



Hamlet

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"Are you sure he didn't say, 'I'm glad you asked *that* question?'"

"Positive. I was dozing off at the time, and the discrepancy woke me with a start."

Professor Snodgrass stopped to take another note and I looked at my watch.

"I have a conference in five minutes," I said, "I'm afraid I'll have to hurry on."

"Just a minute. Just one minute. I thought you might give me a few examples from poems." We started to walk again, a little faster than before, at I searched for *this* and *that* in my mental Untermeyer.

"Burns," I said. "'The Jolly Beggars.' 'For a' *that* and a' *that*.'"

"Capital, capital," said Professor Snodgrass, scribbling away and mincing along. "Go on, my boy, go on."

"Keats," I said. "'*That* is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

"Of course," said Professor Snodgrass. "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.'"

"Yeats," I said "'*That* is no country for old men!'"

"Byzantium," Professor Snodgrass buzzed and hummed. "'Sailing to Byzantium.'"

We had come to the parting of our ways.

"I'll send you more as I find them."

"By all means, by all means," he said, over his shoulder. "We'll show them who's on our side. We'll tie their confounded tongues. And I'll mention you in the text."

A moment later I thought of another.

"Hey, Professor Snodgrass," I called. He stopped and took out a card. "'To be, or not to be, *that* is the question.'"

One of my students wheeled by on his bicycle. He looked at me and grinned.

"This is Laurence Olivier?" he said.

Questions on usage should be sent to the chairman of the NCTE Committee on Current English, professor Margaret M. Bryant, Dept. of English, Brooklyn College, Brooklyn 10, New York.

Hamlet

BERTOLT BRECHT

TRANSLATED BY HELMUT W. BONHEIM

In this bloated body, slow to bite,
Reason proves itself a cankerous pox:
Amid the steel-clad clansmen, in his socks
Stands this profound defenseless parasite.

But then the drums of Fortinbras which gain
His ear, muster a thousand fools to hand
To fight and die for a mere spear of land
"Which is not tomb enough to hide the slain."

At last this pin in Fatso's skin succeeds
In making clear he only stalled and fooled:
Now must he bravely steer toward bloody deeds.

All this and yet we still nod gravely when they say
That had he worn the crown he would have ruled
Without a doubt in a most royal way.