

VPS

Lead • Motivate • Influence



Sandra McKnight

**Your Voice
Is
Power**

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YOUR VOICE IS POWER!

Successful people know that how you communicate is as important as what you communicate. To have the competitive edge in today's business environment, you must be an Outstanding Communicator.

Sandra McKnight, international voice & speech coach, keynote speaker, actress & author of "Your Voice Is Power in Business" coaches successful business executives to be charismatic leaders by giving them command of over their voice.

An essential ingredient for a successful business leader is to speak with a voice that conveys confidence, authority, credibility, persuasiveness and trustworthiness. These vocal strengths give power and charisma to your words and make people perceive you as a leader.

The voice communicates powerful non-verbal messages and is an instrument of untapped persuasive power. Researchers from Fuqua School of Business at Duke University analyzed speech patterns of 792 male CEO's who had voice training and found they tended to manage larger companies, made up to \$187,000 a year more and lasted 5 months longer as the head of a firm.

"When you have control of your voice, you have the power to control the impression you create. Having command of your voice, gives you the freedom to be flexible and spontaneous. "

"You have the power to be authoritative and in command of the situation, simply by changing the tone of your voice."

"Voice coaching is an important investment in your future; the more effective and persuasive you are vocally, the more successful professionally and personally."

With Sandra's Executive Speaking program, you will:

- Develop vocal skills for outstanding presentations.
- Learn how to project a rich, authoritative voice in business meetings.
- Develop vocal flexibility for a dynamic and powerful message.
- Take control of your non-verbal messages sent, through the tone of your voice.
- Speak at the conversational rate of 150 words per minute.
- Speak more clearly and distinctly and reduce you accent.
- Put power and confidence into the sound of your voice.
- Convey your thoughts and emotions more accurately.
- Use role-playing exercises to shape the impression you make in business.
- Free yourself of vocal anxiety, tension and fear.
- Earn the respect and trust of your business colleagues by communicating more effectively.

Clients include:

Intel, Northrup Grumman, Genentech, U. S. Coast Guard, IBM, BASF, Cedars-Sinai Hospital, UCLA, Nestle, HP, JP Morgan, Women in Film, Navajo Nation. HSBC.

Private Voice & Speech Coach/ Key Note Speaker/Seminars

Voice Self Critique

Please circle one for each question.

1. **Voice Image** - How's your tone of voice? Pleasant, angry, timid, bored, enthusiastic, alert, sincere, friendly, other (_____).
2. **Breath Control** - Do you have to stop to catch a breath to complete a sentence? (YES NO)
3. **Audibility** - Are you loud enough? (YES NO) Too loud? (YES NO)
4. **Enunciation and Articulation** - Are you speaking clearly and distinctly? (YES NO) Are your words slurred or run together? (YES NO)
5. **Inflection** - Do you speak in a monotone? (YES NO)
6. **Rate of Speech** - Do you speak too fast? (YES NO)
7. **Nervousness** – What happens to your pitch, speed, your words.
8. **Self-Assurance** - Do you sound like you know what you're talking about and have planned how you would say it? (YES NO)
9. **What are your goals for improving your voice?**

Relaxation Techniques

1. Deep Breathing

- a. Sit in a relaxed position and close your eyes.
- b. Imagine hearing soft, pleasant music or feeling the warm sun on your face.
- c. Count to 4 while breathing in slowly through the nose.
- d. Hold your breath for 4 slow counts.
- e. Count to 4 while exhaling slowly.
- f. Continue this cycle for 2-5 minutes.

2. Muscle Relaxation

- a. Sit or stand in a comfortable position and close your eyes.
- b. With hands hanging at your side, clench your fists.
- c. Breathe in slowly and lift your shoulders trying to touch your ears.
- d. Drop your shoulder and release your fists with a thrust and exhale slowly.
- e. Shake our hands and arms.
- f. Repeat this cycle for several minutes.

3. Visualization

- a. Sit in a comfortable position and close your eyes.
- b. Imagine a peaceful, calm, relaxing setting.
- c. Imagine seeing, feeling, hearing, and even smelling that setting.
- d. Breathe evenly and slowly as you feel yourself relax.
- e. Think of a word to identify the setting and say the word to yourself while taking a deep breath.
- f. Recall the setting as you repeat the word.
- g. Continue this process for several minutes.

4. Exercise

- a. Sit in a comfortable position and close your eyes.
- b. Let your hands hang loosely at your sides and gently shake your hands.
- c. Imagine stress and tension draining out of the tips of your fingers.
- d. Stretch your fingers and count to 3.
- e. Slowly clench your fingers into a fist, counting to 3
- f. Repeat steps (d) and (e) several times.

Daily Voice Warm-up

1. Relaxation Breathing

Count silently to 4 while breathing in slowly through the nose.
 Hold your breath for 4 slow counts.
 Count silently to 4 while exhaling slowly.
 Continue this cycle for 2-5 minutes,
 Every two hours throughout the day.

2. Speaking Mantras (Skills)

Clear, clean and crisp
 Say the ends of words
 Love Arrows

3. Articulation Tongue Twister

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

4. Rhythm Articulation hipity hopity / slipity slopity / chipity chopity / bipity bopity / mipity mopity / pipity popity / klipity klopity / nipity nopity / ripity ropity / plipity ploppity

5. Lip Exercise

ee; oo; ee; oo; ee; oo; ee; oo
 ah; oo; ah; oo; ah; oo; ah; oo
 ee; oo; ah; oo; - ee; oo; ah, oo

6. Jaw exercise

Chew out the following syllables:

yah, yah, yah, yoh, yoh, yoh, you, you, you, yee, yee, yee.

Drop your jaw on the following syllables:

Kah,kah,kah, koh, koh, koh, koo, koo, koo, kee, kee, kee,

Gah, gah, gah, goh, goh, goh, goo, goo, goo, gee, gee, gee

7. Affirmations: Every day in every way, I am more and more.....friendly, engaging, confident, persuasive, assertive, authoritative, credible, knowledgeable, passionate, articulate, clear, louder, well -projected, sincere, humorous, expressive, trustworthy, happy, caring, motivating, inspiring, energetic, enthusiastic, succinct, concise, charismatic, polished, curious, excited, authentic, pro-active, decisive, educated, interesting, loving, concerned, compassionate.

You Are Your Voice!

10 Vocal Basics

1. THINK, BREATHE AND SPEAK! MAKE YOUR VOICE COME ALIVE!

When inhaling, remember to breathe deeply and be sure to fill the lower lungs with air. This is called breathing from the diaphragm and is basic to keeping a relaxed, open, well-supported sound in the voice.

2. TALK ON THE EXHALE!

Talking on the exhale gives your sound support and power. You are heard more easily. An example of this process is a sigh. Take an easy inhale and sigh audibly. You will automatically exhale and make a sound at the same time.

- a. (Ah) Father, F (ah) ther.
- b. Hello, Help, Hoe, Happy, Who, Head, Husbandless Hannah Hughes.
- c. Help Harry Hoe. Hello Helen. High heels hurt her feet.
- d. Mr. Brown never answers the telephone.
- e. Have you lost your gloves again?

3. NEVER DROP YOUR VOCAL ENERGY AT THE END OF A SENTENCE OR A PHRASE. CARESS THE EAR OF THE LISTENER.

Your vocal energy is determined by your breath capacity. The breath supports your sound. If you drop your vocal energy before you finish speaking it creates a negative impression in the ear of the listener. The last word must be easily heard.

4. PUT A SMILE IN YOUR VOICE!

If you naturally smile at the audience it will lift your voice giving you a more positive and friendly tone.

5. RELAX YOUR JAW!

When you speak for a long time your jaw gets tight and vocal tension is created. Jaw massage can be helpful. Open your mouth and let your jaw drop down naturally. Use your middle finger to gently trace down your jawline starting in front of your ear on each side of your face and ending at the tip of your chin. As you go identify the spots that are tense and gently press in on the spot and exhale at the same time. Do the same starting behind your ear and moving under the jaw bone toward your chin.

6. ENUNCIATE THE ENDS OF YOUR WORDS!

Saying the ends of your words makes you sound more credible and authoritative. It also regulates the speed and reduces mumbling.

7. SPEAK AT AN EASILY UNDERSTOOD RATE OF SPEECH!

Speaking at approximately 150 words per minute enables the listener to assimilate what the speaker is saying and stay present in the conversation. The speaking rate range is from 120 to 160 words per minute. To test yourself, set your stopwatch for 1 minute and read aloud from any text. At the end of a minute go back over the text you have read and count every word (including prepositions and pronouns). Repeat this exercise until your ear distinguishes the speed. Or purchase the **Pocket Voice Coach app** which tests your speaking rate and pronunciation. Available online in the Apple or Google Play stores.

8. LET YOUR SENTENCES FLOW IN AN EASY RHYTHM!

Speaking with rhythm and flow brings the other person into your speaking world and is a powerful communication tool.

9. USE VOLUME CONTROL AND INFLECTION TO COMMAND LISTENER INTEREST!

Varying the pitch and volume to underscore the “meaning” of words in your sentences commands more listener interest and therefore more listener involvement.

- a. one TWO, three, FOUR five, SIX, seven, EIGHT, nine, TEN.
- b. ONE, two, THREE, four, FIVE, SEVEN, eight, NINE, ten.
Repeat the capitalized numbers loudly and the lower case numbers quietly.

10. PROJECT THROUGH YOUR MEGAPHONE!

Projection is the concept of throwing your voice to the ear of the listener and caressing it. Exercises on separate page.



Breathing Exercises

1. Stand or sit with your back easily erect, shoulders down, chin parallel to the ground and eyes looking straight out.
2. Put your hands on your waist with your thumbs to the back. Think of your ribs as if they are an accordion which expands when you breathe in and closes when you breathe out.
3. Shoulders stay lowered as you inhale through your mouth and your accordion opens. (some air will come in your nose)
4. Then you gently use your hands to close your accordion and exhale through your mouth.
5. Let your jaw open naturally as you inhale and pucker your lips as you exhale.
6. This is called diaphragmatic breathing

Breath flow

1. HIGH - HOW- WHO- HELLO- HOLE- HAIR- HAPPY- HEAD- HOE.

2. Hello Helen.

Help Harry Hoe.

Hold Henry's Horse.

Harry has Hiccoughs.

High Heels hurt her feet.

How heavy is a hay fork?

3. Husbandless Hannah Hughes / hounded Hazel Humphrey / for helpful hints on how Hazel / had harnessed Harold Humphrey / wholly for herself. / Here is a handful / of the hundred hints / Hazel handed Hannah. / Habitually herald his homecoming / as a heaven sent harvest/ have a hot hash handy/ as he hails Hello. Highest on her list, however, / was "have not a harsh voice, / for he who hears Hannah's harsh voice/ hesitates to hold Hannah's hand.

Speaking Voice Exercises 1

Using an easy, resonant, and well supported tone, speak the following thoughts.

1. Father was calm when the bomb fell.
2. It all happened long ago.
3. Have you lost your gloves again?
4. Call the police; he's a thief!
5. He never answers the telephone.
6. Who has left a bottle of ink here?
7. I've come to see Mr. Brown.
8. We ought to send them a telegram.
9. The round golden moon floats high.
10. I thought I saw him fall.
11. Does he still live in Brooklyn?
12. Wait; it's too dangerous to try!
13. Remember to buy a bar of soap.
14. Have you ever read any Thomas Hood?
15. Where does John live now?
16. The class meets at eleven A.M.

Speaking Voice Exercises 2

THE FOX AND THE MASK

A fox who had lost his way in the city somehow got into the house of an actor. Prowling among costumes and other properties, he knocked over something. At first it frightened him -- the face was so lifelike, the forehead so firm, the mouth so threatening. Then the fox realized it was only a mask, something that actors use to conceal their own features. "You are a fine-looking-head," said the fox picking it up. "A fine head indeed. It's a pity you haven't any brains."

There's nothing emptier than an empty head.

THE CAT AND THE MICE

The mice were much bothered by a Cat./ They decided to hold a council/ to see what could be done about the matter./ During the meeting a young mouse there said,/ "If the cat had a little bell tied to her neck,/ it would tinkle every time she made a step./ This would warn us,/ and we would have plenty of time to reach our homes in safety."/ All the mice applauded this clever scheme/until one of them spoke up and said,/ "It's a fine plan./ But which one of us is going to put the bell on the Cat?"/

It is easier to think up a plan than to carry it out.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

One clear winter's day an Ant dragged out some grains of food to dry in the sun. A hungry Grasshopper passing by asked the Ant to let him have some of the food. "Why do you come to me to be fed?" asked the Ant. "What were you doing during the summer?" "Oh," replied the Grasshopper, "I spent the summer singing." "Well, then," said the Ant, "you sang all summer, you can dance all winter."

You can't play all the time.

From Aesop's Fables selected and adapted by Louis Untermeyer, Golden Press, N.Y. 1965

Speaking Voice Exercise 3

Our Deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.

Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.

It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us.

We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous,

talented and fabulous?

You are a child of God.

You're playing small doesn't serve the world.

There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other

people won't feel insecure around you.

We were born to make manifest the glory of God

that is within us.

It's not just in some of us. It's in everyone.

And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give

others permission to do the same.

As we are liberated from our own fear,

our presence automatically liberates others.

Nelson Mandela
Inaugural Speech, 1994
Adapted by Marianne Williamson

Speaking Voice Exercise 4

Coca Cola Speech

In a university commencement address several years ago, Brian Dyson, CEO of Coca Cola Enterprises, spoke of the relation of work to one's other commitments:

Imagine life as a game in which you are juggling some five balls in the air. You name them - work, family, health, friends and spirit - and you're keeping all of these in the air. You will soon understand that work is a rubber ball. If you drop it, it will bounce back. But the other four balls - family health, friends and spirit - are made of glass.

If you drop one of these, they will be irrevocably scuffed, marked, nicked, damaged or even shattered. They will never be the same. You must understand that and strive for balance in your life." How?

Don't undermine your worth by comparing yourself with others. It is because we are different that each of us is special. Don't set your goals by what other people deem important. Only you know what is best for you.

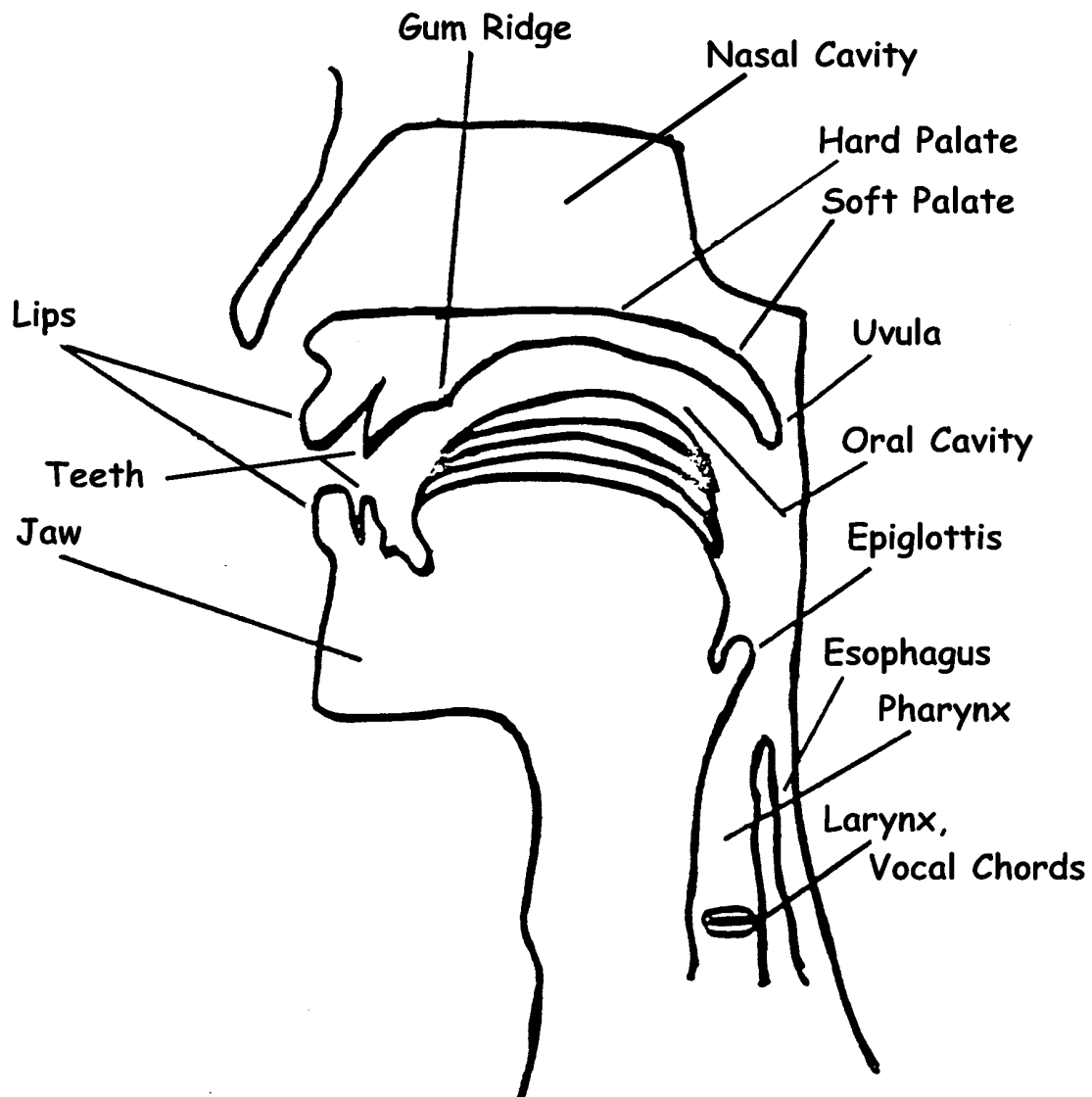
Don't take for granted the things closest to your heart. Cling to them as you would your life, for without them, life is meaningless. Don't let your life slip through your fingers by living in the past or for the future. By living your life one day at a time, you live ALL the days of your life. Don't give up when you still have something to give. Nothing is really over until the moment you stop trying. Don't be afraid to admit that you are less than perfect. It is this fragile thread that binds us each together. Don't be afraid to encounter risks. It is by taking chances that we learn how to be brave. Don't shut love out of your life by saying it's impossible to find time. The quickest way to receive love is to give; the fastest way to lose love is to hold it too tightly; and the best way to keep love is to give it wings. Don't run through life so fast that you forget not only where you've been, but also where you are going. Don't forget, a person's greatest emotional need is to feel appreciated. Don't be afraid to learn. Knowledge is weightless, a treasure you can always carry easily. Don't use time or words carelessly. Neither can be retrieved. Life is not a race, but a journey to be savored each step of the way.

Yesterday is History, Tomorrow is a Mystery and Today is a gift; that's why we call it the Present.

The Organs Used in Articulation

Movable: lips, tongue, jaw, soft palate

Fixed: teeth, gum ridge, hard palate



Articulation and Vocal Warm-Ups

1. Neck rolls (right-left)
2. Lion (prune face-open face)
3. Shoulder rolls (forward-backward)
4. Shoulder lift-drops (keep chin parallel to floor!!)
5. Stand - hang from waist:
 - a) breathe - release on "sh" til out of air
 - b) breathe - release on "m" til out of air.
 - c) breathe - release on "ah" til out of air.
6. Roll back up to erect position vertebrae by vertebrae. Keep tucked / don't lock knees / keep breathing!
7. Hee: (8x) Hah: (8x) Hoo: (8x) Hah: (8x) All on one breath...
8. Tongue exercises (watching in the mirror) Role your tongue inside of your lips 3 times to the left and three times to the right. Repeat two times.
9. Stop Plosives:
 - a) peh, peh, pah, beh, beh, bah, tee, tee, tah, dee, dee, dah,
Keh, Keh, Kah, Geh, Geh, Gah.
 - b) increase to 13 x each: peh peh peh pah, peh peh peh pah, peh peh peh pah, etc.
 - c) try with other consonants.
 - d) try with other consonant initial combinations.
10. Fricative / nasals: vim, vin, ving
zim, zin, zing
jim, jin, jing
rim, rin, ring
thim, thin, thing

11. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.
12. paper poppy (4x), baby bubble (4x) baby bubble-paper poppy
13. mahmehleh pahpehleh (4x) lee lee loh lee (4x)
14. keekle kakle (4x) geegle gagle (4x) geegle gagle, keekle kakle (4x)
15. lemon linament/ peggy babcock/ toy boat / rubber baby buggy bumpers/ minimal animal/ unique new york/ kinky cookie/black bugs blood.
16. hipity hopity / slipity slopity / chipity chopity / bipity bopity / mipity mopity / pipity popity / klipity klopity / nipity nopity / ripity ropity / plipity ploptity
17. a) ee; oo; ee; oo; ee; oo; ee; oo
 b) ah; oo; ah; oo; ah; oo; ah; oo
 c) ee; oo; ah; oo; - ee; oo; ah; oo

Placement Exercises

Hmm - - one, Hmm - - two, Hmm - - three, Hmm - - four, Hmm - - five.

Hmm - - one, two, three, four, five

Hmm - - January, February, March, April, May, June

Hmm - - July, August, September, October, November, December

Hmm - - January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December

Hmm - - Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

Phrases for Recording

green fields
fleeing sheep
boys toil
noisy voyage
four door

Ethel and Emma
a merry American
engage the stage
eighty-eight

fair-haired Mary
mountain house
Ann's hand
Harry's character

I can't dance
the class
nine lives
mighty knight
desire fire

school shoes
fruit juice
reducing student
absolute opportunity

pull wool
good book
poor rural tour
surely cruel

Paul paused
water for daughter
big city
imagine enough
merely weary

John's office
horrible horror
calm father
alms for the garage

how now
far car
our hours

Colonel Burr Stirring ask
her first rehearsal

contrary secretary
comfortable sofa

wonderful constable
thoroughly discouraged
obey Olivia
home alone

Roman coat
Repeat each phrase 3 times; no pausing
Will you William
Did you, would you, could you
William.
Can't you, won't you, don't you
William.

Articulation Exercise 1

Final Consonants

1. It is all past and finished.
2. On Friday, he took the test at last.
3. I didn't like the last act.
4. Why don't you ask us what she asked?
5. We wished the wind would blow away the mist.
6. Ask all of them about the list of suspects.
7. His first oration had a great impact.
8. The cost of living is rising fast.
9. I couldn't understand her because she lisped.
10. He failed the test of strength.
11. It was a length of twisted cord.
12. Make a list of the articles you lost.
13. The bracelet has a broken clasp.
14. He smoked a cigarette while we talked.
15. The doctor operated to remove the cyst.
16. He laughed and said she was daft.
17. Lend me a hand in repairing the desk.
18. You shouldn't take the risk.
19. He wouldn't admit owing all the land.
20. She didn't answer my question at first.
21. Just put your hand out and I'll hoist you up.
22. Don't waste energy on a second attempt.
23. As a matter of fact, I spoke loudest.
24. We couldn't find it in the sand.
25. I just hope the judge is just.
26. The stone was round and cold.
27. We sent a notice, but they didn't attend any meetings.
28. They went along to hear the band.

Articulation Exercise 2

1. There is no end to what should be known about words.
2. There are only a few bony concepts, but think of the metaphors!
3. Say to yourself. I will learn and treasure every good turn of speech ever made.
4. The poet must have a sense not only of what words were and are, but also what they are going to be.
5. Those who are willing to be vulnerable move among mysteries.
6. Oh some of the songs we hide, speaking only to ourselves!
7. The voice-box is not a meat grinder.
8. Observe, random energist, the bear's placidity.
9. May my silences become more accurate.
10. Give me the madman's sudden insight and the child's spiritual dignity.
11. I dream of a culture where it is thought a crime to be dull.
12. There's nothing like ignorance to engender wild enthusiasm.
13. Transcend that vision. What is first or early is easy to believe. But... it may enchain you.

From the teaching notes of
Theodore Roethke

Articulation Exercise 3

1. Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is.

Henry Thoreau

2. There are critical moments in the fortunes of all states when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity may be strong enough to complete your ruin.

Edmund Burke

3. The plain of Mantua is bleak. The winds rush to their trysts; the land is numb; nothing moves in the vast trance of winter but the trees, incessantly teased by the breeze, hazed by the gale, quizzed by the blizzard. Greedy draughts raise and bandy the dust, like a foraging howl, blindly scouring the soul in insatiable need and spewing it in baffled fury. Three months--three months before the first grass blade--three months of barren husbandry--three months of watching and waiting and wondering and wind.

Ralph Roeder

4. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience.

Patrick Henry

5. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.

Francis Bacon

Articulation Exercise 4

Miranda set the candle down in front of the mirror and closed the heavy door. Then she opened the oblong leather box. A sudden flash dazzled her eyes; on the black velvet lining lay a necklace of almost unimaginable opulence and splendor. There were emeralds and diamonds in an intricate pattern, delicate in spite of the incredible size of some of the stones.

Each richly glowing green gem burned darkly in the midst of rainbow-hued iridescence, and here and there she could see the gleaming gold of the setting.

Gently, almost tenderly, she lifted the necklace from the box and put it about her neck. As the green flames flickered in the dusty mirror, she saw herself in a sweeping satin dress, and behind her regal image a vast mirrored ballroom lit with crystals and candles and aswirl with dancers. She nodded imperially to the shadowy countenances fawning around her and she smiled, aloof and faintly triumphant.

Suddenly, quite clearly among the shadows, appeared the sardonic face of Ferrald. As he bowed with cold elegance and his satanic eyes met hers she clutched at her neck, covered the jewels with her hands and whirled about.

There was no one there; no satin billows about her feet, no ballroom, no evil smile looking down at her. Slowly she turned back to the mirror, and slowly took her hands from her throat.

With the pulsing of her quick breathing and the pounding of her heart the gems glittered and glowed green. The many faceted emeralds caught the candles light, and then it was she noticed that her eyes glittered and glowed green as well.

William Willman

Articulation Exercise 5

Nothing could be so beautiful, so smart, so brilliant, so well drilled as the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, oboes, drums, cannons formed a harmony such as was never heard even in hell. First the cannons felled about six thousand men on each side; then the musketry removed from the best of worlds some nine or ten thousand scoundrels who infected its surface. The bayonet also was the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. The whole might well amount to about thirty thousand souls. Candide, trembling like a philosopher, hid himself as best he could during this heroic butchery.

from Candide, by Voltaire

Now the moon is high; and the great house, needing habitation more than ever, is like a body without life. Now it is even awful, stealing through it, to think of the live people who have slept in the solitary bedrooms, to say nothing of the dead. Now is the time for shadow, when every corner is a cavern and every downward step a pit, when the stained glass is reflected in pale and faded hues upon the floors, when anything and everything can be made of the heavy staircase beams excepting their own proper shapes, when the armor has dull lights upon it not easily to be distinguished from stealthy movement, and when barred helmets are frightfully suggestive of heads inside. But of all the shadows in Chesney Wold, the shadow in the long drawing-room upon my Lady's picture is the first to come, the last to be disturbed. At this hour and by this light it changes into threatening hands raised up and menacing the handsome face with every breath that stirs.

from Bleak House
by Charles Dickens

Past them ran the iron rails of the narrow-gauged road which led out across the quaking tundra to the mountains and the mines. Upon this slender trail of steel there rolled one small, ungainly teapot of an engine which daily creaked and clanked back and forth at a snail's pace, screaming and wailing its complaint of the two high-loaded flat cars behind. The ties beneath it were spiked to planks laid lengthwise over the semi-liquid road-bed, in places sagging beneath the surface till the humpbacked, short waisted locomotive yawed and reeled and squealed like a drunken fish-wife. At night it panted wearily into the board station and there sighed and coughed and hissed away its fatigue as the coals died and the breath relaxed in its lungs.

from The Spoilers
by Rex Beach

Articulation Exercise 6

The touch of the night in the desert is the touch of empty eternity. To be alone in the night in the desert is to feel awe give way to an overpowering fear, which can be understood only as being utterly incomprehensible and utterly inescapable. He felt the touch of the desert night along his spine and in his scalp as a faint and delicate chill. The cold moon stared at the vast rolling emptiness, and the grey waves lay dead.

In the silence he screamed. A long grating cry of agony filled his ears, and when he stopped, the imperturbable, ominous silence remained unbroken, unmoved. The throbbing echo of the sound died abruptly in his throat. Nothing was moved; nothing moved. Then he sat down on the sand and it shifted slightly under him. With wild relief he fastened on the idea that the grey dunes receding endlessly around him were not quite immobile. In movement there was life. He leaned forward, and again the sand shifted beneath him. Slowly he perceived that the sand did not give, but rather refused him.

On his hands and knees he crawled frantically back along his own footsteps, the marks he had made in the solid dead sand. But they had refused to hold the shape of his foot. There was only a long line of tiny formless depressions, coming from the empty horizon and leading nowhere. Desperate, violent longing to find evidence of another living thing, even the dead husk of an insect, made him search feverishly through the sand. Like an insect he dug and clawed and scratched; he found nothing.

He threw himself flat on his back. The stars seemed to wheel in the sky. But when he stared at them he knew that they were fixed, and he knew that they had not moved. Sprawled on the infinity of sand, his arms and legs awkward and useless, he could taste terror on his tongue as his search for life strained upward through his despair. The sky was empty. Again he screamed, and he knew that the great choking shriek, which he tore from his soul, was not real, not made, not heard. The eternal desert lay grey in the light of the staring moon. He died.

Mercedes Trebor

Articulation Exercise 7

The Lord Chancellor's Song from *Iolanthe* by Gilbert & Sullivan

from *Iolanthe*. by Gilbert and Sullivan

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is
taboo'd by anxiety,

I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in,
without impropriety;

For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual
slumber to plunder you:

First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your
sheet slips demurely from under you;

Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles—so
terribly sharp is the pricking,

And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till
there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.

Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you
pick 'em all up in a tangle;

Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its
usual angle!

Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot
eye-balls and head ever aching.

But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd
very much better be waking;

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in
a steamer from Harwich—

Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very
small second-class carriage—

And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of
friends and relations—

They're a ravenous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane
Square and South Kensington Stations.

And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that
morning from Devon);

He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells
you he's only eleven

Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the by,
the ship's now a four-wheeler),

And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad
names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";

But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find
you're as cold as an icicle,

In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks),
crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:

And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've somehow
or other invested in—

And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's
interested in—

It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices all goods from
cough mixtures to cables

Which tickled the sailors, by treating retailers as though they
were all vegetables—

You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman (first take
off his boots with a boot-tree),

And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and
they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree—

From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea,
cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,

While the pastry cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple
puffs, and three corners, and Banburys—

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild
and Baring,

And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder
despairing—

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder
you snore, for your head's on the floor,

And you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and
your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep,

And you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some
fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue,

And a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't
been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been
long, ditto, ditto my song, and thank goodness they're both of them over!

Articulation Exercise 8

The Pirates of Penance (Song, Major General) by Gilbert & Sullivan.

Gen: I am the very model of a modern Major-General,
 I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,
 I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical,
 From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
 I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,
 I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
 About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o'news--
 With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

Gen: I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
 I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
 In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

Gen: I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,
 I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
 I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
 In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.
 I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
 I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of Aristophanes,
 Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
 And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

Gen: Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,
 And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform;
 In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

Projection

Use your lips as if they were a megaphone. "W" makes a wonderful megaphone. Here are some sentences to practice on:

- a. Why do wild women win wealth and wed well?
- b. Wilma worked woefully while Wallace willfully wandered west.
- c. Weary Willie washes and wipes wet windows while Walter whistles.
- d. Welcome wagons wound their way westward while warped wheels wobbled weakly.
- e. Washington was a wizard warrior, his wisdom and wishes worked wonders.
- f. Women worried while Warsaw's wild, wet, winter weather worsened and workers wearied.
- g. One weeping willow wisp waves wanly in the wind.
- h. Woolite warrants washing worn, wilted white woolens well.

Poetry for Business

1. Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool:
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir.
2. The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow:
"Caw! Caw!" the rooks are calling,
It is the sound of woe.
3. Alone, alone, all all alone.
Alone on a wide, wide sea
4. The glories of our blood and state.
Are shadows, not substantial things
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand of kings;
Scepter and crown must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
with the poor crooked scythe and spade.
5. I want a voice
I want a deep, resonant, effortless voice
A big voice – bigger than me
I want to speak and hear the floorboards take it up
So that people hear me first with their bodies
And only then with their ears.

A voice, strong like an axe to cut through the silence
Strange like distant flutes, to still the senses
A voice to quicken the heart like drums in the night

I want to breathe a whisper that shivers like a star
Over some strange Bethlehem on some cold stone
Circling some distant sun

I want a voice like the voice of many
The voice of a people
The voice of a nation
And with this voice I would cry freedom
And then I would speak peace

Warning

When I am an old woman

I shall wear purple

With a red hat which doesn't go and doesn't suit me.

And I shall spend my pension on Brandy and summer gloves.

And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired

And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells.

And Run my stick along the public railings

And make up for the sobriety of my youth.

I shall go out in my slippers in the rain and pick the flowers in other people's gardens.

And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat and eat three pounds of sausages at a go.

Or only bread and pickle for a week.

And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry and pay the rent and not swear in the street

And set a good example for the children.

We will have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?

So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised

When suddenly I am old and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph

Do It Anyway

By Mother Teresa

People are often unreasonable, illogical, and self-centered; Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives; Be kind anyway.

If you are successful, you will win some false friends and some true enemies; Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and frank, people may cheat you; Be honest and frank anyway.

What you spend years building, someone could destroy overnight; Build anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous; Be happy anyway.

The good you do today, people will often forget tomorrow; Do good anyway.

Give the world the best you have, and it may never be enough;

Give the world the best you've got anyway.

You see, in the final analysis, it is between you and God;

It was never between you and them anyway.

Theme in Yellow by Carl Sandburg

I spot the hills
With yellow balls in autumn.
I light the prairie cornfields
Orange and tawny gold clusters
And I am called pumpkins.
On the last of October
When dusk is fallen
Children join hands
And circle round me
Singing ghost songs
And love to the harvest moon
I am a jack -o -lantern
With terrible teeth
And the children know
I am fooling.

Southern Life

If you want a glimpse of Southern life,
Come close and walk with me;
I'll tell you all the simple things,
That you are sure to see.
You'll see mockingbirds and bumblebees,
Magnolia blossoms and dogwood trees;
Caterpillars on the step,
Wooden porches cleanly swept;
Watermelons on the vine, Strong majestic Georgia pines
Rocking chairs and front yard swings
June bugs flying on a string
Turnip greens and hot cornbread
Coleslaw and barbecue
Fried okra, fried corn, fried green tomatoes, Fried pies and pickles too.
There's ice cold tea that's syrupy sweet,
And cool, green grass beneath your feet;
Catfish nipping in the lake,
And fresh young boys on the make.
You'll see all these things
And much, much more,
In a way of life that I adore.

Don't Quit

The Don't Quit presentation is based on a famous poem which was written many years ago. The author of this poem is unknown. Here is the original poem.

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up though the pace seems slow--
You may succeed with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than,
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out--
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit--
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

Which Are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for it's well understood,
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to rate a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs, is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses,
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find too, I ween,
There's only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load,
Of overtaxed lifters, who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others share
Your portion of labor, and worry and care?

...Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Volume Control

Exercises

1. Count aloud from one to five, giving sufficient duration to the vowel of each word that you can hear and control your vocal quality.
 - a. Begin with a very quiet but audible "one". Progressively increase the volume of each word in the sequence, and end with a loud, firm "Five".
 - b. Reverse exercise "a".
 - c. Speak at 2 1/2

2. Count aloud from one to ten, alternating loud and soft speaking on each number. Do not lose control of your vocal quality and do not swallow or tighten the quietly spoken numbers.
 - a. ONE, two, THREE, four, FIVE, six, SEVEN, eight, NINE, ten.
 - b. one, TWO, three, FOUR, five, SIX, seven, EIGHT, nine, TEN.

3. Speak each of the following lines twice. The first time increase your volume through the line from quiet to very loud, but to not blast the last words. The second time decrease your volume through the line, but do not end inaudibly.
 - a. "I'll never yield; I won't, I won't, I won't!"
 - b. "My answer will always be yes. Yes, Yes, Yes!"
 - c. "The money is mine, not yours; mine, mine, mine!"
 - d. "And I refuse again; no, no, no!"

4. Read the following passages with appropriate changes in volume.
 - a. "We heard the parade far down the avenue, coming nearer. It approached, passed us with flags flying, drums booming and cymbals crashing, pranced along, and passed us by, the drumbeats fading, fading, fading away."
 - b. "In the silence of the dungeon all he could hear was the faint, faraway drip-drop, drip-drop, drip-drop of water, and then –CLANG! Something struck the rusty iron door of his cell with a loud clatter."

Speech Melody Exercises 1

1. Count from 1 to 5, prolonging the vowel tone in each word. Vary the pitch in the following ways:

- a) (?) Give each of the counts a quiet, prolonged upward inflection as if asking a question.
- b) (!) Use a stronger upward inflection expressing marked surprise.
- c) (.) Use a prolonged downward inflection suggesting a quiet finality.
- d) (.) Increase the strength and abruptness of the downward inflection to suggest a more positive conviction.
- e) Slide the voice from low to high and back to low pitches and reverse. This is the circumflex.



2. Repeat the sentences below using the standard inflection patterns discussed above:

- a) That's news to me! I wonder if it is really true.
- b) So you are in doubt? I'll show you!
- c) That hurts! How beautiful! How cunning!
- d) I sympathize with you deeply.
- e) Well, what do you think of that?
- f) That's a fish story!
- g) Of course I know him.
- h) I'm afraid.
- i) Yes, No, Maybe

3. Express as many different meanings and feelings as you can by uttering the word "Well" with a variety of inflections.

4. Count from one to five, prolonging the vowel tone in each word. Vary the pitch interval in the following ways:

- a) Start number one on a low pitch and end on a high pitch for number five.
- b) Reverse the above procedure, beginning on a high pitch and end on a low pitch.

5. **good**
 do lives
 The **that men**
 af-
 ter them.

6. **that**
 lies
 In **direction**
 death.

Speech Melody Exercise 2

Thoughts to Get You Through a Change

- We live on a Line Between Past and Future. That Line is our Lifeline. George Herbert
- The Lowest Ebb is the Turn of the Tide.... -Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- Men are wise in proportion not to their experience but to their capacity for experience... .George Bernard Shaw
- We should take from the past its fires and not its ashes.... -Jean Jacobs
- Storms make oaks take deeper root. -George Herbert
- My grandfather always said that living is like licking honey off a thorn. Louis Adamic
- Worry never robs tomorrow of its sorrow; it only saps today of its strength A.J. Cronin
- The marksman hitteth the target partly by pulling, partly by letting go.
The boatsman reacheth the landing partly by pulling, partly by letting go.
Egyptian
- I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. -Oliver Wendell Holmes
- The best cosmetic in the world is an active mind that is always finding something new. Mary Meek Atkinson
- It was the bumblebee and the butterfly who survived, not the dinosaurs.
Meridel Le Sueur
- Reaction isn't action-- That is, it isn't truly creative. -Elizabeth Janeway
- To believe in something not yet proved and to underwrite it with our lives, it is the only way we can leave the future open. Lillian Smith

Dialogue Exercise For Vocal Variety

I.

Mutt: You must do it.

Jeff: No. I won't.

Mutt: I'm afraid I must insist.

Jeff: No. Don't talk about it anymore.

Mutt: But it's very important.

Jeff: Not to me.

Mutt: Oh yes, to you, too. And you must do it.

Jeff: I won't talk about it

Mutt: But I want you to. I really do, very much.

Jeff: I can't help that.

Mutt: Won't you do it? Even for me? Because I want you to, so very much?

Jeff: It's no use begging. I won't.

Mutt: You're afraid to do it.

Jeff: No. I'm not afraid.

Mutt: You're a coward; you haven't the courage.

Jeff: I'm not a coward, but I won't do it.

Mutt: Now think about it calmly. It is necessary.

Jeff: I am calm.

Mutt: Surely you can see that you must do it.

Jeff: No, I can't see that.

Mutt: But there are many perfectly logical, compelling reasons for doing it. You can see that, I know.

Jeff: No, I cannot do it.

Mutt: You must. I order you.

Jeff: I cannot.

Mutt: I order you, command you to do it.

Jeff: That won't do you any good.

Mutt: You know that I can force you to do it.

Jeff: No, you can't.

Mutt: I can. And I demand that you attempt it. Now.

Jeff: No. You may as well stop. I cannot, I will not do it.

Small Talk Dialogue

John: Are you hungry?

Velma: Yes, I am

John So am I.

Velma Shall we stop at the soda fountain?

John: Yes. It's just down the street.

Velma Let's have a sundae.

John That's what I was thinking of.

Velma I can taste it already.

John My mouth is watering too.

Velma Vanilla ice cream

John With hot fudge sauce

Velma and chopped almonds

John and lots of whipped cream

Velma a mountain of real shipped cream

John and a cherry on top!

Velma Yes, a cherry on top!

John Wonderful!!

Velma Marvelous!!

Additional Poetry

Let Evening Come, by Jane Kenyon

Let the light of late afternoon shine
through chinks in the barn, moving up
the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come.

Poem by Benjamin Franklin

Some have learnt many Tricks of sly Evasion.
Instead of truth they use Equivocation,
And eke it out with mental Reservation,
Which to good Men is an Abomination.
Our Smith of late most wonderfully swore,
That whilst he breathed he would drink no more;
But since, I know his Meaning, for I think
He meant he would not breathe whilst he did drink.

I Am Waiting

BY LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

I am waiting for my case to come up
and I am waiting
for a rebirth of wonder
and I am waiting for someone
to really discover America
and wail
and I am waiting
for the discovery
of a new symbolic western frontier
and I am waiting
for the American Eagle
to really spread its wings
and straighten up and fly right
and I am waiting
for the Age of Anxiety
to drop dead
and I am waiting
for the war to be fought
which will make the world safe
for anarchy
and I am waiting
for the final withering away
of all governments
and I am perpetually awaiting
a rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for the Second Coming
and I am waiting
for a religious revival
to sweep thru the state of Arizona
and I am waiting
for the Grapes of Wrath to be stored
and I am waiting
for them to prove
that God is really American
and I am waiting
to see God on television
piped onto church altars
if only they can find
the right channel

to tune in on
and I am waiting
for the Last Supper to be served again
with a strange new appetizer
and I am perpetually awaiting
a rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for my number to be called
and I am waiting
for the Salvation Army to take over
and I am waiting
for the meek to be blessed
and inherit the earth
without taxes
and I am waiting
for forests and animals
to reclaim the earth as theirs
and I am waiting
for a way to be devised
to destroy all nationalisms
without killing anybody
and I am waiting
for linnets and planets to fall like rain
and I am waiting for lovers and weepers
to lie down together again
in a new rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for the Great Divide to be crossed
and I am anxiously waiting
for the secret of eternal life to be discovered
by an obscure general practitioner
and I am waiting
for the storms of life
to be over
and I am waiting
to set sail for happiness
and I am waiting
for a reconstructed Mayflower
to reach America
with its picture story and tv rights
sold in advance to the natives
and I am waiting
for the lost music to sound again

in the Lost Continent
in a new rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for the day
that maketh all things clear
and I am awaiting retribution
for what America did
to Tom Sawyer
and I am waiting
for Alice in Wonderland
to retransmit to me
her total dream of innocence
and I am waiting
for Childe Roland to come
to the final darkest tower
and I am waiting
for Aphrodite
to grow live arms
at a final disarmament conference
in a new rebirth of wonder

I am waiting
to get some intimations
of immortality
by recollecting my early childhood
and I am waiting
for the green mornings to come again
youth's dumb green fields come back again
and I am waiting
for some strains of unpremeditated art
to shake my typewriter
and I am waiting to write
the great indelible poem
and I am waiting
for the last long careless rapture
and I am perpetually waiting
for the fleeing lovers on the Grecian Urn
to catch each other up at last
and embrace
and I am awaiting
perpetually and forever
a renaissance of wonder

The moment one definitely commits oneself,
Then providence moves too.
All sorts of things occur to help one that
Would never otherwise have occurred.
A whole stream of events issues from the
Decisions, raising in one's favor all manner of
Unforeseen incidents and meetings and
Material assistance which no man could have
Dreamed would have come his way.
Whatever you can do or dream you can,
Begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Begin it now.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Name: _____ Date: _____

VOICE POWER DAILY PRACTICE

Voice Affirmation: Every day and in every way I am more _____.

Articulation Exercises: Theophilus Thistle, Hippity Hoppity, EE-OO. AH-OO, Jaw Exercises

Voice Training Mantras: Speak Like You Mean It. Present Your Thoughts. Clear Clean and Crisp, Project to Connect.

Year: _____

Check Here If Working On This Skill	VOCAL BASIC SKILL	SKILL RESULT	COMMITMENT (Hours per Day you talk) Vocal Colors	Month				Month				Month			
				Week				Week				Week			
				1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
	#1 Breathe #2 Talk on the Exhale	<i>GOOD ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM</i>													
	#3 Caress the Ear of the Listener	<i>CUSTOMER HEARS YOU AS PLEASANT, HELPFUL, CARING, ENTHUSIASTIC.</i>													
		<i>"How Is What I'm Saying Being Received?"</i>													

Year:															
Check here if your skill area	VOCAL BASIC SKILL	SKILL RESULT	<u>COMMITMENT</u> (Hours per Day you talk) Vocal Colors	Month				Month				Month			
				Week				Week				Week			
				1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
	#4 Put A Smile In Voice	<i>FRIENDLY, ENTHUSIASTIC, CHEERFUL, CREDIBLE, SINCERE</i>													
	#5 Enunciate	<i>CLEAR DICTION</i>													
	#6 Use Your Megaphone	<i>PROJECT</i>													
	#7 Rate of Speech	<i>EASY RATE OF SPEECH (140 WPM)</i>													
	#8 Watch Filler Words	<i>NO FILLER WORDS (Um, Ah)</i>													
	#9 Speech Melody	<i>PUNCH-UP WORDS AND MELODY</i>													
	#10 Volume Control 2 1/2	<i>EASILY HEARD</i>													

PRACTICE READINGS POETRY & SPEECHES

POETRY

Dear March—Come in—(1320) EMILY DICKINSON

Dear March—Come in—
How glad I am—
I hoped for you before—
Put down your Hat—
You must have walked—
How out of Breath you are—
Dear March, how are you, and the Rest—
Did you leave Nature well—
Oh March, Come right upstairs with me—
I have so much to tell—

I got your Letter, and the Birds—
The Maples never knew that you were coming—
I declare - how Red their Faces grew—
But March, forgive me—
And all those Hills you left for me to Hue—
There was no Purple suitable—
You took it all with you—

Who knocks? That April—
Lock the Door—
I will not be pursued—
He stayed away a Year to call
When I am occupied—
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come

That blame is just as dear as Praise
And Praise as mere as Blame—

Phenomenal Woman from "And Still I Rise" Maya Angelou

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.
When I try to show them,
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing,
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
the palm of my hand,
The need for my care.
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me

The Hill We Climb” Amanda Gorman,

When day comes, we ask ourselves, where can we find light in this never ending shade?
The loss we carry. A sea we must wade.
We braved the belly of the beast
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace, and the norms and notions of what just is isn't always justice.
And yet the dawn is ours before we knew it.
Somehow we do it.
Somehow we weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished.
We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one.
And, yes, we are far from polished, far from pristine, but that doesn't mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect.
We are striving to forge our union with purpose.
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters and conditions of man.
And so we lift our gaze, not to what stands between us, but what stands before us.
We close the divide because we know to put our future first, we must first put our differences aside.
We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.
We seek harm to none and harmony for all.
Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true.
That even as we grieved, we grew.
That even as we hurt, we hoped.
That even as we tired, we tried.
That we'll forever be tied together, victorious.
Not because we will never again know defeat, but because we will never again sow division.
Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree and no one shall make them afraid.
If we're to live up to our own time, then victory won't lie in the blade, but in all the bridges we've made.
That is the promise to glade.
The hill we climb, if only we dare, it's because being American is more than a pride we inherit.
It's the past we step into and how we repair it.
We've seen a force that would shatter our nation, rather than share it,
Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.
And this effort very nearly succeeded.
But while democracy can be periodically delayed, it can never be permanently defeated.
In this truth, in this faith we trust, for while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us.
This is the era of just redemption.
We feared at its inception.
We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour.
But within it we found the power to author a new chapter,
To offer hope and laughter to ourselves.
So, while once we asked how could we possibly prevail over catastrophe, now we assert, how could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?
We will not march back to what was, but move to what shall be: a country that is bruised but whole,
benevolent but bold, fierce and free.
We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation because we know our inaction and inertia

will be the inheritance of the next generation, become the future.
Our blunders become their burdens.
But one thing is certain.
If we merge mercy with might, and might with right, then love becomes our legacy and change our children's birthright.
So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left.
You've seen this elsewhere...everywhere...I just want to have it on my FB page...forever!
With every breath my bronze pounded chest, we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the golden hills of the west.
We will rise from the windswept north, east where our forefathers first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the midwestern states.
We will rise from the sun-baked south.
We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover.
And every known nook of our nation and every corner called our country, our people diverse and beautiful, will emerge battered and beautiful.
When day comes, we step out of the shade of flame and unafraid.
The new dawn balloons as we free it.
For there is always light, if only we're brave enough to see it.
If only we're brave enough to be it."

The Stars Go Over the Lonely Ocean Robinson Jeffers

Unhappy about some far-off thing
That are not my affair, wandering
Along the coast and up the lean ridges
I saw in the evening
The stars go over the lonely ocean,
And the black-maned wild boar
Plowing his snout on Mal Paso Mountain.

The old monster snuffled "Here are sweet roots,
Fat grubs, slick beetles and sprouted acorns.
The best nation in Europe has fallen,
And that is Finland,
But the stars go over the lonely ocean,"
The old black-bristled boar,
Tusking the sod on Mal Paso Mountain.

"The world's in a bad way, my man,
And bound to be worse before it mends;
Better lie up in the mountain here
Four or five centuries,
While the stars go over the lonely ocean,"
Said the old father of wild pigs
Plowing the fallow on Mal Paso Mountain.

"Keep clear of the fools that talk democracy
And the dogs that talk revolution,
Drunk with talk, liars and believers.
I believe in my tusks.
Long live freedom and damn the ideologies,"
Said the gamey black-maned boar
Plowing with his snout on Mal Paso Mountain.

Home Edgar Albert Guest

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an' men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart:
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumbmarks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

Excerpts from "Dreams" Langston Hughes

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn,
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind
Of such I dream, my world.
Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Dream Within A Dream Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow--
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand--
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep--while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One **from** the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Birches Robert Frost

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-coloured
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground,
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows--
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile

And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

SPEECHES**On the Pulse of Morning** Maya Angelou

A Rock, A River, A Tree
Hosts to species long since departed,
Marked the mastodon,
The dinosaur, who left dried tokens
Of their sojourn here
On our planet floor,
Any broad alarm of their hastening doom
Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.

But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly, forcefully,
Come, you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant destiny,
But seek no haven in my shadow,
I will give you no hiding place down here.

You, created only a little lower than
The angels, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness
Have lain too long
Facedown in ignorance,
Your mouths spilling words
Armed for slaughter.

The Rock cries out to us today,
You may stand upon me,
But do not hide your face.

MY LOVING PEOPLE Elizabeth the First of England Tilbury Speech

My loving people,

We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. But I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people.

Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live and die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm: to which rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.

I know already, for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and We do assure you on a word of a prince, they shall be duly paid. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

Norah Ephron's Wellesley College Commencement Address. Excerpts

Above all, whatever you do, be the heroine of your life, not the victim. Because you won't have the alibi my class had—this is one of the great achievements and mixed blessings you inherit: Unlike us, you can't say nobody told you there were other options. Your education is a dress rehearsal for a life that is yours to lead. Twenty-five years from now, you won't have as easy a time making excuses as my class did. You won't be able to blame the deans, or the culture, or anyone else: you will have no one to blame but yourselves. Whoa.

So what are you going to do? This is the season when a clutch of successful women—who have it all — get up and give speeches to women like you and say, to be perfectly honest, you can't have it all. Maybe young women don't wonder whether they can have it all any longer, but in case any of you are wondering, of course you can have it all. What are you going to do? Everything, is my guess. It will be a little messy, but embrace the mess. It will be complicated, but rejoice in the complications. It will not be anything like what you think it's going to be like, but surprises are good for you. And don't be frightened: you can always change your mind. I know: I've had four careers and three husbands. And this is something else I want to tell you, one of the hundreds of things I didn't know when I was sitting here so many years ago: you are not going to be you, fixed and immutable you, forever. We have a game we play when we're waiting for tables in restaurants, where you have to write the five things that describe you on a piece of paper. When I was your age, I would have put: ambitious, Wellesley graduate, daughter, Democrat, single. Ten years later not one of those five things turned up on my list. I was: journalist, feminist, New Yorker, divorced, funny. Today not one of those five things turns up in my list: writer, director, mother, sister, happy. Whatever those five things are for you today, they won't make the list in ten years—not that you still won't be some of those things, but they won't be the five most important things about you. Which is one of the most delicious things available to women, and more particularly to women than to men, I think. It's slightly easier for us to shift, to change our minds, to take another path. Yogi Berra, the former New York Yankee who made a specialty of saying things that were famously maladroit, quoted himself at a recent commencement speech he gave. "When you see a fork in the road," he said, "take it." Well, it's supposed to be a joke, but as someone said in a movie I made, don't laugh this is my life, this is the life many women get to lead: Two paths diverge in a wood, and we get to take them both. It's another of the nicest things about being women; we can do that. Did I say it was hard? Yes, but let me say it again so that none of you can ever say the words, nobody said it was going to be hard. But it's also incredibly interesting, and you are very lucky to have an interesting life as a real option.

Whatever you choose, however many roads you travel, I hope that you choose not to be a lady. I hope you will find some way to break the rules and make a little trouble out there. And I hope that you will choose to make some of that trouble on behalf of women. Thank you. Good luck. The first act of your life is over. Welcome to the best years of your lives.

Hillary Clinton's "Women's Rights Are Human Rights" United Nations 4th World Conference on Women in Beijing 1995 Excerpts

If there is one message that echoes forth from this conference, let it be that human rights are women's rights, and women's rights are human rights, once and for all. Let us not forget that among those rights are the right to speak freely and the right to be heard. Let me be clear. Freedom means the right of people to assemble, organize, and debate openly. It means respecting the views of those who may disagree with the views of their governments. It means not taking citizens away from their loved ones and jailing them, mistreating them, or denying them their freedom or dignity because of the peaceful expression of their ideas and opinions.

In my country, we recently celebrated the 75th anniversary of women's suffrage. It took 150 years after the signing of our Declaration of Independence for women to win the right to vote. It took 72 years of organized struggle before that happened, on the part of many courageous women and men. It was one of America's most divisive philosophical wars. But it was a bloodless war. Suffrage was achieved without a shot being fired.

But we've also been remembered, in V-J Day observances last weekend, of the good that comes when men and women join together to combat the forces of tyranny and to build a better world. We have seen peace prevail in most places for a half century. We have avoided another World War. But we have not solved older, deeply rooted problems that continue to diminish the potential of half the world's population.

Now, it is the time to act on behalf of women everywhere. If we take bold steps to better the lives of women, we will be taking bold steps to better the lives of children and families too. Families rely on mothers and wives for emotional support and care. Families rely on women for labor in the home. And, increasingly, families rely on women for income needed to raise healthy children and care for other relatives. As long as discrimination and inequities remain so commonplace everywhere in the world, as long as girls and women are valued less, fed less, fed last, overworked, underpaid, and not schooled, subjected to violence in and outside their homes, the potential of the human family to create a peaceful, prosperous world will not be realized.

Let this conference be our, and the world's, call to action. Let us heed that call, so we can create a world in which every woman is treated with respect and dignity, every boy and girl is loved and cared for equally, and every family has a hope of a strong and stable future. That is the work before you. That is the work before all of us, who have a vision of the world we want to see for our children and our grandchildren.

Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" 1963 Excerpts

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted (*Yes*), every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain (*Yes*), and the crooked places will be made straight (*Yes*), and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed [*cheering*], and all flesh shall see it together. (*Yes Lord*)

This is our hope. (*Yes, Yes*) This is the faith that I go back to the South with. (*Yes*) With this faith (*My Lord*) we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. (*Yes, All right*) With this faith (*Yes*) we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation (*Yes*) into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. (*Talk about it*) With this faith (*Yes, My Lord*) we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together (*Yes*), to stand up for freedom together (*Yeah*), knowing that we will be free one day. [*sustained applause*]

This will be the day, this will be the day when all of God's children (*Yes, Yeah*) will be able to sing with new meaning: "My country, 'tis of thee (*Yeah, Yes*), sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. (*Oh yes*) Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride (*Yeah*), from every mountainside, let freedom ring!" (*Yeah*)

And if America is to be a great nation (*Yes*), this must become true. So let freedom ring (*Yes, Amen*) from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. (*Uh-huh*) Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania. (*Yes, all right*) Let freedom ring (*Yes*) from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado. (*Well*) Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California. (*Yes*) But not only that: (*No*) Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia. [*cheering*] (*Yeah, Oh yes, Lord*) Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee. (*Yes*) Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. (*Yes*) From *every* mountainside (*Yeah*) [*sustained applause*], let freedom ring.

And when this happens [*applause*] (*Let it ring, Let it ring*), and when we allow freedom ring (*Let it ring*), when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city (*Yes Lord*), we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children (*Yeah*), black men (*Yeah*) and white men (*Yeah*), Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics (*Yes*), will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: "Free at last! (*Yes*) Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!" [*enthusiastic applause*] Source: MLKEC-INP, Martin Luther King, Jr. Estate Collection,

President John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address Excerpts

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

This much we pledge—and more.....

So let us begin anew—remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms—and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah—to “undo the heavy burdens . . . (and) let the oppressed go free.”

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need—not as a call to battle, though embattled we are—but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in

and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"—a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Stephen Hawking's "Questioning the Universe", Ted Talk 2008

There is nothing bigger or older than the universe. The questions I would like to talk about are: one, where did we come from? How did the universe come into being? Are we alone in the universe? Is there alien life out there? What is the future of the human race?

Up until the 1920s, everyone thought the universe was essentially static and unchanging in time. Then it was discovered that the universe was expanding. Distant galaxies were moving away from us. This meant they must have been closer together in the past. If we extrapolate back, we find we must have all been on top of each other about 15 billion years ago. This was the Big Bang, the beginning of the universe.

But was there anything before the Big Bang? If not, what created the universe? Why did the universe emerge from the Big Bang the way it did? We used to think that the theory of the universe could be divided into two parts. First, there were the laws like Maxwell's equations and general relativity that determined the evolution of the universe, given its state over all of space at one time. And second, there was no question of the initial state of the universe.

We have made good progress on the first part, and now have the knowledge of the laws of evolution in all but the most extreme conditions. But until recently, we have had little idea about the initial conditions for the universe. However, this division into laws of evolution and initial conditions depends on time and space being separate and distinct. Under extreme conditions, general relativity and quantum theory allow time to behave like another dimension of space. This removes the distinction between time and space, and means the laws of evolution can also determine the initial state. The universe can spontaneously create itself out of nothing.

Moreover, we can calculate a probability that the universe was created in different states. These predictions are in excellent agreement with observations by the WMAP satellite of the cosmic microwave background, which is an imprint of the very early universe. We think we have solved the mystery of creation. Maybe we should patent the universe and charge everyone royalties for their existence.

I now turn to the second big question: are we alone, or is there other life in the universe? We believe that life arose spontaneously on the Earth, so it must be possible for life to appear on other suitable planets, of which there seem to be a large number in the galaxy.

But we don't know how life first appeared. We have two pieces of observational evidence on the probability of life appearing. The first is that we have fossils of algae from 3.5 billion years ago. The Earth was formed 4.6 billion years ago and was probably too hot for about the first half billion years. So life appeared on Earth within half a billion years of it being possible, which is short compared to the 10-billion-year lifetime of a planet of Earth type. This suggests that the probability of life appearing is reasonably high. If it was very low, one would have expected it to take most of the ten billion years available.

On the other hand, we don't seem to have been visited by aliens. I am discounting the reports of UFOs. Why would they appear only to cranks and weirdos? If there is a government conspiracy to suppress the reports and keep for itself the scientific knowledge the aliens bring, it seems to have been a singularly ineffective policy so far. Furthermore, despite an extensive search by the SETI

project, we haven't heard any alien television quiz shows. This probably indicates that there are no alien civilizations at our stage of development within a radius of a few hundred light years. Issuing an insurance policy against abduction by aliens seems a pretty safe bet.

This brings me to the last of the big questions: the future of the human race. If we are the only intelligent beings in the galaxy, we should make sure we survive and continue. But we are entering an increasingly dangerous period of our history. Our population and our use of the finite resources of planet Earth are growing exponentially, along with our technical ability to change the environment for good or ill. But our genetic code still carries the selfish and aggressive instincts that were of survival advantage in the past. It will be difficult enough to avoid disaster in the next hundred years, let alone the next thousand or million.

Our only chance of long-term survival is not to remain inward-looking on planet Earth, but to spread out into space. The answers to these big questions show that we have made remarkable progress in the last hundred years. But if we want to continue beyond the next hundred years, our future is in space. That is why I am in favor of manned – or should I say, personned – space flight.

All of my life I have sought to understand the universe and find answers to these questions. I have been very lucky that my disability has not been a serious handicap. Indeed, it has probably given me more time than most people to pursue the quest for knowledge. The ultimate goal is a complete theory of the universe, and we are making good progress. Thank you for listening.

Chris Anderson: Professor, if you had to guess either way, do you now believe that it is more likely than not that we are alone in the Milky Way, as a civilization of our level of intelligence or higher? This answer took seven minutes, and really gave me an insight into the incredible act of generosity this whole talk was for TED.

Stephen Hawking: I think it quite likely that we are the only civilization within several hundred light years; otherwise we would have heard radio waves. The alternative is that civilizations don't last very long, but destroy themselves.

President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, 1863 on the battlefield near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives, that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Steve Jobs' Stanford Commencement Address 2005

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed College after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: "We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said: "Of course." My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college.

And 17 years later I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out I could stop taking the required classes that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting.

It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms, I returned Coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and sans serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But 10 years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But it was very, very clear looking backward

10 years later.

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.

My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky — I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz and I started Apple in my parents' garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in 10 years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4,000 employees. We had just released our finest creation — the Macintosh — a year earlier, and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30 I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

I really didn't know what to do for a few months. I felt that I had let the previous generation of entrepreneurs down — that I had dropped the baton as it was being passed to me. I met with David Packard and Bob Noyce and tried to apologize for screwing up so badly. I was a very public failure, and I even thought about running away from the valley. But something slowly began to dawn on me — I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected, but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.

I didn't see it then, but it turned out that getting fired from Apple was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. The heaviness of being successful was replaced by the lightness of being a beginner again, less sure about everything. It freed me to enter one of the most creative periods of my life.

During the next five years, I started a company named NeXT, another company named Pixar, and fell in love with an amazing woman who would become my wife. Pixar went on to create the world's first computer animated feature film, *Toy Story*, and is now the most successful animation studio in the world. In a remarkable turn of events, Apple bought NeXT, I returned to Apple, and the technology we developed at NeXT is at the heart of Apple's current renaissance. And Laurene and I have a wonderful family together.

I'm pretty sure none of this would have happened if I hadn't been fired from Apple. It was awful tasting medicine, but I guess the patient needed it. Sometimes life hits you in the head with a brick. Don't lose faith. I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me going was that I loved what I did. You've got to find what you love. And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on. So keep looking until you find it. Don't settle.

My third story is about death.

When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: "If you live each day as if it was your last, someday you'll most certainly be right." It made an impression on me, and since then, for the past 33 years, I have looked in the mirror every morning and asked myself: "If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?" And whenever the answer has been "No" for too many days in a row, I know I need to change something.

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything — all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure — these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning, and it clearly showed a tumor on my pancreas. I didn't even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable, and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor's code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next 10 years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells from the tumor. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a microscope the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I'm fine now.

This was the closest I've been to facing death, and I hope it's the closest I get for a few more decades. Having lived through it, I can now say this to you with a bit more certainty than when death was a useful but purely intellectual concept:

No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new. Right now the new is you, but someday not too long from now, you will gradually become the old and be cleared away. Sorry to be so dramatic, but it is quite true.

Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma — which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.

When I was young, there was an amazing publication called *The Whole Earth Catalog*, which was one of the bibles of my generation. It was created by a fellow named Stewart Brand not far from here in Menlo Park, and he brought it to life with his poetic touch. This was in the late 1960s, before personal computers and desktop publishing, so it was all made with typewriters, scissors and

Polaroid cameras. It was sort of like Google in paperback form, 35 years before Google came along: It was idealistic, and overflowing with neat tools and great notions.

Stewart and his team put out several issues of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, and then when it had run its course, they put out a final issue. It was the mid-1970s, and I was your age. On the back cover of their final issue was a photograph of an early morning country road, the kind you might find yourself hitchhiking on if you were so adventurous. Beneath it were the words: "Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish." It was their farewell message as they signed off. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish. And I have always wished that for myself. And now, as you graduate to begin anew, I wish that for you.

Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.

Thank you all very much.

Appendix

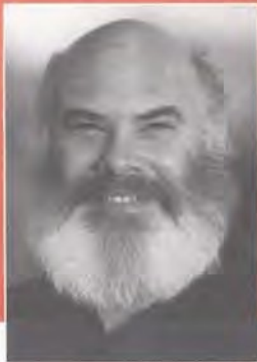
TIPS FOR GOOD VOCAL HEALTH

1. Dairy products, milk, yogurt, cheese, and ice cream all produce excess mucous and should be avoided.
2. Red Wine has an adverse effect on sinus tissue. Rosé and white wines are better.
3. Products with excessive yeast in them – beer, etc. are mucous producing.
4. Cigarettes need to be avoided. They impair your breath control.
5. Try to ventilate your sleeping room with a little fresh air.
6. Hotel air conditioning and heating systems and plane air are filled with fungus that directly affects your sinuses and lungs causing allergic reactions and breathing problems.
7. Steam or dry sauna is relaxing to body and voice after a long day of speaking.
8. Using a bowl of steaming water with eucalyptus oil and putting your head over it and covering your head with a towel and inhaling deeply is very cleansing.
9. Keep your body hydrated. Drink plenty of fluids throughout the day: water, caffeine-free teas and sodas.
10. Using a humidifier in excessively dry climates keeps your vocal chords and sinuses from drying out.
11. If you become hoarse, reduce your talking drastically. Save your voice for your presentations. The same holds true if you are sick, have a cold, allergies or any other affliction of the upper respiratory tract.
12. Keep your throat moist. Use cough drops or lifesavers.
13. Avoid clearing your throat continually.

Keep your whole body in good general condition. It directly affects your vocal presentation. Get plenty of sleep, and exercise. Remember, emotional attitudes directly affect the way you use your voice.

Selected Reading List

1. The Art of Fielding Questions with Finesse, Mary Jane Mapes, 1-800-851-2270
2. Change Your Voice, Change Your Life: A Quick, Simple Plan for Finding & Using Your Natural, Dynamic Voice, Dr. Morton Cooper, Harper & Row Publishers.
3. Coping With Difficult People, Robert M. Bramson, Ph.D. Dell Publishing.
4. How to Say It With Your Voice, Jeffrey Jacobi, Prentice Hall Press., ISBN: 0-7352-0152-8
5. I Can See You Naked: A Fearless Guide to Making Great Presentations, by Ron Hoff, Andrews and McMeel, a Universal Press Syndicate Company.
6. Influence, The Psychology of Persuasion, Robert B. Cialdini, PH.D., Quill William Morrow, N.Y.
7. Improvisation for the Theater, Viola Spolin, Northwestern University Press.
8. Improvisation and the Theater, Keith Johnstone, Theater Arts Books, 1981.
9. Managing as A Performing Art: New Ideas for a World of Chaotic Change, Jossey Bass, 1991.
10. Networking for Everyone: Connecting with People for Career and Job Success, L. Michelle Tullier, PhD, JIST Works, Inc. 317-264-3720
11. Never Be Nervous Again, Dorothy Sarnoff, Audio Tape, Simon & Schuster.
12. People Skills: How to Assert Yourself, Listen to Others and Resolve Conflicts, Robert Bolton, PhD, Simon & Schuster.
13. Playing Along: 37 Group Learning Activities, Izzy Gesell, Wide Angle Humor, 1-888-443-7355
14. The Possible Human: A Course In Enhancing Your Physical, Mental, and Creative Abilities, Jean Houston, G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS.
15. The Secrets of Charisma, Doe Lang, PhD, New Choices Press, 212-362-6808
16. Speech Can Change Your Life, Dorothy Sarnoff (only available in libraries).
17. Spontaneous Healing, Andrew Weil.
18. Talk To Win, Lillian Glass, PhD, Putnam Publishing Group.
19. Words That Sell: The Thesaurus to Help you Promote your Ideas, Richard Bayan, Contemporary Books, Inc. N.Y.
20. Your Public Best: The Complete Guide to Making Successful Public Appearances, Lillian Brown, Newmarket Press, N.Y.



Dr. Andrew Weil's

Self Healing

CREATING NATURAL HEALTH FOR YOUR BODY AND MIND

May 1998

Dear Reader,
I am very heartened by mainstream medicine's increasing openness to natural therapies. In late May, 200 physicians and other health professionals will attend a four-day course on herbal medicine that I will co-direct at Columbia University. And physicians' interest in Integrative Medicine has prompted me to help launch a new scientific journal covering this emerging field. (For more information on the journal, see page 3.)

Elsewhere in this issue, you'll learn about breathwork's profound effects on health, how to undertake a juice fast for detoxification, and more. Sincerely,

We welcome your letters!
Please write us at *Self Healing*, 42 Pleasant St., Watertown MA 02172.

INSIDE

The Feldenkrais Method	2
Health in the News	2
Recommended Reading for Your Doctor	3
Ask Dr. Weil: Natural "Fen-Phen"; Etc.	4
Creatine: Stronger Muscles in a Pill?	4
Keeping Up with Dr. Weil	5
Spring Cleaning with a Juice Fast	8

FEATURE

The Art of Breathing

Proper breathing is the master key to good health. Here's how to incorporate simple breathwork techniques into your daily life.

Some people complain that my recommendations for protecting health are troublesome or costly. My response is to point out that the simplest and most powerful technique I know is absolutely free—and literally right under your nose. If I had to limit my advice on healthier living to just one tip, it would be simply to learn how to breathe correctly. From my own experience and from working with patients, I have come to believe that proper breathing is the master key to good health.

I have seen breath control alone achieve remarkable results: lowering blood pressure, ending heart arrhythmias, improving long-standing patterns of poor digestion, increasing blood circulation throughout the body, decreasing anxiety (and allowing people to get off addictive anti-anxiety drugs), and improving sleep and energy cycles. Breathing techniques are also the surest route I know to stress reduction. I honestly think there is no limit to what breathwork can accomplish—not only in areas of physical and emotional health, but also as a way of increasing mindfulness and spiritual awareness.

While I have recommended breathing exercises here and there in past issues, this month I'll show you how to incorporate a number of these simple techniques into your daily life. I urge you to practice them on a regular basis: I know some people who eat well and exercise faithfully but are not very healthy—yet I don't know any healthy people who do not breathe well.

A Bridge Between Mind and Body

My own introduction to breathing techniques came in the early '70s when I studied and practiced yoga. One major component of yoga is working with *prana*—the Sanskrit word for breath, spirit, or universal energy. (In most Indo-European languages, the words for *spirit* and *breath* are the same—underscoring a belief that breath is actually the nonphysical essence within us, the movement of spirit in matter. The English word *respiration* preserves this meaning.) My interest in breath was further stimulated by my work with the late osteopathic physician Robert Fulford, whose practice focused on detecting breathing restrictions in his patients and using gentle hands-on manipulation to correct them. Dr. Fulford himself was the epitome of robust vitality, and when I once asked him to tell me the secret of his own good health, he replied, "I'll show you," and with that took a deep, slow in-breath that went on so long I stared in disbelief.

Why does breathwork have such a powerful effect on our health? Unlike any other function of the body, breathing is the only one we do both voluntarily and involuntarily. As such, it is the only function through which we can access and influence the involuntary (autonomic) nervous system, which regulates the heart, circulation, digestion, and other vital functions. Imbalances in the involuntary ner-

continued on page 6

The Art of Breathing / continued from page 1

vous system are the root cause of many ailments, including irregular heart rhythms, hypertension, and disorders of circulation, digestion, and urination, to name a few. Breath control can be a powerful intervention for all these conditions, whereas conventional treatments for them leave much to be desired—relying on strong drugs that are suppressive and don't get to the root of the problem.

Here at the Program in Integrative Medicine at the University of Arizona, we are using breathwork as a standard therapeutic intervention and hope to encourage research on its benefits. As part of the program's curriculum, we are launching a series of continuing education courses—beginning with ones for psychiatrists, oncologists, and cardiologists—all of which will include a unit on breathing and breathwork. Patients who come to our Integrative Medicine Clinic learn breathing exercises to help them control the many conditions discussed above.

The Relaxing Breath

The most effective and time-efficient relaxation method I have found is the yoga-derived Relaxing Breath that I teach to virtually all of my patients. This breathing exercise produces a pleasant altered state, which feels better and better with regular practice.

- 1 **Sit or lie** comfortably with your back straight, and place your tongue in what's called the yonic position: Touch the tip of your tongue to the back of your upper front teeth and slide it up until it rests on the ridge of tissue between your teeth and palate. Keep your tongue there for the duration of the exercise.
- 2 **Exhale** completely through the mouth, making an audible *whoosh* sound.
- 3 **Close** your mouth lightly. Inhale through your nose quietly to the count of 4.
- 4 **Hold** your breath for the count of 7.
- 5 **Exhale** audibly through your mouth to the count of 8. If you have difficulty exhaling with your tongue in place, try pursing your lips.
- 6 **Repeat** steps 3 through 5 three more times, for a total of four cycles. Breathe normally and observe how your body feels.

The key to doing this exercise is keeping to the ratio of 4-7-8, ensuring that your exhalation is twice as long as your inhalation. It doesn't matter how fast or slow you count; your pace will be determined by how long you can comfortably hold your breath.

Practice this exercise at least twice a day, preferably when you first wake and before you go to sleep, or just before meditating. After a month of practice, you can increase the number of breath cycles to eight.

I find this exercise helps me fall asleep, and get back to sleep if I wake up during the night. Experiment with using it in situations where you are angry, anxious, or upset or when you're experiencing physical discomfort or pain.

Breathing Basics

Below are several tips and exercises to guide you in the healing art of breathing. Keep in mind that the benefits of breathwork depend on daily practice and develop gradually and cumulatively.

Observe your breath. Whether you are just beginning or already a seasoned practitioner, the most subtle and powerful form of breathwork is also the simplest: Just follow your breath. Sit or lie with your spine straight, close your eyes, and focus your attention on your breathing, without trying to influence it. Notice that following your breath is pleasant and relaxing, a way of putting your mind and body in neutral. If your mind starts to wander, just gently bring it back to your breathing.

Many Eastern adepts have claimed that it is possible to attain enlightenment by doing nothing other than paying attention to the breath. Certainly there are far worse places to put your attention—such as on your thoughts, for example, or on images you have in your mind, both of which can be sources of anxiety and unhappiness. I recommend that you practice this simple meditation five minutes each day.

Make your breathing slow, deep, quiet, and regular.

The more you can move your breathing in these directions, the more efficient your respiration will be, the more oxygen will be delivered to organs, and the more harmoniously your nervous system will function. Whenever you think about it, whether stopped at a red light or waiting in a supermarket line, practice taking a series of breaths in which you consciously try to make your breath slower, deeper, quieter, and more regular.

Taking slow, deep breaths is also a handy stress-reduction technique. If you watch people who are angry, anxious, or otherwise upset, their breathing always changes in the direction of being rapid, shallow, noisy, and irregular. Inevitably, these two conditions go together—and, conversely, it's impossible to be upset if your breathing is slow, deep, quiet, and regular.

Breathe abdominally. Another aim of breath control is to breathe abdominally, in order to use your respiratory system fully. When you take a breath in, you should feel expansion in your belly rather than your chest. An easy way to tell if you are doing this properly is to hold your hand over your abdomen as you take a breath: When you inhale your hand should move outward, and when you exhale it should move back in. Whenever possible, pay attention to whether your belly is expanding and contracting as you breathe.

Begin with an exhalation. Although breathing is an endless cycle, we tend to impose a pattern on it, imagining that each breath begins when we inhale and ends when we exhale. In east Asia, however, the concept of breathing is just the opposite: The Chinese character for breathing (also used in Japanese) consists of two radicals, one that means exhalation and one that means

The Stimulating Breath

For times that call for a quick pick-me-up—when you grow drowsy on the highway, say, or feel that mid-afternoon slump at your desk—here's a yogic exercise that works faster than a cup of coffee. Commonly known as the bellows breath, I call it the Stimulating Breath.

1 Sit with your back straight and put your tongue in the yogic position, as described in the box on page 6. Hold it there for the duration of the exercise.

2 Breathe in and out very rapidly through your nose, keeping your mouth lightly closed. Your inhalations and exhalations should be of equal length and as short as possible (as many as three cycles per second, if you can do that comfortably). You should feel muscular effort at the base of your neck just above the collarbones and diaphragm (try putting your hands on these spots to get a sense of movement). The action of your chest should be rapid and mechanical, like a bellows pumping air.

The first time you try this exercise, keep it up for no longer than 15 seconds, then breathe normally. Each time you do it, increase the duration by 5 seconds, if you can, until you work up to a full minute.

I recommend practicing every morning when you first get up. This is real exercise, and you can expect to feel some fatigue in the muscles you are using at first. At the same time, you should feel a sense of greater alertness and less mental fatigue, an effect that will increase with practice.

inhalation—but exhalation comes first. See what happens if you reverse your normal concept of breathing: Close your eyes and follow your breath for a few minutes, but picture each breath cycle as beginning with an exhalation and ending with an inhalation. I find that doing this makes me feel much more involved with the breath and more able to influence it. Do this exercise at least a minute every day.

Squeeze out more air. One of the most important points to keep in mind is that you deepen respiration by *exhaling*

more air, not inhaling it. If you can push more air out of your lungs, your lungs will automatically take more in. Try taking a deep breath, letting it out effortlessly, and then squeezing more air out of your lungs. You should feel the effort in your intercostal muscles between your ribs, muscles that most people are not accustomed to using. If you do this exercise whenever you think of it, even at odd moments during the day, you will gradually build up these muscles, and your exhalations will become deeper. At first you will need to train yourself to do this consciously, but with regular practice it will become an unconscious part of the way you breathe. Over time, the length of your exhalations will naturally equal that of your inhalations (in most people, inhalation lasts much longer).

Let yourself be breathed. This is a kind of imaginative play that I like to do as I'm falling asleep, or when I first wake up in the morning. Close your eyes, letting your arms rest alongside your body, and observe your breath. Now imagine that with each inhalation the universe is blowing breath into you, and with each exhalation withdrawing it. Picture yourself as a passive recipient of this breath. As the universe breathes into you, let yourself feel the breath penetrating to every part of your body, even to your fingers and toes. Try to hold this perception through 10 breath cycles. Do it once a day, and see how your concept of breathing expands. ☺

*If you're interested in trying more-advanced breathing techniques, I recommend the book *Conscious Breathing* by Gay Hendricks (Bantam, 1995).*

A SELF HEALING STORY

Straight to the Heart: Breathwork to the Rescue

While the benefits of breathwork tend to develop gradually and cumulatively, it is sometimes possible for breath control to have effects that are immediate and dramatic. Such was the case for Mark Heller, a Chicago stock trader with a history of atrial fibrillation—a condition in which the upper chambers of the heart beat rapidly and irregularly, causing an unpleasant sensa-

tion that the heart is racing out of control. Typically, Mark would have episodes of this arrhythmia once or twice a year, necessitating a rush to the hospital and treatment with drugs to slow his heart rate.

Fortunately for Mark, however, the last time he had an episode—on Labor Day weekend last year—someone was visiting his home who knew about the Relaxing

Breath, and its ability to slow heart rate (see box on page 6). The visitor, Karen Koffler, M.D., a Fellow at the University of Arizona's Program in Integrative Medicine (Mark's sister-in-law, as well as his doctor), evaluated his condition and told him she knew of a powerful breathing exercise that might help. She taught it to Mark on the spot, calmly guiding him through the steps

of the breathing technique for about five minutes.

The results amazed him. "Her suggestions and instructions calmed me and brought my heart rate back to normal," says Mark, who as a result managed to avoid a trip to the emergency room. "It definitely was a pleasure."

Better yet, Mark has not had a repeat occurrence of the fibrillation since then—but if he does, he'll know what to do.