

Chapter 1 : The Human Chord PDF Online - ZanderLes

Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for The Human Chord (Large Print Edition) at calendrierdelascience.com Read honest and unbiased product reviews from our users.

Where is the expansion of my mind? I - who possess the mystical vision of a poet - cannot be content with lowly drudge-work in an office! Oh how I long for my imaginary childhood companion - little Winky! I miss our adventures! But what is this! Tenor voice and some knowledge of Hebrew essential; single; unworldly. An empty rail station with a lonely but inspiring natural landscape looming in the background. Spinrobin stands waiting with his bags. Pray tell me what is required! My tenor is strong! My knowledge of Hebrew is improving! I have no woman! I am singularly unworldly! Tell me, Reverend Sir, are you leading me to some great adventure of the mind - indeed, of the very soul? A dinner table inside of a gloomy mansion, lit by candlelight. The sound of moaning wind. At the head of the table sits Reverend Skale; on one side of him sits a nervous-looking Spinrobin and on the other side sits a young lady MIRIAM, who is staring at Spinrobin with a cow-like expression of - presumably - devotion and love. Please tell me of the adventure that awaits us all! I understand it involves singing and the coming together of voices, the forming of some sort of "Human Chord" SKALE in baritone, slowly increasing in volume: Skale is smiling widely like a madman. Miriam is still mooning at Spinrobin, whose mouth is hanging open in surprise and fear. You are so tender, so wise, so very sensitive! You are my Master! The human voice is capable of such unnatural wonders by simply uttering the right notes? By naming the unnameable? I have always imagined this to be so, even as a child when playing with my beloved imaginary companion, Winky! But what will our human chord provoke? And what shall happen if a human chord is sung He looks significantly at Mrs. What is your ultimate goal, Reverend Sir? Into what shall we be transformed?

Chapter 2 : Paradise Chords - John Prine - Cowboy Lyrics

The Human Chord and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.

I[edit] For some minutes they sat in front of the fire and sipped their coffee in silence. The secretary felt that the sliding platform on which he was traveling into this extraordinary adventure had been going a little too fast for him. Events had crowded past before he had time to look squarely at them. Had she lived always inside his thoughts she could not have chosen words better calculated to convince him that they were utterly in sympathy one with the other. Skale, moreover, approved heartily. Only, while Miriam, little witch, knew all about it, he, candidate on trial, knew as yet--nothing. And now, as they sat opposite one another in the privacy of the library, Spinrobin, full of confidence and for once proud of his name and personality, looked forward to being taken more into the heart of the affair. Things advanced, however, more slowly than he desired. Short, rapid puffs he took, as though the smoke was afraid to enter beyond the front teeth, and with one finger he incessantly knocked off the ashes into his saucer, even when none were there to fall. On the table behind them gurgled the shaded lamp, lighting their faces from the eyes downwards. Skale, evidently not aware that he thundered, "we can talk quietly and undisturbed. His voice boomed musically, filling the room. Spinrobin listened acutely, afraid even to cross his legs. A genuine pronouncement, he felt, was coming. Spinrobin," he said simply, "when I was a curate of a country parish in Norfolk, I made a discovery--of a revolutionary description--a discovery in the world of real things, that is, of spiritual things. For some years now I have been quietly at work here absorbed in my immense pursuit. Spinrobin--" "Yes," interjected the secretary, as though the mention of his name touched a button and produced a sound. Spinrobin crossed his legs with a fluttering motion, hastily. None of them suited. None had the requisite quality of voice. With a single exception, none of them could stand the loneliness, the seclusion; and without exception, all of them were too worldly to make sacrifices. It was the salary they wanted. The majority, moreover, confused imagination with fancy, and courage with mere audacity. And, most serious of all, not one of them passed the test of--Miriam. She harmonized with none of them. They were discords one and all. Spinrobin, are the first to win acceptance. The instant she heard your name she cried for you. She sings the soprano. She took you into the chord. The reference to Miriam delighted him, and utterly destroyed his judgment. He longed to thank the girl for having approved him. Skale was driving at, yet was half-ashamed to admit it even to himself. In this twentieth century it all seemed so romantic, mystical, and absurd. He felt it was all half-true. If only he could have run back into that great "mental prairie" of his boyhood days it might all have been quite true. Skale, bringing him back to reality, "precisely. We must build securely as we go, leaving nothing to chance. The grandeur and importance of my experiments demand it. Afterwards," and his expression changed to a sudden softness in a way that was characteristic of the man, "you must feel free to put similar questions to me, as personal and direct as you please. I wish to establish a perfect frankness between us at the start. Of course--er--should anything occur to me to ask--" A momentary bewilderment, caused by the great visage so close to his own, prevented the completion of the sentence. I must be sure of you on that ground. He was a very honest soul. I have never formulated any definite beliefs, however--" "Your world is not a blind chaos, I mean? Skale put gravely to him, as though questioning a child. Are you afraid of death? He began to wonder where this extraordinary catechism was going to lead. But he answered at once: I continue somewhere and somehow--forever. It was not the questions themselves that produced this odd and rather disquieting impression, but the fact that Mr. Skale was preparing the ground with such extraordinary thoroughness. This conversation was the first swell, as it were, rolling mysteriously in upon him from the ocean in whose deeps the great Experiment lay buried. Forces, tidal in strength, oceanic in volume, shrouded it just now, but he already felt them. They reached him through the person of the clergyman. It was these forces playing through his personality that Spinrobin had been aware of the first moment they met on the station platform, and had "sensed" even more strongly during the walk home across the mountains. Behind the play of these darker impressions, as yet only vague and ambiguous, there ran in and out among his thoughts the vein of something much sweeter. Miriam, with her

large grey eyes and silvery voice, was continually peeping in upon his mind. He wondered where she was and what she was doing in the big, lonely house. He wished she could have been in the room to hear his answers and approve them. He felt incomplete without her. Already he thought of her as the melody to which he was the accompaniment, two things that ought not to be separated. Skale continued, "that, apart from ordinary human ties, and so forth, you have no intrinsic terror of death--of losing your present body? Skale; I look forward. Or you would not shrink from it yourself, provided the knowledge to be obtained seemed worth while? The result of the talk seemed to satisfy the clergyman. The gravity of my undertaking demands it. However, you must not let my words alarm you. Skale," was his inadequate rejoinder; for the moment the name of the girl was introduced his thoughts instantly wandered out to find her. The way the clergyman pronounced it increased its power, too, for no name he uttered sounded ordinary. There seemed a curious mingling in the resonant cavity of his great mouth of the fundamental note and the overtones. Skale was saying, half to himself, "the modesty that forgets self, and the unworldly attitude that is essential. With your help I may encompass success; and I consider myself wonderfully fortunate to have found you, wonderfully fortunate Truth to tell, he did not bother much about that part of it. He was conscious only of three main desires: The whole affair was so unusual that he had already lost the common standards of judging. He let the sliding platform take him where it would, and he flattered himself that he was not fool enough to mistake originality for insanity. The clergyman, dreamer and enthusiast though he might be, was as sane as other men, saner than most. Skale went on, "so that at the end of our trial month you will have learned enough to enable you to form a decision, yet not enough to--to use my knowledge should you choose to return to the world. He accepted the explanation as perfectly reasonable. In his mind he knew full well what his choice would be. This was the supreme adventure he had been so long a-seeking. No ordinary obstacle could prevent his accepting it. II[edit] There came a pause of some length, in which Spinrobin found nothing particular to say. The lamp gurgled; the coals fell softly into the fender. Skale rose and stood with his back to the grate. He gazed down upon the small figure in the chair. He towered there, a kindly giant, enthusiasm burning in his eyes like lamps. His voice was very deep, his manner more solemn than before when he spoke. Spinrobin, I should like to go a step further. I should like to take--your note. He dodged about in the depths of his big leather chair, as though movement might bring explanation. Skale watched him calmly. He remembered how the vibrations of an elastic membrane can throw dry sand, loosely scattered upon its surface, into various floral and geometrical figures. The pattern it makes will help to prove this. Skale crossed the room and took a violin from its case. The golden varnish of its ribs and back gleamed in the lamplight, and when the clergyman drew the bow across the strings to tune it, smooth, mellow sounds, soft and resonant as bells, filled the room. Evidently he knew how to handle the instrument. The notes died away in a murmur.

Chapter 3 : The Human Chord/Chapter 2 - Wikisource, the free online library

Robert Spinrobin needed work when he came across the ad for a secretarial assistant for a clergyman. Little did he know this opportunity was something he would.

Chapter 4 : Large Print Music for the Visually Impaired

The Human Chord, like so many of Blackwood's tales feels like it was written just for me. It feels like it was crafted to enthrall me a reader and inspire me as a writer. This story is about sound, the pur Algernon Blackwood's work is a treasure I've been able to hoard since getting a Kindle.

Chapter 5 : Editions of The Human Chord by Algernon Blackwood, Fiction by Algernon Blackwood

The Human Chord PDF Online Click to Read/Download The Human Chord PDF Read online or Download Read The Human Chord PDF (Full PDF ebook with essay, research paper) by The Human Chord PDF Free Download ePub The Human Chord PDF or read online here in PDF or EPUB.

DOWNLOAD PDF THE HUMAN CHORD (LARGE PRINT EDITION)

Chapter 6 : Classic Red-Back Hymnal (Large Print)

WorldCat is the world's largest library catalog, helping you find library materials calendrierdelascience.com more

Chapter 7 : Formats and Editions of The human chord, [calendrierdelascience.com]

Celebration Hymnal - Accompaniment Edition 3 ringed binder Celebration Hymnal includes all of the features of the Pew Edition in an easy-to-read large print with chord symbols for keyboard, bass, and guitar.

Chapter 8 : E-Z Play Today - Hal Leonard Online

First released in , this hymnal features old-time gospel standards that capture a swinging southern style, in large-print shape-note format.

Chapter 9 : Episcopal Prayer Books and Hymnals

The large print, spiral bound version of Pathway's Church Hymnal is easier to read than the font size found in the hardback versions. The large 1 2/8' spiral binding allows for the book to be fully folded back and contains the same hymns, topical index, and general index as the other formats.