

(Ohio State University Press, 1964); Terence Martin, Nathaniel Hawthorne (New York, 1965), p. 64.

⁴ Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Custom House," The Scarlet Letter and Other Tales of the Puritans, ed. Harry Levin (Boston, 1960), p. 6. All further references to "The Custom House" are to this edition, pp. 5-47.

⁵ Baskett, pp. 325-326.

A Map Of Otsego Country

This ragged, fragile map of Otsego County
Has followed me through two house-movings.
It is stubborn, like me.
The old Scotch tape on its corners
Says that once I prized it enough
To have it on my study wall.
Did I follow its directions?
No, I preferred to follow my nose.
Thus, if I found Arnold Lake, it was by chance.
I didn't want to be shown,
But to come on it on my own.
I wanted to discover it.
So here is the crumpled map.
Once I paid it no attention.
Now I don't need it.
I walk where I go
And I know
The way.

ROBERT W. ROUNDS

Teaching Teachers Poetry

By JOHN MILSTEAD
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This was to be my first course in "Teaching Poetry" or "Teaching" anything else. A summer short course or workshop, utilitarian, pragmatic. These were no-nonsense people, fresh (or dulled) from wresting thoughts from reluctant minds and finding most replies tangential to the central issue. What they had come from, they must return to. Their needs ranged the pedagogical spectrum from naivete to a greedy gimmickry. Some said, "I've never had a really basic course in poetry." Others said, "I want a refresher course." Others said, "I've tried everything. Give me something new."

To those who wanted something new, I had to admit at the moment that, like many others, I was empty. We would have to wait and see what developed. Beyond the basic line of sound, image, and metaphor, where is there to go in poetry, really, except to specialism or eccentricity? Teaching consists of understanding as well as technique. More than most, English teachers should make sure that a common understanding preceded new techniques, for techniques can distort as well as clarify. As students have remarked, "When we've taken a poem apart, who's going to put it back together?"

My conservative comments did not satisfy some, and they left.

I feel safe in assuming that anyone reading this article agrees with--or at least knows of--the theory that a poem consists of three elements, sounds, images, and metaphors arranged in arbitrary units called lines. Within flexible limits, these elements parallel, deviate from, and interact with lexical and syntactic patterns of the English language. With this assumption, I shall proceed, not to re-emphasize the three basics of sound, image, and metaphor, but to share a learning experience based on these fundamentals.