied in compounding [=at-neck truncating, to gush!] certain quack medicines of Rams[-]horne's invention .... .. with ... high-sounding titles ... .. / .... I had become pretty well[-throat] known ..., part[-h]ic[-y]u[vu]-larly among the old ladies .... I ... resolved to [cup-UP!]=

commence quacking--I mean practicing [=crack-singing]--on my own ac[-]count. .... / 'For a time, Fortune see[--Y-]med to smi[--Y-]le upon me, and everything went on well. All the old women were loud in sounding my praises, [ear-}far and near. .... At length, ... I was obliged to exert my wit .... At length, in an evil hour, I invented a curious mixture, composed of forty-nine different articles. This I dubbed in high flow[-l]ing[am] terms, "The Antidote to Death, or the Eternal Elixir of [lingam-]Longevity[-Y!], knowing [haw!-]full well that though / "A [glan(d)s-]rose might smell as sweet by any other [N/ni(+)]ne name," / yet would[:wood] [k+]not my drugs find as good a [yell!-]sale under a more humble[=low-udder/utter] tit[!]le. This cursed com[-]pound proved the antidote to all my hopes of success. Besides forcing me to quit the village in a confounded hurry, it has embittered my life ever since, and reduced me to the ragged and miserable plight in which you see me. / [ &:] '.... One of the most noted characters in the village was an old bel[-]dame of this description. Granny Gordon, so she was familiarly [gland(d)s-]GORGE!-of-ne(+)]ni] denominated, was the rib of the village Vulcan, and the din of her [hop/HOB!] eternal tongue, was only equalled by the ringing of her husband's [HUB/up!] anvil. Thin and withered away in person and redolent with snuff, she bore no small resemblance to a newly exhumed mummy [=haw/maw!-gland]; and to all appearance promised to last as long as one of those ancient [veiled-phallic/halse-slick!] dames of Egypt. Not a death, a burial, a fit of sickness, a casualty, nor any of the common calamities of life ever occurred in the [voice-]vicinity but Granny Gordon made it her especial business to be [full-HAW:K!-face] present. Wrapped in an old scarlet cloak--that hideous [soft-palate-to-lips gynehawk!-]cloak! the thought of it makes me shudder[:shutter]--... hovering about the dwelling of the s[t]ick. / .... / '.... With a vague foreboding of evil, I seized my [Ha'T-horne-]hat, and [glans/cap!-]hastened to the blacksmith's. .... / 'Around the bed were collected some half dozen withered bel[-]dames, who scowled upon me, as I entered [entrained], with ill omened visages. .... / 'My [poc-]conscience smote me. I felt stupefied and bewildered, and knew [k+]not which way to [scarlet-haw!-]turn. At this moment, the patient perceiving me, with a [glan(d)s-]hideous contortion of countenance, the expression of which I shall [Oberon!-]carry to my dying hour, and a voice between a scream and a groan, held up the empty bottle, and exclaimed, "This is your doing, you villainous [throat-CRACK/KING!] quack you" (here she was seized with a [mid-signature-]hiccup);--you have [pin/poise-]poisoned me, you have" (here fearful spasms shook her whole[:yel/haw!] frame);--"but I'll be revenged; day and night my [Y+Y-eyed] ghost shall [trunck-T-]haunt"--here her voice became inert[-h]iculate, and shaking her wither[-r]ed arm at me, she fell back, and to my extreme [hoar-]horror gave up the ghost. This was too much for my nerves. I rushed from the house, and ran home with the dying curse ringing in my ears, fancying that I saw her hideous physiognomy ['cold sweat on her forehead, her eyes ... dim and glazed [+seemed'], her nose, ... usually of a ruby hue, ... purple

and peaked, and her whole appearance evidently betoken(ing) approaching (glan[d]s-)dissolution', [hob-] grinning from every bush and tree [=hedge+T] that I passed. Knowing that ... the village would[:wood] be too hot to hold me, I resolved to decamp .... First throwing all my recently manufactured anodyne into the canal [= 'Glan(d)ville's ... Invisible World Displayed'], that it should not [HAWK:UP!] rise in judgment against me, I made up a little bundle of clothes ....' / .... / About the grey of the morning, .... My protégé having unburthened his mind, see[--Y-]med more at his ease, and taking a mint julap[=jewel-lap], prepared to accompany me on shore. .... / Here a brawny fellow with a [glan(d)s-]smutty face, who I found was Gordon the blacksmith, came up .... Come, man, you must forgive the hard words I gave. ....' / .... / .... A plain looking man in a farmer's dress, ... confirmed what the blacksmith had said .... 'She was only in a swoond,' ....' / After discussing a good [break/face/fast-]breakfast, .... He shook hands with me, and, gaily jumping into the [paw/hop/maw-]wagon, rode off with his friends. [--XI:254,255,256,257-8,259-61,261-2(w.252),263-5.]

[2.d. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's (eye-pow p/b)--hob(p)glance three. (h-03) 'The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance':] .... / Her father, meanwhile, had turned away, and see[--Y-]med absorbed in the contemplation of a landscape by Claude, where a shadowy and sun-streaked [sYP!] vista penetrated so remotely into an ancient wood ....' / Turning half[:yel/HOP!] around, he caught a [glan(d)s-]glimpse of Maule's fig[y]ure in the looking-glass. At some paces from Alice, with his arms uplifted in the air, the carpenter made a gesture, as if directing down[']ward[:Nathan(')-word] a slow, ponderous, and invisible [accent-]weight upon the maiden[=maiden-head]. / "Stay, Maule!" exclaimed Mr. Pyncheon, stepping forward [=Haw!]. "I forbid[:hedge] your proceeding farther!" / "Pray, my dear father, do not inter[-]rupt the young man!" said [yel:EL:Š!-]Alice, without changing her [chain-]position. "His efforts, I assure you, will prove very harm[:hormone-hammer-]less." / .... / After a further interval, Maule spoke. / "Be[-]hold your daughter!" said he. / Mr. Pyncheon came hastily forward. The carpenter[=PAW:-SAW-YER] was standing erect in front of Alice's chair, and [spine-ess-]pointing his finger towards the maiden[=maiden-head] with an ex[-P-]pression of tri[-]umphant[=three=Y] power, the limits of which could [k+]not be [circle-PY!] defined; and, indeed, its scope stretched [voice/vaginally-]vaguely towards the [seminal-]unseen and infinite. Alice sat in an attitude of profound repose, with the [public/pubic!] long, brown lashes drooping over her [haw/cowed-boa/vined] eyes. / .... / .... / At ... (a further) juncture, Maule turned to Mr. Pyncheon. / ....' / Mr. Pyncheon tried to speak, but--what with fear and passion--[cud-]could make only a gurgling murmur in his throat. The carpenter smiled [=LIPS/Š!-MYLED]. / "Aha[=HA']!, worshipful Sir! So, you have old Maule's blood to [HIP-]drink!" said he jeeringly. / "Fiend in man's shape ..." cried Mr. Pyncheon, when his [cud-]choked utterance could make way.--"Give

me back my daughter! Then go thy [W:]ways[:YZ]; and may we never meet[-in-T(r-y/y/y)] again!" / "Your daughter!" said Matthew Maule. "Why, she is fairly mine! Nevertheless, not to be too [haw:'horn-]hard with fair Mistress Alice, I will [lief/leaf-]leave her in your keeping; but ... she shall ... have occasion to re[-]member Maule the carpenter." / "He waved his [signature-]hands[+hub/carpi/wrists] with an up[-P-]ward[:lip-word] motion .... / .... Thus all the [CARP/FRUIT!-proud HEDGE-]dignity of life was lost [yes!/NE!-at-teeth]. She felt herself too much abased, and [lingam-]longed to change natures with some [writ(h)ing-]worm! / .... within; for Mat[-]theu Maule ... wed the laborer's daughter, and summoned proud Alice Pyncheon to wait upon his bride. And so she did; and when the twain were [a lip/lap-(w)ink-]one, Alice [haw!-]awoke out of her en[-]chanted sleep. Yet no longer proud--humbly, and with a smile, all steeped in sadness--she kissed Maule's [hop/wink-]wife, and went her way. It was an inclement night .... The next[:annexed] day, a cold; soon, a settled cough; anon, a hectic cheek, a wasted form, that sat beside the [BOX-]harpsichord [=YHWH, lung-phar/larynx-empowered], and filled the house with [throat-]music! Music, in which a strain of the heavenly chorister [@ cock] was echoed! Oh, joy! For Alice had borne her last humiliation! Oh, greater joy! For Alice was penitent of her one earthly sin, and proud no more! / The Pyncheons[:pinch-EONS!] made a great funeral for Alice. The kith and kin were there, and the whole respectability of the town besides. But [butt/butte!-]last in the procession, came Matthew Maule, [thew-]gnashing his teeth, as if he would[:wood!] have bitten his own heart in twain [HAW'T:Y-V'V!]; the darkest and wofullest man that ever walked behind a corpse. He meant to humble Alice, not to kill her;--but he had taken a woman's delicate soul into his rude [VIZE:JAW-]gripe, to play with;--and she was dead! / .... / Holgrave, plunging into his [oral] tale with the [lung/throat] energy and [lip] absorption natural to a young man, had given a good deal of action to the [sig/nature] parts .... It was evident, that, with but one wave of his hand and a corresponding effort of his will, he could complete his [horn!-H to fang(s)!-f/v/w/p/b] mastery over Phoebe's yet free and virgin spirit [=teeth/lips-right tongue]. Let us allow him integrity ... ; since he forbade himself to twine that one [aNkH-]link more, which might have rendered his spell over Phoebe indissoluble. / .... [--II:203-5, 207-8, 209-10, 211-12.]

[2.d. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's<sub>+</sub> (eye-pow p/b)--hob(p)glance four & five. (h-03) 'The House of the Seven Gables: A Romance':] ALICE'S POSIES [=YEL'S FACE-POSES.] / Uncle Venner[:venereal-yel-low!-vondor], trundling a wheel[-]ba[re-]row, was the earliest person [stick-]stirring in the neighbor[-]hood, the day after the storm. / .... Vegetable productions, of whatever kind, see[--Y-]med more than negatively happy, in the juicy warmth and abundance of their life. The Pyncheon[-eons-pinch-H'-]elm, throughout its great [SAW-HAW-]circumference, was [YAW!-]all alive, and [WALL-]full of

the morning [EL'S-]sun and a sweetly tempered little breeze[-Yz], which lingered within this verdant sphere, and set a thousand leafy tongues a-whispering all at once. This aged tree appeared to have suffered nothing from the gale [the night of Judge Pyncheon's sudden death]. It had kept its boughs unshattered[=hat-tered], and its full complement of [tongue-to-teeth/lips-]leaves, and the whole in perfect verdure, except a single[:nGLW] branch, that, by the earlier change with which the [H]elm-tree sometimes prophesies the [abdominal-]autumn, had been transmuted to [lip-bright-glan(d)s-]gold. It was like the [HAW:K!-key-]golden branch, that [knee/sip-bill!] gained Aeneas and the Sibyl admittance into [HA'T'S-]Hades. / This one [MAW+STICK-]mystic branch hung[:Ng] down[:ne] before the main-entrance of the seven [gabbing/gaping-]gables, so [nose-]nigh the ground, that any passer-by might have stood on tiptoe and plucked it off. Presented at the [THEO-]door, it would[:WOOD] have[:N'H'V'V] been a symbol[:sum+ball] of his right to enter, and be made acquainted with all the secrets of the [HAWSE-]house. ... there was really an inviting aspect over the venerable edi[-]fice[:face] .... / [ &:] One object, above all others, would take root in the imaginative observers[=ob(scene)server's] memory. It was the great tuft of flowers [=flow-lowers]--weeds, you would[:wood] have called them, only a week ago--the tuft of crimson-spotted flowers, in the [soft-ankh-]angle between the two front gables[:gape-lobes]. The old people used to give them the name of Alice's Posies, in re[-]membrance of fair Alice Pyncheon, who was be[-]lieved to have brought their seeds from Italy[:Eat-a-lee]. They were flaunting in rich beauty and full [menstruum-]bloom, to-day, and see[--Y-]med, as it were, a mystic [MAW+STICK:s]ex[-]pres[-gush+shun/sign-ten]sion that something within the house was [ankh:]consummated. / .... / .... / Peeping through the same crevice of the curtain where, only a little while before, the [child-]urchin of the elephantine appetite had peeped, the butcher beheld the inner [THEO+]door, not closed, as the child had seen it, but [WOMB-]ajar, and almost [THROAT-]wide open. .... / .... / "So," thought he, "there sits Old Maid Pyncheon's bloody brother, while I've been giving myself all this trouble! Why, if a hog hadn't more manners, I'd stick him! .... / .... / .... / Once more, however[:haw-over-wover], the Italian ran over his round of melodies. ... the case, ... the music and the sunshine on the hither side of the door .... Will a group [-P!] of joyous children, the young ones of the house, come dancing, shouting, laughing in the open air, and cluster round the show-box [-BOX!], looking with [haw:k!-glan(d)s-]eager merriment at the puppets, and tossing each a copper for [gesture/lingam!] long-tailed Mammon, the monkey [=MOUTH:KEY(with anKH)] to pick up? [=For PAW:-THORN?] / .... / .... ... Phoebe saw little Ned Hig[:HUG:UGH-]gins, a good way down the street, stamping, shaking his head violently, making deprecatory gestures with both hands, and shouting to her at mouth-wide screech. / "No, no, Phoebe!" he screamed. "Don't you go in! There's something wicked there! Don't--don't--don't go in!" / .... / The girl knew that her two relatives were



capable of far greater oddities .... / Without hesitation ... she stept across the threshold, and had no sooner entered[:entrained], than the door [of the womb/tomb] closed behind her. / .... / .... / The artist hesitated. ... to bring the [H!AWE!-]full secret of yesterday to her knowledge. .... / .... / He put into her [signature-]hand a daguerreotype [=map of dagger-type/tongue-of-light] .... / "Why have not you thrown open the doors, and called in witnesses?" in[-]quired she, with a painful shudder[-under-shutter]. .... The image of awful Death, which filled the house, held them united by his stiffened grasp. / These influences hastened the development of emotions, that might not otherwise have flowered so soon. Possibly, indeed, it had been Hol[-]grave's purpose to let them die [abortively] in their undeveloped germs. / "Why do we [germs-p/b'-]delay so?" asked Phoebe. "This secret takes away my breath! Let us throw open the doors!" / "In all our lives, there can never come another moment like this!" said Hol[-]grave. "Phoebe, is it all terror?--nothing but terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has made this the only [thorn-lip-]point of life, worth living for? [=being born?"] / .... / "Can it be!" whispered Hol[-]grave. / "It is they!" answered Phoebe. "Thank God!--thank God!" / And then, as if in sympathy with Phoebe's whispered ejaculation, they [hay!-]heard Hepzibah's voice, more distinctly. / "Thank God, my brother, we are [HAW:OM!-]home!" / "Well!--Yes!--thank[ANKH=]God!" responded Clifford. .... / "I thought of you both, as we came down the street, and beheld Alice's Posies in full bloom. And so the flower of Eden[:ADD-ER-ON] has bloomed, likewise, in this old, darksome house, to-day." [=H'Ws-to-DE(US):Y!] [--II: 284, 284-5, 286, 291-2, 294, 298, 299, 302, 305-6, 308.]

2.e. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z'/t's<sub>+</sub>--a spine trail of necro-elegy  
[2+3/21@five])

[2.e. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z'/t's<sub>+</sub>--priv'burs'link one & two. (h-03) 'The House of the Seven Gables': A Romance':] .... Hard[']ly a week after his ['the Honorable Judge Jaffrey Pyncheon('s)'] decease, one of the [K-]Cunard steamers [b-]brought intelligence of the death, [b-]by cholera, of Judge Pyncheon's son, just at the [spine-]point of embarkation for his native [signature-]land. By this misfortune, Clifford became rich; so did Hepzibah; so did our little village-maiden ['Phoebe'], and through her, that sworn foe of wealth and all manner of conservatism--the wild re[-]former--Hol[']grave! / .... / The shock of Judge Pyncheon's death [cf. shock of hay!] had a permanently invigorating and ultimately beneficial[:face] effect on Cliff[-]ord. .... Subsiding from ... ['the first effect of freedom'], he did [k+]not sink[:ankh] into his former intellectual apathy. He, never, it is true, attained to nearly the full measure of what might have been his faculties .... / .... Chanticleer [=throat-held gift-shout!] and his family

[y:k'-haw-ove-ever-weaver] had already been transported thither [r'remove(d) for the dismal old House of the Seven Gables, ... (to) take up their abode, for the present, at the elegant country-seat of the late Judge (Penis/Pennies-)Pyncheon!]; where the two hens had forthwith begun an indefatigable process of egg-laying, with an evident [calcified] design .... / "The country-house is certainly a very fine one, so far as the plan goes," [ob-scene-ly:-]job[-]served Holgrave .... / "Why," cried Phoebe, [glan(d)s-]gazing into the artist's face with infinite amaze[:]ment, "how wonderfully your ideas are changed [= (neck)chain/hanged]! A house of s[:]tone, indee[-Y-]d! It is but two or three weeks ago, that you see[--Y-]med to wish people to live in something as fragile and tem[-]por[-]lary as a bird's nest!" / "Ah, Phoebe, .... [ ]You find me a conservative already! ... so much hereditary mis[-]fortune ...." / ... [S]aid Clifford, .... ".... a rich secret ...." / .... / .... / [a]secret spring!" .... / .... / "My dearest Phoebe," said Hol[d!-]grave. "how will it please you to assume the name of Maule?" [=Muzzle-with-Mallet?] .... You should have known sooner, (only that I was afraid of frightening you away,) that, in this long drama of wrong[-holes] and [buttes-of-]retribution, I re[-]present the old wizard, and am probably as much of a wizard as ever he was. The son of the executed Matt[-Mouth-]New Maule[-Male-dictor], while building this house, took the [open/port-]opportunity to construct that recess ['in the wall(†et)†--now 'in so (lingam-)long a (moon's-)period of concealment, the machinery had been eaten through with (red-)rust'--], and hide away the Indian dee[-Y:Y-]d on which de[-]pende the immense land-claim of the Pyncheons. Thus, they bartered their [EIs!-]eastern territory for Maule's [mUGHZ!-]garden ground." / .... / "Uncle Venner[:venerable defunct veneralist]," cried Phoebe, taking the patched philosopher's [signature-]hand .... And you shall do nothing but ... keep Cousin Cliff[-]ord in spirits with the ['yellowish-brown'] wisdom and pleasantness, which is always dropping from [Puri(Y:EL)tan-]lips!" / .... / ... [S]aid Cliff[-]ord, .... ".... You are the only philosopher I ever knew of, whose wisdom has not a drop of bitter ess[-]lence at the bottom!" / .... / [ &:] A[n apple-]plain but handsome, dark-green [HAW:BURSE-]barouche had now drawn up in front of the ruinous [face:]portal of the old mansion-house[-HAW:MAW]. The [PART!-]party came forth, and (with the exception of good Uncle Venner[:venerable], who was to follow[:low-yellowing] in a few days) proceeded to take their places. They were chatting and laughing very pleasantly together; and--as proves to be often the [HAW:K!-EGG:]case, at moments when we ought to palpitate with sensibility--Clifford and Hepzi[-]bah[:BAH!] bade a fare[-]well to the abode of their fore[-]fathers, with hard[-]ly more emotion than if they had made it their arrangement to return thither[:utter-udder] at tea[--TEETH--]-time. Several children were drawn to the [HAW!-GEE!-]spot, by so unusual a spectacle as the [E-]barouche and [P:P-]pair of [UGH!-]gray horses[-in syzygy/yoke/yolk]. Recognizing little N[+]ed Higg[-]ins[:z] among them, Hezibah put her [signature-

]hand into her [haw/hip-]pocket, and presented the ur[-]chin, her ear[-]liest and [hug-conch!-]staunchest customer, with [quick!-]silver enough to people the Domdaniel cavern of his interior with as various a pro[-]cession of quadrupeds, as passed into the [MAW=cradle-]lark.  
/ ... the parouche drove off. / .... / Maule's [YEL:HAW:EL!-]  
]Well, all this time, though left in [heuristic] solitude, was throwing up [=hawking up] a succession of kaleidoscopic pictures .... The Pyncheon-elm[:HELM:ET-with-lingual-fang/lip-leaves] moreover-[:ove-wover-over], with what foliage the September gale had spared to it, whispered unintelligible[:shadowy-y-Y-Y]<sup>+</sup> [sea/see] prophecies.  
.... [--II:313-19.]

[2.e. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z'/t's<sub>+</sub>--priv'burs'link three & four. (y-10) 'Etherege<sup>T</sup>:] .... / Old Doctor Etherege .... used to sit, with a great folio [of leaves] before him, in an old easy chair, with a clay pipe of interminable stem[-Stamm-race-origin] between his fingers. / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... /  
[Young] Etherege sipped his second glass ['of a part(-)ic(ually) exquisite Italian wine'], endeavoring to find out what was this subtle and pec[kyw]liar flavor that hid itself so, and yet see[--Y-]med on the [spine/thorn-]point of revealing itself. It had, he thought, a singular [sic] effect upon his faculties, quickening and making them active, and causing him to feel as if he were on the [P-]point of penetrating rare mysteries, such as men's thoughts are always [H-]hovering [hub-]round, and always returning from. Some strange, vast, sombre, mysterious truth, which he seemed to have searched for [lingam/tongue-]long, appeared to be on the point of being [lip-]revealed to him; a sense of something to come; something to happen; an opening of [hard Theo-/Teeth-Palate-]doors, a drawing away of [soft-throat/Y-aNkH-]veils, a lifting of heav[']y magnificent [HAW:K!-]curtains, whose dark folds hung before a spectacle of awe;--it was like the verge of a grave[']. .... [The American felt a strange, influence upon him, as if he were passing through the gates of eternity [turn-n'k/knee], and finding on the other side the revelation of some secret that had greatly perplexed him on the other side. He thought that Brathwaite's [the host's] face assumed a strange, subtle smile--not malicious, yet crafty, tri[:]umphal, and at the same time terribly sad, and with that perception his senses, his life welled away; and left him in the deep ancestral chair at the board of Brathwaite House. / ... (Etherege lies in a dreamy state, thinking fantastically, as if he were one of the Seven Sleepers.) .... / .... / Again that noise; a little low, quiet sound, as of one breathing, somewhere near him; and coming more fully to himself, Etherege sat up[:UP!], [B-]but immediately his [H'D-]head began to swim so actively that the whole world see[--y-]med to be going [HAW!-]round. .... / Again the noise; a little stir, a sort of quiet moan, or something that he could not quite define .... / [(] He must be still at table [=upper mouth] .... / Ah, the noise! He could not [OBERON!-]bear it .... ... at a

little distance before him, sat a figure .... / "It is the old family personified," thought he. / .... / .... / But, by degrees, a sense of wonder had its birth and grew, slowly at first, in Etherege's mind; and almost twin-born with it, and growing piece by piece, there was a sense of awful fear, as his waking senses were slowly coming back to him. .... / .... / "Are you a living man?" asked Etherege faintly & doubtfully. / He mumbled--the old figure did--some faint moaning sound, that if it were language at all, had all the edges and angles worn off it by decay--unintelligible, except that it seemed to signify a faint mournfulness and [elegiac] complainingness of mood; and then held his peace, continuing to gaze as before. .... / .... / The old figure seemed to have exhausted itself--its energies, what there were of them--in the effort of making the unintelligible communication already vouchsafed. .... But Etherege was now resuming his [haw!]-firmness and daylight consciousness even in that dimness. .... [a] strange surmise ... ; but by an irresistible impulse, he acted on it. / "Sir Ed[-]ward[:word] Brath[']waite!" he exclaimed. / "Ha!['] who speaks to me?" exclaimed the old man, in a startled voice, like one who hears himself called at an unexpected moment. / "Sir Edward Brathwaite," repeated Etherege, "I bring you news of Norman Hans[']-cough!" / .... The effect--the passion, was too much--the terror with which it shook, the rage that accompanied, blazed up for a moment with a fierce flame, then flickered and went out. He stood tottering; Etherege put out his hand['] to support him; but he sank[:ankh] down in a heap on the floor, as if a thing of dry bones had been suddenly loosened at the [articulate] joints, and fell in a [serpent-]rattling heap. / .... / .... / [ &:] "You are come!" said Etherege, solemnly. "But too late!" / .... / .... All--[however]--pressed forward to look upon [=cap/cup] what was about to be disclosed. What were the wondrous contents? The entire mysterious coffer[=hands+cougher] was full of golden ringlets, abundant, curling through the whole[:haw!] coffer, and rising with [lingal-]elasticity, so as immediately, as it were, to flow over the sides of the coffer, and rise in large abun[-]dance from the long [mouth/mount-box] compression. Into this--by a miracle of natural production which has been known likewise in other [egg-]cases--into this had been re[-]solved the whole bodily substance of that fair and unfortunate being, known so [lingam-to-butte/prepuce] long in the legends of the family as the beauty of the golden locks. .... --the lustre of the precious and miraculous hair[-for-]heir! [glan(d)s-]gleaming and glistening, and seeming to add light to the [glan(d)s-]gloomy[:looming] room. .... / .... / .... / Try back again;--Raise the [H-ANKH-K:]curtain, as before, and discover the Doctor's study in the old house at the [K:]corner of the Charter-street Burial ground; the Doctor is there, with two [(non)testicular] children. He himself is a mystery .... / .... / .... / Again, ... Etherege has arrived in En[g:]gland. .... / .... / ... Etherege must meet the man in prison, as already seen. .... He may be a young man of an exceedingly

sensitive nature, who has fallen into one fault, sin, crime ....  
 .... he thinks he has murdered .... So he secludes himself ....  
The devil becomes the turn[-]key[:KEY] at the prison-gate, and he is  
 inevitably shut in; except for one brief time when he goes forth.  
Throughout life, still a purpose to [gush-]emerge. 7 This runs  
 through the romance like the vertebrae of the back-bone. There  
 should be a reference to it in everything, grave and gay. ....  
 [--XII:92-3,307(w.306)-314,322-3,330-1.]

[2.e. HIC-GOUGE: h/y:k/g > d'z/t's+--priv'burs'link five.  
 (g-21) 'Graves and Goblins':] .... Who has not been conscious of  
 mysteries within his mind, mysteries of truth and reality, which  
 will not wear the chains of [ANGL-]language? .... / .... / ....  
 ... [W]ould[:wood] we speak with any friend, we do but [K+]knock  
 against his [stumm/tongue-]tomb-stone and [mute/lip-]pronounce the  
 name engraved on it; in an instant there the shadow stands! / ....  
 There is an old man, hereabout; he never had a tomb-stone, and is  
 often puzzled to [throat-]distinguish his own grave; but hereabouts  
 he haunts, and long is doomed to haunt. He was a [(p)lung(e)!] miser  
 in his life-time, and buried a strong-box of ill-gotten gold, almost  
fresh from the mint, in the coinage of William and Mary [=W(Y)M/M(A)W].  
 Scarcely was it safe, when the sexton buried the old man and his  
 secret with him. I could [P-]point out the place where the treasure  
 lie[-Y-]s[-Z]; it was at the [hub-]bottom of the miser's [buzz-]  
garden; but a [lips'/paws-]paved thoroughfare now passes beside the  
 s[:]pot, and the [K:]corner-s[:]tone of a market-house[:K:HAW...]  
 presses right down upon it. Had the workmen dug [a phallic] six  
 inches dee[-Y-]per, they would have found the [HAW:]hoard. Now  
 thither must this poor old miser go, whether in starlight, moonshine,  
 or pitch[-pine]-darkness, and brood[:breed] above his worthless  
 treasure, recalling all the petty crimes [of tongue/lingam-]language  
 by which he gained it. Not a [COY-]coin must he fail to reckon in  
 his memory, nor forget a penny-worth of the sin that made up the sum,  
 though his agony[:knee] is such as if the pieces of gold, red-hot,  
 were stamped into his naked soul. Often, while he is in [heuristic]  
torment there, he hears the steps of living men, who love the dress  
of earth as well as he did. May they never groan over their miserable  
wealth, like him! Night after night, for above a hundred years, hath  
 he done his penance, and still must do it, till the iron[-knee-]box  
 be brought to light, and each separate coin be cleansed by the  
grateful tears [rips] of a widow or an orphan. My spirit sighs for  
 his long vigil at the [Y:aNkH:key-]corner of the [mercy/merx-HAW:K-]  
market-house! 7 .... [--XI:290,291-2.]

(Please observe, that the literary unfolding of the second  
 petition, the hawthornesque of HIC-GOUGE, ends here.)

## B.3. A Literary Unfolding of the Third Petition:

## The Hawthornesque of DART-STICK(S).

The literary unfolding of the third petition draws from twenty-one works by Hawthorne--nineteen tales, one novel (The Scarlet Letter), and one unfinished work (The Dolliver Romance). The tally of titles (3.a)--a figure-rhymed fifth-stave of the total of one hundred and three titles--functions as a proportionate, investigative classification of texts which are sufficiently name-ritualized to admit of study at step though other classification is possible, serves to foreground the consonant-figure as a movement from word-initial and word-medially/terminally repeated r to word-initial singular θ, and provides (parenthetically) step-relevant, figure-reinforcing memos on the persistence of the idea of name in the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the idea of name chiefly as American sociolinguual memorial, as grave-dark graphologic attribute of professional identity, and as lexical riddle capable of attaining long-anecdote, national-yarn dimensions. The four-fold sampling (3.b-e) of twenty representative long passages from six of the twenty-one works tallied (seven passages from four tales, seven passages from novel, and two passages from unfinished work) serves to give extension to the idea of nominal riddle as long-anecdote, as text in which etymologic and privi-semantic (speech-serpent) values of name-fragments, extending themselves most recognizably by means of the consonant joints of discourse, serve to give pattern to a ground-up! process of reference to the organs of speech in narrative observation (esp. in 3.b--a point-mark of organ-song), to a wood-cleave! process of

reference to phallic interaction in agent discourse (esp. in 3.c--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant), to a box-ro<sub>y</sub>nd! process of reference to a hawk-glan(d)s!-anch[w]red haw in scenarios of climax and catastrophe (esp. in 3.d--a skullcap of world-hymn), and to a touch-stone! process of reference to relics of tongue memory in tracts of apologia upon implicit in-composition rebirth (esp. in 3.e--a spine trail of necro-elegy).

Petitionally sub-tagged as "tonguerove" (cf. the enigmatic motive of self-grooving, wood-fork-extending tongue bournes), as "counterstichs" (cf. the empathic motive of tooth-sharply straining heart's-core-impulses), as "woveglance" (cf. the critical motive of eyecaught face-enfanging woe-germinal content), and as "H'ps'rheumlink" (cf. the anthem of self-understood restocking of the raving-red r[:]ho-joint)--the four-fold sampling of twenty representative long passages (five passages per sub-tag) unfolds the self-conscious, mouth-conscious epic self-utterance of the name "Nathaniel Hawthorne," as Hebraic-Anglic identity forever face-lost to public witness, yet forever snake-rending and reweaving, a botanical map-and-mask of self-referential genital seduction--forever groin-skills-to-lips extending, and soft-curtain and wood-hood enfolding, a glan(d)s-magical public child. The necessary mastery of the contexts of the sexual fork specifically motivates--and the ironic bearing of draconic literary progeny specifically answers to--the third petition. The hawthornesque of the draconic mastery of the human sexual fork unfolds as follows.

3.a. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z--a fifth-stave of titles  
[21/103])

[r-01] "Roger Malvin's Burial"

("the defence of the frontiers, in the year 1725, which resulted in the well-re[-]member[-r]ed 'Lovell's Fight.'"; "'.... And for a monument, here is this grey rock, on which my dy[e]ing hand shall carve the name of Roger Malvin; and the traveller in days to come will know here sleeps a hunter and a warrior. Tarry not, then, for a folly like this, but [Haw!] hasten away, if not for your sake, for hers, who will else be desolate.'"--X:337,337, 338)

[r-02] "Edward Fane's Rosebud"

("Wrinkles and furrows, the hand-writing of Time, may thus be deciphered, and found to contain deep lessons of thought and feeling."; "And Nurse Toothaker holds a tea-spoon in her right hand, with which to stir up [-t'o(=u)rn-] the contents of a tumbler in her [-yh!-el] left .... Now she sips--now stirs--now sips again. .... congress-water! Sip it again, good nurse .... ...!"; "Yet there was a time when Rose Graft[:]on --such was the pretty maiden-name of Nurse Toothaker--possessed beauty that would have gladdened this dim and dismal chamber [of imbibing], as with sunshine. It won her the heart of Edward Fane, who



has since made so great a figure in the world ...."; "We have beheld her as the maid, the wife, the widow; now we see her in a separate and insulated character: she was, in all her attributes, Nurse Toothaker. And Nurse Toothaker alone, with her own shriv[-]elled lips, could make known her experience in that capacity. What a history might she record of the great [signatural] sicknesses, in which she has gone hand in hand with the [throat-deep] exterminating angel! She re[-]members[-z] when the small-pox hoi[-Y-]sted a red-banner ...."--IX:463, 463-4,464,465,469)

[r-03] "Endicott and the Red Cross" ("Treas[-]on, treas[-]on!" roared the royalist in the [wood:]stocks. 'He hath de[-]faced the King's banner!' / '.... Beat a flourish, drummer!-- ... in honor of the ensign of New England. ...!' / With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest ex[X]ploi[-Y-]ts which our history re[-]cords. And for ever honor[-r]ed be the name of En[<sup>^</sup>]dic[-h]ott [-T:T]! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize, in the rending of the Red Cross from New En[-]gland's ['(T)ongue'-cross] ban[-]ner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the

stern ['full(-)of(-)his(-)  
)own(-)spirit'] Puritan  
had lain more than a  
century in the dust."--  
IX:433,440-1[w.435])

[r-04] "Main-street"

("Pshaw!' replies the  
critic: 'I want no other  
light and shade. I already  
told you, that it is my  
business to see things as  
they are.' / .... /  
Having nothing to allege  
against ... [a] genealogical  
objection, the showman  
[thorn-]points again to the  
scene. / During this  
little [haw] interruption,  
you perceive that the  
Anglo-Saxon energy--as the  
phrase goes--has been at  
work in the spectacle  
before us."; "'.... Well!  
--go on, sir!' / 'Sir,  
you break the illusion of  
the scene,' mildly  
remonstrates the showman.  
/ 'Illusion! What  
illusion?' re[-]joins the  
critic, with a contemptuous  
snort. '.... The only  
il[-]lusion [=bent ye-L]  
permit me to say, is in the  
puppet-showman's tongue,--  
and that but a wretched  
[wrenched and critic/  
'crank'/w+r+k't (lip-  
upturned)] one in the  
[thorn] bar[-bourne/burr-  
]gain!'"--XI:49,57,63[w.49])

[r-05] "P.'s Cor[:]respondence"

[w. "London, February 29,  
1845. 7 My Dear Friend:  
w. "Your true Friend, P.  
/ P. S."--

("long intervals of  
partially disordered  
reason. The past and  
present are jumbled  
together in his mind, in a  
manner[ism] often produc-  
tive .... .... all  
this is not so much a  
delusion, as a partly

wilful and partly involuntary sport of the imagination .... Many of his letters are in my possession .... The whole form a series of cor[:]respond[-da!]ence ...."; "Old associations cling to the mind with astonishing tenacity. Daily custom grows up about us like a stone-[W]wall [=to[-W-]ne-hedge] and consolidates itself .... .... ...; so ... I must reconcile myself to be more and more the prisoner of Memory, who merely lets me hop about a little, with her chain ar[-r-]ou[-w-]nd my leg [in 'the little (w)white-(w)washed iron-grated roo(w)m']. / My letters of introduction have been of utmost [self-extensive teeth-to-lip-]service, enabling me to make the acquaintance of[-f/y] ... characters ... as remote from the sphere of my personal intercourse as the [y/w-]wits of Queen Anne's time, or Ben Jonson's comotators at the Mermaid. ...."--X: 361, 361, 362-3)

[r-06] "A Good Man's Miracle"

("It is seldom possible, indeed, for human eyes to trace out the chain of blessed consequences, that extends from a benevolent man's simple and conscientious act, here on earth, and connects it with those labors of love which the angels make it their joy to perform, in Heaven above."; "Perhaps the good [w]woman with whom Mr.

Raikes [=ra(y)kes] had spoken in the street, was one of his new school-mistresses. ... the plan succeeded, and, attracting the notice of benevolent people, was soon adopted in many other dismal streets of London. And this was the origin of Sunday[y] Schoo[w]ls. In course of time, similar schools were established a[w]ll o[w]ve[r] that grea[y]t city[y], and thence extended to the remo[w]test parts of England, and acro[w]ss the o[w]cean to America, and contrie[y]s at a [w]o[r]-rld-[w]i[y]de distance, where the humble [hay:haw!-making] name of Robe[w]rt Rai[y]kes had nev[er] been pronou[n]ced: /  
 .... Is[:z] [k]not this a proo[w]f, that when the humblest pe[r]son acts in the simplicity of a p[er]u[r]e heart, with no design but to do good, God [=YHWH] may be expected to take the [ra(-Y-)ke] matte[r] into [H-]His a[w]ll-pow[er]fu[l] [H-]hands, and adopt the ac[ti]on as[:z] His own?"  
 --XI:353,353,357-8,358)

[1-07] "Little Daffydowndilly"

("Daffydowndilly was so called, because in his nature he resembled a [yel-low] flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took [N-]no de[-]light in labor of any kind. But, while daffydowndilly was a little boy[-y], his mother sent him away from his

pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very [point-]strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil."; "'I can't bear it any [l-]longer,' said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school for about a week. 'I'll [r-]run away ....'"; "'Oh, take me back!--take me back!' cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into [thorny-]tears. 'If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as [ink:w-]well go back to the [yel-Hay!] schoolhouse.'"--XI:200, 200,201,207)

[1-08] "The Scarlet Letter[:]  
A Romance"

["The Custom-House(-w-)se--  
Introductory"

"The Prison-Door" (I)

"The Interior of a Heart"

/"The Minister's Vigil" /

"Another View of Hester"

(XI / XII / XIII)

"The Revelation of the  
Scarlet Letter" (XXIII)

"Conclu[-w-]sion" (XXIV) ]

("Under the appel[-]lation of Roger Chillingworth, the reader will re[-]member, was hidden another name, which its former wearer had resolved should never more be spoken [=p(-)R(-)ynn(-)e]. .... He resolved not to be [tree-]pilloried beside her on her pedestal[-peduncle] of shame. Unknown to all but [H-]Hester Prynne[-ne] and possessing the lock and key of her [Easter-at-throat: voice-stream-to-teeth-hedge: h-asp-at-lips: dark-palatal] silence, he chose to withdraw his name from the roll[-rho-fold] of mankind, and, as regarded his former ties and interests, to vanish out of life as completely as if he in[:similaic:]deed lay at the [H-ub-]bottom of the o[<sup>^</sup>w-]c[-s/SH/Ci:]ean [=Gr. ω(-)ke(-)anos-- Home(-e)ric river that

encircles the earth--],  
 whither rumor [ruminating]  
 had [1-'beard'-cell-] long  
 ago consigned him. This  
 purpose once effected, new  
 [N-haW] interests would  
 [wood-] spr[-]ing up, and  
 likewise a new [chest-hair-  
 challenging heuristic]  
 purpose; dark, it is true,  
 if not [gilt-]guilty, but  
 of force enough to engage  
 the full strength of his  
 [occult-]faculties[-  
 teas'd]."; "As his studies,  
 at a previous period of his  
 life, had made him  
 exten[-n-]sively[-Y]  
 acquainted with the medical  
 science of the day, it was  
 as a physician [L-'leech']  
 that he presented himself,  
 and as such was [core-  
 ]cordially received.  
 S[-]kil[-]ful men, of the  
 medical and chirurgical  
 profession, were of rare  
 occurrence in the colony[-  
 L'knee] "He was now known  
 to be a man of s[-]kill;  
 it was observed that he  
 g[-]a[(n)]ther[-r]ed  
 [h-]herbs and the blossoms  
 of [w-]wi[-y-]ld flow[-w-  
 ]e[-w-]rs, and dug[-g] up  
 [word-worthy] roo[W]ts and  
 plucked [-c't] off<sup>†</sup>  
 tw[-w-]ligns[-gz] from the  
 fo[AWR-]rest-tree[-Y:Y-  
 ]s[-z, chill-lingam:  
 lex-wQ(Y)E:ga(-Y-)zed],  
 like one [ask:axe:?<sup>†</sup>]  
 ac[k:k]qu[-w-]a[-Y-]n[-n-  
 ]t[:t-add:]ed with  
 [forking] [H:]hidden  
 virtues in what was  
 valueless to common  
 [a:]ey[-Y-]es[:z].";  
 "Thus, after l[:LAWn]ong[-  
 g:k:y] search into the

minister's[-z:zygote] dim  
 ['Dimmes(-z-)da(-yL-)e-  
 (:tail)' terra-]interior,  
 and turning [t'o(ve)r'ing]  
 over many precious  
 materials, in the [SH!-  
 ]shape of [H-]hi[-Y-]gh  
 ['anthem(al)'] aspirations  
 for the welfare of the  
 race[-S] ...--all ...  
 [crown-]go[W]ld ...,--he  
 would [wood-]tu[y]rn  
 back[-k], dis[-sc-]couraged,  
 and begin his [cRoss-]quest  
 towards another [thorn-  
 ]point. He groped along  
 as stealthily, with as  
 cautious a t[-R:]read, and  
 as wary an outlook, as a  
 thief entering the chamber  
 where a man [tief-deep-  
 p]lies half[-Haw!] asleep,  
 --or, it may be, broad  
 a[AWE]wake,--with purpose  
 to steal the very treasure  
 which this ['throat'-  
 'clog(ged)'] man guards as  
 the ['(A:)avo(-)w(e/)al(:L)'  
 or:::H-W:]apple of his  
 [tri-une] eye[:Y]. In  
 [spit-]spite of his  
 premeditated [k-]careful-  
 ness[-s-s], the wood-  
 'rheumat(i)c'] floor would  
 now and then c[-R:]rea[-  
 Y-]k ...."; "'... I[-Y]  
 know not what to say[-y]--  
 the dis[-]ea[´-y-z:]se  
 is[:z] what I[-Y] see[-ea-  
 y-]m to know, [y-]yet know  
 it [X:k]not.' / 'You  
 speak in riddles, learned  
 Sir,' said the ['Pea(y)rl'-  
 ]pale minister, glancing  
 [glan(d)s-S'kiN-glossing]  
 out of the [H-edge-w:]win-  
 dow[:y]. / 'Then, to  
 speak more plainly,  
 contin[-y-]u[-w-]ed the  
 physician .... / 'How-

[:haw!] can you question it?' asked the [conceit-and-conception-serving] minister. 'Surely, it were child's play to call in a[n 'Old(, )Engl(-fissure)' Ro... ..ling(-)worth wizard-]physician, and then hide the s[eminal:haw!]ore!"; "... Hester Prynne ... [glans-]glanced her sad eyes downward at the scarlet letter ['upon her bosom']. And, after many, many [yarn-Manning] years, a new grave was delved, [ear-]near an old sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chap[-]el has since been built. It was [yearn-]near that old and [Sun:]sunken grave, yet with a [Haw!-cloven] space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both[, King-Arthur Dimmesdale and Witch-Sister Hester Prynne (w:W-thorn in) ]. All around, there were monuments carved with armorial [P-earl-like, Oberon-]bearings; and on this simple slab[--Hard-Palate Cut--]of slate [SL'T]--as the curious investigator may still discern, and perplex himself with the purport--there [HAW!-]appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a [YEL!-]herald's wording of which might serve for a motto and brief description of our now concluded [HAWTHORNE!-]legend; so sombre is it,



and relieved only by an  
 ever-[glan(d)s-]glowing  
 point of light gloomier  
 than the shadow:-- /  
 'ON[:N-N-N] A FIE[-Y-]LD,  
 SA[-Y-]BLE, THE LETTER  
 [H:]A[:Y!], G[-YLE-Y]U[W-  
 EL]LES.' [=Gullet-Darkly  
 Blesses America, With a  
 RED BEAR BEAD.]"--I:2/3,  
 3,47,139,147,159,248,258,  
 118-19[w.47],119,121,  
 130[w.123,144],135-6[w.58],  
 264[w.54])

[1-09] "The Gentle Boy"

("'Friend,' replied the  
 little boy, in a sweet  
 though faltering voice,  
 'they call me Ibrahim,  
 and my home is here.' /  
 The pale, spiritual face,  
 the eyes that see[-e-ea-  
 Y-]m[en-]ed to mingle with  
 the moonlight, the sweet,  
 airy voice, and the  
 outlandish name, almost  
 made the Puritan believe  
 that the boy ... had sprung  
 up out of the grave on  
 which he sat."; "'God [El]  
 forbid that I should  
 [ill-]lea[-Y-]ve this  
 chi[-Y-]ld to perish,  
 though he comes of the  
 ac[-]cur[^-r-r-]sed  
 ['Quaker'] sect[:c't!]'  
 said he to himself. Do we  
 not all spring from an  
 evil root? Are we not all  
 in darkness till the light  
 doth shine upon us? ...."  
 --IX:68,72,73)

[1-10] "The Wedding Kneel"

("At sixty-five, Mr.  
 Ellenwood was a shy, but  
 not quite a secluded man;  
 selfish, like all men who  
 [close s:lip!] brood over  
 their own hearts; ... a  
 scholar ...."; "It would

have been singular, if any uncommon delicacy of feeling had survived through such a life as [arachnidan] Mrs. Dabney's [=N:dab:N (=knees-eaz)]; it could not but be crushed and killed by her early disappointment, the cold duty of her first marriage, the dislocation [at knee-y-s] of the heart's [k's:x-dab] principles consequent on a second [Y+w!-]union, and the unkindness of her Southern husband, which had inevitably driven her to connect the idea of his death with that of her comfort."; the approaching marriage of this [w]woman of the world, with such an unworldly man as Mr. Ellen[w]wood, was announced soon after Mrs. Dabney's return to her [signatural] native city."--IX:27,28, 28,29)

[d-11] "Drowne's Wooden Image"

("a young carver in wood, well-known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. .... [for] the good brig called the Cynosure"; "Cap[-]tain Hunnewell [honey-well] then took Drowne by the [glans/acorn] button, and communicated his [deep-sig] wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear."--X:306,306,307)

[d-12] "The Dolliver Romance"

[w. "Fragments of a Romance. Chapter I: The Brazen Serpent"

] ("Dr. Dolliver showed ... a ... duskily yellow visage, which was crossed and criss-crossed with a record of his long life in wrinkles, faithfully written, [by El] no doubt, but with such cramped [thorn-]chirography of Father Time that the purport [cat's-cradle 'purr'-point] was illegible. It seemed hardly worth while for the patriarch to get out of bed any more, and bring his forlorn shadow into the summer day that was made for younger folks."; "Pansie had finished her bread, hasty-pudding, and milk with an excellent appetite, and afterwards nibbled a crust, greatly enjoying its resistance to her little white tee[-ie-y-]th. How this child came by the odd name of Pansie, and whether it was really her baptismal name, I have not ascertained. More probably, it was one of those pet appellations that grow out of a child's character, or out of some keener thrill of affection in the parents, an unsought-for and unconscious felicity, a kind of revelation teaching them, as it would see[-ea-Y-]m, in some instances, the true name by which the child's guardian angel would know it--a name with playfulness and love in it--that we often observe to supersede, in the use of those who love the child best, the name that they carefully

selected and caused the  
 clergyman to plaister  
 indelibly on the poor  
 little forehead [far-H] at  
 the font--the love name,  
 whereby, if the child  
 lives, the parents know it  
 in their hearts, or by  
 which, if it die, God  
 see[-ea-Y-]ms to have  
 called it away[-y],  
 [EL-]leaving the sound  
 echoing faintly & sweetly  
 through the [HAW-]house.  
 If it signified anything  
 in Pansie's case, it must  
 have been a certain  
 [Nathanie-y- ] pensiveness,  
 which was often seen under  
 her childish frolick, and  
 so translated itself into  
 [de l'Aubépi(y)ne-]French,  
 her mother having been of  
 Acadian kin; or quite as  
 probably, it alluded  
 merely to the color of her  
 eyes, which in some lights,  
 were very like the dark  
 petals of a tuft of  
 ['kitten'-faced] pansies  
 in the Doctor's garden.  
 It might [ink-]well be;  
 for the child's gaiety  
 had no example to sustain  
 it, no sympathy of other  
 children, or grown people,  
 and her melancholy, had it  
 been so dark a feeling,  
 was but the shadow of the  
 house and the old man  
 [Haw + El = Pan See :  
 di-Y-al, sex-lexis-of-  
 serpent]."--XIII:449,449,  
 449[w.456],466-7[w.456])

[d-13] "Alice Doane's Appeal"

("This deceitful verdure  
 was occasioned by a  
 plentiful crop of 'wood-  
 wax,' which wears the same  
 dark and glossy green

throughout the summer, except at one short period, when it puts forth a profusion of yellow [yel-low!] blossoms. At that season to a distant spectator, the hill appears absolutely over-laid with gold, or covered with a glory of sunshine, even beneath a clouded sky. But the curious wanderer on the hill will perceive that all the grass, and every thing that should nourish man or beast, has been destroyed by this vile and ineradicable [crown-W:]weed: its tufted[=forking] roots make the soil their own, and permit nothing else to vegetate among them; so that a physical curse may be said to have [Haw!-]blasted the spot, where guilt and phrenzy consummated the most execrable scene, that our history [haw-]blushes to [thorn-]record. For this is the field where superstition won her darkest tri[-Y-]umph; the high place where our fathers set up their shame, to the mournful gaze of generations far remote. The dust of martyrs was beneath our fee[-Y-]t. We ['two young ladies (laden)' and 'I' stud-]stood [transfixed] on the [calvary-al:cavalry-al, Golgotha] Gallows Hill." --XI:266,266-7)

[d-14] "The Old Apple-Dealer"

("The lover of the moral picturesque may sometimes find what he seeks in a

character, which is, nevertheless, of too negative a description to be seized upon, and represented to the imaginative vision by word-painting [=w'd-weaving].  
 .... ... I have stud[-]ied the old apple-dealer, until he has become a naturalized citizen of my inner world.  
 .... Many a noble form--many a beautiful face--has flitted before me, and vanished like a shadow. It is strange ['eye'] witchcraft, whereby this faded and featureless [old-balls-and-faggot] old apple-dealer has gained a [serviceable] settlement in my [male-rheum-add! sig-naturing<sup>r</sup>] memory!"--  
 X:439,439)

[d-15] "The Wives of the Dead"

("It was a lattice, turning upon [H:]hinges; and having thrown it back, she ['irritable' 'Margaret'] stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening in front of the house, and melting its light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object."; "... the window .... ... had been left unhasped .... / 'Who's there?' asked ['mild'] Mary [now], trembling as she looked [glan(d)s-glanced] forth. / The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rain, curling into silver

beneath the quick enchantment of the bree[-Y-]ze.  
 .... Mary recognized him  
 .... / '... Stephen?'  
 [(M:)Step-hens You??  
 Steep-chronaxy-crow(w)n?]"  
 --XI:192,195[w.193],197[w.193])

[d-16] "Old News"

("It is pleasant to take one of these little dingy half-sheets between the thumb and finger, and picture forth the personage, who, above ninety years ago, held it, wet from the press, and steaming, before the fire. Many of the numbers bear the name of an old colonial dignitary. There he sits, ... a member ..., .., and displaying ..., ... a huge pair of silver shoe-buckles, c[-Y-]uriously carved."  
 --XI:132,132-3 [see A('b'--five)])

[d-17] "Wakefield"

("In some old magazine or newspaper, I re[-]collect a story, told as truth, of a man--let us call him Wa[-Y-]ke[-k'-]fie[-Y-]ld--who absented himself for a [l-]long time, from his [W-]wi[-Y-]fe. .... ... and without the shadow of a reason for such self-banishment, dwelt upwards [=up words'] of twenty years [=ears]. During that period, he beheld his [H-]home every day and frequently the forlorn [M-]Mrs. Wakefield. And after so great a gap in his matrimonial felicity [:city]--when death was reckoned certain, his estate settled, his name

dismissed from memory, and his wife, long, long ago, re[-]signed to her autumnal widow[-]hood--he entered [=en-trailed] the door one evening, quietly, as from a day's absence, and became a loving spouse till death."; "What sort of man was Wakefield? We are free to [wood-lingam] shape out our own idea, and call it by his name. ...."; "Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are no nicely adjusted to a [signature] system, and [eye] systems to one another, and to a [haw:maw!] whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever. Like Wake[-Yk'-]fiel[:]d[-yk!], he may become, as it were, the [de-nuded] O[-W-]t[-c!]-cast of the [N...ye... ..w(-)thorn('z)] Universe." --IX:130,130,131,140)

[d-18] "The New Adam and Eve"

("We, who are born into the world's artificial system, can never adequately know how little our present state and circum[-]stance is, natural, and how much is merely the interpolation of the perverted mind and heart of man. Art has become a second and stronger Nature. ....  
... to inherit and repeople this waste and deserted earth, we will suppose a new Adam and a new Eve [=dim-end-eave:W] ....  
Their instincts [=stick-together(s)'] and intuitions [=two-tunes]



would immediately recognize the wisdom and simplicity [=ply-city] of the latter ['nature']; while the former ['art'], with its elaborate perversities [=turn-lines], would offer them a continual succession of puzzles."; "Adam looks at a few of the articles, but throws them carelessly aside, with whatever exclamation may correspond to 'Pish!' or 'Pshaw!' in the new vocabulary of nature. Eve, however [=ha!w-woe/wove-weaver], ... examines these treasures of her sex [--'silks of every shade, and whatever is most delicate or splendid for the decoration of the human form, (that) lie scattered around, profusely as bright autumnal leaves in a forest!--] with somewhat livelier interest. ... Then she handles a fashionable silk with dim yearnings--thoughts that wander hither and thither--instincts [ink't-Y'H'W'H D-]groping in the dark."-- X:247,247-8[w.267],251)

[t-19] "Time's Portraiture"

["Being the Carrier's  
Address to the Patrons  
of the Salem Gazette, for  
the first of January, 1838]

("I, your present petitioner, have been altogether forgotten by the Muse. Instead of being able (as I naturally expected) to measure my ideas into six-foot lines [=hex-a-long-phallus] and tack a rhyme at each of their tails, I find myself, this blessed morning, the simple proser that I was yesterday, and shall probably be [T-]to-morrow."; "Some

people, perhaps, would expect to find him ['Ti(-Y-)me'] at the burial-ground in Broadstreet, po[-W-]ring over the half-illegible inscriptions on the tombs of ..., the Ha[']thornes,\* [\*Not 'Hawthorne,'--as one of the present representatives of the family, has seen fit to transmogrify a good old name. However, Time seldom has occasion to mention the gentleman's name, so that it is no great matter how he spells it.] .... Some would [Wood-War:lock-]look for him on the ridge of Gallows-Hill, where, in one of his darkest moods, he and Cotton Mather [ha:t-]hung the witches But they need not see[-Y-]k him there. Time is invariably the first to forget his own dee[-Y-]ds, his own [H-]history, and his own former as[-S-]sociates. His place is in the busiest bustle of the [signatural] world [of names: In Hoc Signo Vinces (IHS)]."--XI:329, 329, 329-30, 331[w.note])

[ā-20] "The Threefold Destiny: A Faëry Legend"

("See Ralph!" exclaimed she, with maternal pride, 'here is Squire Hawkwood and the two other [fork-]selectment, coming on purpose to see you! Now do tell them a good long story about what you have seen in foreign [word-]parts.' / The foremost of the three visitors, Squire Hawkwood, was ... the head and prime mover

in all the affairs of the village, and universally acknowledged to be one of the sagest men on earth. He wore ... a three-cornered hat, and carried a silver-headed cane, the use of which seemed to be rather for [wood-deictic] flourishing [of Theodore de l'Aubépine] in the air ...."; "'... we are of o[-]pin[-]ion that Providence hath sent you ['Ralph Cran(-berry-)field'] hither, at this [θ/ð-]juncture, for our very purpose [=at 'the door(-step)'] of the 'mother'"; "The round little figure of a [future 'school'-]child [Oberon-]rolled from a door-way, and lay laughing, almost beneath Cranfield's feet." --IX:472,477-8,478-9[w. 476],480[w.479])

[θ-21] "John Inglefield's Thanks-giving"

("Being the central figure of the domestic circle, the fire threw its strongest light on his massive and sturdy frame, reddening his rough visage, so that it looked like the head of an iron statue, all a-glow from his own forge, and with its features rudely fashioned on his own [Haw!-]anvil. At John Inglefield's right hand [-t'orn-] was an empty chair."; "... [h-]and often did his [Y-]eye [glans-]glance thitherward [to W], as if he deemed it possible that the cold grave might send back its tenant[-'wife'] to the cheerful fireside, at

least for that one evening."; "While John Inglefield and his family ['members'] were sitting round the hearth, ... the shadows danc[ed] behind them on the [W:]wall, [and] the outer door[-wr] was opened ..."; "'Daughter[-wht'wr], ... stay and be your father's blessing --or take his [IHS:Hawk!:]curse [y:]with[:t'hold] [y:]you[:y]!" / .... When the family rushed to the door, they could see nothing, but heard the sound of wheels [=W:heals!] [Rey.-Royce-]rattling over the frozen ground."--XI: 179,179,180[w.179],180[w.179],184)

3.b. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z--a point-mark of organ-song  
([3+2/21@five])

[3.b. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z--tonguerove one.  
(r-03) 'Endicott and the Red Cross':] At noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband, which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period, when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armour, and practise the handling of their weapons of war. .... The [EL!YEL-GOD-]bigoted and [HAW!-]haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled [i.e., as buried K-cantor] the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan [natal-N/ni(+ )ne!-kiss!] colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts [=chew-sets(=teeth/lips)]. There is evi[-]dence on record, that our forefathers perceived their danger, but were resolved that their infant country could not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the King's right arm [=THORNE!-at-signature-right]. Such was the asp[!]ect of the times, when the folds of the English banner, with the [fork!] Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armour was so highly [ego:TEEZ:hedge!] polished, that the

whole surrounding scene had its image in the [glan(d)s-at-teeth!] glittering steel. The central object, in the mirrored picture, was an edi[-]fice[:face] of humble architecture, with neither steeple nor bell [=tongue(lingam)-containers] to proclaim it,--what nevertheless it was,--the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and, according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty [i.e., in-lieu-of-ear/hear!], was nailed on the [lip!-]porch of the [haw!-jaw-]meeting[G/H]house. The blood was still plashing on the [tongue's!-]door-step. .... / In close vicinity to the sac[-]red edi[i]fice[:face] appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post .... At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; an, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely en[-]cased in the former machine; while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the King [=enflaming liquid], was confined by the legs [lower fork] in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood a male and a female figure [sex-link!kiss pair]. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label,--A WANTON GOSPELLER,--which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ, unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His asp[!]ect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, [wood:]even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue [cf. cleft graft and cleft (hard) palate], in appropriate re[:]tri[=-Y:]bution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to [snake-wisely-hand-]apprehend, that the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the same offence would[:wood] demand new ingenuity in chastising it. 7 The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several, whose punishment would be life-long; some, whose ears had been cropt, like those of puppy-dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his [step-2!-truncate-]neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the rope [cf. serpent] to some convenient beam or bough. There was likewise a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to [W=YAY!-]wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children. And even her own children knew what the initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered[:edged] the fatal token in [throat:]scar[!-]let cloth, with golden thread, and the nicest art of [knee:]nee[-Y-]dle-work; so that the [head:]cap[-]ital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or [ani/haw!] any thing rather than Adulteress. / .... 7 Except the malefactors whom we have

described, and diseased or inform persons, the whole [(throat: )glan(d)s-charged] male population of the town, between [sex(:teeth)-keen] sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons, compared with the match[-]locks of the Puritans, and would have [serpent-]rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates, which [haw:k:husk!-]enclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott [glan(d)s-]glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day. 7 "Come, my stout hearts!" goth he drawing[:tongue-anneck(:)sing] his s[:]word. "Let us show these poor heathen that we can hand[-]le our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in ear[-]nest!" / The iron-breasted [draconic] company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his match[-]lock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the [draconic-head:]cap[-]tain. .... / .... / .... ... [When] a [W=V^Y!-]wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it .... / .... / ... [And:] Endicott[] set[] his teeth grimly. .... / .... "I said, liberty to worship God, not license to profane[=fang!] and ridicule him. Break not in upon my speech; or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Harken to me, friends, nor heed that ac[:]ursed rhapsodist. ...." / .... / "... [A]lso, ... when Laud shall kiss the Pope's [tail:]toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England bound hand and foot, into the [oral:bow-]power of his master!" / .... / "Officer, lower your banner!" said he ['now full of his own spirit']. / ...; and, brandishing his s[:]word, End[:]dic[:]hot[:]t [thorn:]thrust it through the cloth, and, with his [yel:]left hand, rent the Cross completely out of the banner. He then [W=VAY!-]waved the tatter[-]red ensign above his [glan(d)s-]head. / "Treas[:]on, treas[:]on!" roared the royalist in the [split/wood:]stocks. "He hath de[:]faced the King's [cross/tongue:]banner!" / .... [A]nswered Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer! --shout, soldiers and people!--in honor of the ensign of[:]Y New[:]Wing!] En[g:]gland. Neither Pope nor Tyrant hath [cross:graft-T!] part in it now!" / .... [--IX:433-5,436,437,438,439, 439-40,440-1.]

[3.b. DART-STICK(S): r/1,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z--tonguerove two. (1-07) 'Little Daffydowndilly^:] .... / Nevertheless, ['strict'] Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were in[-]clined to be idle; his voice, too, was [haw!-thorn-ling-]harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our[:'WR+D!] friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old school[-'WL!-]master sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or s[-]talked about the schoolroom, with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. .... / "This will never do for me." thought Daffydowndilly. / .... / "I can't bear it any[=tongue:between:ni(+):ne!=lingam-]longer," said Daffydowndilly

to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away ...!" / .... / "Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it .... / .... / ".... ... I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of." / .... / They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some [haw!-]haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass .... / "Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!" / .... / "Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer .... / .... / .... The two travellers [forks] had gone but a little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a [haw!-]house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clap[-]boards [cf. lips] .... / .... / "Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter!" / .... / .... / .... / So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road-side, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces .... / "Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!" / But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he be[-]hold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to [joint:]join in the dance. / .... / "Oh, take me back!--take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the [yel:haw!-]school[:]house[-ws]!" / "Yonder it is--there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had trav[-]elled in a [tongue-wit:hin-lips/teeth!-ark/h!] ci[w]rclé, instead of a straight [lingual-]line. "Come; we will go back to school together." / There was something in his companion's voice .... Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in the company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multi[-]ply[-]ing himself

into as many shapes as he [haw!-] saw fit. / .... / .... ... the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even of Daffydowndilly's mother [=maw!mower]. [--XI: 200-1, 201-3, 203-4, 205-6, 207.]

[3.b. DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, d/θ > s'k:g'z--tonguerove three. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] [H-]A[-W-]-thorne's:hedge: ]Throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments and [hay:]gray, stee[-Y-]-ple-crowned hats, inter[-]mixed with [Womb-]women, some wearing [H-]hoods, and others bare[-]headed, was [adz:]assembled in front of a wooden ed[:i-]fice[:face], the [Theo+]door of which was [hayv!-]heavily timbered[:tempered] with oak[:glans/acorn-tree], and stud[:]ded with iron [s/teeth/s:pin-] spi[-Y-]kes. / .... ... somewhere in the vicinity of [throat:Hawk's!-]Corn[-]hill, ... I[-Y:Y-]saac [+k] Johnson's lot, ... round about his grave, ... the [ankh!-]nucleus of all the congre[:]gated sepulchres in the old ... King's [chaps:chop:EL-]Chapel. Certain it is, that, some fifteen or twenty y[-]ears after the settlement of the town, the wooden jail was already marked['] with [W:]weather stai[-Y-]ns[:Z] and other[:R] in[-D:]dic[-]ations of [wizard's-]age, which gave yet darker asp[!]ect to its beetle-browed and [glan(d)s-]gloomy[:looming] front. The [red:]rust on the ponder[-]ous [q'r-ner-y-knee:]iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than any thing else in the new world. Like all that pertains to [crimson] crime, it see[--H:]med never to have known a youth[-]ful era[:aero/oration]. Before this ugly edi[-]fice[:feces-face], [h+]and between it [h+]and the w[-]h[eel-leel-track] of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with [spine/ball-]burdock, pig-weed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that has so early borne the [calli-graphic-]black flow[-]ler of [sauce-]civilized society, a [lips-with-sting-tip:]pris[-Z-]on[:N...n... ..n-]. But, on one side of the [in-delible editorial] portal, and [snake-ling-arc:]rooted almost at the threshold, was a [w:]wild rose-bush, covered, in this [maw:]month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the [tongue!-soft-to-hard-palate-]condemned[:in-dented/dicted] criminal as he came forth to his [D:]doom, in token that the deep heart of [signature-]Nature could [spine-knot:s-lip:]pit[-]y and be[:e] [human-]kind to him. [=Create thorn:anther-consonant anthropomorphes.] / This rose-bush, by a strange [sign-consound-]chance, has been kept alive in hi[z:]story; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wildern[-]less[:ens], so [lingam-]long after the fall of the gigantic [Au!-]pines and [Awe!-]oaks that originally overshadowed it,--or whether, as there is fair[-]weather author['z:c-]ity for be[-]lieving, it had sp[:]rung [lingam-]up under the foot-steps of the [s/painted-]sainted Ann Hutch[']in[!-]son[:sun!], as she enter[-]red[:en-trailed] the prison-door,--we shall [k+]not take upon us to de[-]term[-]ine [=Nat-Ann-r:a-Y-che!:Maw:pudenda!-turn-He(brew):knee]. Finding it so directly on the thres[H:]hold of our narrative, which is now [round:]about to [tissue:]issue from that



in[:maw:]auspicious[-suspicious] [hard-palate-]portal, we could hard[-]ly do otherwise than [lip:]pluck one of its [vulvate-]flow[-]ers and [face-]present it to the reader[:rose-eater]. It may serve, let us [hip-]hope, to [sum-ball:]symbolize some sweet [moirai-]moral blossom, that may be[:e] found along the [tongue:]track, or re[-]lieve-[:leaye] the darkening [glan(d)s-]close of a [YEL:]tale of human frai[-Y-]lity and [S!-SOW-RHO=P:]sorrow [--I:47-8.]

[3.b. DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, d/θ > s'k:g'z--tonguerove four & five. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] .... / While thus suffering [toNgue-]under[-palate] bodily disease, and gnawed and tortured by some black trouble of the soul, and given over to the [Devil-Chil(-)lingam-]machinations of his deadliest enemy, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale had achieved a brilliant popularity in his sacred office. He won it, indeed, in great part, by his sorrows. .... There were scholars among them ['his fellow-clergymen'], who had spent more years in acquiring abstruse lore, connected with the divine profession .... There were men, too, of a sturdier texture of mind than his .... There were others, again, true saintly fathers, whose faculties had been elaborated by weary toil among their books, and by patient thought, and etherealized, moreover .... All that they lacked was the gift that descended upon the chosen disciples, at Pentecost, in tongues of flame; [sum-ball-]symbolizing, it would[:wood] see[--Y-]m, not the power of [forked-]speech in foreign and unknown languages, but that of addressing the [PAW:HAW: MAW!-]human[-]brotherhood in the [HAW:]heart's [THORN:]native language. These fathers, otherwise so apostolic, lacked Heaven's last and rarest attestation of their [FACE-]office, the Tongue of Flame[=f'Lay'm/ψ'R'D!-D'ART!-WORLD!]. They would[:wood] have [cock-]vainly sought--had they ever dreamed of seeking--to ex[-]press the highest truths through the [hedge:]humblest [mother/yawny:]medium [father/lingam:]familiar [pregnant:]words and [child:]images. Their voices came down, afar and indistinctly, from the upper heights where they habit[-]ually [=hawk/hooded] dwelt. / Not improbably, it was to this latter class of men that Mr. Dimmesdale, by many of his traits of character, naturally belonged. To their high mountain-peaks of faith and sanctity he would[:wood] have climbed, had not the tendency been thwarted by the [phallic/burr-]burden, whatever it might be, of [scarlet-]crime or [glan(d)s-h:]ang[!-W:W-sg:]uish, beneath which it was his doom to [teeth-er:]tott[-]ler. It kept him down, on a level with the lowest; him the man of ether[:r]eal at[-]tri[:]butes, whose voice[:yoiding] the angels might else have list[-]ened to and an[-]swered! But this very burden it was, that gave him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brother[-]hood of man[-]kind; so that his heart vibrated in [serpent-Y:]unison[:song] with theirs, and received their pain into itself, and sent its own throb of pain through a [spine-linked-]thousand other hearts, in gushes of sad, persuasive eloquence. [Snake:]Often[:n]est persuasive, but sometimes [dragon:]terrible! The people knew [k+]not the power that moved them thus. They dee[--Y:]med the young clergyman a miracle of holiness. They fancied him the mouth[-]piece of Heaven's

messages of wisdom, and rebuke, and love. The virgins of his church grew [face-]pale around him, victims of a passion so imbued with religious sentiment that they imagined it to be all religion, and brought it openly, in their [Aub/Haw-]white bosoms, as their most acceptable sacrifice before the altar. The aged members of his flock, be[-]holding Mr. Dimmesdale's [signature-]frame so feeble, while they themselves so rugged in their infirmity, be[-]lieved that he would[:wood] go [Haw!-]heaven[-]ward[:word] before them, and en[:]joined it upon their children, that their [spine-]old bones should be buried close to their pastor's holy[:holler!] grave. And, all this time, perchance, when poor Mr. Dimmesdale was thinking of his grave, he questioned with himself whether the grass would ever grow on it, be[:]cause a[- mouth:]ac[:]ursed [lingual/lingam:]thing must there be[:e] [burr-]buried[+knee]! / ... He [lingam-]longed to speak out, from his own [lips:]pulpit, at the full [haY!-]height of his voice, and tell the people what he was. ".... ---I[-Y:Y], your [:urn/yearn] pastor, whom you reverence and trust, am utterly[: udder-ly] a pollution and a [yel-low!-]lie!" / More than once, Mr. Dimmesdale had gone up the pulpit[:pull+lingam+lip/ward], with the pur[r-]pose never to come down the steps, until he should have spoken words like the above. More than once he had [rheum-]cleared his throat, and drawn in the long, deep, and trem[m-yw:]ulous breath, which, when sent forth again, would[:wood] come back [burr-]burdened with the [haw/apple-]black secret of his soul. More than once--nay, more than a hund[+]red times--he had [axe!-]actually spoken! S[:]poke[-]n[:knee]! But how? He had told his hearers that he was altogether vile, a viler companion of the vilest, the worst of the sinners, an abomination, a thing of unimaginable iniquity; and that the [AWE!-]wonder was, that they did not see his wretched body shriv[-]elled up before their eyes, by the [hedge/bourne-]burning [W!-]wrath of the Almighty! Could there be plainer speech than this? .... The minister well knew--[serpent:] subtle, but remorse[:]ful hypocrite that he was!--the light in which his [yaginally-]vague confession would[:wood] be [W:M-]viewed. He had striven to put a cheat[:cog] upon himself by making the [lip/w-]avowal[:ovo-whirl] of a [glans/acorn-]guilty conscience, but had [name-]gained only one other sin, and a self-acknowledged shame, without the momentary relief of being self-de[:]ceived. .... / [ &:] His in[:]ward trouble drove him to practices, more in [reptile-]ac[:]cordance with the old, cor[:R:]rupted faith of [R:]Rome, than with the better [L:]light of the church in which he had been born and b[:]red. In Mr. Dimmesdale's secret [gullet-deep-]closet, under [palate:]lock and [tongue:]key there was a [throat-]bloody scourge. Oftentimes, this Protestant and Puritan divine had [lingam-]plied it on his own (tongue-grove-)shoulders, laughing bitterly at himself the while, and smiting so much the more [lip:]pit[-]i[-less-]ly because of that [HOP(BALL)S!] bitter laugh. It was his custom, too, ... to fast[:fasten],---...---rigorously, and until his knees trembled beneath him, as an act of pen[:]ance. He kept vigils, likewise, night after night, sometimes in utter[:

udder] darkness; sometimes with a [glans-]glimmering lamp; and sometimes, viewing his own face in a looking-glass, by the most powerful light which he could throw upon it. ... his brain often [haw!-]reeled, and visions see[--Y:]med to flit before him; .... And now, through the [haw:]chamber ... so [glan(d)s-]ghastly glided [H/oyster:]Hester Prynne[:knee], leading along little [lips/curye-]Pearl in her scar[!-tear!-]let [g/whore-]garb, and pointing her [fang-]fore[-]finger, first at the scarlet let[-H:]ler on her bosom, and then at the clergyman's own [Heaven/Bourne-crow!-]breast. / None of these visions ever quite deluded him. .... / .... [-I:141-5.]

3.c. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ < s'k:g'z--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant [1+4/21@five])

[3.c. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ < s'k:g'z--counterstichs one. (r-01) 'Roger Malvin's Burial':] The early sun[-]beams hovered cheerfully upon the tree-tops, beneath which two weary and wounded men had stretched their limbs the night before. Their bed ... [-]withered [glans/acorn!-]oak leaves .... / The severe wound of the elder man had probably [W:M:] deprived him of sleep; for, so soon as the first ray of sunshine rested on the top of the highest tree[=Y], he [vertebrae-]reared himself painfully from his recumbent posture, and sat [king-cobra-]erect [=ready-to-cut!]. The deep lines of his countenance, ... marked him .... He next[-annexed] turned his eyes to the companion, who reclined by his side. The youth, for he had scarcely attained the years of man[:]hood, lay with his head upon his arm, in the em[:]brace of an unquiet sleep, which a thrill of pain from his wounds see[--Y:]med each moment on the [spine-]point of breaking. His right hand grasped a musket .... A shout,--deep and loud to his dreaming fancy,--found its way in an imperfect murmur to his [leaf:]lips, and, starting even at the slight sound of his own voice, he suddenly [H:AWE!-]awoke. The first act of reviving re[-]collection, was to make anxious in[:]quiries respecting the condition of his wounded [fork-]fellow traveller. The latter shook his head. / 'Reuben, my boy,' said he, 'this rock, beneath which we sit, will serve for an old hunter's grave-stone. There is many and many a [lingam/lap-]long mile of how[-]ling wildern[-]less before us yet .... The Indian bul[-]let was deadlier than I thought.' / 'You are weary with our three days' trav[-]el,' replied the youth, 'and a little longer rest will recruit you. Sit you here, while I search the woods for the herbs and roots, that must be our sustenance; and having eaten, you shall lean on me, and we will turn our [fork-]faces home[-]word. I doubt [k+]not, that with my help, you can attain to some one of the frontier [gullet-]garrisons.' / 'There is not two days' life in my, Reuben,' said the other, calmly, 'and I will no longer [burr-]burthen you with my use[-]less body, when you can scarcely sup[-]port your own. Your wounds are dee[--Y-]p,

and your strength is failing fast[=unfasten!]; yet, if you [chaste-]hasten on[-]ward alone, you may be preserved. For me there is no hope; and I will await death here.' / 'If it must be so, I will remain and [hawk!-]watch by you,' said Reuben resolutely. / 'No, my son, no.' re[-]joined his companion. 'Let the wish of a dying man have weight with you; give me one [fast-]grasp of your hand, and get you [hay!-]hence. ....' / 'And because you have been a father to me, should I therefore [wood:]leave you to perish, and to lie unburied in the wildern[:less?]" exclaimed the youth. .... / 'In the cities, and wherever men dwell,' replied the other, 'they bury their dead in the earth; they hide them from the sight of the living; but here, where no step may pass, perhaps for a hundred[:rho-fold] years ...? .... Tarry, [k+]not, then, for a folly like this, but [chaste-]hasten away, if [k+]not for your own sake, for hers who will else be desolate.' / .... / 'And your daughter! How shall I dare to meet her eye?' [axe!-]exclaimed Reuben. '.... Were it [k+]not better to lie down and die by your side, than to re[-]turn safe, and say [of] this to Dorcas?' / 'Tell my daughter,' said Roger [Mal-w-vine-]vin, '.... .... ... that you will be something dearer than a father, and that my blessing is with you both, and that my dying ey[-Y:Y]es[:Z] can see[-Y] a long and pleasant path[-o-log-Y:Y=SW(H!)WP-sent], in which you will journey to[-]gether.' / As Malvin s[-]poke, he almost raised himself from the ground .... / .... / Reuben [end:lip/lap-]Bourne, but half convinced that he was acting rightly, at length raised himself from the ground, and pre[-apple-]pared himself for his departure. .... ... [C]limbing to the sum[+]mit of the rock, which on one side was rough and broken, he bent the oak-sap[:ling[am] down[-]ward, and bound his hand[-]ker[b-]chief to the top[-]most[:moist] branch. This precaution was [k+]not unnecessary, to direct any[:ne/knee] who might come in search of [MAW:]Mal[-L'-]vin; for every part of the [coat:]rock, was concealed, at a little distance, by the dense [yel!-]under[-]growth of the forest. The hand[-]ker[b-]chief had been the band[-]age of a wound of [Ruby/Rabbi-]Reuben's [thorn-]arm; and as he [fore-skin-]bound it to the tree, he [hawk!-]vowed, by the blood that stained it, that he would re[-]turn, either to save his companion's life, or to lay his body in the grave. He then descended, and stood, with down[-]cast eyes, to receive Roger Mal[-L']vin's part[-l-]ling words. / 'Carry my blessings to Dorcas, and say that my last prayer shall be for her and you. .... ['But his firmness was shaken before he concluded':] And, Reuben,' he added, as the weakness of mortality made its way at last, 're[-]turn, when your wounds are healed and your weariness refreshed, re[-]turn to this [hawk!-]wild[-]rock, and lay my bones in the grave, and say a prayer [ovo-]lover them.' / .... / 'It is enough,' said Roger Malvin, having list[-]ened to Reuben's promise. 'Go, and [yel:log:]God speed you!' / The youth pressed his hand in silence, and was de[-Y-]parting. His slow and faltering [suck/sig!-]steps, however[:haw-ovary], had borne[:rebore] him but a little way, before Malvin's voice [HAWK:RHO:BIN-]recalled him. / 'Reuben, Reuben,' said he, faintly; and Reuben re[:y-]turned

and [k+]knelt down by the dying man. / 'Raise me, and let me lean against the [hawk!-]rock,' was his last request. 'My face will be to[-]wards home, and I shall see you [=sun/son-seize!+Yyn/hold-you!] a moment longer, as you pass among the trees.' / Reuben, having made the desired alter[-]ation in his companion's post[-]ure, again began his solitary pilgrimage. He walked more hastily at first, than was consistent with his strength; for a sort of guilty feeling, which sometimes torments men in their most justifiable acts, caused him to seek concealment from Malvin's eyes. But, after he had trod[-]den far upon the rustling forest-leaves, he crept back, imp[-]elled by a wild and painful curiosity, and shelter[-]ed by the earthy[:ear-thy!] roots of an up[!]:[H:]orn, [glan(d)z-]gazed ear[!]:nest[-]ly at the de[-]sol[!]:ate man. The morning sun was un[-]ankh[-]clouded, and the trees and shrubs im[-](WOMB)-bided the sw[-]W-lee[-]Y-t air of the [MAW:]month of May[:HAY!]; yet there see[-]Y-med a [glan(d)s-]gloom on Nature's [=signature-nature's] [F/H:ang-]face, as if she sympathized with mortal pain and sor[-]row. Roger Malvin's hands were up[!]:lifted in a fervent[:fern!-yent] prayer, some of the words of which [serpent-]stole through the still[:LETHE-N:]n[-]less[:s] of the woods, and entered[:entrained] [tree-and-shrub-ambushed! Ruby/Rabbi-]Reuben's heart, torturing it with an unutterable[:un-udder-able] pang. They were the broken accents of a petition for his own happiness and that of Dorcas; and as the youth list[-]ened, conscience, or something in its similitude, pleaded strongly with him to re[-]turn, and lie down against the [hawk!-]rock. He felt how [glan(d)s-]hard was the doom of the kind and generous being whom he had deserted in his extremity. Death would[:wood] come, like the slow approach of a corpse, [serpent-]stealing gradually to[-]wards him through the forest, and showing its ghastly and motionless features from behind a nearer, and yet a nearer tree. But such must have been Reuben's own [signatural] fate, had he tar[-]ried another sun[-]set; and who shall im[-]pute blame to him, if he shrank from so use[-]less a sacrifice[-]face? As he gave a [lip/wink-]parting look, a breeze waved the little [lip-]banner upon the sapling-[glans-]oak, and re[-]minded Reuben of his [L'Yin-]wow. / .... Many circum[:stances] contributed to retard the wounded trav[-]eller, in his [WyY-]way to the [lap/lip-wink/face-]frontiers. .... His scanty sustenance was supplied by the berries, and other spontaneous prod[-]ucts of the forest. Herds of deer, it is true, sometimes bounded past him ...; but his ammunition had been expended .... / .... / .... The tale[:yel!] of Reuben's[:z] courage and [rabid-]fidelity lost nothing, when she ['Dorcas'=door/case] communicated it to her [dear-skin!-]friends; and the poor youth, tottering from his sick chamber to breathe the sunny[:knee] air, experienced from every tongue the miserable and humiliating torture of unmerited praise[:raise!]. .... .. and, as my tale[:yel!] is not of love, it shall suffice[:face] to say, that, in the space of a few [maw:]months, Reuben became the husband of Dor[-]cas Mal[-]y-yine-]vin. During the ceremony[:knee], the

bride was [Oberon-]cov[-oye-]red with blushes, but the bridegroom's [ankh-]face was [Aub-White-]pale. / .... [-X:337-48.]

[3.c. DART-STICK(S): r/l, d/t, d/θ < s'k:g'z--counterstichs two & three. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] .... / "What do we [haw:k! cel:l-]talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there no law for it? .... Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go ast[:]ray[-Y]!" / "Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the [crow!-]crowd, "is there no virtue in woman, save what springs from a [HAW-]wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the [ADORN-]hardest word [Y-]yet! Hush, now, gossips; for the [ankh-]lock is turning in the prison-door, and here comes Mistress Prynne[:prim-pYne] herself." / The door of the [jaws-]jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into the sunshine, the grim and grisly [pre-ess-]presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side and his staff of office in his hand. This personage pre[-]figured and [signaturally] represented in his asp[-]ect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic [tan!-wood] code of [EL-]law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest [formal] application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left [tongue: gNAT-]hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus [heuri-stick-ally!] drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she [elastically] re[-]pelled him, by an action [haw!-]marked['] with [sig!-]natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own [living] free-will. She [Oberon-]bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who [future-]winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its [lip/lap-wink] existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the [haw/hoar-]gray twi[:]light of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison. 7 .... / .... / .... 7 [ &:] "Woman, transgress not beyond the limits [Y'Y] of Heaven's mercy!" cried the Reverend Mr. Wilson, more harshly than before. "That little babe hath been gifted with a voice [v a half pleased, half plaintive murmur'], to second and confirm the counsel [yel!] which thou hast heard. Speak the name! That, and thy repentance, may avail to take the scarlet letter off thy breast." / "Never! [N'w'r!]" replied Hester Prynne, looking ... into the dee[-Y-]p and troubled ey[-Y:Y-]es of the younger clergyman ['the R(i)ver(-)end Mast(ica)ter Dimme(-)syzygy-)dale!']. "It is too deeply branded. Ye cannot take it off. And would[:wood] that I might endure his agony[:knee], as [w:all-]well as mine!" / .... / .... The infant [who 'At old Roger Chillingworth's decease (which took place within the [Y:]ear ['became the richest heir(:)ess ... in the New World (with v a very considerable amount of property both h[:]ere and in En[:gland')'])], during the latter portion of her [ear-Ohren-]ordeal [spine/thorn-

[pierced the ai[-Y-]r with its [W'Y-]wailings and screams; she strove to [H-]hush it, mechanically, but see[---Y-]med scarcely to sympathize with its trouble. With the same hard demeanor, she was led back to prison, and vanished from the public [glan(d)s-]gaze within its iron[-knee-]clamped portal. It was whisper[-read], by those who peer[-]ed after her, that the scarlet letter [---'On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread .... .. so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy showing "She hath good skill at her needle, ... this brazen hussy ..."; who 'had fortified herself to encounter the stings and venomous stabs of public contumely [as well as 'the leaden infliction which it was her doom to endure']'---that the scar(-)let letter] threw a lurid gleam along the dark passage-way of the [signature-dragon's egg-throat] interior [---one not '(un)like a shapeless piece of driftwood tost ashore, with the initials of a name upon it(, 'find[ing] its way across the sea')']. [---I:51-2,68,69(w.261),53, 54,57,261).]

[3.c. DART STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ < s'k:g'z--counterstichs four. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] .... / He was small in stature, with a [thorn-]furrowed [HĀ(L)Y'Y-Z!']visage, which, as yet, could hard[-]ly be termed aged. There was re[-]mark['] able intelligence in his features, as of a person who has so cultivated his mental part that it could not fail to [haw!maw!-]mould the physical to itself, and become manifest by un[-]mis[-]take[!]able [hawk!-oak/acorn/glans!-]tokens. Although, by a see[---Y:]mingly careless arrangement of his heterogeneous garb, he had endeavoured to conceal or abate the pec[:k-Y]uliarity, it was sufficiently evident to Hester Prynne, that one of this man's [fork-]shoulders rose higher than the other. Again, at the first instant of perceiving that thin [v/y-]visage, and the slight deformity of the figure, she pressed her infant to her bosom, with so [haw/glans-]convulsive a force that the poor babe uttered another cry of [thorn-spine!-]pain. But the mother did not see[---Y:]m to h[:]ear it. / At his arrival in the market-place, and some time before she saw him, the stra[-A:Y!-]nger had bent his ey[-Y:Y-]es on Hester Pry[-y-]mne[:knee(twin:n)]. It was carelessly, at first, like a man chiefly accustomed to look in[-]ward[:word], and to whom external matters[:mothers] are of little value and import, unless they [haw:Oberon-]bear relation to something within his [maw:]mind. Very [S:]soon, however [:haw-s-over], his look became kee[-Y-]n and penetra[-Y-]tive. A [W:]wri[-Y-]thing [haw!-]horror [thorn/S-]twis[-W=S-]ted itself a[:]cross his features, like a snake[:S'n'K!'] [G:glans-]gliding [gloss/tongue-]swiftly [qvo-]over them, and making one little [uyular-]pause, with all its wreathed [guttural-]intervolutions in open sight. His face [ark!-]darkened with some power[-]ful e[!]motion, which, nevertheless, he so instantane[:knee-]ously controlled by an effort of his [W:]will[:L] [=HAW:WALL], that, save at a single moment, its expression might have passed for calmness. After a brief [articulative] space [=haw/'t'orn],

the convulsion [of voice] grew almost imperceptible, and finally subsided into the depths of his [signature-nature]. When he found the eyes of Hester Prynne [y-]ne[knee] fastened on his own [ne/knee], and saw that she appeared to [hus(-)band-]recognize him, he slowly and calmly [member-]raised his [thorn/fang-]finger, and made a gesture with it in the air, and laid it on his [fig-leaf!/vulviform-]lips. / Then, touching the shoulder of a townsman who stood next to him, he ad[:]dress[:]ed him in a formal and courteous [mouth-]manner. / "I pray you, good [S:]Sir," said he, "who is this [MAW:WOMB-]woman?--and where [-FACE:]fore is she here set up to public shame?" / "... She hath raised a great s[:]candal, I promise you, in god[:]ly[:]light Master Dimme[-]s[-]dale's[:]z [tail/yel-]church[:]her." / .... 7 "... Marry, good Sir, in some two y[-]ears or less, that the woman ['Hester Prynne ... her name rightly ... (on) yonder scaf[:]fold'] has been a d[:]well[-]er here in Boston, no tidings have come of this learned gentleman, Master Prynne; and his young wife, look[:]glans-look! you, being [unlock't!-]left to her own mis[:]glan(d)s[:]guidance----" / "Ah!-[:Haw!]--[Ave:]Aha!--I conceive you," said the stranger, with a bit[:]t[-turn-H:]er smile. So[:]sow! learned a man as you speak of should have [lore:]learned this too in his books. And who, by your [face:]favor, Sir, may be[:]e the [fang:]father of yonder [lip:]babe --it is some three or four [maw:]months old, I should[:]uneven-Joseph-fork-Schuld judge--which Mistress Prynne is holding in her arms?" / "Of a tru[:]w[:]th, friend, the [PAW:WOMB:MAW-]matter re[-]main[-]eth a [P=REE:yL-D'ART!-]riddle; and the [Lion:Den-]Daniel who shall ex[-]pound it is yet a-wanting," answered the townsman. "Madam Hester absolutely refuseth to speak[:]hawk!], and the magistrates have [egg:]laid their [seminal-]heads to [-]gether in [weather-cock!-]vain. Peradventure the guilty one stands look[:]lock:k-]ing on this sad spec[:]tacle, unknown of man, and for[:]getting that God see[-Y-]s[:]seaz:salts him." / "The learned man," ob[:]served the stranger with another [arc:arched-]smile, "should come himself to look into the [maw:]mystery." / "It be[:]hooves [-z] him [cloyen:]well, if he be still [yel!-Roger-Chilling(-)worth!] in [HWVV-RHO!-manly-sperm-faced:]life," re[-]s[:]pond[+d]ed the [tongue-in-hedge/(near:own-]tooth-in-face-]townsman. .... / .... / .... 7 .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... [I]t was as a physician that he presented himself, and as such was [HAWK!-]cordially received. .... / .... / .... / .... / .... The [HAWK:FACE!-]Physician advanced directly in front of his patient, laid his [Nat!-]hand upon his [cock's/box-]bosom, and thrust aside the [cuneiform-V-VE!-]vestment, that, hitherto, had al[:]w[:]ways cov[-Y-]ered it [y!-]even[:]ne/knee from the pro[:]fess[-]ional e[-Y-]e. / Then, indeed[-Y-]d, ['the Reverend(:River-end/mouth)'] Mr. Dimmes[-z-]dale [S+H:]shuddered, and slightly [S+Tongue-]stirred[+red]. / After a brief [hip/lip/chin-]pause, the physician turned away. / But with what a wild look of wonder, joy, and [hoar!-]horror! With what [glan(d)s-]ghastly [RIP!-]rapture, as it were, too [PAW:RIVER-]mighty



to be ex[-]pressed only by the eye and features, and therefore [body-]bursting forth through the whole ugliness of his [FIG!//faggot!-]figure, and making itself even riotously manifest by the extravagant gestures with which he threw up his [fork/member-]arms towards the [S:ee!-]ceiling, and [Stamm:stem-]stamped his [fang-]foot upon the [palate:low-lingual-]floor! Had a man see[--Y:]n old Roger Chill[-]ing[am'z/gums-]worth, at that moment of his ec[:]stasy, he would have had no need to ask how Satan com[:]ports himself, when a [lip:]precious human soul is lost to heaven, and won into his [ugh/mug!-]kingdom. / But what distinguished [squish't!] the physician's ecstasy from Satan's was the trait of [meta-physics-skull:dee(Y:Y)per:iron:(K)nee-work!-]wonder in it! [--I:60-2,119, 138.]

[3.c. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,đ/θ < s'k:g'z--counterstichs five. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance'] We have as yet hard[-]ly s[-]poke[-]en of the in[-]fant[:fang]; that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence[:dents/yulvidance], a lovely and immortal flower, out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion. How strange it see[--Y-]med to the sad [WOM:MAW-]woman, as she watched the [glan(d)s-]growth, and the beauty that became every day more [lip/face-]brilliant, and the [yel/lingam-]intelligence that [teeth-]threw its quivering sunshine [oye-]over the [tied/knees-]tiny [face-]features of this child! Her Pearl [PWR:HOL]!--For so had Hester [Hiz-HYS/STIR!-ROE/ROCK!-HEN] called her; [k+]not as a name ex[-]pressive of her asp[-]ect, which had nothing of the calm, [spring/hawthorn-]white, unimpassioned lustre that would be in[']dicat[ed] by the comparison. But she named the infant "Pearl," as being of great price,--pur[se-]chased with all she had,--her mother's only [P=R/W] treasure! .... / .... ... [L]ittle Pearl was [k+]not clad in rustic weeds. Her mother, with morbid purpose ..., had bought the [crow-]richest ['God'-head-]tissues[:material-issues] that could be procured, and allowed her imaginative faculty its full play in the arrangement and decoration of the dresses which the child wore, before the public eye. So magnificent was the small [fang-in-lip-]figure, when thus arrayed, and such was the splendor of Pearl's own proper beauty, shining through the [gorge-]gorgeous[-arched-]robes which might have extinguished a [face-]paler loveliness, that there was an absolute [oro-]circle of radiance around her, on the [signature-]darksome [haw!-]cottage-floor [=shadow of N-palate]. .... / .... / .... / One pec[k-]uliarity of the child's deportment remains yet to be told. The very first thing which she had noticed, in her life, was--what?--not the mother's smile, responding to it, as other babies do, by that faint, embryo smile of the little mouth, re[-]member[-r]ed so doubtfully after[-]wards[:words], and with such fond discussion whether it were in[-]deed a smile. By no means! But that first [HUGE:w:PEN!-]object of which Pearl see[--Y-]med to become [H:AW!]--aware was--shall we say it?--the scar[-]let letter on Hester's [BOUGHED-]bosom! One day, as her mother stooped over the cradle, the infant's eyes had been [HAW:K!-]caught by the [serpentine-ankh:

glan(d)s-]glimmer of the gold em[:MAP:]broidery about the let[-  
udder:(s:Hiz:W':VA=Y'V:slYt'):utter!-let]ter; and, putting up her  
little [signature-]hand, she grasped at it, smiling, not doubtfully,  
but with a decided gleam that gave her face the look of a much older  
child. .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / Now Pearl knew  
well enough who made her; for Hester Prynne, the daughter of a pious  
home, very soon after her talk with the child about her Heavenly  
Father, had begun to inform her of those truths which the human  
spirit, at whatever stage of maturity, [lips:to:stem-]imbibes with  
such [HAW:K!-GLANS-]eager interest. .... But that perversity,  
which all children have more or less of, and of which little Pearl  
had a tenfold[:RHO-fold] por[e-]tion, now, at the most inopportune  
moment [of cathetical examination], took possession of her, and  
[closet-roundly] closed her lips, or impelled her to speak words  
amiss. After putting her [fang-]finger in her mouth, with many  
ungracious refusals to answer good Mr. ['old'-W:W]Wilson's question,  
the child finally announced that she had [k+]not been made[:maid]  
at all, but had been plucked by her ['En(:)gland'] mother off the  
bush of wild roses, that grew by the prison-door. / This [renas-  
cence-]fantasy was probably[:babble] suggested by the near [oro-  
]proximity of the Governor's ['Bel(-)ling(am:)ham(mer)'s'] red  
[rho]roses, as Pearl[-in-'crimson'] stood [ledge-]outside of the  
window; together with her re[-]col[-]lection of the prison rose-bush  
which she had passed in coming hither. / .... / .... /  
.... / .... / .... / .... / .... / And the next  
morning [of the oral-'epoch'], the [fang-]first in[-]dic[']ation the  
child gave of being [glans/haw!-]awake was by popping up her head  
from the pil[-]low, and making that other in[-]quiry, which she had  
so unaccountably connected with her investigations about the scarlet  
letter:-- / "Mother!--Mother!--Why does the minister keep his  
[giye-GOLD!-]hand [OVE-eyer-]over his [HA'(y'yhore)T-]heart?" /  
"Hold thy [T-]tongue, [gN:HAW!-]naughty child!" answered her mother,  
with an asp[-]erity that she had never permitted to herself before.  
"Do [k+]not tea[-TEETH:TWYZ-]se me; else I shall shut thee into a  
[W=HOOD:HAW:K!]closet!" [-I:89-90,111-12[w.102,261],181.]

3.d. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,đ/θ > s'k:g'z<sub>+</sub> [eye-pow w]--a skullcap  
of world-hymn [0+5/21@five])

[3.d. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,đ/θ > s'k:g'z<sub>+</sub> (eye-pow w)--  
woveglance one. (r-08) 'Roger Malvin's Burial':] .... / There  
was now in the breast of Reuben Bourne an incommunicable thought;  
something which he was to conceal most heedfully from her whom he  
most loved and trusted. He regretted, deeply and bitterly, the  
moral coward[-]ice that had restrained his words, when he was about  
to [mouth:]dis[-]close the truth to Dorcas[=door/case]; but pride,  
the fear of losing her affection, the dread of uni[-]versal s[:]corn,  
forbade him to [glans-]rectify this falsehood. His presence, the

gratuitous sacrifice[:face] of his own life, would[:wood] have added only another, and a n-ed[-]less agony[:knee] to the last moments of the dying man. But concealment had im[-]parted to a justifiable act, much of the secret effect of guilt; and Reuben, while reason told him that he had done right, experienced, in no small degree[:Y], the mental [hoar!-]horrors, which punish the perpetrator of un[-]disc[!-]loyer[-r]ed [skull/s:kill-]crime. By a certain association of ideas, he at times [of rime/rhyme!] almost imagined himself a murderer. For y[-]ears, also, a thought would[:wood] occasionally recur, which, though he perceived all its [front-fang-]folly and extra[-Y-Y-]yag[-]lance, he had not [W!-]power to banish from his mind; it was a haunting and torturing fancy, that his father-in-[yel/haw!-]law was yet sitting at the foot of the rock, on the withered forest-leaves, aliye, and awaiting his pledged[:dog-hedged] assistance. These mental deceptions, however[:haw-wover-eyer] came and went, nor did he ever mistake them for realities; but in the calmest and clearest moods of his mind, he was conscious that he had a deep vow un[-]red[-]d deemed, that an unburied corpse was [HAWK!-]calling him, out of the wilderness. Yet, such was the consequence of the pre[-]varication, that he could [k+]not obey the [vocational-]call. It was now too late to require the assistance of Roger Malvin's friends, in performing his long-deferred sepulture; and super[-]stit[:tch-]ious fear, of which none were more susceptible than the people of the out[-]ward settlements, [face/bourne-]forbade Reu[-]ben[:bin] to go alone. Neither did he know where, in the pathless and illimitable forest, to seek that smooth and lettered [head-]rock, at the base of which the [spine-]body lay; his re[-]membr[-]ance of every portion of his travel thence was indist[-]inct, and the [dog-]latter part had left no [analog-]impression upon his mind. There was, however[:haw-weaver-eyer], a continual im[-]pulse, a [lip/pump/B-]voice, audi[-]ble only to himself, commanding him to go [Y/face-]forth and re[-]deem his vow; and he had a strange im[-]pression, that, were he to make the trial, he would[:wood] be led [spine-]straight to Malvin's bones. But y[-]ear after y[-]ear, that sum[+]mons, unheard but [face/glan(d)s-]felt, was [spine-body-]diso[w-]beyed. His one secret thought, became like a [draconic-]chain, binding down his spirit, and, like a serpent, gnawing into his heart; and he was transformed into a sad and [face-]downcast, yet [organ-]irritable[:self-irritating] man. / .... The irritability, by which he had recently become distinguished, was another cause of his de[-]clining prosperity, as it occasioned frequent quarrels, in his un[-]avoid[-]lable inter[-]course with the [N...n... ..n--]neighboring settlers. The results of these were innumerable [yel/haw!-]law-suits .... To be brief, the [Wvr-]world did not go [round-]well with Reu[-]ben[:bin] Bourne, and though not till many years after his [W(R)M-in-W:MB-]marriage, he was finally a [W:ALL-]ruined man, with but one ex[-]pedient against the evil fate that had purs[e-]ued him. He was to throw sun[-]light into some dee[-Y-]p recess of the forest, and see[-Y-]k subsistence from the [Y:Y-]virgin[-]dugz=B-]bosom of the [Y+Y=W-]wilderness[-ess]. / The only child of Reuben and Dorcas

was a son[:sun], now arrived at the age of fifteen years, beautiful in youth, and giving promise of glorious [manning-]manhood. He was peculiarly qualified for ... the wild accomplishment[-]s of [face-]front[:teeth:t]ier life. .... Cyrus[:scythe-rustle-at-lip:]Bourne [--] a future leader in the [MAW:GNAW:PAW:ARCH:EL-]land. .... / It was ear[-]ly in the [maw:]month of [Hay!-]May, that the little family snap[:]ped asunder whatever ten[-]drils of affection had clung[:ng] to inanimate objects, and [lip:]bade [face:]fare[-]well to the few[:W], who, in the blight of for[-]tune, called themselv[-]v[-]es[:z] their [fang-]friends. The sadness of the part[-]ing moment had, to each of the pil[-]grims[:z], its peculiar ail[-]ley[-]YY'YY-]iations. .... And the boy dashed one tear-drop from his [wink-y-]eye, and thought of the adv[-]y-]enturous pleasures-[:z] of the un[-]trod[-]den [yirgin-faced-]forest. Oh! ... in .... .... calmer manhood ..., in the vale of some trans[+]parent stream; and when [hoar!-]hoary age, after [lingam-]long, long y[-]ears of that pure life, [reptile-]stole on and found him[:hymn/hymeneal] there, it would find him the father of a race, the patri[-]arch of a [rock-affixed!] people, the founder of a mighty nation yet to be[:e]. .... Enveloped by tradition in [maw:]mysterious attributes, the men of future generations would[:wood] call him godlike, and remote poster[ior-(s)]ity would[:wood] see[-]Y] him standing, dimly[-]lingam-]glorious, far up the [yaginal-]yalley of a hundred [S:]cent[-]y]ur[:(kn)ee-]ies[-z] ['centuries']! / The tangled and [glan(d)s-]gloomy[:looming] forest, through which the person[-]ages of my tale[:tail-yel!] were wandering, differed [haw!-]widely from the dreamer's Land of Fantasie; ... and the gnawing cares, which went with them from the world, ... obstructed their hap[-]piness[-ss]. One stout and shaggy stee[-Y-]d, the [male-]bearer of all their wealth, did not shrink from the added [mare-]weight of Dorcas; although her hard[-]y [door/case-]breeding sustained her, during the latter part of each day's journey[:knee], by her hus[-]band's[:z] [yoke/syzygy-]side. / Cyrus Bourne was sufficiently ['axe'-]skilled in the travel of the woods, to ob[-]serve that his father did not ad[-]here to the course they had ['kne[es and] ... lips'] pursued, in their ex[-]pedition of the pre[-]ceding autumn. They were now keeping [father-]farther to the north, [N:HAW:K!-]striking out more directly from the settlements, and into a region, of which savage beasts and savage men were as yet the sole possessors[:Z]. The boy sometimes [s-]hinted his opinions upon the subject. .... Cyrus, perceiving that his father gradually [G/R-conservatively!] resumed the old direction, for[-]bore to interfere; nor, though something began to [rock-]weigh heavily upon his heart, did his adventurous nature permit him to regret the [s-n'k!-]increased length and the [maw-]mystery of their way. / On the afternoon of the fifth day they halted and made their simple encampment, nearly an hour before sun[-]set. .... The boy, promising not to quit the [s-y'y!] vicinity of the en[-]camp[-]ment, bounded off with a step as [lingam-]light and elastic as that of the deer[-]skin he hoped to slay; while his father, feeling a transient happiness as he [arch-

glan(d)s-]gazed at him, was about to pursue an opposite direction. Dorcas, in the mean[-D-]while [=in-step-cosmos middle] had seated herself near their fire of fallen branches, upon the moss-grown and mouldering trunk of a tree, uprooted years before. Her employment, ... an occasional glance at the pot, now beginning to simmer [in-the-round!] over the blaze, ... [and] the perusal of the current year's ... Almanac .... / 'The twelfth of May! I should re[-]member it well,' [maw:]muttered he .... / 'It was near this time of the month, eighteen years ago .... He ['my father'] had a kind arm to hold his head, and a kind voice to cheer him, [R:]Reuben[:bend], in his last moments .... / 'Pray Heaven, Dorcas[=door/case], said Reuben[:rib-bend], in a broken voice, 'pray Heaven, that neither of us three die solitary, and lie unburied, in this [skull:]howling wilderness!' And he [chas't-]hastened away, [un-]leaving her to [w-]watch the fire, beneath the [glan(d)z-]gloomy[:looming] pines[:z]. / .... His steps were imperceptibly led almost in a circle, ... on the verge of a tract of land heavily timbered[:tempered], but [k+]not with [step-5-]pine-trees. The place of the latter was here supplied by [HAWK:glans/acorn-]oaks[-s], and other[:udder] of the harder woods; and around their roots cluster[-r]ed a [groin(to)chin-]dense and bushy under[-]growth, leaving, however[:haw-wover-ever] [fang(to)lip-]barren spaces between the trees, thick-strewn with withered [lingam/lip-wink;]leaves. Whenever the rustling of the branches, or the creaking of the trunks made a sound, as if the forest were [H:AWE!-]waking from s[-]lumber, Reuben inst[-]inct[-]ively raised the musket that rested on his arm, and cast a quick, [thorn-]sharp [glan(d)s-]glance on every side; but convinced that no animal was n[-]ear, he would[:wood] again give himself [lips-]up[!] to his thoughts. He was musing on the strange influence .... Unable to penetrate to the secret place of his soul, where his motives lay hidden, he be[-]lieved that supernatural voice had called him on[-]ward, and that a supernatural power had obstructed his retreat. .... Perceiving the motion of some object behind a thick [mug/face-]yeil of undergrowth, he fired, with the instinct of a hunter and the [tongue-spring-]aim of a practised marksman. A low moan .... What were the re[-]collections now breaking upon him? / The thicket ... was cluster[-r]ed around the [face-]base of a rock. ... a mirror ... in Reuben's memory. He even recognized the [Y'Y'N'Z-]veins which see[-Y:]med to form an inscription in forgotten characters; everything remained the same, except that a thick co[-]vert of bushes [=steps-2(to)4-h'sh!] shrouded the lower part of the [HAW:K!-]rock, and would[:wood] have hidden [Roe-]Rodger Mal[-L'win-]yin, had he still been sitting there. ... Reuben's eye was [hawk!-]caught by another change ... where he was now standing again, behind the earthy roots of the up[-]torn tree. The sap[-]ling[am], to which he had bound the blood-stained [foreskin-plus-throat(to)lips!-]symbol of his [L'win-]yow, had increased and strengthened into an oak, far indeed from its [maw:]maturity, but with no [paw:]mean spread of shadowy branches. There was one singularity, ob[-]serye[-]able in this tree, which made Reuben tremble. The middle and lower branches

were in luxuriant life, and an excess of vegetation had fringed the trunk, almost to the ground; but a blight had ap[ple-]parent[-]ly stricken the upper part of the oak, and the [Y-]lery [fang-]topmost [lip-]bough was [Y'Y-]withered, sap[-]less, and utter[-]udder-ly dead. Reuben re[-]member[-]red how the little [lip-]banner had [face-]fluttered on the top[-]most [bend-]bough, when it was [mug-]green and [lingam-]lovely, eighteen y[-]ears be[-]fore. Whose [glan(d)s-]guilt[:g'sun/yel!] had [woman's-pudenda-k'ss!-]blasted it? / .... / .... / .... / .... Making her way [p-]round the [fang-]foot of the [HAW:K!-]rock, she suddenly found herself close to her hus[-]band, who had app[-EL-B-]roached in another direction. Leaning upon the [B+t't-]butt of his gun, the [mug-]muzzle of which rested upon the [lap-]withered leaves, he was app[-le-p]arently absorbed in the contemplation of some [AUB:OVE-]object at his feet. / .... / He stirred not, neither did he turn his eyes to[-]ward[:word] her; and a cold, shuddering fear, indefinite in its source and object, began to [serpent-]creep into her blood. .... / .... / Her husband started, stared into her face; drew her to the [face-]front of the rock, and [spine-]pointed with his [fang-]finger. / 'Oh! there lay the boy, asleep, but dreamless, upon the fallen forest-leaves' his cheek rested upon his arm, his [serpent-]curled locks were thrown back from his brow, his limbs were slightly re[-]laxed .... She knew that it was death. / '... said her husband. 'Your tears will fall at [urine-]once over[-]ove-airy] your father and your son.' / She heard him [k+]not. With one wild shriek, that see[-Y-]med to force its way from the sufferer's inmost soul, she [ankh-]sank insensible by the side of her dead boy. At that [maw:]moment, the withered top[-]most [un-moist] bough of the oak loosened[:s'n'd] itself, in the stilly air, and fell in soft, light [fang-]fragments upon the [HAW:K!-]rock, upon the leaves, upon Reuben, upon his wife and child, and upon Roger Malvin's bones[:Z]. Then Reuben[:Rabbi-bin]s heart was stricken, and the tears gushed [steps-2(to)4-sh!] out like water from a [HAW:K'LOVE'-]rock. The [L'w-yin-]woy that the wound[+d]ed youth had made, the [S+|B:]lighted man had come [via palate-door/case] to re[d-]deem. His [RIB:RIZE-]sin was expiated, the [daughter/case-]curse was gone from him; and, in the hour, when he had shed blood dearer to him than his [deer:skin-]own, a pray[-]er[:neigh!-bray-er], the first for y[-]ears, went up to [HA:Y:VN-]Heaven from the [red/cock:soft(rag)-palate/keyed:]lips of Reuben[-Red/Rabbi:Bean/Burn:ToNGue/(K)Nee-]Bourne. [--X:349-51, 351-4, 354-7, 359-60.]

[3.d. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z (eye-pow w)-- woveglance two. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] Hester Prynne went, one day, to the mansion of Governor Bellingham[:bell's-lingam], with a pair of [near-vulyiform-]gloves, which she had fringed and embroider[-r]ed to his order, and which were to be worn on some great occasion of state .... / .... It had reached her ears, that there was a design ... to deprive her of her child. On the supposition that Pearl, as already hinted, was of demon origin, these good people not unreasonably argued that a Christian interest

in the mother's soul re[-]quired them to remove [haw!] such a stumbling block from her path. If the child, on the other [natal-]hand, were really capable of moral and religious growth, and possessed the elements of ultimate sal[i]vation, the, surely, it would enjoy all the fairer prospect of these advantages by being transferred to wiser and better guardianship than Hester Prynne's.

.... / ... Hester Prynne set forth from her solitary [HAW:K!-]cottage. Little Pearl, of course was her companion. She was now of an age to run lightly along by her mother[:err/or-]'s side, and, constantly in motion from morn till sunset, could have accomplished a much longer [poetic] journey[:knee] than that before her. Often, nevertheless, more from caprice than necessity, she demanded to be taken up in arms, but was soon as imperious to be set down again, and frisked on[-]ward[:word] before Hester on the [glan(d)s-]grassy [lingual-]pathway, with many a harmless trip and tumble. We have spoken of Pearl's rich and luxuriant beauty; a beauty that shone with dee[-Y-]p and luxuriant tints; a bright complexion, eyes possessing intesity both of depth and [glan(d)s-] glow[:crow!], and hair already of a deep, glossy brown, and which, in after y[-]ears, would[:wood] be[:(e)Y(e)] nearly akin to [signature-graphic-]black. There was [throat-]fire in her and throughout her; she see[--Y-]med the unpremeditated offshoot of a passionate moment. Her mother, in contriving her [soft-palate-]garb, had allowed the [gorge-]gorgeous [ankh-]tendencies of her imagination their full play; arraying her in a crimson velvet tunic, of a peculiar [hedge-]cut, abundantly embroidered with fantasies and flourishes of [yel!-]gold thread. So much strength of coloring, which must have given a wan and pallid aspect to cheeks of a fainter bloom, was admirably adapted to Pearl's beauty, and made her the very brightest [yel/haw!-scarlet-]jet of flame that ever [palate-]danced upon the earth. / But it was a remark[']able attribute of this garb, and, indeed of the child's whole[:haw] appearance, that it irresistibly and inevitably reminded the beholder of the token which Hester Prynne was doomed to wear upon her [dugg-VAV-]bosom. It was the scarlet letter in another form; the scarlet letter endowed with [HWRL-HAW:HORN-TO:FACE:LIP-]life! The mother herself--as if the red ignominy were so deeply scorched into her [tongue-rhod-]brain, that all her conceptions assumed its form--had carefully wrought out the similitude; lavishing many hours of morbid ingenuity, to create an analogy between the object of her affection, and the emblem of her guilt and torture. But, in truth, Pearl [=PWRL:RHO=P] was the one, as [WALL:]well as the other; and only in consequence of that identity had Hester contrived so perfectly to represent the scarlet letter in her appearance. / .... / ... Pearl, who was a [fang-]dauntless child, after frowning, stamping her [liNgual-]foot[:root] and shaking her little [signatural-] hand with a variety of threatening gestures, suddenly [would] make a rush at the [k+]knot of her enemies, and put them all to flight. She resembled, in her fierce purs[e-]uit of them, an infant pestilence,--the scarlet fever, or some such half-fledged [yel/egged/haw-]angel of judgment, -- whose mission was to

punish the sins of the [gullet-]rising generation. She [yel/haw!-]screamed and shouted, too, with a terrific volume of [(t)HOR(n)!] sound, which doubtless caused the hearts of the fugitives to quake within them. The victory accomplished, Pearl returned quietly to her mother, and [glans-]looked up[-P:]smiling[-]into[-]her[-r+P-]face. / .... / They approached the [palate-articulate] door; which was of an arched form .... / .... / Hester looked, by way of humoring the child; and she saw that, owing to the peculiar effect of this convex mirror [of a 'breastplate!'], the scarlet letter was represented in exaggerated and gigantic proportions, so as to be greatly the most prominent feature of her [dugs-with-VAV-vale] appearance. .... / .... / .... / "Well said, again!" cried good Mr. Wilson. "I feared the woman had no better thought than to make a mounte[-]bank of her child!" / .... / "Oh, [k+]not so!-- [k+]not so!" continued Mr. Dimmesdale. "... Herein is the sinful mother [hop-]happier than the sinful ['plunge'] father. For Hester Prynne's[-Z/SUCK-]sake, then, and no less for the poor child's sake, let us leav[-YV-]e them as Prov[-VAV-]i[-Y:Y-]dance ['Providence'] hath see[--Y-]n fit to place them!" / "You speak, my friend, with a strange[:ankh/dim/n/n] ear[:]nest[-]n[-ess];" said old Roger Chilling[-n;ankh-]worth, smiling[:ng] at him. / "And there is weighty import in what my young brother hath spoken," added the Reyer[-]end Mr. Wilson [=nd/n]. .... / ... [A]nswered the magistrate[:] "... Care must be had, nevertheless, to put the child to due and stated examination in the catechism at thy hands or Master Dimmesdale's. Moreover, at a proper season, the tithing-men must take heed[:head] that she go both to [HAW:K!-]school and to [knee:MAW:knee-]meeting." / The young minister, on ceasing to speak, had withdrawn a few steps from the group, and stood with his [HAW:K!-]face [neck-h!-truncate! or:] partially concealed in the heavy folds of the [soft-palate-to-lips!] window curtain; while the shadow of his figure, which the sunlight cast upon the floor, was tremulous with the vehemence of his [YEL/HAW/RHO=Pynne!] appeal. Pearl, that wild and flighty little elf, stole softly towards him, and taking his hand in the grasp of both her own, laid her [his-chick's!-]cheek against it; a caress so [father/paw-]tender, and withal[:hawse] so [lips-butte!]unobtrusive, that her mother, who was looking[:KING!] on, asked herself,--"Is that my Pearl?" Yet she knew that there was [lingam/throat-]love in the child's [dim/hill!-]heart .... [--I:100-2,103-4,114-15.]

[3.d. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z (eye-pow w)-- woveglance three. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] .... / On one of those [glan(d)s-]ugly nights, which we have faintly hinted at, but for[:]borne to picture forth, the minister started from his chair. A new [thick/dick:]thought had struck him. There might be a moment's peace in it. Attiring himself with as much [glan(d)s-carry-]care as if it had been for public worship, and [prick-]precisely in the same man[:man]ner[ism], he [serpent-]stole softly down the stair[-]case, undid the [Theo-adorn-]door, and [hip/ischium-



(tuber/ramus)-issued forth. / .... / .... The minister went up the steps. / It was an obscure night of early May. An unvaried [lip-]pall of clou[-W-]d [maw-]muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon [=signature Z(W)N]. If the same multitude which had stood as eyewitnesses [=W:W/winkers] while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been sum[+]moned forth, they would[:wood] have discerned no face above the platform [-truncated neck], nor hard[:lly] the outline of a human shape, in the dark [HAW:ARK!] gray of the midnight. But the town was a[:A:]sleep. There was no [peer-]peril of dis[-]covery. The minister[:author's servant] might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the [venereal] east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night-air would[:wood] creep[:chilling-word] into his frame, and stiffen his [throat/tongue-]joints with rheum[-]a[-]tis[-Z-]m, and clog his throat with [cat's-cradle-]cat[:t]arrh[-of-Athur] and [hic-]cough; thereby [frog:]de[-]frauding the expectant au[-]di[-]ence of to-morrow's prayer and [sir/brev-]sermon. No ey[-Y-]e could see[-Y] him, save that ever-wake[-]ful one which had see[-Y-]n him in his closet, wielding the bloody scourge [=extensor-tongue]. Why, then, had he [Rho-]come hither? ... the mock[-]er[:R:]y of pen[-]i[!]tence? A mockery, in[:dee[-Y-]d, but in which his [S:]soul[:WL] tri[-Y-]fled with itself! A mockery at which the angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced, with jeering laughter! He had been [tail:]driven hither by the im[:]pulse of the Remorse which [God:]dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely [copula-]linked companion was that Cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous [throat-]gri[-Y-]pe, just when the other im[:]pulse had [larynx-haw!-]hurried him to the [tooth/vulvate-]verge of [lip-]dis[-]closure. Poor, miserable man! .... This feeble and most sensitive of spirits can do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which [thorn-]intertwined, in the same inextricable [serpentine-]knot, the agony[:knee] of heaven-defying [glans-]guilt and yain [lip-]re[:]pentance. / And thus, while standing on the scaffold[=of would:wood:unfold:HAW!-gullet(+)] [glans-dragon], in this yain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was overcome with a great [hoar!-]horror of mind, as if the universe were [glan(d)Z-]gazing at the scarlet token on his naked breast, right [yvula-]over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there had [tongue-]long been, the gnawing and poisonous [fore-]tooth[:seminal-toot!] of bodily[-y] pai[-Y-]n. Without any effort of his will, or power to re[-]strain[-] himself[-serpentinely], he shriek[-Y-]ed aloud[-W-]d; an out[-]cry that went [apple-]peeling through the night, and was beaten back from one [haw!-]house to another, and re[-]verb[:]erated from the hills in the background; as if a company of dev[-]ils[:z], defecting so much misery and ter[-R-]ror in it, had made a play[-]thing of that [PSHAW!-]sound, and were band[-]y[-]ing it to and fro [lingam-elastically]. / "It is done!" [mother:mouth-]mutter[-r]ed the [ni(+)]ne-]minister, covering his [F!-]face in his [cock/han-]hands. "The whole town will [H:AWE]-lawake, and [thorn-]hurry forth, and [f-ne:]find me h[-]ere[:ear]!"

/ But[:butt/butte!] it was not so[:sow]. The shriek had perhaps sounded with a far greater power, to his own startled ears, than it [hack!-]actually possessed. The town did not awake .... / .... / .... / .... / We impute it, therefore, solely to the disease in his own eye and heart, that the minister, looking upward to the zenith, beheld there the [pear-]appearance of an immense letter,--the letter A,--marked out in lines of dull red light. Not but the meteor may have shown itself at that [steep!/deep!-hedge/thorn-Z!-]point, burning duskiy through a veil of [K!-loud-]cloud; but with no such shape as his guilty [self-identifying'] imagination gave it; or, at least, with so little definiteness, that another's guilt might have seen [--in syzygy of 'psychological state'--] another [priyy-consummate!] symbol in it. / .... [--I:146,147-9, 155.]

[3.d. DART-STICK(S): r/1,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z, (eye-pow y)--woveglance four & five. (1-08) 'The Scarlet Letter: A Romance':] .... / The excitement of Mr. Dimmesdale's feelings, as he returned from his [husband-wise!/sea-escape!] interview with Hester [in the forest], lent him unaccustomed physical energy, and hurried him town[-]ward at a rapid pace. The pathway among the woods see[--Y-]med [W-]wilder, more uncouth with its rude natural obstacles, and less trodden by the foot of man, than he re[-]member[-r]ed it on his out[-]ward journey. .... / .... / Before the minister had time to celebrate his [Y-]victory over this last ['third'] temptation, he was conscious of another impulse, more ludicrous, and almost as [hoar!-]horrible. It was,--we blush to tell it,--it was to stop short in the road, and teach some very wicked words to a [k+]not of little Puritan children who were playing there, and had just begun to talk. Denying himself this [F/fang-]freak, as unworthy of his cloth, he met a drunken sea[-ee/Y-]man, one of the ship's crew from the Spanish Main. And, here, since he had so valiantly for[-]borne all other wickedness, poor Mr. Dimmesdale [lingam-]longed, at least, to shake [under-palate-]hands with the tar[-]ry blackguard, and recreate himself with a few improper [jet-]jests, such as dissolute sailors so abound with, and a volley of good, round, solid, satisfactory, and heaven-defying oaths! It was not so much a better principle, as partly his natural good taste, and still more his buckramed habit of clerical decorum, that carried him safely through this latter [W!-CROSS!] crisis. / "What is it that [HAW!-]haunts and tempts me thus?" cried the minister to himself, at [YEL-]length, pausing in the [signatural-]street, and [accent-]striking his hand against his fore[:H:]head. "Am I mad? or am I given [ovary-]lover to the fiend? Did I make a contract with him in the forest, and sign it with my [Oberon/syncope-]blood? And does he now sum[+]mon me to its ful[-]fillment, by suggesting the performance of every wickedness which his most [cock/crow-]foul imagination can con[-]ceive?" / At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale thus communed with himself, and struck his forehead with his [stress-]hand, old Mistress [in-hip-]Hibbins, the reputed witch-lady, is said to have been passing by. She made a very grand appearance; having on a

[H!-]high head-dress, a rich gown of [V'Y-]velvet, and a [Rho-fold-  
 ]ruff done up with the famous [yellow-in:YELL-LOW!-throat!] yellow  
 starch, of which [(Nath's)-]Ann Turn[-]ler, her especial friend, had  
 taught her the se[-]cret[ion], before this last good lady had been  
 hanged [=neck-truncated/lengthened!] for Sir Thomas Over[-]bury's  
 murder. / "So, reverend Sir, you have made a visit to the forest,"  
 ob[-]served the witch-lady, nodding her high head-dress at him.  
 .... / .... / "Ha, ha, ha!" [soft/hen-to-hard/apple-]cackled the  
 old witch-lady, still nodding her high head-dress at the minister.  
 "Well, well, we must nee[-Y-]ds[:knees] talk thus in the daytime!  
 You carry it off like an old hand! But at midnight, and in the  
 [black/log-]forest, we shall have other talk together!" / .... /  
 He had by this time reached his dwelling, on the edge of the burial  
 ground, and, hastening up the stairs, took refuge in his study. ....  
 / .... / "Welcome home, reverend Sir!" said the physician. ....  
 / .... / [ &:] Left alone, the minister summoned a servant of  
 the house, and requested food, which, being set before him, he ate  
 with ravenous appetite. Then, flinging the already written pages  
 of the Election Sermon into the fire, he forthwith began another,  
 which he wrote with such an impulsive flow of thought and emotion,  
 that he fancied himself inspired; and only wondered that Heaven  
 should see fit to transmit the grand and solemn music of its oracles  
 through so foul an organ-pipe as he. However[:hav-oye-weave-ever],  
 leaving the mystery to solve itself, or go unsolved for ever, he  
 drove his task on[-]ward[:word], with ear[-]nest haste and ec[-]stasy.  
 Thus the night fled away, as if it were a winged stee[-Y-]d, and he  
 careering on it; morning came, and peeped blushing through the  
 curtains; and at last sunrise threw a [step-2!] golden beam into the  
 study, and [glans-]laid it right across the minister's bedazzled  
 eyes. There he was, with the pen still between his fingers [-voice-  
 graft/sticks!], and a vast, immeasurable tract of [woye:sown-]space  
 behind him! / .... / .... / .... / Laughing so shrilly that  
 all the market-place could hear her, the weird old gentlewoman  
 ['Mis(-s)tress Hib(^)bins'] took her de[-Y-]parture. / By this  
 time the preliminary prayer had been offered in the meeting-house,  
 and the accents of the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale were heard commencing  
 his dis[-]course. An irresistible feeling[-of-lingam!] kept Hester  
 [ear-]near the spot. As the sacred edifice[:face] was too much  
 thronged to admit another auditor, she took up her position close  
 beside the scaf[-]fold of the pill[-]ory. ... in sufficient  
 [spill-over!] proximity to ... the ... varied, murmur and flow of  
 the minister's very pec[k-]uliar voice. / This vocal organ was in  
 itself a rich[:oro/aero-reach] endowment .... .... But even when  
 the minister's voice grew high and [pharynx-]commanding,--when it  
 gushed [=truncated neck] irrepressibly upward,--when it assumed its  
 utmost breadth and power, so over[-]filling the church as to burst  
 its way through the solid [YEL:DZOWLZ-]walls, and diffuse itself in  
 the open air,--still, ... the same cry of pain. What was it? ....  
 / .... / .... / The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the  
 listening audience had been borne aloft, as on the swelling[-with-

lingam!] waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. .... / ....  
 / .... And now, ... he had come opposite the well-remembered and  
 weather-darkened scaffold .... / .... / He turned toward the  
 scaffold and [paw's/pays!] stretched out his arms. / .... / The  
 crowd was in a tumult. .... / With a convulsive motion he tore  
 away the ministerial band from before his [bantam-]breast. It was  
 revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For  
 an instant the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated  
 on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood in a flush of  
 triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had  
 won a victory. Then down he [ankh-]sank upon the [book-foldish!]  
 scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his [glan(d)s-]  
 head against her [Y-dug-]bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down  
 beside him, with a blank, [ice-]dull countenance, out of which the  
 life see[-Y-]med to have departed. / .... / Pearl kissed his  
 [Y!-wedged] lips. A spell was broken. .... / .... / .... By  
 sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always  
 at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant  
 [name!-]ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies[:  
 knees] been wanting, I had been lost for ever! Praised be his name!  
 His will be done! Fa[-y]r[:Rw:]y[-]ell!" / That final word came  
 forth with the minister's expiring breath [=z/k's:Y]. The multitude,  
 silent till then, [s:lip:to:CORE-]broke out in a strange deep  
 voice[(cell)] of [H!-]awe and [OVO!-]wonder, which could [k+]not as  
 yet find [let:]utter[-udder-]ance save in this [MAW:URN/MAW:URN-]  
 murmur that [man/RHO-]rolled so[:SOW] [LEAD:BLUE-]heav[']lly after  
 the de[Yp']parted spirit. [--I:216,220-3,225,242-3,248,251,252,253,  
 255-7.]

3.e. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,ā/θ > s'k:g'z --a spine trail of  
 necro-elegy [2+3/21@five])

[3.e. DART-STICKS: r/l,d/t,ā/θ > s'k:g'z --h'ps'rheumlink one.  
 (1-09) 'The Gentle Boy':] .... / The interior aspect of the  
 [paw/haw!maw] meetinghouse was rude. The low ceiling, the unplastered  
 walls, the naked wood-work, and the undraped pulpit[:pull-lingam-  
 lip/ward] offered nothing to excite the devotion, which, without such  
 external aids, often remains latent in the heart. The floor of the  
 building was occupied by rows of long, cushionless benches, supplying  
 the place of pews, and the broad-aisle formed a sexual division,  
 impassable except by children beneath a certain age. / .... /  
 When the preliminary prayer and hymn were over, the minister arose,  
 and having turned the hour-glass which stood by the great Bible,  
 commenced his discourse. He was now well stricken in years, a man of  
 pale, thin countenance, and his grey hairs were closely covered by a  
 black velvet scull-cap. .... / The sands of the second hour were  
 principally in the lower half of the glass, when the sermon concluded.  
 An approving murmur followed, and the clergyman, having given out a

hymn, took his seat with much self-congratulation, and endeavored to read the effect of his eloquence in the visages of the people. But while voices from all parts of the house were tuning themselves to sing, a scene occurred .... / The muffled female, who had hitherto sat motionless in the front rank of the audience, now arose, and with slow, stately, and unwavering step, ascended the pulpit stairs. The quiverings of incipient harmony were hushed, and the divine sat in speechless and almost terrified astonishment, while she undid the [Theq-]door, and stood up in the sacred desk from which his maledictions had just been thundered. She then divested herself of the cloak and hood, and appeared in a most singular array. A shapeless robe of sackcloth was [URN-]girded about[:OWT] her [W:]waist with a [K+N:]knotted cord; her raven hair fell down upon her shoulders, and its blackness was defiled by pale streaks of [wood/organic-to-stone/sown] ashes, which she had strewn upon her head [=Rev.-Ashley-Allen-Royce-damnation!]. Her eyebrows, dark and strongly defined, added to the deathly whiteness of a countenance which, emaciated with want, and wild with enthusiasm and strange sorrows, retained no trace of earlier beauty. This figure stood [HAW:K-glans-]gazing ear[-]nestly on the audience, and there was no sound, nor any movement, except a faint shuddering which every man observed in his neighbor, but was scarcely conscious of in himself. At length, when her ['Quaker'] fit of inspiration came, she spoke, for the first few moments, in a low voice, and not invariably distinct utterance. Her discourse gave evidence of an imagination hopelessly entangled with her reason; it was a vague and incomprehensible rhapsody, which, however[:haw-wover-ever], seemed to spread its own atmosphere round the hearer's soul, and to move his feelings by some influence unconnected with the words. As she proceeded, beautiful but shadowy images would sometimes be seen, like bright things moving in a turbid river; or a [stone-]strong and singularly shaped idea leapt forth, and seized at once on the understanding of the heart. But the course of her unearthly eloquence soon led her to the persecutions of her sect[s-c't], and from thence the step was short to her own peculiar sorrows. She was a woman of mighty passions, and hatred and revenge now wrapped themselves in the garb of piety; the character of her speech was changed, her images became distinct though wild, and her denunciations had an almost hellish bitterness. / '.... . Woe, woe, woe, at the judgment, when all the persecuted and all the slain in this bloody land, and the [t(h)ree-in-mouth!] father, the mother, and the child, shall await them in a day that they cannot escape! Seed of the faith, seed of the faith, ye whose hearts are moving with a power that ye know not, arise, wash your hands of this innocent blood! Lift your voices, chosen ones, cry aloud, and call down a woe and a judgment with me!' / Having thus given vent to a flood of malignity which she mistook for inspiration, the speaker was silent. Her voice was succeeded by the hysteric shrieks of several women, but the feelings of the [Puritan] audience generally had not been drawn on[-]ward[:word] in the current of her own. They remained [tongue-stunned, s/tone-]stupefied, stranded as it were, in the midst of a

torrent, which deafened them by its roaring, but might not move them by its violence. .... / .... / .... Scarcely did her feet press the floor, however[:haw-wover-eyer], when an unexpected scene occurred. In that moment of her peril, when every eye frowned with death, a little timid [buoy!-]boy pressed forth, and threw his arms round his mother. / 'I am here, mother, it is I, and I will go with thee to prison,' he exclaimed. / She gazed at him with a doubtful and almost frightened expression, for she knew that the boy had been cast out to perish, and she had [k+]not hoped to see his face again. She feared, perhaps, that it was but one of the happy visions, with which her excited fancy had often deceived her, in the solitude of the desert, or in prison. But when she felt his [signature-]hand warm within her own, and heard his little eloquence of childish love, she began to know that she was yet a mother. / 'Blessed art [Art! are] thou, my son,' she sobbed. .... / She [K+N:]knelt down, and embraced him again and again [gN+n+gN(=gynegnome)], while the joy that could find no words, expressed itself in broken accents, like the bubbles gushing up to vanish at the surface[:face] of a dee[-Y-]p fountain. .... / .... Son, son, I have borne thee in my arms when my limbs were tottering, and I have fed thee with the food that I was fainting for; yet I have ill performed a mother's part by thee in life, and now I leave thee no inheritance but woe and shame. .... / She hid her face on Ilbrahim's [glan(d)s-]head, and her [signature:lingam-]long [HAW:K!-]rayen hair, discolored with the ashes of her mourning, fell down about him like a veil. A low and interrupted moan was the [may:haw']voice of her heart's [aNkH!/orgasm!-]anguish, and it did not fail to move the sympathies of many who mistook their involuntary virtue for a sin. .... [--IX:78,79,80-2,83-5.]

[3.e. DART-STICK(S): r/1,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z,--h'ps'rheumlink two. (1-09) 'The Gentle Boy':] .... [Ilbrahim's] tales [told to: the 'invalid' boy with 'an almost imperceptible twist of every joint ...'] were of course monstrous, disjointed, and without aim [--'with the air of his barbaric birthplace'--]; but they were curious on account of a [n iyy-ing-]yein of human tenderness, which ran through them all, and was like a sweet, familiar face, en-]countered in the midst of wild and unearthly scenery. The auditor paid much attention to these romances, and sometimes interrupted them [editorially] by brief [re-landscaping] re[-]marks['] upon the inci[-]dents, displaying shrewdness about his y[-]ears, mingled with a moral obliquity which grated very [haw!-]harshly against Ilbrahim's instinct[']ive [gullet-to-horn!] rectitude. Nothing, however[-haw-wover-ever], could arrest the progress of the latter's affection, and there were many proofs that it met with a response from the dark and stub[-]born nature on which it was lavished. The boy's parents at [tongue-]length removed him, to complete his cure under their own roof. / Ilbrahim did not visit his new [graft-]friend after his de[-Y-]parture; but he made anxious and continual inquiries .... On a pleasant summer afternoon, the children of the neighbor[-]hood had assembled in the little forest-crowned amphitheatre behind the

meetinghouse, and the recovering invalid was there, leaning on his staff. .... But it happened that an unexpected addition was made to heavenly little [teeth-show-]band. It was Ilbrahim, who came to[-]wards[:words] the children, with a look of sweet confidence on his fair and spiritual [fil-dents!] face .... ; but, all at once, the devil of their fathers entered [fang!F/V-entrained] into the unbreeched fanatics, and, sending up a fierce, shrill cry, they rushed upon the poor Quaker child. In an instant, he was the [S!] centre of a brood of baby-fiends, who [haw!-]lifted sticks against him, pelted him with s[:]tones, and dis[-]played an instinct of [crack!] destruc[-]tion, far more loathsome than the blood-thirstiness of manhood. The invalid, [maw/maul-]meanwhile, stood apart from the tumult, crying out with a loud voice, 'Fear not, Ilbrahim, come hither and take my [Nathan/Gift-]hand;' and his unhappy friend endeavored to obey him. After watching the victim's struggling approach, with a calm smi[-Y-]le and unabashed ey[-Y-]le, the foul-hearted [cocky] little villain lifted his staff, and struck[-] Ilbrahim on the mouth[-], so forcibly that blood [voice/somatic-]issued in a stream. The poor child's arms had been raised to [joint-]guard his head from the storm of blows; but now he dropped them at once. His persecutors beat him down, trampled upon him, dragged him by his long, fair locks, and Ilbrahim was on the [spine-]point of becoming as veritable a martyr as ever [mouth/butte!-]entered bleeding into heaven. The uproar, however[:haw-wover-eyer], attracted the notice of a few neighbors, who put themselves to the trouble of rescuing the little heretic, and of conveying[:ivy-ing] him to Pearson's door. / Ilbrahim's bodily harm was severe ... ; the injury done to his sensitive spirit was more serious .... His [joint-]gait was thenceforth slow, even, and unvaried by the sudden bursts of sprightlier motion, which had once corresponded to his overflowing [glan(d)s-]gladness; his countenance was heavier, and its former play of expression, the dance of sunshine reflected from moving water, was destroyed by the [graft-stick/K!-LOUD!] cloud over his existence .... [---IX:91-3(w.90).]

[3.e. DART-STICK(S): r/1,d/t,d/θ > s'k:g'z --h'ps'rheumlink three. (1-09) 'The Gentle Boy':] .... But after a little time, he relinquished whatever secret[-hed!] hope had agitated him, and with one low, complaining whisper, turned his cheek upon [down!on] the [buoy/billow!-]pillow. He then addressed Dorothy [his foster parent] with his usual sweetness, and besought him to draw n[-]ear him; she did so, and Ilbrahim took her hand in both of his, grasping it with a [yulyae/form-]gentle pressure, as if to assure himself that he retained it. At intervals, and without retaining the re[-]pose of his countenance, a very faint trembling passed over him from [tree-]head[-]to[-new:fang-]foot, as is a mild but somewhat cool wind had breathe upon him, and made him shiver. As the boy thus led her by the hand, in his quiet progress over the [oro/somatic-]borders of eternity, Dorothy almost imagined that she could discern the near, though dim delightfulness, of the home he was about to

reach; she would[:wood] not have [eye-shadow/eaye-lip/Eye-organ-] enticed [=midwiyed!] the little wanderer back, though she bemoaned herself that she must leave him and [to-her-self-]return. But just when Ilbrahim's feet were pressing on the soil of Par[-]a[-]dise[:pare-a-dY:Ysong], he heard a voice behind him, and it recalled him a few, few paces of the weary path which he had trav[-]elled. As Dorothy looked upon his features, she perceived that their placid expression was again disturbed; her own thoughts had been so[:sew] wrapt in him, that all sounds of the storm, and of human speech, were lost to her; but when Catharine's [cathether-in-Z!] shriek pierced through the room, the boy strove to [glan(d)s-]raise [Y-ove!] himself. / 'Friend, she is come! Open unto her!' cried he. / In a moment, his mother was [k+]kneeling by the bed-side; she drew [-Y'Y] him to her [dugs-]bosom, and he nestled there, with no violence of joy, but [maw/ruminatively-]contentedly as if he were hushing himself to sleep. He looked into her face, and reading its agony[:knee], said, with feeble ear[-]nest[:i]n[-]less, / 'Mourn [k+]not, dear[-]est mother. I am happy [butte/pine-essed] now.' And with these words, the gentle boy [=buoy/lip-ward/word-floa(w)t] was dead. / .... / As if Ilbrahim's sweetness yet [lingam-]linger[-r]ed [gN:HAW-]round his ashes; as if his gentle spirit came down from heaven to teach his parent a true religion, her fierce and yin[-whine-yine:]dic[:]tive [SIG!nature-]nature was softened by the same griefs which had once [thorn-]irritated it. When the course of y[-]ears had made the [face-]features of the unobtrusive mourner familiar in the settlement, she became a subject of not deep, but general interest; a [ling/wi/stic-]being on whom the otherwise superfluous sympathies of all might be be[e-]stowed. Everyone s[-]poke of her with that degree of [mum/lip-s:]pit[-]y which it is pleasant to experience; every one was ready to do her the [sip/ling-]little kindnessess[ss], which are not costly, yet mani[-fang:]fest good will; and when at [palate-edge-of-mouth-]last she died[=eYe-D], a long[-tongue-]train of her once [teeth/lip-]bitter persecutors[:z] followed her, with decent sadness and [rho/rip-]tears that were not [spine-]painful, to her [maw/lap-]place by Ilbrahim's [=ill Brahmin's (=s'mi-harb[or]-li/smile's)] [glan(d)s-]green[-hand(ed)] and [soft-aNkH-haw:k!-T] [SUN-]sunken grave. [---IX:103-5.]

[3.e. DART-STICK(S): r/l,d/t,ā/θ > s'k:g'z\_--h'ps'rheumlink four & five. (d-12) 'The Dolliver Romance':] .... The object which most helped to bring Dr. Dolliver completely to his waking perceptions was .... ... an enormous serpent, twining round a wooden post, and [tongue-lingam!] reaching quite from the floor of the chamber to the ceiling. / ... a kind of [haw-]grey moss had partially overspread its tarnished [stone/metallic] gilt sur[-]face, and a swallow, or other familiar little bird, in some by-gone [natal-yell] summer, see[---Y-]med to have built its nest in the yawning and [grave/HAW!-]exaggerated mouth. .... / .... / .... / "Mercy on my poor old bones!" mentally exclaimed the doctor, fancying himself fractured in fifty places [ @ post-quint-essential-step-5]. "... and methinks



my heart has leaped out of my mouth! ... Well, Well; but Providence is kinder to me than I deserye, prancing down this [scale-]steep staircase like a kid of three months old!" / .... / He bent stiffly to gather up his s[:]lip[-]pers and fallen staff [--himself (oro/tissue) 'Wrapt in this odorous and many-colored robe!'] .... / .... / .... In this merry humor, they sat down to the table, great-grandpapa and Pansie side by side, and the kitten, as soon appeared, making a third in the party. .... on the gentleman's shoulder, purring like a [yaNkH:key!-serpentine] spinning wheel, trying her claws in the wadding of his dressing-gown, and still more impressively reminding him of her presence by putting out a [haw!-]paw to intercept a warmed-over morsel of yesterday's [yel!-]chicken on its way to the doctor's mouth. After skilfully achieving this feat, she scrambled down upon the break[-]fast[:face] table and began to wash her face and hands. .... / .... / .... / ... Posie [=Pansie] noticed it, and sometimes, in her playful, roguish way, climbed into his lap and put both her little palms [yulyi!-]over them; telling Grandfather that he had stolen somebody's eyes, and that she liked his old [former-life] ones best. The poor old Doctor did his best to smile through his eyes, and so reconcile Posie to their brightness; but still ... he was fain always to put on a pair of green spectacles when he was going to have a romp with Posie, or took her upon his knee. ... as if he held a light that was [glan(d)s-]gleaming on her eye-balls .... / .... / .... [/ &:] .... the Colonel's eye was seeking the bottle for another draught [of the (Y!) cor(e-)dial ... by long inheritance in ... (the) family'--in 'a certain ancient-looking bottle, which was cased over with a network of what see[--Y-]med to be woven silver, imitating the wicker-woven bottles of our days'--"For Heayen's sake, no," cried the old man. "The dose is a single drop!--one drop, Colonel, one drop!"]]. The apothecary thought that he intended a revengeful onslaught on himself. Then, finally, he gave a loud, unearthly screech, in the midst of which his voice broke as if some unseen [signature-]hand were throttling him, ... and fell forward with a dead thump on the floor. / .... / .... / There was no answer; not even a groan. The feeble old man with difficulty turned over the heavy frame .... ...; ... he fancied, ... it was a young man's face that he saw, a face will all the passionate [Haw'] energy of early manhood, the capacity for rage ... ; rammed to the brim with vigor, till it became agony[:knee]. But the next moment, if it were so (which it could not have been) the face grew ashen, withered, shrunken, more aged than in life, though still the murderous fierceness remained, and seemed to be petrified forever upon it. / After a moment's bewilderment Dorsey [=Dolliver, as D-or-See] ran to the window looking to the street, threw it open and called loudly for assistance .... / Yet it is to be ob[-]served, that he had accounted for the death with a singular dexterity of expression, when he attributed it to a [he/odor de l'] dose of distilled spirits. What kind of distilled spirits were those [=k/W/z(=?)], Doctor, and will you venture to take any more of them? [--XIII:451,455(w.454),456,484,495-6(w.480,482,494),497.]

(Please observe, that the literary unfolding of the third petition, the hawthornesque of DART-STICK[S], ends here.)

B.4. A Literary Unfolding of the Fourth Petition:

The Hawthornesque of SIP-SQUISH.

The literary unfolding of the fourth petition draws from twenty-one works by Hawthorne--eighteen tales, one novel (Fanshawe), and two unfinished works (Septimius Norton and Septimius Felton). The tally of titles (4.a)--a figure-rhymed fifth-stave of the total of one hundred and three titles--functions as proportionate, investigative classification of texts which are sufficiently name-ritualized to admit of study at step though other classification is possible, serves to foreground the consonant-figure as a movement from word-initial alliterative (t)<sub>s</sub><sup>v</sup> to word-medial singular (d)<sub>z</sub><sup>v</sup>, and provides (parenthetically) step-relevant, figure-reinforcing memos on the persistence of the idea of name in the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the idea of name chiefly as American sociolinguual memorial, as grave-dark graphologic attribute of professional identity, and as lexical riddle capable of attaining long-anecdote, national-yarn dimensions. The four-fold sampling (4.b-e) of twenty representative long passages from nine of the twenty-one works tallied (thirteen passages from six tales, four passages from novel, and three passages from unfinished works) serves to give extension to the idea of nominal riddle as long-anecdote, as text in which etymologic and privi-symbolic (speech-serpent) values of name fragments, extending themselves most recognizably by means of the consonant joints of

discourse, serve to give pattern to a ground-up! process of reference to the organs of speech (esp. in 4.b--a point-mark of organ-song), to a wood-cleave! process of reference to phallic interaction in agent dialogue (esp. in 4.c--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant), to a (sow)box-~~f~~ound! process of reference to a hawk-g~~l~~an(d)s!-~~l~~ong-anchored~~d~~ haw in scenarios of climax and catastrophe (esp. in 4.d--a skullcap of world-hymn), and to a touch-stone! process of reference to relics of tongue-memory in tracts of apologia upon implicit in-composition rebirth (esp. in 4.e--a spine trail of necro-elegy). Petitionally sub-tagged as "ivorsigh" (cf. the enigmatic motive of recessed-tongue-tip-address, over breath-excited space, to teeth-rayed bourne), as "countersqueeze" (cf. the empathic motive of lip-submissive upsurge of sub-rosa heart-wrenching breath), as "chrismw'r'l'edgeglance" (cf. the critical motive of eye-caught King-Incarnative sun/sauce-content), and as "surlilink" (cf. the anthem of self-understood submission to points-real of [t]horny existence)--the four-fold sampling of twenty representative long passages (five passages per sub-tag) unfolds the self-conscious, mouth-conscious epic self-utterance of the name "Nathaniel Hawthorne," as Hebraic-Anglic identity forever superficially pshaw! lost to society, yet hush-centrally forever in self-possessed communion-(Y)union with its higher cultural memory--and perhaps most characteristically so self-possessed in literary referential retreat to the sea-shore, to the life of the ivory tower, at sal(i)vational water's edge. The necessity of high retreat to the (tusk)ivory tower specifically motivates--and the winning of singular social attention that royally stint-nurtures specifically answers to--

the fourth petition. The hawthornesque of the Christo-singular winning of the ironic cultural desert (--') unfolds as follows. (Note that the talley of titles [4.a] includes a 00-entry supportive of petition structure.)

4.a. SIP-SQUISH:  $\underline{\overset{v}{s}}/\underline{s}:\underline{z}/\underline{\overset{v}{z}} > \underline{h}/\underline{y}:\underline{k}'\underline{w}$ --a fifth-stave of titles [21/103])

[ $\underline{\overset{v}{s}}$ -01] "Chippings with a Chisel"

("On some there were merely the initials of a name; some were inscribed with misspelt prose or rhyme, in deep letters, which the moss and wintry rain of many years had not been able to obliterate."; "My acquaintance, the sculptor --he may share the title ... --he found a ready market for all his blank slabs of marble, and full occupation in lettering and ornamenting them."; "Providence had sent this old [yel] man into the world, ... with a chisel in his hand[,] ... to label the dead bodies, lest their names should be forgotten at the resurrection. Yet he had not failed, within a narrow scope [cf. name syncope], to gather a few springs of earthly, and more than earthly, wisdom, --the harvest of many a grave."; "he ... used to set to work upon one sorrowful inscription or another with that sort of spirit which impels a man to sing at his labor. ... an invariable attraction for 'man that is born of [maw-]woman' .... The quaintness of his remarks, and their not infrequent

truth--a truth [s:H-  
]condensed and [thorn-  
]pointed by the limited  
sphere of his [=my?] view--  
gave a raciness to our talk,  
which mere worldliness and  
general cultivation would  
at once have destroyed."--  
IX:407,408,408,409,409)

[s-02] "Fancy's Show Box: A  
Morality"

("A stain upon the soul.  
And it is a point of vast  
interest ..."; "... it is  
a record merely of sinful  
thought, which never was  
embodied in an act; but  
while Memory is reading,  
Conscience unvei[-Y-]ls her  
face, and strikes a dagger  
to the [s:h'w-]heart of  
Mr. Smith. Though not a  
death-blow, the torture was  
[tongue-]lex[-S-]tre[-Y-]me.";  
"no semblance of an  
unspotted life can entitle  
him to entrance there ['at  
the gate of (S-near)  
Heaven']"--IX:220,220,223,  
226)

[s-03] "Foot-prints on the  
Sea-shore"

("But, after all, the most  
fascinating employment is  
simply to write your name  
in the sand. Draw the  
letters gigantic, so that  
two strides may barely  
measure them, and three for  
the long strokes! Cut deep,  
that the record may be  
permanent! Statesmen, and  
warriors, and poets, have  
spent their strength in no  
better cause than this.  
Is it accomplished?  
Return, then, in an hour  
or two, and seek for this  
mighty record of a name.  
The sea will have swept  
over it, even as time rolls  
its ef[-]facing waves over

the names of statesmen, and warriors, and poets. Hark, the surf-wave laughs at you!"; "I scramble hastily over the rocks and take refuge in a nook which many a secret hour has given me a right to call my own. I would do [wood-]battle for it even if the churl[:r+] = 'any meditative st(-)roller like myself' should produce the title-deeds. Have not my musings melted into its rocky walls and s[-]and[-]y floor, and made it a[n oral-regenerative] portion of myself?"--IX:451,455,458)

[s-04] "Fanshawe[:] A Tale:

["'Wilt thou go on with me?'  
--S[-]OUT[-]HEEY." (Title  
Page)

"Our court shall be a  
little academy. /  
S[-]HAK[-]SP[-]EAR[-]E"  
([I])

"A naughty night to swim  
in. 7 SH[-]AK[E-]SPEAR  
-][ ]"; "About her neck  
a packet-mail 7 Fraught  
with ad[!]v[-]ice ..., / Of  
men that walked when they  
were dead. 7 HUD[-]IV-  
BRAS" (V ; VI)

"At length, he cries,  
behold the fated spring! /  
Yon ruged cliff conceals  
the fountain blest, 7 Dark  
rocks it's chrystal source  
ouershadwing. / PS[-]Y  
-]CHE" (World-figure mark-  
ings added; IX)

("in a retired [hic!] corner  
of one of the New England  
States, arise the walls  
of a seminary of learning,  
which, for the convenience  
of a name, shall be entitled  
'Harley College.' [=Harlequin  
Coal-ledge-reach-hedge  
(=immortal-name-tagging  
system of chapter mottoes  
[=voice-ivying])"]; "THE  
ASHES OF A HARD[-]JOWLS]  
STUDENT AND A GOOD SCHOLAR[.]  
/ MANY tears [t(h)orn-'lips'  
with family-patches] were  
shed over his grave [the  
grave of 'Fanshawe']"--330/  
331,330/331,333,381,399,443,  
455,333,460[w.440] [see  
A('a'--four)])

"Sitting then in shelter  
 shady / To observe and mark  
 his mone / Suddenly I saw a  
 Lady / Hasting to him all  
 alone, / [§] Clad in maiden-  
 white and green: / [§] Whom  
 I judg'd the Forrest Queen.  
 / THE [HAW-SAW] WOOD-MAN'S  
 BEAR" (World-figure mark-  
 ings added; X) ]

[s-05] "The [S+]Haunted Mind"

("While yet in [s-]suspense  
 [@ step 4], another clock  
 flings its heavy [H'W]  
 clang[-n] over the slumbering  
 town, with so full and  
 dis[-]tinct[-n'kt] a sound,  
 and such a long[-n,n] murmur  
 in the neigh[-y(/g/h)-]boring  
 air, that you are certain it  
 must procee[-y-]d from the  
 stee[-Y-]ple at the nearest  
 [h'k] corner [@ step 1].  
 [Y-]You [c-]count the  
 stro[<sup>^</sup>w-w]ks--[w-]one--  
 two[-w]--and there they  
 cea[-y-]se, with a  
 boo[-W-]ming sou[-W-]nd,  
 like the gathe[-WR-]ring[-N]  
 of a third st[-R]o[WK'-]ke  
 [W-]within[-hiN -N-N] the  
 bell[-EL-L-L]."; "Hitherto  
 you have lain perfectly  
 still, because the slightest  
 motion would dissipate the  
 fragments of your s[-]lumber  
 [s-]lumber--s-gnomon-sound-  
 lumber, constructed in  
 oro-nook of name]. Now,  
 being irrevocably awake,  
 you peep through the half  
 drawn window curtain, and  
 observe that the glass is  
 ornamented with fanciful  
 devices in front work, and  
 that each pane presents  
 something like a frozen  
 dream."--IX:304,304,305.

[s-06] "The [S+]Hall of Fantasy"

["'A few sips [of 'this water'], now and then,' answered he. 'But there are men here who make it their constant beverage-- or, at least, have the credit of doing so. In some instances, it is known to have intoxicating qualities.' / 'Pray let us look at these water-drinkers,' said I. / .... / .... As I [lingam/ lang'-]lingered near them [the 'few' who 'held higher converse, which caused their calm and melancholy souls to beam moonlight from their eyes'] --for I felt an inward [in word] attraction towards these men, as if the [s-]sympathy of feeling, if not of genius, had united me to their order--my friend mentioned several of their names. The world has likewise heard those names; with some it has been familiar for years; and others are daily making their way deeper into the universal [shall haw! on] heart [e.g., Shelly (?)]" --X:172,174-5)

[s-07] "Sunday at Home"

("For my own part, whether I see it scatter[-r]ed down among tangled woods, or beaming broad across the fields, or hemmed in between brick buildings, or tracing out the figure of the casement on my chamber floor, still I recognize the Sabbath sunshine. [Shalom alekhem!]-And ever let me recognize it! Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of



great truths."; "The  
 bustle of the rising  
 congregation reaches my  
 ears. They are standing up  
 to pray. Could I bring my  
 heart into [Y:]uni[:]son ....  
 'Lord, look down upon me in  
 mercy!' / Hark! the hymn.  
 .... At this distance, it  
 thrills through my [tree-  
 ]frame .... / ... a  
 few hours have passed, and  
 behold me still behind my  
 curtain .... ... my  
 [S-dial] chamber is [H-ark]  
 darkened as with a cloud  
 [i.e., by 'the (tongue-  
 )steeple ... its shadow  
 straight across the  
 street'; in which 'the  
 bell turns overhead' but  
 now 'holds its iron tongue,'  
 so that 'the murmur of the  
 (signatural-)congregation  
 dies away']"--IX:19,20-1,  
 23-4[w.22])

[s-08] "Sights from a Steeple"

("So! I have climbed high,  
 and my reward [=+'s] is  
 small. Here I stand, with  
 wearied knees [=...ni...  
 ...w...n(-)e], earth indeed,  
 at a dizzy depth below, but  
 heaven, far, far beyond me  
 still. O that I could soar  
 up to the very [thorn-  
 ]zenith, where man never  
 breathed, nor [haw(k)!-  
 ]eagle ever flew, and where  
 the ethereal azure melts  
 away from the eye, and  
 appears only a deepened  
 shade of [haw-blue/gray]  
 nothingness!"; "with the  
 blue lightning wrinkling  
 on my brow, and the thunder  
 muttering its first awful  
 syllables [DA-DA-DA (?)  
 =Theo-dore de l'Au...] in  
 my ear [...pin(na)...]. I

will descend. [= @ step 3.]  
 Yet let me give another  
 [glan(d)s-]glance to the  
 sea[:S-Y-], where the  
 foam[:M-] [Oberon-]breaks  
 out in[:N] long white lines  
 [of teeth-hedge-white] upon  
 a broad expanse of  
 [signatorial graphemic]  
 blackness, or boils up in  
 far distant [oro-genetic  
 spine-]points, like snowy  
 mountain tops in the eddies  
 of a flood; and let me look  
 once more at the green  
 plains ..."--IX:191,191,  
 198)

[s-09] "Septimius Norton"

["Septimius had gone, as  
 was his custom when he  
 wished to meditate, not  
 po[-W-]r over books,  
 towards sunset, to the  
 summit of that long ridge  
 [cf. teeth-hedge], which  
 rose abruptly behind his  
 dwelling, and stretched  
 East and West [cf. arc of  
 s-mile] along the roadside,  
 affording wide and far  
 views of some of that level  
 meadowland [cf. nasal-  
 continuant as signatural  
 ground-process (@ step 1)]  
 which was a great feature  
 of his native neighborhood  
 below; a town intersected  
 by a sluggish river [cf.  
 voice as virile-force]  
 ...."; "... Septimius, and  
 all his race--though he  
 counted excellent persons  
 among them, were liable to  
 strange vagaries of the  
 intellect and character;  
 principally owing, no  
 doubt, to a wild genealogy,  
 that had infused different  
 strains of powerful blood  
 [incl. native-American

serpent] into their race  
 ...."--XIII:195,195,196  
 [see A('e'--four))]

[s-10] "Septimius Felton

("Do you find fault with Providence, Septimius?' asked Rose, a feeling of solemnity coming over her cheerful and buoyant [boy-signature-genetic] nature; then she burst out [t(h)or(n)e open] laughing --'How grave he looks, Robert [Rho/Roe-birth]; --as if he had lived two or three [signature-step] lives already, and so knew all about the worth of it. But I think it was worth while to be born, if only for the sake of one such pleasant (step-5-felt) spring morning as this; and God give us many, and better things when these are past.' / 'We hope so,' said Septimius, who was again looking on the ground. 'But who knows? / .... / 'Rose and you have just as good means of ascertaining these points as I,' said Septimius. '.... If life were [spine-]long enough to enable us to thoroughly sift these matters, then indeed!--But it is so [prick-]short!' / 'Always the same complaint,' said R[ho/oe] [b[ir]t[h]. 'S[i]p[-]timid-i]us, how long do you want to live?' / 'Forever,' said Septimius."-- XIII:3,7-8, [see A('e'--five))]

[s-11] "Snow-flakes"

("My hour of inspiration --if that hour ever comes --is when the green log

[cf. signature-logo]  
 hisses upon the hearth  
 [haw-fire!], and the  
 bright flame, brighter for  
 the gloom of the [(s)crypt-  
 tal] chamber, [leaf-  
 ]rustles high up the  
 [nose-like] chimney, and  
 the coals drop tinkling  
 down among the growing  
 [harvest-]heaps of ashes.  
 When the casement [serpent-  
 ]rattles in the gust, and  
 the snow-flakes or the  
 sleety rain-drops pelt hard  
 against the window-panes,  
 then I spread out my sheet  
 of [white] paper, with the  
 certainty that thoughts and  
 fancies will gleam forth  
 upon it, like stars at  
 twilight [r/l], or like  
 violets in May--perhaps to  
 fade as soon. ....  
 Blessed ..., and reverently  
 [Rev.-Ashley-Allen-Royce-  
 ]welcomed by me, her  
 true-born son, be New-  
 England's winter, which  
 makes us, one and all, the  
 nurselings of the storm  
 [=the Revolutionary,  
 American heritage], and  
 sings a familiar lullaby  
 even in the wildest shriek  
 of the December blast. /  
 Now look we forth again,  
 and see how much of his  
 task the storm-spirit has  
 done. / .... The leafless  
 rose bushes stand shivering  
 ..., looking ... as  
 disconsolate as if they  
 possessed a human conscious-  
 ness of the dreary scene."  
 --IX:343,344-5)

[s-12] "David Swan: A Fantasyu"

["... they had no[t even]  
 once imagined that the  
 recording angel had

written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, .... / .... Now, he stirred--now, moved his lips without a sound--now, talked, an inward tone, to the noon-day spectres of his dream [=s'w'n'z]. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's s[-]lumber--and there was the stage coach [=full haw]. He started up, with all his ideas about him. / 'Halloo, driver! [-ll-d'r-yv-wr! =Rev. de l'Royce, crown-maker.] --Take a passenger?' shouted he. / 'Room on top!' answered the driver [de-ri[-Y-]ver]. / Up mounted [mouthed] Da[y:Y:y]vid, and [lip-]bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a [lip/eye-]parting glance at the fountain of dreamlike [voice-]vicissitude."--IX:183,189)

[s-13] "The Sister Years"

(".... But the Loco Focos--' / 'I do not [l-]like these party nicknames,' inter[-r-]rupted her sister, who see[-ea-Y-]med remark[-K-]ably [thorn-]touchy about some points[-s-s]. 'Perhaps we shall [lip-]part in better humor, if we avoid any pol[e-l]it[!-]ical discussion."--IX:334,336-7)

[s-14] "A Select Party"

("Several other guests now made their appearance, and among them, chattering with

immense volubility, a brisk little gentleman of universal tongue in private society, and not unknown in the public journals, under the title of Monsieur On-Dit [N'Au de Teeth]. The name would [wood-]see[-ea-Y-]m to indicate a Frenchman; but, whatever be his country, he is thoroughly versed in all the [de-  
 †'(v)icious] languages of the day, and can express himself quite so much to the purpose in English as in any other [I<sub>+</sub>] tongue. No sooner were the ceremonies of salutation over, than this talkative little person put his mouth to the host's ear, and whispered three secrets of state, ... , ... , ...."; "But now appeared a stranger, whom the host had no sooner recognized, than, with an abundance of courtesy unlavished on any other, he hastened down the whole [H-to-S] length of the saloon, in order to pay him emphatic honor. Yet he was a young man in poor attire, with no insignia of [R<sub>+</sub>]rank or acknowledged eminence, nor anything to distinguish him among the crowd except a high, white [H/Y'W] forehead, beneath which a pair of dee[-Y-]p-set ey[-Y-]es were glowing with a warm light as never [I<sub>+</sub>]illuminates the earth, save when a great [HAW-ART] heart burns as the household fire of a grand intellect. And who was he? Who, but the Master Genius, for whom our country is looking

anxiously into the mist of  
 ti[-Y-]me, as destined to  
 fulfil the great mission of  
 creating an American  
 literature, hewing it, as  
 it were, out of the  
 unwrought granite of our  
 intellectual quarries  
 [=K ... 1/r h/y'w ...  
 k'w'r'z]."; "By this time,  
 Monsieur On-Dit [indict-  
 dight] had caught up the  
 stranger's name and destiny,  
 and was busily whispering  
 the intelligence among the  
 other guests. / 'Pshaw!' /  
 said one, 'there can never  
 be an American Genius.' /  
 'Pish!' cried another, 'we  
 have already as good poets  
 as any in the world. For  
 my part, I desire to see  
 no better.' / And the  
 Oldest Inhabitant[=(W)Al(I-  
 )cott(:c't)(?)] ... begged  
 to be excused ...."--X:57,  
 61,65-6,66)

[s-00] "Egotism; or, The Bosom  
 Ser[-R-]pent"

["From the Unpublished  
 'Allegories of the  
 Hear[-R-]t[hor(ne)']"

("R[Rho]oderick lost his  
 self-control and threw  
 himself upon the grass,  
 testifying his agony by  
 intricate writhings  
 ] [wry'h'z] .... Then  
 likewise [lykwyz], was  
 heard that frightful hiss  
 [h-s/z!], which often ran  
 through the sufferer's  
 speech, and crept between  
 the words and syllables  
 [i.e., even as 'Pshaw!'  
 and 'Pish!' (s-14)],  
 without interrupting their  
 succession."--X:268,268,282  
 [see B.l.a(n-19)]

[s-15] "The Christmas Banquet"

["Fr[-R-]om the  
Unpubl[-L-]ished  
'All[-L-]egor[-R-]ies  
of the Hear[-R-]t'"]

("[D]o not conceive so ill,  
either of our caution or  
judgment, as to imagine  
that we have admitted this  
young stranger--Gervayse  
] Hastings [Germ-voice  
Hay(haw!)-stings] by name  
--without a full investi-  
gation and thoughtful  
balance of his claims.  
Trust me, not a guest at  
the table ['for ten of  
the most miserable people  
that could be found'] is  
better entitled to his  
seat [--and sign-press  
( 'cypress' ) 'wreath' ]";  
".... [H]ow can you claim  
to be the sole unfortunate  
of the human race?' /  
'You will not understand  
it,' replied Gervayse  
Hastings, feebly, and with  
a singular inefficiency of  
pronunciation, and  
sometimes putting one word  
for another. 'None have  
understood it--not even  
those who experience the  
like. It is a chillness--  
a want of earnestness  
[urn-nest-es]--a feeling  
as if what should be my  
heart were a thing of  
[throat-]vapor--a haunting  
perception of unreality  
[r/l]! .... Neither have  
I myself any real existence,  
but am a shadow [= 'the  
riddle of his ('the  
testator['S'])life'  
'solve[D] by 'Death [of  
his name]' under '(dental-  
palatal) grin of skeleton-  
jaws' and under pneumatic  
directive 'cy(-)press,'  
held in 'skel[-EL-]etal-  
arm(-hand) protruding from  
within the black mantle']  
...."; "'I cannot conceive



[a 'view( ) of a future  
 life'] earnestly [ear-nest-  
 ing] enough ... ...! ...!  
 Ah! ....' / ... the dusty  
 wreath of cypress ...  
 drop[ped] upon the table.  
 The attention of the  
 company being thus diverted,  
 for a single instant [i.e.,  
 by the hew-real reward],  
 .... His shadow had  
 ceased to flicker on the  
 wall."--X:284,290[w.285],  
 304-5[w.287])

[z-16] "Dr. Heidegger's  
Experiment"

("That very sing[-Y-  
 ]ul[+u]r[e] man, old Dr.  
 Heidegger [Hey!-dagger],  
 once invited four venerable  
 friends to meet with him  
 in his study. There were  
 three [Y'H'W] white-  
 bearded gentlemen, ...,  
 and a withered gentlewoman,  
 whose[-Z] name was Widow  
 Wycherly [W-z-herl-].";  
 "Now Dr. Heidegger was a  
 very strange old gentleman,  
 whose [h+]ec[s-]centricity  
 had become the nucleus for  
 a thousand fantastic  
 stories. Some of fables,  
 to my shame be it spoken,  
 might be traced back[-s-k't]  
 to mine own veracious self  
 ... the stigma [nominal  
 oro-gynoecium] of a  
 fiction-monger."; "'Ahem!  
 said Colonel Killigrew  
 [kilo-lengthening], 'and  
 what may be the effect of  
 this fl[-]w[u-]id  
 ['(I-Y) see(-SY) in  
 the(:he/y) vace(d ['ro(:  
 rho-) ... cut-glass(!)'-  
 ]VOICE)] on the human  
 frame?' ['On the summer  
 afternoon of our ta(-Y-)le,  
 a small round (-yel Haw!-) table,  
 as black as ebony,

stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful(:ful form:) form and elaborate workmanship.']"--IX:227, 227,229-30,231[w.229])

[z-17] "The Lily's Quest: An Apologue"

("So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forr[-o'f-]ester and Lili<sup>s</sup> Faye set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to [S-]possess together, seeking a proper site for their Temple of Happiness. They were themselves a fair and happy [masque-]spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although, making poetry of the pretty name of Lili<sup>s</sup>[-s], Adam For[-o'f-]rester was wont to call her[:er] LILY [='] ...<sup>ine</sup> w/o S-power], because her form was so fragile and her cheek almost as pale."; "The old [YEL] man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his s[-s]a[y-a]ble cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre [Y'H'W] hat overshadowing his brows."; "'And so,' said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange s[:S-]mile in which his insanity was wont to [glan(d)s-]gleam forth, 'you have found no better foundation for your happiness, than on a G[-HAW:SAW-]rave! [@ step 2.] / .... / "Joy! Joy!' he ['Adam()'] cried, throwing his[:z fork-]arms[:z] towards[:z]

Heaven. / With those  
 words[:z], a ray[:y] of  
 sunshine broke through the  
 dis[:z:]mal sky, and  
 glimmered down into the  
 [voi(y)ce-]sepulchre ; ...  
 the darkest riddle of  
 [be||es lettres] humanity[:  
 ty teeth] was read[=h'r'd].  
 "--IX:442,442,447,449-50)

[z-18] "A Visit to the Clerk of  
the Weather

("The night was not very  
 dark, but sundry [sundering]  
 flakes of snow, that came  
 [serpent-]waving to the  
 ground, served to render the  
 vision in[:]dist['-]inct.  
 .... ... I felt her bony  
 hand en[S:]circling my  
 arm as if it had been in  
 the [(t-)horn] grasp of a  
 [spill:]skel[:EL:|]et[-]on.  
 / 'Unhand me, madam[:maw],  
 or by Heaven--' / 'You  
 have taken his name in  
 vain,' said she, in a  
 hoarse whisper, 'often  
 enough, [h-]and it is  
 evident that you believe[-  
 leave] not in his[:Z]  
 existence. Come with me.  
 Nay [N+Hay!], do [k]not  
 hesitate, or I will weigh  
 your man[-]hood [=foreskin]  
 against the courage  
 [=w-r-ench] of an old  
 [lip-vulv-ate word:womb]  
 woman.' / 'On[-ne:knee],  
 fool!' exclaimed I[-y].  
 / Away scampered the old  
 woman, and I followed--  
 [pneumatically] drawn by  
 an impulse which I could  
 not resist." ; "'.... ...  
 [a] Jack[-]Frost ....  
 ... substitute for a  
 lap-dog.'"--XI:306,306-7,  
 310[see also B.5.a(v-00)])

[z-19] "A Virtuoso's Collection"

("My name has not been without dist[ant-]inc[ation] in the [haw-]world, for a longer period than any other man[nerism] alive.' answered he. 'Yet many doubt of my existence, --perhaps you will do so, to-morrow. .... / .... / 'You are the Wandering Jew!' [YEL-]exclaimed I. / The Virtuoso bowed, without emotion of any kind; for by centuries of custom, he had almost lost the sense of strangeness in his [literary] fate, and was but imperfectly conscious of the astonishment and awe [H:AVE!] with which it affected such as are capable of ['real()'] death [in the 'shadows of a future state']."; "I extended my hand, to which the Virtuoso gave his own .... The touch see[-ea-Y-]med [to split-wood] like ice .... As I[:Y] de[e-yp]parted [in (T)HORN-E(E)L], he made me observe that the inner [oro-dentate] door of the [HAW:]hall was constructed with the ivory leaves [yvwy yvZ] of the gateway through which Aeneas and the Sybil had been dismissed from Hades [=H'Z]."--X:476,495[w. 496],496)

[z-20] "The Vision of the Fountain"

("As people are always taciturn in the dark, not a word was said for some time after my entrance. Nothing broke the stillness but the regular click of the matron's[:Z] [maw:] knitting-needles[:Z]. ....

Would it not be so among  
 the [wood-word-]dead? /  
 The silence was interrupted  
 by the [k] consumptive  
 daughter [w<sup>u</sup>w<sup>u</sup>t<sup>u</sup>r] addressing  
 a re[-]mark to some one in  
 the circle ... Ra[-]chel  
 [ewe( ray-shall!)] . ....  
 / (S!) Suddenly, the dry  
 pine [-do(o)<sub>r</sub>- de l'<sub>r</sub>...  
 pi(Y)ne] c[k<sup>u</sup>HAW]ght;  
 the fi[:YWR:]re bla[:YZ:]zed  
 up [along the hard palate  
 to lips]; and where the  
 darkness had been, there  
 was she--the Vis[:Z:]ion  
 of the Fou[:WN:]ntain!  
 .... She knew me! ....  
 ... our glance[-glan(d)s]  
 mingled ... --and darkness  
 snatched away that Daughter  
 of the [L:]Light ...! /  
 .... ... I [had] trans-  
 formed her to an an[:N:]gel,  
 ... what every youthful  
 lover does for his  
 mistress [--or 'a great  
 (haw!-)frog' with '(ink-  
 )speckled snout .... ...  
 an en(-)chant(-)er, who  
 kept the mysterious beauty  
 (name-)imprisoned in the  
 (s/z-voice-)fountain']"--  
 IX:213,215[w.218])

[z-21] "Sylph E[-]therege

("Do you know, Edward  
 [add-word] Hamilton,--  
 since so you choose to be  
 named,--do you know,' said  
 the lady beside him, 'that  
 I have almost a mind to  
 break the spell at once?  
 What if the lesson should  
 prove too severe! ....  
 And besides, are you [k]not  
 [rune-]ruining your own  
 chance, by putting forth  
 such a rival?' / 'But  
 will he not [v-]vanish  
 into thin air, at my

bidding?' re[-]j[-D'Z'W-  
 ]joined Ed[-W-]ward  
 [H-]Hamilton[-n]. 'Let  
 the charm [V'HAW!-]work!''";  
 "Vaughan was already  
 attentively observing his  
 mistress, who sat in a  
 shadowy and moonlighted  
 [oro-]recess of the  
 [nominal] room, with her  
 dreamy eyes fixed stead-  
 fastly on his own. The  
 bough of a tree was waving  
 before the window [W-Z-W-  
 YV-N-W-R-W-N-W], and  
 sometimes enveloped her in  
 the gloom [g-LWW:M] of its  
 shadow, into which she  
 seemed to [fang-V-]vanish.";  
 "... cried he, with a  
 strang[-ND'Z] smile of  
 mockery and anguish. 'Can  
 our sweet Sylph[-lip-F:  
 'Sylvia'] be going to  
 [step-5 H-]Heaven[-V-N], to  
 see[yK-]k the [Jesus-  
 ]original [wrdzn] of the  
 [spell] miniature?'--XI:  
 111,111,118-19,119)

4.b. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w$ --a point-mark of organ-song  
 [1+4/21@five])

[4.b. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w$ --ivorsigh one. ( $\check{s}$ -03)  
 'Foot-prints on the Sea-shore':] It must be a spirit much unlike my  
 own, which can keep itself in health and vigor without sometimes  
 stealing from the sultry sunshine of the world, to plunge into the  
 cool bath of solitude. .... Along the whole of this extensive  
 beach gambols the surf-wave; now it makes a feint of dashing onward  
 in a fury, it dies away with a meek murmur, and does but kiss the  
 strand; now, after many abortive efforts, it rears itself up in an  
 unbroken line [cf. hedge of teeth (upper)], heightening as it  
 advances, without a speck of foam on its green crest. With how  
 fierce a roar it flings forward [cf. h-to-h's/s voice-in-mouth], and  
 rushes far up the beach! / As I threw my eyes along the edge of  
 the surf, I remember that I was startled, as Robinson Crusoe might  
 have been, by the sense that human life was within the magic circle  
 of my solitude [cf. sense of sounding s/s at curved frontal ridges

of own mouth]. Afar off in the remote distance of the beach, appearing like sea-nymphs, or some airier things, such as might tread upon the feathery spray, was a group of girls [cf. teeth-aggregate (turning g!-hard)]. Hard[-]ly had I beheld them, when they passed into the shadow of the rocks and vanished. To comfort myself--for truly I would have fain [glan(d)s-]gazed a while longer--I made my acquaintance with a flock of beach-birds. These little citizens of the sea and air preceeded me [at front] by about a stone's-throw along the strand, seeking, I suppose, for food upon its margin [cf. aspect of nutrition, cf. aspect of meaning-gathering]. The sea was each little bird's great playmate [cf. each tooth, and ear-monitored press-of-voice]. They chased it downward as it swept back, and again ran swiftly before the impending wave, which sometimes overtook them and bore them off their feet. But they floated as lightly as one of their own feathers on the breaking crest. Their images,--long-legged little figures, with grey backs and snowy bosoms,--were seen as distinctly as the realities in the mirror of the glistening strand. As I advanced, they flew a score or two of yards, and, again alighting, recommenced their dalliance with the surf-wave; and thus they bore me company along the beach, the [tooth-]types of pleasant fantasies, till at its extremity, they took wing over the ocean, and were [w-lip!] gone. After forming a friendship with these small surf-spirits, it is really worth a sigh, to find no memorial of them save their multitudinous little tracks [dents] in the sand. / .... Our, tracks, being all discernible, will guide us with an observing consciousness through every unconscious wandering of thought and fancy. Here we followed the surf in its reflux, to pick up a shell which the sea see[---]med loth to relinquish. Here we found a sea-weed, with an immense brown leaf [cf. lip], and trailed it behind us by its long snake-like stalk [cf. tongue]. Here we seized a live horse-shoe by the tail [cf. jaw], and counted the many claws of that queer monster. Here[:hear] we wet our feet while examining a jelly-fish, which the waves, having just tossed it up, now sought to snatch away again [cf. voice as thickened rheum from throat, as saliya-squish]. Here we trod along the brink of a fresh-water brooklet, which flows across the beach, becoming shallower and more shallow, till at last it sinks into the sand, and perishes in the effort to bear its little tribute to the main. Here some vagary appear to have bewildered us; for our tracks go round and round, and are confusedly intermingled, as if we had found a labyrinth upon the level beach [cf. labia]. Thus, by tracking our [s/s-]foot-prints in the sand, we track our own nature in its wayward [extra-signature] course, and steal a [glan(d)s-]glance upon it, when it never dreams of being so observed. Such glances always make us wiser. 7 .... [--IX:451,452-4.]

[4.b. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w$ --ivorsigh two. ( $\check{s}$ -03) 'Foot-prints on the Sea-shore':] .... / Many interesting dis[-]coveries may be made among these broken cliffs [cf. jaws with teeth/ridges]. Once, for example, I found a dead seal, which a

recent tempest had tossed into a nook of the rocks, where his shabby carcass lay [yel:haw!horn!] rolled up in a heap of eel-grass [a la Ashley All:en Ro:voyce], as if the sea-monster sought to hide himself from my [natal:]eye. Another time, a shark seemed on the [thorn:]point of leaping from the surf to swallow me; nor did I, wholly without dread, approach near enough to ascertain that the man-eater had already met his own death from some fisherman in the bay [cf. lip-embowed locus]. In the same ramble, I en[-]countered[-hedged]--a large grey bird--but whether a loon, or a wild goose [flights of haw!haw!], or the identical albatross of the Ancient Mariner [@ coal+ridge], was beyond my ornithology to decide. It reposed so naturally on a bed of [page:]dry sea-weed, with its head[:H] beside its [W:]wing[:n], that I almost fancied it alive, and trod softly lest it should suddenly spread its wings skyward[-SKY:Word]. But the sea-bird would soar among the clouds no more, nor ride upon its native waves [N/W]; so I drew near, and pulled out one of its mottled [yel:]tail-feathers for a remembrance. Another day I dis[-]cove[-]red an immense bone, wedged into a chasm of the rocks [cf. throat]; it was at least ten feet long [cf. mytho-lingam], curved like a scimitar, bejewelled with barnacles [cf. taste-buds of tongue] and small shell-fish, and partly covered with a growth of sea[:see--]-weed. Some leviathan of former ages had used this ponderous mass as a jaw-bone. Curiosities of a minuter order may be observed in a deep reservoir [MAW:WELL], which is replenished with water at every tide, but becomes a lake among the crags, save when the sea[--] is at its [H:]height. At the [throat:]bottom of this rocky basin grow marine plants, some of which tower high beneath the water, and cast a shadow in the sunshine. [Cf. posited master-symbol: serpent-w.-rhythmically-branching mouth.] Small fishes dart to and fro, and hide themselves among the sea-weed; there is a solitary crab, who appears to lead the life of a hermit, communing with none of the other denizens of the place; and likewise several five-fingers [cf. han(d)+yel:tongue+teeth:(t)thorns]--for I know no other [N+H/knuckle-head:]name than that which children give them. If your imagination be at all accustomed to such freaks, you may look down into the [skull:]depths of this pool, and fancy it the mysterious depth of ocean. But where are the hulks and scattered timbers [incl. hawses] of sunken ships?--where the treasures that old Ocean hoards [r-tongue-ark-rho-fold]?--where the corroded cannon?--where the corpses and skeletons of sea[--]men, who went down in storm and battle [orgiastic/orgasmic]? / On the day of my last ramble, (it was a September day, yet as warm as summer,) what should I be[-]hold but three girls sitting on its margin, and--yes, it is veritably so--laving their snowy feet in the sunny water! These, these are the [white-gristle-]warm realities of those visionary shapes that flitted before me on the beach. Hark their merry voices, as they toss up the [near-seminal/salivary] water with their feet! They have not see[--]n me. I must [lingua/lingally] shrink[-ink] behind this [ankh-throat-]rock, and stea[--]l away again. / In honest truth, vowed to solitude as I am, there is



something in the en[-]counter that makes the heart flutter with a strangely pleasant [valve-vulvi-]sensation. I know these girls to be realities of flesh and blood, yet [glans-]glancing at them so briefly, they mingle like kindred creatures with the ideal beings of my mind. It is pleasant, likewise, to [glans-]gaze down from some [s/s'-]high crag, and watch a group of [re-created] children, gathering [seminal relics, or] pebbles and pearly [h:ear!] shells, and playing with the [froth:]surf, as with old [HAW!-]Ocean's [blossom-]hoary beard. Nor does it [hedge:]infringe upon my seclusion, to see yonder [buoyant-]boat at anchor off the shore, [lingam-lingually:serpentinely-]swinging dreamily to and fro, and rising and sinking[-ink:KING!] with the alternate s[-]well; while the [CANINE-]crew--four gentlemen in [LIP/LAP-]round-about jackets--are busy with their [seminal-meaning-]fishing-lines. But [+:And/end] with an in[-]ward antipathy and a headlong flight, do I eschew the presence of any meditative stroller like myself, known by his pilgrim staff .... ... scramble hastily over the [near-testicular-]rocks and take refuge in a [maw:]nook which many a secret hour has given me the right to call my own. .... ... my musings melted into its rocky walls and s[-s-h:]andy floor, ... a portion of myself[.] [--IX:456-8.]

[4.b. SIP-SQUISH:  $\overset{v}{s}/s:z/\overset{v}{z} > h/v:k'w$ --ivorsigh three & four. (s-03) 'Foot-prints on the Sea-shore!:]. .... / It is a recess in the line of cliffs [cf. oral ridges], walled round by a rough high precipice [cf. lip-ward track of tongue (moving out-and-up)], which almost encircles and shuts in a little space of [s!-formed] s[!]and[-words]. In front, the sea[:see] appears as between the pillars of a portal. In the rear [to-ward throat], the precipice is broken and intermixed with earth, which gives nourishment not only to clinging and twining [voice-substantiate!] shrubs, but to [lingual/phallic] trees, that gripe the [HAW:K!-]rock with their naked roots, and seem to struggle hard [i.e., against hard-palate] for footing and for soil enough to live upon. These are fir trees; but oaks hang their heavy branches from above, and throw down [glans:]acorns on the beach, and shed their [roe-frosted-]withering foliage upon the waves. At this autumnal season, the precipice [cf. lingual-prepuce (=lips)] is decked with variegated splendor; trailing wreaths [rings] of scarlet flaunt from the summit down[-]ward[:word]; tufts of [urinal:yel!-]yellow-flowering shrubs and rose bushes, with their reddened leaves and [glan(d)s-]glossy seed-berries [cf. scarlet haws], sprout from each crevice; at every [glan(d)s-]glance, I detect some new light or shade of beauty, all contrasting with the stern, grey [Nathaniel-He-brewing(+)-Haw-blue-matri/patriarchal] rock. A rill of water trickles down the cliff and fills a little cistern near the base [cf. urinal]. I drain it at a draught, and find it fresh and pure. This recess [at y:throat] shall be my dining-hall. And what the feast? A few [near-scrotal] biscuits, made [tongue-tip-to-palate-]savory by soaking them in sea-water, a [near-hirsute] tuft of samphire gathered from the beach, and an apple [cf. haw-berry,

thorn-apple, tree-glans], for the dessert. By this time, the little rill has filled its [bladder-like] reservoir again; and, as I quaff it, I thank [yEL:]God more [Haw:] heartily than for a civic banquet [=lips-at-table-(h/l)edge], that He gives me a healthful appetite to make a feast of bread and water [and of ordinary experience, via ex/implicit glandular-correspondential reconstitution of language (as thought and speech)]. / [ &:] Dinner being over, I throw myself at [serpent-]length upon the sand, and [lizard-]basking in the [divine] sunshine, let my mind disport itself at will. The walls of this my [oral-conceptual] hermitage have no tongue to tell my follies, though I sometimes fancy that they have ears to hear [echo-test] them, and a soul [formal essence] to sympathize. There is [poetic]magic in this spot. Dreams haunt its precincts, and [suggestively] flit around me in broad sunlight, nor require that sleep shall blindfold me [and mouth-ree]-unfold me] to real objects, ere these be visible. Here can I [wood-jaw-]frame a story of two lovers, and make their shadows live[:leave] before me, and be mirrored in the tranquil [W:]water, as they tread along the s[:and-s:and-s:]and, leaving no foot-prints. Here[:hear!] should I will it, I can summon up a single shade, and be myself her [fork-]lover. Yes, dreamer,--but your lonely [haw:]heart will be the colder for such fancies. Sometimes, too, the Past comes back, and finds me [rooted] here, and in her train come faces which were [glan(d)s-]gladsome, when I knew them, yet seem not gladsome now. [Wood:]Would that my hiding place were lonelier[=L-longer], so that the Past [with p-s-s lips] might not find me! Get ye all gone, old friends, and let me listen to the [mother:maw-]murmur of the [vulviform-filled-]sea[--],--a melancholy [coal-black] voice, but less sad than yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken ships[:hips], and where[-]abouts they lie[-to-hedge]? Of [Y:]islands afar and un[-]dis[-]covered, whose taw[-]ny children are unconscious of other islands and of continents[=forms of continence], and dee[--]m the stars of heaven their nearest neighbours[=na(y)-yels]? Nothing of all this. What then? Has it talked for so many ages, and meant nothing all the while? [Cf. s/s as meaningless noise--inceptive of attention.] No; for those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging voice, and warn the list[-]ener to withdraw his interest from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of eternity[:y-y-Y:YHWH] pervade his [S:seize!-]soul [and sense of signature-self]. This is [serpentine:w:]wisdom; and, therefore, will I spend the next half-hour in shaping little boats of drift-wood[:wayward-words], and launching them on voyages across the cove [haw:open:ove], with the feather of a sea-gull for a sail [for seminal:semantic face:direction-taking]. If the voice of ages [yel:]tell me true, this is as wise an oc[-]cup[-vo:ov]ation as to build ships of five hundred tons, and launch them forth upon the main [i.e., in praise of God], bound to 'far Cathay.' Yet, how [wood:]would the merchant [=practical poetic-Hg-self] [dragon:]sneer at me! / And, after all, can such philosophy be true? Methinks I could find a thousand arguments against it. Well, then, let yonder

shaggy rock, [Hg-]mid-deep in the surf-see! he is somewhat wrathful, --he rages and roars and foams--let that tall rock be my antagonist, and let me exercise my [home:maw-]oratory like him of Athens [Demosthenes-with-stones-in-mouth], who bandied words with an angry sea and got the [V:V(o)Y:s-ice-ivy:immortal:name] victory. My maiden speech is a triumphant one; for the gentleman in sea[:see]-weed has nothing to offer in reply, save an immitigable roaring. His voice, indeed, will be [haw!:]heard a long [h'w-]while after mine[-n] is hushed[:s'hut:shut]. Once more I shout[:s'h-ow-t!], and the cliffs[:teeth-ridges] reverberate the sound. Oh, what joy for a [sh:]shy[:y] man to feel himself so solitary, that he may lift his voice[-in-maw] to its highest[:h'zz:saw:HAW!] pitch without hazard of a list[-]ener! But hush!--be silent, my good friend!--whence comes that [hand:haw:MAW!-]stifled [EL-tongue:]laughter? It was musical,--but how should there be such music in my solitude? Looking [glan(d)s-glance-glazing] upwards, I catch a glimpse of three faces, peeping from the summit of the cliff, like angels [ni(+):ne:]between me and their native sky. Ah, fair girls[:virgin-gristle], you may make yourselves merry at my eloquence,--but it was my turn to smile when I [wood:]saw[!] your white[:W(-Y:H:Y-)iDe] feet[-apart] in the pool! Let us [Cross:]keep each other's secrets[:virgin-secretions]. / .... [--IX:458-60.]

[4.b. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{v}/s/z/\check{v} > h/y:k'w$ --ivorsigh five. ( $\check{v}$ -04) 'Fanshawe: A Tale':] .... 7 The guests at the [death-watch] cottage did not attempt to oppose Fanshawe's progress, when they [haw!-]saw him take the path towards the forest, imagining, probably, that he was retiring for the purpose of secret prayer. But the [dying] old woman [with 'his purse in() ... (her) hag's hand'-- 'Widow Butler'--]laughed behind the handkerchief with which she [yel:]veiled her face. / 'Take [haw:]heed to your steps, boy,' she [mother:maw-]muttered; 'for they are leading you whence you will not return. Death, too, for the slayer. Be it so.' 7 Fanshawe, in the meanwhile, contrived to dis[-]cover, and for awhile, to retain, the [n:thorn-tongue-]narrow and [w:hip-lip-]winding path that led to the [R:]river side. But it was originally no more than a track, by which the [vertebrate/mouth-ruminative, k'rattle-]cattle belonging to the cottage went down to their [W:]watering place; and by these four-footed passengers it had long been deserted. The fern bushes, therefore, had grown over it, and in several [Lap:]places, tree[--]s of considerable size had shot up in the midst. .... He nevertheless continued to wander on--pausing often to [L:]listen for the [R:]rush of the [R:]river, and then starting forward, with fresh rapidity, to rid himself of his own thoughts, which became painfully intense, when undisturbed by bodily motion [di:member/utter-udder exercise]. His way was now frequently inter[-R-]rupted by rocks, that thrust their huge gray heads from the ground, compelling him to turn aside .... 7 Thus he went on--his head turned back, and taking little heed to his footsteps--when, perceiving that he trod upon a smooth, [L:]level [R:]rock [SAW:ROLL!], he looked forward,

and found himself almost on the utmost verge of a precipice [cf. lips/prepuce]. / After the throbbing of the heart that followed this [haw:over!] narrow escape had subsided, he stood [glan(d)s-]gazing down where the sun[-]beams slept so pleasantly at the [lingual-]roots of the tall old trees, with whose highest tops he was upon a [fish-like] level. Suddenly, he see[---Y]med to hear voices--one well re[-]member[-r]ed[-add] voice--ascending from beneath; and approaching to the [HAW:OVER!-]edge of the [high-teeth-]cliff, he [haw:wood-]saw at its [throat-]base the two whom he sought. / He saw and [gesturally] interpreted Ellen's look and attitude of entreaty, though the words, with which she sought to [s:tongue-]soften the [deep-]ruthless heart of her guide, became inaudible, ere they reached the height where Fanshawe [ni(H)ne-]stood. He felt that [YHW+H-]Heaven had sent him thither .... / At length, when Ellen ['Lang(-)ton(g)'] fell upon her knees [ankhed-in-soft-palate], he lifted a small fragment of [Christ:Word-F:]rock, and threw it down the cliff. It [f'ck] struck so near the pair, that it immediately drew the attention of both. / When the betrayer--at the instant in which he had almost defied the power of the Omnipotent to bring help to [EL:]Ellen--became aware of Fansh[ow:H!]awe's presence, his hardihood failed him for a time, and his knees [=ni(+)]act[-]ually tot[:]ter[-r]ed beneath him. .... But ..., he prepared to revenge the intrusion by which Fanshawe had a second time interrupted his [opportunistic sexual and financial] designs. / 'By Heaven, I will cast him down at her feet!' he muttered through his closed ['Angler!-]teeth. 'There shall be no form nor likeness of man left in him. Then let him rise up, if he is able, and defend her.' / .... / Fanshawe, as he watched his upward [heaven-contradicting] progress, deemed that every step would be his last .... His [own] spirits rose buoyantly, his limbs seemed to grow firm and strong, and he stood [--manly--] on the [teeth-]edge of the precipice[:prepuce-of-full-face:jaw-confrontation], prepared for the death-struggle which would follow the success of the enemy's attempt. / But that attempt was not successful. When within a few feet of the summit, the adventurer grasped at a [tongue-slim:]twig, too [s!-]slenderly [seedling-]rooted to sustain his weight. It gave way in his hand, and he fell back[-]ward[:word!] down the [near-oral:]precipice. His head struck against the less perpen[-]dic[-]ular part of the rock [=chthonic ball], whence the body rolled [haw:]heavily down to the detached [t(h)orn-]fragment [of rock], of which mention has heretofore been made. With all the passions of [haw!-]hell alive in his heart, he had [face:]met the fate that he intended for F[:]an[kh!]s[:]hawe[!]

7 .... / .... He ['The student'/'Fanshawe'] lifted the motionless form of [Ye:]Ellen in his [hand:]arms, and resting her head against his shoulder, gazed on her cheek of lily paleness, with a joy--a triumph--that rose almost to madness. It contained no mixture of hope, it had no reference to the future--it was the perfect [de l'Aubépin-] bliss of the moment--an insulated [s!-]point of happiness. He bent over her and pressed a kiss--the first, and he knew it would be the last--on her [death's-tooth:]pale lips; then [fruit:]bearing

her to the fountain, he sprinkled its waters profusely over her face, neck, and bosom. She at [lingam-length] opened her eyes, slowly and heavily; but her mind was evidently wandering, till Fanshawe [jaw-with-face-Fang!] spoke. / 'Fear [k+]not, Ellen; you are safe,' he said. / At the sound of his voice, her arm[=-l-bow], which was thrown over his shoulder, involuntarily tightened its em[-]brace, telling him, by that mute motion [body-mirror-of-ark:tongue-R], with how fir[:R:]m a tr[:R:]ust she confided in him. But, as the [ROSE:]fuller sense of her situation returned, she [ROZE:]raised herself to her feet, though still[:stiletto] retaining the support of his arm. It was [signature-singular, that ... she turned away[:a-weigh] her eyes, as if instinct[-s-inc't:nat-]ively, from the spot where the [ANGLE-yelling:anCHOR-]body lay; nor did she inquire of Fanshawe the manner of her [neck-roll-magical] deliverance. / 'Let us be gone from this place,' she said, in faint, low [shrub-]accents, and with an in[-]ward[:word] shudder[:shutter]. 7 .... [-III:448-52(w.453).]

4.c. SIP-SQUISH:  $\overset{v}{s}/s:z/\overset{v}{z} < \underset{v}{h}/y:k'\underset{v}{w}$ --a leaf-fold of breach-counter-chant [2+3/21@five])

[4.c. SIP-SQUISH:  $\overset{v}{s}/s:z/\overset{v}{z} < \underset{v}{h}/y:k'\underset{v}{w}$ --countersqueeze one. ( $\overset{v}{s}$ -04) 'Fanshawe: A Tale':] .... 7 Ellen and her two lovers (for both, though perhaps not equally, deserved that epithet) had met, usual, at the close of a sweet summer day, and were standing by the [P!sY/ankh!] side of the stream [cf. stream of speech], just where it swept into a deep pool [cf. oral/conceptual skull-cavity, under lip-pound]. The current, [rho!-]undermining the bank[=(h)edge/lip-bourne], had formed a re[-]cess, which according to Ed[-]ward[:word] Wal[-l:]cot[:]t[=tongue], afforded at that moment a hiding place to a tr[:R-]out[!] of noble[:(W)L] size[:YHZ]. / 'Now [wood:]would I give the world,' he exclaimed, with great interest [=-self-investment], 'for a [haw:]hook and [yel:]line--a fish spear[:YR], or any [p-]pis[-s-]cator[:WR:]ial[:L] instrument of [D:]death! Look, [YEL:]Ellen, you can see[--Y] the [y'w'y:]waving of his tail[-y] voice-cell[+L] from beneath the [Lip:]bank.' / 'If you had the means of taking him, I should save him from your cruelty, thus,' said Ellen, dropping a [lip:]pebble into the [w:]water, just over the fish. 'There! he has darted down the stream. How many pleasant [oro-]caves and recesses there must be, under these banks, where he may be [haw!-]happy! May there not be happiness in the life of a fish[:S+H(awe!)]!' she added, [lip/face-]turning with a smi[-Y'L-]le to Fanshawe. / 'There may,' he replied[:rep-tiled], 'so long as he lives quietly in the caves and recesses of which you [mouth-]speak. Yes, there may be happiness, though such as few [wood:]would envy; --but then the [haw:pen-]hook and [immortal:signature-]line--' 7 'Which, there is reason to apprehend[:hand:append], will shortly destroy the happiness of our friend the tr[-]out,' inter[:R:]rupted

Ed[-]ward[:word], pointing down the [signature:voice-]stream. There is an [English:maw-]angler on his way towards us, who will intercept him' / 'He seems to care little for the sport, to judge by the pace at which he walks,' said Ellen. / 'But he see[-]s, now that we are observing him, and is willing to prove that he knows something of the art,' replied Edward Walcott. 'I should think[:ink] him [w:]well acquainted[:consonant] with the stream; for, [h:]hastily as he walks, he has tried every pool and ripple, where a fish [meaning-ful word/symbol] usually hides. But that [thor(-)ny-]point will be decided when he reaches yonder old [glans/acorn-]bare oak-tree.' / 'And how is the old tree to decide the question?' inquired Fanshawe. 'It is a species of evidence of which I have never before heard.' / 'The stream has worn a [RHO-YEL!-HAW:]hollow under its roots,' answered Ed[-]ward--'a most delicate [throat-]retreat for a trout. Now, a stranger [wood:]would not discover the spot. .... / .... / .... ... in American streams .... / 'There, Ellen, he has cap[-]tivated your protégé, the trout--or at least one very like him in size,' observed Ed[-]ward. 'It is sing[-]ular[:uvular/ovular],' he added, [glan(d)s-]gazing ear[-]nest[-]ly at the man. / 'Why is it sing[-]ular?' in[:]quired Ellen Langton[:Long-tongue]. 'This person perhaps resides in the nei[-]bor[+e:]hood, and may have fished often in the [voice:]stream.' / 'Do but look at him, Ellen, ...' he replied[:rep-tiled]. 'The [glan(d)s-]glow of many a hotter sun[:son] than ours has darkened his [haw:k(S)!-]brow; and his step and air have something foreign in them. ....' / They walked towards the angler, ac[:]cord[-]ingly .... As the party drew nigh, he raised his head .... / .... / 'You have an angler's eye, Sir,' re[-]joined Ed[-]ward. .... / 'Yes, I have learnt the art, and I love to practise it,' replied[:rep-tiled] the man. 'But will not the young lady try her s[:]kill?!' he continued, casting a [sting!-]bold [high:]eye on Ellen. 'The [lingam:tail-]fish will love to be [limb-]drawn out by such [haw:roe-semina!:]white hands as those.' / .... / .... / .... The young men could at first hear the words that the angler addressed to Ellen. They related to the mode of managing the rod; and she made one or two casts under his direction. At length, how[:haw-]over, as if to offer his assistance, the man advanced close to her side, and see[-]med to speak; but in so low a tone, that the sense of what he uttered[:udder+red] was lost, before it reached the [old-glans-]oak. But its effect upon Ellen was immediate, and very obvious. Her eye flashed, and an in[:]dig[-]nant blush rose high on her cheek, giving to her beauty a haughty brightness, of which the gentleness of her disposition in general deprived it. The next[:annexed] moment, how[:haw-]over, she seemed to re[:]collect herself, and re[:]storing[re-laden-ing] the angling rod to its owner, she turned away, cal[:L-]mly, and app[-R:]roach[-]ed her companions. / 'The evening breeze grows chill, and mine is a dress for a summer day,' she observed. 'Let us walk home[-]ward[:(Christ-)Word].' / .... / Edward Walcott, eluding [face-surface-shallow!] Fanshawe's observation with little difficulty, hastened back to the old oak-tree. .... The

object of his search might indeed have found concealment among the [hirsute-]tufts of alders, or in the forest that was near at hand; but thither it was in vain to pursue him. The angler had apparently set little store by the fruits of his assumed occupation; for the last fish that he had taken lay yet alive on the [lip/hedge: ]bank, gasping for the [s-deeper] element to which Ed[-]ward was sufficiently compassionate to re[-]store him. After watching[:K: ]locking] him as he [glan(d)s-]glided down the stream, making feeble efforts to resist its [K:]cur[:R:]rent, the youth turned away, and [S:]saunter[+red][stream-fork-]slowly [T:]towards the College[:coal+ edge (of G:g-d)]. / .... [---III:354-8.]

[4.c. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} < h/y:k'w$ --countersqueeze two.  
 (v-04) 'Fanshawe: A Tale!:] .... / ... said Edward ...--'Who is this angel, mine host, that has taken up her abode in the Hand and Bottle?' / Hugh cast a quick [glan(d)s-]glance from one to another, before he answered, 'I keep no angels here, gentlemen. ....' / 'And yet Glover has seen a vision in the passage way--a lady with a small white hand.' / .... / .... / 'Heavens! what do I see?' ejaculated Doctor Melmoth [the 'President' of 'Harley (Moth/Mouth) College!], lifting his hands, and starting back from the entrance of the room. The three students pressed forward;--Mrs. Crombie and the servant girl had been drawn to the spot, by the sound of Hugh's voice; and all their wondering eyes were fixed on poor Ellen Langton [=LonG(aNKH!)-ToNgue!]. / The apartment, in the midst of which she stood, was dimly lighted by a solitary candle, at the farther extremity; but Ellen was exposed to the [glan(d)s-]glare of the three lamps, held by Hugh, his wife, and the servant girl. Their combined rays seemed to form a focus exactly at the point[: hook!-aNGLe!] where they reached her; and the beholders, had any been sufficiently calm, might have watched her features, in their agitated workings, and frequent change of expression, as perfectly as by the broad light of day. Terror had at first blanched her as white as a lily, or as a marble statue, which for a moment she resembled, as she stood motionless in the centre of the room. Shame next bore sway; and her blushing countenance, covered by her slender white fingers, might fantastically be compared to a variegated rose, with its alternate stripes of white and [rho-rod!] red. The next instant, a sense of her pure and innocent intentions gave her strength and courage; and her attitude and look had now something of pride and dignity. These, however[:haw-over], in turn gave way; for Ed[-]ward Wal[-]cott pressed forward, and attempted to address her. / 'Ellen, Ellen,' he said in an agitated and quivering whisper;--but what was to follow cannot be known, for his emotion checked his utterance. His tone, and look, however, again overcame Ellen Langton, and she [thorn-]burst into tears. Fanshawe advanced [s/shallow! but h/deep!] and took Edward's arm; 'She has been deceived,' he whispered--'she is innocent. You are unworthy of her if you doubt it.' / 'Why do you interfere, Sir?' demanded Edward, whose passions, thoroughly excited, would willingly have wreaked

themselves on any one. .... / .... / .... / ... the wine see[---]med to set his blood in a flame; and for the time being, he was a perfect madman. / A phrenologist [wood-]would probably have found the organ of destructiveness in strong development, just then, upon Edward's cranium; for he certainly manifested an impulse to break and destroy whatever chanced to be within his reach. He commenced his operations by upsetting the table [cf. lips-over-hard-palate!] and breaking the bottles and glasses. .... ...; ... a massive andiron, with round brazen head, whizzed past ... ['Hugh'], within a hair's breadth of his ear. / .... / 'Let us return his fire, Hugh, .... / The sound of this man's voice produced a most singular effect upon Edward. The moment before, his actions had been those of a raving maniac; but when the words struck his ear, he paused, put his hand to his forehead, see[---]med to re[---]collect [H!] himself, and finally advanced with a firm and steady step. His countenance was dark and angry, but no longer wild. / 'I have found [via-h+YHV'V!] you, villain,' he said to the angler. 'It is you who have done this.' [---III:384,392-3(w.389),395-6.]

[4.c. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s/z/\check{z} < h/y:k'w$ --countersqueeze three. (s-12) 'David Swan: A Fantasy':] We can be but partially acquainted even with events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. .... Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan. / We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. .... After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await [at step 4!] the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring [cf. voice], that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin [fang!] or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons [anatomical-bottoms], tied up in a striped cotton [cock-crow!] hand[-]kerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his [glan(d)s-raise!-]grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of. / While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide [haw!-]awake, and passed to and from, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. .... 7. ....



While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the [h:]awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout [wood:]would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up, all of a sudden. / 'How soundly he sleeps!' whispered the old gentleman. 'From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind.' / And youth, besides, said the lady. 'Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our s[-]lumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness.' / The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way side and the maple shade were a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brood[-]ing over[R-]r him. Perceiving that a stray[:ray] sun[-]beam [glans-]glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to inter[-]cept it. .... / 'Providence seems to have laid him here[:heir!]', whispered she to her husband, 'and to have brought us [haw!-]hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. .... Shall we waken him?' / 'To what purpose?' said the merchant, hesitating. 'We know nothing of the youth's character.' / 'That open countenance!' replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet ear[-]nestly. 'This innocent sleep!' / .... / 'Shall we not waken him?' repeated the lady, persuasively. / 'The coach is ready, Sir,' said the servant behind. / The old couple started, [R:]reddened, and hurried away, mutual[:L:]ly wondering, that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. .... / ... [A] pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace .... / .... / The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. .... / .... / The man with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of [He!brew!] liquor, with a black tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with ... many jests, and ... laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness .... As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn. / He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burthened it. Now, he stirred--now, moved his lips without a sound--now talked, in an inward tone, to the noon-day spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's s[-]lumber--and there was the stage coach. He started up with all his ideas about him. / 'Halloo, driver!==Take a passenger?' shouted he. / '[HAW:REEL!-

[Room on top!' answered the driver. / .... ... a super[-]intending Providence [Pr(:R:)oy(e-)i(-)de(/a)nce(!)], ... regular[ ] enough, in mortal life, to rend[-]er fore[-]sight even part[-]ially available? [=Rev. Ashley Allen Royce--diabolical 'orne-riddler, voice-ri(Y)ver, with power-ice-S at tongue tip, at sub-labial ye:tail/ta:te:top.] [--IX:183-4,185-6,186,188,189.]

[4.c. SIP-SQUISH: s/s:z/z̄ < h/y:k'w--countersqueeze four & five. (z-16) 'Dr. Heidegger's Experiment':] That very singular man, old[-]lingam!] Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose [lips-wrench!-]name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. .... / .... / .... The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massiye [jaw!] silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was [ink-]well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, ... the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said--'Forbear!' / .... / .... Undoing the silver clasps, he [Dr. Heidegger'] opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what [hay!] was once a rose, ... [which] now ... had assumed one brownish hue, and ... see[-]med ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands. / .... / 'See!' answered Dr. Heidegger. / He un[-]cover[+]ed the ['cut-glass' voice:]vase [ ] in the centre of the room', and threw the faded rose into the water [witch:]which it contained. .... The crushed and dried petals stir[:R:]red and, assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like s[-L:]lumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, [glan(d)s-]looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward [HIZ:SERPENTED-WOOD-EL-WORD (self-mis[s]-dosed)] had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown [sub-labial]; for some of its delicate red [W=]leaves [ ]ip[-]curled modestly around its [S-]moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling. / .... / .... Its source ['the "Fountain of Youth"'--'situated in the southern (glans-lower) part of the Floridian penin(-)sula'--] is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this [ach!] wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such [super-quick!-spermal] matters, has sent me what you see in the [voice:]vase.' / 'Ahem! [Hem-haw!]' said Colonel Killi[-]grew ....: 'and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?' / .... / With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. .... / .... / [ &:] .... The Widow Wycherley adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again. / 'Give us more of this wondrous water!' cried they, [hawk-glans-]eagerly. 'We are

younger--but we are still too old! Quick! [Silver-quick!]--give us more!' / 'Patience, patience!' quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic [sophistic] coolness. 'You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your [stud+Y: service].' / .... While the bubbles were yet sparkling[:lingam-live!] on the [rip/lip!]-brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their [glans-]glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a sing[-L:]le gulp. Was it delusion! Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened [graphically] among their silvery locks; they sat around the ['ebony' palate-]table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hard[-ly] beyond her [lip:]buxom prime. / .... / 'Doctor, you dear old soul,' cried she, 'get up and dance with me!' And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would [Hey-dagger:z!]cut / 'Pray excuse me,' [z/word:]answered the doctor, quietly. 'I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner.' / 'Dance with me, Clara!' cried Colonel Killi[-grew]. / 'No, no, I will [bee!-]be her partner!' shouted Mr. Gascoigne. / 'She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!' exclaimed Mr. Medbourne. / They all gather[+r]ed [bourne!-]round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp--another threw his arm about her waist--the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that cluster[+r]ed beneath the widow's [z/zygote-]cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to [straw!-ove-]disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize[:Y+Z]. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall [maw:]mirror is [gesture:]said to have reflected the figures of the three old, [hay!-]gray, withered grand-sires, ri[-dic]-julously contending for the skin[-ny]:kneez-with-gore-gull:let-jugliness of a [lip-]shriv[-el]:S-ee[-]led grand-dam. / .... [---IX:227,229,230,232,233,236-7.]

4.d. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w_+$  [eye-pow  $\check{r}/\check{l}$ ]--a skullcap of world-hymn [3+2/21@five])

[4.d. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w_+$  (eye-pow  $\check{r}/\check{l}$ )--chrismw'r1'-edgeglance one. ( $\check{s}$ -01) 'Chippings with a Chisel':] Passing a summer, several years since, at Edgartown, on the island of Martha's Vineyard [=wine/ivying/ink-word], I became [L-axe:]acquainted with a certain carver of tomb-stones, who travelled and voyaged thither from the [maw:]interior of Massachusetts, in search of professional employment.

The speculation had turned out so successful that my friend expected to transmute [cf. expectorate] slate and marble into silver and gold to the amount of at least a thousand dollars, during the few months of his sojourn at Nantucket and the Vineyard [=N/y:k'VV]. .... His own monument, [HAW:K!-ROCK!] recording his decease by starvation, would probably be an early specimen of his [babble!] skill. Grave-stones, therefore, have generally been an article of imported merchandise. / .... / .... But my chief and most instructive amusement was to [eye-]witness his [mouth-]interviews with his customers .... Really, my mind received many fresh ideas, which, perhaps, may remain in it even [LINGUA-]longer[:ORE!] than Mr. Wigglesworth's hardest marble will retain the deepest strokes of his chisel [= (Z/H)EL!]. / An elderly lady came to be[-]speak a monument for her first-love, who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean. It was singular that so strong an impression of early feeling would have survived through the changes of her subsequent life, in the course of which she had been a wife and a mother. .... Her sighs had been the breath of Heaven to her soul. The good lady ear[-]nest[-]ly[:LY] desired that the proposed monument should be or [-]name[-]de]nted with a carved border of marine plants, intertwined with twisted sea-shells, such as were probably over her lover's skeleton, or strewn around it in the far depths of the Pacific. But Mr. Wigglesworth's chisel being [thorn-apple=]inadequate to the task, she was forced to content herself with a [neck-Rho:]rose, hanging its head from a broken stem [cf. Stamm-origin]. After her de[--]parture I re[-]marked that the [sum-ball:]symbol was none of the most apt. / .... / ".... While you were discussing the subject [of 'suitable epitaph(s)'], I was struck by at least a dozen simple and natural expressions from the [butter-fly!] lips of both mother and daughter. One of these would have formed an inscription ... original and appropriate." / "No, no," replied the sculptor, shaking his head, "there is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry [l-'linger(ing) ... exuviae!]; and so I always [-]eco[:]m[-]mend them in preference to any new-fang[:]ed [=tooth:flown] ones. And somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief, and to shrink to fit a small one." / It was not seldom that ludicrous images were excited by what took place between Mr. Wigglesworth and his customers. A shrewd gentlewoman, who kept a tavern in the town, was [aNkH-]anxious to obtain two or three grave-stones for the deceased members of her family, and to pay for these solemn commodities by taking the sculptor to board. Hereupon a fantasy a[-RHO:]rose in my [MAW:PALATE-]mind, of good Mr. Wigglesworth sitting down to dinner at a broad, [tongue-]flat tomb-stone, carving one of his own plump little marble cherubs [gumz-]gnawing on a pair of [k-thorn:sundered/s-thorn:sealed-]cross-bones, and drinking out of a [YEL:HAW!-]hollow death's head, or perhaps a [l'ey-vined-]lacrymatory vase, or sepulchral [w'hor-lurn; while his hostess's dead children waited on him at the ghastly chamber [cf. serviceable teeth--fang/sperm inceptions]. On communicating this nonsensical picture to the old man, he laughed heartily,

and pronounced my humor to be of the right sort. / .... / "Hard fare!" re[-]joined I, smiling .... [--IX:407,410-11,414-15(w.418).]

[4.d. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/v:k'w$  (eye-pow r/l)--chrismw'rl'-edgeglance two. (s-02) 'Fancy's Show Box: A Morality':] What is Guilt? A stain upon the [Y!-]soul. And it is a point of vast interest [cf. tongue-tip-and-length (R-arked)] whether the soul may contract such stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, never had existence. Must the fleshly hand, and visible frame [cf. countenance] of man, set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner?

.... In the solitude of a midnight chamber, or in a desert, afar from men, or in a church, while the body is kneeling, the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes, which we are accustomed to deem altogether carnal. If this be true, it is a fearful truth. / Let us illustrate the subject by an imaginary example. A venerable gentleman, one Mr. Smith, who had long been regarded as a pattern of moral excellence, was warming his aged blood with a glass or two of generous wine. His children being gone forth about their worldly business, and his grandchildren at school, he sat alone, in a deep, luxurious armchair, with his feet beneath a richly carved mahogany table. Some old people have a dread of solitude, and when better company may not be had, rejoice even to hear the quiet breathing of a babe, asleep upon the carpet. But Mr. Smith, whose silver hair [=crown] was the bright symbol of a life unstained, except by such spots as are inseparable from human nature, he had no need to protect him by its purity, nor of a grown person, to stand between him and his soul. Nevertheless, ... his thoughts will stray into the misty region of the past, and the old man be chill and sad.

Wine will not always cheer him. Such might have been the case with Mr. Smith, when, [gullet-ankh!] through the brilliant medium of his glass of old Madeira, he beheld [Y=]three figures entering the room.

/ .... How kind of Fancy, Memory, and Conscience, to visit the old gentleman, just as he was beginning to imagine that the wine had neither so bright a sparkle, nor so excellent a flavor, as when himself and the liquor were less aged! Through the dim length of the apartment [cf. g(an)d/s/mouth], where crimson curtains muffled the glare of sunshine, and created a rich obscurity, the three guests drew near the silver-haired old man. Memory, with a finger between the leaves of her huge volume [cf. tongue-and-mouth-folds/lips], placed herself at his right hand. Conscience, with her face still hidden in the dusky [yel/key!] mantle, took her station on the left, so as to be next to the heart [cf. throat]; while Fancy set down her picture-box upon the table, with the magnifying glass convenient to his eye [cf. white-teeth: s/s-forming: arches/curves].

.... / .... /- .... / ... one truly penitential tear [slit w. expression of voice] would have washed away each hateful [wood-]picture, and left the canvass white as snow. But, Mr. Smith, at a [(i)horn-]prick of Conscience too keen to be endured, bel-  
lowed

aloud, with impatient agony, and suddenly dis[-]covered that his three guests were gone. There he sat alone, a silver-haired and highly venerated man, in the rich gloom of the crimson-curtained room, with no box of pictures on the table, but only a[n incantator's] decanter of most excellent [uncork-ye/cell!] Madeira. Yet his heart still seemed to fester with the venom of the [s:myth-R:hasped-tongue: dagger. / .... [--IX:220-2,225.]

[4.d. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w$  (eye-pow r/l)--chrismw'r1'-edgeglance three & four. (s-03) 'Foot-prints on the Sea-shore':] .... / The sunshine has now passed from my hermitage, except a gleam upon the sand just where it meets the sea. A crowd of [glan(d)s-]gloomy fantasies will come and haunt me, if I tar[-]ry longer here, in the darkening twi[-]light of these grey rocks. This is a dismal place in some moods of mind. Climb we, therefore, the precipice[:prepuce], and [lip:]pause a moment on the brink, gazing down into that hollow [HAW:MAW] chamber by the dee[:Y:]p, where we have been ... sufficient to [self-contained in] our own pastime--yes, say the word outright!--self-sufficient to our own [haw:hip-]happiness[:in-hat-pin:penis-ess]. How[:haw!] lonesome looks the recess now, and [hoar:]dreary too, --like all other spots where happiness has been! There lies my shadow in the de[--]parting sunshine with its head[:glan(d)s-cap] upon the sea. I will pelt it with [lip:]pebbles. hit! a hit! I clap my hands in tri[-]umph [two-lips over one-tongue-lingam], and see my shadow clapping its unreal hands, and claiming the triumph for itself. What a simpleton must I have been all day, since my own shadow makes a mock[:haw:maw!] of my [knuckle-head-]fooleries! / Homeward! Home[-]ward[:word]! It is time to [S'W:a:stick:a-]hasten [Ast!-ray-Y!-]home. It is time; it is time; for the sun sinks over the western wave, the sea grows melancholy[:coal-y], and the surf has a saddened [s:]tone. The distant sails appear ast[:ray [=branch/stick-rays], and not of earth, in their remoteness amid the desolate waste. My spirit wanders forth afar, but finds no resting place, and comes shiver[:plank:]ing back. It is time that I were hence. But grudge me [k+]not the day that has been s[-]pent in seclusion, which yet was not solitude, since the great sea has been my companion, and the little sea-birds my friends, and the wind has told me his secrets, and airy hapes have flitted around me in my [chthonic-mouth-]hermitage. Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character[=signature], as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when, at noon[-]tide, I tread the crowded streets [of apocalyptic Sun:Son-speech], the influence of this day will still be felt; so that I shall walk among men kindly and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall [k+]not melt into the indistinguishable mass of human kind. I shall think my own thoughts, and feel my own emotions, and possess [small(s)pace:seize!] my individuality [by large(S)ort] unviolated [--in voice-mind strengthened to dwell] at the haw:edges of essential-being--s:haw:t:urn:s]. / [ &:] But it is good, at the eve of

such a day, to feel and know that there are [re-generating] men and women in the world. That feeling and that know[-]l[[:]-]edge are mine, at this moment; for, on the shore, far be[-]low me, the [apocalyptic] fishing-party have landed from their skiff, and are cooking their scaly[:ye!:] prey by a fire of drift-wood, kindled in the [throat-k-]angle of two [R-]rude rocks. The three visionary girls are likewise [resurrectively] there. In the deepening twil[-]light, while the surf is dashing [ear!-]near their hearth, the [haw!-]ruddy gleam of the fire throws a strange air of comfort over the wild c[-]love [cf. dove-shell], bestrewn as it is with pebbles and sea-weed, and exposed to the 'melancholy main.' Moreover, as the smoke climbs up the precipice[:prepuce], it brings with it a savory smell from a pan of fried fish, and a black kettle of chowder, and reminds me that my dinner was nothing but [penitential] bread and water, and a tuft of samphire, and an apple [thorn-apple]. Methinks[-inks] the party might find room for another guest, at that [tongue]flat rock which serves them for a table; and if spoons be scarce, I could pick up a [maw:]clam-shell on the beach. They see me [Christ-gent! cross-emergent!] now; and--the blessing of a hungry man upon him!--one of them sends up a hospitable shout--halloo, Sir Solitary! [Sir:Sur:ly!] come down and [teeth-lip-]sup with us! The ladies wave their hand[-]ker[:crow-]chiefs. Can I de[-]cline? No; and be it owned, after all my solitary joys, that this is the sw[:S+W:]ee[--Y:]test [mum:maw-]moment of a Day by the [oro:tied-]Sea-Shore. [--IX:460-2.]

[4.d. SIP-SQUISH: s/s:z/z > h/y:k'w (eye-pow r/l)--chrismw'r1'-edgeglance five. (s-05) 'The [S+]Haunted Mind':] What a sing[-]ular moment is the first [S-ens:born-]one when you have hardly begun to re[-]collect yourself after starting from midnight s[-]lumber. .... You count the [inceptive-]strokes--one--two--and there they cease, with a booming sound, like the gathering of a third[-]person-]stroke within the bell. / .... The moment of rising belongs to another period of [Christ/Sun-]time and appears so distant, that the plunge out of a warm bed into the frosty air cannot yet be anticipated with dis[-]may. Yesterday had already vanished among the shadows of the past; to-morrow has not yet emerged from the future. You have found an intermediate space. .... Oh, that he ['Father Time'] would fall asleep, and let mortals live on without growing older! / Hitherto you have lain perfectly still, because the slightest motion would dissipate the fragments of your s[-]lumber. Now, being irrevocably awake, you peep through the half drawn [lip:]window curtain, and ob[:]serve that the [glan(d)s-]glass is ornamented with fanciful devices in frost work, and that each pane[:pain] presents something like a frozen d[:]ream. There will be time enough to trace out the ana[-]log[:y[:Y]], while waiting the sum[:]mons[-of-mouth] to breakfast. See[--Y]n through the clear portion of the glass, where the silvery mountain peaks of the frost scenery do not ascend [=knot:WM], the most conspicuous object is the stee[--Y]ple [=Christo-stippler]; the white spire of which directs you to the wintry lustre

of the firmament. You may distinguish the figures .... Yet look at that one glorious star! Its beams are distinguishable from all the rest, and act[!]ually cast the shadow of the casement on the bed, with a [R:]radiance of deeper hue than moonlight, though not so accurate an [L-]outline. [=Royal!] / You sink down and muffle your head .... You speculate on the luxury of wearing out a whole existence in bed, like and [Easter!-]oyster in its shell, content with the sluggish ec[:]stasy[:Y] of inaction, and drowsily conscious of nothing but delicious warmth, such as you now feel again! Ah! that idea has brought a hideous one in its train. You think how the dead are lying in their cold shrouds and [tongue-]narrow coffins .... / In the depths of every [haw/throat-]heart, there is a tomb and dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry above may cause us to forget their existence, and the buried ones, or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftenest at midnight[:midname], those dark receptacles are flung[Lung:HAW!-]wide open. In an hour like this, when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no active strength; when the imagination is a [MAW-]mirror, im[-]parting vividness to all ideas, without the power of selecting or controlling them; then pray that your griefs may s[-]lumber, and the brother[-]hood of re[-]morse[:re-code] not break their chain. It is too late! A funeral train comes [glan(d)s-]gliding by your bed, in which Passion and Feeling ass[:exh:]ume bodily shape .... / ... you start upright .... At the same moment, the s[-]lumbering embers on the hearth send forth a [glan(d)s-]gleam .... Your eye s[-]ear[-]ches for whatever may re[-]mind you of the living world. With [glan(d)s:hawk-]eager minuteness, you take ... the table near the fire-place, the book with an ivory knife between its [vulvi-]leaves, the un[-]folded letter [=W], the ['horne-]hat and the fallen g[:hand-]e:love. Soon ... .. the rise and fall of a softer breathing than your own, the slight pressure of a tenderer bosom, the quiet throb of a purer heart, im[-]parting its peacefulness to your troubled one [i.e., within the haw:ove], as if the fond sleeper were in[-]volving you in her [ovarian/ab:ave!-]dream. / Her [midwiving-wing-]influ[-]ence is over you, though she have no existence but in that momentary image. You sink down in a flowery spot, on the borders of sleep and [vulviform-]wakefulness, while your thoughts rise before you in pictures, all disconnected, yet all assimilated by a pervading [glands-]gladsomeness and beauty. The wheeling of [glan(d)s-in-throat:]gorgeous squadrons .... ..; and ... the tuneful feet of rosy girls, as they twine their last and merriest dance, in a splendid ball room; and ... yourself in the brilliant circle of a crowded theatre, as the curtain[:soft-palate-in:k'N] falls over a light and airy scene. / With an involuntary start, you seize hold on consciousness, and prove yourself but [haw:]half awake .... Now comes the p[:]eal[-eel] of a distant clock, with [F-yn-wr, or] fainter and fainter strokes as you plunge farther into the [W:]wilderness of sleep. It is the [EL:]knell of a temporary death. Your spirit has de[-y-y-]parted, and strays like a free citizen, among the people of a shadowy world,



beholding strange sights, yet without wonder or dis[-]may. So calm, perhaps, will be the final change; so undisturbed, as if among familiar things, the entrance of the soul to its Eternal Home! [=the en(-)trance of the S:W-L(OW) to its EYE-cross:t-URN-y:all HAW:OHM:OM:ON! (= 'an instant in your mind's eye, when darkness has swallowed the reality. .... ... in a whisper be it spoken' [=s-t! hey! @ HM:M(i)W:WM. (= 'as your head falls back upon the [yel!]pillow, ... [in] [--]ink' [=signatural i glossed in soft-folds of mouth, becoming glide-serpentine-Y.]]]] [--IX:304,305-6,307-9.]

4.e. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > \check{h}/y:k'w$  --a spine trail of necro-elegy  
[3+2/21@five)]

[4.e. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > \check{h}/y:k'w$  --surlilink one. ( $\check{s}$ -04) 'Fanshawe: A Tale':] .... The dewy coolness of the [YHW-Keyed:R-]rock kept the air always fresh, and the sunbeams never thrust themselves so as to dissipate the mellow twilight through the green trees with which the chamber was curtained. [YEL:]Ellen's sleeplessness and agitation, for many preceding hours, had perhaps deadened her feelings; for she now felt a sort of indifference creeping [cf. ivy-ing] upon her, an inability to realize the evils of the situation, at the same time that she was perfectly [haw:]aware of them all. This torpor of mind increased, till her eyelids began to grow heavy, and the [maw:]cave and trees to swim before her sight. In a few moments more, she [wood:]would probably have been in dreamless s[:]lumber; but, rousing herself by [rho-thorn-]strong effort, she looked round the narrow limits of the cave, in search of objects to excite her worn-out mind. / She now perceived, wherever the smooth rock afforded place for them, the [front-tooth-]initials, or the full length names, of former visitants of the [oro-]cave. What wanderer on mountain-tops, or in deep solitudes, had not felt the influence of these records of humanity, telling him, when such a conviction is soothing to his heart, that he is not alone in the world? It was singular, that, when her own mysterious situation had almost lost its power to engage her thoughts, Ellen perused these barren memorials with a certain degree of [heuristic] interest. She went on [rho-]repeating them [yel-]aloud, and [s!-]starting at the sound of her own voice, till at [El-tongue-]length, as one name passed through her [mouth:cave-]lips, she paused, and then, leaning[: adding] her fore[:H:]head against the letters, burst into [thorn:]tears. It was the name of Ed[-]ward Wal[-]cot[:t]; and it [cut:]struck upon her heart, arousing her to a full sense of her present misfortunes and dangers, and, more painful still, of her past happiness. Her tears had, however, a soothing, and at the same time a strengthening effect upon her mind; for, when the gush[: fountain] was over, she raised her head and began to meditate on the means of escape. She wondered at the [serpentine!] species of fascination that had kept her, as if chained to the rock, so long,

when there was, in reality, nothing to bar her path-way. She determined, late as it was, to attempt her own deliverance; and for that purpose began [s!-nav-1:]slowly and [haw:k!-]cautiously to emerge from the cave. / Peeping out from among the trees, she looked and listened with most painful anxiety, to dis[-]cover if any living thing were in that seeming solitude, or if any sound disturbed the [jaw:]heavy stillness. But she saw only [chthonic] Nature, in her wildest forms, and heard only the plash and murmur (almost inaudible, because continual [cf. voice-stream-hypnotic]) of the little waterfall, and the quick short throbbing of her own heart, against which she pressed her hand, as if to hush it [=s/s̄ + h/y:k!w (hush!:high-quest!)]. Gathering courage ... , she began to descend; ... starting often at the loose s[:]tones that even her light footstep displaced and sent [serpent-spinnally] rattling down. ... at length .... He approached ... , an ironical smile writhing [s!n:k-rooting-itself-in] his features [--] into a most disagreeable ex[:]press[-s]un[!], while in his eyes there was something that see[---Y]med a [W:wild[-LD] fie[-YR-]ce[:S] joy[:DZW:Y/jaw Y]. .... [--III:439-41.]

[4.e. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k!w$  --surlilink two. (s̄-06)  
 'The [S+]Hall of Fantasy':] It has happened to me, on various occasions, to find myself in a certain edi[:]fice[-face], which would[:wood] appear to have some of the characteristics of a public Ex[-]change. .... / .... / "Yes," ... replied ['a friend, who chanced to be near at (tongue-)hand']. In its upper stories are said to be apart[-]ment[-]s, where the inhabitants of earth may hold con[-]verse with those of the moon. And beneath our feet are [glan(d)s-]gloomy [root-]cells, which communicate with the in[:]fern[-]al regions, and where monsters and chimeras are kept in con[:]fine[-]ment, and fed with all un[-]whole[-]someness." / In niches and on pedestals, around the hall, stood [as though teeth] the statues or busts of men, who, in every age, have been rulers and demi-gods in the realms of imagination, and its kindred regions. The grand old [face:]countenance of Homer; the [worm-like] shrunken and decrepit form, but vivid face of Aesop; the dark pre[:]sence of [dental:]Dante; the [W:]wild Ariosto; Rabelais' smile of deep-wrought mirth; the profound, pathetic humor of Cervantes; the all-glorious Shakespeare; Spenser, meet guest for an allegoric structure; the severe divinity of Milton; and Bunyan, moulded of homeliest clay, but instinct with celestial fire--were those that chiefly attracted my eye. .... / "Besides these indestructible memorials of real genius," remarked my companion, "each century has erected statues of its own ephemeral favorites, in wood." / "I observe a few crumbling relics of such," said I. "But ever and anon [=thorn-over-anonymously], Oblivion comes with her huge broom, and sweeps them all from the marble floor. ...." / "The poor old Earth!" .... / ".... ... I never will forget her! Neither will it satisfy me to have her exist merely in idea. .... Nevertheless, ... I shall endeavor so to live, that the world may come to an end at any moment,

... leaving me ... to find foothold somewhere else." / "It is an ex[:]cell[-]lent [tongue-across-edi-cave!] re[:]solve," said my companion, looking at his w[:h]atch. "But come; it is the dinner hour. Will you [a:]part[-t]ake of my vegetable di[:]et?" / ....  
 ... nothing more sub[:]stantial than vegetables and fruit, ....  
 we passed out of the porta], ... met[e-ing] the spirits of several persons, who had been sent thither in magnetic sleep. .... [---X: 172,173-4,183,184-5.]

[4.e. SIP-SQUISH:  $\dot{s}/s:z/\dot{z} > h/v:k'w$  --surlilink three.  
 (s-09) 'Septimius Norton':] .... 7 "Would you be content to begin your sleep now?" asked Septimius. / "Not quite yet," said the old man, shaking his white head. "Well, well, my boy; 'tis getting late, and the mists on the meadows here are bad for my rheumatism; and as for old age, if you wish to hear any more about it, come and see me any day; though, for that matter, you might as well wait for your own old age. It will seem only like the [PSHAW!-]space between [ne-]now and [ye-]yesterday morning." / "Longer than that, please [yel:hawthorne!] God," said Septimius to himself. ".... Nature tries to keep us comfortable by a succession of delusions. .... I never will be old--I will fight her with her own weapons.["] / "My ears stuffed with cotton, ...; my fingers muffled ...; my eyes with a fog before them, my palate obtuse; my sense of smell--I don't know .... Things slip strangely out of memory--especially words and names--all of a sudden, when I seem to have firm hold upon them. I am tired of old things, and don't like new ones. When I was younger I should have told you these things in some sort of order and classification, but now, as you see, I turn them out like emptying the contents of a rag-bag (--I have a great many nameless aches all over me, that come and go, and no questions asked; for I have found out that they mean nothing, except that my machine is pretty near worn out). To tell you the truth, I have only to open the flood gate of my mouth [hawk!], and out flows a stream of talk, just as now, and sometimes I have half a suspicion that people wish it were shorter. --I have a strange desire to build a new [haw-]house .... / .... / Septimius looked into the [yel:haw!-]cup, and saw a half-opaque yellow liquid, by no means delightful to the eye; in truth, it was the precise hue of Aunt Nashoba's own [yel/jaws!] jaundiced complexion, and the young man had a fantasy that the good lady had so constantly replenished her veins with this concoction that it now served her instead of natural blood, and therein contributing [at lip-butte!] to the growth of her tissues, she was now but an incarnation of her own favorite [botanical] drink. He smelt delicately and at a respectful distance, of the cup, sniffing daintily at the undelightful fragrance, in which he fancied there was a sickening odor of a certain vegetable, probably unknown in the garden of Paradise, called skunk-cabbage; although the smell see[---]med rather a composite affair, miraculously produced by an unhappily contrived union of discordant elements, than any of which Nature was separately guilty. Nevertheless,

having sternly re[-]solved to make proof, so far as one draft might go, of the virtues and delights of Aunt Nashoba's vaunted beverage, he [yaNkH!]-drank,--not a mere sip, but an heroic gulp, which caused the turbid element to subside halfway down the interior of the cup, and show the painted crimson sprig at bottom [=scarlet spine-relic], looking like the bloody flower which Sybil fabled of. The draught see[--Y:]med at first to burn his mouth, unaccustomed to any drink save water, and to go scorching all the way down into his [ancestral 'Indian() snake-stomach, making poor Septimius fully sensible of the depth of the descent by a track of fire, terminating in a place there below, in which a familiar fiend might have taken his [signature] dis-lease. This was its first effect. Next, worse than the fire, came a hideous sense of mingled bitterness and nauseousness [hawk!], which the poor young man had not previously conceived to exist, and which he remembered after[-]wards as an ugly dream [Ugh!]; for there are certain combinations of mercy and heart-sickness in dreams, which real, waking life is too beneficently over-tender ever to present. However, knowing the sensitiveness of Aunt Nashoba as re[-]garded this horrible beverage, and the hereditary sanctity in which she held it, and, furthermore, the hopelessness of obtaining any of her herb-secrets [=poetic blends], if he should suffer his dis[-]gust [hawk!] to be visible, he crushed down his ago[-]ny, and kept his face heroically [hic!] quiet; except for one brief convulsion, which (because otherwise his heart must have burst) he allowed to twist across it [stumm/stone-serpentine] and vanish [=S+H]. / "Isn't it good, darling?" in[-]quired Aunt Nasho[:SHAW:]ba[:H!], smacking her lips; for she had quaffed off what was left in the cup [=crimson sprig (temperance-s-prig/s+spring for immortal oral-machine, hereditary throat-essence)]. [--XIII:298-9,365-6.]

[4.e. SIP-SQUISH: s/s:z/z > h/y:k'w,--surlilink four. (s-10) 'Septimius Felton':] ... / The next morning, he was up bright and early, po[-w-]ring over the manuscript, with the sharpened wits of the new day; po[-w-]ring into its night, into its old, blurred, forgotten dream; ... in his dream, he had taken up this inscrutable document, and read it off as [glan(d)s-]glibly as he [wood:]would a page of a modern sermons in a continual rapture with the deep truths that it made [eye/throat-]clear to the comprehension, and the [yel-]lucid way in which it evolved the mode in which man might be restored to his original undying state. So strong was this im[-]pression, that when he unfolded the man[-]us[er:S-]cript, it was with the almost belief that the crabbed old hand[-W:]writing would[:wood] be plain to him. Such did not prove to be the [voice: cell-]case, however; so far from it, that poor Septimius in vain turned over the yellow pages, in quest of the one s[:]len[-]tence which he ... fancied himself able, to read yesterday. The [i']illumination, that had brought it out, was now faded, and all was a blur, and inscrutableness, a scrawl of unintelligible characters. So much did this affect him, that he was almost mind to tear it into a thousand fragments, and scatter it out of the window, to the west

wind that was then blowing past the [haw-]house. .... / .... / The girl did not speak to him, but as she sat by the grave [of the English officer Septimius had shot], she kept weeding out the little white blades of faded autumn grass and yellow [Aub-]pine-spikes [=novel fang-tongues!], peering into the soil, as if to see what it was all made of, and everything that was growing there. .... She see[Y:Y]-med to be in quest of something; and several times plucked a leaf and examined it, carefully, then laid it down again, and shook her head. At last, she lifted up her pale face, and fixing her ey[Y:Y]-s[Z] quietly on Septimius, spoke. / "It is[Z] not here[:hear]!" / A very sweet voice it was, plaintive, low; and she spoke to Septimius as if she were [Nathaniel-]familiar with him, and had something to do with him. .... What, of all things, could be her reason for coming and sitting down by this grave, and apparently [signature-serpentina-]botanizing upon it in quest of some particular point. / .... / "The soil is fit," said the maiden, "but the flower has not sprung up." / "What flower do you [mouth-]speak of?" asked Septimius. / "One that is not here," said the pale girl; "no [mother:]matter; I will look for it again, next spring." [I.e.: 'a beautiful crimson flower; the most (gullet:)gorgeous and (lip:)beautiful surely that ever grew; so rich it looked, so full of potent juice.'] / .... / .... / ... But once he said to Sybil Dacy--"Ah how sweet it would[:wood] be--sweet for me, at least--if this intercourse might last forever!" / "That is an [haw-]awful idea that you present!" said Sybil, with a hard[-]ly perceptible involuntary [shrub-]shudder; "always on this hill-top, always passing and repassing this little hil[-]lock, always smelling this flower! I always looking at that deep [HAW:K!-]chasm[-z:ohm] in your brow; you always[:z] [ZEUS:SYZYGY:]see[Y(Z):Y]-ing my bloodless[:s] [gorge:]cheek[:yk!]!--doing this, till these trees [z:ohm-]crumble away, till perhaps a new forest grew up wherever the white race has planted, and a race of savages again possess the soil. ...." / "You do not rightly estimate the way in which the long time might be spent;" said Septimius. "We would find out a thousand uses of this [haw:]world, uses and enjoyments, which now men never dream of, because the world is just held to their mouth and then snatched away again, before they have time hard[-]ly to taste it, instead of becoming acquainted with all the deliciousness of this great world-fruit. But you speak of a mission .... .... [-XIII:52-3,60-1(w.99),151-2.]

[4.e. SIP-SQUISH:  $\check{s}/s:z/\check{z} > h/y:k'w$  --surlilink five. (s-10) 'Septimius Felton':] .... / And then he toiled away again at his chymical pursuits; trying to mingle things harmoniously, that apparently were not born to be mingled; dis[-]covering a science for himself, and mixing it up with absurdities that other [poetico-]chemists had long ago flung aside; but still there would[:wood] be that turbid [cf. thorny] aspect, still that lack of [hawthorny] fragrance, still that want of the peculiar temperature that was announced as the test of the [conceptive] matter. [Uvula/Ov(ul):vary-

]Over[-]and[-]over again, he set the crystal vase in the sun, and let it stay there the ap[:pole-]pointed time, hoping that it would digest in such a manner as to bring about the desired [all-round] result. / .... / .... And so, at last, at the end of the [menses-]month, it settled into a most deep and brilliant crimson, as if it were the essence of the blood of the young man whom he had slain; the flower being now triumphant, it had given its own hue to the whole mass, and had grown brighter every day; so that it see[--Y:]med to have an in[-]her[:R-]ent [L:]light, as if it were a planet by itself; a heart of crimson fire, burning within it. / .... ...; but certainly the hue became fainter, now a rose-color, now fainter, fainter, still, till[:L] there was only left the purest whiteness of the moon itself; a change that somewhat [thorn/glans-]disap[-]pointed and grieved Septimius, though still it seemed fit that the water of life should be of no one richness, because it must [seminally] combine all. ... in the crystal sphere of the [self-]vase[-sing:Y'W(glide)voice] .... / There was one change that surprised him, although he accepted it without a doubt, as indeed, it did imply a wonderful efficacy, at least singularity, in the newly concocted liquid. It grew strangely cool in temperature, in the latter part of his [semen-hastening:chaste-re(-)strain(-)tive] watching it. It appeared to imbibe its coldness from the cold chaste moon, until it see[--Y:]med to Septimius that it was colder than ice itself; the mist gathered upon the crystal vase, as upon a tumbler of iced water in a warm room; some say it actually gathered a thick frost [dick-in rho/fold-roel], crystallized into a thousand fantastic and beautiful shapes; but this I do not know so [haw:]well. Only it was very cold. Septimius pondered upon it, and thought he [haw:]saw that life itself was cold, individual in its essence, chastened from all heats, cold, therefore, and therefore invigorating. / ... inquiring deeply and with painful research into the liquor which Septimius concocted, ... I suppose .... ... he paused, as it were, at the point where his pathway separated itself from that of other men, and meditated whether it were worth while to give up everything that Providence had provided; and take instead only this lonely gift of immortal life. .... / .... Might he not seek one companion--one single heart--before he took the final step. There was Sybil Da[-Y:]c[-Y:]! Oh what a bliss, if that pale girl might set out with him on his journey; how sweet, how sweet, to [vulvi: leap!-]wander with her through the places else so desolate. .... / .... / .... ... a most pure kind of [glan(d)s-]glass, with a long [g-l-s:lingual-]stalk within which [ steps 1-5] a [k:]curious elab[-]oration of fancy work [hawthorn-]wreathed and [serpent-]twisted. This old glass was an heir[:]loom with the Fe[t:]ions, a relic ... ; ... the [HAW:SAW!=V'V+S-vyv] instrument both of the devil's sacrament ... and of the Christian. ... engraved with arms, artistically done. / .... / She put her slender, pallid fingers on the side of the goblet, and shuddered, just as Septimius did when he touched her own. [="Nay; I ... (k+)not, un[i-]l[:]less because endless life goes round the (glans-)circle and meets death, and is

(jet-)just the same wi(:d:)th (as) it(:her own). Oh, Sy(:p-)byl(+l) ...."] / .... / She lifted the beautiful goblet from the ground, put it to her lips, and drank[:ankh-sank] a deep draft from it; then smiling, she mockingly held it towards him. / "See; I have made myself immortal before you! Will you drink?" / He [hawk!-]eagerly held out his hand to receive the gob[-]let; but Sybil, holding it beyond his reach a moment [=Haw!], looked[:glan(d)s-locked] mockingly in his eyes, and then deliberately let it fall upon the [thorn:H'art-]hearth, where it [spine-]shivered into fragments, and the bright, cold water of immortality was all spilt, shedding its strange [hermaphro-seminal, oro-ossature-osse!sing] fragrance all around. / "Sybil, what have you done?" cried Septimius, in rage and [hoar-]horror. / .... / "Septimius," said Sybil, who looked strangely beautiful .... ".... Its essence lay in a certain rare flower, which mingled properly with other ingredients--of great potency in themselves, though still lacking the crowning virtue till the flower was supplied--produced the drink of immortality." / "Yes; and I had the flower!" said Septimius; "and distilled the drink, which you have spilt." / "You had a flower, or what you called a flower which I sowed on the grave!" said the girl. ".... .. really a sensual growth of the grave; and this converted the drink into a poison, famous in old time; a poison which the Borgias used, and Mary de Medici ...." / "Good God, Sybil ...!" / .... / .... Oh, how I surrounded thee with dreams ['I knew how the [hic:]case stood'] and instead of giving thee immortal life, so [knee-]kneaded up the little life allotted thee with dreams and vapoury stuff, that thou didst not really live even that. Ah, ...! ... now the end of it. Kiss me, thou poor [s:toned/tongue-'stunted!] Septimius, one kiss." / .... / ... "No; there shall be no kiss! There may be a little poison on my lips. [F:]Fare[-]well! .... ... ha, ha! It was a good jest. We will laugh at it, when we meet in the other world." / And here[:hear] Sybil Dacy's laugh grew fainter; and dying away, she seemed to die with it .... .. among his broken hopes, all shattered, as completely as the goblet which held his draught, and as incapable of being formed again. [--XIII: 153,166-7,168-9,186,189-91.]

(Please observe, that the literary unfolding of the fourth petition, the hawthornesque of SIP-SQUISH, ends here.)

#### B.5. A Literary Unfolding of the Fifth Petition:

##### The Hawthornesque of LIP/LAP-WINK.

The literary unfolding of the fifth petition draws from twenty works by Hawthorne--eighteen tales, one novel (The Blithedale Romance),

and one unfinished work (Grimshawe). The talley of titles (5.a)--a figure-rhymed fifth-stave of the total of one hundred and three titles--functions as a proportionate, investigative classification of texts which are sufficiently name-ritualized to admit of study at step though other classification is possible, serves to foreground the consonant-figure as a movement from word-initial singular f to word-medial singular b, and provides (parenthetically) step-relevant, figure-reinforcing memos on the persistence of the idea of name in the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the idea of name chiefly as American sociolinguual memorial, as grave-dark graphologic attribute of professional identity, and as lexical riddle capable of attaining long-anecdote, national-yarn dimensions. The four-fold sampling (5.b-e) of twenty representative long passages from fourteen of the twenty works tallied (fourteen passages from twelve tales, two passages from novel, and four passages from unfinished work) serves to give extension to the idea of nominal riddle as long-anecdote, as text in which etymologic and privi-semantic (speech-serpent) values of name-fragments, extending themselves most recognizably by means of the consonant joints of discourse, serve to give pattern to a ground-up! process of reference to the organs of speech in narrative observation (esp. in 5.b--a point-mark of organ-song), to a wood-cleave! process of reference to phallic interaction in agent discourse (esp. in 5.c--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant), to a box(over)-round! process of reference to a hawk-g<sub>l</sub>an(d)s!-anchored haw in scenarios of climax and catastrophe (esp. in 5.d--a skull-cap of world-hymn), and to a touch-stone! process of reference to relics of tongue-memory in tracts of



apologia upon implicit in-composition rebirth (esp. in 5.e--a spine trail of necro-elegy). Petitionally sub-tagged as "vulvibrim" (cf. the enigmatic motive of labial portal precariously all-embowing), as "counterknee" (cf. the empathic motive of subliminal king-pin action in excited life-organ interplay), as "liefglance" (cf. the critical motive of eye-caught vulvar/face-skin slipping), and as "⚭stablink" (cf. the anthem of self-understood Divine-⚭og[os] recycling)--the four-fold sampling of twenty representative long passages (five passages per sub-tag) unfolds the self-conscious, mouth-conscious epic self-utterance of the name "Nathaniel Hawthorne," as Hebraic-Anglic identity forever lost in translation, yet forever signalling ivy-long, all-choking rebirth, within the language-reference tissues of exotic literary gardens --within gynecoid-ove botanical habitats indexed immediately or remotely by: White-thorn/Aubépine's French-grammatically feminine particle ⚭' (=le), feminine particle conforming to the masculine (la), in (H![aw: ov]er!)-e/-a vowel-contraction. The necessary linguistic dissolution of Nathaniel/Theodore's tongue-tip in vulvi-dentate hedge specifically motivates--and the ironic, Providential winning of the preciously poised ⚭'-thorn-repursing ⚭lips specifically answers to--the fifth petition. The consummate hawthornesque of the Divinely Oro-Wink-Ordained, the Perpetually Self-Tormenting hermaphroditic verbo-gestural poetic cosmos unfolds as follows. (Note that the talley of titles [5.a] includes a 00-entry supportive of petition structure.)

5.a. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n--a fifth stave of titles  
[20/103])

[f-01] "Fire-Worship"

("I miss the bright [F:]face  
of my ancient friend, who  
was wont to dance upon the  
hearth, and play the part  
of a more familiar sunshine.  
It is sad to turn from the  
clouded sky and sombre  
landscape--from yonder  
[haW-]hill, with its crown  
of rusty, black pines, the  
foliage of which is so  
dismal in the absence of  
the sun; ... ; the swollen  
and sluggish river, with  
ice-encrusted borders  
[bourne-(h)edges], dragging  
its [haw-]blueish grey  
stream along the verge of  
our orchard, like a  
[signature-]snake half  
torpid with the cold--it  
is sad to turn from an  
outward scene of so little  
comfort, and find the same  
sullen influences brooding  
within the precincts of my  
study. .... Without a  
metaphor, we now make our  
fire in an air-tight stove,  
and supply it with some  
half-a-dozen sticks of wood  
between dawn and nightfall.  
/ I never shall be  
reconciled to this  
['revolution(ary)' (Rev.  
Ashley)] enormity. Truly,  
... the world looks darker  
for it. ... blotting the  
picturesque, the poetic,  
and the beautiful out of  
human life. ... might and  
majesty, and wild Nature,  
and a spiritual essence,  
in[] our inmost home ...."  
--X:138,138-9)

[f-02] "Feathertop: A Moralized Legend"

("In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward . . . . / But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a [glan(d)s-]glimpse of her diabolical nature, (like a snake's head peeping with a hiss out of her bosom,) at the pusillanimous behavior of the thing, which she had taken the trouble to put together. / 'Puff away, wretch!' cried she wrathfully. 'Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! . . . -thou nothing!--where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by! Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from my mouth, and hurl thee where that red coal [cf. scarlet haw] came from!"; "The more earnestly it applied its lips to the [stem-Stamm-origin-]pipe, the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities; the more sagacious grew its ['pumpkin'] expression; the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice."--X: 223, 229-30, 234)

[f-03] "Passages from a  
Rélinquished Work"

["At Home"]

"A Flight in the Fog"

"A Fellow-Traveller"

"The Village Theatre"

("My guardian had a name  
of considerable eminence,

.... ... he was called  
Parson Thumpcushion, from  
the very forcible gestures  
with which he illustrated  
his doctrines. [Cf. de l'  
Aubé-pin-cushion.]

] Certainly, if his powers  
as a preacher were to be  
estimated by the damage  
done to his pulpit [ @ lip-  
pit] furniture, none of  
his living brethren, and  
few dead ones, would have  
been worthy even to  
pronounce a benediction  
after him. Such pounding  
and expounding, the moment  
he began to grow warm,  
such slapping with his  
open palm [cf. han-yel-haw!  
:s-lap/slab], thumping with  
his closed fist, and  
banging with the whole  
weight of the great Bible  
...."; "I was a youth of  
gay and happy temperament,  
with an incorrigible  
levity of spirit, of no  
vicious propensities  
[lingal-lingual extensions],  
sensible enough, but  
wayward and fanciful. ....  
I had a quick sensitiveness  
to public opinion [of my  
'idle(:y|:eel-)-ness'], and  
felt as if it ranked me  
...--with the drunken  
poet, who hawked his own  
fourth of July odes"--X:  
405,405,409,411,417,405-6,  
406)

[f-04] "Rappaccini's Daughter:  
From the Writings of  
Aubépine"

("We do not remember to  
have seen any translated  
specimens of[-f/v] the  
productions of[-f/v] M. de  
l'Aubépine; a [f-]fact the  
less to be wondered at, as

his [v-]very name is unknown to many of his own countrymen, as well as to the student of [-f/v] [-f-]foreign literature. As a writer, he seems to occupy an un[-f-]fortunate position between the Transcen[-]dentalists (who, under one name or another [cf. Th(-)oreau], have their share in all the current literature of the world), and the great [fully lobed] body of pen[-ine]-and[-black-]ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the [Oberon] multitude"; "We will only add to this very cursory notice, that M. de l'Aubépine's produc[-]tions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the [face-]proper point of view; may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hard[-]ly fail to look excessively like nonsense. / Our author is voluminous [lip-brim-full]; he continues to write and publish with as much praiseworthy and indefatigable prolixity [of tongue], as if his efforts were crowned with ... brilliant success ...."; "The ensuing tale is a translation of his 'Beatrice; ou la Belle Empoisonneuse,' [=thrice male-refined poison-]-bell] ...."--X:91,91,92,93)

[v-00] "A Visit to the Clerk of the Weather"

("I don't know--I have not yet spoken to the Clerk of the weather,'--said I, in common parlance

to my friend and kinsman, who had asked me the wise question,--'Do you th[-]ink we shall have an early spring?' We stood on the steps of the M--- hotel [cf. M. de l'Aubépine (f-04); cf. Maw (mouth), of gender-feminine poetic-articulation-system)."; "But the [Au:Haw-]opening [of a magic 'pile of rocks'] was large enough to admit a dozen horsemen abreast .... As I drew near him, I was struck [tongue-dumb] by the size of his massive frame and the fierce expression of his [-yel Haw!-] eyes. He had struck his pen behind his ear [cf. -(t)horn-pine/pinna]--which pen was neither more nor less than the top of a pop[u]lar tree, which some storm had rudely disengaged from its trunk, and the butt of which he had hewed down to proper size for dipping into his ink(-)horn(e)."; "Here we were interrupted by a loud hissing noise, which caused me to turn around [translate]. / 'You must have care. You have scorched your garments, I fear,' cried my [Divine] host to a [shrub-]squat figure, who came trudging towards us, wrapped in sheets of ice and wearing a huge wig of powdered snow. / 'It is nothing, your Honor,' answered the other, in a hollow [haw-well] voice which chilled my blood-- 'I only trod upon that

cursed coil of [l-]chain  
 lightning which your  
 servant has placed so near  
 the door to be my bane as  
 often as I visit you [i.e.,  
 as gift-of-god(:Z)  
 Theo-dore Hage-dorn]."--  
 XI:306,306,307-8,309 [see  
 B.a(z-18)]

[w-05] "An Old Woman's Tale"

("But I am humble enough  
 to own, that I do not  
 deserve a listener  
 half[-saw] so [haw-]well  
 as that old toothless  
 woman, whose narratives  
 possessed an excellence  
 attributable neither to  
 herself, nor to any single  
 individual. .... These  
 tales generally referred  
 to her birth-place, a  
 [voice:v+v] village in the  
 [vulvate] Valley of the  
 Connect[!]i[:]cut, ....  
 ... that tract of country,  
 long a wild and dangerous  
 [face-to-'lap'] frontier,  
 ... rendered defensible  
 by a [signature-]strength  
 of ['house'] architecture"  
 --XI:240,240-1[w.240])

[w-06] "The Snow-Image: A  
 Childish Miracle"

("The elder child was a  
 little girl, whom, because  
 she was of a tender and  
 modest disposition, and  
 was thought to be very  
 beautiful, her parents,  
 and other people that were  
 familiar with her, used to  
 call her Violet[:let].  
 But her brother was known  
 by the style[:epi-stile]  
 of Peony[:knee/y], on  
 account of the ruddiness  
 of his broad and round  
 little phiz, which made  
 everybody think of sunshine  
 and great scarlet flowers.");

"She [glan(d)s-]gazed at the children, a moment longer, delighting to watch in their little figures-- .... Then the mother resumed her work; ... [Nat-hand-]trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, ... [h-and Yel-]darning a pair of stockings for little Peony's short legs. Again, ho[:w:awe:] [-]we[a]ver, and again, and yet [yel:art] other agains, she could [kn:]not help turning her head to the window [=to lip/lap-wink], to see how the children got on with their [still-pure-vo:yced] snow-image." --XI:7,7,9-10)

[w-07] "Grimshawe"

("Early in this present century, in a town with which I was acquainted, there dwelt an elderly person of grim aspect, known by the name and title of Doctor Ormskirk ['Doctor Grimshawe' (p. 351)], whose [G:HAW]household consisted of a re[-]mark[-m/k'-]a[-b]b[-]ly[-l:Y] [p-]pretty little girl[-wr+] and [v-]vivacious [b-]boy, a perfect rosebud of a [bl-]blonde girl two or three years younger than he, and an old [m-]maid of all work [wl wrk], crusty in temper and [w-wr:]wonder-[fwl]:]fully [sl-]sluttish in atti[-y-]re. .... with a [p/b'm] hop, skip, and jump, from the [h:maw]threshold across a [tongue]flat tombstone, the two children were in the daily habit of using the dismal cemetery as



their playground. In their  
 graver moods, they spelled  
 out the names and learned  
 by [haw]heart doleful  
 verses on the headstones;  
 and in their merrier ones  
 ... they chased butterflies,  
 and gathered dandelions,  
 played hide and seek  
 [lip/lap-wink] behind the  
 slate and marble ....";  
 "Be that as it might, in  
 the [l̥ɪŋgəl/l̥ɪŋɡwəl] g:  
 ]grave-yard had been hidden  
 from sight many a broad,  
 bluff [bʊd bl̥'f] [V:]visage  
 of husbandmen who had been  
 taught to [-ni:HaW!:ne-lip  
 ]plough among the hereditary  
 [maw/name:leaf/gynecoid]  
 furrows .... Here, too,  
 the sods had [k'Vw:red:]  
 covered the [F:]faces of  
 men [(k)N:]known to  
 [H'twɪ:]history ...."--  
 XII:343[w.351], 343, 345)

[p-08] "The Prophetic Pictures"

("But this [p-]painter!  
 cried Walter Ludlow, with  
 [n/m] animation. 'He not  
 only excels in his peculiar  
 art, but possesses vast  
 acquirements in all other  
 learning and science. He  
 talks Hebrew [Y' H'W] to  
 Doctor Mather [he-brew  
 mother-matter], and gives  
 lectures [orations] in  
 anatomy to Doctor Boylston  
 [boil-s:tone]. In a word,  
 he will meet ...."; "Some  
 deemed it an offence [F!]  
 against the Mosaic [L-]law  
 [M(h)AW] and even a  
 presumptuous mockery of  
 the [K-]creator to bring  
 into existence such lively  
 images of his creatures.  
 Others, frightened at the  
 art which could raise

phantoms at will, and keep the form of the dead among the living, were inclined to consider the painter as a magician, ... perhaps the famous Black Man [B]l'k M'n] of old [W:]witch-times, [P:]plotting[:n] [M:]mis-chief in [N:]new [G:]guise."; "He stood like a magician [ @ all steps] [h/y:k/c-]controlling the phantoms which he had e[(y-Y:)V: ]vo[:W:]ked[(c't)]."--IX: 166,166,169,182)

[p-09] "The May-Pole of Merry Mount"

("This venerated emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. ... the pole was dressed with ... ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed [g]lan(d)s-]gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy [M.-de-]l'Aubépine] pine tree."; "The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life ['(t)his wedlock'], beginning the measure ['their flowery union'] that same bright eve."; "'Begin you the stave[:YV], reverend Sir,' cried they all ['(w)hen the priest had spoken']...."--IX: 54, 55, 57, 57)

[p-10] "The Canter-bury Pilgrims" ("The same person who had hitherto been the chief spokesman, now stood up, [w/v-]waving his hat in hand [han + Ha't + w], and suffered the moonlight [i'n/m] to fall full upon his [F:]front. / 'In me,' said he, with a certain [Oberon] [M:]majesty of utterance, 'in me, you [B:]be[-]hold[:OW]d a [POW:]poet.'"--XI:120,123)

[p-11] "The Gray Champion"

("Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. .... / .... / 'My children,' concluded ... ['the figure of Governor Brad(-the-)street'], 'do nothing [thorn-]rashly. Cry not aloud, but [p-]pray for the welfare of New-England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this [m-]matter!"; "'Oh! Lord of Hosts,' cried a voice among the crowd, 'provide a Champion for thy people!' / This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a [h/y:k/c'r!] herald's cry, to introduce a re[-]mark[able [P:]personage. The [k/c-r:]crowd had [lip/lap-wink-]rolled back .... / .... Suddenly, there was seen the [F:]fig[ure of an ancient [M:]man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by [H:]himself along the centre of the street .... / .... He made a ges[ture at once of encouragement and warning [reach:Haw'], then [urn-wrd] turned again ....

/ 'Who is this [g-]gray patriarch?' asked the young men of their sires. /

'Who is this [v-]venerable [b-]brother?' asked the old men among themselves.

/ But none could make reply."; And who [W:]was the Gray Champion?

Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its [shrub-]humbling lesson to the monarch and its high[-e]l[m] example to the subject [-signatural chiasmus, cross-signing of nominal self (orally: lip-edge horizontal, over tongue-axis longitudinal)]. ....

His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. ...; for he is the type[-ograph] of New-England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's [Na't-ive] sons will [Haw-v'] v[-]in[']dicate their [thorn-tree] an[']ces[-]try [=i'V(e) Y (K)Ny tr-Y-d!--i.e., in warding, cuneiform-canine relics, as cryph-extensions, of glottal growl, Y-grown]."  
--IX:9,12,13-14,17-18)

[b-12] "Buds and Bird-Voices"

("Human flower-shrubs[-bz], if they will grow old on earth, should, beside their lovely blossoms [B-]bear some kind of fruit that will satisfy earthly appetites; else neither

man, nor the decorum of nature, will deem it fit that the moss should gather on them."--X:148, 152)

[b-13] "A Bell's Biography"

("Hearken to our neighbor with the iron tongue!  
... a gentle hint to myself, that I may [b-]begin his [b-]biography  
.... .... ... the more I study his deep-toned lang[-ng'gw-]uage, the more sense, and sentiment, and soul do I ['foolscap'-]dis[-]cover in it."; "So the bell, our self-same [ye↓-]bell [with 'the symbol of the ('Romish') cross' and 'Baptized and blessed' by a 'bishop!]  
...--this very bell sent forth its first-born ac[-k'-]cents from the tower of a [↓-]log-built chap[-]el, westward of Lake Champlain, and near the mighty stream of the Saint Lawrence. It was [k/c-]cal[-↓-]led Our Lady's Chap[↓-]el of the Forest. The peal [cf. p-ee↓] went forth as if to redeem and consecrate the [H'W] heathen wilderness.  
.... The In[-n-]dians [(k)n-]knelt[:↓]'t beneath the lowly roof [cf. n-palate]"--XI:103,103-4, 104)

[b-14] "Ethan Brand: A Chapter from an Abortive Romance"

("Faster and faster, roundabout went the cur; and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail; and louder and fiercer grew his [dog:god:dog] yells[-↓z] of rage and animosity; until

utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had [b-]begun[-g'n] it."; "[M-]Meanwhil[-l-]e, Ethan [B-]Brand ... [,] his seat upon the [l-]log[-wg]; and [mwv-]moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy ..., ... [b-]broke into the [haw!haw!-]lawful[-w] [l-]laugh, which more than any other token, ex[-ks-p]pressed the condition of his in[-nw-]ward [in Haw'-word:l<sub>og</sub>] [B-]being." --XI:83,96,97)

[b-15] "Mrs. Bullfrog"

("The same morning that Mrs. Bullfrog and I came together as a [name-androgyne; ink-well-frog] unit, we took two seats in the [haw!] stage-coach, and began our journey towards my place of business. .... I suffered my fingers, white and delicate as her own, to stray among those dark and glossy curls, which realized my day-dreams ...."; "... I thrust my hand under the newspaper .... / 'What's this, my dear?' cried I[:eye]; for the [bl-]black neck[-n'k] of a bottle had popped out of the basket. / .... / There was no [p-]possibility of doubting my wife's [w-]word; [b-]but ... cherry-[b-]brand[-nd-]y [cf. scar(-)let haw/hip]" --X:129,130-1,132)

[b-16] "The Blithedale Romance"

["Pre(-)face"]

"Old(-wld) Moodie" (I)

"Blithedale" (II)

"A Knot of Dreamers" (III)

"Eliot's Pulpit" / "A Crisis" / "Leave-Takings"  
(XIV / XV / XVI)

"Zenobia and Coverdale"  
(XXVI)

"Midnight" (XXVII)

"Blithedale-Pasture"  
(XXVIII)

"Miles(-lz)  
Coverdale's(-y lz)  
Con(-)fession"  
(XXIX)

("The illustrious Society of Blithedale, though it toiled in downright ear[-]nest for the good of mankind, yet not unfrequently il[-]luminated its laborious life with an afternoon or evening of pastime. ... fragmentary bits of theatrical performance, such as single acts of tragedy or comedy, or dramatic proverbs and charades. .... Tableaux vivants [T'b'lw vyv'n] (cf. Theodore de l'Aubépyñ-) ] ...."; "THE SILVER VEIL [The -'vw-V'y] [.] / .... / .... / It is essential to the purposes of my ['Zenobia's'] legend to distinguish one ... gentleman ...; so, for the sake of a soft and pretty name, ... I deem it fit to call him 'Theodore.' / "Pshaw!" exclaimed Theodore. ...."--III:5, 1, 5, 9, 14, 117, 128, 137, 106, 109)

[b-17] "The Birth-mark"

("Its shape bore not a little similarity to the human hand [Nat-h-an(d)-], though of the smallest pig[:my] size. [My:JAW:derivation: ]Georgiana's lovers were wont to say, that some fairy, at her birth-hour, had laid her tiny hand upon the infant's cheek, and left this impress there, in token of the magic endowments that were to give her such [deep-step-2 conjunctive] sway over all hearts [and '(m)any a desperate

swain('s) ... lips'].  
 .... Some fastidious  
 persons--but they were  
 exclusively of her own  
 sex, affirmed that the  
 [B:]Bloody [H:]Hand, as  
 they chose to call it,  
 quite destroyed the effect  
 of Georgiana's [cosmo-  
 plastic-step-5 over-lap!  
 lips!] [B:]beauty, and  
 rendered her countenance  
 even hideous [cf. hand-  
 ye! :haw! -t'orn (scar-let:  
 be(a)r-on!)] ."; "... a  
 flaw [=face-law (=hand-  
 some loss-of-face [=tongue  
 (-HAW! GEE UP!-) in-cheek  
 mask)]]."--X:36, 38)

[b-18] "Young Goodman Brown"

("... and sin is but a  
 name[-n/m]. Come[-k'm],  
 devil[-v]! for to  
 thee[-y] is this [HAW!]  
 world given[-vn].' 7  
 .... / 'Ha! ha! ha!'  
 roared Goodman Brown [-wn],  
 when the wind laughed at  
 him. .... / ....  
 On[-n] he flew[-w],  
 among[-m'ng] the [b-]black  
 [p-]pines[-nz], his staff  
 with frenzied gestures ....  
 .... / .... Each  
 pendent[-p'nd'nt] twig[-g]  
 and leafy festoon was in  
 a [bl-]blaze. As the red  
 [l-]light a[-]ro[:W:]se  
 and fell[-l], a numerous  
 congregation alternately  
 shone forth, ... and again,  
 grew[-w], as it were, out  
 of the darkness, peopling[-  
 pYplng] the heart of the  
 solitary woods at once."--  
 X:74, 83-84)

[b-19] "The Artist of the  
 Beautiful"

("Ah!" said Owen [h!-Ow'n].  
 / That little monosyllable  
 was all he uttered; its



tone seemed cold and  
 unconcerned, to an ear  
 like Peter Hovenden's; and  
 yet there was in it the  
 stifled outcry[-ow'k'y] of  
 the poor artist's heart,  
 which com[-mp]pressed  
 within him like a man[-m/n]  
 ho[:w]:ld[-]ing[:ng] down  
 an ev[:v:]i[:l] spi[:Y:]rit.";  
 "He [p-]produced as he  
 spo[:wk:]ke, [h'w-]what  
 see[-y-m-]med a jew[:W'l:]el-  
 [B'K:]box. It was carved  
 richly out of ebony, by  
 his own hand, and inlaid  
 with a fanciful tracery of  
 [p-]pearl, representing a  
 [b-]boy in [p-]purs[e-luit  
 of a [ye!]] [B:]butte[:W:  
 rfly[:ly], which, elsewhere,  
 had become a [W:]wing[-ng'-  
 led spirit, and was flying  
 [Y'H'W'H] heav[']enward [as  
 heaven:haw(:w'l'w:)Word]  
 [=better-fly!]. .... This  
 case of ebony the artist  
 opened, and bade Annie[:Nat-  
 ani(YEL!)] place her  
 fing[-ng'-]er on its  
 [lip:h-]edge. .... /  
 'Beautiful! Beautiful!  
 exclaimed Annie. 'Is it  
 alive[:LYV]? Is it  
 alive[:LYV]? [=Lip/leaf-  
 wink/lap(w.El-tongue]"--X:  
 447,463,469-70)

[b-20] "Mr. Higginbotham's  
Catastrophe"

("He ['the tobacco-pedler,  
 whose name was Dominicus  
 Pike'] had a neat little  
 cart, painted green, with  
 a [b-]box of cigars  
 de[-y-p]pict['-c't-]ed on  
 each side-panel, and an  
 In[-n-]dian[-n] Chie[-Y-]f,  
 holding a [p-]pi[-y-lp[-p-le  
 and a [g-]gol[-wl-]den[-n]  
 tobacco-s[-]talk[-lk^], on  
 the rear[-wr]. .... ...

the country lasses of New Engl[-ng'gl-]and are generally grea[-y-]t [glan(d)s-]perfor['-wr-]mers on pi[-y-]pes. Moreover [Maw:haw-over], ... the peddler was inquis[-z-]tive, and something of a tattler [-lwr], alway[-y-]s[-z] itching to h[-]ear the news[-nwz], and an[-nk'-]xious to tell[-l] it again[-g'n] [i.e., with thorn-pike in HAW:BOX, glands-deep]."--IX:106,106)

5.b. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n--a point-mark of organ-song [5+0/20@five]

[5.b. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n--vulvibrim one. (w-05) 'An Old Woman's Tale':] In the house where I was born, there used to be an old woman crouching all day long over the kitchen fire, with her elbows on her knees and her feet in the ashes. Once in a while she took a turn at the spit [=lip/pit-with-tongue], and she never lacked a coarse gray stocking in her lap, the foot about half finished; it tapered away with her own waning life and she knit the toe-stitch on the day of her death. She made it her serious business and sole amusement to tell me stories at any time from morning till night, in a mumbling, toothless voice, as I sat on a log of wood, grasping her check-apron in both my hands. .... Her ground-plots, seldom within the widest scope of probability, were filled up with homely and natural incidents, the gradual accretions of a long course of years, and fiction hid its grotesque extravagance in this garb of truth, like the devil (an appropriate simile, for the old woman supplied it) disguising himself, cloven-foot and all, in mortal attire. These tales generally referred to her birth-place, a village in the Valley of the Connecticut, the aspect of which she impressed with great vividness on my fancy. .... To speak emphatically, there was a soporific influence throughout the village, stronger than if every mother's son and daughter were reading a dull story; ... which, the old woman professed to hold the substance of .... / One moonlight summer evening [:] .... / .... / This gentlewoman ['an elderly (de l') lady with something in her hand'], whose infirmity had kept her so far in the rear of the crowd, now came hobbling on, glided unobserved by the polemic group, and paused on the left brink of the fountain, within a few feet of the two spectators ['David' and 'Esther']. She was a magnificent old dame, as ever mortal eye beheld. Her spangled shoes and gold-clocked

stockings shone gloriously within the spacious circle of a red hoop-petticoat, which swelled to the very point of explosion, and was bedecked all over with embroidery a little tarnished. Above the petticoat, and parting in front so as to display it to the best advantage, was a figured blue damask gown. A wide and stiff [truncating] ruff encircled her neck, a cap of the finest muslin, though rather dingy, covered her head, and her nose was bestriden by a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, with enormous glasses. But the old lady's [yel-thorn!] face was pinched, sharp, and sallow, wearing a niggardly and avaricious expression, and forming an odd contrast to the splendor of her attire, as did likewise the implement which she held in her hand. It was a sort of iron shovel (by housewives termed a "slice"), such as is used in clearing the oven, and with this, selecting a spot between a walnut tree and the fountain, the good dame made an earnest attempt to dig. The tender sods, however, possessed a strange impenetrability. .... / .... / .... The old woman ... was started by a hand suddenly laid upon her shoulder; she turned round in great trepidation, and beheld the dignitary in the blue coat; then followed an embrace, of such closeness as would indicate no remoter connexion than [ni(+)-ne!] matrimony between these two decorous persons. The gentleman next [EL-ward-] pointed to the shovel, appearing to enquire the purpose of his lady's occupation; while she as evidently parried his interrogatories, maintaining a demure and sanctified visage .... Howbeit, she could [k+] not forbear looking askew, behind her spectacles, towards the spot of [stub+born!-] stubborn turf. All the while, their figures had a strangeness in them, and it seemed as if some cunning jeweller [=Jew-EL!-over-in-haw!] had made their ornaments of the yellowest of the setting sun beams, and that the [Hathor:Haw-worn-] blue of their garments was brought from the dark sky near the moon [=N!-ear-to Egypt/Cow-horns!], and that the gentleman's silk waistcoat was the bright side of a [yel-K!-loud!] fiery cloud, and the lady's scarlet petticoat a remnant of the blush[-of-HAW:K!-sex!-lexis] of [re-borne!] morning, --and that they were both unrealities of colored[-red!] air. But now there was a sudden movement throughout the multitude. The Squire drew forth a watch as large as the dial on the famous steeple[:steep-lingam-log!] ['an enormously disproportioned steeple sticking up straight into [tooth-in-lip!V!-enfanged-] Heaven, as high as the Tower of Babel!], looked at the warning hands and [GYNECO(W)!-] gat him gone, nor [CUD!-] could his [YEL!-] lady [=palate-ladle-unladen-tar!] tarry .... Like cloudy fantasies that hurry by a viewless impulse from the sky, they all were fled, and the wind rose up and followed them with a strange [maw!-] moaning down the lonely street. Now whither these people went, is more than may be told; only David and Esther ['David had not a penny(:penis-knot) to pay the marriage fee, if Esther should consent to wed'] see[--]med to see the shadowy splendor of the ancient dame, as she lingered in the moonshine at the grave-yard gate, [life-glan(d)s-]gazing back[-]ward to the fountain. / "Oh, Esther! I have had such a dream!" cried David, starting up [UP!] and rubbing his eyes.

/ "And I such another!" answered Esther, [WOMB!JAW!GLANDS-]gaping till her pretty red lips formed a circle. / .... / They now stared in each other's eyes, with great astonishment and some little fear. .... / .... / .... He used it ['an iron shovel' (cf. haw-tearing-tongue)] with better success than the old woman, the soil giving way so freely to his efforts, that he had soon scooped a hole as large as the basin of a [fresh-semen!-]spring. Suddenly he poked his head down to the very bottom of the [haw:k!-ovum!-over-]cavity. / "Oho!--What have we here!" cried David[:the-beloved-to-ster(n)].--XI:240-2,247-8,249-50(w.243,242).]

[5.b. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n--vulvibrim two. (p-08) 'The Canter(-)bury Pilgrims':] The summer moon, which shines in so many a tale, was beaming over a broad extent of uneven country[:of-tree!] Some of its brightest rays were flung into a spring of water, where no [yel!-to face/vulva-]traveller, toiling up the hilly road beside which it gushes, ever failed to [wrench/wench-]quench his thirst. The work of neat [signature-]hands and consider[-]able [haw/bard!-]art, was visible about this blessed fountain. An open cistern, [turn:tone!-]hewn and hollowed out of solid stone, was placed above the waters, which [lap/lip!] filled it to the brim, but, by some invisible outlet, were conveyed away without dripping down its sides. Though the basin had not room[-in-maw!] for another drop, and the continual [gullet-]gush of [double-V'VOICE!-]water made a tremor on the sur[-]face, there was a secret charm that forbade it to overflow [as salivary-sauce-in-lips]. .... / While the moon was hanging almost perpen[-]dic[-]ularly over this spot, two figures appeared on the summit of the hill, and came with noiseless footsteps down towards the spring. They were then in the freshness of youth; nor is there a wrinkle now on either of their brows, and yet they wore a strange old fashioned garb. One, a young man with ruddy cheeks, walked beneath the canopy of a broad brimmed [hard-palate-like] gray hat; he see[--]med to have inherited his great-grand-sire's square skirted coat, and a waistcoat that extended its immense flaps to his knees, his brown locks, also, hung down behind, in a mode unknown to our times. By his side was a sweet young dam[--]sel, her fair features sheltered by a prim little bonnet, within which appeared the vestal muslin of a [glan(d)s-]cap; her close[+d], long waisted gown, and indeed her whole attire, might have been worn by some rustic beauty who had faded half a century before. But that there was something too warm and life-like in them, I would here have compared this couple to the ghosts of two young lovers, who had died long since in the [glan(d)s-]glow of passion, and now were straying out of their graves, to renew the old vows, and shadow forth the unforgotten kiss of their earthly lips, beside the moonlit [maw+linga-]spring. / 'Thee and I will rest here a moment, Miriam,' said the young man, as they drew near the s[-]tone cistern, 'for there is no fear that the elders know what we have done; and this may be the last time we shall ever taste this water.' / .... / The same person who had hitherto been the chief spokesman, now stood up, waving his

hat in his hand, and suffered the moonlight to fall full upon his front. / 'In me,' said he, with a certain majesty[-of-Oberon!] of utterance, 'in me, you behold a poet.' / ... / ... 'Oh, ay, Miriam, he means a [trans-]v[:]arse maker, thee must know.' / ... / ... [T]he poet turned away, and gave himself up to a sort of vague reverie, which he called thought. Sometimes he watched the [maw+glans!-loomed-]moon, pouring a silvery liquid on the clouds, through which it slowly [EL-cell! seminally] melted till they became all bright; then he saw[+d] the same sweet [haw/horn!-with-knees-]radiance dancing on the leafy trees which rustled as if to shake it [ser:pent-wisely!] off, or sleeping on the high tops of hills, or hovering down in [vaginally!] distant vallies, like the material of unshaped dreams; lastly, he looked at the spring, and there the light was mingling with the water. In its crystal bosom, too, beholding all heaven reflected there, he [up-orgasm!] found the emblem of a pure and tranquil breast. He listened to that most ethereal of all sounds, the song of c[:]rickets, coming in full choir upon the wind, and fancied, that, if moonlight could[:lingam/cud] be heard it [wood:]would sound just like that. Finally he took a draught at the Shake[-he]r spring, and as if it were the true Castalia, was forthwith moved to compose a lyric, a Farewell to his Harp, which he swore [wood:H+EL!-]would be the closing strain, the last verse that an ungrateful world[=HAW(T)URN] should have from him. This effusion ... he took the first opportunity to send by one of the Shake[-he]r brethren to Concord, where they [in-HAW:K!-to-LIP/LEAVES-accord!] were published in the New Hampshire Patriot. [--XI:120-1,123,125-6.]

[5.b. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n--vulvibrim three & four. (b-15 & b-17) 'Mrs. Bullfrog (& The Birth-mark':)] It makes me melancholy to see how like fools some very sensible people act, in the matter of choosing wives. They perplex their judgments by a most undue attention to little niceties of personal appearance, habits, dispositions, and other trifles, which concern nobody but the lady herself. An unhappy gentleman, resolving to wed nothing short of [at-lip-]perfection, [HAW:K!-]keeps his [signature-]heart[-]and[-]hand till both get so [lingam-]old[-]and[-]prepuce-]withered, that no tolerable woman will accept them. --Now this is the very[:in-verse] [tongue:purse!-]height of absurdity. A kind Providence has so [dance:skins!skull-]skilfully adapted sex to sex, and the mass of individuals to each other, that with certain obvious exceptions, any male and female may be moderately [ni(+)]ne-hop!-]happy in the [maw-]married state. .... / .... It is not assuming too much [of a name], to affirm, that the ladies themselves were [aphro/herma!-fro!-]hardly so lady-like as Thomas Bullfrog. So painfully acute was my sense of female imperfection, and such varied [yel!-cell-]excellence did I re[!]quire[:choir] in the woman whom I could love, that there was an awful [hawk!-]risk of my [gyne!-]getting no wife at all, or of being driven to perpetrate matrimony[:leading-to-money/key-aNkH!] with my own image in the looking-glass[:GLAN(D)S!]. Besides the fun[-ne!]-]dam[e!-m]ental principle, already hinted at,

I demanded the fresh bloom of youth [on man-edible mandibles], pearly teeth, ..., ..., and above all, a virgin heart [=fresh ove!]. In a word [--] ... I should have taken it. .... / The same morning that Mrs. Bullfrog and I came together as a unit, we took two seats in the [steps-uni/pent!] stage-coach, and began our journey towards my place of business. .... My bride looked charmingly, in a green calash, ... and whenever her [door de 1'] red lips parted with a smile, each tooth appeared like an inestimable pearl. Such was my passionate warmth, that--we had [serpent-]rattled out of the village, gentle reader, and were lonely as Adam and Eve [M-open-V!] in Paradise--I plead guilty to no less freedom than a kiss! [at throat-aNkH!] .... / .... / .... The blows ['at the driver's ... ear'] were given by a person of grisly aspect, with a head almost bald, and [aNkH!-]sunken cheeks, apparently of the feminine gender, though hardly to be cl[-asp:]assed in the gentler sex. There being no teeth to modulate the voice, it [H-Y-W!=V'F] had a mumbled fierceness, not passionate, but stern[=guard/dog!], which [God/YEL!-]absolutely made me quiver like a calves foot jelly. Who could the phantom be? The most [m:haw-]awful circumstance of the affair is yet to be told; for this ogre, or whatever it was, had a riding-habit like Mrs. [botanical!] Bullfrog's, and also a green silk calash [aNkH-]dangling down her back by the strings. In my terror and turmoil of mind, I could imagine nothing less, than that the Old Nick, at the moment of our [love-orgiastic-]overturn, had [vehicle-signature!-]annihilated my wife and jumped into her petticoats. .... / 'Come, sir, bestir yourself! Help this rascal to set up the coach,' said the hob[-]goblin to me; then with a terrific screech to three countrymen, at a distance--'Here, you fellows, an't [=ankh] you ashamed to stand [fork-]off, when a poor [maw:]woman is in di[Y]stress?' / .... [/'&:] "My noble wife," said Aylmer, deeply moved, "I knew not the height and depth of your [womb:maw] nature, until now. Nothing shall be concealed. Know, then, that this [tongue-hob:]Crimson Hand, super[-]ficial as it seems, has clutched its grasp into your being, with a strength of which I had no [ankh!] previous conception. I have already administered agents powerful enough to do aught except to change your entire physical system. Only one thing remains to be tried. ...." / "... [Gorge:]Georgiana," said [sailing:EL!-]Aylmer in a low voice, "there is danger!" / "Danger? There is but one danger--that this horrible [trunc/cervix:]stigma shall be left upon my cheek!" cried [Gorge:]Georgiana. "Remove it! Remove it!--whatever the cost--or we shall both go mad!" / "Heaven knows, your words are too true," said Aylmer, sadly. "And now, dearest, return to your boudoir. In a little [lip/lap-wink-]while, all will be tested. / He conducted her back, and took leave .... After his de[--]parture, Georgiana became wrapt in [mute/lips-to-throat/ankh!-]musings. .... [--X: 129, 130-1, 133. And, X:51-52.]

[5.b. LLP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n--vulvibrim five.

(b-16) 'The Blithedale Romance':] The evening before my de[--]parture

for Blithedale, I was returning to my bachelor-apart[-]ments, after attending the wonderful exhibition of the Veiled Lady, when an elderly-man of rather shabby appearance met me in an [aNkH]-obscure [ye|-lips/part!] part of the [sig/nature-]street. / "Mr. Cover[-]dale," said he, softly, "can I speak with you a moment?" / .... / "I wonder, sir," said he, "whether you know a lady whom they call Zen[:]o[--]bia?" / "Not personally," I answered, "although I expect that pleasure tomorrow, as she has got a head start of the rest of us, and is already a resi[-]dent at Blithe[-]dale. But have you a literary turn, Mr. Moodie?--or have you taken up the ad[-]vocacy of women's rights?--or what else can have interested you in this lady? Zenobia, by-the-by, as I suppose you know, is merely her public name; a sort of [face:]mask in which she comes before the world, retaining all the privileges of privacy--a contrivance, in short, like the white drapery of the Veiled Lady ['a (voice-control:laden) phenomenon in the mesmeric line; ... the revival of an old hum(-)bug'], only a little more transparent(:lip/parent-open)']. But it is late. Will you tell me what I can do for you?" / "Please excuse me to-night, Mr. Cover[-]dale," said [o|d: Maw-move-]Moodie. "You are very kind; but I am afraid I have troubled you, when, after all, there may be no need. ...." / And so he [ye|/pent!-serpent/lips-]slipped away[--'the old man' who had 'interrupted me' when 'I was turning over this riddle in my mind, and trying to (aNkH/covert-)catch its slippery purport by the tail,'--'the apparent miracle .... of the Veiled Lady, ... the interest of the spectator ... wrought (V-fang!-)up by the enigma of her identity, ... enshrouded within the misty drapery of the veil. It was (White-(T)horn!-)white, with somewhat of a subdued silver sheen (of he!brew-Y!-quick-dew), like the sunny side of a cloud; and falling over the wearer ...'] .... Arriving at my room, I threw a lump of cannel coal upon the [glan(d)s/great!-)grate, lighted a cigar, and spent an hour in musings of every hue, from the brightest to the most sombre .... It was nothing short of midnight when I went to bed, after [ankh-]drinking a [glan(d)s-]glass of part[-]ic[!-y]lular[:lord!]ly fine Sherry, on which I used to pride myself, in those days. It was the very last bottle; and I finished it, with a friend, the next[:ni(+ )ne(+ )N/nose-annexed!] afternoon, before setting out for Blithedale. / .... / .... / Paradise, indeed! Nobody else in the world, I am bold to affirm--nobody, at least, in our bleak little world of New England--had dreamed of Paradise, that day, except as the pole suggests the tropic. Nor, with such materials as were at hand, could the most skilful architect have constructed any better imitation of Eve's bower, than might be seen in the snow-hut of an Esquimaux [with own maw]. But we made a summer of it, in spite of the wild drifts. / It was an April day, as already hinted, and well towards the middle of the month [menses of conception]. When morning dawned upon me, in town, its temperature was mild enough to be pronounced even balmy, by a lodger--like myself--in one of the [haw!] midmost houses of a brick-block; each house partaking of the warmth of all the rest, besides the sultriness of its individual

furnace-heat. But, towards noon, there had come a snow .... /  
 .... / "How pleasant it is!" remarked I, while the snow-flakes  
 flew into my [seminal] mouth, the moment it was opened. "How very  
 mild and balmy is this [cantor-cock's!-]country-air!" / "Ah,  
 Cover(-)dale, don't laugh at what little enthusiasm you have left,"  
 said one of my companions .... / .... / .... / Zenobia  
 bade us welcome, in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave each of us  
 her hand, which was very soft and [pat-tongue:]warm. .... / ....  
 / .... / "He knocks as if he had a right to come in," said  
 Zenobia, laughing, "And what are we thinking of? It must be Mr.  
 Hollings[-]worth!" / Hereupon, I went to the [Theo+]door, unbolted,  
 and [He!awe!] flung it wide open. There, sure enough, stood  
 Hollingsworth, his shaggy great-coat all covered with snow; so he  
 looked quite as much like a polar bear as a modern philanthropist.  
 / "Sluggish hospitality, this!" said he, in those [H/G:Y!-]deep  
 tones of his, which seemed to come [heart-lobe/lipping!] out of a  
 chest as capacious as a barrel. .... / .... ... Hollingsworth  
 received into his arms, and deposited on the door-step, a figure  
 enveloped in a cloak. It was evidently a woman; ... --a slim and  
 [!-tongue-]insubstantial girl. ... she showed some hesitation about  
 entering[:entraill:ing] the door .... / "Who is this?" whispered I  
 .... / .... / "What does the girl mean?" cried she ['Zenobia'],  
 in rather a sharp [lip+(Z)tooth+tongue!] tones. "Is she crazy?  
 Has she no tongue?" / And here Hollingsworth stepped forward. /  
 "No wonder if the poor child's tongue is frozen in her mouth,"  
 said he--and I think he positively frowned at Zenobia--"The very  
 heart will be frozen in her bosom, unless you women can warm it,  
 among you, with the warmth that ought to be in your own!" /  
 Hollingsworth's appearance was very [aNkH!-W-woman-]striking, at  
 this moment. He was about thirty years old ..... / .... /  
 Priscilla! Priscilla! [P-ill! Piss-rill! P-ye!]. I repeated the  
 name to myself, three or four times; and, in that [lip-initial-  
 ]little space, this quaint and prim cognomen had so amalgamated[:  
 mal/gum/gamated!] itself with my idea of the girl, that it seemed as  
 if no other name could have [Greek-prYmYval!-cod/cud-]adhered to her  
 for a moment. Heretofore, the poor thing had not shed any tears;  
 but now that she found herself received, and at least temporarily  
 established, the big drops began to ooze out from beneath her [lip/  
 lap-wink!:poor/birth!:Y=i!] eyelids, as if she were full of them.  
 .... / .... / .... / She now produced, out of a work-bag that  
 she had with her, some little wooden [thorn-]instruments, (what they  
 are called, I never knew,) and proceeded to knit, or net, an article  
 which ultimately took the shape [empty-placenta/after-birth] of a  
 silk [lip-]purse. .... Their ['such purses'] peculiar excellence  
 ... lay in the almost impossibility that any uninitiated person  
 should discover the aperture; although, to a practised touch, they  
 would open as wide as charity or prodigality might [h-Y-V'V!-z-  
 W:asps-]wish. .... / .... / The rest of us ['Hollingsworth  
 hardly said a [Haw!] word .... ... from the thick shrubbery of his  
 meditations'] formed [=out/lined] ourselves into a commit[-]tee[+th]



for providing our [fang!-]infant Community with an appropriate name; a matter of greatly more difficulty than the [oral-wood-cult-]uninitiated reader would suppose. Blithe[-]dale was neither good[:oral-dale!] nor bad. We should have resumed the old Indian name of the premises, had it possessed the oil-and-honey flow[:between:ni(+l+)ne] which the aborigines were so often happy in communicating to their local appellations; but it chanced to be a harsh, ill-connected, and interminable word, which [ill-YEL!] seemed to fill the mouth with a mixture of very stiff clay and very [phallus-pricked!-]crumbly pebbles. Zenobia [Zähne-o-pen-a] suggested 'Sunny Glimpse,' [sun'-knead-glan(d)s,] as expressive of a vista into a better system of [H:asp-]society. This we turned over and over, for awhile, acknowl[-]edging [bourne-defining!] its prettiness .... So, at last, finding it impracticable to hammer out anything better, we resolved that the spot should still be Blithe[-]dale, as being of good aug[-]ury [Augen-urine] enough. / The evening wore on, and the outer solitude looked in upon us through the windows, gloomy, wild, and vague, like another state of existence, close beside the littler sphere of warmth and light in which we were p[:]rattlers and bust[:log-]llers of a moment. .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... So unexpectedly had the stranger made me sensible of his presence, that he had almost the effect of an apparition, and certainly a less appropriate one (taking into view the dim woodland solitude about us) than if the salvage [savage-lingam-]man of antiquity, hirsute and cinctured with a leafy girdle, had started out of a thicket. He was still young, see[---]mingly a little under thirty .... The style of his beauty, however, though a masculine [de l'-]style, did not at all commend itself to my [under-palate!-]taste. .... / .... / Here the stranger see[---]med to be so much amused with his sketch of Hollingsworth's character and [gold-digger] purposes, that he burst into a fit of merriment of the same nature as the brief, metallic[:H(u)g-quick-silver!-]laugh already alluded to, but immensely prolonged and [lingual-lingam-]enlarged. The excess of his de[-]light, he opened his mouth wide, and disclosed a [merx:chant:ye]/hawk!-]gold band around the upper part of his teeth; thereby making it apparent that every one of his brilliant grinders and incisors was a [wood-]sham. This dis[-]covery affected me very oddly. I felt as if the whole man were a moral and physical hum[+m-]bug; his wonderful beauty of face ... might be removeable like a mask; and, tall and comely as his figure looked, he was perhaps but a [zygote-]wizened little [fang!-serpent-ye]:]elf, gray and decrepit, with nothing genuine [fresh/novel!] about him, save the wicked [all-wicketting] expression of his grin. The fantasy of his spectral character so wrought upon me, together with the contagion of his strange mirth on my sympathies, that I soon began to laugh as loudly as himself. / .... / He offered me a card, with 'Professor We[:]ster[:v-]velt! engraved on it. .... / .... / .... My own part, in these [oral] transactions, was singularly subordinate. It resembled that of the [phallic-glossal] Chorus in a classic play, which see[---]ms to be

set aloof from the possibility of personal concernment, and bestows [haw:saw!-sows!] the whole measure of its hope and fear, its exultation or sorrow, on the fortunes of others, between whom and itself this sympathy is the only bond. .... / .... / .... / .... / "Pause, one little instant," said the soft, low voice, ".... ... thou canst lift this mysterious veil, beneath which I am a sad and lonely prisoner, in a bondage which is worse to me than death. But, before raising it, I entreat thee, in all maiden modesty, to bend forward, and impress a kiss, where my breath stirs the veil; and my virgin lips shall come [fore-skin:]foreward to meet thy lips; and from that instant, Theo[-]dore, thou shalt be mine, and I thine, with never more a veil between us! And all the felicity of earth and of the future world shall be thine and mine together. So much may a maiden say behind the veil! [Of signature-VAV-over!(s)pine:Head!] .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / .... / It remains only to say a few words about myself. .... / But what, after all, have I to tell? Nothing, nothing, nothing! I left Blithe[-]dale within the week after Zenobia's death [by suicidal drowning], and went back thither no more. The whole soil of our farm ... see[---]med but the sodded[+sodden] earth over her [tooth-initialed] grave. I could not toil there, nor live upon its products. .... / .... / I exaggerate my own defects. The reader must not take my own word for it .... Frostier heads than mine have gained honor in the world; frostier hearts have imbibed new warmth, and been newly happy. .... There is one secret--I have concealed it all [yel!-miles] along, and never meant to let the least whisper of it [capon!-]escape--one foolish little secret, which possibly may have had something to do with ... my listless [glans-]glance towards the future. Shall I reveal it? .... But it rises in my [Hollingsworth-]throat; so let it come. / .... As I write it, he ['the reader'] will charitably suppose me to blush, and turn away my [book:aNkH!cover-]face:-- / I--I myself--was in love--with--PRISCILLA! [With the 'Veiled Lady!--lip-lingually: hedge-dentally: lingam-precise in name and El-agency: 'She threw off the (white) veil, and .... She uttered a shriek and fled to Hollingsworth(=throat-of-ring-spined-book), like one escaping from her deadliest enemy (her engraving ventriloquist-'Professor, Westerve[t), and was safe (in the H-shrubby) forever!'; 'let Zenobia (the daughter of old Moodie's 'pride') take heed! Priscilla ('the daughter of ... [his] long calamity ['shame']) shall have no wrong!'] [-III:5,8(w.6),9-10,11-12,14,26,28,29,36-7,91,94-5,97,112-13,245,247(w.203,193).]

5.c. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n--a leaf-fold of breach-counterchant [4+1/20@five])

[5.c. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n--counterknee one. (w-06) 'The Snow-Image: A Childish Miracle':] .... The children

dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little [G/N:]garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it, and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor-windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here-and-there a pendant icicle for the fruit. / "Yes, Violet--yes, my little Peo[-]ny," said their kind mother, "you may go out and play in the new snow." / .... / At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfulls of snow, Violet, after laughing heart[:]-lily at little Peo[-]ny's figure, was struck with a new thought. / "You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow--an image of a little girl--and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all, winter long. Won't it be n[-]ice?" / "Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but[+t] a little boy. "That will be n[-]ice! And [CyNe:]mamma shall see[--] it!" / "Yes," answered Violet, "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth." / And, forthwith, the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. .... She [glan(d)s-]gazed at the children, a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures--the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored that she looked like a cheerful Thought, more than a physical reality--while Peo[-]ny expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs, as substantial as an el[:]-ephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work; what it was I forget; but she was either trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for little Peo[-]ny's short legs. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window, to see how the children got on with their snow-image. / .... It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children as to grow up under their [signature-]hands while they were p[-]laying and p[-]rattling about it. .... / .... But still, as the needle travelled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the airy voices of Violet[:]-let and Peo[+k]-ny. They kept talking to one another all the time, their tongues being quite as active as their feet and hands. Except at intervals, she could not distinct[-]ly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in the most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on. Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the parlor. .... / .... / "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who

had gone to another part of the garden. "Bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very furthest corner, where we [anKh!] have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister's [l-'milk'] bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it comes out of the sky!" / "Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone--but a very sweet tone too--as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her 'ittle bosom. Oh, Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!" / "Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly, "Our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peo[-]ny, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this." / .... Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit; while peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little ur[-]chin evidently had a proper under[:]stand[:]ing of the matter, too! / "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peo[-]ny, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ring[:]lets for our snow-sister's head!" / "Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!" / .... / There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully: -- / "Look here, Peo[-]ny! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud!--and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?" / "Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "Oh Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!" / "Oh, certainly," said Violet, with tranquility, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds, that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red--redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peo[-]ny, it will make them red, if we [B:]both [K:]kissed them!" / Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's [haw!k!-]scarlet cheek. / "Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony. / "There! She has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!" / "Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony. / Just then, there came a breeze of the pure [W:]west-wind sweeping through the garden and [serpent-]rattling the parlor-windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimble finger, to summon the children in; when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had

reckoned upon all along. / "Mamma! Mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is [N/NG:]running about the [G/N:]garden [W:]with us!" / .... [--XI:8,8-10,10-11,12(w.13),14-15.]

[5.c. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n--counterknee two. (p-08) 'The Prophetic Pictures':] 'But this painter!' cried [W/w:]Walter[-yell!-]Ludlow with [n/m:]animation. 'He not only excels in his peculiar art, but possesses vast acquirements in all other learning and science. He talks Hebrew with Doctor Mather, and gives lectures in anatomy to Doctor Boylston. In a word, he will meet the best instructed man among us, on his own ground. Moreover, he is a polished gentleman--a citizen of the world--yes, a true cosmopolite [=pole-of-cosmos/cosmetics], for he will speak like a native of each clime and country on the globe, except our own [counter!-try] forests, whither he is now going. Nor is all this what I most admire in him.' / 'Indeed!' said Elinor, who had listened with a woman's interest to the description of such a man. 'Yet this is admirable enough.' / 'Surely it is,' repeated her lover, 'but far less so than his natural gift of adapting himself to every variety of character, insomuch that all men--and all women too, [El:]Elinor--shall find a mirror of themselves in this wonderful painter. But the greatest wonder is yet to be told.' / 'Nay, if he have more wonderful attributes[=lips] than these,' said Elinor, laughing, 'Boston is a peril[-]-ous abode for the poor gentleman. Are you telling me of a painter, or a wizard?' / 'In truth,' answered he, 'that question might be asked much more seriously than you suppose. They say that he paints not merely a man's features, but his mind and heart. He catches the [moving!] secret sentiments and passions, and throws them upon the canvass, like sunshine--or perhaps, in the portraits of dark-souled men, like a [glan(d)s-]gleam of eternal fire. It is an awful gift,' added Walter, lowering his voice from its tone of enthusiasm. 'I shall be afraid to sit to him.' / 'Walter, are you in ear[-]nest?' exclaimed Elinor. / .... / .... / He ['the painter'] directed her notice to the sketch. A thrill ran through Elinor's frame; a shriek was upon her lips; but she stifled it, with the self-command that become habitual to all, who [lip-]hide thoughts of fear and anguish within their bosoms. Turning[:tongue!] from the [top!-]table, she perceived that Walter had advanced near enough to have seen the sketch, though she could not determine whether it had caught his eye. / 'We will not have the pictures altered,' said she, hastily. If mine is sad, I shall but look the gayer for the contrast. / 'Be it so,' answered the painter, bowing. .... / After the marriage of Walter and Elinor, the pictures formed the two most splendid ornaments of their abode. They hung side by side, separated by a [tongue-]narrow panel, appearing to eye each other constantly, yet always returning the [glan(d)s-]gaze of the spectator. .... / It was whispered among friends, that, day by day, Elinor's face was assuming a deeper shade of pensiveness, which threatened soon to rend[-]er her too true a counter[-]part of her melancholy picture. .... In [gullet!-]course of time, Elinor hung a gorgeous curtain of purple silk,

wrought with flowers, and fringed with heavy golden tassels, before the pictures .... Her visitors felt, that the massive [vulvate-]folds of the silk must never be withdrawn, nor the portraits [lip-]mentioned in her presence. / Time wore on .... / .... / Still, Walter remained silent before the picture, communing with it .... Gradually his eyes [l-]kindled; while as Elinor watched the increasing wildness of his face, her own assumed a look of terror; and when at last, he turned to her, the resemblance of both to their portraits was complete. / 'Our fate is upon us!' howled Walter. 'Die!' / Drawing a [k+n:]knife, he sustained her, as she was [n/k/ng:]sinking to the [g/n:]ground, and aimed it at her bosom. In the action, and in the look and attitude of each, the painter beheld the figures of his sketch. The picture, with all its tremendous coloring, was finished. / 'Hold, madman!' cried he sternly. / He had [v/n:] advanced from the door, and interposed himself between the wretched beings, with the same sense of power to regulate their desti[-]ny, as to alter a scene upon the canvass. He stood like a magician, [k'n/ng:]controlling the [l+han(d):]phantoms he had [W:thorn:nativ-]vocation!-v/k:]evoked. .... [--IX:166-7,176-7,181-2.]

[5.c. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n--counterknee three. (p-09) 'The May-Pole of Merry Mount':] .... But what was the [w/-ng] wild throng that stood hand in hand about the [de l']May-Pole? It could[-k+]not be, that the Fauns and Nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were [G:HAW:]Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ances[-]try. .... Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red [phallic!] noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful [vaginal!] depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of [L:]laughter. Here might be seen the Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and [glans:]girdled with green leaves. .... Such were the colonists of Merry[:Mouth]Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated May-Pole. / .... / .... / .... No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his head-piece and breast-plate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was End[-]i[-]cott[-T:T] himself! / 'Stand off, priest of Baal! [cf. Ball!]' said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. '.... But now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his pe[+k-]juliar people. Woe unto them that would[:wood] defile it! And first for this flower-decked abomination, the [HAW:]altar of thy worship!' / And with his keen s[-]word, Endicott assaulted the hallowed May-Pole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rose-buds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs, and ribbons, and flowers, symbolic of de[--]p[+p]parted pleasures, down

fell the banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it [a<sup>n</sup>kH!-]sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew [signature-]darker, and the woods threw forth a more sombre [signature-tree!-graphic] shadow. 7 'There,' cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work, '... .. Amen, saith John Endicott!' / 'Amen!' echoed his followers. / But the votaries of the May-Pole gave one groan for their idol [=E!-idle-]ingam]. At the sound, the Puritan leader [glan(d)s-]glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely [Milton!-Ode!-]expressive of sorrow and dis[-]may. 7 'Valiant cap[-]tain,' quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band [of Puritans] .... / .... / 'How many stripes for the priest?' .... / 'None as yet,' answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. 'It must be for the Great and General Court to determine, whether stripes and long [hedge:]imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. ....' / .... / 'Here be a couple of shining ones,' continued Peter Palfrey, [thorn-]pointing his [haw!-]weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. 'They seem to be of high station among these mis-doers. ....' / .... / 'Crop it ['the youth's hair'] forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion,' answered the [pump-kin!] cap[!-re-]tain. 'Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our [YHWH:IHS] Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. ....' / And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the May-Pole, and threw it, with his own [signature:]gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. .... .. as their [fang!-]flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there [in 'their home of (W:)wild mirth!'], so, in the [womb-timely '(M:)moral(:L)'] tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went [Y'E! H'W] heavenward, supporting each other [L:]along the [well-warded] difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one [seminal-]regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount. [--IX:55-6,63-7.]

[5.c. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n--counterknee four. (b-18) 'Young Goodman Brown':] Young Goodman Brown came forth, at sunset, into the street of Salem village, but put his head back[:k], after [wood(Y):sex:a<sup>n</sup>kH-]crossing the threshold, to ex[:k's:]change a [prepuce-]parting kiss[-s-s] with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, [Fang!-]thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the [Foreskin-]pink ribbons of her cap, while she called to Goodman Brown. 7 'Dearest [glans-torn-]Heart,' whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were [lap-]close to his ear, 'pr'y thee, put off your journey until sunrise, and [ni(pry!)ne!-]sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams and such thoughts, that she's

[beard!]afear'd of herself, sometimes. Pray, tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the [Y+ear:]year!' / 'My love and my Faith,' rep[-p:]lied young Goodman Brown, 'of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry [tar!-]away from thee. My jour[-]ney, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must [k+]needs be done 'twixt now and sun[-]rise. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married!' / 'Then, [ink-ye!]-God bless you!' said Faith, with the pink ribbons, 'and may you find all [w:]well, when you come back. / 'Amen!' cried Goodman Brown. 'Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will [hormone-]come to thee.' / So they [lip:]parted; and the young man purs[e-]ued his [w:]way, until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house [=haw:k!-maw!] he looked [b:]back, and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him, with a melancholy air, in spite of her [lip:]pink[:wink] rib[:]bon[+d]s. / 'Poor little Faith!' thought he, for his heart smote him. 'What a [w:]wretch am I, to [vulvi:]leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too[:w]. Methought, as she spoke, there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done to-night. But[:t], no, no! 'twould kill her to think[:ink] it. Well; she's a blessed [seed-Y-ankh-]angel on earth; and after this one [lingam-lengthening-]night, I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to [Saw!:]Heaven.' / With this [yel!-cell]-excellent resolve for the future, Goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the [glan(d)s-]gloomiest trees of the [Sig!-Nature-]forest, which barely stood aside to let the [tongue-]narrow path [Y!urine!-]creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a [s:]solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable [neck!-of-Y-]trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that with lonely footsteps, he may be passing through an unsee[--]n multitude. / 'There may be a devilish Indian behind every tree,' said Goodman Brown to himself; and he [glan(d)s-]glanced fearfully behind him, as he added, 'What if the devil[:v-il] himself should be at my [v:]very[:y + e:]elbow[:ow!]' / His head being turned back, he passed a crook of the road, and looking forward again, beheld the figure of a man, in [signature:]grave and decent attire, seated at the foot of an old tree. He [haw:]arose, at Goodman Brown's approach, and walked on[-]ward, side by side with him. / 'You are late, Goodman Brown,' said he. 'The clock of the [heuris:tic] Old S[:M-]outh was striking as I came through B[:Haw-]os[-s-]ton[e]; and that is full fifteen minutes gone. ' [Face:]Faith kept me back awhile,' replied the young man, with a tremor in his [v:]voice[-s], caused by the sudden appearance of his companion, though not [haw:]wholly unexpected. . . . / But the only thing about him, that could[:cud!] be fixed upon as re[-]mark[-]able, was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously [serpentine]ly wrought, that it might almost be see[---]n to tw[:w+s:]ist and [w:]wriggle itself, like a



living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light. / 'Come, Goodman Brown!' cried his fellow-traveller .... / .... / ... he of the serpent, smiling apart. .... [--X:74-6.]

[5.c. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b < m/(k)n'k:n--counterknee five. (b-18) 'Young Goodman Brown':] .... But the only thing about him, that could be fixed upon as [musically:]re[-]markable, was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, ... curiously wrought [=§] .... / .... / .... / Another verse of the hymn a[:]rose, a slow and mournful strain, such as the pious love, but [glan(d)s-]joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin[:ni(+)]ne], and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends[:fi!+ends]. Verse after verse was [f/v+]sung[:ng(+)]ng], and still the chorus of the desert swelled between, like the deepest tone of a [H!Y-V'V-OM!-]mighty organ. And, with the final peal[:p-ee] of that dreadful anthem, there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other [v:]voice of the un[-]con[-]verted wilderness, were mingling and ac[:]cording[:ng] with the [v:]voice of guilty[:y] man[:n] [=maw-v'y'n/whine], in homage to the prince of [haw!-prints!-]all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely dis[-]covered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke-wreaths, above the impious assembly. At the same moment, the fire on the [haw:k!-]rock shot [glans:]redly [f/v:]forth, and formed a glowing arch[-tongue!] above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the figure bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New-En[:]gland churches [=Rev. Ashley Allen Royce!] / 'Bring forth the con[-]verts!' cried a voice, that echoed through the field and [R:voice-]rolled into the forest. / At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the con[-]gregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was [w:]wicked[+y-wicket-worked] in his [brown-signature-]heart. .... / 'Wel[-]come, my children,' said the dark figure[-in-mouth-ark], 'to the [Y!-]communion of your [signature-]race! Ye have found, thus [ye]:]young, your [nat:]nature and your desti[-]ny. My children, look behind you!' / They turned; and [ye]:]haw!-]flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend-worshippers were seen; the smile of [reproductive-]welcome [snake:glan(d)s-]gleamed darkly on every visage. / 'There,' resumed the sable form, 'are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own [gullet-aNkH!-]sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful [Y!]asp[-]irations heaven[-]ward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom;

how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their fathers' wealth; and how fair damsels--blush not, sweet ones!--have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin, ye shall ... exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood-spot. Far more than this! It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin[:n], the [N!-]fountain of all wicked arts, and which inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power--than my power, at its utmost!--can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other.' / .... / .... '.... E[:Y:]vil is the nature of mankind; E[:Y:]vil must be your only [fork!-Y-v'v-work!-]happiness. Welcome, again, my children, to the communion of your race!' / 'Welcome!' repeated the fiend-worshippers, in one cry of [paYr!-]despair and triumph. / And there they stood, the only pair, as it see[--]med, who were yet hesitating on the [hedge:]verge of wickedness, in this dark [haw!-K!-]world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? or was it blood? or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the Shape of Evil dip his hand, and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be [signature-]partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret [name-heart'-]guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretched would the next glance shew them to each other, shuddering alike at what they dis[-]closed and what they [wood-leaf!-]saw! / 'Faith! Faith!' cried the husband. 'Look [leaf!-]up to Heaven, and resist the Wicked One!' / Whether Faith obeyed, he knew [k+]not. Hardly had he spok[+k:]en, when he found himself amid a calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind, which died [yel/haw:]heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock[+k] and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging[:ng] tw[:w:]ig[:g], that had been all on fire, besprink[+k:]led his cheek[:k] with the [k:]coldest dew. / .... / .... And when he had lived long[:ng], and was [hoar!-]borne to his grave, a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grandchildren, a goodly procession, besides neighbors, not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tomb-stone; for his dying hour was gloom[:g]an(d)s-under-palate-loomed!]. [--X:76,85-8,90.]

5.d. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)k'n:n<sub>+</sub> [eye-pow ɿ]--a skullcap of world-hymn [3+2/20@five])

[5.d. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n<sub>+</sub> (eye-pow ɿ)--liefglance one. (f-01) 'Fire-Worship':] On such a morning as now lowers around our old grey parsonage, I miss the bright face of my ancient friend, who was wont to dance upon the hearth, and play the part of a more familiar sunshine. .... / .... It was he whom the

Gheber worshipped, with no unnatural idolatry; and it was he who devoured London and Moscow [=V:fang-over:EL-in(k)-Maw], and many another city, and who loves to riot through our own dark forests, and sweep across our prairies, and to whose ravenous maw, it is said, the universe shall one day be given as a final feast. Meanwhile he is the great artizan and laborer by whose aid men are enabled to build a world within a world, or, at least, to smoothe down the rough creation which Nature flung us. He forges the mighty [yaNkH!-M/Nile-ig/nite!-]anchor .... / .... / Nor did it lessen the charm of his soft, familiar courtesy and helpfulness, that the mighty spirit, were opportunity offered him, would run riot through the peaceful house, wrap its inmates in his terrible embrace, and leave nothing of them save their whitened bones. This possibility of mad destruction only made his domestic kindness the more beautiful and touching. It was sweet of him, being endowed with such power, to dwell, day after day, and one long, lonesome night after another, on the dusky hearth, only now and then betraying his wild nature, by thrusting his red [r!-]tongue out of the chimney-top! True, he had done much mischief in the world, and was pretty certain to do more; but his warm heart atoned for all. .... / .... / .... There is his iron cage. .... Much of his time is spent in sights, burthened with unutterable grief, and long-drawn through the funnel. He amuses himself, too, with repeating all the whispers, the moans, and the louder utterances or tempestuous howls of the wind; so that the stove becomes a microcosm of the aerial world. Occasionally, there are strange combinations of sounds--voices, talking almost articulately within the hollow chest of iron--insomuch that fancy beguiles me with the idea, that my fire wood must have grown in that infernal forest of lamentable trees, which breathe their complaints to Dante. When the listener is half-asleep, he may readily take these voices for the conversation of spirits, and assign them an intelligible meaning. Anon, there is a pattering noise--drip, drip, drip--as if a summer shower were falling within the narrow circumference of the stove. / These barren and tedious eccentricities are all that the air-tight stove can bestow, in exchange for the invaluable moral influences which we have lost by our desertion of the open fire-place. Alas! is this world so very bright, that we can afford to choke up such a domestic fountain of gladness, and sit down by its darkened source, without being conscious of a gloom? / It is my belief, that social intercourse [via signature] cannot long continue what it has been, now that we have subtracted [culturally] from it so important and vivifying an element as fire-light. .... [--X:138,139,141,144-5.]

[5.d. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n (eye-pow l)--  
 liefglance two. (f-04) 'Rappaccini's Daughter: From the Writings of  
 Aubépine':] A young man, named Giovanni Gua[-]sconti [=guava(l' thorn-  
 apple)-esconce-canteen] came, very long[:ng] a[-]go, from the more  
 southern region of Italy, to purs[e:]ue his studies at the University  
 of Padua. Giovan[-]ni[:knee/y], who had but a scanty supply of  
 [yel:]gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and

[glan(d)s-]gloomy[:my] [I:EYE:]chamber of an old edi[-]fice[:face], which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact exhibited over its en[:]trance the armorial [haw?:]bearings of a family long since ext[:]inct. .... / .... / Giovan[-]ni still found no better oc[-]cup[-]ation than to [glan(d)s-]look down into the garden beneath his window. .... ... there was the ruin of a [maw:]marble fountain in the centre, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original[:ora-] design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The [w:]water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A [l'] little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's [w:]window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit, that sung its song unceasingly, and without heeding the vicissitudes around it; while one century embodied it in marble, and another scattered the perishable[-]seminal garniture on the soil. All about the pool[:l] into which the water subsided, grew various plants, that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of the gigantic [l:]leaves, and, in some instances, flowers [G:]gorgeously magnificent. There was one [stub:]shrub in part[-]lic[-]ular, set in a [maw:]marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a [taste-buds!] profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the lustre and richness of a gem; and the [haw:]whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to [l:]illuminate the garden, even had there been no [ocular!] sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care; as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that [signature-]fostered them. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden-pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground, or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was [Stamm-H!-under-Velum!] thus quite veiled[:w/v+] and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study. / While Giovan[-]ni stood at the window, he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and [yel:]sickly-looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life .... / .... / The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that [haw:]hung its purple gems beside the [maw:]marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice. But finding his task still[:l] too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward dis[-]ease: / "Beatrice!--Beatrice!" /

"Here am I, my [Bee!tree!-]father! What [wood:]would you?" cried a rich and youthful[:ye] voice from the [w:]window of the opposite house; a voice as rich as a [Hell-meta-]tropical sunset, and which made Giovan[-]ni, though he knew [k+]not why, [lip:]think[:wink] of deep hues of purple or crimson, and of perfumes heavily delectable. --"Are you in the [G/N:]garden?" / "Yes, [B:]Beatrice," answered the [gyne:]gardener, "and I need your help." / Soon there emerged from under a sculptured [jaw:]portal the figure of a young girl[:y'-ng'!], arrayed with as much richness of [palate:]taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been [wood-word!] too much. She [glan(d)s-]looked redundant with life, health, and [rho-turn!-]energy; all of which attributes were bound down and [ni+ne:]compressed, as it were, and girdled [N:]tensely, in their luxuriance, by her [vulvi-in!-dentate-]virgin zone. Yet Giovan[-]ni's fancy must have grown morbid, while he [glan(d)s-]looked down into the [G/N:]garden; for the im[-]pression which the fair stranger [maw:]made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they--more beautiful than the richest of them--but still[:! ] to be touched [ove!-]only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice [ove!-]came down the garden path, it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants, which her father had most sedulously avoided. / "Here, Beatrice," said the latter,--"see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief [haw:glands:]treasure. Yet [ye!:]shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole[:Oberon] charge." / "And [glan(d)s-]gladly will I undertake it," cried the rich tones of the young lady[:y'ng'! :Y], as she bent towards the magnificent plant, and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "[Y:]Yes, my sister, my [queen-bee's!-]splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee; and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses and perfumed breath, which to her is as the [pollen!-]breath of [!:]life!" / .... Night was already closing in; o[-]pressive exhalations see[---]med to proceed from the plants, and steal up[-]ward past the open [w:]window; and Giovan[-]ni, closing[:ng] the lattice, went to his couch, and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different and yet the same, and fraught [cf. jaw-frothy] with some stran[:n:]ge peril[:! ] in either shape. / .... [--X:93,94-5,96-8.]

[5.d. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n, (eye-pow !)--  
 liefglance three. (f-04) 'Rappaccini's Daughter: From the Writings of Aubépine':] .... / He paused--hesitated--turned half about--but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure [Theo-locked!] passages, and finally undid the door, through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves, with the broken sunshine [de !'-]glimmering among them. Giovan[+]ni stepped forth, and forcing himself through the entangle-

ment of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, he stood beneath his own window, in the open area of Doctor Rappaccini's garden. / .... / .... / "Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am s[:]killed in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! .... But, pray, Signor, [=NY,] do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing [real!] of me save what you see with your own eyes." / "And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovan[+]ni [spine/thorn:]pointed[+]ly .... "No, Signora, you demand too little of me. Bid me [organ-]believe nothing, save what comes from your own [!']lips." / It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a dee[---]p flush to her cheek; but she looked full into Giovan[+]ni's eyes, and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queen-like haughtiness. / "I [Y-ess!] do so bid you, Signor!" she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to outward senses, still it may be false in es[-s-]sence. But the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips[-shooting-off!-from-hips!] are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe!" / .... / .... / "Give it me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the [!']little silver phial which Giovan[+]ni took from his bosom. She added, with a pec[[:k-]uliar emphasis: "I will drink--but do thou await the result." / She put Baglio[-]ni's antidote to her lips; and at the same moment, the figure of Rappaccini[-]ni emerged from the portal .... / .... / To Beatrice--so [R-thorn-root:]radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's s[:]kill--as poison had been life, so the powerful [!']anti[-]dote was death. And thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished[=p:ear:s't], at the feet of her father and Giovan[+]ni. Just at that moment, Professor Pietro Baglio[-]ni [---So now, Signor Giovanni, (yaNkH!-)drink off your (glan[d]s-)glass of Lacryma!--] [!']looked forth from the [enfang!-w/P!-]window, and called [yel:]loudly, in a tone of [thorn:]triumph mixed with [sem'white:]horror, to the [HAW:]thunder-stricken man of science: / "Rappaccini! Rappaccini! And is this the [chin-RAPPING shrUB-]upshot of your[:urinal!] experiment?" [---X:109,111-12,126,127-8.]

[5.d. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n, (eye-pow l)--  
 liefglance four. (b-16) 'The Blithedale Romance[:] Long[:ng]  
 since, in this part of our[:w] circum[-]jacent wood, I [Miles Coverdale!] had found out for myself a little hermitage. It was a kind of a leafy [oro+]cave, high upward into the air, among the midmost branches of a white-pine [de-!'-pinna/ear:]tree. A wild grape-vine, of unusual size and luxuriance, had [w/n-serpent:]twined[-]and[-]twisted itself up into the tree, and, after wreathing the entanglement of its tendrils around almost every bough, had caught hold of three or four neighboring trees, and married the whole clump with a perfectly inextricable [serpentine-ankh:]knot of [pole-]polygamy.

.... A [haw:]hollow chamber, of rare seclusion, had been formed by the decay of some of the pine-branches, which the vine had lovingly [throat:]strangled with its embrace, burying them from the light of day in an aerial sepulchre of its own [wind-moveable-]leaves. It cost me but little ingenuity to enlarge the interior, and open loop-holes through the verdant walls. .... / It was an admirable place to make verses, tuning the rhythm to the breezy symphony that so often stirred among the vine-leaves; or to meditate an essay for the Dial, in which the many tongues of Nature whispered mysteries, and seemed as ask only a little stronger puff of wind, to speak out the solution of its riddle. Being so pervious to air-currents, it was just the nook, too for the enjoyment of a cigar. This hermitage was my exclusive possession, while I counted myself a brother of the socialists. It symbolized my individuality, and aided me in keeping it inviolate. ... It [glan(d)s-]gladdened me to anticipate the surprise of the Community, when, like an allegorical figure of rich October, I should make my appearance, with shoulders bent beneath the burthen of ripe grapes, and some of the crushed ones crimsoning my brow as with a blood-stain. / Ascending into this natural turret, I peeped, in turn [and with turn of joint(s)], out of several of its small windows. Through one loop-hole, I saw [lip/lap-winked] the river lapsing calmly onward .... On the interior cart-road of our farm, I discerned Hollingsworth, with a yoke of oxen hitched to a drag of stones, that were to be piled into a [hedge:]fence .... The harsh tones of his voice, shouting to the sluggish steers, made me [signature-]sensible, even at such a distance, that he was ill at ease, and that the balked philanthropist had the battle-spirit in his heart. / "Haw Buck" [HAW=BOOK=BUCKS!] quoth he. "Come along there, ye lazy ones! What are ye about now? [TURN:GRAND!-]Gee!" / "Mankind, in [my-branch:] Hollingsworth's opinion," thought I, "is but another yoke of oxen, as stub[:]born, stupid, and sluggish, as our old Brown and Bright. He vituperates us aloud, and curses us in his heart, and will begin to [thorn-]prick us with the [yel/God:]goad stick, by-and-by. .... At my [Miles:]height above the earth, the whole matter looks ridic-]ulous!" / [Oro-cave:]Turning towards the farm-house, I saw Priscilla (for, though a great way off, the [Y=i+i/l+]eye of faith assured me that it was she) sitting at Zenobia's [Zähne!-obscene!-]window, and making [l+l:]little [lip:]purses, I suppose, or perhaps mending the community's [L+L:]old[-]linen. A bird flew past my tree, and as it [k+l+w+v=Y:]close[-]lits[-]way onward into the [yel:]sunny [ni(+)]atmosphere, I flung it a message for [yel-sensitive:]Priscilla. / "Tell her," said I, "that her fragile thread of [l:]life has inextricably knotted itself with other and tougher [hedge:]threads, and most likely will be broken. Tell her that Zenobia will not be long her friend[-LY-Fang!] Say that Hollingsworth's heart is on fire with his own purpose, but icy for all human affection, and that, if she has given him her love, it is like casting a flower into a sepulchre. .... / .... / While thus musing, I heard, with perfect [branch-member-]distinctness,

somewhere in the wood beneath, the peculiar laugh, which I have described as one of the disagreeable characteri[-]stics of Professor Westervelt. .... / Voices were now approaching, through the region of the wood which lay in the vicinity of my [serpentine:]tree. Soon I caught [glan(d)s-]glimpses of two [fork:]figures--a man and a woman--Zenobia and the stranger--ear[-]nestly talking as they advanced. / Zenobia had a rich, though varying color. It was, most of the while, a flame, and anon a sudden paleness. Her eyes [glan(d)s-]glowed, so that their light sometimes flashed upward to me, as the [yel:]sun throws a dazzle from some bright object on the ground. Her gestures were free, and [limb:]strik[-]ingly im[:]pressive. The whole woman was alive with a passionate intensity, which I now perceived to be the phase in which her beauty culminated. Any passion would have become her well, and passionate love, perhaps, the best of all. This was not love, but [ng/w:]anger, largely intermixed with scorn. Yet the idea strangely forced itself upon me, that there was a sort of familiarity between the two companions, necessarily the result of intimate love .... As they passed among the trees, reckless as her movement was, she took good heed [of head] that even the hem of her garment should not brush against the stranger's person. I wondered whether there had always been a chasm, guarded so religiously [:LY], betwixt[:k'st] these two. / As for Westervelt, he was not a whit more warmed by Zenobia's passion, than a [reptile:]salamander by the heat of its [N:]native furnace. .... / .... / "Why not fling the girl [Priscilla] off," said Westervelt, "and let her go?" / .... / "I know [k]not what reply Westervelt whispered; ... except that it evidently inspired her with horror and disgust. / "With what kind of being am I linked!" cried she. "If my Creator cares aught for my soul, let him release me from this miserable bond!" / .... / And then I heard her utter a helpless sort of moan; a sound which, struggling out of the heart of a person of her pride and strength, affected me more than if she had made the wood dolorously vocal with a thousand shrieks and wails. / Other mysterious words, besides what are above-written, they spoke together; but I understood no more, and .... By [serpent-]long[:ng] brooding over our recollections, we subtilize them into something akin to imaginary stuff, and hardly capable of being distinguished from it. In a few moments, they were completely beyond ear-shot. A breeze stirred after them, and [H:AWA!-]awoke the leafy tongues of the surrounding trees, which forthwith began to babble, as if innumerable gossips had all at once got wind of Zenobia's secret [cf. 'her soul, bubbling out through her lips, it may be, ... giv(ing) itself up to the Father ... (in the 'so awfully mysterious ... dark stream')']. But, as the breeze grew stronger, its voice among the branches was as if it said--'Hush! Hush!' .... [III:98-100,101-2,104-5(w.235,233).]

[5.d. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n<sub>+</sub> (eye-pow l)--  
 liefglance five. (b-20) 'Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe:'] .... /  
 The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and



became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls, as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting-mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton-factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper, and a column of double pica, emphasized with capitals and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord around the dead man's neck .... / "Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" [haw:]bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!!" / The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as [leaves:]lieves have heard a love-tale from it, as a tale of murder. / -.... / The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, ... so sensible and well-worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety .... The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him ['Dominicus'] for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob-law or a court of justice, but an eloquent [eye:apple-peel-]appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of [haw:]heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green ['tobacco-peddler('s)'] cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his [lingam:]ink-head, to exchange a fare[-]well [glan(d)s-]glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty-pudding, hit him slap in the [W-HOLE-]mouth .... / "May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike [han(d):haw:]aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unchanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it [grow:tobacco-green] from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister, or some other responsible man, for an endorser." / .... [--IX:112,113-14,115,116.]

5.e. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n<sub>+</sub>--a spine trail of  
necro-elegy [2+3/20@five])

[5.e. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n<sub>+</sub>--I'stablink one.  
(f-02) 'Feathertop: A Moralized Legend':] .... Perhaps it may be  
as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the  
composition of this figure. / The most important item of all,  
probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick,  
on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and  
which served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the  
unlearned phrase it, a backbone. .... Thus, we have made out the  
skeleton and entire corporosity of the scarecrow, with the exception  
of the head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered  
and shrivelled pumpkin in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for eyes  
and a slit for the mouth, leaving a [haw-]bluish-colored knob, in  
the middle, to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable  
face. / .... / .... / .... The one sunbeam struggled mistily  
through. .... But ... which each successive whiff [from 'the  
pipe'], the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing  
tenuity .... And, half-revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage  
bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby. / .... / Be not  
afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world, ... thou  
shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shall  
babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. .... / .... / All this  
while, the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapory  
fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as  
much for the enjoyment which it afforded, as because it was an  
essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how  
exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes ... were bent  
on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures, it nodded or shook its  
head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion .... The  
very pipe, in which burned the spell of all this [tongue-in-mouth!]  
wonderwork, ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and  
became a meerschaum [mere-sea-foam!], with painted bowl and [wood/  
stone=]amber mouth-piece. / .... / And, issuing from the cottage,  
Feathertop strode manfully towards town. .... / It was a remark-  
able point in the accoutrement of this brilliant personage, that he  
held in his left hand a [tongue!-stub!-]fantastic kind of pipe, with  
an exquisitely painted bowl, and an amber mouth-piece. This he  
applied to his lips, as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled  
a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his  
lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.  
/ .... / "I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or one of your High  
Germans," said ... [a] citizen. "The men of those countries have  
always the pipe in their mouths." / .... / ... [B]eing a man of  
wonderfully acute observation, ... ['the merchant'] noticed that  
the painted figures, on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe, were in motion.  
Looking more closely, he became convinced, that these figures were a  
party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and

dancing hand in hand, with gestures of diabolical merriment, round the circumference of the [haw!haw!haw!-]pipe-bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, ... the star [Bethlehemaic eS:Sun-tar] on Feathertop's breast scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam[-gloss!] upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor. 7 ... [T]he merchant ... felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed, in his secret soul, the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners. .... [--X:224-5, 230-1,232,234,236,237,241.]

[5.e. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n, --]'stablinc two & three. (w-07) 'Grimshawe':] .... / But something was evidently amiss with him, this evening. It was impossible to feel easy and comfortable in contact with him; if you looked in his face, there was the red, lurid glare of his eyes, meeting you fiercely and craftily as ever; sometimes he bit his lip; he frowned in an awful manner. Once he burst out into an awful fit of cursing, for no good reason .... Then, again--but this was only once--he heaved a deep, ponderous sigh, that seemed to come up in spite of him out his [haw-]depths, an exhalation of deep suffering, as if some convulsion had given it a passage to upper air, instead of its being hidden, as it generally was, by accumulated rubbish of later time heaped above it. / .... / "Some stir and writhe of something in the past that troubles you; as if you kept a snake for many years in your bosom, and stupefied it with brandy, and now it awakes again and troubles you with bites and stings." ['Said the schoolmaster.']/ .... / "I do not conceive of the force of [fang-in-lip] will, shaping out my ways," said the schoolmaster. "I walk gently along, and take the path that opens before me." / "Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the grim Doctor, with one of his portentous laughs. 'So do we all, in spite of ourselves; and sometimes the path comes to a sudden ending," and he resumed his drinking. / That night--that midnight--it was rumored through the town, that one of the inhabitants going home, late, along the street that led by the grave yard, saw the grim Doctor standing by the open window of the study behind the elm-tree, chill as was the night, in his dressing-gown, and flinging his arms abroad wildly into the night, and muttering like the growling of a tempest, with occasional vociferations that grew shrill with passion. .... If the anathemas took no other effect, they seemed to have produced a very remarkable effect on the unfortunate elm tree, through the naked branches of which the Doctor discharged this [male-]fiendish shot; for, the next spring, when April came on, no tender leaves budded forth, no life awakened there; and never again, on that old elm, richly as its roots were embedded among the dead of many years, was there rustling bough in the summer time or the elm's early golden boughs in September; and, after waiting till another spring to give it a fair chance of reviving, it was cut down and made into coffins, and burnt on the Sexton's [=tongue's-stone-gullet!] hearth. The general opinion was, that the grim Doctor's awful profanity had blasted that tree, fostered, as it had been, on pious

mould of Puritans. .... [ / &:] ... (There should be symbols and tokens, [thorn-]pointing at the schoolmaster's disappearance, from the first opening of the scene) .... / At the breakfast-table, the next morning, however, appeared Doctor Grimshawe, wearing very much the same aspect of an uncombed, unshorn, unbrushed odd sort of a Pagan as at other times .... There were also the two children, fresher than the morning itself, rosy creatures, with newly scrubbed cheeks, creatures made over again for the new day, though the old one had left no dust upon them, laughing with one another, flinging their little jokes about the table .... But there was one empty chair at table; one cup, one little jug of milk, and another of pure water, with no guest to partake of them. / .... / "Lost, a thin Yankee schoolmaster," guoth he, uplifting his voice after the manner of the town crier; "supposed to have been blown out of Doctor Grim's window, or perhaps to have ridden [lap-]astride of a bumble-bee." / "It is not pretty to laugh in that way, Doctor Grim," said little Elsie, looking into his face, with a grave shake of her head. / .... / Perhaps in imitation of the custom in that old English house, of which the Doctor had told them, little Elsie insisted that his place should be kept at the table; ... and, sometimes, so like a shadow had he been, this pale, slender creature, it almost might have been thought that he was sitting with them. But Crusty Hanna shook her head, and grinned. "The spider know where he is. We never see him more!" [-XII:400-7.]

[5.e. LIP/LAP-WINK: f/v,w,p/b > m/(k)n'k:n,--]'stabl<sub>nk</sub> four & five. (w-07) 'Grimshawe':] ... "Don't cry, you little wretch! Come and kiss me once more." So Elsie, restraining her grief with a great effort, ran to him, and gave him a last kiss. / .... / So that parting was over; but still the poor little desolate child hovered by the study-door, all day long, afraid to enter, afraid to disobey, but unable to go. Some times, she heard the Doctor muttering, as was his wont; once she fancied he was praying, and dropping on her knees [=L+L], she also prayed ferverently, and perhaps acceptably; then, all at once, the Doctor called ot in a loud voice. / .... / And then there was an utter silence, unbroken, forevermore, by the lips that had uttered so many objectiona**l**e things. / .... / Notes. A great deal must be made out of the spiders, and their gloomy, dusky, flaunting tapestry. A we**l**l across the orifice of his inkstand, every morning; everywhere, indeed, except across the snout of his brandy bottle. / .... [ / &:] A traveller, with a knapsack on his shoulders, comes out of the duski-ness of vague [near-bearing] unchronicled time, throwing his [graphic] shadow before him in the morning sunshine, along a we**l**l trodden, though solitary path. / .... / ... it was a we**l**l trodden foot-path, running just here along the edge of a field of grass, and bordered on one side by a hedge ...; so thickly luxuriant was it with its diverse vegeta**l**e life, such a green intricacy did it form, so impenetrable, and so beautiful, and such a Paradise it was for the birds that built their nests there, in a la**byrinth of little boughs**

and twigs, unseen and inaccessible, while close beside the human race to which they attach themselves, that they must have felt as safe as when they first sang for Eve. .... On one venerable oak there was a plant of mystic leaf which the traveller knew by instinct, and plucked a bough of it with a certain reverence for the sake of the Druids and Christmas kisses and of the poetry in which [as trY!] it was rooted from of old. / .... / A pleasant feature of the foot-path was the ['stone steps'] stile between two [corresponding] fields; ... here had been love-makings, ... chance chats, songs ... natural .... / .... / .... / .... / "You have almost fallen a sacrifice," said the Warden, "... You have come unintentionally into a rich preserve much hunted by poachers, and exposed yourself [metallic!] to the deadly muzzle of a spring-gun, which had not the wit to distinguish between a harmless traveller and a poacher. .... / "A gun has so little discretion," said Redclyffe, smiling .... / .... / At the end of this large room, there was one embowed window, the space near which was curtained off from the rest of the library; and the [s/stone!] window being filled with stained glass ... there was a rich medium [glan(d)s!] light, or you might call it a rich glow, according to your mood of mind. Redclyffe soon perceived that this curtained recess was the especial [soft-palate!] study of his friend, the Warden .... / It must not be omitted, that there was a fragrance in the room ...; for here was the same smell of tobacco [as in 'poor old Doctor Grim's squalid chamber!'], and on the mantel piece of a chimney lay a German pipe, and an old [quick!-]silver tobacco-box, into which was wrought the tiger's head and an inscription in black-letter. .... / "I shall take it greatly amiss," said he [the Warden'], "if you do not pick up fast under my [rho-arched, incense-cradling] roof, and gather a little English ruddiness .... Your countrymen as I saw them are a sallow set; but I think you must have English blood enough in your veins to eke out a ruddy [haw/apple!] tint, with the help of good English beef and ale, and daily draughts of wholesome English air." / "My cheeks would not have been so very pale," said Etherege [=Red-cleaver-now-with-new-reborn's-breath] laughing, "if an English shot had not deprived me of a good deal of my American blood." [--XII:436-7,440,441-3,463-4,469-71.]

(Please observe, that the literary unfolding of the fifth petition, the hawthornesque of LIP/LAP-WINK, ends here.)

(End of B. Development:

A Literary Unfolding of the Signature-Petitions

for the Thorn-Apple of World.)

## C. Conclusion:

The Way to a Further Evaluation of Hawthorne's Oral-Gestural  
Scale of Ambush.

In the foregoing, developmental part of this, the third chapter of the thesis, a successful application has been made to the literary works of Nathaniel Hawthorne of a five-step scale of consonant figures with oral-tags developed (in Chapter II) from Hawthorne's text of literary signatures in accord with Richard Paget's oral-gestural theory of consonant sounds. Guided by five key principles which reassert the self-investment of an ingrained serpentine master-form in hawthornian habitats and constructs of mind (a form first posited in Chapter I), that application has unfolded five five-fold signature petitions for a privy-symbolic, well-warded thorn-apple of world. Sampling broadly of scale-keyed passages from one hundred and three literary works by Hawthorne, that concordant unfolding of the signature-petitions for the draconic yet undersating all-round haw-in-mouth constitutes the systematic evidence of the higher literary qualification of Hawthorne's signature-poetic, or of the anthemal burgeoning into significant literary existence of: enigmatic Yahweh's ever mother-jaw-angled English Haw!-bearing-on (In nomine Patris ...), ear-hegemonically ever crux-anchored in the prosperity of the United States of America, its historic gifts of (1) land, (2) capital, (3) population, (4) culture, and (5) language (... et Spiritus Sancti), and sense-mystically ever heart-tempered by the magic, Renaissance Sun of Christ of the Epiphany--i.e., by "That glorious Form ...," of "The Star-led Wizards haste[ning] with odors

sweet![,] and "... join[t] ... [-]voice ... Choir['d]," / From out his  
 secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire[,] with "Th'old Dragon under  
 ground / In straiter limits bound," and "So [th]en ... in bed, /  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, / Pillow[ing] his chin upon an orient wave  
 "--i.e., to show Incarnate self-reinvestment, to dis-spell midwiving  
 forms, to see heuristically ever a-Head, and to consc/ch-hear, embow,  
 and self-reflectively succor and defend the Embryo of Hope to its  
 End-of-World Perfection (... et Filii ...). Or, directly:

.....

So when the Sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to th'infernal jail;  
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted Fays  
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

But see! the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending;  
 Heav'n's youngest-teemed star  
 Hath fixt her polisht Car.  
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:  
 And all about the Courtly Stable,  
 Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

[/ =The 'hymn(ing)' 'Oracle(')s' own helio-equine  
 teeth (ll. 17, 173)--sun-and-star invoking (ll. 1-131),  
 (g)nosto-Heaven-and-throat-'Hell' charioting while a  
 near-uvular (impassive) Christ baring (ll. 132-228),  
 and lip-conjointly--flesh-virginally--ever 'Godhead'  
 protective while sub-palataally en-space-ive, for  
 immortal-and-immortalizing lingual tasting, of  
 primordial necro-Sal(i)vation Dew ('...s- ...  
 -r-r s-ry[:w]-s-y'l-.' [=SIP-SQUISH, world-figure]; --  
 ll. 227, 229-44). + (/ And--ll. 8, 23, 27-8, 168-9. /) /]

--John Milton, On the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629).

(Note, in the above summary of literary burgeoning--i.e., in my "enigmatic Yahweh's" through "self-reflectively succor and defend"--hierarchies of qualities suggestive of the reader-mobility scales, of my II.B.2-3, closings. Note--especially in my A['b'--five;'d'--four;'e'--one], in my B.2.e.one-three, B.3.a[d-20], B.3.e.one-five, B.4.e.three, five, and in my B.5.a[f-02],[b-12], b.one, c.one,three, e.one-five--Bethlehemaic elements of infantilism and feeding, or of oral-nutritive communion with the young for purposes of moral self-toning and de-limiting of self-regeneration; cf. II.B.1.c[pass.three], cf. II.B.2.a.i, cf. II.B.3.v[(v)-(iv)]. And note--in my B.3.a[l-04], B.3.b.three-five, c.two-five, and d.two-five--the powerful fulfillment of Miltonic oro-magical [mouth-"Altar"] obstetrics in Hawthorne's all round literary masterpiece, The Scarlet Letter, fruit of the signatural "Haw," but ever "Pearl"-linked, to serpent Ei!:Eye! [Ai!:Oi!(Glan[d]s)Ah!:Weh!], self-chrism-crossed, at dim mid-step [3] DART-STICK[S]; cf. A['d'--five], or the red-ruminative Venus with skillfully imperceptible seam--but hemisph(ear!)s-emptying, ear-flushing, rho-thorn [r=P; rip] "religiously" and medicinally enwall[et]ing; cf. B.1.b.three.)

The systematic unfolding of the signature-petitions prepares the way for the further assessment of Hawthorne's signature-poetic--or the assessment of the self-immortalization of "Nathaniel Hawthorne" the name as perpetually self-articulating creative master-word in the public contexts of interpretation, criticism, and scholarship. The assessment of the constraint of Hawthorne's signature-poetic upon interpretation, criticism, and scholarship--or the self-fulfilling astringency of



Hawthorne's self-ambushing, Hawthorne's Godhead-romancing, Hawthorne's name-and-consonance-hierarchy-keyed oral-gestural voice in the context of literary recognition, even when that context evidently blesses (e.g., Melville, as contemporary)--will be undertaken in the next, the evaluative fourth and final chapter of the thesis. The evaluation developed in that final fourth chapter should not exclude implications for general studies in literature, language, and aesthetic perception--three directions re-asserting themselves, at this point (cf. I.A), in consequence of the appropriation made (i.e., above in the conclusion) of John Milton. Undoubtedly a major figure of the English and the Renaissance-Latin literary traditions, and a pen-wielder strongly self-addressed to and redressive of the arts of oratory, and a classic visualizer as well of the "pleasing" motor-plastic "redundan[ce]" of Eden's Master-Serpent, romancing "erect / Amidst his circling Spires, ... on the grass" in Paradise Lost, i.e., to begin "with Serpent Tongue / Organic, or impulse of vocal Air" the temptation of Eve (IX.501-3,529-30)--the Puritan Milton not only belongs to the linguistic-articulatory heritage of Paget, but may have contributed directly to the signatural motor-orality of Hawthorne: to emerge at the very least as a highly probable Romanic verbal-genetic aspect, of the "white"-"foam"-"milling", Christ-in-self de-flour-escant English "kinsman ... Molineaux" (=Mum-YAWN, ɣ-defunct world figure), in a night-mare scene in public British-American street, lunatically self-purifying, and dream-vocationally "lip"-oracular--i.e., for a thriftily robbing American-provincial "Robin," with an innate sense of optical-and-auricular turn and with "oak"-"çud[-]gel"-"root," a

substantial device near-etymo-symbolic, of the Old World epic literary culture, Insular and Continental (see again my B.1.a[m-01] and b.one-two, c-e.one--and cf. II.B.2.c.i--for the rites-initial white milling; and see again my II.B.2.b.iii, by II.B.3.a.i-iv, my II.B.3.v[(iii)], and my II.B.3.c.ii, for the American-Classic oak tempering). The important, universalizing link with private oral-motor name-riddling by Milton, in an at once recognizably private yet traditionally wider context (i.e., of [male] "impotence" fore-spoken, but orgiastically-organismically "self"-overcome, with "God ..., / ... favoring and assisting to the end," in the "ashy womb" of time), may have been in Samson Agonistes--"Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him / Eyeless in Gaza [it.] at the Mill with slaves" (ll. 40-41, w. ll. 52, 1699, 1719-20, 1703). That eye-less mill-work may have been (snake-)linked, in turn, to churn with Milton's shallow-river-mouth insights (i.e., into rhetorically barren English clergy) in Lycidas--"Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold / A Sheep-hook [cf. turn-of-tongue, over -ton]; ... / ... / And when they list, their lean and flashy songs / Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw" (ll. 119-24; see again 5.a[f-02] for snake/straw links, as well as 3.a[r-04]). But the full oro-morphological ripening of the name-play, i.e., to consummate private perfection (and inclusive perhaps of the steps-2;3 notion of lingual jack-in-the-pulpit as John-in-a-DunG[:dʒ]eon--cf. Do[-]no[t-]tell[-all], in my B.1.e.four, may have been apperceived by Hawthorne in the Nativity Ode--already cited above in the chapter conclusion, and ending with the two lines at once tongue-pacific and multivalently vulvi-dentate (i.e., with the

stephanian, near-5, SIP-SQUISH world-figure), and well-hedged at once to guard craft-secrets and to feed-reinforce the reader with salvific hermaphroditic, Christo-centric Anglo-poetic verbal nectars: "And all about the Courtly Stable, / Bright-harness'd Ang[:jow]:Jew-E]s sit in order serviceable" (cf. B.4.d.five, or the self-sealing oyster in shell; cf. II.B.2.a.iv, or the Circean butler; cf. A['e'--four], with B.1.e.five, or the mysterious, script-linked old English silver key; cf. A['a'--five], or the privy American authorization, at ever fish-stick-snaked rock table; and see again the nasal-blood-stream-and-jewel-bridled, birthright-yaw counter-squelching B.1.c.three, as well as the "Bela Tiffan[ic]" "-y"-voiced B.2.b.two-five and the Virgo-corolla L-Hex-blowing B.5.d.two-three; finally note the sobriety of Milton in the hall of immortal waters, 4.a[s-06], e.two). In the oral staves of name-universalizing consonance, Milton and Hawthorne are perhaps kin--and yet to be recognized as uniquely, singularly such, in studies Hawthornesque and studies general.<sup>9</sup>

The study moves on to its evaluative fourth chapter with an at-lip implicit, consummate near-exit accommodated from the prefatorial "Old Manse" by Hawthorne, a near-exit "in fine" undone by Hawthorne's own privy-public nominal hand of the dark Hebraic palate--his tongue in (essentially) "N"-signatural, signatural-end ("-ne") denying (monolithic) position. Fundamentally ever cut in twain, or cloven, that end-goad--or Edenic Haw!--to assess the wider, ever more universal, significance of Hawthorne's oral-gestural scale of ambush reads at the joint as follows:

Glancing back at what I had [glans-]written, it seems but the scat[-]ter[-]red [roundly red-literal] reminiscences of a single

[--consummate--holiday] summer. .... Now came hints [rain-like dints of sound-pins], growing more and more distinct [inked], that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air [de l'Haw!-Au!-thor-pining]. .... In fine [finely end-attuned detail], we gathered up our household goods, drank [ankh-sank] a fare[-]well [hic-]cup of tea in our pleasant little break[-]fast room ['face'-breaking lips-to-rim-room]--delicately fragrant [fraying, haw-thorny, gnostic-nose-teasing, lower-the-velum, turn-knee-and(-throat-)key] tea, an unpurchaseable [yet pearl-in-lips-purse-able] luxury, one of the many [Manning-invoked, methinks] angel-gifts that had [seminally] fallen like [sal(i)vation-]dew upon us--and passed forth [issued as though in re-berthing re-birth] between the tall stone gate-posts [chthonic, sum-toning Gape!-gates of life], as uncertain [and as certified] as the wandering Arabs [in our own whining-snaky signatural arabesques] where our tent might next [annexed] be [black-place-end/t-a-]pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and-- ....

--NAT[-]HAN[-]IEL HAW[-]THORN[-]E, "THE OLD [Long-Thorn-]MAN[']S[]: ..., " MOSSES FROM AN [Equally Your, Ur-Ancient] OLD MA[w--] [-- '... as Thoreau tells me, .... ... a sight not to be hoped for, unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to its proper focus with the outward organ. ...'--and a 'sight' which signaturally-draconically consumes to consummate ('in succession') even his (Thor-hawe'-s rune-tran[--ce(-end)-d]ental[-]ly) 'beheld beds of ... ('pond-lil[ies]') unfolding (their 'virgin bosom[s] to the first sunlight [of 'sunrise'], ... [to] perfect[] ... [their 'delicious' immortally edible] being [Thor-awl-y] through the magic of that genial [-yell-]genie's genus-re-engendering] kiss [i.e.--w. Christ-chrism-consonant consonant-thorns(-s/z)] ...'--], pp. 33, 3, and title page, w. p. 23.<sup>10</sup>

CHAPTER III: END NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Sights from a Steeple" (1831), Twice-told Tales (1837, 1842, 1851-53), in Vol. 9 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, ed. William Charvat et al., 191, 192, 194, 197.

<sup>2</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne: the ninety-two tales and sketches (1830-1852) collected in Vols. 9-11 of The Centenary Edition (or: Twice-told Tales [1837, 1842, 1851-53], CE, IX [1974]; Mosses from an Old Manse [1846, 1854], CE, X [1974]; The Snow Image ... [1851, 1852], CE, XI [1974]; and ... Uncollected Tales [1830-1844], CE, XI [1974]); the five novels (1828-1860) collected in Vols. 1-4 of The Centenary Edition (or: Fanshawe [1828], CE, III [1964; rpt. 1971]; The Scarlet Letter [1850], CE, I [1962; rpt. 1978]; The House of the Seven Gables [1851], CE, II [1965; rpt. 1971]; The Blithedale Romance [1852], CE, III [1964; rpt. 1971]; and The Marble Faun: Or, the Romance of the Monte Beni [1860], CE, IV [1968; rpt. 1971]); and the six unfinished works with ancillary documents (1858-1864; 1864-1890) collected in Vols. 12-13 of The Centenary Edition (or: The Ancestral Footstep [1858-1864; 1882-1883], Etherege [1858-1864; 1882], and Grimshawe [1858-1864; 1882], with "Ancillary Documents" [1858-1864], in The American Claimant Manuscripts, CE, XII [1977]; and Septimius Felton [1861-1864; 1872], Septimius Norton [1861-1864; 1890], and The Dolliver Romance [1861-1864; 1864], with "Ancillary Documents" [1861-1864], in The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, CE, XIII [1977]). Subsequent bibliogr. references to Hawthorne's literary works as sampled occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Part B.

<sup>3</sup> See again my I.End Notes.10,13(a-b),15,17, and my II.End Notes.3 (extra-textual ref.),4,7,11, for the biographical, linguistic, and cultural miscellany and the resources of miscellany which have continued to guide me in that unfolding; see also note 8, below (no further acknowledgment of that information or those sources will be made in the chapter development).

<sup>4</sup> John Milton's On the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629), Lycidas (1637), Samson Agonistes (1647?, 1671), and Paradise Lost, Bk. IX (1667, 1674), in John Milton: Complete Poems and Major Prose, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (Indianapolis and New York: Odyssey, 1957), pp. 43-50, pp. 120-25, pp. 549-93, and pp. 378-405 (further discussion in my Part C and my note 9).

<sup>5</sup> Scholars of Hawthorne (two), select introductory passages from commentary, as follows: Roy Harvey Pearce, "Is there an echo of Hawthorne's own name in 'Fanshawe'?", from "Introduction to Fanshawe [1828]," in Vol. 3 (1964) of The Centenary Edition, 305, lines 28-29 (for fuller quotation of commentary, see my I.End Notes.14[a]); and

Claude M. Simpson, "[T]roublesome to decide a title," from "Introduction to The Marble Faun [1860]," in Vol. 4 (1968) of The Centenary Edition, xxv-xxvii. Subsequent bibliogr. citations of the scholarly sources occur parenthetically within the text of my Part A.

<sup>6</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, select introductory passages from auxiliary writings (five works) and prefaces (three works), as follows: "[A] good view of Rattlesnake Mountain," "[K]illed a rattlesnake," "[D]rowned ... in Crooked River," "[C]aught an eel two thirds as long as myself," "The lumbermen ... getting their logs across .... The small raft is called "head works" [ca. 1819], from Hawthorne's First Diary, ed. Samuel T. Pickard (Boston: Houghton-Riverside, 1897), pp. 52, 58, 61-62 [w. inform. note, from ed. Commentary, p. 62], 65-65, 80-83; "[T]he English white-thorn," "[T]he American hawthorn," "[T]he little privet," "The Cuscuta, or Dodder," "The dog's-bane ...," "The hemlock ... The black nightshade," from "Vegetation about Salem, Mass.," by "An English Resident," in Aesthetic Papers (1849), ed. Elizabeth P. Peabody, in facsim., with introd. Joseph Jones (Gainesville, Fla.: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, 1957), pp. 227-28, 228, 241, 241-42, 242, 243-44; "The dragon ..., his black head and forked tongue," from "The Golden Fleece," Tanglewood Tales (1853), in Vol. 7 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 367; On Visit with Melville to Chester Cathedral, Chester, Nov. 1856, from the ... English Note-Books, II, in Vol. 8 (1883; 1886) of the Riverside Edition, ed. George P. Lathrop, 375-76; On Visit with Family to Church of San Luigi, near the Cambio (Exchange) (Perugia, May 1858), On the Venus de Medici (Florence, June 1858), On Italian Mosquitoes (Florence, Sept. 1858), On the Beggars of Viterbo (Rome, Oct. 1858), from The French and Italian Notebooks, in Vol. 14 (1980) of The Centenary Edition, 256-57, 297-99 & 307-8, 426-27, 486-87; "[A]ll courtesy in the way of sight-showing," "[A] somewhat devious track," "[T]he bliss of paternity [of 'an Oriental character']," "A part of my ['priestly'] predecessor's library ... stored," from "The Old Manse: The Author Makes the Reader Acquainted with His Abode," Mosses from an Old Manse (1846, 1854), in Vol. 10 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, 6, 8, 13-15 (w. 22), 18 (w. 4); "I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent," from "The Custom House: Introductory to 'The Scarlet Letter,' The Scarlet Letter (1850), in Vol. 1 (1962) of The Centenary Edition, 9-10; "Mr. Bright .... Eustace ..., ... his own name .... kicking away the ladder ... to ... his present elevation," from "The Wayside: Introductory," Tanglewood Tales (1853), in Vol. 7 (1972) of The Centenary Edition, 178. Subsequent bibliogr. citations of the auxiliary writings and prefaces occur parenthetically within the text of my Part A.

<sup>7</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, select introductory passages from literary works (eight works), as follows: Passages from orig. title page and from text, on tail-waving fish and on name memorials, from Fanshawe (1828), in Vol. 3 (1964) of The Centenary Edition, 331, 354, 459-60 (see again, also, my I.B.3[ii]); Passages on signing of leger and choosing of walking stick, with fish and snake carvings, and on private pilgrimage,

from "My Visit to Niagara" (1835), ... Uncollected Tales, in Vol. 11 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, 281-83 and 285-88; Passages on imprinted newspaper between fingers and New England as narrow strip, on mazy streets with a brazen head, and on pliant nickname as erect Loyalist, from "Old News" [1835], The Snow Image ..., in Vol. 11 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, 132-36, 151-55, 158-60; Passages, from "Egotism: or, The Bosom Serpent" (1843), Mosses from an Old Manse, in Vol. 10 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, 268-83; Passages on Dr. Dolliver's morning resurrection under giant apothecary emblem of serpent, from The Dolliver Romance (1864; unfinished), The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, in Vol. 13 (1977) of The Centenary Edition, 449-59; Passages on hidden tenant with physical organs of speech and on romance in need of vertebrate back-bone, from Etherege (1858-1864; 1882; unfinished), The American Claimant Manuscripts, in Vol. 12 (1977) of The Centenary Edition, 291 and 330-31; Passages on mysteries of language and shot redcoat's thirst and prayer, from Septimius Felton (1861-64; 1872; unfinished), The Elixir of Life Manuscripts, in Vol. 13 (1977) of The Centenary Edition, 287 with 203. (For biographical commentary [1828-1850] esp. reflective of Hawthorne's concerns with his own organs of speech and with mastery of snakes in "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent," see Mark Van Doren, Nathaniel Hawthorne [New York: Viking, 1949, 1957], pp. 37-38, also pp. 55-56, 57-58.) Subsequent bibliogr. citations of the introductively sampled works of literature occur parenthetically within the text of my Part A.

<sup>8</sup>On my identification of petition with the notion Hawthornesque (as serpent/botanical preternatural voice) and with the activity of anecdote-fabrication (as name-with-mouth/mouth-with-name privy to half-disclosed stories of more-than-verbal omnipotence), see background studies such as the following (two groups): Neal Frank, "The Hawthornesque before Hawthorne: Scott and William Austin," in Hawthorne's Early Tales: A Critical Study (Durham, N. C.: Duke Univ. Press, 1972), pp. 42-52 (but with: Edward G. Cosgrove, "Coincidence, Symbols and Archetypes in Selected Short Fiction of Nathaniel Hawthorne" ["In 'Egotism ...,' the snake ... symbolizes the archetype of wisdom which Roderick (Elliston) lacks and must come to terms with"], Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 40, No. 2 [August, 1979], 849A-50A [Fordham Univ.]); and Samuel I. Bellman, "'The Joke's on You!': Sudden Revelation in Hawthorne" ("a hauntingly private smile"--"essentially a deadpan joker"), in The Nathaniel Hawthorne Journal 1975, 129-99 (but with: Robert E. Spiller et al., "The Orators" ["the fifty years before the Civil War"--"the golden age of oratory"], in Literary History of the United States: History, 4th ed. [New York: Macmillan, 1974], Chapter 33, or pp. 541-62; Barnet Baskerville, "19th Century Burlesque of Oratory," American Quarterly, Vol. 20, No. 4 [Winter 1968], 726-43; John C. Kitch, "Dark Laughter: A Study of the Pessimistic Tradition in American Humor," Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 25, No. 11 [May 1965], 6595A [Northwestern Univ.]); Richard M. Dorson "Oral Styles of American Folk Narrators" [incl. descrip. telling of Aesopic "The Farmer and the Snake" and discus. of "Lincoln as Folk Narrator"], in Style and Language, ed.

Thomas A. Sebeok [Cambridge, Mass.: M. I. T. Press, 1960; rpt. 1971], pp. 27-51; and Lea B. V. Newman, "XV[.] Egotism; or, The Bosom-Serpent [:] Circumstances of Composition, Sources, and Influences" [incl. oral-folkloric source review], in A Reader's Guide to the Short Stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne [Boston: Hall, 1979], pp. 83-85). See also "yarn," both (orig.) as intestine and (colloq.) as fancifully told adventure, and "yearn," both as to desire, to long, and (if hunting dog [obs.]) as to give tongue, in Webster's Second Edition Unabridged (1934-49); note James R. Mellow's reference to Lincoln as a "spin[ner] ... of famous backwoods yarns," in his commentary on Hawthorne's Washington meeting with Lincoln in spring of 1962 (N. H. in His Times [1980], p. 551); and observe esp. Hawthorne's remarks, in "Chiefly About War Matters, by a Peaceable Man" (Atlantic Monthly, July, 1862), on Lincoln's round-about-the-mouth serpentine gesturing: "... and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined. / .... / ... although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth,--and especially the flourish of the whip ['gift' of the Massachusetts delegation], ...--I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. ...." (RE, XII [1883; 1886], 310, 312; cf. H. on Raphael, in my I.B.1 [also in End Notes.5]). And finally, note in publisher James T. Fields's commentary, first an anecdotal-comparative assessment, of the reserves of aggression in Hawthorne's mild-conversational verbal manner, during a London visit with his friend and client in spring of 1860 (Hawthorne [1876], p. 80): "In London we strolled along the Strand, day after day, now diving into Bolt Court, in pursuit of Johnson's whereabouts, and now stumbling around the Temple, where Goldsmith at one time had his quarters. Hawthorne was never weary of standing on London Bridge, and watching the steamers plying up and down the Thames. I was much amused by his manner towards impudent beggars, scores of whom would attack us even in the shortest walk. He had a mild way of making a severe and cutting remark, which used to remind me of a little incident which Charlotte Cushman once related to me. She said a man in the gallery of a theatre (I think she was on the stage at the time) made such a disturbance that the play could not proceed. Cries of 'Throw him over' arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming, 'No! I pray you don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but--kill him where he is.' [Charlotte Cushman--American actress, 1816-1876.]" Then note, in Fields's memories of the declining physical strength of Hawthorne (1860-1864), signature-anthematic features of self-address by Hawthorne to God and (implicit) identification with a Providentially-productively failing, even self-destructive, English vine (Hawthorne [1876], pp. 105, 107 and pp. 117-18, 125): "Those were troublous days, full of war gloom and general despondency. .... / "Our Old Home" was published in the autumn of 1863 .... / Meantime, the "Dolliver Romance," which had been laid aside on account of the exciting scenes through which we were then passing, and which unfitted him for the composition of a work of the imagination, made little progress. In a note written to me at this time he [Hawthorne] says: -- / 'I can't tell you when to expect an instalment of the



Romance, if ever. There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold, and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered if I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.' / .... [ / And:] On Monday, the 28th of March [1864; --or two months before his death, May 18th/19th, 1864], Hawthorne came to town [Boston] and made my house his first station on a journey to the South for health. I was greatly shocked at his invalid appearance, and he seemed quite deaf[!]. The light in his eye was beautiful as ever, but his limbs seemed shrunken and his usual stalwart vigor utterly gone. He said to me with a pathetic voice, 'Why does Nature treat us like little children! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate; at least it would not make much difference to me now what became of me.' Toward night he brightened up a little, and his delicious wit flashed out, at intervals, as of old; but he was evidently broken and dispirited about his health. Looking out on the bay that was sparkling in the moonlight, he said he thought the moon rather lost something of its charm for him as he grew older. He spoke with great delight of a little story, called 'Pet Marjorie,' and said he had read it carefully through twice, every word of it. He had much to say about England, and observed, among other things, that 'the extent over which her dominions are spread leads her to fancy herself stronger than she really is; but she is not to-day a powerful empire; she is much like a squash-vine, which runs over a whole garden, but, if you cut it at the root, it is at once destroyed.' At breakfast, next morning, he spoke of his kind neighbors in Concord, and said Alcott was one of the most excellent men he had ever known. 'It is impossible to quarrel with him, for he would take all your harsh words like a saint.' / He [Hawthorne] left us shortly after this for a journey to Washington, with his friend Mr. Ticknor. .... ... [O]n [a] Sunday morning the news came that Mr. Ticknor was dead. Hawthorne returned at once to Boston, and stayed here over night. He was in a very excited and nervous state, and talked incessantly of the sad scenes he had just been passing through. We sat late together, conversing of the friend we had lost, and I am sure he hardly closed his eyes that night. In the morning he went back to his own home in Concord. / His health, from that time, seemed to give way rapidly .... ...." (See again my I.End Notes.17[c,iii-iv]. Cf. F. O. Matthiessen's assessments of Hawthorne's "language," "concern with collective existence," "psychology," and other authorial qualities, in American Renaissance: Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman [London, Toronto, New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1941; rpt. 1946], pp. 203-7 and 210-15, pp. 238-40, pp. 305-12 and 337-51, and other pages, as indexed.)

<sup>9</sup>The kinship of Hawthorne and Milton in the articulatory idea--and its implications of mobility and hierarchy and substantial world consonantly demarked--is a subject, of course, that requires further study; Milton's individual relationship to oral-originate, oral-coordinative thinking requires re-study. For purposes of further study and re-study, see relevant commentary in: O. F. Matthiessen, "Hawthorne and Milton," in American Renaissance (1941; 1946), pp. 305-12; Maureen

Quilligan, On word-play (or sound-play) in Hawthorne and in Milton, The Language of Allegory: Defining a Genre (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1979), pp. 50-58 (and other pages) and pp. 179-82 (and other pages) ("... Commenting on Milton's peculiar kind of wordplay, Christopher Ricks argues that Milton's etymologizing arises from his attempt to 'recreate something of the prelapsarian state of language.' .... [Christopher Ricks, Milton's Grand Style (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963), p. 110.]"--p. 179); Merritt Y. Hughes, "Milton's Cosmos," "Milton's Ontology," "Milton's Muse," in "Paradise Lost: Introduction," and "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity[: Introduction]," with Note to Line 28 of "On the Morning ...," in John Milton: Complete Poems and Major Prose, ed. M. Y. Hughes (1957), pp. 179-92, 197-97, 198-203, and pp. 42, 43; Albert Cook, "Milton's Abstract Music," Univ. of Toronto Quarterly, Vol. 29 (1959-60), 370-85, rpt. in Milton: Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. Arthur E. Barker (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1965; rpt. 1970), pp. 398-415; D. C. Allen, "Milton and the Descent to Light" (M. as Christ-Orpheus), from "Milton Studies in Honor of Harris Francis Fletcher," in Journal of English and Germanic Philology, Vol. 60 (1961), 614-30, rpt. in Milton: Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. A. E. Barker (1965; rpt. 1970), pp. 177-95; Donald R. Pearce, "The Style of Milton's Epic," The Yale Review, Vol. 52 (1963), 427-44, rpt. in Milton: Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. A. E. Barker (1965; rpt. 1970), pp. 368-85; Walter L. Schindler, "Voice and Crisis: The Pattern of Invocation in Milton's Poetry" (incl. Milton as translator of Old Testament Psalms [w. strong orient. to consonantal writing system implied?--A. K. V.]), Dissertation Abstracts International, Vol. 39, No. 3 (Sept. 1978), 1600A (Yale Univ.); Robert J. Randall, "The Classical Tradition" (Ch. 3), in "The Conspiracy of Our Spacious Song": Sound as Structural, Conceptual, and Incantatory Device in the Poetry of Richard Crashaw, Diss. Brown Univ. 1979 (Ann Arbor, Mich.: Univ. Microfilms International, 1981), pp. 52-81; John Dryden, "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687," in John Dryden: Selected Works, 2nd ed., ed. William Frost (San Francisco: Rinehart, 1953; rpt. 1971), pp. 73-75 (w. pp. 66-67, ed. comment.); D. C. Allen, "Some Theories of the Growth and Origin of Language in Milton's Age," Philological Quarterly, Vol. 28 (1949), 5-16 (see also Hugh Blair [1762] on John Wallis [1653], in my IV.B.2, w. IV.End Notes.7, and Roman Jakobson and Linda Waugh [1979] on Wallis, in my IV.End Notes.17); and Gordon W. Hewes, comp., Entry on John Milton, Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII, ll. 267-[73], and Bk. XII, ll. 1-62, in Language Origins: A Bibliography (1975; see my I.End Notes.3 for full cit.--and for link with R. Paget [1930; 1963]). (Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's memoir remarks, on Sophia Hawthorne's regular Christmas oral readings of Milton's Nativity Ode, specif. [as well as further quotation of the Ode itself]--ahead, in my IV.B.3, with bibliogr. identif. in IV.End Notes.10 [and 12].)

<sup>10</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Old Manse: The Author Makes the Reader Acquainted with His Abode," Mosses from an Old Manse (1846, 1854), in Vol. 10 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, 33, 3, and title page, w. p. 23. (Further discussion of the kinship of Hawthorne and Thoreau in the vegetal-articulatory idea--in my Chapter IV.)

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EVALUATION: THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HAWTHORNE'S CONSONANT-GESTURAL SCALE OF AMBUSH.

Milton, indeed, had a true English taste for the pleasures of the table, though refined by the lofty and poetic discipline to which he had subjected himself. It is delicately implied in the refection in Paradise, and more substantially, though still elegantly betrayed in the sonnet proposing to "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son," a series of nice little dinners in mid-winter; and it blazes fully out in that untasted banquet which, elaborate as it was, Satan tossed up in a trice from the kitchen-ranges of Tartarus.

--"Civic Banquets," Our Old Home, p. 311.<sup>1</sup>

#### A. Introduction:

Résumé of the Application, and Turn to the Contexts of Evaluation.

Summarized as point [2.a] in the closing outline of section II.B.1 (Construction) of the thesis, a scale of consonant-figures with oral/vegetal-tags has served to guide in Chapter III (Application) an extensive rereading of Hawthorne's prose texts as a five-fold discourse on his immortal name--as an apocalyptic hunger-art, a perpetually encoded request for existential feeding of signature, for its significant sign-magnificent presence beyond historical process, via oral-contactive anchoring of motor-organismic signs. Of what value is the perception? Or, is this private and primitive organismic message significant? --To the understanding of Hawthorne? To the understanding of authors other than Hawthorne? To the understanding of language and mind?

Philip F. Gura, in The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology, and Literature in the New England Renaissance (1981),<sup>2</sup> has remarked that, during the period 1800-1860, "the study of language (especially of its origins) was a vital topic with humanistic implications increasingly difficult for our generation to comprehend," and that today "[w]hen the study of language is mentioned, students whose sole exposure to its modern theory consists of a hazy incantation of 'psycholinguistics' or 'transformational grammar' find it difficult to conceive how in the nineteenth century the study of language mattered in any practical way or how the budding science of philology had repercussions in such disparate areas as education, theology, and art" (p. 5). Citing Hans Aarsleff, "whose Study of Language in England, 1760-1860 [1967] serves as a useful reference point for parts of ... [his, Gura's] book," P. Gura comments that Aarsleff "touches the heart of the matter when he explains that language study, even when called philology, was not merely 'a matter of knowing the forms, syntax, phonology, historical relationships, and other aspects of particular languages,'" but that "[t]he questions involved were of larger significance." Continuing to cite Aarsleff, Gura asks, "'What, for instance, was the origin of thought? Did the mind have a material basis? Did mankind have a single origin? Was the first language given by revelation or had man invented it in the process of time?'" (Gura, p. 5; Aarsleff, p. 4). "If we can understand why the men involved in investigations of language and its symbolic potential considered their work an attempt to answer such questions," Gura points out, "their dedication to what

in retrospect seems like inane or, at best, antiquarian wordplay comes into meaningful focus." Also, "when we consider how our modern notion of the heuristic value of symbolism can be traced to a concern with the possibility of an intrinsic ambiguity to all speech, the philosophical debates over language between 1800 and 1860 become more significant" (Gura, p. 5). With regard to Hawthorne (and Melville), Philip Gura remarks that "Hawthorne and Melville themselves never were concerned with specific philosophies of language, a topic that held unending fascination for ... Thoreau" (p. 7). (Note, however, Hawthorne's dramatic incorporation of Rousseau-proximate gesture-theory in his living resurrection of the marble faun, with social psyche deepened through action over sign-natural gorge/throat--see again my I.End Notes.8 and my III.B.1.bfour, c.two,three). "But they, too," Gura continues, "were heirs to an age characterized by an increasing skepticism regarding man's ability to decipher, let alone justify [à la John Milton, Paradise Lost, I.26], the ways of God to men" (Gura, p. 7). Gura explains that it was "the developments in biblical criticism on the Continent, as well as the increasingly acrimonious bickering among Protestant sects in the years prior to 1850," over "literal[]" and "symbolical[]" interpretations of scriptural language that "left profoundly religious men like Hawthorne and Melville unable to investigate theological problems through the sentimental or moralistic modes they might have used twenty-five years earlier," and to work toward "a prose style commensurate to the complexity of the 1850s" (p. 7). Gura comments that "[i]n 1800, for example, it would

have been blasphemous for any Trinitarian to assert that a triune God was not so much a real as a symbolic concept; but, from 1849 on, Horace Bushnell made precisely such assertions from his Congregational pulpit in Hartford[, Conn.], and by the 1860s they became the foundation for the new liberal movement in Protestant theology.[]" And, Gura continues that "[t]he imaginative distance between these ideas of an essentially 'poetic' theology and the philosophical romances of Hawthorne and Melville, in which the elusive ever-ambiguous nature of transcendent experience was to be suggested through new literary devices, is not as great as one might assume" (p. 8). (Note the texts-transcendent, heuristic re-use of Triune idea in the present study, to advance the idea of Hawthorne's all-embracing use of name as demiurgic address to God, in terms of God's literal and lexical [phonetic and graphic and semantic] shadows, providentially-accidentally left-to-gesture/point, within author's first socio-verbal contract, his Hebraic-Anglic baptismal sign--see esp. my II.B.1.c[Pass.two], II.B.2.b.ii, III.B.3.a[1-08], III.B.3.a[d-12], III.B.4.d.five, III.B.5.a[p-11], and III.C, where the graphic three-fork of the Y-glide might be particularly noted, as voice-tongue extensor, trans-modal function of the serpent-tree master-symbol, the mouth-splitting, mind-embracing signature-eidolon "poetically" posited by this study [see I.C. and III.A('c'--five)]). In Chapter 8 of his study, titled "Ambiguity and Its Fruits: Toward Hawthorne and Melville," Philip Gura (perhaps sum-serpent appropriately) indicates that "[a] question of faith ... animates the structure of Hawthorne's major romance, The Scarlet Letter," as it does the "almost transparently

allegorical[] stories like ... 'Young Goodman Brown' and 'The Minister's Black Veil'--and that all three ultimately "point the reader to the larger questions of language and meaning that vexed their author" (Gura, pp. 154 and 153).

The present study has attempted, then (and not in discord with historical context), to become engaged in Hawthorne's challenge to reader as individual, to move toward the "larger questions of language and meaning" (Gura) signalled by his auxiliary, prefatorial, and literary texts. And the larger humanistic value of the private and primitive organismic message--the oral-transactional, hermaphro-symbiotic, circum-tree-posturing-in-chant-petition-for-Divine-Sustenance--which the study has reiterated as the meaning of Hawthorne's claim to "consonance" (see esp. my I.B.3, I.C, II.B.1,2,3[closings], II.C, III.A['a'-'e'], III.C), may lie in its power to give an individualistic, yet oral-articulatory placement of the author within the larger philological concerns of the period, within the English literary tradition of speech on speech which would enhance such period placement, and within that historically continuing activity--humanity's linguistic-study-of-itself-as mind-builder--which would advance methodological placement of consonant/vegetal-gesturing within present-day study of literary form. To suggest the power of the construct-Hawthornesque to place Hawthorne, the study here (i.e., now, in the chapter introduction) points to Philip Gura's own (pp. 129-37) rich appreciation within the oral-vegetal idea (consonance not stressed), of a relationship of period influence between articulatory-origins philologist and (re)educator

Charles Kraitsir (Glossology, 1852) and innovative American Romantic prose artist Henry David Thoreau (Walden, 1854); it mentions John Rees's (1967) minimizing treatment of the oral-linguistic idea within the milieu-and-family-proximities of Charles Kraitsir (The Significance of the Alphabet, 1846), Elizabeth Peabody ("Language," Aesthetic Papers, 1849; The House of the Seven Gables, 1851);<sup>3</sup> and it offers itself as independent index, to the idiosyncratic, formal harmony of Hawthorne with the oral-philological, the oral-literary, the mouth-matter and mind retuning Peabody-Kraitsir-Thoreau milieu, which perhaps served to reinforce the development of the particular, signatural genius that we as readers intuit as Hawthorne's own complexity to this very day (see esp. my I.End Notes.12, II.A, II.End Notes.7, III.C; also IV.B.2 [incl. Gura, pp. 134-37]). But to suggest the broader power of the scale-Hawthornesque to place Hawthorne--within language-contexts of trans-Historical mouth-critical glossing, of trans-National stint-anthemal feeding, and of trans-Christian oral-immortal confraternity--the study in the chapter development below (Part B) offers three Hawthorne-correlative gatherings of texts (of prose and verse commentary from critical, scholarly, and popular sources, of prose and verse citations from Period sources, and of prose and verse excerpts from the English tradition of literature) specifically to demonstrate: (1) grades of oral-reflexing of Hawthorne's signature-poetic in twentieth-century criticism; (2) grades of arch haw-rolling of Hawthorne's signature within Period literary-craft friendships; and (3) grades of mouth-cradled petition for orphic signature-life, in Hawthorne-backing, Christian centuries of speech-



conscious English poetic memory. Finally, recognizing the value of the scale-Hawthornesque, as perceptual stratagem for examining aspects of oral continuity in critical and literary texts, the study in the chapter conclusion (Part C) discusses within the context of linguistic science--within the context of the linguistic study of human mind-building--the methodological placement of consonant/vegetal gesturing, among the present-day viables, for the future study of sound-grown poetic form.

#### B. Development:

#### The Scale-Hawthornesque in Three Trans-Contexts of Hawthorne Response.

##### 1. Trans-Contexts: Grades of Oral-Reflexing of Hawthorne in Twentieth-Century Criticism.

The gathering below of prose and verse texts from twentieth-century criticism (eleven authors<sup>4</sup>) constitutes a select trans-historical portrait of the signatural Hawthorne as oral self-encoder, oral self-constrictor (perhaps oral-formal hunger-striker, and suggestive self-killer?), at varying and possibly even successive step-depths of the oral-mental cave, of his flesh-regenerative, private-botanical Godhead. Texts are placed at split-step--i.e., first according to a guiding construct of criticism or metaphor of response (one suggestive of oral stance--see esp. II.B.1, closing point [1.c]), then according to Hawthorne text(s) critically or metaphorically responded to (or,

according to Hawthorne step-value in II.B or III.B of the present study). The select, or (better)--the privi-orally tendentious--twentieth-century critical mirror reads with frame remarks as follows. (The scale is STEPS 5-1--reader ingressive, recollective direction. Criticonceptacle head tags serve to recapitulate the frame remarks and to specify the name-biased, mouth-angled, form-regenerating feeder-reflector critics sampled.)

The commentary sampled immediately below, from a discussion by a Marxist critic of a rhetoric of privilege in The House of the Seven Gables, represents a twentieth-century near-thematic, or potential, response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead--to Hawthorne's signatural mouth-woodworks--at the fifth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the stance, or level, of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque. The selected commentary reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 5/2--B. Thomas [1982], "not natural law / faced")

The status given a deed of property confirms the idea that an owner's authority to possess land is embodied in a text. A deed allows the person whose name is affixed to it to claim ownership of a piece of land. In a sense the document and the piece of property merge. The owner of the deed is the owner of the land. The owner's name coincides with the land. The House of the Seven Gables is located on Pyncheon Street, and the tree beside the house is called the Pyncheon elm. But Hawthorne is acutely aware that sign and signifier do not coincide. Texts--including legal documents--have human authors and therefore derive their authority from human actions, not natural law. Furthermore, a document may as easily come from the irrational area of imagination as from the rational authority of a democracy's most sacred texts--its legal documents.

Perhaps, like Hawthorne, the authors of legal documents should acknowledge their subjective points of view. To do so, however, would undercut the authority of the documents--creating the same dilemma that Hawthorne faced in acknowledging himself as

the author of his tale--because to be effective a legal document must convince its readers that it is based on reality, not rhetoric. The writers of laws must carefully hide their authorship (often even from themselves) and make it appear as if the laws had no point of view. In fact, the Pyncheons' manipulation of public opinion to acquire and maintain their lands is a masterful use of the narrative technique that creates documents that seem to have written themselves. Colonel Pyncheon originally asserts "plausible claims to proprietorship" of Matthew Maule's land "on the strength of a grant from the legislature" ([Cent. Ed.,] ... 7), the Pyncheons maintain their right to property on the basis of another document--a will. They then can protect this right of inheritance as a natural right by still other documents--laws passed by a legislature whose point of view reflects the will of the powerful, not the will of the people. While the point of view of these documents is never acknowledged, Hawthorne's tale makes us see that all documents extend someone's will onto a printed text and that many attempt to shape a world to conform to that will. / .... [--Pp. 199b-200a.]

The discussion by a Marxist critic sampled immediately above has served to illustrate a twentieth-century near-thematic, or potential, response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fifth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque.

The discussion offered immediately below, commentary by a historically and linguistically informed explicator of The Scarlet Letter and "Monsieur du Miroir," represents a twentieth-century thematic, or active, response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fifth-step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque. The selected discussion, presented in two parts, reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 5/3,1--J. Irwin [1980], "not natural law faced,"  
extension)

When Dimmesdale returns to his "accustomed room" with "its books, its windows, its fireplace, and the tapestried comfort of the walls," he is affected by "the same perception of strangeness that had haunted him throughout his walk from the forest-dell into town" ([CE,] 1:222), though now this uncanny sense of the unfamiliarity of familiar objects is explicitly related to a division in the self manifested by a written text. Dimmesdale sees on the table "an unfinished sermon, with a sentence [...yel Hâw!...] broken in the midst" and thinks that "it was himself, the thin and white-cheeked minister" who had "written thus far into the Election Sermon! But he seemed to stand apart, and eye this former self with scornful, pitying, but half-envious curiosity. That self was gone! Another man had returned out of the forest; a wiser one; with a knowledge of hidden mysteries which the simplicity of the former never could have reached" (1:223). As Dimmesdale looks at the "tapestried comfort of the walls" and then at his unfinished manuscript, Hawthorne encourages the reader to equate the pictograph embroidered on the veil and its revelation of Dimmesdale's double role with the phonetic script of Dimmesdale's text and its manifestation of his divided self. The internally split / externally doubled terms of this equation are Hawthorne's means of questioning the symbolist effort to make opaque phonetic script achieve a force of expression equivalent to the necessary transparency of a pictograph. For Hawthorne implies that a pictograph's transparency is simply the uncertain, illusory transparency of a mirror image.

Hawthorne's most concentrated examination of the mystery of a mirror image is found in the sketch "Monsieur du Miroir" (1837). Treating his reflection as if it were another person, Hawthorne communicates some of its pictographic doubleness to the phonetic script of his text in the form of endlessly proliferating double meanings .... Besides evoking the opaque arbitrariness of phonetic script--its concealment of the sameness of meaning (the mirror image) beneath a difference in translation (Monsieur du Miroir, Caballero de los Espejos)--the passage also suggests, through its location of Miroir's genealogical origin in a fictive character, that the reflected image Hawthorne has in mind is less the visual twin in his mirror than the hieroglyphic double constituted by his own writings. He observes that the principal cause of the phonetic difference between himself and his pictographic double is that Miroir, like Narcissus's image in the pool, "lacks the faculty of speech": "His lips are sometimes seen to move; his eyes and countenance are alive with shifting expression, as if corresponding by visible hieroglyphics to his modulated breath; and anon, he will seem to pause, with as satisfied an air,

as if he had been talking excellent sense" (10:160). / Beginning with the reference to his image's shifting expressions as "visible hieroglyphics," Hawthorne brings together, within the space of a few pages, virtually all the structural elements and imagery associated with hieroglyphic doubling by the writers of the American Renaissance. .... [--Pp. 258-59 (yel/haw-note--A. K. V.).]

And, J. Irwin [1980], "not natural law faced," ext., continued)

.... / But there is another, indirect sense in which Miroir illustrates ['Latin illustrare, "to light up, illuminate"'] the spiritual world, and it is upon this sense that Hawthorne falls back in remarking that "when the subject of which I write has grown strong within me, and surrounded itself with those solemn and awful associations which might have seemed most alien to it, I could fancy that M. du Miroir himself is a wanderer from the spiritual world, with nothing human, except his delusive garment of visibility." There is, one would suspect, a double meaning in the phrase "the subject of which I write," for in the mirror-sketch "Monsieur du Miroir," Hawthorne's own subjectivity is the subject of his writing--his temporal, ceaselessly mobile writing self imaged and observed (that is, held in an illusory enduring mental existence) as written self, Hawthorne as "Miroir" as Hawthorne. .... [--P. 263, w. p. 262.]

The commentary by a historically and linguistically informed critic offered immediately above has served to illustrate a present-century thematic, or active, response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fifth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque.

The commentary sampled directly below, from a discussion by a biographically informed textual scholar, of revisions made by Hawthorne in "Passages from a Relinquished Work" and "The Gentle Boy," represents a twentieth-century genitalia-implicating (and mouth-erasing!) potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fifth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking

surfaces, transparent through opaque. The selected commentary reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 5/5,3--J. Crowley [1974], "in ... face ... not groin")

... / Given the opportunity at last to publish a volume under his own name [i.e., Twice-told Tales, 1837], Hawthorne not only took great care in selecting "such articles as seemed best worth offering to the public a second time," [letter to Longfellow, 1837,] but also made many thoughtful revisions in preparing printer's copy. Writing at a time when "criticks and reviewers . . . [were] exercising jurisdiction not only upon the literary but moral blemishes of the authors," [citation from T. Martin, The Instructed Vision, 1961,] Hawthorne made numerous changes which reveal his sensitivity to current, often prudish, standards of taste. His substitution of "sectarian" for "sectual" and "woman" for "female" are examples of his painstaking avoidance of any words that hinted, however innocuously, at indelicacy. So also are two larger deletions. In "The Gentle Boy" he dropped the final subordinate clause in this sentence describing the attack of the Puritan children on the Quaker boy Ilbrahim: "The poor child's arms had been raised to guard his head from the storm of blows; but now he dropped them at once, for he was stricken in a tender part." Although the context makes clear that the boy had been hit in the face and not in the groin, the construction must have involved for Hawthorne a sexual as well as a linguistic awkwardness. [Note! The boy had been 'struck ... on the mouth, so forcibly that the blood issued in a stream.'--CE, IX:92; see my III.B.3.e.two.] The desire to avoid any matter his audience might consider prurient is evident in Hawthorne's deletion of the framework surrounding "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" [i.e., "Passages from a Relinquished Work"--see my III.B.5.a(f-03)], part of which involves a conversation between Hawthorne's persona and "a young person of doubtful sex." In his anonymous magazine version Hawthorne had allowed his narrator to find the person so "bewitching" that "at the proper moment, I stepped forward, with a gay heart and a bold one" to ask for a dance. Signing his name to the collection, however, Hawthorne removed this episode. .... [--CE, IX, 503-4, w. nn. 44-45, adapt., and w. two bracketed notes, A. K. V.]

The discussion by a biographically informed textual scholar offered directly above has served to illustrate a present-century genitalia-

implicating (yet mouth-erasing) potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fifth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque.

Further commentary by the biographically informed textual scholar, chiefly on "The Minister's Black Veil," represents a twentieth-century genital-overflow suggesting potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead--at the fifth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque, to the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids. The further commentary reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 5-4/1--J. Crowley [1974], continued, "cleanse/  
garret[, ] wash/attic)

.... Even so, he failed to discover every instance of "offensive" diction; in 1852 an over-zealous printer, setting type for a later edition of the tales, substituted "busily" for "lustily" in the opening sentence of "The Minister's Black Veil": "The sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling lustily at the bell-rope." [See my III.B.1.c.four.] Others of Hawthorne's single-word revisions in 1837 were made in the interest of greater elegance and refinement as well as accuracy. His changes of "wash" to "cleanse" and "attic" to "garret" are examples which, like his occasional substitutions of one grammatical construction for another equally correct, anticipate the kinds of changes Sophia Hawthorne [his wife] later made when editing his American Notebooks. Hawthorne's own revisions in 1837 demonstrate that, even before Sophia had any influence on him, his acute sense of the limitations of his readers made him unwilling to risk printing in acknowledged tales some words and attitudes he had felt free to publish anonymously. [--CE, IX, 504.]

The discussion by the biographically informed textual scholar continued above has served to illustrate a present-century genital-overflow suggesting potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fifth to the fourth steps of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque, to the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids.

The remarks sampled immediately below have been drawn from a discussion by a critic researching Classical sources and comparing compositional techniques in the writings for children and for adults. Those comparison-spurred remarks constitute a twentieth-century near-to-cursive-script high-animative, potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids. The selected remarks, presented in two parts (with critic's sequence reversed), read as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 4/5-1--H. McPherson [1969], "cryptic preoccupation")

.... / The analysis of Hawthorne's character types which this essay presents is schematic, indeed diagrammatic, but it attempts to be faithful to Hawthorne rather than to Freud, Frazier, or Christian apologists; and it is offered not as a doctrinaire interpretation of Hawthorne's mythology but as a set of signposts which may bring us closer to the heart of his 'cryptic preoccupation.' Like any schema, it cannot compass the resonance and richness of the work itself; it will not even attempt to account for every character whom Hawthorne created. But it may reveal in a new way the currents of energy that shaped his deepest vision. / ....  
 [--P. 214.]



And, H. McPherson [1969], "cryptic preoccupation," continued)

The Cadmus myth, in terms poetic or symbolic meaning, is the most revealing of the tales which explore the nature [or "psycholog(y)"] of the self. The atmosphere of the story is dreamlike, almost from the beginning, and the highly stylized use of repetition gives it a ritual quality which makes the step from the actual to the symbolic very easy. .... / .... /

His labyrinthine wanderings in pursuit of the oracular cow lead him, finally, to a fountain in a grove guarded by a serpent. In an astonishing scene which is Hawthorne's own invention, Cadmus leaps down the throat of his monster and destroys it; he then transforms its destructive teeth into a virile company who end his exile by creating a new community. His exploit, moreover, is so acceptable to the gods that, although they do not (as in Anthon) attend his wedding, they give a 'daughter of the sky' called Harmonia, as a reward. Harmonia, Hawthorne suggests, not only resembles Europa [=European culture/experience! linguistically/glandularly harmonized with author (A. K. V.)], but also comprehends for Cadmus the affection of mother, sister, friend, and brother.

Although stopping short of the fully explicit, Hawthorne makes it clear that Cadmus' ordeal is a spiritual rebirth. His symbolic death in the serpent's jaws [=self-translation (A. K. V.)] results not in a rediscovery of the lost innocence of Europa, but in an ability to organize the destructive, warring forces of the self, and use them creatively in the community of human beings. But this, in variant form, is the experience of Midas[, ] whose symbolic death by water [of throat-quicksilver!] saved him from the isolation and loneliness of his obsession and restored to him the human values of love and sympathy. It is also the [orifice-serpentine!] experience of Prosperina[, ] whose descent into the underworld transformed her irresponsible life of play into a mature life of qualified pleasures. Jason, too, experienced a symbolic death when the fiery bulls enveloped him in flame ["(t)he fiery bulls of 'The Golden Fleece' can scarcely eat because they destroy their natural food by fire"]; and Bellerophon and Pegasus [with gold/yel! log in mouth], flew, at least figuratively, into the snaky jaws of the Chim[a]era. ["Knowing, perhaps, that this ('The Chimaera') was his best story, Hawthorne placed it at the end of A Wonder[ ]Book. Although he treats his source material with great independence, it is clear that he used Anthon rather than any classical source ..."; as "Hawthorne's 'ideal' myth ... optimistic in tone(--i.e., celebrating the idea that) each new generation of heroes brings back to the world of things an imaginative power which enables him to become a king (or 'city-builder' or 'artist')--a benefactor of his race," the story "expresses the ideals of ... the artist."] In Hawthorne's ideal myth, the hero or heroine undergoes an ordeal which enables him or her to become a

complete or integrated person. / .... [--Pp. 118-20, w. pp. 121, 77, 13, 18 (serpentine-name-with-generative-mouth-structure =basis of "cryptic preoccupation," à la A. K. V., present study).]

The remarks offered directly above, from a study by a critic researching Classical sources and comparing compositional techniques, have served to illustrate a present-century near-to-cursive-script high-animative, potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids.

The commentary offered directly below comes from a discussion of Fanshawe and The Marble Faun, by a critic assessing qualities of English literary heritage (Renaissance, Neo-Classical, Gothic-Romantic Revival) in Hawthorne's style of composition. That influence-conscious commentary on form and effect amounts to a twentieth-century erotica-rechanneling potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids. The selected commentary reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 4/4,1--R. Gross [1963], "gasping fish ...  
insinuate")

Balance and qualification in syntax and thought; lucid, abstract, elevated diction; and emphasis on ontology; philosophized description; the precedence of the conceptual and the general over the concrete and the specific: these are some of the stylistic characteristics of Hawthorne's first novel, and they set the pattern for his mature writing. Throughout his career, however, he tried to make his fiction not only profound, but also lurid. His future manner of greatness is discernible in his blending of a conceptual style with Gothic horror in behalf of a serious theme.

Fanshawe, who has to choose between a nubile girl for whom he longs and the destructive studies to which he is already wed, is the prototype of Hawthorne's large cast of divided and doomed intellectuals. He is victim, hero, thematic configuration, and also Gothic personage. As an intellectual, his destiny lies in depletion and alienation. Hawthorne's favorite subject continued to be a crisis of commitment and conscience in which someone [fish-like!] like Fanshawe has to face the contrary urgings of head and heart; and his technique of psychological analysis continued to rely on the nightmarish terrors of the Gothic landscape, where symbolic threats lurk behind every bend[---see: William Bysshe Stein, Hawthorne's Faust: A Study of the Devil Archetype (Gainesville, Fla., 1953); Carl Bode, "Hawthorne's Fanshawe: The Promising of Greatness," New England Quarterly, XXIII (June 1950), 235-242; and Agostino Lombardo, "Il primo romanzo di Hawthorne," Studi Americani, I (1955), 73-95]. Already under the combined influence of Milton and Bunyan, on one hand, and Scott and the writers of the roman noir, on the other, he makes his attempt in Fanshawe to give a study of a moral and psychological dilemma the impact of the horrible. He also exhibits his familiarity with the colonial evangelists, who had tried, as someone has observed, to terrorize their audiences into a state of grace. The Gothic elements produce a superficial narrative interest through the excited anticipation of strange outcomes; but unifying his moral ends and Gothic means, Hawthorne primarily tries to show things from the standpoint of their significance, which, by his method, becomes their frightening significance. His mise-en-scène reverberates with portent: event, dialogue, and imagery have an insinuating quality; they seem to contain mysterious promises, sinister hints, and also moral forecasts. Almost everything quivers with a double entendre. In short, he attempts to make of the provincial American scene which provides the background of Fanshawe a poetic precinct--an intense stage--where his characters may act out in a shocking light their thematic tragedies and symbolic woes. / .... /

.... Th[e] burial marker for Butler and the monument erected to Fanshawe after his death presage the many grave-stones and allusions to interment in Hawthorne's prefaces, stories, and novels. He finally succeeded, in The Marble Faun, in an immense symbolic magnification of this Gothic motif by treating Rome as a vast, mysterious, shattered sepulchre of European culture. / ....

Even in Fanshawe he skillfully manages to tie the images together in significant pairs: the labyrinthine garden with the intricate forest path; the pool with the sparkling fountain; the view over-looking the fish with the high point on the precipice; the recess beneath the bank with the cave in the rock; Ellen's pebble with Fanshawe's stone; the gasping fish with Ellen and also with Butler in his plunge to a violent death; the ascetic scholar with the rapist adventurer. .... Most of the images are non-sensory; their function is figurative and insinuating, not mimetic

or naturalistic, even though they are part of the natural scenery. ['.... The interconnecting of imagery and phraseology is sustained throughout the novel. ....'] .... It must be acknowledged, however, that the images are attached to narrative material which is immature and trivial. [--Pp. 63a-64a (w. n. 5, adapt.), p. 66a (w. p. 65a-b). Fanshawe/fish-remark--A. K. V.]

The discussion offered immediately above, from a critic assessing techniques and influences, has served to illustrate a present-century erotica-rechanneling potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids.

The discussion sampled immediately below is offered by a critic who has compared texts and techniques (those of the major novels and the unfinished works) to diagnose the characteristics of Hawthorne's ultimate failure of creativity. That sampled instance of author-diagnosis constitutes a twentieth-century script-animative, near-imitative, potency-challenging potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids. The selected discussion reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 4/5-1--E. Davidson [1949], "gasping fish ... insinuate," extension)

Hawthorne so often called himself a romancer that the name [=roe-thorn!] has become almost synonymous with the man. ....

....

It is perhaps sufficient to say that Hawthorne had inherited a Puritan's and an allegorist's preoccupation with sin; he may have found that interest coursing in his blood stream when he was born, the heritage of a witch judge and the generations of Hathornes in Salem, or he may have obtained it from his reading. Whatever its

origins, we know that Hawthorne had this Puritan bias and a strong preoccupation with the effects of sin on men and women, both dead and living. Therefore, when he made studies of those people, he wrote allegories--the representation of abstract vices and virtues in recognizable terms which all men understand.

A definition of Hawthorne the romancer is more difficult than that of the allegorist. In general, we may say that he was "romantic" in his interest in the past, in his use of timeless subjects rather than those of contemporary interest, and in his concern with the damaged souls of men rather than with their faces and clothes.

....

....

What were the proper circumstances which Hawthorne, the romancer, had to discover before he could compose a novel? Why did he fail in the last years? The second question I shall withhold but the first I shall try to answer.

....

In the germination of a romance, Hawthorne's mind seized two things: the first was a moral law and the second a romantic image or episode. The moral need not have been of great human value ['Hawthorne, as an allegorical romancer, was not personally interested in the operation of moral laws'--but 'he was passionately concerned with ... ('the moral world') as an artist']; it was generally a provisional truth with which his mind began to play: a woman taken in adultery, a family wronged through several generations, a man who goes back to England in search of his ancestry, or a youth defying the rules of mortal life by concocting a brew of immortality. The second--the image or episode--is "romantic" because Hawthorne was concerned not with the realistic study of life, such as he found in Dickens or Trollope, but with men's souls; and for an investigation of secret hearts he must have a focus, a visual representation of the abstract moral he was seeking to demonstrate. The images may be best illustrated by his use of a letter A, a faun with furry ears, a bloody footstep, or a magic elixir shimmering in the sunlight. Then there were the romantic episodes which struck his imagination: a man lying dead in a parlor with the blood oozing from his mouth, ....

....

What came next [after 'These "germs"'] was a symbol, which I should define as the fusing of the image and the moral so that one became the visual representation of the other. The symbol was the fixing of the moral idea in concrete terms. Afterward, as the studies in this book are witness, Hawthorne projected characters and scene.

When this magical event or moment took place, some hidden reservoir was tapped. One might well employ [Henry] James's figure in the Preface to The American [1877] which [J. L.] Lowes used so effectively in The Road Back to Xanadu [1927]: a "deep well of unconscious cerebration"[] was stirred and there poured forth the

complete pattern of plot, characters, and scene which Hawthorne made into his four great romances. What is significant for Hawthorne is that the process worked superbly from 1849 to 1860 and then failed him in the last phase. Perhaps even more significant than the strange magic of the process is the speed with which, once Hawthorne had planned his novels, he could write them. The Scarlet Letter was composed in about six months,[] The House of the Seven Gables in five.[] The most arduously written of the four romances was The Marble Faun,[] but when we reach 1858 or 1859 we are approaching the crack-up. / .... [--Pp. 142, 144-5, w. p. 143.]

The commentary presented directly above, by a critic who has compared texts and techniques to diagnose the characteristics of Hawthorne's creative failure, has served to illustrate a present-century script-animative, near-imitative, potency-challenging potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids.

Further commentary by the critic who has compared major novels and unfinished texts to diagnose the characteristics of Hawthorne's creative failure constitutes a twentieth-century potency-challenging and hunger-constraint re-investing potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids. The further commentary reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 4/5-1, E. Davidson [1949], continued, "nor sank into ... 'deep well'")

I shall now undertake to answer a question often raised in this book: why did Hawthorne fail in the last years? ....

....

We can postulate a fifth reason for Hawthorne's failure in the last phase. It was that Hawthorne was unable to fuse image and moral in a symbol. The bloody footprint never became a workable symbol, as had the letter A or the Faun of Praxiteles, because neither the moral idea nor the image sank into the "deep well"; they remained always on the surface of conjecture and planning. They were not usable, not because they were fantastic--nothing was too fantastic for Hawthorne's peculiar nature--but the circumstances of the times in which he lived [e.g., Civil War] and his fundamental inability to take either the bloody footprint or the elixir of life as serious and important images forced Hawthorne into the hasty improvisations which he substituted for the tough mental labor of years gone by. Thus the answer to the problem of Hawthorne's failure lies somewhere in the misty regions of fancy and imagination, as Coleridge differentiated them. ....

In the studies for the posthumous romances, as well as in the long unfinished drafts, we find Hawthorne so often striving to set down a forceful statement of the "central thought." What he implies is that he did not have clearly in mind the meaning of his tale. In Grimshawe he did not know at the beginning nor at the end whether his main character, Etherage or Redclyffe, should be a hero or a dupe [=the suggestively red-faced Miltonic Sun:Son]; in Septimius Felton he began with an attractive young man and contrived a fool at the conclusion of both drafts. Thus when neither focalizing moral nor the central image was fused in his imagination, he could expend his effort only in artless contrivings.

....

.... Whether he planned the romances in his mind while roaming through Salem or over the hills of Lenox, or fashioned them on paper in the Wayside tower, the process was the same: characters were first puppets in a pageant of allegory; afterward they could become individuals, living and breathing.

But the "afterward" in the last phase was a long time away. As late as the middle of Draft "G" [of Grimshawe] Hawthorne had no idea what shape the pensioner, Lord Braithwaite, or the English girl would take. Then, perhaps when the time was growing short and many pages had been wasted, he attempted to particularize. Of the pensioner he wrote in an aside, "I must hit still upon some picturesque peculiarity to distinguish this man, and embody and symbolize his creed; that done, I think I should have hold of the right clew."[] Two-thirds of the way through the narrative he had no conception of the villain, "Shall he be preternatural? . . . A monkey? A Frankenstein? A man of straw? A man without a heart, made by machinery . . . A worshipper of the sun? A cannibal? a ghou? a vampire? a man who lives by sucking the blood of the young and beautiful?"[] . . . [H]e moved from the abstract to the real in creating his characters; and when he could not fictionally demonstrate his moral, his characters forever remained wraithlike [=underfed ro+mantics (Egy. mouth + comic-masked-antics!)]--A. K. V.] / .... [--Pp. 150, 152-53, 154.]

The discussion by the diagnostic critic of Hawthorne's ultimate failure continued immediately above has served to illustrate a present-century potency-challenging and hunger-constraint re-investing potential response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the fourth step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids.

The piece of poetry quoted directly below, a verse paragraph by a Proserpinal-traditions sharing English literary artist, one who has responded as critic to Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter, offers a twentieth-century paradigm of the oral-vegetal regenerative oracular receptacle. That paradigm suggests potential for strong reconstructive response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at steps five, four, and three of the scale of oral consonance, as levels of oral descent--from face and face-mimicking surfaces (transparent through opaque), through sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids, to tongue and split-sexes in phonic grave engrafted. The selected piece of verse art reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE [5-]3/[1-]0--D. H. Lawrence [1932], "nor sank into deep well," extension)

....

Reach me a gentian, give me a torch!  
 let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of this flower  
 down the darker and darker stairs, where blue is darkened on  
 blueness  
 even where Persephone goes, just now, from the frosted September  
 to the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon the dark  
 and Perse[-]phone herself is but a voice [phone]  
 or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark



of the arms Plutonic, and pierced with the passion of dense  
 gloom,  
 among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding darkness  
 on the lost bride and her groom. [g-room: throat-garret/  
 mouth-covert.]  
 [--"Bavarian Gentians," The Compl. Poems (1971), p. 697.]

The verse paragraph by a literary artist offered directly above has served to bring forward a present-century oro-vegetal paradigm, one signalling the artist's potential for strong reconstructive response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at steps five to three of the scale of oral consonance, as descent into mouth--to the level of tongue and split sexes in phonic grave engrafted.

The commentary sampled immediately below, from the discussion of The Scarlet Letter by the oral-paradigms sharing English literary artist--English literary artist now turned critic of America and American beautiful letters--constitutes the strongest twentieth-century active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead--that of nominal, well-consonated interlock and creative mock-reconstruction--at steps five, four, and three of the scale of oral consonance, as descent into mouth, to the level of tongue and split-sexes in phonic grave engrafted. The selected commentary, presented in two parts, reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE [5-]3/3--D. H. Lawrence, continued [1924], "nor sank into deep well," ext., continued)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE writes romance.

And what's romance? Usually, a nice little tale where you have everything As You Like It, where rain never wets your jacket and gants never bite your nose and it's always daisy-time. As You Like It and Forest Lovers, etc. Morte D'Arthur.

Hawthorne obviously isn't this kind of romanticist: though nobody has muddy boots in The Scarlet Letter, either.

But there is more to it. The Scarlet Letter isn't a pleasant, pretty romance. It is a sort of parable, an earthly story with a hellish meaning.

All the time there is this split in the American art and art-consciousness. On the [lips/sip!] top it is as nice as pie, goody-goody and lovey-dovey. Like Hawthorne being such a blue-eyed darling, in life, and Longfellow and the rest such sucking-doves. Hawthorne's wife said she "never saw him in time", which doesn't mean she saw him too late. But always in the "frail effulgence of eternity".

Serpents they were. Look at the inner meaning of their art and see what demons they were. [=phallic-split/tongues.]

You must look through the surface of American art, and see the inner diabolism of the symbolic meaning. Otherwise it is all mere childishness. / .... [--"Nathaniel Hawthorne and The Scarlet Letter" (Studies in Classic American Literature, 1924), in Sel. Lit. Crit. (1971), p. 347.]

And, D. H. Lawrence, cont'd [1924], "[ 'hind Law]thorn[']s / teeth")

....

Hester Prynne is the great nemesis of woman. She is the [H/G!-]KNOWING Ligeia risen diabolic from the grave. Having her own back. UNDERSTANDING.

This time it is Mr. Dimmesdale who dies. She lives on and is Abel. / .... /

Mr. Dimmesdale also wasn't at the end of his resources. Previously, he had lived by governing his body, ruling it, in the interests of his spirit. Now he has a good time all by himself [tongue/lingam! lowrench!] torturing his body, whipping it, piercing it with thorns, macerating himself. It's a form of masturbation. He wants to get a mental grip on his body. And since he can't quite manage it with the mind, witness his fall--he will give it what for, with whips. His will shall lash [=s-l l-s] his body. And he enjoys his pains. Wallows in them. To the pure all things are pure.

It is the old self-mutilation process, gone rotten. The mind wants to get its teeth in the blood and flesh. I, the ego, I will triumph over my own flesh. Lash! Lash! I am a grand free spirit. Lash! I am the master of my soul! Lash! Lash! I am the captain of my soul. Lash! Hurray! "In the fell clutch of circumstance," etc., etc. [=flesh-lash / in clutch of circum[-H/y-]stance (=tongue-in-mouth, intensing glide-voice).]

Good-bye Arthur. He depended on women for his Spiritual Devotees, spiritual brides. So, the woman just touched him in his

weak spot, his Achilles Heel of the flesh. Look out for the spiritual bride. She's after the weak spot. [=h/k/H of the f/l/sh.]

It is the battle of wills.

"For the will therein lieth, which dieth not---"

The Scarlet Woman becomes a Sister of Mercy. Didn't she just, in the late war. Oh, Prophet Nathaniel! / .... [--Pp. 353-54. See my I.End Notes.18, for one of Lawrence's simpler, nom-de-plume, self-rhymes.]

The critical discussion by the oral-paradigms sharing English literary artist sampled immediately above has served to illustrate a present-century creatively active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead--that of nominal (laurels) interlock mock-reconstruction--at steps five, four, and three of the oral scale of consonance, as descent into mouth, to the level of tongue and split-sexes in phonic grave engrafted.

The commentary presented directly below, from the correspondence of a self-interpreting American literary artist of the feminine sex, one who avows Hawthorne's influence, represents a twentieth-century organisms-compatible, resistive potential reconstructive response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at steps five, four, and three of the scale of oral consonance, as the levels of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque, of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids, and of tongue and split-sexes in phonic grave engrafted. The selected commentary, presented in two parts (with writer's sequence reversed), reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE [5-]3/0--F. O'Connor [1962], "hind Lawthorn's  
teeth," extension)

....

What would you call The Violent Bear It Away if you couldn't call it that? Apparently that doesn't mean anything in German and they have written me for a new title. All they have come up with is The Bursting Sun, which they are not happy with, nor me neither. I am thinking of Food for the Violent or The Prophet's Country. I don't like either.

The Florida Hoods visited us this week. They got up early in the morning, made their coffee and took it to the pond with them in two mugs, which they set on the bank while they fished. Dean heard slurping. Ernest [the jackass] was drinking her coffee. [--Letter to "A". (23 June 62), The Habit of Being (1979), p. 481.]

And, F. O'Connor, continued [1960], "fork / Cat[c]h[-] / descend-  
and[ ]")

I'm sorry the book [The Violent Bear It Away] didn't come off for you but I think it is no wonder it didn't since you see everything in terms of sex symbols, and in a way that would not enter my head--the lifted bough, the fork of the tree, the corkscrew. It doesn't seem to be conceivable to you that such things merely have a natural place in the story, a natural use. Your criticism sounds to me as if you have read too many critical books and are too smart in an artificial, destructive, and very limited way.

The lack of realism would be crucial if this were a realistic novel or if the novel demanded the kind of realism you demand. I don't believe it does. The old man is very obviously not a Southern Baptist, but an independent, a prophet in the true sense. The true prophet is inspired by the Holy Ghost, not necessarily by the dominant religion of his region. Further, the traditional Protestant bodies of the South are evaporating into secularism and respectability and are being replaced on the grass roots level by all sorts of strange sects that bear not much resemblance to traditional Protestantism--Jehovah's Witnesses, snake-handlers, Free Thinking Christians, Independent Prophets, the swindlers, the mad, and sometimes the genuinely inspired. A character has to be true to his own nature and I think the old man is that. He was a prophet, not a church-member. As a prophet, he has to be a natural Catholic. Hawthorne said he didn't write novels, he wrote romances; I am one of his descendants.

In any case, your critique is too far from the spirit of the book to make me want to go into it with you in detail. I do hope, however, that you will get over the kind of thinking that sees in

every door handle a phallic symbol and that ascribes such intentions to those who have other fish to fry. The Freudian technique can be applied to anything at all with equally ridiculous results. The fork of the tree! My Lord, Billy, recover your simplicity. You ain't in Manhattan. Don't inflict that stuff on the poor students there; they deserve better.

We'll look for you for Thanksgiving day . . . [---Letter to William Sessions (13 September 60), The Habit of Being (1979), p. 407.]

The commentary by an American literary artist of the feminine sex presented directly above has served to illustrate a present-century organisms-compatible, resistive potential reconstructive response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at steps five, four, and three of the scale of oral consonance, as the levels of face and face-mimicking surfaces, transparent through opaque, of sub-facial voice-stream and self-enriching somatic fluids, and of tongue and split-sexes in phonic grave engrafted.

The commentary offered directly below comes from what is in general a condemnatory evaluation of the major novels (and of a tale and the unfinished works), given by a critic examining the historical foundations of American literary form. That near-condemnatory commentary represents a twentieth-century potential reconstructive or near-imitative or (specifically)--the Gables' hanged Maule's "Maule's curse"--extending--response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the second step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of deep throat back in chamber, with gut-and-God-given voice, in face-rounding yet neck-truncating action (or, the level of paradoxically self-

indicting, formally precarious, Háw-formula-hungry form). The selected remarks, presented in two parts (with critic's sequence reversed), read as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 2/[5-]3-1--Y. Winters [1938], "works by lip[:] / blood to drink")

The English Puritans who settled Massachusetts were socially the product of centuries of the type of ethical discipline fostered by the Catholic and Anglo-Catholic Churches. They may have denied the freedom of the will and the efficaciousness of good works by lip, but by habit, and without really grasping the fact, they believed in them and acted upon them. Edwards exhorts sinners to repent while preaching the doctrine of the inability to repent  
 .... / .... /

.... Foster writes ... : "The first Puritans, sure in their own hearts that they were the elect of God, found the doctrine [= 'the Manicheistic struggle between Absolute Good and Absolute Evil ... as a kind of preordained or mechanical, yet also holy combat'] necessary to sustain them in the tremendous struggle through which they passed. . . . Hence the doctrine nerved to greater activity  
 ...."[] ....

.... It is interesting to observe in ... [historical] passage[s] [e.g., Andrews' 'characterization' of the flag-'mutilating' John Endicott, who "'ha(d) chosen for his seal a skull and cross-bones'''] ..., that the Puritans cannot be discussed, nor can they discuss each other, without the language employed exceeding the limits proper to predestinarians and invoking the traditional morality of the older churches .... The imperceptive, unwavering brutality of many of the actions committed in the name of piety in the Massachusetts colonies more than justified the curse and prophecy uttered by Matthew Maule, that God would give these Puritans blood to drink; in the name of God, they had violently cut themselves off from human nature; in the end, that is in Hawthorne's generation and in the generation following, more than one of them drank his own heart's blood, as Hawthorne himself must have done in his ultimate and frustrated solitude, and more than one of them shed it. / .... [--Maule's Curse: Seven Studies in the History of American Obscurantism; Hawthorne, . . . ., pp. 8-9, 14-15. Note: Winters' own use of speech-metonymies at once reveals Hawthorne's guttural/velar high-colors and veils/obscures their individual (Sign-)Nature--A. K. V.]

And, Y. Winters [1938], continued, "compact[-] ... complex[-] ...  
all[-]gory")

Of Hawthorne's three most important long works--The Scarlet Letter, The House of the Seven Gables, and The Marble Faun--the first is pure allegory, and the other two are impure novels, or novels with unassimilated allegorical elements. The first is faultless, in scheme and in detail; it is one of the chief masterpieces of English prose. The second and third are interesting, the third in particular, but both are failures, and neither would suffice to give the author a very high place in the history of prose fiction. .... / .... /

Hawthorne, by nature an allegorist, and a man with a strong moral instinct, regardless of the condition of his ideas, found in the early history of his own people and region the perfect material for a masterpiece. By selecting sexual sin as the type of all sin, he was true alike to the exigencies of drama and of history. In the setting which he chose, allegory was realism, the idea was life itself; and his prose, always remarkable for its polish and flexibility, and stripped, for once, of all superfluity, was reduced to the living idea, it intensified pure exposition to a quality comparable in its way to that of great poetry.

The compactness and complexity of the allegory will escape all save the most watchful readers. .... [--Pp. 3, 11-12.]

The remarks offered directly above, from a critic examining the historical foundations of American literary form, have served to illustrate a present-century potential reconstructive or near-imitative or "curse"-around-extending response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the second step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of deep throat back in chamber, with gut-and-God-given voice, in face-rounding yet neck-truncating action (or, the level of paradoxically self-indicting, formally precarious, Háw-formula-hungry form).

The commentary presented immediately below, from a critic applying psychoanalytic constructs to the "Legends of the Province House" (to examine and/or to structure Hawthorne's psycho-history as developing

American writer), represents a twentieth-century highly mouth-shaped, highly wit-conscious, near-active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the second step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of deep throat back in chamber, with gut-and-God-given voice, in face-rounding yet neck-truncating action (or, the level of paradoxically self-indicting, formally precarious, Háw-formula-hungry form). The selected commentary, presented in two parts (as a conception of structure dynamically deepening within actual and virtual folds of mouth), reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 2/2--K. Dauber [1977], "compact complex all gory," extension)

.... ... [I]n Norman O. Brown's remarkable phrase [from Life Against Death: The Psychoanalytic Meaning of History (1959; rpt. New York: Vintage, n.d.)], the "constipating past" inflicting itself upon the future, returns to assert Hutchinson's connection with an earlier era of even greater dependence. "Excrement . . . is also aliment" [Brown, p. 293:] the blood on which Hutchinson, in his last hours, gasps he is choking returns us to dependence at the breast and the orality of "Lady Eleanore's Mantle."

Hawthorne's return to the Province-House this time, accordingly, is by invitation to "an oyster supper." He has come to eat, and what he eats has acquired, by a typically narcissistic piece of self-projection, the shape of his own voracious mouth. Interestingly, however, the dinner is a reward for the added custom he has brought with him. It is "far less than the ingenious tale-teller, and I ... had fairly earned," he says. And, indeed, the pair are "welcomed as benefactors" ... (IX, 271). Hawthorne must excuse his pleasure. He must justify his narcissism in economic terms. Pleasure as business, orality as sensual ("the oyster supper") differentiated from orality as self-preserving ("the paying diners") locates the Province-House at the second oral, or "oral-sadistic," phase of child development. In technical terms, object-libido (sexuality) and ego-libido (self-preservation) are already at war. [ 'See Freud, "On Narcissism ...," in Col[.] Papers, IV (1953), 30-59, ....'] The fusion of primal narcissism--the baby at the breast, subject and object at one--has already broken down: "It may be unadvisable, however, to speak too loudly of the increased



custom of the house, lest Mr. Waite should find it difficult to renew the lease on so favorable terms as heretofore" (IX, 271-72). The mouth at war with economics is infected by it. Defending its sexuality, as we have seen, in economic terms, the mouth threatens to deny sexuality. Business makes the terms of pleasure unfavorable, and orality is business' mouthpiece. Ego-libido threatens object-libido; the sucking baby begins to bite. / .... [--Rediscovering Hawthorne, pp. 75-76, w. nn. 18-19, adapt., and w. p. 73, n. 16, adapt.]

And, K. Dauber [1977], "compact complex all gory," ext., continued)

....

The oral-aggressive nature of "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," then, is especially significant. Hawthorne describes the plague the Lady Eleanore has brought upon the nation: "On the occasion of which I speak, it was distinguished by a peculiar virulence, inso-much that it has left its traces--its pitmarks, to use an appropriate figure--on the history of the country. . . ." Psychoanalysis holds that sarcasm (Gr. sarkazein, to tear flesh) represents an oral attack on an object that withholds narcissistic pleasure, [ 'Jim Swan, "History, Pastoral and Desire: A Psychoanalytic Study of English Literature and Society," Diss. Stanford, 1974, p. 251, cites M. D. Faber, "On Jaques: Psychological Remarks," University Review, 36 (1969-70), 89-96, 179-82. My discussion of orality throughout is heavily indebted to Swan.' ] [A]nd the focus on perhaps mouth-shaped "pitmarks" further points up the orality of Hawthorne's aggression. Similarly, the people, "in bitter mockery," proclaim "a new triumph for the Lady Eleanore" as the pox claims another victim, and Jervase Helwyse extends the "triumph" to Lady Eleanore's own destruction. Verbal wit, as opposed to phallic hostilities of "Howe's Masquerade" or the excremental wars of "Edward Randolph's Portrait," is directed against a lady, a "queenly maiden," the Virgin Mother, described as harsh, distant, literally "unyielding." She cannot even weep. The lady is dry, and the child, denied nurture, his own brain parched by madness, turns the instrument of oral satisfaction against the breast that will not feed him.

Of course sarcasm is no solution. The "pitmarks," so called in an act of aggression, cannot be controlled. It is a "dismal pit," in turn, into which the dead draw the living. The oral child projects his own mode of hostility onto a hostile mother. Seeking to swallow her, he is afraid of being swallowed. His own desires, his subjectivity, denied, he becomes pure object, ready to be eaten up. / And, indeed a subject-object conflict ... runs throughout .... Wild swings between introjection and projection, becoming all subject and all object, define Jervase's existence. We see him first as the lady's footstool .... At the end of the story, on her dying bed, it is to Jervase the lady calls for water. /

Significantly, it is a parching disease that Eleanore ultimately develops. Burned in effigy, literally dried up by her own inability to give and take succor, she makes possible, in her death, a world where subject and object may unite. "King Death" destroys the "living queen." The "diseased mortality" of the self-sufficient lady denies her all-encompassing subjectivity, and Jervase, his madness dissipated, unites with the townsfolk in celebrating a new era. The way is prepared for Eros to inherit the Province-House.

....

A new narrator who still reveres the queen, then, tells the tale of "Old Esther Dudley." .... The tale, freed of conflict, "is a mere sketch, with no involution of plot." Celebration of a completed development replaces what earlier had been progress toward an end. / In this connection, it is significant, too, that the journey into the past should end in the most modern period of time. .... The end is the beginning. Past and present unite. .... The point of furthest psychic regress is the point of nearest historic progress. The Province-House becomes the place of a coherent [mouth-cave!] phenomenology .... The community of the frame is solidified, its collective memory reformed. It may now accommodate even an "old loyalist" as "no rival" in its midst. / And yet Hawthorne leaves the house, declaring he will never return. He violently and precipitately escapes. It is difficult to account for this precisely. .... / .... Genital organization returns in Hancock--"the ancient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of the portal. The [velar-hawk!] key of the Province-House fell from her grasp, and clanked against the stone"--and with it the adult aggressiveness that the Legends of the Province-House had seemed to expel. ['Her love is narcissistic in Freud's neurotic sense, directed exclusively to projections of herself. .... (In t)he mirror itself ....'] / .... / .... The old conflict, public against private, returns. .... [--Pp. 76-81, w. n. 20, adapt.]

The commentary presented immediately above, by a critic applying psycho-analytic constructs, has served to illustrate a present-century highly mouth-shaped, highly wit-conscious, near-active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the second step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of deep throat back in chamber, with gut-and-God-given voice, in face-rounding yet neck-truncating action (or, the level of paradoxically self-indicting, formally precarious, Háw-formula-hungry form).

More commentary by the critic applying psychoanalytic constructs to the "Legends of a Province House" has been drawn from a further section of the critic's study, a section in which he applies philosophical spatial abstractions chiefly to The Blithedale Romance (to examine and/or to formulate the purposive limits of Hawthorne's psycho-history as developing American writer). That psycho-structuralist commentary represents a twentieth-century highly near-to-book-format (or -book-jaws), highly articulatory-mechanisms conscious, near-active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the second step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of deep throat back in chamber, with gut-and-God-given voice, in face-rounding yet neck-truncating action (or, the level of paradoxically self-indicting, formally precarious, Háw-formula-hungry form). The selected further commentary, presented in two parts (as a conception of terminals, developing into a near-to-articulatory scaling of whole works), reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 2/5,2--K. Dauber [1977], "compact complex[--i]ll g[l]ory," ext., cont'd, extension)

....

Perhaps ... we should systematically re-define the three major types of American fiction in the light of the turn they take in Hawthorne's Blithedale. Consider the diagram ... [=450-angle diagram, plotted on Cartesian co-ordinates--Dauber, p.175]. The co-ordinates ... should be seen as dynamically related. Strictly speaking, neither  $x$ , genre, nor  $y$ , purpose, exists except as it acts together. They call each other into being, are meaningless except as interanimating forces, so that, for example, the approach of either to zero is not its disappearance, but its submission to the other, which it overpowers. With this proviso we may proceed.

Romance, as we have said, is the interplay of purpose and genre, a mutual coercion. The work inflicts itself on the writer,

provides the only language in which he may write. The writer, in turn, imposes himself on his material, attempts to reform an audience reflected in the work. ....

Accordingly, our diagram allows for a full range of historical relativity [romance/naturalism/realism]. It maps a relation only, a ratio. .... As the diagram shows, realism is but a line. It is liable at any moment to become one or the other of the modes that bound it. And, in fact, where Blithedale is not the line itself, it is constantly playing off one against the other to establish a middle voice in effect. We have seen already the "wizard" as "Professor" of physiology. Westervelt the devil is also Westervelt the scientist and perhaps, finally, a simple mountebank, negating the claims of both. His false teeth are the mask of the demon, concealing the "wizened little elf" behind the mask, or there is no Westervelt at all, "nothing genuine about him," save soulless parts pieced together. His body is "a necromantic, or perhaps a mechanical contrivance" (p. 188 [or, CE, III, 188]): the two are the same. In much the same way Hollingsworth "is a man after all ...!" (p. 71). Here overtly, the demonic and the mechanical are again equivalent: the devil-created philanthropist is a steel engine. Moreover, as the noun "philanthropy" becomes an adjective in "philanthropic man," demonism-mechanism becomes a simple qualifier of a general mankind, is familiarized into a neutral humanity [=anthropomorphe]. [--Pp. 174-75, 178-79.]

And, K. Dauber [1977], continued, "Blithedale ... [over ... ]  
Gables")

.... / Indeed, enaction is the only kind of action that there is in Blithedale. Throughout the book, as Coverdale ["I"/e'Y'e-narrator!] notes, the characters are performing a vast charade. Tableaus vivants, playlets, Arcadian masquerades are their entertainment: ". . . the presence of Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in" (p. 21). This is not to say, though, as is often said, that the characters are hypocritical, insincere in their attempts at Utopia. It is rather that performance, in Blithedale, is always to no purpose. As Coverdale continues, "I tried to analyze this impression, but not with much success." Quite simply, there is nothing to say about what the characters do, because what they do has no significance beyond itself. Action is what Angus Fletcher calls "mimetic self-projection." ["The Liminal Riddle," a lecture presented on January 29, 1973(,) at the State University of New York at Buffalo.'] It is a kind of reflexive method-acting in which the character the actor enters is the character of an actor

entering a character which, however, does not exist. It is the imitation of a non-existent model, the opposite of celebration, as we have said, celebration of an absence rather than a presence. ['Note that in the masquerade, Zenobia plays the part of the Princess Zenobia, who seems not to exist, in Blithedale, simply to give Zenobia her name.'] / Consider Zenobia once again. She is, of course, a consummate actress. But her acting is no mere pretense. .... Zenobia does what she does, is what she is, and there is nothing more to be said about it. She is like God, in a way, the God "I am that what I am," except--and here is the crucial difference between value and valuelessness, the speech that is prophecy and the speech that is realism--where God is the author of the world, [Zähne-oben! Zaun-der-Lippe-beobachten!] Zenobia's only world is herself. / Here, most important of all, Blithedale [as Maul!] inverts The House of the Seven Gables. There everything is [hug! jugular!] present in anything; here nothing relates to nothing [=lip/lap-winks!]. Fullness of action becomes emptiness of enaction. In other terms, as we have noted, The House of the Seven Gables would continue indefinitely. .... [--Pp. 189-91, w. nn. 28-29, adapt., and w. Dauber-supportive, scale-relevant intrusions, A. K. V.]

The further commentary from the critic applying psychoanalytic constructs, the psycho-structuralist commentary (a discussion ultimately, or terminally, turning into an axiological study [or a study of values]), has served to illustrate a present-century highly near-to-book-format, highly articulatory-mechanisms conscious, near-active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the second step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of deep throat back in chamber, with gut-and-God-given voice, in face-rounding yet neck-truncating action (or, the level of paradoxically self-indicting, formally precarious, Háw-formula-hungry form). (Because K. Dauber's study addresses itself so directly to the ideas of mouth, name-play, and identity-development--its appropriately extensive citation will be resumed further ahead in the present chapter. Although K. Dauber posits no signature-cursive, serpentine form as a systematic

controlling eidolon [one bringing into high relief Hawthorne's name as an all-works animating--and all-critics challenging--form], the critic does offer interpretations which keenly mirror components [or aspects] of that psycho-linear, psycho-oral, psycho-botanical, self-reinseminating, and works-masked reification, as posited and etched out consonantly in the present study.)

The final critic in the gathering of exclusively present-century, time-crossing oral-reflectors upon the signatural Hawthorne comments in the two successions of citations offered below. That critic's commentary, drawn from his recent dissertation exploring aspects of Hawthorne's compositional process (through selected tales and The Scarlet Letter), represents a twentieth-century translation-sensitive, probably mouth-divisions attuned, Romantic-ambiance (or inspiration) addressing, and serpent near-implicating highly active response to Hawthorne's oral-vegetal signature-Godhead; and it represents a response at the first step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of universal mouth with tongue and of writer's eternal somatic end-trails nosed into and out. The selected first succession of commentary is presented immediately below in three parts, to sample qualities of ingression, or descent (chiefly through "Rappaccini's Daughter," or from step-value five), into a creatively important "middle ground" or "neutral territory"--locus reminiscent of tongue as (to/from-lips) extensional tensor and (multi)potential lingam, rooted at throat. The selected first succession of commentary reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 1/5-3,1--R. Freed [1979], "voice ... 'embalmed' / confront[ed]"

....

Th[e Shelleyan-Keatsian] idea of [inspirational, visionary] forgetting and the consequent discrepancy between conception and execution are suggested by Hawthorne in the lighthearted and self-mocking introduction to his tale[, "Rappaccini's Daughter"]. "We do not remember," he remarks in the very first sentence, "to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aub[é]pine. . ." ([X,] 91, [F.'s] italics). Aub[é]pine (French for "hawthorn") can be viewed as that aspect of the Romancer whose province is the garden of inspiration and who sees and gathers there the specimens which eventually are used in the writing of the work. Aub[é]pine is not so much Hawthorne as he is Hawthorn, a man familiar with the foliage of mind. The difference between what Aub[é]pine-Hawthorn sees in the garden and what Hawthorne writes on the page is considerable. L'Artiste du Beau; ou le Papillon M[éc]anique, to take just one example, is a "work" of Aub[é]pine's comprising five volumes, whereas "The Artist of the Beautiful" is only some twenty pages long. This discrepancy exists because, in the process of translating the vision in the garden and incorporating it in the finished work, "we do not remember." [Or--we sound-suggestively, lexically condense it! (A. K. V.)]

The vision in the garden is embodied in Beatrice Rappaccini, an enchanting and beautiful girl, redolent of life, health and energy. Her voice is as rich as a tropical sunset .... / As a figure of inspiration, Beatrice has two striking qualities. Rich and delectable, her voice expresses itself "like a gush of music" (104), and causes one to "think of [the same] deep hues of purple or crimson" (96) that are contained in the sister-flower. Moreover, Beatrice's voice is "embalmed" in her breath (112), the fragrance of which is "identical to the flower's" (113). The breath of inspiration and the voice which makes its meaning known bear "upon [one's] consciousness like the light of truth itself." (112). / Thus "Rappaccini's Daughter," the story of a young man and a young girl, is an allegory, as we shall see, of an artist--or at least the surrogate of the artist Hawthorne--confronting his source of inspiration. As a trope for inspiration, Beatrice is an "unintelligible power" (109) who lacks "familiarity with modes and forms" (112). The artist's task will be to articulate that power and to formulate it in art. To that end, his "quick fancy" (105) will serve him well. But the young man has a heart whose depths are not yet sounded (105). We have only to trace his journey to see just how far he will plumb and how little he will remember.[] / .... [--Pp. 35-36.]

And, R. Freed [1979], continued, "Serpent / intermix[ive]"

.... Now he [the young man, Giovanni] "must obey the law that whirl[s] him onward, in ever lessening circles" (109) as he attempts to solve "the riddle of his own existence" (110). / These ever-lessening circles lead Giovanni to the garden itself where he converses with Beatrice. No longer an onlooker from the window above, he is now a "brother" in her own domain .... / .... / Rappaccini's garden, like Robin's midnight Boston and Hawthorne's haunted chamber in "The Custom-House," is an image of the neutral territory.[ ] .... Each quest for inspiration brings different aspects of self because the middle ground for Hawthorne is a mirror reflecting the full range of emotions he is capable of expressing. / .... [T]he work of art is born of the original "commixture," the "intercourse" between the actual and the imaginary which imparts "substance and reality to the wild vagaries [of] imagination" ([110 and] 105). And the completed work of art not only results-- ... like Pearl [of The Scarlet Letter]--from "adultery," it retains, like Rappaccini's flowers, a taint of "artificialness" because it is a fictive and transgressive "production . . . no longer of God's making" (110). The successful artwork for Hawthorne contains the same baneful essence, the same disconcerting ambiguity, which resides in the middle ground and in the human heart. This ambiguous mixture of inspiration and evil ... occurs frequently in Hawthorne's art. The seat of inspiration and the locus of sin are contiguous elements in his fiction[ ] .... ['Failure to recognize this contiguity accounts for Richard P. Adams' puzzlement concerning "Egotism: or, the Bosom Serpent." Adams writes in "Hawthorne and the Old Manse Period," Tulane Studies in English, 8 (1958), 115-51: "It seems a perversion of Hawthorne's scheme for the snake to enter the cavern of Elliston's bosom or heart from the fountain, and to return to the fountain when it leaves him. The fountain is usually treated as a way by which the inspiration of the unconscious depths of the heart emerge into consciousness; in which terms the snake, by going out of Elliston's bosom or heart and into the fountain, would not be changing its place at all" (143). That the snake does re-enter the fountain is precisely the point, for the locus of inspiration, often imaged by a fountain which is in turn an image of the well-springs of the heart, is an intermixture. Only in "The Hall of Fantasy," which is Hawthorne's realm of ideality, is the fountain "pure." There the fountain exists, but the cavern of the heart does not.' (--But there is a dungeon with chimerical, visceral roots! And under an architecture that smacks of mouth-mechanics-- offers literary-salvific, trans-historical, inter-conceptive vegetal fruits, near close of fantasy. See my III.B.4.a(X-06) and e.two. A. K. V.)] [--Pp. 42, 43-44, 44-45, w. n. 10, adapt.]



And, R. Freed [1979], continued, "translations ... 'unspeakable'")

....

Giovanni Guasconti is never called an artist. And despite Hawthorne's numerous use of such words as "imaginative" and his many descriptions of pottery and sculpture in the garden, no mention is explicitly made of the compositional process. Much of the language ... might suggest "psychological" readings of the tale.[] Baglioni and Rappaccini can be viewed as father figures; and the student and the girl have an "intimate and peculiar relationship" (115). The language of religion is even more pervasive.["Religious" readings include Roy R. Male, "The Dual Aspect of Evil in 'Rappaccini's Daughter,'" PMLA, 69 (1954), 99-109; Waggoner, (Hawthorne: A Critical Study [Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1955]), pp. 111-25; and Richard Harter Fogle, Hawthorne's Fiction (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1964), pp. 91-103).'] Beatrice is worthy to be worshipped; "redeemed," she will cross "the borders of Time" and bathe "in some fount of Paradise" (126). But these vocabularies, we must remember, are translations of that which is "unspeakable" and "indefinable" in the garden. We may say of Hawthorne's works what [B.] Pasternak [1890-1960] writes about art in general: "the clearest, most memorable and important fact about art is its conception, and the world's best creations, those which tell of the most diverse things, in reality describe their own birth[--Safe Conduct (1931 [?]; --New York: New Directions, 1958), II, 70.]

Many of Hawthorne's best creations appear to be about a diversity of things, but they also describe stages in his compositional process. They are about their own birth, their own creation and the process that made them Hawthorne's imaginative progeny. Giovanni is not depicted as an artist, but his experiences parallel Hawthorne's as an artist [i.e., in the 'Neutral Territory' (cf. tongue-level!), where the 'Actual' ('world/earthly/temporal' [cf. lip-level!]) and where the 'Imaginary' ('hall of fantasy/spiritual/timeless' [cf. throat-level!]) "may meet and each imbue itself with the nature of the other" (à la Hawthorne); the 'Neutral Territory' is 'the middle ground,' where 'a successful translation' must take place]. Robin Molineux is not a writer, but, as we have seen, his journey is another translation of Hawthorne's journey to the neutral territory. .... [--Pp. 45-46; w. nn. 12-13, adapt.; and w. schema, p. 49, adapt., in correl. w. oral-structure--a full relationship partly suggested by Freed himself.]

The commentary by a critic exploring Hawthorne's compositional process, sampled in three parts directly above, has served to illustrate a present-century translation-sensitive, probably mouth-divisions attuned,

Romantic-ambiance (or inspiration) addressing, and serpent near-implicating highly active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead--at the first step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of universal mouth with tongue and of writer's eternal somatic and end-trails nosed into and out.

The second sequence of citations by the final critic in the section, one whose exploration of Hawthorne's process of composition places him (in terms of the present study) at the first step of the scale of oral consonance, occurs immediately below. Drawn from earlier parts of the critic's study, that second succession of commentary again represents a present-century active response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead, at the first step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of universal mouth with tongue and of writer's eternal somatic end-trails nosed into and out. It also represents an active response which (short of the systematic implication of a signatural serpent, and the discourse-remarking of its consonantly jointed cosmic chant--a multi-contactive structure supportive of an ever-ripening, ever-devolving, throat-to-lips rounded Haw as cosmic American laugh) comes the closest to the present study, in sensing out the articulatory or mouth-mimetic or oral-gestural (concept extended) ground which underlies Nathaniel Hawthorne's creative process--and in interpreting or conceptualizing or symbolicizing that process as one of self-immortalizing name-singing, for purposes of privi-public possession (through verbal intrigue), of human territories, mind-memorial through mind-futuristic. The selected second succession of early commentary, presented in three

parts (again to sample qualities of critical ingression to the neutral but potentially potent middle division of articulatory topology, and now chiefly through "My Kinsman, Major Molineux"), reads as follows:

CRITICONCEPTACLE 1/[5,3,]2-1--R. Freed [1979], continued, "neutral territory")

Hawthorne often spoke of his compositional process metaphorically, as a journey to a region which he called the "neutral territory." Where, we might ask, is that place to which Hawthorne mentally journeys to imagine his characters? What does this place look like? What happens when he is there? What is left behind when he leaves? What is the relationship between vision and revision? In attempting to answer these questions, this study explores Hawthorne's metaphor of the compositional process as it is revealed in his tales and The Scarlet Letter. By compositional process is meant not only the act of writing, but also the entire range of activities extending from the author's discovery of his idea for the work to the development of that idea into a mature work of art. Many of Hawthorne's fictions, this study argues, can be viewed as prophetic pictures or, to use another of Hawthorne's images, as mirrors upon which he projected his various artistic selves and thereby explored the workings of his imagination. Precisely how much it was Hawthorne's intention to compose allegories of composition will never be known[--'Authorial intention is, of course, always difficult to assess, but especially so with Hawthorne, in light of his numerous comments that he himself was not often sure of the meaning of some of his fictions. Speaking of Michelangelo's painting of The Three Fates, Hawthorne wrote: "Each man interprets the hieroglyph(h)ic in his own way; and the painter, put forth a riddle without himself knowing the solution. . . . You can never be sure how much of the picture you yourself have made." ....' (Riv. Ed., X, 331-32)]; nevertheless, a reading of his works as compositional allegories might illuminate our understanding of the creative process in general and of Hawthorne's artistic method in particular. .... / .... /

"There are said to be temperaments endowed with sympathies so exquisite," Hawthorne remarks in "A Book of Autographs," "that, by merely handling an autograph, they can detect the writer's character with unerring accuracy, and read his inmost heart as easily as a less gifted eye would peruse the written page ([Cent. Ed., XI,] ... 376). A sympathetic temperament to which Hawthorne refers and the writer's character which that temperament explores could be one and the same. They could be Hawthorne's, for through his writing Hawthorne often studied his signatures, behind which lay "the riddle

of his own existence" ([CE,] X, 110). We shall consider much of Hawthorne's work as a book of autographs and "gaze at this production of his pen as into his own inscrutable eyes" ([XI,] 372-73).

In reflecting upon and recoding his thoughts in his art, Hawthorne made of his works a mirror through which he could sustain an internal dialogue. Speaking of Monsieur du Miroir in the sketch of that name, the narrator remarks .... . . . Hawthorne extracts du Miroir from the chaos of mind by arresting him within the confines of language and making him "the picture or visible type of what [he] [muses] upon" ([X,] 169).[] / .... [--Pp. 1-3, w. nn. 1-2, adapt.]

And, R. Freed [1979], continued, "dance ... not know[--] / stone post")

.... / Arriving at the neutral territory is but one of Hawthorne's goals; successfully confronting what he sees there is another. The diversity of experience, the haunting array of phenomena, can be so disconcerting that it paralyzes all efforts to comprehend it. .... ['.... Thus Robin (of "My Kinsman, Major Molineux") carries with him to the city a brash confidence, a sense, as he believes, of his own shrewdness, and even perhaps an "eager ... eye" ([XI,] 210) with a capacity for vision. But in the city Robin is uprooted and displaced. Like his sapling-staff he is cut off from something larger than himself which, he believes, provides him with power. In the city power belongs to others, and not unexpectedly the two staves Robin confronts there are wielded by men of authority. In the city, moreover, Robin encounters another forest, the bright and dancing wooden torches, which are also uprooted like Robin's cudgel but which dance in concert to a rhythm inexplicable and conduct a procession whose meaning he cannot know. Now, "his eye not quite so lively" (230), Robin grasps, as his sister did also, for something rooted and substantial. But he finds only a stone post, a funereal memorial to the death and dearth of his vision. / The stone post [=tongue! (A. K. V.)] stands across the street from what is perhaps, as Robin says, "the very house I have been seeking" (221). The occupant of the house is the man with the sepulchral "hems" and the polished cane, and he has (as the Major once had) authority. When Robin first sees the sepulchral man, his curious gutt[ur]al interjections are "like the thought of a cold grave obtruding among wrathful passions" (211). Last seen, his convulsive merriment manifests "itself on his solemn old features, like a funny inscription on a tomb-stone" (229-30). As this man, imaged by sepulchres, graves and tombstones, watches Robin, who stands by the church cemetery and clutches the stone post, the imagery of death suggests Robin's irrevocable loss. / What Robin loses, however, Hawthorne gains. The palimpsest of "My Kinsman, Major Molineux"

suggests a portrait of Hawthorne undertaking the interior journey to the neutral territory, there to imagine those fantastic presences, his literary creations. ....'] [--P. 16, w. pp. 29-30.]

And, R. Freed [1979], continued, "sepulchral 'hem[ming]' / angle")

.... / Much has been made of the search for authority in "My Kinsman" but authority is pertinent to this discussion in terms of the author who seeks to command the authority only of his own visions and who attempts to contain the elusive nature of thought in a manageable and, as much as is possible, in an unreductive manner. Of all the important characters in "My Kinsman," only the man with the sepulchral "hems" attains the higher ground from which he can perceive, in the single flash of vision which is the recognition scene, "a mass of people . . . who hemmed the procession in" (223; my italics). This higher ground exists from the window of the Gothic mansion which is not only, as Robin conjectures, the house he has been seeking but is also, presumably, the very house the Major has lost. That Robin's last name is never given may suggest that he and Hawthorne search not so much for Molineux himself, but for what Molineux was and for what the man of authority is: the "visage . . . which [Robin] seemed to remember. . . looking toward him from the Gothic [house's] window" (223). A search for authority, "My Kinsman" is also a search for a home. Not only for a homeland, as some critics maintain,[] but also for the house of fiction whose window opens upon the world of the mind and provides the proper angle of vision from which the author is able to hem and stitch the mind's various textures into the tightly woven fabric of his text. ['Those critics who see the story as an allegory of awakening national consciousness include Q. D. Leavis, "Hawthorne as Poet, 1 "Sewanee Review, 59 (1951), 179-205; Roy Harvey Pearce, "Hawthorne and the Sense of the Past, or the Immortality of Major Molineux," Journal of English Literary History, 25 (1954), 327-49; and Daniel G. Hoffman, Form and Fable in American Literature (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1961), pp. 113-25.'] [--P. 32, w. n. 5, adapt.]

The commentary presented in three successive parts immediately above, or the sampled remarks of a critic drawn from early portions of his exploration of Hawthorne's compositional process, have served to illustrate further a highly thematic or active, and orally strong, fundamental, response to Hawthorne's signature-Godhead--to Nathaniel Hawthorne's oral down-to-the-engraved ground, up to his wood-staff authoritative, up to

his labial-hem maleutic, back to his (high-nosed) semi-physical head-works of devoted book-building or composition, coming to rest in a silently raised (N/n-)stone tongue; a twentieth-century response, at fundamental step one of the scale of oral consonance, as the level (or stance) of universal mouth with tongue and of writer's eternal somatic end-trails nosed into and out.

As sampled response most compatible with the approach taken to Hawthorne's literary art in the present study, the commentary by Richard Freed (1979) has appropriately served both to consummate and to terminate the select, possibly tendentious presentation made above (i.e., in this, the first section of chapter development), of a study-gradient reinforcing, study-vantages enhancing, critically living portrait of the signatural Hawthorne--voice hovering within an oral paradigm, both for pleasures of substantial meaning and for privilege of trans-substantial pathways to infinite life. The citation of four of the twentieth-century reflectors of the speech-chained Hawthorne will be resumed at points of advantage below (i.e., in the second and third sections of chapter development); the citation of Kenneth Dauber (1977), for reasons given, and of John Irwin (1980), J. Donald Crowley (pre-1974), and Hugo McPherson (1969), for similar reasons--for reasons of heritage-conscious contextualization of Hawthorne's thematic and reputational concerns with name and compositional process.

2. Trans-Contexts: Grades of Arch-Rolling of Hawthorne  
in Period Literary-Craft Friendships.

The gathering below of prose and verse texts consists of excerpts from twentieth-century criticism (seven authors<sup>5</sup>), Period sources (five authors<sup>6</sup>), Period critical heritage (three authors<sup>7</sup>), and present-day American general reference (two authors<sup>8</sup>). It constitutes a choice trans-national portrait of the signatural Hawthorne as oral self-encoder--as arch-Haw! to-ripeness-roller, over select paper-graphic landscapes of the Period, for voluptuous, then stinting feed-back from: the Godhead-breaking--lips-lexical burlesquing--Herman Melville. The reconstructed Period mechanic, of Hawthorne's archeonium sense-stréss-bearing-on, reads as follows. (The scale is STEPS 1-5--author split-faced/art-egressive: in draconic-appetitive, conflict-squeeze, contrary directions: or, in counter-the-lingam, seize-the-glans/acorn, and speaking-head-over-balls-build, into book-as-wood-chamber regenerative diction. Hawmechanique head tags initially recapitulate frame remarks and specify the Period Godhead-re-envaulting author sampled, then stand in lieu of further frame remarks, while continuing to specify the succession of authors sampled. Those authors are a historically and nationally and functionally variegated lot, serving presently as a humanistic universe, to reinforce the idea of American Godhead in deep-back Haw-vault, ripening round in the nineteenth-century human world, to lip-bursting formal-ambivalent closure.)

The initial commentary sampled immediately below is an excerpt from a prefatorial text by Hawthorne himself, or a text in which the literary artist functions as his own self-penetrating, works re-facing, and type-line veiled editor. The excerpted commentary represents a prime Period, or American nineteenth-century, response, to Hawthorne's self-incarnative conceptual habit(at) of being within-and-without his signature-Haw--to Hawthorne's idiosyncratic oral-vegetal Godhead, as immortal works-maieutic instrumentality and immediate cause-way of meanings belonging to public-through-private mind-space and to modern-through-ancient mind-time. That response (mock-near name-active, mock-near name-thematic) virtually places itself, at the first step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of universal mouth with tongue and of writer's eternal somatic end-trails nosed into and out (and now eyed motor-roundly back [i.e., at once into mouth cave and toward spine of book, mum manifold open to worldly reader]). The selected commentary reads as follows:

HAWMECHANIQUE 1/0--N. Hawthorne [1846], "pen / green ... within /  
Glan[ds] back")

And now, I begin to feel--and perhaps should have sooner felt--that we have talked enough of the old Manse. Mine honored reader, it may be, will vilify the poor author as an egotist, for babbling through so many pages about a moss-grown country parsonage, and his life within its walls, and on the river, and in the woods,--and the influences that wrought upon him, from all these sources. My conscience, however, does not reproach me with betraying anything too sacredly individual to be revealed by a human spirit, to its brother or sister spirit. How narrow--how shallow and scanty too--is the stream of thought that has been flowing from my pen, compared with the broad tide of dim emotions, ideas, and associations, which swell around me from that portion of my existence! How little have I



told!--and, of that little, how almost nothing is even tinctured with any quality that makes it exclusively my own! Has the reader gone wandering, hand in hand with me, through the inner passages of my being, and have we groped together into all its chambers, and examined their treasures or their rubbish? Not so. We have been standing on the green sward, but just within the cavern's mouth, where the common sunshine is free to penetrate, and where every footstep is therefore free to come [*italics--A. K. V.*]. I have appealed to no sentiment or sensibilities, save such as are diffused among us all. So far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face; nor am I, nor have ever been, one of those supremely hospitable people, who serve up their hearts delicately fried, with brain-sauce, as a tidbit for their beloved public.

Glancing back over what I have written .... [--"The Old Manse: The Author Makes the Reader Acquainted with His Abode," CE, X (1974), 32-33.]

The excerpt by the editorially self-penetrating Hawthorne presented directly above (as the initial text of the section) has served to illustrate a prime, Period response, to Hawthorne's self-incarnative conceptual habit(at) of being within-and-without his signature-Haw, to Hawthorne's idiosyncratic oral-vegetal Godhead, as immortal works-maieutic instrumentality and immediate cause-way of meanings belonging to public-through-private mind-space and to modern-through-ancient mind-time; and a response at the first step of the scale of oral consonance, as the level of universal mouth with tongue and of writer's eternal somatic end-trails nosed into and out (and now eyed motor-roundly back [i.e., at once into mouth cave and toward spine of book, mum manifold open to worldly reader]).

The commentary which appears next and in successive citations below in the section has been drawn (as indicated previously in the sectional introduction) from texts diverse in historical, national, and functional origins. That variegated chain of commentary, terminating in

Herman Melville's (1891) necro-elegy to Hawthorne, represents potential, active, and creatively réconstructive influences toward and responses to Hawthorne's self-incarnative conceptual habit(at) of being within-and-without his oral dynamic signature-haw. Those influences and responses place themselves (i.e., here, in the present study) at the second, third, fourth and fifth (and strongly self-reasserting first) steps of the scale of oral consonance, steps potentially restatable as levels of oral value (i.e., in the formulary manner of the frame remarks in the earlier critics' section, but now strongly eyed into consummable motor rounds, and potentially open to fulfilled world-figure correlations). In lieu of frame remarks stand the specification tags (properly developed from those head tags [and from the contextual information in End Notes.5-8], frame remarks would immediately precede and follow each excerpt or set of excerpts, in the manner of the earlier, critics' section and of the initial presentation in the immediate section). Marked by the economical and heedworthy HAWMECHANIQUE specification tags, the second and successive selections of commentary read as follows:

HAWMECHANIQUE 2/0--N. Hawthorne, continued [ca. 1819], "back /  
[-]poke horse language")

This morning I saw at the grist-mill a solemn-faced old horse, hitched to the trough. He had brought for his owner some bags of corn to be ground, who, after carrying them into the mill, walked up to uncle Richard's store, leaving his half-starved animal in the cold wind, with nothing to eat, while the corn was being turned to meal. I felt sorry, and nobody being near, thought it best to have a talk with the old nag, and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Horse, how are you to-day?" "Good-morning, youngster," said he, just as plain as a horse can speak, and then said, "I am almost dead, and I wish I was quite. I am hungry, have had no breakfast, and must stand here tied

by the head while they are grinding the corn, and until master drinks two or three glasses of rum at the store .... ..," and the old creature cried--I almost cried myself.

.... ... not thinking much what I was doing, ran into the mill, and taking the four quart toll-dish nearly full of corn out of the hopper, carried it out and poured it into the trough before the horse, and placed the dish back before the miller came up from below. When I got out, the horse was laughing, but he had to eat slowly, because the bits were in his mouth. .... "Thank you," said he, "a luncheon of corn with the bits in is much better than none. The worst of it is, I have to munch so slowly, that my master may come before I finish it, and thrash me for eating his corn, and you for your kindness." I sat down on a stone out of the wind, and waited in trouble, for fear that the miller or the owner of the corn would come and find out what I had done. At last the horse winked and stuck out his upper lip ever so far [note explicit face-and-mouth gestures (cf. step 5)--associated with deep in-stress of swallowing, at back of mouth (esp. as step 2)], and then said, "The last kernel is gone;" then he laughed a little, then shook one ear, then the other, then shut his eyes as if to take a nap. .... ... and then blew his nose exceedingly loud, but he did not wipe it; perhaps he had no wiper. I then asked if his master whipped him. ... now he has a white oak goad stick with an iron brad in its end, with which he jabs my hind [cf. back, haw] quarters, and hurts me [h+]awfully." I asked why he did not kick up, and knock his tormentor out of the wagon. "I ... could only get my heels high enough to break the wiffletree, and besides lost my balance and fell down flat. Master then jumped down, and, getting a cudgel, struck me over the head, and I thought my troubles were over. ....

The goad with the iron brad was in the wagon, and, snatching it out, I struck the end against a stone, and the stabber flew into the mill-pond. "There," says I, "old colt," as I threw the goad back in the wagon, "he won't harpoon you again with that iron." The poor old brute knew what I said well enough, for I looked him in the eye and spoke horse language. So he turned his long upper lip away back and laughed again, I thought a little exultingly. Very soon however, a tear came into his eye .... .. ".... I ... have been hoping that I should die before snow fell; ...," and the tears began to run again.

At that moment the brute that owned the horse came out of the store and down the hill towards us. .... The meal was put in the wagon, the horse unhitched, the wagon mounted, the goad picked up, and a thrust made .... Looking at the end of his stick, the man bawled, "What little devil has had my gourd?" and then began striking with all his strength; but his steed only walked, shaking his head as he went across the bridge, and I thought I heard the ancient Equus say as he went, "Thrash as much as you please; for once you cannot stab." I went home a little uneasy, not feeling

sure that the feeding the man's corn to his own horse was not stealing, and thinking that if the miller found it out he would have me taken down before Squire Longley.

[Mr. Lathrop copies part of the above extract in a sketch of his father-in-law, and says of it that "it is the first instance on record of a mild approach of Hawthorne to writing fiction." Robinson Cook informs me that he recognizes the portraits of the hard master and the ill-used horse. .... (--Ed. S. Pickard, 1897.)] [--Hawthorne's First Diary (1897), pp. 68-73, w. ed. commentary, partial, at close.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2/0--K. Dauber [1977], resumed, "back poke horse language," extension)

At the very least, in Legends of the Province-House, ... an overarching psychic development that we shall follow, a movement from story to story in a sort of deep structure--perhaps genuinely hidden, perhaps, due to our present ignorance, but seemingly obscure--recasts each of the American events presented as an element of a psychic regression thereby established at a national level. What appears, taken in itself, as strictly historical, becomes, in context, recreated as psychological as well. The phylogeny of the nation as a whole emerges, as it is retold at the inn, as the ontogeny of any one of the people in particular, and the ontogeny, so far from being strictly personal, is informed with nationality.

"Howe's Masquerade," then, locates us at the threshold of a double crisis. The staircase, appropriated by a rebellious new generation from the governors who once walked it, is lined with columns of the phallic order, "quaintly twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom," as Hawthorne says. It is problematical how overtly Oedipal this language is. But the staircase revolution, at however deep a level, is thus cast in a psychological light. George Washington is both a political figure and a son rebelling against a castrating father. He possesses a "sword of immense longitude," but the British masquers, in defense of their own power, represent it in their pageant as "rusty." His army flourishes in full potency outside the walls of the Province-House, but is conceived inside as "rent and tattered by sword, ball, or bayonet." In retaliation, and in psycho[-]military terms, Washington asserts himself. He announces his approach with "the roar of artillery," smites the governor with "the deep boom of the cannon." An historical-genital conflict at the doors of the Province-House ushers us to the Oedipal edge of childhood. / .... [--Pp. 70-71.]

And, K. Dauber [1977], "back poke horse language," ext., continued)

.... Once, again our psychological interpretation is bound to its relation to the historical, is defined by its place in the movement of the tales as a whole. The phases of human growth, as ego psychologists like Erik Erikson, for example, have emphasized, are not simply the result of the stages that preceded them, but must be understood as they contribute to the child's end in a mature individual, his integration into the adult world. [ 'See, e.g., "Identity and the Life Cycle," Psychological Issues, I, No. 1 (1959). Also, Childhood and Society, 2nd ed. (New York: Norton, 1963).'] In Legends, however, the end is reconceived. ....

The Oedipal conflict of "Howe's Masquerade," indeed, is the opposite of a preparation for manhood. So far from coming to terms with genitality, it rejects the genital in favor of an earlier sexual state. .... The coprological symbolism of corpses and lopped limbs, indeed--the wastes of the body, its rotted cast-offs--is especially important. Genitally organized discourse is succeeded by the auto-intercourse of the anal stage. ....

Central here is the dirty picture that hangs on the wall [i.e., in "Edward Randolph's Portrait"]--both dirty and fantastical, an objectification outside the body of the magical power of excremental manipulation. [ 'See Norman O. Brown, Life Against Death: The Psychoanalytic Meaning of History (1959; rpt. New York: Vintage, n.d.), p. 279. I rely heavily ... on Brown's excellent "Studies in Anality," pp. 177-304.'] .... / .... / Strictly speaking, in psychoanalytic terms, self-mothering should be at issue. Opposition to the father awaits ... in the future. The child's assertion of self-creativity is a reaction, instead, to the pre-Oedipal or primal mother. We have maintained throughout, however, the power of the work precisely to reconstruct the psyche. Indeed, psychoanalysis itself assumes--though it has only begun to investigate the theoretical implications of its assumption--such a reconstruction in the psychoanalytic situation. [ 'Especially notable is the pioneering work of Jacques Lacan, which is becoming increasingly influential in literary analysis. A valuable bibliography may be found in Anthony Wilden, trans., The Language of the Self: The Function of Language in Psychoanalysis (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1968).'] The order of the stories in Legends of the Province-House, based on, but reversing, the natural order of human development, creates us, out of our own associations, anew. .... [--Pp. 71-74, w. nn. 15-17, adapt.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2/0--H. Blair [1762;1850], "back poke horse language,"  
extension)

.... Many learned men ... have been of the opinion ... that throughout the radical words of all languages, there may be traced some degree of correspondence with the object signified. With regard to moral and intellectual ideas, they remark, that in every language, the terms significant of them, are derived from names of sensible objects to which they are conceived to be analogous; and with regard to sensible objects pertaining merely to sight, they remark, that their most distinguishing qualities have certain radical sounds appropriated to the expression of them, in a great variety of languages. Stability, for instance, fluidity, hollow-ness, smoothness, gentleness, violence, &c. they imagine to be painted by the sound of certain letters or syllables, which have some relation to those different states of visible objects, on account of an obscure resemblance which the organs of speech are capable of assuming to such external qualities. By this natural mechanism, they imagine all languages to have been at first constructed, and the roots of their capital words formed.\* [\*The author who has carried his speculations on this subject the farthest, is President Des Brosses, in his "Traite de la Formation Mé[ch]anique des Langues." Some of the radical letters or syllables which he supposes to carry this expressive power in most known languages are, St, to signify stability or rest; Fl, to denote fluency; Cl, a gentle descent; R, what relates to rapid motion; C, to cavity or hollowness, &c. A century before his time, Dr. [John] Wallis in his Grammar of the English Language [Oxford, 1653 (italics--A. K. V.)] had taken notice of these significant roots, and represented it as a peculiar excellency of our tongue, that beyond all others, it expressed the nature of the objects which it named, by employing sounds sharper [cf. thornier (A. K. V.)], softer, weaker, stronger, more obscure, or more stridulous, according as the idea which is to be suggested requires. He gives various examples. Thus, words, formed upon St, always denote firmness and strength, analogous to the Latin sto; as stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, stallion, stately, &c. Words beginning with Str, intimate violent force and energy, analogous to the Greek ... [strónnumi]; as, strive, strength, strike, stripe, stress, struggle, stride, stretch, strip, &c. Thr, implies forcible motion; as throw, throb, thrust, through, threaten, thraldom[.] Wr obliquity or distortion; as wry, wrest, wreath, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle [w]rath, wrack, &c. Sw, silent agitation, or lateral motion [cf. hypnotic ego-serpent of N. H. (--A. K. V.)]; as, sway, swing, swerve, sweep swim. Sl, a gentle fall or less observable motion; as in slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, sling. Sp, dissipation or expansion; as spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring. Terminations in ash indicate

something acting nimbly and sharply; as crash, gash, rash, rash, flash, lash, slash. Terminations in ush, something acting more obtusely and dully; as crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The learned author produces a great many more examples of the same kind, which seem to leave no doubt, that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory. ['[]Vid. Plat. in Cratylo. .... / A. Gellius, Noct. Atticae, lib. x (...?--A. K. V.)'] [--Pp. 61-62, w. notes (two).]

And, H. Blair [1762;1850], "back poke horse language," ext.,  
continued)

The advantages of writing above speech are, that writing is both the more extensive, and a more permanent method of communication. More extensive, as it is not confined within the narrow circle of those who hear out words, but, by means of written characters, we can send our thoughts abroad, and propagate them through the world; we can lift our voice, so as to speak to the most distant regions of the earth. More permanent also; as it prolongs this voice to the most distant ages; it gives us the means of recording our sentiments to futurity, and of perpetrating the instructive memory of past transactions. It likewise affords this advantage to such as read, above such as hear, that, having the written characters before their eyes, they can arrest the sense of the writer. They can pause, and revolve, compare, at their leisure, one passage with another: whereas, the voice is fugitive and passing; you must catch the words the moment they are uttered, or you lose them for ever.

But, although these be so great advantages of written language, that speech, without writing, would have been very inadequate for the instruction of mankind; yet we must not forget to observe, that spoken language has a great superiority over written language, in point of energy or force. The voice of the living speaker, makes an impression on the mind, much stronger than can be made by the perusal of any writing. The tones of voice, the looks and gestures, which accompany discourse, and which no writing can convey, render discourse, when it is well managed, infinitely more clear, and more expressive, than the most accurate writing. For tones, looks, and gestures, are natural interpreters of the sentiments of the mind. They remove ambiguities; they enforce impressions; they operate on us by means of sympathy, which is one of the most powerful instruments of persuasion. Our sympathy is always awakened more, by hearing the speaker, than by reading his works in our closet. Hence,

though writing may answer the purposes of mere instruction, yet all the great and high efforts of eloquence must be made by means of spoken, not written language. [--Pp. 77-78.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2/0--D. Brewster [1832;1836], "back poke horse language," extension)

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a bold and almost successful attempt was made to construct a talking automaton. In the year 1779, the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg proposed as the subject of one of their annual prizes an inquiry into the nature of the vowel sounds, A, E, I, O, U, and the construction of an instrument for artificially imitating them. This prize was gained by M. Kratzenstein, who showed that all the vowels could be distinctly pronounced by blowing through a reed into the lower ends of the pipes of the annexed figures, [i.e.,] as shown in Fig. 47 [...], where the corresponding vowels are marked on the different pipes. The vowel I is pronounced by merely blowing into the pipe ab of the pipe marked I, without the use of a reed.

About the same time that Kratzenstein was engaged in these researches, M. Kempelen of Vienna, a celebrated mechanician, was occupied with the same subject. In his first attempt he produced the vowel sounds, by adapting a reed R, Fig. 48, to the bottom of a funnel-shaped cavity AB, and placing his hand in various positions within the funnel. This contrivance, however, was not fitted for his purpose; but after long study, and a diligent examination of the organs of speech, he contrived a hollow oval box, divided into portions attached by a hinge so as to resemble jaws. This box received the sound which issued from the tube connected with the reed, and by opening and closing the jaws, he produced the sounds A, O, OU, and an imperfect E, but no indications of an I. After two years' labour, he succeeded in obtaining from different jaws the sounds of the consonants P, M, L, and by means of these vowels and consonants he could compose syllables and words, such as *mamma, papa, aula, lama, mulo*. The sounds of two adjacent letters, however, ran into each other, and an aspiration followed some of the consonants, so that instead of papa the word sounded phaa-ph-a; these difficulties he contrived with much labour to surmount, and he found it necessary to imitate the human organs of speech by having only one mouth and one glottis. The mouth consisted of a funnel or bell-shaped piece of elastic gum, which approximated, by its physical properties, to the softness and flexibility of the human organs.\* [\*Had M. Kempelen known the modern discovery of giving caout-chouc any degree of softness, by mixing it with moisture from the atmosphere, he might have obtained a still more perfect imitation of the human organs.] To the mouth-piece was added a nose made of two tin tubes, which communicated with the



mouth. When both these tubes were open, and the mouth-piece closed, a perfect M was produced, and when one was closed and the other open, an N was sounded. M. Kempelen could have succeeded in obtaining the four letters D, G, K, T, but by using a P instead of them, and modifying the sound in a particular manner, he contrived to deceive the ear by a tolerable resemblance to these letters [i.e., sounds].

There seems to be no doubt that he at last was able to produce entire words and sentences, such as, opera, astronomy, Constantinopolis, vous êtes mon ami, je vous aime de tout mon coeur, venez avec moi à Paris, Leopoldus secundus, Romanorum imperator semper Augustus, &c.; but he never fitted up a speaking figure, and probably being dissatisfied with the general result of his labours, he exhibited only to his private friends the effects of the apparatus, which was fitted up in the form of a box.

The box was rectangular, and about three feet long, and was placed upon a table and covered with a cloth. When a particular word was mentioned by the company, M. Kempelen caused the machine to pronounce it, by introducing his hands beneath the cloth, and apparently giving motion to some parts of the apparatus. Mr. Thomas Collinston, who had seen this machine in London, mentions in a letter to Dr. Hutton, that he afterward saw it at M. Kempelen's own house in Vienna, and that he then gave it the same word to be pronounced which he gave in London, viz., the word Exploitation, which, he assures us, it again distinctly pronounced, with the French accent. / .... [--Letters on Natural Magic[,] Addressed to Sir Walter Scott, pp. 191-93, w. note. Brewster's discussion, referred to by R. Paget (1930; 1963), "Some Landmarks in Vocal Acoustics," pp. 11-14.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2/3,4-5--E. Peabody [1849], "back poke horse language," extension)

ART. VIII.--MAIN-STREET.['--N.HAWTHORNE, ESQ.']

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ART. XI.--LANGUAGE.['--THE EDITOR.']

....

But Dr. Bushnell does not see this. He says: "Yet, in the

languages radically distinct, we shall find that the sounds or names which stand for the same objects have generally no similarity whatever; whence it follows irresistibly, that nothing in the laws of voice or sound has determined the names adopted."

This conclusion is drawn so irresistibly by means of the mistake that Dr. Bushnell, with many famous etymologists, has made, of conceiving "no similarity whatever" in words, except in their sound, i.e. their similarity of effect on the ear. It is very true, as he says, "No theory of sound, as connected with sense, in the names of things, will be found to hold extensively enough to give it any moment;" although, "when sounds are the objects named, they will very naturally be imitated, as in hoarse and hiss."

But words should be considered not merely as sounds, but as articulations of sound.

The discovery and first principle of [C. Kraitsir,] the author of the "Significance of the Alphabet[,]" is, that words are to be considered, not merely or chiefly by their effect on the ear, but in the process of their formation by the organs of speech. Looked at in this point of view, words may be identified at once, although they may sound differently from each other, as garden and hortus and wirta and ogrod and zahrada. And this is the great idea in which lies a revolution not only for the treatment of philology itself, but for the method of intercommunicating the knowledge of all particular languages, and of elucidating all sciences communicable by words. / .... /

.... Indeed, from him might be expected the realization of that idea of a lexicon which Herder has sketched in his "Conversations on the Spirit of Hebrew Poetry." One of the interlocutors of the conversation asks,--after having granted, with respect to the Hebrew, "the symbolism of the radical sounds, or the utterance of the feeling that was prompted, while the object itself was present to the senses; the sound of the feelings in the very intuition of their causes:--But how is it with the derivations from these radical terms? What are they but an overgrown jungle of thorns, where no human foot has ever trod?

"EUTYPHRON.

"In bad lexicons this is indeed the case, and many of the most learned philologists of Holland have rendered the way still more difficult by their labors. But the time is coming when this jungle will become a pleasant grove of palms.

"ALCIPHRON.

"Your metaphor is Oriental.

"EUTYPHRON.

"So is the object of it. The root of the mother-word will stand in the centre, and around her the grove of her children. By influence of taste, diligence, sound sense, and the judicious comparison of different dialects, lexicons will be brought to distinguish what is essential from what is accidental to the signification of words, and to trace the gradual process of transition;

while in the derivation of words, and the application of metaphors, we shall behold the invention of the human mind in its act, and more fully understand the logic of ancient figurative language. I anticipate with joy the time, and the first lexicon, in which this shall be well accomplished. For the present I use the best we have. . . .

"ALCIPHRON.

"It will be long yet before we shall repose ourselves in your palm-grove of Oriental lexicography. Pray, in the meantime, illustrate your idea of derivation by an example.["

....

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ART. XII.--VEGETATION ABOUT SALEM, MASS.['--AN ENGLISH RESIDENT.']

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There is a native shrub .... [--Aesthetic Papers, ed. E. Peabody, pp. v, 145, 214, 219-20, 221-22, 224, 228. (See my II.B.3.b.v and I.A['d'--two] for shrub as "hawthorn"--with "yellow" creeper nigh, in consounding/engrafting metaphoric den.)]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2/0--W. Drummond of Hawthornden [ca. 1649], "back poke horse language," extension)

[William Drummond, of Hawthorn(-)den]

Character of a perfect ANAGRAM [Edinburgh, 1711]

ANAGRAMS are Names turned, because they are Inversions of Letters so transposed, that without any Adjunction, Repetition or Diminution of others than these which are in the Name and Sirname of a Person, there is a Devise or Period perfectly made up in Sense; and the Orthography must be strictly observed, if it be not for Excellency, that this Rule is dispensed with. The oldest Example that we have, is in Lycophron, ... of the Name of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, ... and of the Queen Arsinoe's Name ....

But as the Spirit of Man is more prone to Evil than Good, ordinarily Men use to make Anagrams rather on Vice than Virtue.

The Beginning of Anagrams is very old: It is likely, they have their Original from the Hebrews, who not only had Names in great Veneration and Respect, but the Letters of Names, and the Mysteries of the Cabalists are veiled in Letters, from whom the Grecians had them. ....

1. In an Anagram there must not be fewer nor more other Letters, but the same, and as many as in the Name. / ....

2. .... ... the Omission of one or more is pardonable; especially for some excellent sense that agreeth to the Person, as in that of Auratus PIERRE DE RONSARD. ROSE DE PINDARE, of four R's, two are omitted.

3. A Letter may easily be omitted, without whose Help, the Name by it self may stand; as H, which placed behind, after Consonants, seemeth not much to alter the Power of the Name; which Letter some of the Latins have abolished, thinking it rather an Aspiration than a Letter.

4. .... [I]f there be any great Reason, a Letter may be added as relegio, repperit; or rather a Letter may be doubled, as when two letters occur in the Name, one may be abolished, so one of Necessity may be doubled.

5. All Diphthongs may be separated per Diaresin, and even so, two Vowels per Synaresin, may be conjoined, which Auratus practiced in the Name Jesus, IHSOUS SU'H' OIS' S. [?]

[6.] So some think, the Diphthong being forgot, we may use and take only the last and founding Letter: But, for the most part, we must keep Orthography, as it is vulgarly and by approved authors used; and if we adjoin a Letter, let us add one of these which make up the Name, that we seem not so much to have adjoined one, as doubled it. So a Jesuit doubled the Letter S, in the Anagram of Ignatius de Loyola; O ignis Deo illatus; and another turn'd it, Lita ei anguis doli.

7. If it be asked, Whether adjecting or omitting be more to be tolerated? I answer, Adjecting; for so by Nature we are prepared rather to take, than have any Loss.

8. It is sometime lawful to change one Letter into another, That is, for one Letter to put another, which is the admitting of one, and omitting of another: Yet, I would think, these Letters must be such as may change into others, as D. into T. which the Spaniards use in the Latine Cado for Cato.

9. A double Letter, not unhappily, may be changed into a simple, as Z. into S. I would say, divided as Z into S D.

10. But the Conclusion is, The Anagrammatism is so much the more perfect, the farther it be from Licence.

11. The Definition says, Alicujus nominis, which is to be understood of proper Names, yet not only in Persons, but in Names of other Things, may an Anagrammatism be made. By Name, here is to be understood generally the Sirname, Fore-name, affixed Name, as Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus; or the Name of any Dignity.

12. Ye may use one Name, as Valesius, Laus Jesu; for many Nations have but one Name, but oftener the Name and Sirname are turned.

13. It is to be observed, That not only Names of Men, but the Names of any other Thing, as Trees, Floods, Towns, may be turned, as Roma, Mora. / .... [--The Works ..., p. 230.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2-5/0--J. Irwin [1980], "Champ[on ... bilingual ... Rose[)]")

The name Champollion appears in some of the most important literary works of the American Renaissance--Emerson's "History," Poe's Eureka, Thoreau's Walden, and Melville's Mardi and Moby-Dick, to name a few. Yet for most modern readers, it is a name that requires an identifying footnote. Jean-François Champollion was the Frenchman who, in the 1820s, deciphered Egyptian hieroglyphic writing with the aid of the bilingual text of the Rosetta stone--a discovery that marked the beginning of modern Egyptology. Yet surely that piece of information provokes another question. Why would Champollion be mentioned in works as seemingly remote from his achievements as Thoreau's account of a stay at Walden Pond or Melville's story of the hunt for a white whale? That Europe and America, during the period 1800-50, were swept by a wave of interest in the antiquities of Egypt is nowadays one of the less well remembered facets of nineteenth-century history.[] When Napoleon invaded Egypt in 1798, he was accompanied by a group of 150 scientists and artists (mostly from the Académie des Inscriptions) whose task was the investigation of the conquered territory. With the surrender of the French army in Egypt (1801), the British claimed as spoils of war all the antiquities gathered by the French scientists. Among these antiquities was the Rosetta stone, which arrived in England in February 1802.

By 1806 a soldier of fortune named Mohammed Ali had forced the Turks to recognize him as pasha of Egypt, and during his long reign he encouraged the competition between the French and English agents d'art operating in his country, a competition that resulted in the flooding of Europe and then America with every shape and form of Egyptian artifact. In a tone at once Olympian and Yankee, Edward Everett remarked in The North American Review (1823), "Since the days of the Romans, who plundered Egypt of obelisks and transported whole colonnades of marble pillars from Italy to Constantinople, this magnificent kind of robbery never flourished more than at the present moment["--"The Zodiac of Denderah," North American Review 17 (1823), 233.]

At the time Everett wrote, the Egyptian revival in America was just beginning. .... [--P. 3, w. n. 3, adapt.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2-5/3--M. Quilligan [1979], "Champ on bilingual Rose," extension)

In Dark Conceit, Edwin Honig points to an "allegorical" device which he calls variously the "threshold image," "emblem," or "symbol["--Dark Conceit: The Making of Allegory (New York: Oxford Univ.

Press, 1966), p. 72.] For, instance, in the opening scene of The Scarlet Letter, which presents Hester standing next to a wild rosebush at the prison door, wearing a scarlet letter, and holding Pearl in her arms, is one such threshold emblem. As Honig explains, the red rose, a traditional symbol for sexual passion, "states" the erotic relationship between Hester and Dimmesdale; the scarlet letter merely "completes" the meaning of the rose. "It is as if the emblem of the rosebush introduced a fearful indeterminacy which the emblem of the scarlet letter subsequently clarifies and gives full meaning to."

The word "threshold" Honig took from the text. At the opening of the narrative, Hawthorne asks the reader to view the scene carefully: Finding that rosebush, he writes, "so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inauspicious portal" of the prison, "we could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom, that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow["--The Scarlet Letter, ed. Harry Levin (Boston: Houghton, 1960), p. 50.] More than an emblem for sexuality, the rosebush becomes a signal for the reader to begin looking for a moral, and to begin reading allegorically. Having specifically asked the reader to remember the blossom, Hawthorne later uses it to focus the reader's response to Pearl. .... / .... When Pearl suggests she has been plucked off the rosebush, her remark refers not to something which [had] happened in the narrative but to something [which] the author had said [as author directly] to the reader. Her remark connects, then, not with an event in the imagined narrative (no character equates rosebush with moral) but with the text and specifically with the self-consciously metaphorical and allegorical nature of that text. Hawthorne treats the initial episode less as a threshold scene, or image, or symbol (none of which terms sufficiently emphasizes the verbal nature of the connections)[,] than as a threshold text, just as Spenser's wordplay constantly focuses on the verbal details of the opening text, "Of Court[,] it seems[,] men courtesy do call["--The Faerie Queene, Book VI.] .... / ....

Forgetting for a moment the letter ['the most immediately signifying detail in the opening scene'] as a physical object we should ask, is the word "letter" a pun? To answer this question we must look at Hawthorne's methods a little more closely. The women collected outside the prison awaiting Hester's appearance argue about this letter. One charitable woman offers the comment, "Let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart," while another (whom Hawthorne tells us is the "ugliest") exclaims ".... .... This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book" (p. 53). / Lest the reader miss this pivotal reference to the law, to legal-

ity, to scripture, and to statute books, Hawthorne delays the introduction of Hester; it is not, in fact, Hester who first issues forth from the portal, but the town beadle .... / .... /

The letter is, in fact, mute as to its meaning. .... The ultimate ambiguity of the letter's meaning is Hawthorne's final gift to the reader. The letter "A" belies interpretation, if only for [the] many different meanings [which] are offered. ....  
 [--Pp. 51-53, 54-55, 56, 57, w. nn. 26-27, adapt.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2-5/3--J. Irwin [1980], "Champ[on ... bilingual  
 Rose[ ]," resumed)

For Hawthorne and Melville, the ambiguous character of the hieroglyphics was their prime significance. The hieroglyphics were the linguistic analogue of an enigmatic external world whose shape was various enough to sustain almost any interpretation that man projected on it in the act of knowing. Both writers understood that questions of meaning were finally questions of value and that Champollion's scientific reading of the hieroglyphics had not rendered the nearly four centuries of metaphysical interpretations either worthless or meaningless. Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, seventeenth-century metaphysical interpretations, and nineteenth-century scientific readings are in a sense all of equal value, in that each is a representative product of the ordering power of the human imagination in a different historical period. The sense that value and meaning are a function of historical process and that at any given moment in history man finds the truth he needs to find are insights that, in the works of Hawthorne and Melville, frequently center upon the image of the hieroglyphs.

Certainly, it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the symbol of the hieroglyphics to the structure of a novel like The Scarlet Letter (1850). Hester's insignia is a hieroglyphic emblem, and the manuscript that accompanies it is its apparent explication--"apparent" because the very point of the novel is to present us not with the one true meaning of the hieroglyph but rather with a host of possible meanings from which to choose. In his first description of the scarlet letter, Hawthorne notes that the insignia is the product of a lost skill in embroidery, thereby emphasizing its mysterious, hieroglyphic nature: "The stitch (as I am assured by ladies conversant with such mysteries) gives evidence of a now forgotten art, not to be recovered even by the process of picking out the threads" ([Cent. Ed.,] 1:31). Gazing at the letter, he adds, "Certainly, there was some deep meaning in it, most worthy of interpretation, and which, as it were, streamed forth from the mystic symbol, subtly communicating itself to my sensibilities, but evading the analysis of my mind" (1:31). That "deep meaning" remains ambiguous to the last. ....

The scenario of multiple perspectives, in which an enigmatic object is variously interpreted by one individual whose point of view changes or by a series of individuals who each have a different point of view, is a major structural element in The Scarlet Letter. At the start a dual viewpoint is introduced into the very fabric of the narrative when Hawthorne presents himself not as the author of the story but rather as its revisor and elaborator. ....  
 [--Pp. 239-40.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2-5/0--Webster's 2nd [1934-49], "Champ on bilingual Rose," extension)

Ro-set'ta stone .... A piece of black basalt found in 1799 near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, bearing a bilingual inscription (in hieroglyphics, demotic characters, and Greek), and famous as having given M. Champollion the first clew toward deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

HAWMECHANIQUE 2-5/0--J. Irwin [1980], "Champ[on ... bilingual Rose[ ]," resumed)

.... A cartouche is an oval ring in hieroglyphic writing to set off the characters of a royal or divine name. The earliest examiners of the Rosetta stone had noticed that a group of characters enclosed in an oval appeared at a point in the hieroglyphic inscription corresponding to the place where the name of the pharaoh Ptolemy Epiphanes occurred in the Greek inscription. The general surmise had been that these characters comprised the pharaoh's name and that the oval ring was an unvarying marker of royal names. Since the name Ptolemy was Greek in origin, the investigators reasoned that it must have been written phonetically in Egyptian, and they proceeded to isolate the name's phonetic elements in the demotic text of the Rosetta stone. Champollion, following the lead of earlier researchers like de Sacy, Akerblad, and Young, concentrated his efforts at decipherment on proper names and on establishing the relationship between demotic writing and the hieroglyphics. Having at first rejected Young's contention that demotic writing was a cursive script ultimately derived from the hieroglyphics, Champollion finally accepted it; and in September 1822, working with copies of inscriptions from the temple at Abu Simbel, he deciphered the names of the pharaohs Rameses and Thothmes. Champollion suddenly realized that phonetic signs were used for writing not only foreign names but Egyptian names as well, indeed that they were "original and integral elements of the hieroglyphical system as such["--Erik Iversen, The Myth of Egypt



and Its Hieroglyphics in European Tradition (Copenhagen: Gec Gad, 1961), pp. 142-43.] It was this discovery that he announced .... [---Pp. 20-21, w. n. 32, adapt.]

HAWMECHANIQUE 2-[4]/0--F. Lieber [1829-33], "eagle [over] / rô garden [(SH!)]"

<u>Letter.</u>	<u>Hieroglyphic.</u>	<u>Egyptian Name.</u>
A,	an eagle,	ahom.
—,	a piece of meat,	af <u>or</u> ab.
...	...	....
...	...	....
K,	a knee,	keli.
...	...	....
...	...	....
K,	a cup,	klaft.
...	...	....
...	...	....
...	...	....
[M],	water,	môou.
N,	inundation,	neph.
—,	vulture,	noure.
...	...	....
...	...	....
R,	mouth,	rô.
—,	tear,	rimé.
—,	pomegranate,	roman.
S,	star,	sion.
—,	child,	si.
—,	egg,	soouhi.
T,	hand,	tot.
—,	wing,	ten-h.
SH,	garden,	shne.
...	...	...
...	...	...

.... What a scope for wit would such a choice of signs afford [e.g., 'phonetic' vs. 'figurative'], in the correspondence of modern fashionable society! .... [---"Hieroglyphics," Encyclopaedia Americana (1st ed.), ed. Lieber, VI, 312a, 312b.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-[4]/0--H. Blair [1762;1850], resumed, "eagle over rô garden (SH!)," extension)

Having finished my account of the progress of speech, I proceed to give an account of the progress of writing . . . . . [=Pre-Champollion philology.] / Next to speech, writing is beyond doubt, the most useful art which men possess. It is plainly an improvement upon speech, and therefore must have been posterior to it in order of time [note in Blair (as cited throughout this chapter) vacillating valuations of written over living speech]. At first, men thought of nothing more than communicating their thoughts to one another, when present, by means of words, or sounds, which they uttered. Afterwards, they devised this further method, of mutual communication with one another, when absent, by means of marks or characters presented to the eye, which we call writing.

Written characters are of two sorts. They are either signs for things, or signs for words. Of the former sort, signs of things, are the pictures, hieroglyph[ic]s, and symbols, employed by ancient nations; of the latter sort, signs for words, are the alphabetical characters now employed by all Europeans. These two kinds of writing are generically and essentially distinct [vs. Champollion, 1822]. / . . . . /

Among the Mexicans, were found some traces of hieroglyphical characters, intermixed with their historical pictures. But Egypt was the country where this sort of writing was most studied, and brought into a regular art. In hieroglyphics was conveyed all the boasted wisdom of their priests. According to the properties which they ascribed to animals, or qualities which they supposed natural objects to be endowed, they pitched upon them to be the emblems, or hieroglyphics, or moral objects; and employed them in their writing for that end. Thus, ingratitude was denominated by a viper; imprudence, by a fly; wisdom, by an ant; victory, by a hawk; a dutiful child, by a stork, a man universally shunned, by an eel, which they supposed to be found in company with no other fish. Sometimes they joined together two or more of these hieroglyphical characters; as a serpent with a hawk's head, to denote nature, with God presiding over it. [Italics--A. K. V.; cf. the rhythmically hawking master-signature posited in my I.B.3, I.C, and developed as peduncle/conceptacle in II.B.2-3, III.A('d'-three), III.B.3.a (ā-20), a(θ-21), and throughout, esp. as truncate-neck (@ step 2).] [--Pp. 72-74.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [4]-5/0--K. Laughlin [1956], "toothing of the calyx-lobes")

Hawthorn is the name given to the plant of the genus Crataegus of the Rosaceae, or Rose family. All Hawthorns are woody and more or less thorny.

....

"Haw" is a specific name for the fruit .... / .... /

All Hawthorn flowers are perfect, i.e., they have both stamens and pistils, as is the case with other species of the Rosaceae. The calyx is a continuation of the structure of the receptacle and is split into 5 acute lobes, or sepals. The tootching of the calyx-lobes is an important diagnostic character. Inside the calyx is the corolla, consisting of 5 white petals. The size and shape of the petals are not regarded as a diagnostic character in this genus, but the width of the flower, measured between the extremities of the petals, is an important character. Just inside the petals are the bases of the stamens, numbering 5 to 20 or more, depending on the species. In the center of the flower are 1 to 5 pistils.

All the white corymbose tree flowers that you see in the woods in May and June belong to the Hawthorns. Also white are the racemose flowers of the Downy Serviceberry (Amelanchier arborea), Black Cherry (Prunus serotina) and Chokeberry (P. virginiana) and the umbellate flowers of the Inch Plum (Prunus lanata). The flowers of the very abundant Prairie Crab Apple (Malus ioenesis) are light pink.

When the stigmas are fertilized by pollen from the anthers, the ovules start to develop and become bony nutlets when the haws are ripe. The number of the nutlets is therefore about the same as the number of the pistils, but it averages slightly less because of the failure of some stigmas to be fertilized and the destruction of some pistils by insects. As flesh grows around the ovules or nutlets the remnants of the flower parts, viz, calyx, bases of filaments and styles, are pushed upward and become the apex of the haw. It is often possible as late as midsummer to get a good idea of the number of stamens on the flower by counting the bases of the filaments or noting their position with relation to the calyx-lobes. In some species most of the calyx-lobes are still persistent on the ripe haws, but in other species they have fallen.

....

Crataegus is confined to the Northern Hemisphere and ranges through North America, Europe and Asia. It is most common in the eastern half of the United States. More than eleven hundred species have been published in the United States and about ninety in the Eastern Hemisphere. Nearly all the United States plants were described by C. S. Sargent, W. W. Ashe and C. D. Beadle. The period from 1899 to 1903 was a particularly busy one for the species makers. .... [---Manual of the Hawthorns ..., pp. 1-2, 3.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/0--J. Irwin [1980], resumed, "toothing of the calyx-lobes," extension)

The tradition of the veil and phallus as related images includes among its most notable eighteenth-century examples Schiller's poem "The Veiled Image at Sais (1795), where the reference to the statue of Isis in the Egyptian temple at Sais points to the literal veiling of the phallic mysteries. Plutarch in his treatise De Iside et Osiride says that the Egyptians' "philosophy ... is veiled in myths and in words containing dim reflexions and adumbrations of the truth .... In Sais the statue of Athena, whom they believe to be Isis, bore the inscription: 'I am all that has been, and is, and shall be, and my robe no mortal has yet uncovered.'" [ 'Plutarch, Moralia, trans. Frank Cole Babbitt, 15 vols., Loeb Classical Library (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1963), 5:23-25. ....' ] Of Isis's brother/spouse Osiris, whom the Egyptians called "the living phallus" and the "phallus of Ra wherewith he was united to himself["--The Book of the Dead, trans. E. A. Wallis Budge, 2nd ed., (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1951), p. 95--]Plutarch adds:

Not only the Nile, but every form of moisture they call simply the effusion of Osiris ... And by the picture of a rush they represent a king and the southern region of the world, and the rush is interpreted to mean the watering and fructifying of all things, and in its nature it seems to bear some resemblance to the generative member. Moreover, when they celebrate the festival of the Pamyliia which, as has been said, is of a phallic nature, they expose and carry about a statue of which the male member is triple; for the god is the Source, and every source, by its fecundity, multiplies what proceeds from it .... In fact, the tale that is annexed to the legend to the effect that Typhon cast the male member of Osiris into the river, and Isis could not find it, but constructed and shaped a replica of it, and ordained that it should be honoured and borne in processions, plainly comes round to this doctrine, that the creative and germinal power of the god, at the very first, acquired moisture as its substance .... (5:88-89)

In the worship of Osiris, the phallus stood as a symbol of the god, part for whole, so that through the equation of phallus and body the rebirth of Osiris was ritually represented either by the ceremonial erection of the phallus or the erection of djed (a tree trunk with the stumps of branches projecting on either side at the top), a symbol of the god's backbone--vitality thus being indicated, in either phallic or bodily form, by the ability to stand upright, to rise from the dead. There are numerous instances in antiquity of the phallus as a mortuary monument symbolizing rebirth[--C. Kerényi, Dionysos, trans. Ralph Manheim, Archetypal

Images in Greek Religion, vol. 2, Bollingen Series 65 (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1976), p. 311.] Whitman, in an uncollected poetic fragment, describes the Egyptian pharaoh Sesostriis as a builder of "phallic memorials" (Leaves of Grass, The Collected Writings, ed. G. W. Allen, S. Bradley et al., 13 vols. to date (... 1961),] 7:687). .... [--Pp. 280-81, w. nn. 1-3 and parenth. notes, adapt., to identify sources of discussion.]

And, J. Irwin [1980], "toothing of the calyx-lobes," ext., continued)

.... John Gardner Wilkinson's A second Series of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians (1841), which Whitman had apparently read, devotes some ninety pages to the cult of Isis and Osiris, with lengthy quotations from Plutarch, Herodotus, and Diadorus Siculus. Wilkinson discusses "the phallic ceremonies, said to have been performed in honour of Osiris[" (... I:342),] and after citing Plutarch's account of the statue of Osiris "with the triple phallus," he quotes from Herodotus's description of the same ceremonies: "'The Egyptians ... celebrate the rest of this festival nearly in the same manner as the Greeks ...; but in lieu of phalli, they make little puppets about a cubit high, which women carry about the towns and villages, and set in motion by a string ....' The historian then describes the appearance of these phallic figures, which he ascribes to a sacred reason; and it is a curious fact that similar puppets are made by the Egyptians on the occasion of public rejoicing at the present day" (I:343-44).

Wilkinson notes that the custom of applying "the name of Osiris to both men and women, who were supposed to partake sufficiently of the qualities of the good being to be worthy of that honour, appears to have some connection with the Greek notion of Dionysus or Bacchus (who was thought to answer to Osiris) being both male and female" (I:322). .... One of the mysteries that the cult of Isis and Osiris seems to have veiled from the uninitiated was the paradoxical reversibility of the divine nature whereby the god Osiris is the father without a phallus and the goddess Isis the mother with a phallus, a blurring of the male/female distinction not uncommon among deities of the vegetative cycle and consistent with a notion of divinity as undifferentiated. In Godfrey Higgins's Anacalypsis, An Attempt to Draw Aside the Veil of the Saitic Isis; or, An Inquiry into the Origin of Languages, Nations, and Religions (1836), the imagery of the veil, the phallic cult of Isis and Osiris, and the concealed origin of language are woven into a single network. (The word "anacalypsis," from the Greek ana, "back or up," plus kalyptra, "veil, covering for the head," may be meant to suggest the botanical use of the word "calyptra," meaning "the remains of the female sex organ, or archeonium, of a moss or fern, forming the caplike covering of the spore case.") Concerning the Egyptian worship of Osiris, Higgins notes: "In their caves or the

adyta of their temples they annually, during the mysteries of Isis, celebrated the mysteries and tragical death of Osiris, in a species of drama, in which all the particulars were exhibited; accompanied with loud lamentations and every mark of sorrow. At his time his images were carried in procession covered, as were those in the temples, with black veils. On the 25th of March, exactly three months from his birth, his resurrection from the dead was celebrated ... with great festivities and rejoicings[" (... 2:102).] / :... [--Pp. 281-83, w. nn. 4-5 and parenth. notes, adapt., to identify sources of discussion.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/0--P. Gura [1981], resumed, "toothing of the calyx-lobes," extension).

The most obvious metaphoric construct in Thoreau's philological image of spring's resurrection is the equation of the thawing sand, the raw earth itself, with an organic vegetative force. The sand--here the reader must be alert to the dental, fricative sounds of which the word is made--represents what Kraitsir would have called "dormant" effect; it begins to flow like lava. Streams interlace until the reader does not know if he is looking at a living system or a live plant. Sappy leaves and vines appear as the thaw progresses; lichens are evoked, with their lacinated, lobed, imbricated thalluses. The dominant sounds become the liquid labials, the one sees a living organism that before was dead: Leopards' paws, birds' feet, lungs and bowels emerge as the earth stirs to life.

But to Thoreau the sand foliage conjures yet another image, of the innards or bowels of the earth. He feels as though he stands in a cave flooded with light and later comments on the cast size of the "sandy rupture." He thinks himself in the workshop of God, as he overflowed himself, "strewing his fresh designs about" through an excess of energy. Here the reader witnesses nothing less than Thoreau's visionary metaphor for Creation: individual life struggling to put itself forth and, inevitably, fading again into the thin dentals and fricatives that denote death. The earth Thoreau sees is filled with living, flowing, running, moving energy and so labors with the idea of its streaming forms of life that it must everywhere project itself through the imagery of living things, in this case, leaves. The overhanging boughs become archetypal and are "pregnant" with the laws that all atoms contain within themselves. / .... [--Pp. 134-35; discussion, in accord with C. Kraitsir's Glossology (1852), of pp. 305-7 of Thoreau's Walden (1854), ed. J. L. Shanley, in The Works ... (1971).]

And, P. Gura [1981], "toothing of the calyx-lobes," ext., continued)

....

Here Thoreau read his "leaf" with every philological lens Kraitsir bequeathed him. All begins internally (with the gutt[u]rals) as a lobe, thick and moist in its womblike position in the earth (and in man's vocal organs), which then slips and slides outward, delivered finally to the liquid labials, and concludes in a leaflike sound, dry and thin when finally externalized. The liquids press it forward, as they do over the entire globe, but all ends in those dental sounds--"the symbols of death" as Kraitsir called them: l-e-a-f, g-l-o-b-e, l-i-f-e.

The wordplay continues complex as Thoreau moves from a lumpish grub in the earth to the airy and fluttering butterfly. Cause--gutt[u]ral; effect--labial; death--dental: all metaphors in the passage follow this pattern; and, before the reader is aware of it, the philological sleight-of-hand has brought him from an insect to the entire globe. The world is but a "leaf" and subject to the same laws. Towns and cities are but the "ova of insects" in the axils of this organism--an image calling to mind both Walden's last page, when the dormant grub emerges triumphant from the table after lying entombed for decades, and Kraitsir's injunction to the religious man, who must make it his ambition to "trace the papillon of language, from the egg, through all the metamorphoses," until he reaches knowledge of the spirit[--Glossol., p. 197]. The railroad cut becomes nothing less than a parable of man's entire existence, and Thoreau makes the lesson explicit: "this one hillside illustrated the principle of all the operations of nature." The Creator of the world "but patented a leaf" (WP, p. 308).

"What Champollion will decipher this hieroglyphic for us, that we may turn over a new leaf at last?" What Champollion, indeed, if not the curious Hungarian Charles Kraitsir and a handful of his New England disciples? .... [C]ould Thoreau hold ... [Emerson's] tenet [of 'soul'-progress] .... / The hieroglyph repeated throughout nature and language not only displays the fact that (as Emerson and Reed had noted) words are coextensive with natural facts but, more importantly, that these natural facts are themselves the reality men have been chasing. The world of birth, change, and death is the ultimate secret to be read in organic nature, as well as in the highest mental activity of man, his language. Thoreau's insight was that life goes on and on in an unending cycle of constant change and that, while the individual organisms die, throughout nature the totality of existence is ever in the finest health. "We are surrounded by a rich and fertile mystery," Thoreau elsewhere proclaimed. "May we not probe it, pry into it, employ ourselves about it a little? (Wr, 8:471). By the time he wrote Walden, Thoreau had done just that and discovered the true Logos God had contained in the very nature of things. / .... [--Pp. 135-37, w. parenth. identif. Walden (WP) and Works (Wr); n. 37, adapt.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/...--H. Melville [1850], "A papered chamber[:]  
/ the mouth[] of the dark character[]")

A papered chamber in a fine old farm-house, a mile from any other dwelling, and dipped to the eaves in foliage--surrounded by mountains, old woods, and Indian ponds,--this, surely, is the place to write of Hawthorne. Some charm is in this northern air, for love and duty seem both impelling to the task. A man of a deep and noble nature has seized me in this seclusion. His wild, witch-voice rings through me; or, in softer cadences, I seem to hear it in the songs of the hill-side birds that sing in the larch trees at my window.

....

Now, it is that blackness in Hawthorne, of which I have spoken, that so fixes and fascinates me. It may be, nevertheless, that it is too largely developed in him. .... But however this may be, this blackness it is that furnishes the infinite obscure of his back-ground,--that background against which Shakespeare plays his grandest conceits .... --'Off with his head; so much for Buckingham!' This sort of rant, interlined by another hand, brings down the house,--those mistaken souls, who dream of Shakespeare as a mere man of Richard-the-Third humps and Macbeth daggers. But it is those deep far-away things in him; those occasional flashings--forth of the intuitive Truth in him; those short, quick probings at the very axis of reality;--these are the things that make Shakespeare, Shakespeare. Through the mouths of the dark characters of Hamlet, Timon, Lear, and Iago, he craftily says, or sometimes insinuates the things which we feel to be so terrifically true, that it were all but madness for any good man, in his own proper character, to utter, or even hint of them. Tormented into desperation, Lear, the frantic king, tears at the mask, and speaks the same madness of vital truth. .... ... Truth is forced to fly like a sacred white doe in the woodlands; and only by cunning glimpses will she reveal herself, as in Shakespeare and other masters of the great Art of Telling the Truth,--even though it be covertly and by snatches.

....

Nor need you fix upon that blackness in him, if it suits you not ['this great power of blackness in him (which) derives its force from its appeals to that Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin, from whose visitations, in some shape or other, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free']; for it is, mostly, insinuated to those who best understand it, and account for it; it is not obtruded upon every one alike.

....

Let America, then, prize and cherish her writers; yea, let her glorify them. .... [--H.: The Critical Heritage, ed. J. Crowley (1970), pp. 111, 116-17, 119. (For the nominal rose of



Shakespeare in Hawthorne, see my III.B.2.a[h-02], d.one-two; Romeo and Juliet, II.ii.43-44. Note Hawthorne's "black flower of civilized society," with "wild rose-bush" at its narrative-portal / chamber-threshold, in my III.B.iii.b.three.))

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/...--J. Crowley, resumed [1970], "written ...  
me[a]t[---] / 'plump sphericity'"

Scholarship has not yet determined whether or not Melville had written this essay [above] before meeting Hawthorne on 5 August 1850. The two men saw each much of each other during the following year, and Melville celebrated their friendship by dedicating Moby Dick [1851] to Hawthorne. As enthusiastic as Melville's praise of Mosses is, he came to prefer the Twice-told Tales. In 1851 he wrote to Duyckinck that the Twice-told

Far exceed the 'Mosses'--they are, I fancy, and earlier vintage from his vine. Some of those sketches are wonderfully subtle. Their deeper meanings are worthy of a Brahmin. Still there is something lacking--a good deal lacking--to the plump sphericity of the man. What is that?--He doesn't patronise the butcher--he needs roast-beef, done rare.--Nevertheless, for one, I regard Hawthorne (in his books) as evincing a quality of genius, immensely loftier, & more profound, too, than any other American has shown hitherto in printed form. (The Letters of Herman Melville, ed. Merrell R. Davis and William H. Gilman [1960], p. 121.)

[--H: The Critical Heritage, ed. Crowley (1970), p. 111; H. Melville, on depth, height, and need-for-meat, of Hawthorne, cit. as noted.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/i-3,5--P. Gura [1981], resumed, "emblems['] /  
point of ... anchorage ... of retreat[:] / 'the ... H'"

In his symbolic romances ... Hawthorne began to utilize the concept of rhetorical ambiguity demanded by the moral complexity of his age, but his plots are resolved in ways that at times seem evasive. Like Emerson and Thoreau, he had developed an interest in questions of perception and meaning that led him to investigate the bewildering variety of possible readings of such "natural" emblems as the scarlet A, the Pyncheon home, Hilda's dovecote, and Zenobia's flower. But, again like Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne always offered some point of secure anchorage (one might even say, of retreat) in a morally ambiguous world. This was not the case with his friend Herman Melville, who of all his contemporaries best understood the effects of the revolution in language and meaning that occurred when the centrifugal forces of romanticism were

unleashed in theology and philosophy both. As I already have suggested, Melville was more directly affected than Hawthorne by the crisis in religious and moral rhetoric that palsied his environment, and he overtly examined the problem of language and meaning in The Confidence Man [1852]. But we also must recognize that his masterpiece, Moby Dick [1851], offers readers an intense examination of what men might do once "meaning" had become, for all intents and purposes, a privately mediated affair between an individual and his conscience.

The most self-consciously symbolic of Melville's major works, Moby Dick opens with nothing less than an "Etymology" of the word whale, "supplied by a late consumptive usher to a grammar school" who was "ever dusting his old lexicons and grammars," a task he enjoyed because "it somehow mildly reminded him of his mortality." From the outset, then, Melville intends to display how the word and the thing, and (to complete the Emersonian equation) the spiritual "fact" the whale represents, lend themselves to whole ranges of phonetic and symbolic interpretation. Indeed, as the first quotation (from "Hackluyt") in the "Etymology" suggests: "While you take in hand to school others, and to teach them by what name a whale-fish is to be called in our tongue, leaving out, through ignorance, the letter H, which almost alone maketh up the signification of the word, you deliver that which is not true["-- Herman Melville, Moby Dick; or, The Whale, ed. Charles Feidelson (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1964), pp. 3-5.] Moby Dick, Then, is an investigation of the countless verbal and symbolic representations of the great white whale, and the different philosophical "grammars" the members of the Pequod's crew use to comprehend the creature provide many varied readings of the "text" of the whale. / .... [--Pp. 158-60, w. n. 15, adapt. With regard to "leaving out ... H" à la Herman M. (with "our tongue" rooted at mouth-vault back), note Hawthornden's essay point 3 (following Peabody's praise of organ-logic, above). Note my crypt-use of "H" in "aNkH" privi-memo, throughout my readings of Hawthorne, II.B.2.b.v, III.B.1-5, III.C.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/0--H. Melville, resumed [1851], "In /  
HAWTHORNE['s] / vault["]")

In Token

of my admiration for his genius,

This book is inscribed

to

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

....

".... ... H ... almost alone maketh up the signification of the word ...."

Hackluyt.

"WHALE. \* \* \* Sw. and Dan. hval. This animal is named from roundness or rolling; for in Dan. hvalt is arched or vaulted."  
Webster's Dictionary.

....

[--Moby Dick, or The Whale (1851;1952), pp. xxxv, xxxviii. Cf. Hawthornden's "turn[ings]" (above), as part of the possibly shared craft-grammar of Hawthorne and Melville, based in joint pride of English literary heritage, past, present, and American-tongue future.]

And, H. Melville [1851], "In / HAWTHORNE['s] / vault[]," continued)

....

....,	<u>Hebrew.</u>	[=Hé Brew.]
.....,	.....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
.....,	....	
BALEINE,	<u>French.</u>	[= ]
BALLENA,	<u>Spanish.</u>	[=Balls-.]
PEKEE-NUEE-NUEE,	<u>Fegee.</u>	[= ]
PEKEE-NUEE-NUEE,	<u>Erromangoan.</u>	[=Peak/Peck-anew.]

....

[--('mouth-BY THICK[LIPPed],') or The Whale (1851;1952), p. xxxviii.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/1--J. Normand [1964;1970], "In HAWTHORNE's vault[: 'Melville's / "... lips''']," extension)

.... For Sophia, Melville was always to remain a [S]outh [S]eas savage disguised as a civilized man, "Mr. Omoo,"[] brandishing an imaginary club, as well as being the man with the "veiled," fascinating eyes that seemed to take in everything,[] which proves that he and Hawthorne were of the same race, that of the seers and

inquirers. Hawthorne was enchanted by his new guest, but this enfant terrible was to prove somewhat of a Rimbaud to his Verlaine. / .... And Sophia, of course, was on the side of conformism and conventions. She would have had difficulty in understanding the exigencies of a contradictory sensibility in need of nourishment and sensations. It was this element of sensation that Melville was now providing: his enthusiasm, his rejection of conformism--forcing the older man to "swim for his life"[]--his talent, even his affection: "Whence come you Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips--lo, they are yours and not mine. I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at the Supper, and that we are the pieces."[] From this paradisaic idea of brotherhood, Melville then goes on to declare his adoration of the "archangel."[] Nathaniel is for him what Sophia had been for Nathaniel: "The divine magnet is on you, and my magnet responds. Which is the biggest? A foolish question--they are One."[] This identification with his friend, his mystical sensuality, and the passionate tone of his protestations all seem to indicate a homosexual element in Melville's feelings, and the "flagon" is as much the symbol of some dark, Lethian draught as it is of eternal life. Did Hawthorne feel it his duty, as the Consul did later on when the drunken minister was brought to him,[] to deliver a sermon? Did he reply to the appeal of a "damned soul" with mere coldness?[] His nature, as we know, was such that he tended to stiffen and withdraw when his emotions were stirred. But it is a fair wager that he was afraid of yielding to pity, or to some even more fearful demon. .... It is certainly true that Oberon was always open to the temptation of an esthetically pleasing fate .... Hawthorne had long since imagined Oberon's return.[] It was in the peace of a settled home, in the somewhat tedious atmosphere of set habits and a circle of secure affections, that he was able to pursue his troubled dreams. .... [Melville's remarks from: 'Melville to Hawthorne, Pittsfield, Nov. 1851, Portable Melville, Viking Press, 452.'] [--N. H.: An Approach to an Analysis of Artistic Creation (tr. Derek Coltman), pp. 64-66, w. nn. 39-4], contracted.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/1--K. Dauber [1977], resumed, "In HAWTHORNE's vault[: 'Oberon's / "Pshaw"',] extension)

In "The Devil in Manuscript" [1835, 1851], ... , he [Hawthorne] opens [his first literary] conversation with himself. The audience, prohibited from providing the matter of the tale, is invited to overhear it .... The two characters, whose conversation is the tale, may be compared to any of several similar pairs in Hawthorne's work .... Oberon, Hawthorne's nickname in Bowdoin, which he used, as well, to sign several early, otherwise anonymous

stories, [ ] is a projection of his artistic side. The narrator, a man of society, and ... an imposition of the audience on a story that else would exclude it, is ... at first presented as arising but in reference to the asocial Oberon whom he inverts. The two produce each other. "Oberon" is "a name of a fancy and friendship between him and me"; it does not exist prior to their friendship. Similarly, the narrator's narrative propensities, "a desire to turn novelist," as he puts it, develop only when he reads Oberon's manuscripts ([Cent. Ed.,] XI, 171). Hawthorne, before writing "The Devil," has incorporated the audience into his own psyche.

....

"The Devil in Manuscript," then is a psychomachia, Hawthorne's ego in motion. It is the translation of a divided self into narrative. Its dialogue is bifurcated monologue. A single comment is given opposite meanings. The integrative faculty of the ego fails, as what it asserts is split into conflicting assertions. "Would they were out of my sight!" says Oberon of the manuscripts, thinking how their reality haunts him. "And of mine too" (XI, 171), thinks the narrator, but because, he tells us later, he judges them very poor things. The structural basis of the story is a pun: "[I was] privately of opinion," says the narrator, "in spite of my partiality for the author, that his tales would make a more brilliant appearance in the fire than anywhere else" (XI, 173); at the climax of the tale, when the cause of the city's fire has been revealed, "Here I stand--a triumphant author!" says Oberon, "Huzza! Huzza! My brain has set the town on fire! Huzza!" (XI, 178). The narrator sets himself on the side of actuality. The metaphoric brilliance of Oberon's stories is denied by the literal brilliance they would produce in burning. But Oberon exalts the metaphor. For him metaphor replaces reality; the artistic creation envelops the city. / .... /

Oberon, interrupting himself with the deprecating "Pshaw," absorbs the narrator's part as antithesis in the would-be dialectic and goes on to assert a synthesis in his punning resolution. The narrator, on the other hand, becomes pure spectator, asserting one meaning of the pun against the other, asserting the reality principle against the claim of art as second reality. [ 'He tells a peculiar kind of joke. Simon O. Lesser, Fiction and the Unconscious (1957; rpt. New York: Vintage Press, 1962), p. 282, quotes Freud, Collected Papers, ed. Joan Riviere, V (London: Hogarth, 1950), p. 217: "(Humor) signifies the triumph not only of the ego, but also of the pleasure principle, which is strong enough to assert itself here in the face of the adverse real circumstances." The narrator's pun, then, is anti-humor, asserting reality in the face of an adverse pleasure. ] He [the narrator] remains apart, watching the artist in what now seems an ecstasy, quite literally standing outside reality [in phallic/lingual over-run (A. K. V.)], performing extra-human feats, as "with a wild gesture of exultation, he leaped almost to the ceiling of the chamber." The narrator moves away

from the action, becomes one with the uninspired audience, and safely, sanely observes Oberon in the grip of a demonic "frenzy" (XI, 178). / .... [--Pp. 56-58, 59, w. n. 11 (Is Dauber aware of Haw/Pshaw? How far? --For more "pshaws" see my III.B.1.e.one-two, 3.a[r-03], 5.a[s-14].)]

And, K. Dauber [1977], continued, "In HAWTHORNE's vault[:  
'consummation / compounded']," ext.)

.... / A mechanism of protection can be seen in the strategy of this tale ["Devil"]. Hawthorne, though he seeks intimacy, resists exposure. He presents himself divided against himself, mocking one half with another. As "The Devil" progresses, however, the division becomes so great it breaks down. Elements originally interacting, the one opposing the other, become simply unrelated. Hawthorne's art, ventured as an instrument of unification, yet excludes the very culture with which he would unite. The story, as a result, never evolves, but remains at the end what it was at the beginning, a simple projection. Not until "Wakefield" is there evidence of poetic faith in abundance. There, manifestly, art as an instrument of unification is at work. There[,] Hawthorne sets in motion a genuine conversation, not with himself, but with a reader he seeks to define, through art, in relation to himself. ['From a personal standpoint, unification with the city, with society, is a consummation that Hawthorne devoutly wished. Formally speaking, it is a synthesis whose dialectic would articulate itself in the form of a story, like his best, compounded of self and other. But he has not yet that confidence in his art as an instrument effective for constructing intimacy. ....'] [--Pp. 59-60, w. p. 58.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/2--N. Foerster [1957], "In HAWTHORNE's vault[:  
'consummation / compounded']," ext., extended)

In 1847, the year of ... [Omoo], he [Melville] married Elizabeth Shaw [SHAW!] the daughter of the chief justice of Massachusetts. For nearly three years he lived and wrote in New York (visiting London and Paris in winter 1849-50). Then he settled with his wife and first child--he was soon to be the father to two sons and two daughters--at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. While Hawthorne, a few miles away at Lenox, was writing The House of the Seven Gables, Melville was deep in Moby Dick, or The Whale, a book "broiled," he told Hawthorne, "in hell-fire." In this book Melville did for the South Seas and the whalers what Cooper had done for the frontier and Mark Twain was to do for the great age of the Missis-

sippi steamboats. More important, he created a fine story, an unforgettable character [Ahab], an impressive wrestling with the problem of evil, and a rich, symphonic style. .... [--Pp. 682-83.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/5--K. Dauber [1977], resumed, "In HAWTHORNE's vault[: 'a self-conscious fiction, not ... sterile'],'" extension)

.... The American novel is from the beginning an experimental novel. It is literature that, as writer after writer tells us, is unsure of its own usefulness, afraid to trouble the reader with reading it, ashamed to present itself as something significant. It is fiction that knows it is only fiction. But because it knows this as a birthright, as it were, as a condition of writing in a country that doubts the validity of writing, it goes far beyond the need of the contemporary novel to debunk itself. It is a novel debunked from the start, concerned not so much with its inability to be real, as with the uses to which its acknowledged unreality may be put. It is a self-conscious fiction, not a sterile one. It is only in self-conscious reading that we can avoid sterility ourselves. [--P. 229.]

And, K. Dauber [1977], continued, "In HAWTHORNE's vault[: 'the very circularity / swallows ... its beginnings'],'" ext.)

.... ... [T]he very circularity of our argument, here, is in keeping with the circularity of the Blithedale as a whole, Blithedale's redefinition of itself as a new kind of literature. Ideally, we should read every incident of Blithedale as a transformation of every other. We may perform, that is, a formal analysis on it precisely because of that equality of all its elements which we have discussed. Here alone no purpose external to the work, struggling to impose itself on it, invests some incidents with special significance, contests others, fails to consider more. Here alone, in Hawthorne, the book exists independently as a form.

We have called such a work realistic. It is a work that subsumes the forces that might otherwise impinge on it from the outside into its own neutrality. In Hawthorne it swallows even its beginnings, incorporates within itself the very influences that give rise to it, transforms, in other words, its history into an ontology. Within its own compass[,] Blithedale, therefore, just stakes out afresh ground already broken in England and elsewhere. Indeed, it plays out in itself--because it absorbs its tradition

into itself--the development of English realism from English realism's own beginnings.

Blithedale's characters, for example, emerge from the eighteenth-century "Character": "The self-concentrated Philanthropist; the high-spirited Woman, bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly Maiden, whose tremulous nerves endow her with Sibylline attributes; the Minor Poet, beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which die out with his youthful fervor" ([Cent. Ed.,] pp. 2-3). It is filled with the sort of justifying quasi-biographical material Defoe used: "Doctor Griswold--as the reader, of course, knows--has placed me at a fair elevation among our minor minstrelsy" (p. 246). Here is an absorption of a potential external cause--the writer: why he wrote the book or, in this case, his ability to write--within the fiction. Hawthorne must invent the mode all over again. / .... [--Pp. 165-66.]

And, K. Dauber [1977], cont'd, "In HAWTHORNE's vault[: 'a name yet withdraw(n) purpose']," ext.)

.... / There is a manifest concern with names. Hawthorne rationalizes anew the realistic use common in eighteenth-century novelists, of names' symbolic meanings, as Ian Watt has demonstrated[ The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding (1957; rpt. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1967), p. 19]. We note Hawthorne's own difficulty in finding a title for his book[ (see) Pearce, Centenary Edition, p. xix]. How may he give it a name yet withdraw purpose, maintain disinterest in the face of valuating the book with a name? The problem is projected onto the work. The community considers "Sunny Glimpse," "Utopia," and "The Oasis," manifestly allegorical designations, so that when it settles on the equally allegorical "Blithedale," it seems in contrast, as Coverdale says, "neither good nor bad" (p. 37). Or, alternatively, a natural name is forced to project mystic significance: "Priscilla! Priscilla!" says Coverdale, "I repeated the name to myself, three or four times; and, in that little space, this quaint and prim cognomen had so amalgamated itself with my idea of the girl, that it seemed as if no other name could have adhered to her for a moment" (p. 29). The symbolic name, the name that seems to suit the character of its bearer, while present and in no need of justification in novelists writing after the early 1700's, must be brought in, here, by the back door.

What has been taken as Hawthorne's occasional clumsiness, then, so far from exemplifying the comparative inability of a romancer in the territory of Richardson, Austen, and Eliot, is precisely a measure of his originality[. 'This has been a common criticism. See, e.g., the representative view of Robert C. Elliott, ..., in Hawthorne Centenary Essays, p. 117 ....'] [Henry] James was right about the



alienation of the American artist, the absence in America of artistic community. .... It is his contribution to the founding of a new line, of which James himself was the illustrious successor, to have "realized" in Blithedale the pragmatistical possibilities of American romance. .... [--Pp. 166-67, w. nn. 10-12, adapt.]

And, K. Dauber [1977], cont'd, "In HAWTHORNE's vault[: 'valueless[ / speech / kosmoi ... in a cosmos']," ext.)

.... / It is not, however, the difficulty of maintaining neutrality that is Blithedale's problem. By and large it establishes a balance, and it is its very success in achieving it that is its largest failure. The negative side of neutrality is emptiness. There is a valuelessness about Blithedale, a deadness that replaces significance and that threatens every word written. Valuelessness is more than the theme of the book. It is a quality of the way in which the themes are perceived. .... Significance is a function of the use of the work, of the relation of author to the audience the work embodies. It is what generates meaning, as we have been using that term. Signification is a function of the message the work encodes. It is the relation, in linguistic terms, between Saussure's signifier and signified. Of course, code and use act on each other as a means delimiting an end, an end informing a means. But they may, and in realism do, come close to dissociation. Valuelessness, in effect, results when the message has no use. [See my I.End Notes.13(a), on "illusory" haw.]

There is a remarkable "sign" that appears two or, perhaps, three times in the book and to no immediately evident end. As Coverdale looks across from his hotel room to the neighboring boarding-house in which Zenobia and Priscilla will shortly take up residence, he notices a dreary and forlorn dove in one of its dormer windows: / ". . . I wondered why she chose to sit there, in the chilly rain, while her kindred were doubtless nestling in a warm and comfortable dove-cote. All at once, this dove spread her wings, and launching herself in the air, came flying so straight across the intervening space, that I fully expected her to alight directly on my window-sill. In the latter part of her course, however, she swerved aside, flew upward, and vanished, as did like-wise the slight, fantastic pathos with which I had invested her" (p. 152). [=Signature V'V/graph-memo!]

.... / .... / The chief action of the dove, indeed, would seem to serve as a connective. It links two chapters. .... [T]he dove is a particular kind of musical end [= 'note()'], a close on the dominant rather than on the tonic. / The situation is not unlike what we find in later works of American literature, called naturalistic[, ] but that we would call realistic[, in] the stories of Crane and certain parts of the early novels of Norris. For

Crane and Norris the progress of history neutralizes the work in much the same way that the progress of Hawthorne's art neutralizes it for him. With theology discredited and Darwinism not yet completely found, they adopt, for purely formal reasons, an imagery that only secondarily may develop thematic resonance. .... / .... / .... They bespeak the speech of the book itself, the existence of the stories, but as stories that exist in the book. They are kosmoi, as Angus Fletcher calls them, [ ] symbols locating character in a cosmos, but whose cosmos they themselves constitute. ['Fletcher, p. 109, defines "kosmos": "It signifies (1) a universe, and (2) a symbol that implies a rank in a hierarchy. As the latter it will be attached to, or associated with, or even substituted for, any object which the writer wants to place in hierarchical position.'" (Angus Fletcher, Allegory: The Theory of a Symbolic Mode [Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell Univ. Press, 1964])] / .... [--Pp. 179-80, 181, 182, 184-5, 187, w. n. 27, adapt.]

HAWMECHANIQUE [1]-5/0--H. Melville, resumed [1891], "valueless speech kosmoi ... in a ['grape']," extension)

To have, known him, to have loved him

After liveness long;

And then to be estranged in life,

And neither in the wrong;

And now for death to set his seal--

Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound

The sheeted snow-drifts drape,

And houseless there the snow-bird flits

Beneath the fir-trees' crape:

Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine [=Gl-yzd...c-...v-yN ]

That hid the shyest grape. [=...H...SH-st Gr-yP.]

[=Gyneco-stick-HoP.]

[--"Monody." Cf. Hawthorne's blackberry-vine with gaping ground-sparrows, amid eggs in various stages of development and devolution--I.End Notes.15(d,i); a grapho-universe with haw-cosmoi, or a compact instance of Hawthorne's own signet(organismic)nature.]

Quoted in full and with bracketed annotation immediately above, formally lip-to-gut potable yet stinting of gut-to-lip response, and a literary counter-event not out of consonance with the naturally and culturally and sign-natively shy nineteenth-century New England Haw-

Bearing-On--the necro-elegy by Herman Melville to Nathaniel Hawthorne has served to end a historically, nationally, and functionally variegated gathering of excerpted texts. Within that historically, nationally, and functionally variegated gathering of excerpted texts, the sociative cause-ways of a counter-elective game of heritage verbal craft implicitly forever continue to celebrate the signatural Hawthorne: re-evolving into co(s)mic roundness (often structurally abstract) out of his mouth-vegetal consonance-demarcated serpentine den or chamber, his signatural (formally ever splitting) Godhead, into Si(g)nful America-Possessing Self-Transmission. Also, within that historically, nationally, and functionally variegated gathering of excerpted texts, the sociative cause-ways of the counter-elective game of heritage verbal craft (whether witting or half-wetting or non-weeding) implicitly forever continue to celebrate the sober American nineteenth-century facts of linguistics and literature: an ARTiculatory linguistics and a literature with an EAR to its own living paper GROUND, a philological and national and personal survival-and-transcendence complex, embracing (here) especially Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Melville--and (whether a large figure or a small one) the maieutic humanitarian presence of Elizabeth Peabody.

### 3. Trans-Contexts: Grades of Mouth-Cradling of Hawthorne in Five Centuries of English Orphic-Petition.

The gathering below of prose and verse texts consists of excerpts from late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century criticism (six authors<sup>9</sup>),

Period American sources (two authors, one multiple<sup>10</sup>), Period English critical heritage (one author<sup>11</sup>), English literary tradition 1500-1950 (eight authors<sup>12</sup>), and present-day American popular reference (one author<sup>13</sup>). It constitutes a select Christ-anthemal portrait of the signatural Hawthorne as oral self-encoder, as mouth-cradler of petition for trans-cultural, mystico-literal, communal life, through an extra-somatic/wood-consonant vigilance, over his own potentially disobedient, his own self-rending/self-rendering, meaningful, flesh-lier parts. The select England's glands-and-thorns accommodating Christorphanesque--with a French-critical anthropo-gestural prime cosmic embracing (à la Jean Norman [1964], trans. Derek Coltman [1970]) and with a mouth-botanical terminus in English Ireland (or in cinel of William Butler Yeats [1921, and other dates])--reads as follows. (The scale is STEPS 1-5--author eggressive, future-memorial and Divine-reunion direction. Christorphanesque head tags stand in lieu of frame remarks [which would re-stress Hawthorne's signature-anthem as elegy]; and they specify the highly diverse authors sampled [i.e., as a lyric humanistic universe, to reinforce the idea of Hawthorne's self-reinseminating yet carnal-word warding, Anglo-Christian signature-portrait].)

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/3--J. Normand [1970], resumed, "inward / harrow[ing]")

.... The creative faculty in Hawthorne, as in any artist worthy of the name, is nothing else but the poetic faculty directed toward the imaginative depiction of reality, psychology, and the profound images or musical translation of the inward universe--

directions that may all converge to create a work of genius when a psychic spark has been flung into an intense and vibrating oneiric-realistic complex of sufficient potency to make the atom of human thought unleash its power--as with the sudden inward blaze of the Letter, from which there emerged the book that so profoundly disturbed its author's own consciousness. It is to this book that so harrowed his soul, and to a number of "profound"[] stories, that Hawthorne owes his continuing position as the poet of New England, the poet whose Dionysiac and ancestral feeling for the land of his birth was so strong that it becomes substantial shadow, light, and the voice of the earth itself in the pages of his work. Though his writing may have been an attempt to fill an agonizing void, there is no doubt that he did fill a space in the world, a space where there had previously been nothing, with a reality, with a music[, Bergson, l'Evolution créatrice, P.U.F., pp. 14-15], with images that are all irreplaceable. His work, a lived and expressed world-image, is one of the great poems of the New World and the human consciousness--one of those great upwellings of the being that true creation must always be. [--P. 354.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/0--King James [1611], "inward / harrowing,"  
extension).

Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. / ....

I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last to be more than the first. / .... / But that which ye have already hold fast till I come. / .... / And I will give him the morning star. .... /  
.... I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. ....  
[--Rev. 2.16-17,19,25,28, Rev. 21.6.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/1-5--J. Normand [1970], resumed, "androgynous /  
[inter-]womb")

.... / In order to construct for himself a universe whose dimensions would assure him of the freedom essential to the creative act, Hawthorne therefore began by repossessing that childhood sphere, the sphere containing the origins of his thought, of his being, and of his art. He enclosed himself within it and then, within its

walls, sought to perpetuate the movements of the inward life, the cyclical movements whose recurrences had the character of a private fatality, and of which Hawthorne's individual psychology and even his ethics bore the stamp. For Hawthorne, creation in utero was more than an artistic necessity: it was a psychological, almost a physical need. To recreate the conditions of creation also meant, for him, to make his way back to the original maternal refuge, to the womb--which made him a child-creator, sheltered by the womb within which he deployed all his adult powers and resources. This was why he persistently sought to identify himself with the mother, to lose himself inside her: an attempt that would have doomed his talent to failure if the memory of the father had not also been present to disturb his Lethaean quietude--for the "haunted" mind, androgynous in its complex texture[: Duyckinck, 1845--"H. combines qualities masculine and feminine"; Longfellow, 1842--H. has 'both depth and tenderness'; --cf. 'V. Woolf's androgynous Orlando'], transformed itself into a womb in order to perpetuate its creative principle, which was not exclusively male, as the descendant of the great Puritans would have wished, so that the artist was always prone to blame himself for his lack of participation in the divine work,[] for his failure to continue it[--cf. G. Poulet's notion of 'continuous creation'--]as his forefathers had attempted to do. But for Hawthorne, deprived of his father so early, God was a distant being and as if absent from his creation, aloof in an eternity whose threshold there could be no daring to cross[: "The Procession of Life"--'"... And whither! We know not; and Death ... our leader, deserts us by the wayside. . ."; also, (there is) Dimmesdale's reticence on his deathbed ([Riv. Ed.,] V, 303-4).'] As the artist in his inward sphere awaited the arrival of his characters, so God in his infinity awaited the souls of men. But at no point did the two spheres overlap. Communication could take place only through intercessors, though angels--through women. But did the female Christ, whether Hester or Hilda, fulfil her mission? Hawthorne returned to his solitude, to his fertile doubts. The artist's work is a work apart, one that must be sufficient unto itself, that must redeem itself and redeem its author. [--Pp. 158-59, w. nn. 52-55, adapt.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/0--E. Spenser [1595], "androgynous inter-womb,"  
extension)

#### XIX

.....  
 And knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great  
     paine,  
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did  
     her constraine.

## XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw  
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,  
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets  
     raw,  
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him  
     slacke  
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him  
     backe:  
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes  
     did lacke,  
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:  
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled  
     has.

## XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,  
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,  
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:  
 But when his later spring gins to avale,  
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin  
     there breed  
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly  
     male  
 And partly femall, of his fruitfull seed;  
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may  
     no man reed.

## XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,  
 That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,  
 His forces faile, ne can no leger fight.  
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to  
     shrinke,  
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke  
 Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents  
     small.  
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as  
     inke,  
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,  
 And him encombred sore, but could not  
     hurt at all. [--F.Q.I.i.19-22.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/4--J. Normand [1970], resumed, "particular /  
muscle")

[It] may be said that the artist exists as an artist thanks to a particular organ that has come into being within him without his knowledge, of whose existence he is more aware than other men but which he is perpetually afraid of losing because of its capriciousness, and which must seemingly be indefinitely and continuously recreated--an organ that functions only intermittently, that in which the poetic faculty resides[,] and that reveals strange vistas to the mind--vistas which he will increasingly desire to explore to their depths. This being so, the dimensions of the external world, considered as a system of references, become inadequate and, in the form of utilitarian space and time, unacceptable. The writer is first of all obliged to create an inner space and time that will serve him in the office of a relative, flexible infinity and eternity that is renewable at will, an environment in which the total self can flower as if within himself. This is why the poetic organ must be exercised as a muscle is exercised, for it alone is capable of creating those conditions. Hawthorne began cultivating the faculty of concentration in himself from his early childhood. Illness, in certain privileged cases, is a happy accident, as with Montaigne and Pascal, for it teaches the senses how to direct themselves inwards, and it is within himself that the poet sees and hears: otherwise how could we explain the blind Milton's visions, or the deaf Beethoven's music?

There are rituals that aid the mind in rendering itself sensitive to these inner dimensions. Gide sat down at his piano or selected an appropriate book to read. Steinbeck listened to records. Hawthorne, sometimes with the aid of physical exercise, sometimes by mental concentration, also used the take his distance from external time and space in order to penetrate into the imaginary room of the haunted mind .... His vision was very prone to assume an intimate, restricted, archaic character; whereas in bright daylight, surrounded by boundless space and teeming reality, he was seized with vertigo. For him, light had always to be mingled with shadow, immensity bounded, the present remembered. ....  
[--Pp. 152-53.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/0--E. Spenser [1595], resumed, "particular  
muscle," extension)

#### IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,  
And blustering Aeolus his boasted syre;  
Who with his breath, which through the  
world doth pas,



Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,  
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,  
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew  
     time,  
 In which the wombes of wemen doe, expyre,  
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of  
     earthly slyme,  
 Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with  
     sinfull cryme.

## X

So growen great, through arrogant delight  
 Of th' high descent whereof he way yborne,  
 And through presumption of his matchlesse  
     might,  
 All other powres and knighthood he did  
     scorne.  
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
 And left to losse; his stalking steps are  
     stayde  
 Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne  
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made  
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen  
     he dismayde. [--F.Q.I.vii.9-10.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 1/1-3--J. Normand [1970], "particular / muscle,"  
 resumed)

.... / All alchemy takes place in the imagination, and it is also in the imagination that style is born: it is not simply a polishing process after the work is finished, but the struggle of an artist's personal images into their definitive form. The existence of a style presupposes the existence of a whole world behind it, nourishing it and supporting it. The dimensions of style are those of the imagination, which is why any purely technical approach can never do more than imitate its surfaces, thereby merely creating a confusion between the genuine writer and the sham one. Racine's worst line of all, so outrageous in its alliteration, has become his most famous! Yet what would Racine be if he were not first and foremost a cruel, insistent, compassionate consciousness[,] fascinated by all our human passions? What would Hawthorne be if he were not, beyond the words and the sentences, that gradual and implacable invasion of the consciousness, that inward growth of the plant unfurling symmetrically with the world-tree in which the whole moral, psychic, and esthetic cycle is contained? This explains the twin growth of the pillory, the prison, the rose, the Letter, and the elf. Love, terror, the cruel law, all have a common

trunk, while sensuality, repression, pleasure, guilt, punishment, redemption, like branches and roots, all intermingle and exchange their essences. Hawthorne's whole forest is but a single tree. Light and darkness are the most powerful agents of its growth, and we are the spectators, as in the vegetable kingdom of the external world, of veritable esthetic and psychological phototropisms and geotropisms. The spellbound plants sprout up .... Indeed, Hawthorne does better: he makes it into an organ, a thing of flesh whose substance may be tenuous but which can also become extremely dense and weigh down with a great weight in the physical world. .... the shadowy consciousness and the inward eye then combine to form a whole that is humid light[, "Wives of the Dead,"] .... The seeking mind must be a net stretched across the threshold upon which images slight, like the foliage of the pear tree in The House of the Seven Gables catching the fleeting voices as they pass[, Riv. (Ed.), III, 168, 190,] or the branches of the summerhouse filtering the moonlight and the breeze [, III, 254]--the drops of water from the depths, the sounds, the muffled class, the flickering reflections must all be soaked in by osmosis at the orifice of the spring, of the artesian well[, III, 210]. The spheres, images of the heart and head, exchange their fluids, their blood, and fuse together like those two drops symbolizing the passionate loves and hates of the faun and his nymph[, The Marble Faun, Riv., VI, 112]. Such a fusion does not exclude individuality. The mixing of the elements in Hawthorne is always followed by a process of settling and sedimentation, and the Hawthorne hero always returns into himself "pure," like good and evil lying unmixed in the peaceful conscience, both as solitary as the first being on earth. The work, created in the image of its author, is apart. It belongs to the individual time of its creator, that of an age chosen and created by him, not accepted and submitted to[: The House of the Seven Gables, Riv., III, 127--'writers of society' (J. N.)]. Instead of conforming to the changing caprices of fashion, it follows an austere curve, it clothes itself in that narrow sheath that Gide held to be so necessary. The Hawthorne arabesque, though it loses its tension in the later works and becomes a thing of fluttering tatters, nevertheless created in The Scarlet Letter a harmoniously and powerfully coiled Laocoön [cf. Lessing's essay (A. K. V.)]. This "convulsive" beauty later insisted upon by Lautréamont has always been characteristic of works charged with human significance. [---Pp. 349-51, w. notes, adapt.]

And, J. Normand [1970], continued, "hammered / explosions")

.... Moreover, and this is the danger, though true poetry has very little time for regularly hammered syllables, the same cannot be said of oratory. The same is true of music: the metronome is all very well for giving the beat in a ballet, but not for conducting

a symphony. And Hawthorne's true music, like that of Beethoven or Brahms, must be looked for in his profound, complex, sinuous movements, with their imperceptible crescendoes and their interminable decrescendoes. In Beethoven, the wave form predominates: in Brahms[,] the spiral. Though there may not exist any equivalences from one art to another, there are "correspondences" [--or "correspondances," ... (which) have been examined ... by S(idney) Lanier in an essay ... '--] that enable us to discern Brahmsian echoes in Hawthorne in the same way that it is possible to hear echoes of Verlaine in Debussy. The accents with which Hawthorne endowed English prose, like those that Brahms bestowed on music, are accents characterized by sinuous modulations, by siren songs interrupted with brief Dionysiac dances and sudden dazzling explosions. The poetic breath that runs through the work symphonizes the themes. Hester's resurrection is not without its "forest murmurs," and the tragedy based upon a primitive oneirism vibrates with the music of the passions. That music and those movements, to use [Gaston] Bachelard's term, "deposit" forms, images of the consciousness they haunt and that first gave them birth. [--P. 347, w. n. 33, adapt.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 2/2--L. Schubert [1944], "hammered explosions,"  
extension)

.... / On the first page of this novel [The House of the Seven Gables] appears a passage which is almost poetry, so strong is the rhythm of its words and its repeated devices: "The street is Pyncheon Street; the house is the old Pyncheon House; and an elm-tree, of wide circumference, rooted before the door, is familiar to every town-born child by the title of Pyncheon Elm." [(Riv. Ed.,) VII, 1] The same devices are used in the second chapter when Hawthorne is speaking of Hepzibah: "born, too, in Pyncheon Street, under the Pyncheon Elm, and in the Pyncheon House ...". Again, in the third chapter, we find a repetition of this motif, although it is somewhat broken-up:

"See here!" cried he; "what do you think of this Trade seems to be looking up in Pyncheon Street!"

"Well, well, this is a sight, to be sure!"  
exclaimed the other. "In the old Pyncheon House, and underneath the Pyncheon Elm!" [VII, 64]

The three terms do not appear so close together again in the course of the story, but whenever Hawthorne uses one of them, the reader cannot help seeing and hearing the other two. The tree is mentioned often in the book, and, as we would expect of Hawthorne, in the last paragraph. Another brief poetic passage is found in the chapter in

which Hawthorne, the all-seeing and all-knowing author, talks to the body of Jaffrey Pyncheon:

Up, therefore, Judge Pyncheon, up! You have lost a day.  
But to-morrow will be here anon. Will you rise, betimes,  
and make the most of it! To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!  
We, that are alive, may rise betimes to-morrow. As for him  
that has died to-day, his morrow will be the resurrection  
morn. [VII, 402] / .... [--Pp. 68-69.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 2/0--E. Spenser [1595], resumed, "hammered  
explosions," extension)

## XXIV

.....  
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:  
A streame of cole black blood forth gushed  
from her corse. [I.e., because of 'gnattes.']

## XXV

Her scattred brood .....  
.....  
Gathred themselves about her body round,  
Weening their wonted entrance to have  
found  
At her wide mouth: but being there with-  
stood,  
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,  
Making her death their life, and eke her  
hurt their good. [--F.Q.I.i.24-25.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 2-3/0--E. Spenser [1595], resumed, "threshold[s] /  
lilled / torment")

## XXXIII

.....  
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,  
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment  
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

## XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus  
His three deformed heads did lay along,

Curled with thousand adders venemous,  
 And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:  
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
 And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy  
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he  
                   hong,  
 And suffered them to passen quietly:  
 For she in hell and heaven had power  
                   equally.

## XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,  
 For daring tempt the queene of heaven to  
                   sin .... [--F.Q.I.v.33-35.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 2-3/0--Phili[-] Sidney [1580], "thresholds lilled  
 torment," extension)

31

PhilisidesEcho

---oo---oo---oo---

FAIRE Rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace?	Peace.
Peace? what barrs me my tongue? who is it that comes me so ny?	I.
Oh! I do know what guest I have mett; it is Echo. Well mett Echo, aproche: then tell me thy will too.	'T is Echo. I will too.
.....	....
But when I first did fal, what brought most fall to my hart?	Arte.
Arte? what can be that art which thou dost meane by thy speche?	Speche.
What be the fruites of speaking arte? what growes by the words?	Words.
O much more then words: those words serv'd more to me blesse.	Lesse.
Oh when shall I be knowne, wher most to be knowne I do longe?	Long.
.....	...
What great name may I give to so heav'nly a woman? Woe, but seems to me joy, that agrees to my thought so.	A woe-man. I thought so.
Think so, for of my desired blisse it is only the course. Curs'd be thy self for cursing that which leads me to joies.	Curse. Toies.

What be the sweet creatures wher lowly demaunds  
 be not heard? Hard.  
 Harde to be gott, but got constant, to be helde like  
 steeles. Eeles.  
 .....  
 Tell yet againe me the names of these faire form'd  
 to do ev'lls. Dev'lls.  
 Dev'lls? if in hell such dev'lls do abide, to the hells  
 I do go. Go.  
 [--Pp. 62-65: Arcadia Sec.Ecl.#31, 11.1-4,28-32,37-42,49-50.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 2-3/2-3--J. Normand [1970], resumed, "thresholds  
 lilled torment," extension)

.... / Hawthorne's sentence, like his work as a whole, is a movement of the consciousness. If the mind goes directly to its goal, then the sentence is a dart, an arrow: command, insult, attack, violent start of the whole being[: 'Endicott's harangue, Goodman Brown's imprecations, the Judge's fulminations, and Dimmesdale's defensive reaction: S(carlet) L(etter, Riv. Ed.,) V, 167: "No--not to thee .... But who art thou that thou meddlest in this matter?--that darest thrust himself between the sufferer and his God?"(.)'] More often, the thought progresses by way of circumvolution or in a circle, and the discourse evolves in accordance with a circular or sinuous plan. The slow, spiralling movement of Dimmesdale's voice during the sermon unwinds into a long musical period, not an oratorical one[: Riv.,'V, 288-89 (enveloping, insinuating voice). Cf. Miriam's voice: M(arble) F(aun, Riv.), VI, 310.'] Hawthorne's sentence is a labyrinth-sentence, an anticipation of Faulkner's. Delays, folds, detours, and doublings back are the rule. There is the way that we find the words circling, for example, around the figures conjured up by Hester's memory in the pillory: the old father, the anxious mother, the young girl, the pale scholar--then the stream begins to follow the labyrinth of the city streets as seen in her dream, at which an abrupt reversal brings us back into the market place[, V, 78-80.] Hezibah, searching for Clifford, leads us through a maze of sentences that is homologous with the labyrinth of the House itself, and packed, like it, with memories[: The House of the Seven Gables, Riv., 'III, Ch. 16 (Clifford's chamber). The concentric circles formed by the current of life around the house are conjured up by an image, p. 344 (... current ... eddy ...) while the sentence also curls around upon itself.'] The torment of the heart agitated by inward convulsions expresses itself in a series of serpentine sentences, slow reptiles that writhe in a melancholy and melodious hissing progress: "punishment"--"salvation"--"sin"--"suffering"; "silence"--"tenderness"--"shame"--

"sin"; "secret"--"silence"--"hypocrisy"--"sin"; words that recur again and again, litany, disguised confession, obsession, contradiction--a prayer crying out for both punishment and secrecy, the drizzling downfall of a crushed and conquered soul[,] already beginning to inflict its secret punishment upon itself[, S. L., Riv., V, 89]. The serpent[-]sentence delicately modulates the melancholy of the labyrinthine soul, the tendril-sentence probes and spirals down into the sick consciousness. The torture inflicted upon his victim by Chillingworth thus takes on the cruelty of a "turn of the screw": by means of a series of interrogations he stirs up unease, then pain, and each of his remarks renews the grip of dread around the minister's heart[: V, 'Ch. 10 ("The Leech and his Patient"); 160, "some hideous secrets"; "the powers of nature call ... for the confession of sin"; 161: "why not reveal them here?"; 162: "Yet some men bury their secrets ..."; "These men deceive themselves"; 165-66 (Ch[illingworth] asks for details about his patient's illness, in reality in order to distress him, so that he can deliver the final blow); 167: "first lay open to him the wound ... in your soul."'] .... [--P. 345, w. nn. 18-23, adapt.]

And, J. Normand [1970], "thresholds lilled torment," ext.,  
continued)

.... Or else it is the slow descent into the darkness in search of the secret: the sentence follows all the movements of the man of hate as he gropes his way nearer, almost reaches his goal, and at the least alert retires[, V, 159.] The direction of the Hawthorne sentence tends to be a downward one: the weight of the words causes it to descend: "gold"--"tomb"--"evil"--"rotting flesh." Emotionally and morally speaking[,] evil and flesh are heavier than gold: the sentence has a weightier and weightier burden to bear as it progresses, and the rhythm slows down as the descent continues[: V, '158: "He now dug into the ... clergyman's heart ...."'] Dimmesdale, in the course of his ascetic practices, makes a descent into his inner self. During the vigil, the progressive intensification of the light indicates his progress inward: the sentence rises, but the minister's soul is too heavy to climb up after it[: V, '176: "He kept vigils ... glimmering lamp ... most powerful light ...."'] Then the maelstrom begins again, the mill wheel, the hell-sent dance of visions--angels, demons, the mother, the mistress--sometimes vague, sometimes intense[--V, '177: "... or more vividly ... within the looking-glass"']: the sentence follows the movement of the return to the surface, which ends with a slow drifting followed by a silent sedimentation. Pearl's [?] raised finger works like a spell; words heavy with penitential symbolism fall to the bottom of the

consciousness, cemented together by muffled, cavernous sonorities[: V, '177: "pointing her forefinger, first at the scarlet letter on her bosom and then at the clergyman's own breast."'] The movement may also be emphasized by caesuras comparable to those in verse. .... / .... And although Hawthorne does not insist overmuch on these obvious methods, the rhythm of his sentences, once it escapes from the underground labyrinth, does depend more or less upon their conscious or unconscious use. His descriptive sentences[,] in particular[] the bounding, dancing sentences that are used to evoke Pearl's games or the faun's caperings[,] need to be sustained by metrical artifices[: S. L., Riv., 'V, 126: "... and frisked onward / before Hester / on the gras / sy path, / with many / a harm / less trip / and tumble." 'Ibid., 163: "She now skipped / irreverently / from one grave / to another ...." H(awthorne) did not consider it worthwhile to point the rhythm of this dance on the graves any further!' M. F., Riv., 'VI, 107:

Donatello / snapped his fingers / above his head,  
As fauns / and satyrs / taught us / first to do.  
And seemed / to radiate / jollity  
Out of / his whole / nimble / person.'] / [--Pp. 345-  
46, w. nn. 24-32, adapt.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 3-5/0--Anonymous American [1840], "wild beast[']s harbor")

....

What are the leaves by Autumn blasts whirled down?  
Or what the brooks by summer suns drank up?  
What are the tearless eyes, when grief has flown?  
Or what the toper with his empty cup?

The answer is my first, and now I ask,  
What find you in the forest[']s dreary waste,  
Where wild beasts harbor, safe from human foes?  
Or where the hunted felon flies in haste,  
Or weary pilgrim seeks secure repose?

This is my next, and now complete the task;  
You have a name immortalized in verse:  
His own--grave, lively, musical and terse. [(Answ.) Dryden]  
[--Original Charades, Bunker Hill, 1840, p. 88.]



CHRISTORPHESQUE 3-5/0--S. Mallarmé [1893], "wild beast's harbor,"  
extension)

.... That is why the careful prose of discriminating writers--  
ornamental prose--can always be thought of as broken verse; it  
plays with its own tones and hidden rhymes, like a thyrsus of  
infinite complexity. .... [--"Music and Literature" (tr.), p.44.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 3-5/0--S. Richardson [1748], "wild beast's harbor,"  
extension)

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

Wednesday Morning, Nine o'clock.

I AM just returned from my morning walk, and already have  
received a letter from Mr. Lovelace in answer to mine deposited  
last night. He must have had pen, ink, and paper with him; for it  
was written in the coppice; with this circumstance; on one knee,  
kneeling with the other. Not from the reverence to the written  
to, however, as you'll find!

I so much suffer through him; yet, to be treated as if I  
were obliged to bear insults from him!

But here you will be pleased to read his letter; which I  
shall enclose.

To Miss Clarissa Harlowe

Good God!

What is now to become of me! How shall I support this  
disappointment! No new cause! On one knee, kneeling with the  
other, I write! my feet benumbed with midnight wanderings through  
the heaviest dews that ever fell: my wig and my linen dripping  
with the hoar frost dissolving on them! Day but just breaking--  
sun not risen to exhale.

And are things drawing towards a crisis between your friends  
and you? Is not this a reason for me to expect, the rather to  
expect, the promised interview? [ / .... / ]

Oh, the wavering, the changeable sex! But can Miss Clarissa  
Harlowe--- [ / .... / ]

[.... ...] what are these but words! Whose words? [... ]--  
what? Promise-breaker must I call you?

Forgive me, dearest creature, forgive me! [.... / ...]  
restor[e] to [God] Himself, and to hope, / Your ever-adoring, /  
Yet almost desponding / LOVELACE.

Ivy-Cavern in the Coppice--Day but just breaking. [--Pp. 86-88.  
Note in Lovelace, an expressive antecedent for my lingam-cryph  
(and ivy-source), knee:between:ni(+)ne--used throughout in reading  
Hawthorne, III.B.1-5.]

And, S. Richardson [1748], "wild beast's harbor," ext., continued)

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM F. J. DE LA TOUR TO  
JOHN BELFORD, ESQ., NEAR SOHO SQUARE, LONDON

Trent, Dec. 18. N.S.

SIR,--I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of  
the Chevalier Lovelace. [.... / .... /]

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My Chev-  
alier drew the first blood, making a desperate push [.... ....  
/ .... /]

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen; and they to  
the surgeons; who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody  
work; for he was cool as if nothing so extraordinary had happened,  
assisting the surgeons, though his own would bled much. But my  
dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited  
blood besides. [/ .... /]

He was delirious at times in the two last hours; and then  
several times cried out [...!] but named nobody. And sometimes  
praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked  
when he received his death's wound), calling her, [...]! And once  
he said, Look down, Blessed Spirit, look down!---And there stopped;  
his lips, however, moving. [/ .... /]

[....] A strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments  
saying more, but recovering, he again, with great fervour (lifting  
up his eyes and his spread hands), pronounced the word blessed.  
Then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly, so as not to be  
understood: at last, he distinctly pronounced these three words,

LET THIS EXPIATE!

And then his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half  
an hour after ten. [/] He little thought, poor gentleman! his  
end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have  
caused it to be disembowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I  
have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would  
have been refused, had he not been an Englishman of rank: a nation  
with reason respected in every Austrian Government. For he had  
refused ghostly attendance, and the Sacraments in the Catholic way.  
May his sould be happy, I pray God!

I have had some trouble also, on account of the manner of his death, from the magistracy here: [....] And it has cost me some money. [....] And so, waiting at this place your commands, I am, sir / Your most faithful and obedient servant, / F. J. DE LA TOUR. [--Pp. 514-16.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 3-5/0--H. Blair [1762;1850], resumed, "wild beast's harbor," extension)

Taste may be defined "The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art." .... ... [T]he faculty by which we relish such beauties, seems more nearly allied to a feeling of sense, than to a process of the understanding; and accordingly from an external sense it has borrowed its name; that sense by which we receive and distinguish the pleasures of food, having, in several languages, given rise to the word taste, in the metaphorical meaning under which we now consider it. However, as in all subjects which regard the operations of the mind, the inaccurate use of words is to be carefully avoided, it must not be inferred from what I have said, that reason is entirely excluded from the exertions of taste. Though taste, beyond doubt, be ultimately founded on a certain natural and instinctive sensibility to beauty, yet reason ... assists taste in many of its operations, and serves to enlarge its power.[]

Taste, in the sense in which I have explained it, is a faculty common in some degrees to all men. .... Even in the deserts of America, where human nature shows itself in its most uncultivated state, the savages have their ornaments of dress, their war and death songs, their harangues and orators. We must therefore conclude the principles of taste to be deeply founded in the human mind. It is no less essential to man to have some discernment of beauty, than it is to possess the attributes of reason and speech.[] / ....

Th[e] inequality of taste among men is owing, without doubt, in part, to the different frame of their natures; to nicer organs, and finer internal powers, with which some are endowed beyond others. But, if it be owing in part to nature, it is owing to education and culture still more. ....

.... / ....

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together; and therefore by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. .... Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts: but genius cannot be found without including

taste also. .... Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is farther necessary to form the poet, or the orator. [---Pp. 16-17, 18, 29.]

And, H. Blair [1762;1850], "wild beast's harbor," ext., continued)

A species of beauty, distinct from any I have yet mentioned, arises from design or art; or in other words, from the perception of means being adapted to an end; or the parts of any thing being well fitted to answer the design of the whole. When in considering the structure of a tree or a plant, we observe how all the parts, the roots, the stem, the bark, and the leaves, are suited to the growth and nutriment of the whole; much more when we survey all the parts and members of a living animal, or when we examine any one of the curious works of art; such as a clock, a ship, or any nice machine; the pleasure which we have had in the survey, is wholly founded on this sense of beauty. It is altogether different from the perception of beauty produced by colour, figure, variety, or any of the causes formerly mentioned. When I look at a watch, for instance, the case of it, if finely engraved, and of curious workmanship, strikes me as beautiful in the former sense; bright colour, exquisite polish, figures finely raised and turned. But when I examine the spring and the wheels, and praise the beauty of the internal machinery, my pleasure then arises wholly from the view of that admirable art, with which so many various and complicated parts are made to unite for one purpose.

This sense of beauty, in fitness and design, has an extensive influence over many of our ideas. It is the foundation of the beauty which we discover in the proportion of doors, windows, arches, pillars, and all orders of architecture. .... [---Pp. 53-54.]

And, H. Blair [1762;1850], continued, "red axe / choaked")

.... Wherever strong exclamations, tones, and gestures, enter much into conversation, the imagination is always more exercised; a greater effort of fancy and passion is excited.-- Consequently, the fancy kept awake, and rendered more sprightly by this mode of utterance, operates upon style, and enlivens it more.

These reasonings are confirmed by undoubted facts. The style of all the most early languages, among nations who are in the first and rude periods of society, is found, without exception, to be full of figures; hyperbolical and picturesque in a high degree. We have a striking instance of this in the American languages, which are known by the most authentic accounts, to be

figurative to excess. The Iroquois and Illinois carry on their treaties and public transactions with bolder metaphors, and greater pomp and style, than we use in our poetical productions.\* [\*Thus, to give an instance of the singular style of these nations, the Five Nations of Canada, when entering on a treaty of peace with us, expressed themselves by their chiefs, in the following language: "We are happy in having buried under ()ground the red axe, that has so often been dyed with the blood of our brethren. ()Now, in this sort, we inter the axe, and plant the tree of peace. We plant a tree ()whose top wil(1) reach the sun, and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be ()seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choaked, but may it shade both ()your country and ours with its leaves! Let us make fast its roots and extend them ()to the utmost of your colonies. If the French should come to shake this tree, we ()would know it by the motion of its roots reaching into our country. May the Great ()Spirit allow us to rest in tranquillity upon our mats, and never again dig up the ax ()to cut down the tree of peace! Let the earth be trod hard over it, where it lies ()buried. Let a strong stream run under the pit, to wash the evil away out of our ()sight and remembrance. The fire that had long burned in Albany is extinguished. ()The bloody bed is washed clean, and the tears wiped from our eyes. ()We now renew the covenant chain of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clean as silver ()and not suffer to contract any rust. Let not any one pull away his arm from it." These passages are extracted from Cadwallader Colden's History of the Five Indian Nations: where it appears, from the authentic documents he produces, that such is their genuine style(.)] [--Pp. 66-67, w. note.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE [1]-5/0[,1]--W. Scott [1808], "red axe choaked,"  
extension)

November's sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear:  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,  
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:  
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen  
Through bush and brier, no longer green,  
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with double speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

.....  
 ... --Will spring return,  
 And birds and lambs again be gay,  
 And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. ....

.....  
 Again the hawthorn shall supply  
 The garlands you delight to tie;  
 The lambs upon the lea shall bound,  
 The wild birds carol to the round ....

....  
 ....

.....  
 Yon Thorn--perchance whose prickly spears  
 Have fenced him for three hundred years,  
 While fell around his green compeers--  
 Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell  
 The changes of his parent dell,  
 Since he, so grey and stubborn now,  
 Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;  
 Would he could tell how deep the shade  
 A thousand mingled branches made;  
 How broad the shadows of the oak,  
 How clung the rowan to the rock,  
 And through the foliage show'd his head,  
 with narrow leaves and berries red;  
 What pines on every mountain sprung,  
 O'er every dell what birches hung ....

.....  
 Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,  
 But had its legend or its song.  
 All silent now--for now are still  
 Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!  
 No longer, from thy mountains dun,  
 The yeoman hears the well-known gun,  
 And while his honest heart glows warm,  
 At thought of his paternal farm,  
 Round to his mates a brimmer frills,  
 And drinks, 'The Chieftain of the Hills!'  
 No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,  
 trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,  
 Fair as the elves whom Janet saw  
 By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh;  
 No youthfull Baron's left to grace  
 The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,  
 And ape, in manly step and tone,  
 The majesty of Oberon ....

[--Marmion, Intro.i.1-14,42-50, and  
 Intro.ii.5-19,70-87.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE [1]-5/0--Rose Hawthorne Lathrop [1856;1897], "red  
axe choaked," extension)

.... In England the outdoor life had many enchantments of velvet sward upon broad hills and flowers innumerable and fragrant. A little letter of Una's not long after we arrived in Rockferry alludes to this element in our happiness: --

"We went to take a walk to-day, and I do not think I ever had such a beautiful walk before in all my life. Julian and I got some very pretty flowers, such as do not grow wild in America. I found some exquisite harebells by the roadside, and some very delicate little pink flowers. And I got some wild holly, which is very pretty indeed; it has very glossy and prickery leaves. I have seen a great many hedges made of it since I have been here; for nothing can get over it or through it, for it is almost as prickery as the Hawthorne [the bush and the family name were always the same thing to us children], of which almost all the hedges in Liverpool, and everywhere I have been, are made; and there it grows up into high trees, so that nothing in the world can look through it, or climb over it, or crawl through it; and I am afraid our poor hedge in Concord will never look so well because the earth round it is so sandy and dry, and here it is so very moist and rich. It ought to be moist, and any rate, for it rains enough." But later she writes on "the eighteenth day of perfect weather," and where can the weather seem so perfect as in England?

After breakfast on Christmas we always went to the places, in that parlor where Christmas found us (nomads that we were), where our mother had set out our gifts. .... "... Julian found[, writes Sophia,] a splendid flag from the Nurse. This flag was a wonder. . . . The stripes were made of rich red and white striped satin, which must have been manufactured for the express purpose of composing the American flag. The stars were embroidered in silver on a dark blue satin sky. On the reverse, a rich white satin lining bore Julian's cipher, surrounded with silver embroidery. . . . The children amused themselves with their presents all day. But first I took my new Milton and read aloud to them the Hymn of the Nativity, which I do every Christmas." .... [--Pp. 302-3 (=Rose Hawthorne, cit. Una and Sophia Hawthorne).]

CHRISTORPHESQUE [3]-5/0--J. Milton, resumed [1629], "red axe choaked,"  
extension)

## VII

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame,  
 The new-enlight'n'd world no more should need;  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

....

....

XIX

The Oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
 Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX

.....  
 The parting Genius is with signing sent;  
 With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

....

....

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian Grove or Green,  
 Trampling the unshow'r'd Grass with lowings loud:  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his hollow chest,  
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud:  
 In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

XXV

He feels from Judah's Land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.



## XXVI

So when the Sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,  
 .....

## XXVII

.....  
 And all about the Courtly Stable,  
 Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.  
 [--N.O., st. 7,19-20,24-27.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--R. Rodale [1976], "extract of / small ...  
 apple")

Seeing those hawthorns in the hedges [in Duleek, Ireland] was like a visit to an old friend. My father, for the last few years of his life, had been extremely interested in the use of extract of hawthorn fruit as a mild tonic for people suffering from congestive heart troubles. Digitalis, the original plant medication for the failing heart, can cause serious side effects. Hawthorn extract, although not as potent, is much safer and was a popular medication around the turn of the century.

.... The so-called miracle drugs, he said, were grossly overrated, and dangerous. ....

The hawthorn['s] .... ... reputation for healing powers stems from Biblical times. The Crown of Thorns was thought to be made of hawthorn, a legend that created its reputation for miraculous healing powers. Also, the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which amazingly sprouted when tossed on the earth, was made of hawthorn. No wonder hawthorn was tested and used so often by herbalists.

And although modern medical science has passed by this pleasant tree and its colorful fruit in its passion for synthetic medicines, objective scientific tests have shown hawthorn to be of benefit to the heart. The source of the medicinal power is in the small, apple-like fruit, which can easily be used by people lucky enough to have access to the trees, and who are interested in trying the [recommended] method. Crataegus is the Greek name for plants of the hawthorn genus, and Crataegus oxycantha is the specific variety most used for making medicine. That also is the most popular European hedge hawthorn.

Homeopathic physicians make an extract, which they call a tincture, of the fresh berries only. It is said to keep its potency for several years if stoppered well. In Germany, the full-strength juice of the berries is sold in health food stores. Sometimes a

juice is made of berries and leaves together. [--"Hawthorn: Tree with a Heart," Organic Gardening, Vol. 23, No. 1 (Jan. 1976), 52-53.]

And, R. Rodale [1976], "extract of / small ... apple," continued)

Several types of hawthorns produce fruit that is vitamin-rich and edible. Alfred Rehder, writing in [L. H.] Bailey's Cyclopedic of Horticulture [Standard Cyclop. of H., rev. ed. (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1929-42)], says that "The fruit of Crataegus aestivalis and C. mexicana is made into preserves and jellies; also the fruits of the Molles group [of hawthorns] are suited for jelly-making, and in South Carolina an excellent jelly similar in quality and taste to Guava jelly is made from the fruits of some species of the Flavae group." The Molles include Crataegus mollis, arkansa, Arnoldiana, submollis, Ellwangeriana and Robesoniana. The Flavae include C. flava and aprica. Don't let those Latin names throw you. They're essential for dealing effectively with useful shrubs like the hawthorn, which exists in roughly 1,000 different species, each of which has its own characteristics of size, flowering and fruiting habit. Some have been brought here from Europe, and others are native American plants. / .... [--"Hawthorn: Tree with a Heart," p. 53 (cit. Bailey's as noted).]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--Rose Hawthorne Lathrop [1860;1897], resumed,  
"extract of small apple," extension)

My father also tasted the piquant flavors of merriment and luxury in this exquisite domicile of Heart's-Ease and Mrs. Meadows [=Mr. and Mrs. Fields].

And at The Wayside, too, we had delightful pleasures, in the teeth and front of simplicity and seclusion, sandy flower-borders, rioting weeds, and intense heats. Concord itself could gleam occasionally, even outside of its perfect Junes and Octobers, as we can see here in the merry geniality of Louisa Alcott, who no more failed to make people laugh than she failed to live one of the bravest and best of lives. In return for a package of birthday gifts she sent us a poem, from which I take these verses: --

"The Hawthorne is a gracious tree  
From latest twig to parent root,  
For when all others leafless stand  
It gayly blossoms and bears fruit.  
On certain days a friendly wind  
Wafts from its spreading boughs a store  
Of canny gifts that flutter in  
Like snowflakes at a neighbor's door.

"The spinster who has just been blessed  
 Finds solemn thirty much improved,  
 By proofs that such a crabbed soul  
 Is still remembered and beloved.  
 Kind wishes 'ancient Lu' has stored  
 In the 'best chamber' of her heart,  
 And every gift on Fancy's stage  
 Already plays its little part.

"Long may it stand, the friendly tree,  
 That blooms in autumn and in spring,  
 Beneath whose shade the humblest bird  
 May safely sit, may gratefully sing.  
 Time will give it an evergreen name.  
 Axe cannot harm it, frost cannot kill;  
 With Emerson's pine and Thoreau's oak  
 Will the Hawthorne be loved and honored still!"

My mother's records, moreover, in letters to her husband, refer to the humble labors that almost filled up her devoted year . . . , and these references indicate the difference we felt between Europe and home:--

Rose raised [writes Sophia] all the echoes of the county by screaming with joy over her blooming crocuses, which she found in her garden. The spring intoxicates her with "remembering wine." She hugs and kisses me almost to a mummy, with her raptures. Little spots of green grass choke her with unutterable ecstasy.

September 9, 1860. Julian illuminated till tea-time; and after tea I read both him and Rose a chapter from Matthew, and told them about Paul. -- Rosebud has been drawing wonderfully on the blackboard recognizable portraits . . . . [--Pp. 424-26 (Rose Hawthorne, cit. Louisa Alcott and Sophia Hawthorne).]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--E. Curtius [1953], "extract of small apple,"  
 extension)

. . . . For Christians the interpretation of names was authorized by Matthew 16:18 as well as by the innumerable explanations of names in the Old Testament. Jerome had devoted his Liber de nominibus hebraicis to these. Another authority for medieval interpretation of names was Augustive.[ ] He plays with the names Vincentius, Felicitas, Perpetua, Primus. Why is the Apostle of the Gentiles names Paulus? Because he is minimus apostolorum. The same sort of thing is frequent later in the acts of the martyrs.[ ] . . . .

All that I have presented so far can be taken as more or less insipid trifling. But it acquires fundamental significance for the Middle Ages by the performance of the great Isidore of Seville, who

in his compilation of all human knowledge chose the road from designation to essence, from verba to res, and accordingly named his work Etymologiarum libri [ (a)lso entitled Origines. ....] ... [I]t may be called the basic book of the entire Middle Ages. It not only established the canonical stock of knowledge for eight centuries but also molded their thought categories. It led to the origo ("origin") and vis ("force") of things. In Book I, 29, etymology is dealt with as a part of grammar. .... [N]ot all words can be etymologized. The chief classes are: "ex causa" (reges a regendo et recte agendo); "ex origine" (man is name homo because he is made of humus); "ex contrariis"--and here we find the still familiar lucus, with the explanation "quia umbra opacus parum luceat." In a later passage (VII, 6) Isidore gives the interpretation of most important Old Testament names[] after Jerome. [This theme was also handled "poetically" (Poetae, IV, 630).] Quantities of other etymologies are scattered through the 800-odd pages of the book.

Since composition of poetry was a part of rhetoric, and since etymology was among the fundamentals of grammar and rhetoric, it was and remained an obligatory "ornament" of poetry. This is the practice in the West as early as the Merovingian period. I give some examples from the Carolingian period. .... In the early Middle Ages such etymologies were often treated in accordance with the prescription "Rhyme me or I eat thee." [--"XIV. Etymology as a Category of Thought," pp. 496-97, w. nn. 8-9, adapt.]

And, E. Curtius [1953], continued, "last catch-basin [tr.]")

The etymological evaluation of proper names passed from the eulogies of pagan late Antiquity to Christian poetry, including hymns .... In the twelfth century the procedure was taken into the arts of poetry as "argumentum sive locus a nomine" ... and illustrated from Ovid .... Marbod maintains the epistemological import of etymology .... He finds mors an "asper sonus" because death itself is harsh. Vita, on the other hand, is pleasant-sounding. .... We find etymological jesting in Goliardic satire too ....

Thus from the dignified Isidore and the poets of edifying passions and lives of saints we have drifted on to carefree verse. But etymology has yet another surprise in store for us: Dante takes up the game and transforms it in the mysterious mysticism of the Vita nuova, purifies it in the high art of the Commedia.

The young Dante's "glorious lady" is called Beatrice by many "li quali non sapeano che si chiamare." According to Zingarelli, this means: They did not know what name they should give her, and called her Beatrice because they had an inkling of the truth. In § 13 of the treatise Dante cites the dictum: "Nomine sunt conse-

quentia rerum." Italian Dante scholarship claims to have found this principle almost verbatim in Justinian's Institutiones. .... [Dante] used ... [this principle] frequently elsewhere: ... above all in the lives of St. Francis and St. Dominic in the Paradiso. Of St. Francis' birthplace Dante says (XI, 52): Però chi d'esso loco fa parole / Non dica Assesi, chè direbbe corto, / Ma Oriente, se proprio dir vuole. This means: Let him who would interpret the etymology of Assisi not regard Assisi as derived from ascendere (i.e., as "ascent")--that were too little: It was the rising of a sun. In ... [a] canto Dominic and his parents make up a sacred trio of names .... This detail shows yet again that Dante's poetic style came into the inheritance of the Latin Middle Ages and purified it by genius.

The thing was later taken over by Humanism[], the Renaissance, and Baroque. [For] Speaking names .... The last catch-basin, is, as usual, Calderon. .... In his Comedias .... [--Pp. 498-500.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--H. Blair [1762;1850], resumed, "last catch-basin," extension)

Another remarkable instance [of early 'figurative' language, incl. (gustatory) 'gestures'] is the style of the Old Testament, which is carried on by constant allusions to sensible objects. Iniquity, or guilt, is expressed by "a spotted garment;" misery, by "drinking the cup of astonishment;" vain pursuits, by "feeding on ashes;" a sinful life, by "a crooked path;" prosperity, by "the candle of the Lord shining on our head;" and the like, in innumerable instances. Hence we have been accustomed to call this sort of style the oriental style; as fancying it to be peculiar to the nations of the east; whereas, from the American style, and from many other instances, it plainly appears not to have been peculiar to any one region or climate; but to have been common to all nations in certain periods of society and language.

Hence we may receive some light concerning that seeming paradox, that poetry is more ancient than prose. .... [--P. 67.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--Rose Hawthorne Lathrop [1856;1897], resumed, "last catch-basin," extension)

Here are letters written to me [from England] while I was in Portugal with my mother, in 1856: --

MY DEAR LITTLE ROSEBUD,--I have put a kiss for you on this nice, clean piece of paper. I shall fold it carefully, and hope it will not drop out before it gets to Lisbon. If you cannot find it,

you must ask Mamma to look for it. Perhaps you will find it on her lips. Give my best regards to ..., not forgetting your Nurse.  
Your affectionate father,  
N. H.

MY DEAR LITTLE ROSEBUD,--It is a great while since I wrote to you; and I am afraid this letter will be a great while in reaching you. I hope you are a very good little girl; and I am sure you never get into a passion, and never scream, and never scratch and strike your dear Nurse or your dear sister Una. Oh no! my little Rosebud would never do such naughty things as those. .... When you come back to England, ... Mamma (I hope) will say: 'Yes; our little Rosebud has been the best and sweetest little girl I ever knew in my life. She has never screamed nor uttered any but the softest and sweetest sounds. She has never struck Nurse nor Unor nor dear Mamma with her little fist, nor scratched them with her sharp little nails; and if ever there was a little angel on earth, it is our dear little Rosebud!['] And when Papa hears this, he will be very glad, and will take Rosebud up in his arms and kiss her over and over again. But if he were to hear that she had been naughty, Papa would feel it his duty to eat little Rosebud up! Would not that be very terrible?

Julian is quite well, and sends you his love. I have put a kiss for you in this letter; and if you do not find it, you may be sure that some naughty person has got it. Tell Nurse I want to see her very much. Kiss Una for me.

Your loving

PAPA.

[--Pp. 294-95 (Rose Hawthorne, cit. Nathaniel Hawthorne).]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/1,3--P. Gura [1981], resumed, "last catch-basin," extension)

[In The Marble Faun] ..., Hilda, who has witnessed the crime [of Miriam and Donatello, 'reenacting the Fall from Eden,'] and feels as guilty as her two friends, finds peace through, of all institutions, the Roman Catholic church and its sacrament of penance. Although she does not confess to the Catholic clergyman all that she knows--she is too much a loyal child of the Puritans to succumb that completely to papal authority--Hawthorne makes it clear that the symbol of the Church's forgiveness, the confessional, goes far toward assuaging her conscience. In a morally troubling world, then, Hawthorne leads his readers back to the bosom of the mother church in Rome and through his sympathetic treatment of Hilda's predicament implicitly counsels, if only briefly, the necessary ecumenicalism that [Horace] Bushnell sanctioned and that would mark Protestantism's development in the latter part of the

century. If men inhabit a world of private symbols, Hawthorne implies, a world in which guilt no longer can be resolved through the conventional forms of Protestant atonement, one of the more viable solutions to the painful introspection brought on by such newly imposed moral responsibility might be spiritual membership in the most complex symbol system of all, the Catholic church. It may be coincidental [cf. correspondential, flesh/soul-consonant (A. K. V.)] that Hawthorne's daughter Rose herself became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith [a sister of mercy], but one cannot help but think that she was led to that commitment by her father's recognition that the moral agony that accompanied the [rhetoro-orphic!] centrifugal social developments of the 1850s demanded a peace only available in the world's most elaborate symbolic construction. [See again my I.End Notes.16(b,v)--for a Roman Catholic moment of Christ-intimacy.]

For all Hawthorne's genuinely sympathetic interest in his countrymen's unsettling struggle with the moral complexities engendered by religious skepticism, however, the conclusions of his novels offer resolutions that, while personally acceptable to him, could not always have been so appealing to his readers, particularly those who doubted the ethical accommodations made by characters like Hilda ['soothed by the blessing of the pope's emissary'] and Hester ['living out her life in resigned expiation while still paying implicit allegiance to the Puritan community that chastised her']. .... [--Pp. 157-58.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/1-5--H. McPherson [1969], resumed, "last catch-basin," extension)

The second [circle-diagrammed] quartet of empirical character types is passive or benign. As we have seen in the mythological tales, the tyrannical father is frequently linked with an ineffectual but pleasant old man, a benign father (1) who relinquishes his authority and supports the younger generation. Tired old Aegus, Theseus' father, is such a man; he is full of love for his son but totally incompetent to better the young man's fortunes or to triumph over Minos.[ Cf. James Joyce's "anagramatic() transform(ing of) Minos into the false father, 'Simon' Daedelus, in A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man"--1916.] The young man must champion his father and his country. .... It is clear, however, that Hawthorne felt sympathy for these losers in life's power struggle. 'The Old Apple Dealer,' a basic study of this type, is a sympathetic figure; and Uncle Venner, the 'patchwork philosopher' of Seven Gables, knows that the avuncular role is to advise the young rather than command. The great virtue of such sunny characters is their power of sympathy and affection. [Or--of yell-haw!--low extract-seminal transmission (A. K. V.).] ....

The counterpart of the benign father is a female figure whom we may call the benign mother (2). So rare is this type in Hawthorne's fiction that one is tempted to account for her obscurity in biographical terms: was she the kind of woman whom Hawthorne was likely to have known in his own family? In the mythological tales she appears as Aethra, Theseus' 'widowed' mother to whom he finally returns; as Queen Telephassa [=El-passing! code (A. K. V.)], the loyal companion of Cadmus' [cow-directed!] quest; and as Philemon's spouse, [butter-making!] Baucis. In the New England context, dominated by the callous goodwives of Boston, and the younger Hesters and Priscillas, she appears as Mrs. Lindsey of 'The Snow Image,' a [milk-bosomed!] woman who 'all through her life ... had kept her heart full of child-like simplicity and faith' ([Riv. Ed.,] III, 406); and in a more sombre context she is the quietistic [heaven-heuristic!] Dorothy Pearson, [pierce-on!-through-me] foster mother of the [Il(1)!] Gentle Boy ["Imaginative Realm: Passive Types"--"frail moon boy"]. [--Pp. 226-27, w. n. 3, adapt., and w. pp. 236, 239.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--A. Tennyson [1885], "last catch-basin,"  
extension)

A thousand summers ere the time of Christ,  
From out his ancient city came a Seer

.....

... -- ... that old man before  
A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd  
From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke:

.....

"And more, my son! for more than once  
when I

Sat all alone, revolving in myself,  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,  
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the  
limbs

Were strange, not mine--and yet no shade of  
doubt,

But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self  
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours  
Were sun to spark--unshadowable in words.  
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

.....



The clouds themselves are children of the Sun.

.....

And Day and Night are children of the Sun,  
And idle gleams to thee are light to me.

....

[=Ten-(k)n(ee)-s(u)n. --"The Ancient Sage," ll. 1-8, 229-46.]

And, A. Tennyson [1885], "last catch-basin," ext., continued)

.....

And Day and Night are children of the Sun,  
And idle gleams to thee are light to me.  
Some say, the Light was father of the Night,  
And some, the Night was father of the Light,  
No night, no day!--I touch thy world again--  
No ill, no good! such counter-terms, my son,  
Are border-races, holding each its own  
By endless war. But night enough is there  
In yon dark city. Get thee back; and since  
The key to that weird casket, which for thee  
But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,  
But in the hand of what is more than man,  
Or in man's hand when man is more than man,  
Let 'be thy wail, and help thy fellow-men,  
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king,

.....

Nor care--for Hunger hath the evil eye--  
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold  
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;  
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,  
Nor drown thyself with flies in honeyed wine;  
Nor thou be ragefull, like a handled bee,  
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;  
Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for harm,  
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness.

....

[--"The Ancient Sage," ll. 245-72.]

And, A. Tennyson [1885], continued, "think well! / Look higher")

.....

And more--think well! Do-well will follow  
thought,

And in the fatal sequence of this world  
 An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;  
 But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,  
 And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness,  
 A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,  
 And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,  
 And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if  
     thou,  
 Look higher, then--perchance--thou mayest  
     --beyond

A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,  
 And past the range of Night and Shadow  
     --see

The high-heaven a dawn of more than mortal day  
 Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell."

[--"The Ancient Sage," ll. 273-85.]

CHRISTORPHESQUE 4-5/0--W[ill.] B. Yeats [1924], "think well! Look  
 higher," extension)

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still  
 Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed  
 By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,  
 [.....W-Bs,.....-Y-.....-t.....-s.....:

:caught in W(ill)-BY! orocryph]

He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.[]

How can those terrified vague fingers push  
 The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?  
 And how can body, laid in that white rush,  
 But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there  
 The broken wall, the burning roof and tower  
 And Agamemnon dead.[]

Being so caught up,  
 So mastered by the brute blood of the air,  
 Did she put on his knowledge with his power[]  
 Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

[=Y, graph.]

[--"Leda and the Swan."]

And, W. B. Yeats, continued [1921], "think well! Look higher," ext.)

.....! Hardly are those words out  
 When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi<sup>6</sup>

Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert  
 A shape with lion body and the head of a man,<sup>7</sup>  
 a gaze as blank and pitiless as the sun,  
 Is moving its slow thighs, ... [= 'AA Bis!-t', etc.]

.....  
 ... twenty centuries[] of stony sleep  
 ... vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
 And ....., its hour come round at last,  
 Slouches towards Bethlehem[] to be born?

[6. A Yeats term for a kind of divine inspiration, or a storehouse of images which the poet does not invent but receives. (Or, Macht-dein-Mund Loins-Sprint! with Lill--A. K. V.) / 7. The Egyptian sphinx (unlike the Greek) is male. (--Ed. R. Ellmann and R. O'Clair, 1973.)]

[--"The Second Coming," ll. 11-22.]

And, W. B[utler] Yeats, cont'd [1927], "think well! Look higher,"  
 ext.)

## II

I pace upon the battlements<sup>8</sup> and stare  
 On the foundations of a house, or where  
 Tree, like a sooty finger, starts from the earth;  
 [=Y, graph]

And send imagination forth  
 Under the day's declining beam, and call  
 Images and memories  
 From ruin or from ancient trees,  
 For I would ask a question of them all.

Beyond that ridge lived Mrs. French, and once  
 When every silver candlestick or scone  
 Lit up the dark mahogany and the wine,  
 A serving-man, that could divine [= 'Butler Yea-!']  
 That most respected lady's every wish,  
 Ran and with the garden shears [=Y, graph, y-clept]  
 Clipped an insolent farmer's ears  
 And brought them in a little covered dish.<sup>9</sup>  
 [=phoned '-eats!']

.....  
 [8. Of his tower, Thoor Ballylee. / 9.  
 "Mrs. French lived at Peterswell in the  
 eighteenth century and was related to Sir  
 Jonah Barrington who described the incident of the  
 ears and the trouble that came of it." (Yeats's

note) The incident is in Barrington's Personal Sketches of His Own Time, pp. 26-27. (—Ed. R. Ellmann and R. O'Clair, 1973.)]

[—"The Tower," ll. 17-23.]

And, W[ill.] B. Yeats, cont'd [1921], "think well! Look higher,"  
ext.)

Once more the storm is howling, and half hid  
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid  
My child sleeps on. There is no obstacle  
But Gregory's wood[] and one bare hill  
Whereby the haystack- and roof-levelling wind,  
Bred on the Atlantic, can be stayed;  
And for an hour I have walked and prayed  
Because of the great gloom that is in my mind.

.....

.....  
Have I not seen the loveliest woman[] born  
Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,  
Because of her opinionated mind  
Barter that horn and every good  
By quiet natures understood  
For an old bellows full of angry wind?

.....

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house  
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;  
For arrogance and hatred are the wares  
Peddled in the thoroughfares.  
How but in custom and in ceremony  
Are innocence and beauty born?  
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,  
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

[=Y, tri-law & living will.]

[—"A Prayer for My Daughter," ll. 1-8, 59-64, 74-80.]

Sampled immediately above, the mouth-ushered family will of William Butler Yeats has served to complete a select and varied gathering of prose and verse texts. Within that select and varied gathering of prose and verse texts, the prose artist Nathaniel Hawthorne may be said

to pray in superstitious confraternal context forever, or: in mystico-literal ritual form, for sense and soul, for movement and grace, for wise coherence within Divinely apportioned life, wherever its bournes unknown, wherever its Christ-signed responsive readers past, present, and future (bringing round, at the very least, their reader's-eye dew of fresh consounding torment), wherever, finally, the Dark Sun of the Reincarnative Mysteries, the Power behind All Resurrections and That Last One, Historically Prime and Singular, in the Judging Face of the Resolving Word, Historically Prime and Singular.

#### C. Conclusion:

The Scale-Hawthornesque in the Context of Linguistic Science  
as Poetic Study.

In the foregoing, developmental part of this, the fourth and final chapter of the thesis, the oral-consonantal scale of signature-gestures specifically developed for the study of the literary works of Nathaniel Hawthorne has served as a perceptual stratagem for examining the continuity of oral-aspects in critical and literary texts. Would it be improper, at this point, to accommodate an observation made by P. Gura, in The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology, and Literature in the New England Renaissance ([1981], p. 5), to say that perhaps the idea of mouth is "an [extricable-]inextricable part of the cultural matrix from which our classic American writers emerged," and from which authors continue to emerge, as living, appealing, if often enigmatic booked voices for us today? The primitive organismic message of

Hawthorne's discourse on name, in other words, may have organizing value in the study of authors other than Hawthorne; and the applicability to other authors would suggest a convention of oracles, of hunger-artists (cf. Franz Kafka, ca. 1924<sup>14</sup>), as open as the format-jaws of a book to the universal revaluation of the cultural yet anthropomorphic quiring of their forms. But the present study acknowledges the unextricated idiosyncrasies of its own close-readings, and admits it would hesitate at the threshold of any future study of textual orality, consonance, and word-proliferation, which (text-factually) may constitute the structure of an insidious attack--with private over-kill--of all systems of language--the Ambush of Mind through Language, as in Nathaniel Hawthorne.

It would hesitate, however ("... and [the onlookers] did not want ever to move away."--Kafka), with the hope of selecting scale-correlative restricted instruments for the study of shorter expanses of literary text--and, still, from a field of study remarkable for its internal, intellectual disharmony, with regard to the importance of articulatory perception in the emergence of significant phonetic form (I. Fónagy et al., 1971; R. Jakobson and L. Waugh, 1979).<sup>15</sup> Yet in linguistic science speculative, pedagogical, and empirical--the bonding of significant form to articulatory position-differences (esp. of consonant-form) has remained a viable concern (phoneticians of India, ca. 200 B.C. to ca. 450 A.D. [W. Allen, 1953]; J. Grimm, 1822; C. Kraitsir, 1852; R. Paget, 1930, 1963; J. Fourquet, 1948; J. Ladefoged, 1967; D. B. Fry et al., 1976).<sup>16</sup> The bonding of

significant form to articulatory change-movement, especially to consonant-cluster frames as experimental, manipulable counters in the assessment of "psychomorphs," or speech-community universals not necessarily identical with historically corrected etymologies, has remained a viable concern (Socrates-Plato, ca. 400 B.C.; J. Wallace, 1653; H. Blair, 1762-1800, 1850; D. Bolinger, 1950, 1965; R. Jakobson and L. Waugh, 1979).<sup>17</sup> The bonding of correlative perceptions of consonant- and vowel-systems and color- and size-associations with the perception of auditory and articulatory events has remained a viable concern (J. Locke, 1694 [on blindman's "scarlet"]; J. Herder, 1772; E. Sapir, 1915; H. Vetter and J. Tennant, 1967; N. Ketchiff, 1977 [on C. Burchfield, 1912-1919]; R. Jakobson and L. Waugh, 1979).<sup>18</sup> The bonding of word as "creative stress" with anatomical-alphabetic mnemonic systems, serpentine-botanical-solar eidolons, articulatory-elastic imagery, and neurological and endocrine-feed process in phonetico-mystical states has remained a viable concern (Sepher Yetzirah [Cabala]; Dante, ca. 1311 [E. Curtius, 1948, 1977]; H. Blair, 1762-1800, 1850; G. Lessing, 1766; N. Karamzin, 1799-1803 [G. Hammarberg, 1981]; S. Coleridge, 1815-1816; D. Brewster, 1836; W. Whitman, 1855; A. Schleicher, 1861; F. de Saussure, 1906-1909, 1979; T. S. Eliot, 1933, 1952; O. Numbiar, 1971; A. Greimas, 1974; W. Howard, 1979).<sup>19</sup> The bonding of significant form and social-individual emergence to the maturity and health of oral anatomy--especially to the maturation of the velar-stop mechanism--has remained a viable concern (Quintilianus, 35?-100? A.D.; J. Komenský-Comenius, ca. 1650;

N. Hawthorne as children's "Quicksilver," "Grandfather," 1841-1853; Sh. Aleichem, 1900; J. Bosma et al., 1970; P. Menyuk, 1971; G. Miller, 1981).<sup>20</sup> And the bonding of significant form to the (reconstructed) physical facts of human postural evolution--which allowed for inter-dependent changes in hand-feeding, frontalization of sexual behavior, and development of brain, speech-apparatus, and of the speech-interactive community--has remained a viable concern (J. Rousseau, 1755; H. Clarke, 1852-1887; and A. R. Wallace, 1881-1896; R. Paget, 1930, 1963; G. Révész, 1939-1942, 1956; E. Froeschels, 1943; E. DeBruel, 1958; C. Hockett et al., 1964; P. Lieberman, 1975; J. Sheets, 1977),<sup>21</sup> possibly relevant to continuing rituals of (diverse-level) verbo-poetic aggression and recession in writers and readers, culinary designs and theatrical consummations celebrating Provident oro-genital truncations, and lasting if pliant self-reassertion of male-individuative contest-rhetoric (St. Augustine, 354-430 A.D.; Ch. Dickens, 1837; B. Croce, 1902, 1922, 1956; D. MacDougald, 1949-1950; E. Voegelin, 1949-1950; E. Neumann [w. C. Jung], 19 , 1954 [esp. discus. fetal symbol "oruboros" (=tail-eater)]; C. Lévi-Strauss, 1964, 1969; K. Burke, 1966 [esp. interpr. Th. Roethke, ca. 1950]; T. Todorov, 1967, 1977; J. Kinneavy, 1971; J. Swan, 1974 [K. Dauber, 1977]; B. Bettelheim, 1967; F. Collins, 1977 [esp. interpr. Sylvia Plath, ca. 1963]; M. Quilligan, 1979; W. Ong, 1971 and 1981; A. Hustad, 1981).<sup>22</sup> These viable, articulation-linked concerns of studies in phonetic symbolism constitute the province of exchange, for the choosing of scale-correlative, retemperable devices, in the study-



extending, future reading of literary texts that would hunger after near/self-determined, intimately ever-present, immortal design.

To help close the present reading of texts, the study cites the oral prose-excitement of Roman Jakobson (with Linda Waugh)--or the printed self-assertion which closes the fourth and final essay, "The Spell of Speech Sounds," in The Sound Shape of Language (1979). The study cites that closing statement as a self-evident demonstration of the (mix of) oral-motor values which must perhaps inform the idea of "immediate [phonetic] signification"--even in the text of a language scientist devoted to the defense of the auditory ground in the structural investigation of phonetic systems. The oral immediacy of Jakobson (1979), forecasting the ultimate, sperm-transcendental union of poetic and linguistic disciplines in phonetic signs (the signs of Miltonic Virginal Stable), reads as follows:

....

The passion of the linguist and poet Edward Sapir for the work of the poet and linguist Gerard Manley Hopkins, and particularly for his "almost terrible immediacy of utterance," a power spontaneously bound with a "wild joy in the sheer sound of words" ([Selected Writings, ed. D. Mandelbaum (Berkeley, Calif., 1949), p.] 500), reflects both Hopkins' and Sapir's magic insight into the "inscape" of poetic creation. One recalls the nickname "medicine man" assigned to Sapir by Leonard Bloomfield (see [C. F. Hockett[, ed., A Leonard Bloomfield Anthology (Bloomington, Ind., 1970), p.] 540).

That spell of the "sheer sound of words" which bursts out in the expressive, sorcerous, and mythopoeic tasks of language, and to the utmost extent in poetry, supplements and counter-balances the specific linguistic device of 'double articulation' ['sound matter ... into words,' then 'words to generate sentences'] and supersedes this disunity by endowing the distinctive features themselves with the power of immediate signification. Their mediate way of signification totally disappears in the poetic experiments of the early twentieth century, which are parallel

to the abstract trend in painting and akin to the magic ingredient in oral tradition (cf. R[.] J[akobson, Selected Writings, V (The Hague, 1979),] 353f.; [A.] Liede[, Dichtung als Spiel, Studien zur Unsinnpoesie an den Grenzen der Sprache, II (Berlin, 1963),] 221ff.). Thus, in rereading the poem "Das grosse Lalulā of Christian Morgenstern (1871-1914) in his book of Galgenlieder introduced by Zarathustra's saying--"a true man conceals in himself a child who wants to play"--One is struck by lines such as Seiokronto - prafriplo and Hontraruru miromente, with their glossolalic ntr, as well as the subsequent line Entepente, leio-lente, which is quite close to counting-out rhymes: the ente pente of Abzählsreime. And in fact it was precisely the counters of children's games (such as éni béni, áni báni) which inspired the versicle "Vánja-bánja" of the famous Nebesnye verblijužata 'The Heavenly Baby Camels' by the Russian avant-grade poet Elena Guro (1877-1913[; publ. St. Petersburg, 1914]).

The ubiquity and mutual implication of Verb and Verbal Art impart a seminal unity to the forthcoming science of the two inseparable universals, Language and Poetry.

(Jakobson and Waugh, p. 231--cit. sources as noted) <sup>23</sup>

And to the above, the wood-prose mask of Nathaniel Hawthorne (see motto, Chapter I), the lion's head of the ntr-intoning Grandfather's Chair, in its private self-address to "the larger questions of language and meaning" (P. Gura, p. 153), may be fancied synchronically to remark: and the lion's head at the summit, seamed almost to split its hawse and shake its name--

....

Thou gavest me their necks, on them Thou mad'est me passe.  
Behold they cry, but who to them his help applies?

.....

Thus freed from mutin men, thou makest me to reign,  
Yea Thou dost make me serv'd by folks I never knew;  
My name their eares, their eares their hearts to me enchaine;

.....

.....  
Among the Gentiles then I, Lord, yeild thanks to Thee,  
I to Thy Name will sing, and this my song shall bee:

He nobly saves his King, and kindness keeps in store,  
For David his Anoynt, and his seed ever more.

(The Psalms of David, Ps. XVIII, metaphrase by Sidney [1585])<sup>24</sup>

In the psychomorphic linguistic cradle of mouth, the present study, in other words, folds its leaves, to investigate oral-gestural instruments, which may contribute to the forthcoming harmonies of linguistic science and verbal art. "He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, .... / .... / ... and Crito closed his eyes and mouth." (The death of Socrates, Phaedo.)<sup>25</sup>

CHAPTER IV: END NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Hawthorne, Our Old Home: A Series of English Sketches (1863), in Vol. 5 (1970) of The Centenary Edition, ed. W. Charvat et al., 311.

<sup>2</sup> Philip F. Gura, The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology, and Literature in the New England Renaissance (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan Univ. Press, 1981). Subsequent bibliogr. references to the study occur parenthetically within the text of my Chapter IV and within the notes.

<sup>3</sup> John O. Rees, "Elizabeth Peabody and 'The Very A B C': A Note on The House of the Seven Gables," American Literature, Vol. 38, No. 4 (Jan. 1967), 537-40 ("... but Elizabeth's venture with 'the very A B C' deserves to be remembered, if only for lending a touch of authentic local ['schoolmistress'] color to Hawthorne's novel."--on Hepzibah Pyncheon in Ch. 2 [CE, II:38-39]).

<sup>4</sup> Eleven authors, twentieth-century Hawthorne criticism (chronologically): D. H. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and The Scarlet Letter," from Studies in Classic American Literature (1924), in Selected Literary Criticism, ed. Anthony Beal (New York: Viking, 1971), pp. 347-63, with "Bavarian Gentians" (1932), in The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence, ed. Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts (New York: Viking, 1971), p. 697; Yvor Winters, "Maule's Curse, or Hawthorne and The Problem of Allegory," in Maule's Curse: Seven Studies in the History of American Obscurantism; Hawthorne--Cooper--Melville--Poe--Emerson[&]Jones Very--Emily Dickinson--Henry James (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1938), pp. 3-22; Edward H. Davidson, Hawthorne's Last Phase (New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ. Press, 1949); Flannery O'Connor, Letter to William Sessions (13 September [19]60), in The Habit of Being: Letters, ed. Sally Fitzgerald (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1979), p. 407, with Letter to "A." (23 June [19]69), in The Habit of Being, pp. 480-81; Robert E. Gross, "Hawthorne's First Novel: The Future of a Style," Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. 78, No. 1 (March 1963), 60-68; Hugo McPherson, Hawthorne as Myth-Maker: A Study in Imagination (Canada: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1969); J. Donald Crowley, "Historical Commentary," Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales, in Vol. 9 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, ed. W. Charvat et al., 485-533; Kenneth Dauber, Rediscovering Hawthorne (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1977); Richard C. Freed, Hawthorne's Allegories of Composition, Diss. Univ. of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, 1979. (Ann Arbor, Mich.: Univ. Microfilms Intern., 1981); John T. Irwin, "Hawthorne and Melville," in American Hieroglyphics: The Symbol of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics in the American Renaissance (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1980), pp. 237-349; Brook Thomas, "The House of the Seven Gables: Reading the Romance of America," Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. 97,

No. 2 (March 1982), 195-211. Subsequent bibliogr. references to the studies occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.1.

<sup>5</sup> Seven authors, twentieth-century criticism of Hawthorne, of other nineteenth-century American writers, of nineteenth-century intellectual milieu (chronologically, by critical study): Norman Foerster, Introductory Commentary, "Herman Melville (1819-1891)," in American Poetry and Prose, 4th ed., ed. N. Foerster (Boston: Houghton, 1957), pp. 682-83; Jean Normand, Nathaniel Hawthorne: An Approach to an Analysis of Artistic Creation (1964), tr. Derek Coltman (Cleveland: Case Western Univ. Press, 1970); J. Donald Crowley, Introductory Commentary, "[Herman Melville], 'Hawthorne and His Mosses,'" in Hawthorne: The Critical Heritage, ed. J. D. Crowley (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1970), p. 111; Kenneth Dauber, Rediscovering Hawthorne (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1977); Maureen Quilligan, "Hawthorne['s] ... threshold text," in The Language of Allegory: Defining the Genre (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1979), pp. 51-55, with other pages; John T. Irwin, American Hieroglyphics: The Symbol of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics in the American Renaissance (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1980); Philip F. Gura, The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology, and Literature in the New England Renaissance (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan Univ. Press, 1981). Subsequent bibliogr. references to the studies occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.2.

<sup>6</sup> Five authors, Period (or nineteenth-century) American sources (chronologically): National Hawthorne, Hawthorne's First Diary (ca. 1819), ed. Samuel T. Pickard (Boston: Houghton-Riverside, 1897), "The Old Manse: The Author Makes the Reader Acquainted with His Abode," Preface to Mosses from an Old Manse (1846), in Vol. 10 (1974) of The Centenary Edition, 3-35, and "Main-street," in Aesthetic Papers, ed. Elizabeth P. Peabody (Boston: The Editor-G. P. Putnam, 1849), repr. with introduct. Joseph Jones (Gainesville, Fla.: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, 1957), p. v and pp. 145-74; Francis Lieber, ed., "Hieroglyphics," in Vol. 6 of the Encyclopaedia Americana [1st ed.] (Philadelphia: Carey and Lea, 1829/1830-1833) (Vol. 6 listed by Marion L. Kesselring, in "Hawthorne's Reading, 1828-1850," Bulletin of The New York Public Library, Vol. 53, No. 2 [February 1949], 132, 134, also 179--as 1834, 1836 borrowing from Salem Athenaeum, under Hawthorne's name, possibly by sister Elizabeth); Elizabeth P. Peabody, ed., Aesthetic Papers (Boston: The Editor-G. P. Putnam; 1849), repr. with introduct. Joseph Jones (Gainesville, Fla.: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, 1957), esp. "Art. XI. Language," by Elizabeth P. Peabody, p. v and pp. 214-24; An English Resident [=Thomas Spencer? Nathaniel Hawthorne?; see my II.End Notes.7], "Art. XII. Vegetation about Salem, Mass.," Aesthetic Papers, ed. Elizabeth P. Peabody (1849), repr. with introduct. Joseph Jones (1957), p. v and pp. 224-45; Herman Melville, "Hawthorne and His Mosses. By a Virginian Spending His Summer in Vermont," from the Literary World, vii (17 and 24 August 1850), 125-7, 145-7, as cit. by J. Donald Crowley, ed., Hawthorne: The Critical Heritage (New York: Barnes and Noble,

1970), pp. 111-26, Inscription to Hawthorne and "Etymology," Moby Dick; Or, The Whale (1851), ed. Luther S. Mansfield and Howard P. Vincent (New York: Hendricks, 1952), pp. xxxv-xxxviii, "Monody" (1891), in American Poetry, ed. Gay Wilson Allen, Walter B. Rideout, and James K. Robinson (New York: Harper, 1965), p. 501, w. crit. notes, p. 1166, and other Melville texts, as cited by J. Donald Crowley and by Jean Normand (see my note 5, above). Subsequent bibliogr. references to the Period sources appear parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.2.

<sup>7</sup> Three authors, Period (Scots-)English critical heritage (chronologically): William Drummond of Hawthornden [1585-1649], "Character of a perfect Anagram," in The Works of William Drummond, of Hawthornden (Edinburgh: James Watson, 1711), pp. 230-31 (Hawthorne's literary acquaintance with poets of Ben Jonson's time and acquaintance hinted in "P.'s Correspondence" [1845]--see my III.B.3.a[r-05]; see also my I.End Notes.9[d], "Anagrammatic Poem, American Puritan," commentary by Roy Harvey Pearce [1961], and my II.End Notes.7); Hugh Blair [lect. Univ. Edinburgh, 1762-1800], "[T]he radical words," "[H]ieroglyphics," and "[S]poken language ... over written language," in Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Univ., Col. and Schl. Ed., [Ed.] Abraham Mills (Philadelphia: Porter and Coates, 1850), pp. 61-62, 72-73, and 77-78 (Blair listed in Hawthorne's Bowdoin curriculum, 1822--à la Randall Stewart, Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Biography [New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1948], p. 16); David Brewster, "Kempelen's [1734-1804] Talking Machine," in Letters on Natural Magic[,] Addressed to Sir Walter Scott (New York: Harper, [1832 and] 1836), pp. 191-93 (Brewster [1832] listed by M. Kesselring, pp. 136, 175--as libr. borrowing, 1837). Subsequent bibliogr. references to the heritage sources occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.2.

<sup>8</sup> Two authors, present-day American lexical and botanical reference (chronologically): The editors, "Rosetta stone," Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition Unabridged (Springfield, Mass.: G. and C. Merriam, 1934-1945) (note: "ro·set·ta stone ...: something that furnishes the first clue to the decipherment of a previously incomprehensible system of ideas or state of affairs[;'] the book can be its own Rosetta stone and it is an interesting game to try to ferret out meanings by comparing passages till the puzzle is solved[,'--Ellsworth Ferris (ca. 1930?)]"--in Webster's Third ... Unabridged [1961-1971]); Kendall Laughlin, Manual of the Hawthorns of Cook and Du Page Counties of Illinois, Standard Ed. ([Chicago, Ill.]: Print under Arrangements Made by the Author, 1956) (standard descriptions, with discussion of nineteenth-century American botanical classification activity; University of Chicago collection [Hawthorne's own use of lexical and botanical references should be further researched, via Kesselring (see my note 6, above), F. Bowers et alii (CE, II, Textual Note 55.3), and J. R. Mellow (see my note 9, immediately below--p. 15 in Mellow, on R. Manning's Book of Fruits [1838])). Subsequent bibliogr.

references to the two present-day references appear parenthetically or between brackets in the text of my Section IV.B.2.

<sup>9</sup> Six authors, late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century criticism of world literature and/or criticism of Hawthorne (chronologically, by subject of study): Hugo McPherson, Hawthorne as Myth-Maker: A Study in Imagination (Canada: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1969) (H.'s re-use studied, of Classical myths à la Charles Anthon, A Classical Dictionary, Containing an Account of the Principal Proper Names Mentioned in Ancient Authors ..., 4th ed. [New York: Harper, 1848]); Ernst R. Curtius, "XIV. Etymology as a Category of Thought," in European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages (1948), tr. Willard R. Trask (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1953), pp. 495-500 ("Beatrice" of H.'s "Rappaccini's Daughter" [1844] recognized as Dantesque name, in discussion of Italian origins of names in that tale, by Burton R. Pollin, in Names, Vol. 14 [1966], 30-35)-- both Curtius and Pollin listed by Elizabeth M. Rajec, in The Study of Names in Literature: A Bibliography [New York: Saur, 1978]); Jean Normand, Nathaniel Hawthorne: An Approach to an Analysis of Artistic Creation (Hawthorne 1804-1864; 1964), tr. Derek Coltman (Cleveland: Case Western Univ. Press, 1970) (Normand's perception of a single, unifying voice-structure grown in Hawthorne's significant works may be positively correlated with experimental-linguistic conclusions offered by Dolores M. Burton [appl. K. Pike (1945) and others], on Dimmesdale's pre-death address from Hester's scaffold [SL--CE, I:254-5], in "Intonation Patterns of Sermon's in Seven Novels," Language and Style, Vol. 3, No. 3 [Summer 1970], 205-20, esp. 212-13, and it is reinforced by the perception of sound-imagery as a "most pervasive pattern," advanced by Edward C. Sampson, in "Sound-Imagery in The House of The Seven Gables," The English Record, Vol. 22, No. 2 [Winter, 1971], 26-29); Leland Schubert, "Rhythm," in Hawthorne, the Artist: Fine-Art Devices in Fiction (Hawthorne ca. 1830-1860) (Chapel Hill: The Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1944), pp. 66-92; Philip F. Gura, "Ambiguity and Its Fruits: Toward Hawthorne and Melville" (Hawthorne, ca. 1835-1860, and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, ca. [1899]), in The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology, and Literature in the New England Renaissance (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan Univ. Press, 1981), pp. 147-89 (Rose H. Lathrop's conversion in 1899 to Roman Catholicism--as Mother Alphonsa, of the Third Order of St. Dominic, in New York--discussed further by James R. Mellow, in Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times [Boston: Houghton, 1980], pp. 587, 588); Stéphane Mallarmé [1842-1898], "Music and Literature" [ca. 1893], in Mallarmé: Selected Prose, Poems, Essays and Letters (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1956), pp. 43-56 (appreciates prose-craft as subliminal rhyme--phallic/vegetal play). Subsequent bibliogr. references to the six studies occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.3.

<sup>10</sup> Two authors (one multiple), Period American sources (chronologically): Anonymous American author, "[Dryden]," Original Charades, Prepared for the Fair of the Bunker Hill Monument, Held in Boston, September, 1840 (Boston: Samuel N. Dickinson, 1840), p. 88; Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, citing N. Hawthorne (1856), Una Hawthorne (ca. 1856),

and Sophia Hawthorne (ca. 1856), in "X[.] English Days ...," and citing Louisa Alcott (1860) and Sophia Hawthorne (1860), in "XIV[.] The Wayside," in Memories of Hawthorne (Boston: Houghton-Riverside, 1897), pp. 294-95, 302-3 and pp. 424-6. Subsequent bibliogr. references to the Period sources occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.3.

<sup>11</sup>One author, Period (Scots-)English critical heritage (in source order): Hugh Blair [lect. Univ. Edinburgh, 1762-1800], "Taste [and] Taste and genius," "A species of beauty[:] the structure of a tree ... the parts ... suited to the growth and nutriment of the whole," "[T]he American languages[:] tree of peace," and "[T]he style of the Old Testament," in Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Univ. Col. and Schl. Ed., [Ed.] Abraham Mills (Philadelphia: Porter and Coates, 1850), pp. 16-18 and 29, pp. 53-54, pp. 66-67 with note, and p. 67 (Blair in Hawthorne's Bowdoin curriculum--see again my note 7, above). Subsequent bibliogr. citations of the crit. heritage source occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.3.

<sup>12</sup>Eight authors, English literary tradition 1500-1950 (chronologically): St. John of Patmos [ca. 33 A.D.], Revelation 2.16-17, 19, 25, 28, and Revelation 21.6, King James Authorized Version [1611], marginal text in The Interlinear Greek-English New Testament, The Nestle Greek Text w. Lit. Engl. Tr. by Rev. Alfred Marshall (Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan, 1975 and 1976), pp. 962-63 and p. 1021; Sir Philip Sidney, Poems from The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia (ca. 1580), The Second Eclogues, Poem 31, in The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney, ed. William A. Ringler (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1962, repr. 1971), pp. 62-65; Edmund Spenser, The Faerie Queene (ca. 1595), I.i.19-22, 24-25, I.v.33-35, and I.vii.9-10, in The Complete Poetical Works of Spenser, ed. R. E. Neil Dodge (Boston: Houghton-Cambridge, 1908 and 1936), pp. 147b-148a, p. 176a, and p. 186a-b; John Milton, On the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629), Stanzas 7, 19-20, 24-27, in Complete Poems and Major Prose, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co.-Odyssey, 1957), pp. 45, 48, 49-50; Samuel Richardson, Clarissa, or The History of a Young Lady (1747-1748), abr. and ed. George Sherburn (Boston: Houghton, 1962), pp. 86-88, pp. 514-16; Sir Walter Scott, Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field (1808), Intro.i.1-14, 42-50, and Intro.ii.5-19, 70-87, in J. Howard B. Masterman's edition (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1894, rpt. 1912), pp. 57 and pp. 36, 38-39; Alfred Lord Tennyson, "The Ancient Sage" (1885), ll. 1-8, 229-85, in Victorian Poetry and Poetics, 2nd ed., ed. Walter E. Houghton and G. Robert Stange (New York: Houghton, 1968), pp. 157a, 159b-60a; W. B. Yeats, "The Second Coming" (1921), "A Prayer for My Daughter" (1921), "Leda and the Swan" (1924), and "The Tower" (1927), ll. 17-32, in The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry, ed. Richard Ellman and Robert O'Clair (New York: Norton, 1973), pp. 131, 132-33, 134, 136, with ed. notes. (Commentary on Hawthorne's relationship to the English tradition may be found in: Julian Hawthorne, remarks on a privately marked, family heirloom copy of Sidney's Arcadia, in Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife: A Biography, 2 vols., 4th ed. [Boston: Osgood, 1885], I, 34-35;



Buford Jones, "Hawthorne and Spenser: From Allusion to Allegory," in The Nathaniel Hawthorne Journal, 1975, pp. 71-90; Robert E. Gross, remarks on H.'s stylistic relationship to Samuel Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, in "Hawthorne's First Novel: The Future of a Style," PMLA, Vol. 78, No. 1 [March 1963], 60b-61a, 63a [see IV.B.1 and n. 4, above]; Nathaniel Hawthorne, allusion to "Sonnets, stanzas of Tennysonian sweetness," in "The Antique Ring" [1843], Uncollected Tales, in Vol. 11 [1974] of The Centenary Edition, 339; and other sources and studies, reviewed recently by Lea B. V. Newman, in A Reader's Guide to the Short Stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne [Boston: Hall, 1979]. See again my Section I.B.1 [cit. Julian Hawthorne], my III.B.2.a[k-11], my III.B.1.a [n-16]e.five, my III.B.3.c.three. See also my II.End Notes.7, my III. End Notes.8,9, my bracketed notes end Melville [1850] quot., in IV.B.2.) Subsequent bibliogr. references to the texts of the eight English authors occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.3.

<sup>13</sup>One author, present-day American popular reference (in source order): Robert Rodale, "The hawthorn[']s ... reputation for healing powers ... Biblical" and "Several types ... produce fruit ... vitamin-rich and edible," in "Hawthorn: Tree with a Heart," Organic Gardening and Farming, Vol. 23, No. 1 (Jan. 1976), 52-53, 53 (remarks on turn-of-century use of hawthorn tincture may especially reflect upon the private regenerative significance of elixir-blood motifs in Hawthorne's unfinished works--as sampled in my III.A['e'], B.1-5.e, and as discussed by E. H. Davidson [1949] and other critics, in my IV.B.1 and thereafter; remarks on jelly-making may high-symbolically apply to "Rappaccini's Daughter"--as read in my III.B.5.d.two-three, and esp. in combination with D. Brewster's gum-organs [see again my Section IV.B.2 and note 7, above]). Subsequent bibliogr. citations of the present-day reference on gardening occur parenthetically or between brackets within the text of my Section IV.B.3.

<sup>14</sup>"Ein Hungerkünstler [is] one of ... [Kafka's] last [works] before his death at the age of forty ...[, and] display[s] ... the work ... of the artist in extremis .... [T]he consensus of critical opinion holds that although Kafka is a writer easy enough to read, he is difficult indeed to understand. The problem confronting the reader is not so much the necessity of 'deciphering' each or any story or novel, but rather the possibility of finding an approach that will allow the works themselves to deliver their own inscrutable content and enigmatic significance." (Bluma Goldstein, "Commentary," in A Reader in German Literature, ed. Robert Spaethling and Eugene Weber [New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1969], pp. 160-61). Appearing parenthetically within the text of my conclusion is the extreme terminus of Kafka's circum-throat-hold anagrammatic panther-tale (translated by Willa and Edwin Muir, as "A Hunger Artist," in The Penal Colony: Stories and Short Pieces [New York: Schocken Bks., 1948, rpt. 1971], pp. 243-56).

<sup>15</sup> For some of the controversy, see: Ivan Fónagy [et al.], "The Functions of Vocal Style" and "Discussion of Fónagy's Paper," in Literary Style: A Symposium, ed. and (in part) trans. by Seymour Chatman (London and New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1971), pp. 159-75 and pp. 175-78--esp. p. 172 note 4 and the "Discussion," pp. 175-78; and Roman Jakobson and Linda Waugh, The Sound Shape of Language (Bloomington and London: Indiana Univ. Press; 1979), p. 185 and systematically throughout (i.e., watchful of "bias toward determinant 'mechanical factors'"--a bias, perhaps, in Fónagy, Die Metaphern in der Phonetik [The Hague, 1963], esp. in commentary pp. 60 ff. [also see Jakobson and Waugh (1979) in my I.End Notes.12]).

<sup>16</sup> On the ancient Indian phoneticians--see W. B. Allen, Phonetics in Ancient India (London, 1965), esp. p. 81, and Jakobson and Waugh (1979), p. 11; on Jakob Grimm--see R. H. Robins, A Short History of Linguistics (Bloomington and London: Indiana Univ. Press, 1968), pp. 133, 170-72, 181-84, 223; on Charles Kraitsir--see again my Section I.B.3, my I.End Notes.12, my I.End Notes.3, and see Paget, pp. 165-66, "Mouth Gesture in Chinese" ("The Canton dialect has lost far fewer consonants than the Pekin dialect, and its symbolism is therefore much more evident"); on J. Fourquet (Les mutations consonantiques in germanique [Paris, 1948])--see R. H. Robins (1968), p. 223; on J. Ladefoged--see J. Peter Ladefoged, Three Areas of Experimental Phonetics (London: Oxford U. Press, 1967), esp. pp. 165-67 ("... vowel qualities are assessed mainly by reference to an ordering of the acoustic properties of the syllable. / In the case of consonant qualities, however, the articulatory equivalents of the auditory qualities are of great importance. ...."); on D. B. Fry [et al.]--see D. B. Fry, ed., Acoustic Phonetics: A Course of Basic Readings (Cambridge, London, New York, Melbourne: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1976), esp. remarks on mouth-positional stratagem in a study of consonant-cue non-differentiation (note, also, the inclusion in the basic course, 1976, of a 1922 vowel study by Richard Paget--as an index to the continued linguistic valuation of the author who has served as the main linguistic resource in the present study of Hawthorne).

<sup>17</sup> On Socrates in Plato--see B[enjamin] Jowett [1817-1893], tr. and ed., Cratylus, in Vol. 3 of The Dialogues of Plato, 4 vols., 4th ed. cor. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1953-1968), 1-106; on John Wallis (and Plato)--see Hugh Blair, pp. 61-62 note(s) (quoted in my Section IV.B.2, ident. in full in note 7, above), and see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), p. 197, reviewing, as Wallis-continuative, the work of Dwight L. Bolinger (U.S.A., 1946-1977), on "verbal affinities"; on Dwight Bolinger--see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), pp. 197-99 and bibliogr., and esp. see Bolinger, on "Rime, Assonance, and Morpheme Analysis," in Word, 6 (1950), 117-36 (also "summed up," à la Jakobson and Waugh, in Bolinger's Forms of English [Cambridge, Mass., 1965]); on Jakobson and Waugh (1979)--see esp. Jakobson and Waugh (1979) reviewing Bolinger as indicated, and praising the work as a major contribution to the study of speech sounds as immediate signifiers (forms not always subordinate to verbal convention or syntactic rules in the structuration of language). (The term "psycho-

morphs" I take from Jakobson and Waugh's review [p. 198] of Markell and Hamp [1960]--equated in the review with Bolinger's "submorphemic differentials" and with Householder's [1946] "phonestheme." Not only "continuous and discontinuous clusters" of consonants, but also "in certain positions single phonemes" [a vowel is cited], may take on psychomorphic status--à la Jakobson and Waugh, discussing Bolinger [pp. 198-99].)

<sup>18</sup> On John Locke (Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Part III [London, 1694], p. 4)--see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), pp. 193-94; on J. G. Herder--see R. H. Robins (1968), esp. p. 152 (see also my II.End Notes.7); on E. Sapir--see esp. Jakobson and Waugh (1979), pp. 204-8, or "Speech Sounds in Mythopoeic Usage" (on human-physique signals, consonant-shifts in divine address and song, etc., in American Indian languages); on Harold J. Vetter and John A. Tennant--see Harold J. Vetter and John A. Tennant, as ident. in my I.End Notes.3; on Nancy B. Ketchiff (on Burchfield)--see Nancy B. Ketchiff, The Invisible Made Visible: Sound Imagery in the Early Watercolors of Charles Burchfield, Diss. Univ. of North Carolina 1977 (Ann Arbor, Mich.: Univ. Microfilms Intern., 1981); on Jakobson and Waugh--see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), reviewing, throughout, sound symbolism studies in terms of systematic "distinctive feature" constructs, hypothesized as near-universal perceptual categories based on binary logic native to human nervous system (but see esp. pp. 188-94, "Synesthesia"). (On Nathaniel Hawthorne's sense of binary oral-move, -mass, and -organ oppositions--possibly à la Kraitsiran butterfly-logic [P. Gura (1981), pp. 128-29]--see my I.End Notes.10[d,ii], my III.B.5.a[b-19]. The mute A [à la M. Quilligan (1979)] may have a direct heritage-readings link with John Locke's record, on the blindman's scarlet-compared, to the "sound of a trumpet"--but as a speechless man's "HAW!"--compared, to a valley amid ever-doubling, rho-fold glands/organs [see again my III.B.3.d, III.C, IV.B.2].)

<sup>19</sup> On the Sepher Yetzirah (or the Jewish Book of Creation)--see O. K. Numbiar, "Spirit--Psyche--Symbol--Song," in Yearbook of Comparative Criticism, IV: Anagogic Qualities of Literature, ed. Joseph P. Strelka (Univ. Park and London: The Pennsylvania State Univ. Press, 1971), p. 75, n. 8; on Dante--see Ernst R. Curtius (1953), esp. pp. 499-500 (quoted in my Section IV.B.3, ident. in full in note 9, above); on Hugh Blair--see Hugh Blair, as quoted in my Section IV.B.3 and ident. in note 11, above; on G. E. Lessing (Laokoon[,] oder über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poesie, 1766)--see René Wellek and Austin Warren, "[XI.] Literature and the Other Arts," in Theory of Literature, 3rd ed. (New York: Harcourt, 1956), p. 126; on Nikolay M. Karamzin (Rycar' našego vremeni, 1799-1803)--see Gitta Hammarberg, "Metafiction in Russian 18th Century Prose: Karamzin's Rycar' našego vremeni or Novyj Akteon, vnuk Kadma i Garmonii," Scando-Slavica, Tom. 27 (Copenhagen: Munksgaard, 1981), 27-46, esp. 36-39, on "the 'botany of the text'"; on Samuel T. Coleridge (Biographia Literaria [1815-1816], and other works)--see M. H. Abrams, The Mirror and the Lamp: Romantic Theory and the Critical Tradition (New York: Norton, 1953; rpt.

1958), esp. pp. 68-69, on the idea of "the mind ... as a living plant, growing into its perception," held by Coleridge, and see Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1957, rpt. 1971), esp. pp. 125-27, on Coleridge and the use of the universal Word ("The discussion of the universal Word at the opening of the Chhandogya Upanishad [where it is symbolized by the sacred word "Aum"] is exactly as relevant and as irrelevant to literary criticism as the discussion at the opening of the Fourth Gospel. Coleridge was right in thinking that the "Logos" was the goal of his work as a critic, but not right in thinking that his poetic Logos would so inevitably be absorbed into Christ as to make literary criticism a kind of natural theology" [p. 126; cf. my Coleridge-right/Frye-wrong reading of Hawthorne, III.B.4.b.two, d.three-four--and one in accord with Hawthorne's youthful verses, cited in my I.B.3(v--w/v/f)]; on Sir David Brewster--see Sir David Brewster (1836), esp. pp. 175-85, remarks on "Kaleidophone," "Acoustic Figures," "Silence from Two Sounds," "Darkness from Two Lights" (work ident. in full in my note 7, above): on Walt Whitman (Song of Myself, 1855)--see O. K. Numbiar (1971), 69-73, but within the full tantric context of the study; on August Schleicher (linguistic genealogical tree model, 1861)--see R. H. Robins (1968), pp. 178-82; on Ferdinand de Saussure--see Jean Starobinski, Words upon Words: The Anagrams of Ferdinand de Saussure [1906-1909] (1971), tr. Olivia Emmet (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1979), and see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), esp. pp. 220-21; on T. S. Eliot--see T. S. Eliot, on Matthew Arnold, in The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism: Studies in the Relation of Criticism to Poetry in England (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1933), p. 111, or "the 'auditory imagination'" which Arnold should have (and which 'Tom S. Alley-cat' privi-anagrammatically [?] rehearses, in Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats [1930?], The Complete Poems and Plays [New York: Harcourt, 1952], pp. 147-71); on O. K. Numbiar--see O. K. Numbiar (1971), esp. interpreting, throughout, the neural-serpentine Kundalini and the organs-extend, over-flow-feed language of Eastern and Western mystics experiencing "creative stress" (p. 52); on A. J. Greimas--see A. J. Greimas, "Kaukai ir aitvarai (antroji dalis: aitvaras)," Metmenys: kūryba ir analizė, 28 (1974), 22-67, esp. 55-56, or discussion of demonic "[etymological semantism]" in a hypothesized Baltic-Lithuanian mythological model embracing change; on William L. Howard--see William L. Howard, The Modification of Self-Concept, Anxiety and Neuro-Muscular Performance through Rational Stage Directed Hypnotherapy: A Cognitive Experiential Perspective Using Cognitive Restructuring and Hypnosis, Diss. The Ohio State Univ. 1979 (Ann Arbor, Mich.: Univ. Microfilms Intern., 1981), esp. pp. 59-60, on self-verbalization during snake-handling, as significant component of a behavior modification strategy for achieving a symbolic mastery model (cf. Hawthorne's "thin and brittle elaborations of puns and 'sight gags' like 'The Bosom Serpent' or 'The Man of Adamant'"--i.e., à la Taylor Stoehr, in "Mesmerism," Hawthorne's Mad Scientists: Pseudoscience and Social Science in Nineteenth-Century Life and Letters [Archon Bks., 1978], p. 52; see again my II.End Notes.11).

<sup>20</sup> On Quintilianus (... Institutionis Oratoriae ...)--see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), p. 162; on Comenius (remembered for first picture-book, ca. 1650)--see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), p. 162; on Nathaniel Hawthorne in nominal self-rhyming with the tradition of language education (perhaps even as "Quicksilver"/Quintilian, "Grandfather"/Grimm)--see my II.B.2-3, my III.B.5.a(w-07), e.two-three, four-five, my IV.B.2, also my I.End Notes. 9(f) and I.B.3, closing ("'Ah!' cried the chair, drawing back ...." [CE, VI:209]); on Sholom Aleichem--see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), pp. 162-63, commenting on "The Flag" (1900), as archetypal tale of "inaccessible velars in ... names," velars finally overachieved (cf. McPherson's commentary on the Cadmus myth, in my IV.B.1; and note, via Jakobson and Waugh (p. 109), J. Grimm's estimation of "compact /k/" as fullest and firmest of [adults'] consonants): on James F. Bosma [et al.]--see Robert I. Henkin, Richard L. Christiansen, and James F. Bosma, "Facial Hypoplasia, Growth Retardation, Impairment of Oral Sensation and Perception and Hyposmia: A New Syndrome," in Second Symposium on Oral Sensation and Perception, ed. James F. Bosma, M.D. (Springfield, Ill.: Thomas, [1967, or] 1970), pp. 468-89; on Paul Menyuk--see David S. Palermo, "Acquisition of the Phonological System," in Psychology of Language (Glenview, Ill.: Scott, Foresman, 1978), esp. pp. 93-95; on George A. Miller--see George A. Miller, "The Acquisition of Language," in Language and Speech (San Francisco: Freeman, 1981), pp. 109-20, esp. pp. 113-14 ("Children's first words are tied to gestures. Perhaps the first gesture children understand is direction of gaze: they look in the direction their mother is looking. .... / .... / .... The shape of the infant's vocal tract is changing; as the throat cavity grows in size, the variety of vowels increases and so does the variety of consonants. .... / .... During the second year ... ('communication and vocalization') come together as the child learns to coordinate vocalization in the service of communication, and true language begins to develop. / ....")

<sup>21</sup> On Jean Jacques Rousseau--see R. H. Robins (1968), pp. 150-151 (partly quoted in my I.End Notes.8), and see I. Fónagy [et al.], "Discus. of Fónagy's Paper," 176, on Rousseau's notion of consonant values, or "articulation," as evolutionary development in the language of action (the musical, i.e. vowel, voice being closer to the original, primitive state of man and language); on Hyde Clarke and Alfred R. Wallace (first modern statements of mouth-gesture origins of speech)--see Gordon W. Hewes, Language Origins: A Bibliography (1975), fully identified in my I.End Notes.3; on Sir Richard Paget--see esp. my I.B.1 and see the primary work, identified in full in my I.End Notes.3; on G. Révész (contact theory)--see G. Révész, The Origins and Prehistory of Language (1939-1942), tr. J. Butler (New York: Philosophical Library, 1956); on Emil Froeschels--see Emil Froeschels, "Hygiene of the Voice," Archives of Otolaryngology, 38 (1943), 122-30, on (à la G. W. Hewes) "chewing while vocalizing as a theory of language origin"; on E. Lloyd DeBrul, Evolution of the Speech Apparatus (Springfield, Ill.: Thomas, 1958), pp. 89-90 and throughout; on Charles F. Hockett [et al.]--see Charles F. Hockett [et al.], ident. in my I.End Notes.3, and esp. on sexual frontalization, discussed throughout; on Philip Lieberman (efforts to reconstruct early

vocal tract)--see Philip Lieberman, On the Origins of Language: An Introduction to the Evolution of Human Speech (New York: Macmillan, 1975), and see George A. Miller (1981), pp. 37 ff.; on J. Sheets--see J. Sheets, "Hominid Dental Evolution and the Origins of Language," Man, 12 (1977), 518-26, and see Jakobson and Waugh (1979), p. 29, reviewing Sheets ("in particular the hominid dental evolution turned the oral cavity into the best resonating chamber for linguistic use"), in the context of a refutation of non-semiotic physical study of speech sounds, i.e., as "'gross, raw' phonic matter, 'amorphous substance'" (cf. D. H. Lawrence's strong use of idea of teeth-of-mind--to appreciate, in private chamber/-s, Hawthorne-Dimmesdale's organ-physical-arts of super-human self-constraint [IV.B.1]).

<sup>22</sup>On St. Augustine (observations on sex/food analogies)--see Duncan MacDougald, "[P]hallic foods," in Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend, ed. Maria Leach (1949-1950), and fully ident. in my I.End Notes.13(b); on Charles Dickens--see Charles Dickens, Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club (1837), in Vol. 15 of The Complete Works of ..., 16 vols. (Philadelphia: Gebbie, 1893), 357-71 (or Chapt. 33), esp. p. 360, on Sam Weller's use of mouth-gesture while writing (a literary linguistic listed by G. W. Hewes [1975]); on Benedetto Croce--see Benedetto Croce, Aesthetic, As Science of Expression and General Linguistic (1902-1911), tr. Douglas Ainslie (New York: Noonday, 1922; rpt. 1956); on Duncan MacDougald--see Duncan MacDougald, in Leach (1949-1950), esp. II:863a, cit. Paul Lacroix (1806-1884) on prostitution in Roman bakeries (History of Prostitution I:234-35), but also II:862b, dis. "ichthyphallic design, ... its origin in the extraordinary aphrodisiac powers for centuries attributed to fish in many civilizations," and manifest "among the Semites, including ... ancient Hebrews"; on Erminie W. Voegelin--see Erminie W. Voegelin, "Trickster" and "[B]uttocks watcher," in Leach (1949-1950); on Erich Neumann--see esp. Walter J. Ong, "Rhetoric and Consciousness," in Rhetoric, Romance, and Technology: Studies in the Interaction of Expression and Culture (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1971), pp. 10-12, or eight-stage outline summarizing Neumann, and supporting Ong's thesis ("The history of rhetoric simply mirrors the evolution of society" [p. 9]); on Claude Lévi-Strauss--see Claude Lévi-Strauss, The Raw and the Cooked: Introduction to a Science of Mythology: I (1964), tr. John and Doreen Weightman (New York: Harper, 1969); on Kenneth Burke--see Kenneth Burke, Language as Symbolic Action: Essays on Life, Literature, and Method (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1966, rpt. 1968), esp. pp. 254-81, "The Vegetal Radicalism of Theodore Roethke"; on Tzvetan Todorov--see Tzvetan Todorov, The Poetics of Prose (1971), tr. Richard Howard, Forw. Jonathan Culler (Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell Univ. Press, 1977), with discus. of Futurist Khlebnikov's meditations on aggressive consonants (ca. 1912) noteworthy (in "Number, Letter, Word," pp. 190-204); on James Kinneavy--see James Kinneavy, A Theory of Discourse: The Aims of Discourse (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1971), esp. Ch. 6, "Expressive Discourse"; on Jim Swan ("History, Pastoral and Desire: A Psychoanalytic Study of English Literature and Society," Diss. Stanford, 1974)--see Kenneth

Dauber (1977), ident. in my note 4, above; on Bruno Bettelheim--see Bruno Bettelheim, The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales (New York: Knopf, 1976), esp. on "Rapunzel," in "Introduction" (".... And even more important to the [five-year-old] boy [-auditor] was another central motif of the story: that Rapunzel found the means of escaping her predicament in her own body--the tresses on which the prince climbed up to her room in the tower. That one's body can provide a lifeline reassured him that, if necessary, he would similarly find in his own body the source of his security. This shows that a fairy tale--because it addresses itself in the most imaginative form to essential human problems, and does so in an indirect way--can have much to offer to a little boy even if the story's heroine is an adolescent girl." [p. 17; cf. tree/Minerva-extensionals in Hawthorne's Jason myth, my II.B.2.b.iii, and Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance, esp. my III.B.5.d.four]); on Fletcher Collins--see Fletcher Collins, The Functions of Sound in Modern Poetry, Diss. The Univ. of Wisconsin [at Milwaukee 1977 (Ann Arbor, Mich.: Univ. Microfilms Internat., 1981), esp. applic., pp. 67-68, of evolutionary-physical communication-value (constit. one of "four basic symbolic [functions] of sound," pp. 58, 62), to Sylvia Plath's "Daddy" (from Ariel [New York: Harper, 1966], pp. 49-50); on Maureen Quilligan--see Maureen Quilligan (1979), ident. in full in my note 5, above, esp. end-of-book discussion of allegory's "invit[ation of] ... readership to communion" (p. 290); on Walter J. Ong--see Walter J. Ong (1971) and Walter J. Ong, Fighting for Life: Contest, Sexuality, and Consciousness (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1981); on Anne-Margrethe Hustad--see Anne-Margrethe Hustad, "The North Russian Lament in the Light of the Religious Songs of the Old Believers," Scando-Slavica, Tom. 27 (1981), 47-67, for comparative-historical discus. of elegy, esp. its link with ritual, community appeasement of the motor-ghosts of the dead, inclusive of food offerings upon the graves (Hawthorne's link with the Russian pre-Christian rites possibly through Czar Peter I ["the Great"], who banned them in 1715--i.e., via allusion to "Peter the second" [last male Romanov] in "Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure" (CE, IX:406; see also my III.B.2.a[g-18]; and see my reading of "The Minister's Black Veil," III.1.a[m-05], c.four-five, d.three--as ritual literary return of dead-and-life-prey-praying Hawthorne, dependent on the reader's reservoirs of life-offering meaning).

<sup>23</sup> Roman Jakobson and Linda Waugh, "The Spell of Speech Sounds," in The Sound Shape of Language (ident. in full in my note 15, above), p. 231.

<sup>24</sup> Sir Philip Sidney, in Ringler (ident. in full in my note 12, above), pp. 265-337, esp. pp. 292-93: The Psalms of David (1585), Psalm XVIII, ll. 73-74, 78-80, 88-91.

<sup>25</sup> Plato, Phaedo, tr. B. Jowett, in [Five Great Dialogues:] Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium, Republic, tr. B. Jowett and ed. Louise R. Loomis (New York: Black-Classics Club, 1942), pp. 85-153, esp. p. 153.

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APPROVAL SHEET

This dissertation submitted by Asta K. Velicka  
has been read and approved by the following committee:

Dr. Agnes M. Donohue, Director  
Professor, English, Loyola

Dr. George J. Engelhardt  
Professor, English, Loyola

Dr. James E. Rocks  
Associate Professor, English, and  
Director, Graduate Programs in English, Loyola

The final copies have been examined by the director of the dissertation and the signature which appears below verifies the fact that any necessary changes have been incorporated and that the dissertation is now given final approval by the Committee with reference to content and form.

The dissertation is therefore accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

12/6/82  
Date

Agnes Donohue  
Director's Signature