

The AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Point of Departure - Winter 2010

Writing English as a Second Language

By William Zinsser

*A talk to the incoming international students at the
Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, August 11, 2009*

DON'T BE MISLED: This article's title suggests a narrow audience of journalism graduate students for whom English was not their primary language. However, William Zinsser's message is critical for *any* would-be communicator, regardless of the discourse medium, message, audience, or primary language. 🌐

What Fund Raisers Can Learn From William Zinsser's Advice to International Students

Effective fund raising depends on the effective use of language. So, to help nonprofit executives write better copy, raise more money, and serve more people, William Zinsser gave me permission to freely distribute this article. English was a ***second language*** for his audience. And my linguistics research suggests that effective fund-raising discourse is a ***second language*** for nonprofit leaders too. My computer analysis of 1.5 million words of copy in 2,412 documents found that the typical fund appeal reads like academic prose and has less narrative content than an official document. There appeared to be an inverse relationship between a leader's level of education and his or her writing effectiveness. Leaders seemed to be writing for professors who were no longer there rather than for donors they hoped would give. Such higher education prose favors an abstract, highly-informational, impersonal tone while an effective fund appeal makes a personal connection, tells a story, and shows how a donor's gift can change a life. From Zinsser, you'll learn five keys to writing better: ***narrative, brevity, clarity, simplicity*** and ***humanity***. Enjoy. **FCD**

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William Zinsser

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February 7, 2013

Dear Dr. Dickerson,

Many thanks for your generous letter. I enjoyed hearing about the courses that you teach and knowing that you are another language vigilante struggling to keep everyday writing clear and plain.

I'm very glad you like the piece on teaching English as a second language, which is archived on the home page of the American Scholar. Many people find it a useful explanation of the problems that confront people from other countries trying to write clear English. You have my permission to reprint and circulate this piece as widely as you wish. I am eager to have it reach as many learners from other countries as possible. I only ask that at the end of the article, you include the phrase Copyright 2011 by William K. Zinsser.

Thank you also for the gift of C.S. Lewis's *Letters to Children*. I did not know of the book, but obviously I agree with its wise injunctions on clear and simple writing. I'm delighted to have it in my library of books on usage.

As for your question about other writers who have written books on writing, I can only think of *The Elements of Style*, by William Strunk Jr. and E. B. White. Instead, I would urge you to direct your students to read and analyze the writers who represent the kind of writing you advocate. They would include Abraham Lincoln, Henry David Thoreau, George Orwell, E. B. White, and Ernest Hemmingway.

Thank you again for your interest in my work.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "William Zinsser". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping underline.

William Zinsser

Point of Departure - Winter 2010

Writing English as a Second Language

By William Zinsser

*A talk to the incoming international students at the
Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, August 11, 2009*

Five years ago one of your deans at the journalism school, Elizabeth Fishman, asked me if I would be interested in tutoring international students who might need some extra help with their writing. She knew I had done a lot of traveling in Asia and Africa and other parts of the world where many of you come from.

I knew I would enjoy that, and I have—I've been doing it ever since. I'm the doctor that students get sent to see if they have a writing problem that their professor thinks I can fix. As a bonus, I've made many friends—from Uganda, Uzbekistan, India, Ethiopia, Thailand, Iraq, Nigeria, Poland, China, Colombia and many other countries. Several young Asian women, when they went back home, sent me invitations to their weddings. I never made it to Bhutan or Korea, but I did see the wedding pictures. Such beautiful brides!

I can't imagine how hard it must be to learn to write comfortably in a second—or third or fourth—language. I don't think I could do it, and I admire your grace in taking on that difficult task. Much of the anxiety that I see in foreign students could be avoided if certain principles of writing good English—which nobody ever told them—were explained in advance. So I asked if I could talk to all of you during orientation week and tell you some of the things my students have found helpful.

So that's why we're here today.

I'll start with a question: What is good writing?

It depends on what country you're from. We all know what's considered "good writing" in our own country. We grow up immersed in the cadences and sentence structure of the language we were born into, so we think, "That's probably what every country considers good writing; they just use different words." If only! I once asked a student from Cairo, "What kind of language is Arabic?" I was trying to put myself into her mental process of switching from Arabic to English. She said, "It's all adjectives."

Well, of course it's not all adjectives, but I knew what she meant: it's decorative, it's ornate, it's intentionally pleasing. Another Egyptian student, when I asked him about Arabic, said, "It's all proverbs. We talk in proverbs. People say things like 'What you are seeking is also seeking you.'" He also told me that Arabic is full of courtesy and deference, some of which is rooted in fear of the government. "You never know who's listening," he said, so it doesn't hurt to be polite. That's when I realized that when foreign students come to me with a linguistic problem it may also be a cultural or a political problem.

Now I think it's lovely that such a decorative language as Arabic exists. I wish I could walk around New York and hear people talking in proverbs. But all those adjectives and all that decoration would be the ruin of any journalist trying to write good English. No proverbs, please.

Spanish also comes with a heavy load of beautiful baggage that will smother any journalist writing in English. The Spanish language is a national treasure, justly prized by Spanish-speaking people. But what makes it a national treasure is its long sentences and melodious long nouns that express a general idea. Those nouns are rich in feeling, but they have no action in them—no people doing something we can picture. My Spanish-speaking students must be given the bad news that those long sentences will have to be cruelly chopped up into short sentences with short nouns and short active verbs that drive the story forward. What's considered "good writing" in Spanish is not "good writing" in English.

So what is good English—the language we're here today to wrestle with? It's not as musical as Spanish, or Italian, or French, or as ornamental as Arabic, or as vibrant as some of your native languages. But I'm hopelessly in love with English because it's plain and it's strong. It has a huge vocabulary of words that have precise shades of meaning; there's no subject, however technical or complex, that can't be made clear to any reader in good English—if it's used right. Unfortunately, there are many ways of using it wrong. Those are the damaging habits I want to warn you about today.

First, a little history. The English language is derived from two main sources. One is Latin, the florid language of ancient Rome. The other is Anglo-Saxon, the plain languages of England and northern Europe. The words derived from Latin are the enemy—they will strangle and suffocate everything you write. The Anglo-Saxon words will set you free.

How do those Latin words do their strangling and suffocating? In general they are long, pompous nouns that end in -ion—like implementation and maximization and communication (five syllables long!)—or that end in -ent—like development and fulfillment. Those nouns express a vague concept or an abstract idea, not a specific action that we can picture—somebody doing something. Here's a typical sentence: "Prior to the implementation of the financial enhancement." That means "Before we fixed our money problems."

Believe it or not, this is the language that people in authority in America routinely use—officials in government and business and education and social work and health care. They think those long Latin words make them sound important. It no longer rains in America; your TV weatherman will tell that you we're experiencing a precipitation probability situation.

I'm sure all of you, newly arrived in America, have already been driven crazy trying to figure out the instructions for ordering a cell phone or connecting your computer, or applying for a bank loan or a health insurance policy, and you assume that those of us who were born here can understand this stuff. I assure you that we don't understand it either. I often receive some totally unintelligible letter from the telephone company or the cable company or the bank. I try to piece it out like a hieroglyphic, and I ask my wife, "Can you make any sense of this?" She says, "I have no idea what it means."

Those long Latin usages have so infected everyday language in America that you might well think, "If that's how people write who are running the country, that's how I'm supposed to write." It's not. Let me read you three typical letters I recently received in the mail. (I keep letters like this and save them in a folder that I call "Bullshit File.")

The first one is from the president of a private club in New York. It says, "Dear member: The board of governors has spent the past year considering proactive efforts that will continue to professionalize the club and to introduce efficiencies that we will be implementing throughout 2009." That means they're going to try to make the club run better.

Here's a letter to alumni from the head of the New England boarding school I attended when I was a boy. "As I walk around the Academy," she writes, "and see so many gifted students interacting with accomplished, dedicated adults" [that means boys and girls talking to teachers] and consider the opportunities for learning that such interpersonal exchanges will yield..." Interpersonal exchanges! Pure garbage. Her letter is meant to assure us alumni that the school is in good hands. I'm not assured. One thing I know is that she shouldn't be allowed near the English department, and I'm not sure she should even be running the school. Remember: how you write is how you define yourself to people who meet you only through your writing. If your writing is pretentious, that's how you'll be perceived. The reader has no choice.

Here's one more—a letter from the man who used to be my broker; now he's my investment counsel. He says, "As we previously communicated, we completed a systems conversion in late September. Data conversions involve extra processing and reconciliation steps [translation: it took longer than we thought it would to make our office operate better]. We apologize if you were inconvenienced as we completed the verification process [we hope we've got it right now]. "Further enhancements will be introduced in the next calendar quarter" [we're still working on it]. Notice those horrible long Latin words: communicated, conversion, reconciliation, enhancements, verification. There's not a living person in any one of them.

Well, I think you get the point about bad nouns. (Don't worry—in a minute I'll tell you about good nouns.) I bring this up today because most of you will soon be assigned to a beat in one of New York's neighborhoods. Our city has been greatly enriched in recent years by immigrants from every corner of the world, but their arrival has also brought a multitude of complex urban problems. You'll be interviewing the men and women who are trying to solve those problems—school principals, social workers, health-care workers, hospital officials, criminal justice officials, union officials, church officials, police officers, judges, clerks in city and state agencies—and when you ask them a question, they will answer you in nouns: Latin noun clusters that are the working vocabulary of their field.

They'll talk about “facilitation intervention” and “affordable housing” and “minimum-density zoning,” and you will dutifully copy those phrases down and write a sentence that says: “A major immigrant concern is the affordable housing situation.” But I can't picture the affordable housing situation. Who exactly are those immigrants? Where do they live? What kind of housing is affordable? To whom? As readers, we want to be able to picture specific people like ourselves, in a specific part of the city, doing things we might also do. We want a sentence that says something like “New Dominican families on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx can't pay the rent that landlords ask.” I can picture that; we've all had trouble paying the landlord.

So if those are the bad nouns, what are the good nouns? The good nouns are the thousands of short, simple, infinitely old Anglo-Saxon nouns that express the fundamentals of everyday life: house, home, child, chair, bread, milk, sea, sky, earth, field, grass, road ... words that are in our bones, words that resonate with the oldest truths. When you use those words, you make contact—consciously and also subconsciously—with the deepest emotions and memories of your readers. Don't try to find a noun that you think sounds more impressive or “literary.” Short Anglo-Saxon nouns are your second-best tools as a journalist writing in English.

What are your best tools? Your best tools are short, plain Anglo-Saxon verbs. I mean active verbs, not passive verbs. If you could write an article using only active verbs, your article would automatically have clarity and warmth and vigor.

Let's go back to school for a minute and make sure you remember the difference between an active verb and a passive verb. An active verb denotes one specific action: JOHN SAW THE BOYS. The event only happened once, and we always know who did what: it was John who activated the verb SAW. A passive-voice sentence would say: THE BOYS WERE SEEN BY JOHN. It's longer. It's weaker: it takes three words (WERE SEEN BY instead of SAW), and it's not as exact. How often were the boys seen by John? Every day? Once a week? Active verbs give momentum to a sentence and push it forward. If I had put that last sentence in the passive—“momentum is given to a sentence by active verbs and the sentence is pushed forward by them”—there is no momentum, no push.

One of my favorite writers is Henry David Thoreau, who wrote one of the great American books, *Walden*, in 1854, about the two years he spent living—and thinking—in the woods near Concord, Massachusetts. Thoreau's writing moves with simple strength because he uses one active verb after another to push his meaning along. At every point in his sentences you know what you need to know. Here's a famous sentence from *Walden*:

“I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of nature, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.”

Look at all those wonderful short, active verbs: went, wished, front, see, learn, die, discover. We understand exactly what Thoreau is saying. We also know a lot about him—about his curiosity and his vitality. How alive Thoreau is in that sentence! It’s an autobiography in 44 words—39 of which are words of one syllable. Think about that: only five words in that long, elegant sentence have more than one syllable. Short is always better than long.

Now let me turn that sentence into the passive:

A decision was made to go to the woods because of a desire for a deliberate existence and for exposure to only the essential facts of life, and for possible instruction in its educational elements, and because of a concern that at the time of my death the absence of a meaningful prior experience would be apprehended.

All the life has been taken out of the sentence. But what’s the biggest thing I’ve taken out of that sentence? I’ve taken Thoreau out of that sentence. He’s nowhere to be seen. I’ve done it just by turning all the active verbs into passive verbs. Every time I replaced one of Thoreau’s active verbs with a passive verb I also had to add a noun to make the passive verb work. “I went to the woods because” became “A decision was made.” I had to add the noun decision. “To see if I could learn what it had to teach—two terrific verbs, learn and teach; we’ve all learned and we’ve all been taught—became “for possible instruction.” Can you hear how dead those Latin nouns are that end in i-o-n? Decision. Instruction. They have no people in them doing something.

So fall in love with active verbs. They are your best friends.

I have four principles of writing good English. They are Clarity, Simplicity, Brevity, and Humanity.

First, Clarity. If it’s not clear you might as well not write it. You might as well stay in bed.

Two: Simplicity. Simple is good. Most students from other countries don’t know that. When I read them a sentence that I admire, a simple sentence with short words, they think I’m joking. “Oh, Mr. Zinsser, you’re so funny,” a bright young woman from Nigeria told me. “If I wrote sentences like that, people would think I’m stupid.” Stupid like Thoreau, I want to say. Or stupid like E. B. White. Or like the King James Bible. Listen to this passage from the book of Ecclesiastes:

I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all. [Look at all those wonderful plain nouns: race, battle, bread, riches, favor, time, chance.]

Or stupid like Abraham Lincoln, whom I consider our greatest American writer. Here's Lincoln addressing the nation in his Second Inaugural Address as president, in 1865, at the end of the long, terrible, exhausting Civil War:

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right [eleven straight one-syllable words], let us strive on [active verb] to finish the work we are in, to bind up [active verb] the nation's wounds, to care [active verb] for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan [specific nouns],—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Here's another American President, Barack Obama, also a wonderful writer, who modeled his own style on Lincoln's. In his memoir, *Dreams from My Father*, a beautifully written book, Obama recalls how, as a boy,

At night, lying in bed, I would let the slogans drift away, to be replaced with a series of images, romantic images, of a past I had never known.

They were of the civil rights movement, mostly, the grainy black-and-white footage that appears every February during Black History Month. . . . A pair of college students . . . placing their orders at a lunch counter teetering on the edge of riot. . . . A county jail bursting with children, their hands clasped together, singing freedom songs.

Such images became a form of prayer for me [beautiful phrase], bolstering my spirits, channeling my emotions in a way that words never could. They told me [active verb] . . . that I wasn't alone in my particular struggles, and that communities . . . had to be created, fought for, tended like gardens [specific detail]. They expanded or contracted [active verbs] with the dreams of men. . . . In the sit-ins, the marches, the jailhouse songs [specific detail], I saw [active verb] the African-American community becoming more than just the place where you'd been born or the house where you'd been raised [simple nouns: place, house]. . . . Because this community I imagined was still in the making, built on the promise that the larger American community, black, white, and brown, could somehow redefine itself—I believed [active verb] that it might, over time, admit the uniqueness of my own life.

So remember: Simple is good. Writing is not something you have to embroider with fancy stitches to make yourself look smart.

Principle number 3. Brevity. Short is always better than long. Short sentences are better than long sentences. Short words are better than long words. Don't say currently if you can say now. Don't say assistance if you can say help. Don't say numerous if you can say many. Don't say facilitate if you can say ease. Don't call someone an individual [five syllables!]; that's a person, or a man or a woman. Don't implement or prioritize. Don't say anything in writing that you wouldn't comfortably say in conversation. Writing is talking to someone else on paper or on a screen.

Which brings me to my fourth principle: Humanity. Be yourself. Never try in your writing to be someone you're not. Your product, finally, is you. Don't lose that person by putting on airs, trying to sound superior.

There are many modern journalists I admire for their strong, simple style, whom I could recommend to you as models. Two who come to mind are Gay Talese and Joan Didion. Here's a passage by Talese, from his book of collected magazine pieces, *The Gay Talese Reader*, about the great Yankee baseball star, Joe DiMaggio, who at one point was married to Marilyn Monroe:

Joe DiMaggio lives with his widowed sister, Marie, in a tan stone house on a quiet residential street near Fisherman's Wharf. He bought the house almost thirty years ago for his parents, and after their death he lived there with Marilyn Monroe. . . . There are some baseball trophies and plaques in a small room off DiMaggio's bedroom, and on his dresser are photographs of Marilyn Monroe, and in the living room downstairs is a small painting of her that DiMaggio likes very much [how nice that sentence is—how simple and direct]: It reveals only her face and shoulders, and she is wearing a very wide-brimmed sun hat, and there is a soft sweet smile on her lips, an innocent curiosity about her that is the way he saw her and the way he wanted her to be seen by others. [Notice all those one-syllable words: "the way he saw her and the way he wanted her to be seen." The sentence is absolutely clean—there's not one word in it that's not necessary and not one extra word. Get rid of every element in your writing that's not doing useful work. It's all clutter.]

And here's Joan Didion, who grew up in California and wrote brilliant magazine pieces about its trashy lifestyle in the 1960s. No anthropologist caught it better. This passage is from her collection of early magazine pieces, *Slouching Toward Bethlehem*.

There are always little girls around rock groups—the same little girls who used to hang around saxophone players, girls who lived on the celebrity and power and sex a band projects when it plays—and there are three of them out here this afternoon in Sausalito where the Grateful Dead rehearse. They are all pretty and two of them still have baby fat and one of them dances by herself with her eyes closed [perfect simple image]. . . .

Somebody said that if I was going to meet some runaways I better pick up some hamburgers and Cokes on the way, so I did, and we are eating them in the Park together, me, Debbie who is fifteen, and Jeff who is sixteen. Debbie and Jeff ran away twelve days ago, walked out of school with \$100 between them [active verbs: ran away, walked out of school]. . . .

Debbie is buffing her fingernails with the belt to her suede jacket. She is annoyed because she chipped a nail and because I do not have any polish remover in the car. I promise to get her to a friend's apartment so that she can redo her manicure, but something has been bothering me and as I fiddle with the ignition I finally ask it. I ask them to think back to when they were children, to tell me what they had wanted to be when they were grown up, how they had seen the future then.

Jeff throws a Coca-Cola bottle out the car window. "I can't remember I ever thought about it," he says.

"I remember I wanted to be a veterinarian once," Debbie says. "But now I'm more or less working in the vein of being an artist or a model or a cosmetologist. Or something."

Here's the first paragraph of an article of mine that originally ran in *The New Yorker*. (It's now in my book *Mitchell & Ruff*.)

"Jazz came to China for the first time on the afternoon of June 2, 1981, when the American bassist and French-horn player Willie Ruff introduced himself and his partner, the pianist Dwiki Mitchell, to several hundred students and professors who were crowded into a large room at the Shanghai Conservatory of Music. The students and the professors were all expectant, without quite knowing what to expect. They only knew that they were about to hear the first American jazz concert ever presented to the Chinese. Probably they were not surprised to find that the two musicians were black, though black Americans are a rarity in the People's Republic. What they undoubtedly didn't expect was that Ruff would talk to them in Chinese, and when he began they murmured with delight."

Five plain declarative sentences that get the story started at full speed—WHAP! You're right in that room at the Shanghai Conservatory on that June afternoon in 1981.

I've given you these examples because writing is learned by imitation. We all need models. Bach needed a model; Picasso needed a model. Make a point of reading writers who are doing the kind of writing you want to do. (Many of them write for *The New Yorker*.) Study their articles clinically. Try to figure out how they put their words and sentences together. That's how I learned to write, not from a writing course.

Two final thoughts. Some of you, hearing me talk to you so urgently about the need to write plain English, perhaps found yourself thinking: "That's so yesterday. Journalism has gone digital, and I've come to Columbia to learn the new electronic media. I no longer need to write well." I think you need to write even more clearly and simply for the new media than for the old media. You'll be making and editing videos and photographs and audio recordings to accompany your articles. Somebody—that's you—will still have to write all those video scripts and audio scripts, and your writing will need to be lean and tight and coherent: plain nouns and verbs pushing your story forward so that the rest of us always know what's happening. This principle applies—and will apply—to every digital format; nobody wants to consult a Web site that isn't instantly clear. Clarity, brevity, and sequential order will be crucial to your success.

I emphasize this because the biggest problem that paralyzes students is not how to write; it's how to organize what they are writing. They go out on a story, and they gather a million notes and a million quotes, and when they come back they have no idea what the story is about—what is its proper narrative shape? Their first paragraph contains facts that should be on page five; facts are on page five that should be in the first paragraph. The stories exist nowhere in time or space; the people could be in Brooklyn or Bogotá.

The epidemic I'm most worried about isn't swine flu. It's the death of logical thinking. The cause, I assume, is that most people now get their information from random images on a screen—pop-ups, windows, and sidebars—or from scraps of talk on a digital phone. But writing is linear and sequential; Sentence B must follow Sentence A, and Sentence C must follow Sentence B, and eventually you get to Sentence Z. The hard part of writing isn't the writing; it's the thinking. You can solve most of your writing problems if you stop after every sentence and ask: What does the reader need to know next?"

One maxim that my students find helpful is: One thought per sentence. Readers only process one thought at a time. So give them time to digest the first set of facts you want them to know. Then give them the next piece of information they need to know, which further explains the first fact. Be grateful for the period. Writing is so hard that all of us, once launched, tend to ramble. Instead of a period we use a comma, followed by a transitional word (and, while), and soon we have strayed into a wilderness that seems to have no road back out. Let the humble period be your savior. There's no sentence too short to be acceptable in the eyes of God.

As you start your journey here at Columbia this week, you may tell yourself that you're doing "communications," or "new media," or "digital media" or some other fashionable new form. But ultimately you're in the storytelling business. We all are. It's the oldest of narrative forms, going back to the caveman and the crib, endlessly riveting. What happened? Then what happened? Please remember, in moments of despair, whatever journalistic assignment you've been given, all you have to do is tell a story, using the simple tools of the English language and never losing your own humanity.

Repeat after me:
Short is better than long.
Simple is good. (Louder)
Long Latin nouns are the enemy.
Anglo-Saxon active verbs are your best friend.
One thought per sentence.

Good luck to you all.

William Zinsser is the author of 18 books, including *On Writing Well*. To read all of his weekly postings, *Zinsser on Friday*, **click here: <http://theamericanscholar.org/daily-scholar/zinsser-on-friday/>**. While he has retired from writing his weekly column, Zinsser's past articles are archived on the *American Scholar* site.

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About the Author



William Zinsner

William Knowlton Zinsner (October 7, 1922 - May 12, 2015) was an American writer, editor, literary critic, and teacher. He began his career as a journalist for the *New York Herald Tribune*, where he worked as a feature writer, drama editor, film critic, and editorial writer, and was a longtime contributor to leading magazines.

Throughout the 1970s, Zinsner taught writing at Yale University where he was the fifth master of Branford College (1973–1979). He served as executive editor of the Book-of-the-Month Club from 1979 to 1987. In his hometown of New York City he taught at The New School and the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

His 19 books included *On Writing Well*, of which more than a million copies have been sold; *Writing to Learn*; *Writing with a Word Processor*; *Mitchell & Ruff* (originally published as *Willie and Dwiki*); *Spring Training*; *American Places*; *Easy to Remember: The Great American Songwriters and Their Songs*; *Writing About Your Life*; and *Writing Places*, an autobiography. *The American Scholar* ran William Zinsner's weekly web postings in a digital space called *Zinsner on Friday*, featuring short essays on writing, the arts, and popular culture. (This piece was one of those *American Scholar* publications.)

In his books, Zinsner emphasized word economy. Author James J. Kilpatrick, in his book *The Writer's Art* says that if he were limited to just one book on how to write, it would be William Zinsner's *On Writing Well*. He adds, "Zinsner's sound theory is that 'writing improves in direct ratio to the number of things we can keep out of it.'"

Many high school teachers have incorporated Zinsner's writing into their lesson plans. Some teachers even go as far as to tell their students to "Zinsner" their work (Zinsner used as a verb, meaning to eliminate clutter from writing).

Additional Recommendations



Frank C. Dickerson, Ph.D.

This article, written by William Zinsner, reflects his essential message. I put Zinsner and Williams at the top of my short list of those who are truly useful scholars and practitioners on the subject of how to write effectively:

1. William Zinsner (1922-2015) taught at Yale and Columbia University *On Writing Well* (has sold 1.7 million copies)
2. Joseph M. Williams (1933 -2008, taught at University of Chicago) *Style: Toward Clarity and Grace*
3. Stephen King *On Writing: A Memoir of the Craft*
4. William Strunk (1869 - 1946, taught at Cornell) *The Elements of Style* (has sold more than 10 million copies)
(The full text of this 43-page classic can be read free at this link: <http://www.bartleby.com/141/>)
5. Rudolf Flesch (1911 - 1986, taught at Columbia) *The Art of Plain Talk* 1946, *The Art of Readable Writing* 1949, *How to Write Better* 1951, *The Art of Clear Thinking* 1951, *The ABC of Style: A guide to Plain English* 1964

Three Ways My Team Might Be Able To Help You . . .

It doesn't matter what's inside if the envelope doesn't get opened. Nor does it matter that the envelope gets opened if what's inside doesn't get read.

Language Research & Text Analysis | Higher Education & Training Seminars | Direct Mail Design, Writing, & Production

Email: Frank@TheWrittenVoice.org

Site: www.TheWrittenVoice.org

- Visit this site for posts about new research
- Contact us to have your texts evaluated
- Download more than a dozen articles on my doctoral research and other studies

Email: Frank@NarrativeFundRaising.org

Site: www.NarrativeFundRaising.org

- Learn about our seminar schedule
- Invite us to teach an on-site seminar for your team
- Read my *rants* about and *remedies* for bad writing

Email: HighTouchDirect@msn.com

Site: www.HighTouchDirect.com

- Let us write your next marketing piece or fund appeal
- We can design, write, print, personalize, & mail it too
- Plus, we can increase response by addressing envelopes and writing notes in *computer-simulated handwriting*

Sobering Reports on the Channels Donors Prefer to Use for Charitable Giving . . .

• In their 2011 donorCentrics™ report, *Blackbaud* found of 15.6 million donors who gave \$1.16 Billion in 2010, 10% gave online, 79% gave in response to direct mail, and 11% were prompted to give through other means. They concluded, "it is clear that direct mail giving is still the overwhelming majority of revenue, and organizations must optimize multi-channel giving versus hyper-focusing on Internet giving alone."

• A 2018 *Blackbaud* report found that, in 2017, "7.6% of overall fundraising, excluding grants, was raised online." That meant that the digital share of online fund raising had plummeted 24% since 2010!

• A 2018 report by digital research firm *M+R* warned that, at the prevailing 0.0006 online response rate, "a nonprofit has to email 1,667 recipients just to generate a single donation."

• And a January, 2019 *M+R* report describes December 2018 giving: "For the 23 organizations where we collected year over year data, the median group saw December revenue figures down 9% and email revenue down 18%, overall gift count was down 15%, and average gift size was down 3%."

So, to paraphrase Mark Twain: *"News of Direct Mail's Death has been greatly exaggerated!"*

The Making of a Great American Writer: William K. Zinsser



William Zinsser at the house in Connecticut where he wrote *On Writing Well* in summer of 1974

William Knowlton Zinsser (October 7, 1922 - May 12, 2015) was a Princeton graduate, World War II veteran, newspaperman, American writer, editor, literary critic, and teacher. He began his career as a journalist for the *New York Herald Tribune*, where he worked as a feature writer, drama editor, film critic, and editorial writer, and has been a longtime contributor to leading magazines.

Throughout the 1970s, Zinsser taught writing at Yale University where he was the fifth master of Branford College (1973–1979). He served as executive editor of the Book-of-the-Month Club from 1979 to 1987. After returning to New York City, his hometown, he taught at The New School and the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

William Zinsser's 19 books include *On Writing Well*, which sold more than a million copies; *Writing to Learn*; *Writing with a Word Processor*; *Mitchell & Ruff* (originally published as *Willie and Dwise*); *Spring Training*; *American Places*; *Easy to Remember: The Great American Songwriters and Their Songs*; *Writing About Your Life*; and *Writing Places*, an autobiography. The *American Scholar* ran William Zinsser's weekly web postings in a series called, *Zinsser on Friday*, featuring his short essays on writing, the arts, and popular culture. To access his archived *American Scholar* posts, visit <https://theamericanscholar.org/william-zinsser/>

In his pedagogy, Zinsser emphasized word economy. In his book, *The Writer's Art*, author James J. Kilpatrick writes that if he were limited to just one text on how to write, it would be William Zinsser's *On Writing Well*. He adds: "Zinsser's sound theory is that 'writing improves in direct ratio to the number of things we can keep out of it.'"

Many teachers have incorporated Zinsser's writing into their instruction, some even going as far as to urge students to "Zinsser" their work, with Zinsser being used as a verb meaning to take the clutter out of copy.

Zinsser delivered to the 1988 graduating class at Wesleyan, the commencement speech that I have reprinted on the following pages. I include it here as an addendum to his Columbia University speech because it opens a window on how Zinsser heeded his own advice. He wrote to me, "I would urge you to direct your students to read and analyze the writers who represent the kind of writing you advocate. They would include Abraham Lincoln, Henry David Thoreau, George Orwell, E.B. White and Ernest Hemmingway." I now add Zinsser himself to that list. His Wesleyan speech illustrates the very points he made to incoming class of international students at Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism. He concluded that speech saying:

Ultimately, you're in the storytelling business. We all are. It's the oldest of narrative forms, going back to the caveman and the crib, endlessly riveting. What happened? Then what happened? Please remember, in moments of despair, whatever journalistic assignment you've been given, all you have to do is tell a story, using the simple tools of the English language and never losing your own humanity.

It was natural for Zinsser, when assigned the task of addressing Wesleyan graduates and their families, to simply tell his own story . . . the story of a life pursuing not the expected easy path, but the path best fit to his passions and gifts. What he wrote shows that the best prose moves from literacy toward orality and follows the pattern he encouraged his Columbia students to pursue in their writing: **tell a story** that is **clear, simple, brief** and filled with **humanity**.

Zinsser practiced what he preached in a very personal narrative describing his own life adventure. He defied role expectations, faced the unknown, took risks, and overcame setbacks. He overcame the odds because he married talent to persistent initiative and optimism. Enjoy the read and emulate Bill's pattern in your own writing.

William Zinsser's Commencement Speech at Wesleyan University 1988

The sportswriter Red Smith was one of my heroes. Not long before his own death he gave the eulogy at the funeral of another writer, and he said, "dying is no big deal. Living is the trick." Living is the trick. That's what we're all given one chance to do well.

One reason I admire Red Smith was that he wrote about sports for 55 years, with elegance and humor, without ever succumbing to the pressure, which ruined many sportswriters, that he ought to be writing about something "serious." Red Smith found in sportswriting exactly what he wanted to do and what he deeply loved doing. And because it was right for him, he said more important things about American values than many writers who wrote about serious subjects—so seriously that nobody could read them.

Another story.

When I was teaching at Yale, the poet Allen Ginsberg came to talk to my students, and one of them asked him: "Was there a point at which you consciously decided to become a poet?"

And Ginsberg said: "It wasn't quite a choice; it was a realization. I was 28 and I had a job as a market researcher. One day I told my psychiatrist that what I really wanted to do was to quit my job and just write poetry. And the psychiatrist said, 'why not?' And I said, Well, what would the American Psychoanalytic Association say? And he said, 'There's no party line.' So, I did."

We'll never know how big a loss that was for the field of market research. But it was a big moment for American poetry.

There's no party line.

Good advice.

You can be your own party line. If living is the trick, what's crucial for you is to do something that makes the best use of your own gifts and your own individuality. There's only one you. Don't ever let anyone persuade you that you're somebody else.

My father was a businessman. His name was William Zinsser, and he had a business called William Zinsser & Company that had been founded by his grandfather, also named William Zinsser, who came to New York from Germany in 1849 with a formula for making shellac. He built a little house and a little factory way uptown at what is now 59th Street and Eleventh Avenue. I have an old photograph of those two buildings, all alone in an open field full of rocks that slopes down to the Hudson River. That business stayed there until 15 years ago—a 125 years. It's very rare for a business to stay in the same family on the same block in mid-Manhattan for a century, and I can assure you that it builds a sense of family continuity. One of the most vivid memories of my boyhood is how much my father loved his business. He had a passion for quality; he hated anything second-rate.

Seeing how much he loved his work and how good he was at it, I learned very early what has been a guiding principle of my life: that what we want to do we will do well. The opposite, however, is also true: what we don't want to do we won't do well—and I had a different dream. I wanted to be a newspaperman.

Unfortunately, my father had three daughters before he had me. I was his only son. He named me William Zinsser and looked forward to the day when I'd join him in the business. (In those Dark Ages the idea that daughters could run a company just as well as sons, or better, was still 20 years off).

It was a ready-made career for me—lifelong security—and maybe I also owed it to my mother and my sisters to carry on that hundred-year-old family tradition. But when the time came to choose, I knew that that just wasn't the right thing for me to do, and I went looking for a newspaper job, and got one with the New York Herald Tribune, and I loved it from the start.

Of course, that was a moment of great pain for my father—and also for me. But my father never tried to change my mind. He saw that I was happy, and he wished me well in my chosen work. That was by far the best gift I ever received, beyond price or value—partly, of course, because it was an outright gift of love and confidence, but mainly because it freed me from having to fulfill somebody else's expectations, which were not the right ones for me.

The Herald Tribune at that time was the best written and best edited newspaper in America. The older editors on that paper were the people who gave me the values that I've tried to apply to my work ever since, whatever that work has been. They were custodians of the best. When they made us rewrite what we had written and rewritten, it wasn't only for our own good; it was for the honorableness of the craft.

But the paper began to lose money, and the owners gradually cheapened their standards in an effort to get new readers (which they therefore couldn't get), and suddenly it was no longer a paper that was fun to work for, because it was no longer the paper I had loved. So, on that day I just quit. By then I was married and had a one-year-old daughter, and when I came home and told my wife that I had quit she said, "what are you going to do now?" which I thought was a fair question.

And I said, "I guess I'm a freelance writer." And that's what I was, for the next eleven years. It's a life full of risk: the checks don't arrive as often as the bills, or with any regularity. But those 11 years were the broadest kind of education; no other job could have exposed me to so many areas of knowledge.

Also: In those eleven years I never wrote anything that I didn't want to write. I'd like you to remember that. You don't have to do unfulfilling work, or work that diminishes you. You don't have to work for people you don't respect. You're bright enough to figure out how to do work that you do want to do, and how to work for people you do want to work for.

Near the end of the '60s my wife said she thought it might be interesting to live somewhere besides New York and see what that was like. Well, to suggest to a fourth-generation New Yorker that there's life outside New York is heresy. But I began to discuss the idea with friends, and one of them said, "you know, change is a tonic."

I didn't know that.

I was afraid of change; I think most people are.

But I seized on the phrase "change is a tonic" and it gave me the energy to go ahead. I had always wanted to teach writing: to try to give back some of the things I had learned. So I started sending letters to colleges all over the country—big colleges, small colleges, colleges nobody had ever heard of, experimental colleges that I actually went and visited; one was in a redwood forest in California and one seemed to be in a swamp in Florida—asking if they had some kind of place for me.

And they didn't, because I was not an academic—I only had a BA degree, like the one you'll have in about five minutes—and it was very discouraging. But finally, one thing led to another. It always does. If you talk to enough people about your hopes and your dreams, if you poke down enough roads and keep believing in yourself, sooner or later a circle will connect. You make your own luck.

Well, one thing led to another, and one day I got a call from a professor at Yale who said he would take a chance and let me teach an experimental writing course for one term (by the way, that was almost two years after I had started sending all those letters). And on that slender thread we sold our apartment in New York and moved to New Haven, a city we had never seen before, and started a new life.

Yale was totally generous to me, though I was a layman from out of nowhere—a journalist, god forbid. I was allowed to initiate a nonfiction writing course, which the Yale English department later adopted, and I was also allowed to be master of one of Yale's residential colleges. So those were rich years for me—years of both teaching and learning—because they were unlike anything I had done before.

Now the fact that Yale let me do all this is the reason I'm telling you the story. I didn't fit any academic pattern. But finally, being different was not a handicap. Never be afraid to be different. Don't assume that people you'd like to work for have defined their needs as narrowly as you think they have—that they know exactly who they want. What any good executive is looking for is general intelligence, breadth, originality, imagination, audacity, a sense of history, a sense of cultural context, a sense of wonder, a sense of humor, far more than he or she is looking for a precise fit.

America has more than enough college graduates every year who are willing to go through life being someone else's precise fit. What we need are men and women who will dare to break the mold of tired thinking—who just won't buy somebody saying, "we've always done it this way. This way is good enough."

Well, obviously it's not good enough or the country wouldn't be in the mess it's in. I don't have to tell you all the areas where this wonderful country is not living up to its best dreams: Poverty. Inequality. Injustice. Debt. Illiteracy. Health care. Day care. Homelessness. Pollution. Arms-spending that milks us of the money that should be going into life-affirming work. There's no corner of American life that doesn't need radically fresh thinking.

Don't shape yourself to a dumb job; shape the job to your strengths and your curiosity and your ideals. I've told you this story of my life for whatever pieces of it you may have wanted to grab as it went by... If I had to sum up why my work has been interesting, it's because I changed the direction of my life every eight or nine years and never did—or continued to do—what was expected.

I didn't go into the family business; I didn't stay at the Herald Tribune; I didn't stay in New York. And I didn't stay at Yale. In 1979 I made a resume, like every Yale senior (they showed me how to do it—how to make it look nice), and went job-hunting in New York, and got a job with the Book-of-the-Month Club, which was still another new field for me, and in many ways those eight years were the most interesting years of all. So, don't become a prisoner of any plans and dreams except your own best plans and dreams.

Don't assume that if you don't do what some people seem to be insisting that you do, in this goal-obsessed and money-obsessed and security-obsessed nation, it's the end of the world. It's not the end of the world. As my experience with my father proves, something very nourishing can happen—a blessing, a form of grace. Be ready to be surprised by grace.

And be very wary of security as a goal. It may often look like life's best prize. Usually it's not.... For you, I hope today will be the first of many separations that will mean the putting behind you of something you've done well and the beginning of something you'll do just as well, or better. Keep separating yourself from any project that's not up to your highest standards of what's right for you—and for the broader community where you can affect the quality of life: your home, your town, your children's schools, your state, your country, your world.

If living is the trick, live usefully; nothing in your life will be as satisfying as making a difference in somebody else's life. Separate yourself from cynics and from peddlers of despair. Don't let anyone tell you it won't work. Men and women, women and men, of the Wesleyan Class of 1988:

There's no party line.

You make your own luck.

Change is a tonic.

One thing leads to another.

Living is the trick.

Thank you

“Who Would Care About My Story?” from *The AMERICAN SCHOLAR*

By William Zinsser | September 30, 2011

Every September they come out of the New York night—20 adults, mostly women, who have signed up for my course, at the New School, on writing memoir and family history. This is my 20th year of teaching the course, heading out into the night myself to meet my students and help them wrestle their life narrative onto paper. The women are almost paralyzed by the thought of writing a memoir. How can they possibly sort out the smothering clutter of the past? But mainly it's fear of writing about themselves. My suggested cure always comes down to two words: think small.

They don't want to think small. They are writers, novitiates in the literary enterprise, duty bound to obey its rhetorical rules and admonitions. I don't want them to think of themselves as writers. I want them to think of themselves as people—women who lead interesting lives and who also write, trusting their own humanity to tell plain stories about their thoughts and emotions. Why do they think they need permission to be themselves? “Who would care about my story?” they say. I would. I give them permission to write about the parts of their lives that they have always dismissed as unimportant.

One woman in my current class, in her late 60s, is from a prominent Christian family in Cairo. In 1953, when she was 10, the family left for America; her father, a former member of the cabinet of King Farouk, was out of favor with the new Nasser regime. They packed only their winter clothes, not wanting to reveal that they were leaving forever.

In America the girl from Cairo would have a long and successful career in broadcasting. But that really wasn't her story; thousands of immigrants before her had lived the same dream. Her story—the emotional core of her life—was the privileged girlhood in Cairo and the jagged rip that one day tore the whole fabric apart. I asked if she had ever written about those years; she deeply wanted to and was upset that she couldn't.

“I don't know enough about the political history of modern Egypt,” she said. “I'd need to do a lot of research first.” I told her she isn't Thomas L. Friedman and I'm glad she isn't. There is no shortage of pundits who will write sober books about the Nasser era, but none of them can write her story, and it won't need scholarly bolstering. If she just tells the story of one Egyptian family she will also tell the story of many other families under duress.

That idea had never occurred to her. Her gloom lifted. She was free! The following week she left me a brief manuscript called “A Fragment.” Its sentences were dead simple:

At last it's time to leave. We're at the gate in front of the house and the Buick is ready to go. My brother and I have been ready for hours, or so it seems. I tug at my Mother's hand, but she's elsewhere, awash in tears. I really can't think why. We're off on an aeroplane—what could be better. But Mom doesn't see this journey my way at all. She has already wept her way through the house and checked that all the furniture is covered with white sheets. Covering the furniture with sheets to protect them against Egypt's wicked sun usually means going to Alexandria for the summer. I've loved everything about those summers except for the endless naps we children have to sustain until we can go onto the beach again.

But this trip isn't to Alexandria. There has been endless talk in the house of “America.” And I know it's serious because whenever it comes up, Mom develops an errand for me to run. ...

Every one of those seemingly small details is recognizably true. What child hasn't heard adults whispering of plans not meant for children to hear?

I asked the woman from Egypt if she had ever written anything like that before. She never had. Amazing! Why did it take almost 70 years? She was not a timid person; she told our class that she had recently bicycled from Berlin to Copenhagen. Why doesn't that confidence carry over to writing?

Dare to tell the smallest of stories if you want to generate large emotions.

Editor's Note: The above is an example of what I call a *connecting narrative moment*—a poignant segment of text that places a protagonist in a scene, narrated with concrete language, designed to assault the five senses and cause the reader to imagine him- or herself in that scene. It forces the reader to experience what the protagonist experienced: *fear* or *safety*, *joy* or *sadness*, *loss* or *gain*, *love* or *hate*, *dread* or *hope*. It creates verisimilitude by following the old writers rule: “Don't *tell* me, *show* me.” In a narrated scene, actions displace a lesser writer's abstractions. **FCD**

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