

ALL ROADS LEAD FROM SHAKESPEARE

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Sonnet number 60 by William Shakespeare runs as follows:

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

Each of the texts below is an anagram of the letters in this Shakespeare sonnet. In addition, each attempts to match the style and substance of a specific 19th or 20th-century novel. In each case the novel being imitated is indicated in [brackets]; the text inside is not part of the anagram.

The ladies drove ahead, and others returned by the crest to the house. Mr. Collins no sooner saw the girls back than he began to congratulate them on their fortune, which Charlotte explained by letting them know that the whole party was asked to dine at Rosings this Thursday.

Mr. Collins's badge of triumph, in consequence of this invitation, was newly complete. A time of displaying the strict grandeur of the stuffy duchess to his wondering visitors, and letting them see her best civility towards himself and his wife, was what he had wished for, and that an opportunity of doing it should be given soon.

[*Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen, 1813]

“Come, kid--quick!”

Noah started without saying a word, in a state of such intense excitement that it infected him. They left, hurrying through a thick labyrinth of streets, and arrived at length before a public-house, which Noah smartly recognised as the same he had slept in on the night of his arrival in London.

It was past eleven, and the low, broad door was closed. It opened softly on its hinges as Fagin gave a low whistle. They entered the inmost threshold without noise, and the door was closed behind them.

Scarcely venturing to whisper, but substituting show for words, Fagin sternly prompted them, “Soft!”
[*Oliver Twist*, by Charles Dickens, 1838]

How she blanched! We didn't mention the crowd that night, for she did not visit the good Rev. Linton. Thursday it all came out, to my chagrin; and still I was not al-together responsible: I thought the burden of both directing and warning would be quite efficiently kept by him. But he wasn't too deft in giving satisfactory reasons for his vows that she should shun connection with the chaste household of Heights, and Catherine liked perfect reasons for every restraint that harassed her petted will.

“Papa!” she exclaimed, after morning's salutations, “guess whom I saw yesterday, in my walk on the steep moors.”
[*Wuthering Heights*, by Emily Bronte, 1847]

“Something doing! You'll catch it right there when you walk along the thick streets. Little, glad New York!--it's enough for Willie. And get this: it never quits! Why, Broad-way at night, 'midst the Lombards from--”

He forgot his chop, highly fascinated, and leaned forward on the table to pour forth his description. The vested manservant behind Dunstan's chair forgot himself, though he was a trained domestic whose duty it was to present dishes to the attention without any apparent mental process. Certainly it was not his business to listen, feel, and be vexed. He did, however, unconscious of his breach of manners.
[*The Shuttle*, by Francis Hodgson Burnett, 1895]

The physician had a mean thought or two of his own, but left. Not wishing to attach any vast importance to it, he dismissed the matter as past--worthy of no discussion on his part.

Mrs. Hurstwood gave this information considerable thought during the next twelve dull spring days. She bet--took it for granted--that Doctor had not really seen her husband, and that he had most likely been riding with some fit-bodied, pretty new witch, after cleverly announcing himself “busy”. As a consequence, she recalled, with rising feelings, how often he had refused to go places with her, or to share in little weekend visits.
[*Sister Carrie*, by Theodore Dreiser, 1900]

riverrun, past Adam and Eve's, from hot swerve of shore to bend of bay, by a curious coitus of inhibition back to Howth Castle and the Scotch Delusions.

Howbeit Sir Tristram, swindler d'amores, o'er the short sea, had passencore arrived from North d'America on the dingy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his existent penisolate war within the witching cygnet of the ninth twitching patented pacts.

Whish! Dewy gull. Gulls. Far calls. Debts. Ghost hymn. Going, to far! Quit, the end. He ended. Did us then? Finn, again! Take. Till thousandsthee. The Lps. The keys to twenty hints. The way a lone a last a loved a long the

[*Finnegan's Wake*, James Joyce, 1939]

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