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АНАЛИЗ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ ПОСОБИЕ
ДЛЯ СТУДЕНТОВ 3 КУРСА
ФАКУЛЬТЕТА ИНОСТРАННЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ

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Предлагаемое учебно-методическое пособие предназначено для студентов 3 курса. Цель данного пособия познакомить студентов факультетов иностранных языков с начальными знаниями и основными процедурами проведения филологического анализа художественного текста. Пособие включает общий план анализа текста, перечень ключевых терминов, применяемых при литературоведческом и лингвистическом анализе текста, краткий справочник, содержащий основные сведения из биографии авторов, чьи тексты включены в данное учебно-методическое пособие, и особенности их стиля. Предлагается также несколько образцов анализа художественного произведения.

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ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Данное учебно-методическое пособие предназначено для формирования у студентов факультетов иностранных языков первоначальных навыков филологического анализа текста. Основной задачей пособия является развитие умения различать лингвистические уровни (композиционный, лексический, синтаксический, стилистический) выразительности текста. Пособие построено на сочетании основ литературоведческого и лингвистического анализа текста и закладывает у студентов элементарные навыки работы с текстом, без которых невозможен любой последующий филологический анализ в принципе, что определяет актуальность предложенного учебно-методического пособия.

Курс лингвистического анализа художественного текста занимает важное место в профессиональной подготовке выпускника, основывается на компетенциях, сформированных в курсе литературы стран изучаемого языка, языкознания, и готовит к овладению знаниями, умениями и навыками таких теоретических курсов, как лексикология и стилистика. Материал, предлагаемый данным учебно-методическим пособием, знакомит студентов с ключевыми процедурами лингвистического анализа, необходимых для написания выпускных квалификационных работ по филологии.

AN OUTLINE OF ANALYSIS OF AN ARTISTIC TEXT

1. Information about the author

(brief biography, thematic priorities, peculiarities of style)

2. Summary + Summary of the Summary (the main idea)

Simple sentences, Present Simple

3. Narrative techniques

From the point of view of narrative technique the text presents a narration intercepted with dialogue (author's digressions; a description; represented speech – fusion of the author's voice and that of the character's)

e.g. The author makes ample use of dialogue.

The text may present:

- narration (an account of events);
- description (e.g. of nature, of some historic event, of surroundings, of a humorous episode, etc.);
- commentary;
- a piece of character-drawing (e.g. a psychological portrayal of some personages);
- dialogue;
- monologue.

4. Division into parts

e.g. The text clearly falls into 3 parts.

We can single out 3 parts.

The reasons for the division are: a) the change of the place of action

b) the change of the number of the participants

c) the change of mood

d) parts may be different from the point of view of narrative technique

Entitle each part with identical grammatical forms (e.g. nouns, gerunds, word combinations etc.)

The text may consist of:

-exposition;

-plot development;

-climax;

-denouement

5. The Atmosphere

e.g. The pervading mood of the excerpt is …lyrical (romantic; tragic; pessimistic; that of mystery; etc.)

The text is tinctured by lyricism.

The text is permeated with irony (mild humour; satire; etc.)

The prevalent (predominant; prevailing) mood is …

The general slant of the text is emotional.

Heterogeneous; uneven.

The tonality of the abstract keeps in key with the concepts propounded by the author.

The text is essentially humourous, etc.

The Atmosphere may be: matter-of-fact, dramatic, lyrical, ironical, satirical, cheerful or gloomy, bitter, tense and nervous, etc.

6. The structural design (if necessary)

Middle from the beginning technique

Surprise ending

7. The Lexical level (choice of words, synonyms, set expressions)

e.g. The atmosphere of mystery is created through the choice of words, such as...

The choice of words is elaborate.

The author has a sharp eye for detail. (attaches special significance to details) Hence the use of such words as …

As the text deals with the topic of … it abounds in words pertaining to the semantic field of (nature, art, meals, etc.).

We also encounter words that refer to the semantic field of …

8. The Artistic level

(artistic devices, tropes, figures of speech: epithets, metaphors, irony, similes, oxymoron, onomatopoeic words etc.

e.g. The help to create a vivid picture of …

to depict … *to convey the atmosphere of …*

to portray … *to get an insight into the character's inner world...*

to reveal the character's mood… *to enact the atmosphere of …*

the author resorts to …(relies on)

9. The syntactical level

10. The characters' sketches

11. Impressions

THE STRUCTURE OF THE TEXT

The structure of a text depends to a great extent, on its narrative mode, and point of view.

In prose there are two narrative modes. They are third-person narrative (i.e. the narrative is done in the third person) and first-person narrative (the narrative is done in the first person). The person who tells the story is called the narrator.

The point of view is the angle from which the events are described, the way of looking at things and evaluating them. The story may be told from the point of view of the author, one of the characters or an onlooker who does not take part in the events and is just an observer. Sometimes two or more different points of view are introduced, e.g. that of the narrator and a character.

Any narrative has a certain number of compositional elements. Traditionally these elements include exposition, development of the plot, climax and denouement.

Exposition is the presentation of the necessary preliminaries to the action, such as the time, the place of the action or the circumstances which will influence the action.

Plot development is a literary term which means the development of action, or thoughts, or descriptions, which leads the reader forward and makes him want to read on. Plot development includes varying degrees of suspense. Suspense is created by a number of episodes which build up the tension and postpone the completion of the action.

Climax is the event of greatest interest and intensity; it is the highest and the most dramatic point of the action.

Denouement is the final stage of the plot where everything i s made clear. It is the event that brings the action to an end.

Very often this sequence of compositional elements is not strictly observed.

FORMS OF WRITING

Any narrative, irrespective of its point of view and the number and arrangement of its compositional elements is based on five major forms of writing: narration, description, commentary, dialogue (monologue), interior monologue (or represented speech).

Narration is an orderly account of events that follow one another. Narration is always dynamic - things are shown as happening one after another in their due sequence.

Description in contrast to narration tells how something looks: a landscape, a place, a person. Here the author brings out the most essential qualities and peculiarities of the objects, their essence.

Dialogue (monologue) reproduces the speech of the characters.

Commentary represents the appearance of the author as commentator and moralist. He reflects on things and gives an evaluation.

A literary text is usually a combination of different forms of writing, e.g. it begins with a description which is followed by a dialogue which, in its turn, gives way to a commentary, etc. But sometimes one form is prevalent, e.g. a whole text can be written in the form of a description, or a dialogue etc.

CHARACTER DRAWING

There are two methods of character drawing : direct and indirect. A character is described directly if we learn about him from descriptions (of his appearance, clothes, behaviour, etc.).

The indirect method of character-drawing is used when we learn about the personage from other parts of the text. For instance, in dialogues the character is described through his own words and through the remarks of other personages; in narrations - through his actions, etc. In many texts characters are described only indirectly - through some details which suggest the whole. These may be details of action, speech, views, etc.

USEFUL WORDS AND PHRASES FOR CHARACTERS' SKETCHES

Physical Qualities: manly, virile, robust, hardy, sturdy, strapping, strong, stalwart, muscular, brawny. Beautiful, pretty, lovely, fair, comely, good-looking, handsome. Dainty, delicate, graceful, elegant, exquisite. Charming, shapely, attractive, winsome, fascinating, ravishing. Neat, spruce, dapper, immaculate. Adroit, dexterous, adept, skillful, agile, nimble. Active, lively, spirited, vivacious. Resilient, possessing stamina, endurance.

Weak, feeble, sickly, frail, decrepit. Thin, spare, emaciated, cadaverous. Effeminate, unmanly, unwomanly. Ugly, hideous, homely. Coarse, unkempt, slovenly, dishevelled. Awkward, clumsy, gawky, ungainly, graceless. Bizarre, grotesque, incongruous, ghastly. Repellent, repugnant, repulsive, odious, invidious, loathsome, horrible.

Mental Qualities: educated, erudite, scholarly, learned. Wise, astute, sage, intelligent, talented, intellectual, precocious, capable, competent, gifted, apt. Rational, reasonable, sensible. Shrewd, prudent, observant, clever, ingenious, inventive, sophisticated, resourceful, creative, subtle. Cunning, crafty, sly, artful, wily.

Unintelligent, unintellectual, unschooled, unlettered, ignorant, illiterate. Inane, irrational, puerile, foolish, fatuous, crass, obtuse, vacuous. Bigoted, narrow-minded. Ungifted, simple, shallow, dull, stupid, thick-skulled, crack-brained, idiotic, witless, deranged, demented.

Moral Qualities: idealistic, innocent, virtuous, faultless, righteous, guileless, upright, exemplary. Chaste, pure, undefiled. Temperate, abstemious, austere,

puritanical. Truthful, honourable, trustworthy, straightforward. Decent, respectable.

Wicked, iniquitous, corrupt, degenerate, notorious, vicious, incorrigible, Infamous, immoral, unprincipled, reprobate, depraved. Indecent, ribald, vulgar. Intemperate, sensual, dissolute. Deceitful, dishonest, unscrupulous, dishonourable. Base, vile, foul. Double-faced, hypocritical, insincere, sanctimonious.

Spiritual Qualities: religious, reverent, pious, devout, faithful, regenerate, holy, saintly, angelic, godlike.

Skeptical, agnostic, atheistic. Irreligious, impious, irreverent, profane, sacrilegious, blasphemous. Unregenerate, materialistic, carnal, mundane. Godless, diabolic, fiend like.

Social Qualities: civil, tactful, courteous, polite. Cooperative, genial, affable, hospitable, gracious, amiable, cordial, congenial, amicable, sociable, easy-going, easy to deal with. Cheerful, convivial, jovial, jolly. Urbane, suave, politic, debonair, elegant.

Self-possessed, calm, composed, unperturbed, balanced, unruffled, self-assured.

Self-effacing, humble, modest, unpretentious, unassuming, shy, bashful, meek, full of humility and self-resignation.

Unsociable, anti-social, contentious, acrimonious, Quarrelsome, antagonistic, misanthropic. Discourteous, uncivil, impudent, impolite, insolent. Bossy, domineering, authoritarian, arrogant, haughty, conceited, .

Ill-bred, ill-mannered, unpolished, unrefined, rustic, provincial, boorish, impertinent, rude.

Ungracious, brusque, churlish. Fawning, sniveling, unctuous, obsequious, sycophantic. Sullen, sulky, grumpy, fractious, shrewish, crusty, crabbed, peevish, petulant, waspish, perverse, malevolent; implacable, irascible. Critical, captious, cynical, caustic, sarcastic. Cranky, eccentric, queer, with whims, bizarre.

General Personal Qualities: distinguished, noble, eminent, illustrious, admirable, influential, impressive, imposing. Well-bred, genteel, refined, aristocratic, cultured.

Generous, benevolent, charitable, magnanimous, munificent, altruistic, philanthropic. Humane, merciful, gentle, kindly, patient, long-suffering, sympathetic, compassionate. Tolerant, indulgent, forbearing. Liberal, conservative, radical, reactionary. Ambitious, conscientious, persevering, industrious, persistent, efficient, assiduous, diligent, resourceful. Uncompromising, scrupulous, punctual. Earnest, zealous, enthusiastic. Strong-willed, determined, resolute. Confident, self-reliant. Plucky, valorous, intrepid, audacious, courageous, indomitable. Demure, sober, staid, solemn, serious, sedate. Discreet, cautious, wary, circumspect. Garrulous, eloquent, persuasive. Reserved, taciturn, laconic. Whimsical, willy. Sensitive, considerate, responsive, receptive, impressionable, vulnerable, fragile. Thrifty, greedy, miserly, close-fisted, economical, frugal. Coy, pert, flippant, saucy. Natural, candid, unaffected. Naive, artless, ingenuous, gullible. Shy, reticent, diffident, timid, meek. Humble, self-effacing, modest, unassuming. Docile, amenable, tractable. Placid, serene, tranquil. Impassive, nonchalant, indifferent, phlegmatic, imperturbable, stoical, philosophical. Pensive, melancholic, moody, saturnine.

Mediocre, ordinary, insignificant, petty. Parsimonious, stingy, niggardly.

Pompous, contemptuous, disdainful, domineering, imperious. Oppressive, cruel, vindictive, ruthless, brutish, relentless, truculent. Intolerant, dogmatic, prejudiced. Lazy, idle, slothful, listless, lethargic, lackadaisical, parasitic. Inefficient, incompetent, bungling, worthless. Unambitious, dilatory, remiss. Fickle, unreliable, erratic, irresolute, capricious, unstable, irresponsible. Cowardly, timorous, craven. Mischievous, frivolous, silly. Headstrong, impulsive, wilful, impetuous, rash, indiscreet, imprudent, reckless. Prolix, wearisome. Apathetic, insensitive, callous, irresponsive. Prodigal, extravagant, profligate. Affected, pretentious, insincere, artificial. Hypocritical, pharisaical, sanctimonious. Overconfident, self-centered, vain, boastful, egotistical, conceited, bumptious. Arrogant, proud, haughty. Obstinate, stubborn, unruly, rebellious, obdurate, mulish, recalcitrant, refractory. Squeamish, fastidious. Self-indulgent. Mercenary, venal. Avaricious, envious, gluttonous, voracious. Perfidious, treacherous,

traitorous, Eccentric, odd, quixotic. Smug, complacent. Obnoxious, reprehensible, contemptible, malicious, scurrilous, insidious, malignant.

THE MESSAGE OF THE AUTHOR

The message of the author is the main positive point the writer is trying to get across. It permeates all the elements of the text and binds them together. Sometimes the writer explains all the events without leaving anything for guesswork on the reader's part. But more often the writer presents only a sequence of facts and the reader is left to judge what they imply. The message of the author is often a moral lesson the reader can draw from the events described by the writer. Hence it is convenient to sum up the main idea using words of wisdom that are so concisely but precisely rendered by traditional English proverbs:

Honesty is the best policy.

Handsome is as handsome does.

Be slow to promise and quick to perform.

If you run after two hares you will catch none.

Nothing venture – nothing gain.

Fortune favours the brave.

A great ship asks deep waters.

There is no smoke without fire.

Let the sleeping dogs lie.

A cat in gloves catches no mice.

Birds of a feather flock together.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

As you sow you shall mow.

Make hay while the sun shines.

Misfortunes never come single.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

No pains, no gains.

No wisdom like silence.

Nightingales will not sing in a cage.

There is no flying from fate.

After rain comes sunshine.

Money has no smell.

Haste makes waste.

Murder will out.

Muck and money go together.

GLOSSARY

1. **Allegory** - a comparison which is protracted and sustained with a double meaning metaphorically implied. Allegory is often used in fables, parables and fiction.

2. Alliteration - repetition of the initial letter (generally a consonant) or first sound of several words, marking the stressed syllables in a line of poetry or prose. A simple example is the phrase "*through thick and thin*." The device is used to emphasize meaning and thus can be effectively employed in oratory. Alliteration is a characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry, notably the epic Beowulf; it is still used, with modifications, by modern poets.

3. **Allusion** - a reference to specific places, persons, literary characters or historical events known to the reader that, by some association, have come to stand for a certain thing or an idea.

The Three Graces of Rome (goddesses of beauty, joy and female charm).

"To dress - to dine, and then if to dine, to sleep - to sleep,

to dream. And then what dreams might come." (Galsworthy)

4. **Antonomasia** - the use of a proper name to express a general idea or a substitution of an epithet, or descriptive phrase, or official title for a proper name.

"the Napoleon of crime" (A. Conan Doyle)

"the Gioconda Smile" (A. Huxley)

5. **Ellipsis** ("defect") - the omission of a word or words necessary for the complete syntactical construction of a sentence but not necessary for understanding it.

Don't know.

Couldn't come.

6. **Epithet** ("addition") - an attributive characterization of a person, thing or phenomenon. An epithet creates an image and reveals the emotionally coloured individual attitude of the author towards the object spoken of. There are the so-called conversational (standing) epithets, kind of literary cliché: *green wood; true love; virgin land.*

7. **Flash-back** - turning back to earlier experiences in order to deepen the meaning of present experiences. Modern writers often resort to this device.

8. **Gradation** (``step") - the arrangement of ideas in such a way that each succeeding one rises above its predecessor in impact (impressiveness or force).

"little by little, bit by bit, and day by day, and year by year..." (Ch. Dickens)

9. **Grotesque** - fantastic exaggeration aimed at representing human beings or their lives as comically distorted, awkward, often implying the confusion (interweaving) of the fantastic and the real.

10. **Hyperbole** ("transference") - a figure of speech consisting in exaggerating or extravagant statement used to express strong feeling or to produce a strong impression and not intended to be understood literally.

``*To cross the world to find you a pin."* (A. Coppard)

11. Inversion – a violation of the traditional "Subject-Predicate-Object-Adverb" order of words with an aim to emphasize some ideas or impart a special lyrical ring to the utterance.

Empty his pockets were. However joy and easiness was what he felt inside.

12. **Irony** - the use of words to convey the opposite of their literal meaning for the purpose of ridicule; an expression or utterance marked by a deliberate contrast between apparent and intended meanings.

13. **Metaphor** ("transference") –a transfer of the name of an object on the basis of similarity, likeness, affinity of the two objects.

A prolonged metaphor is elaborated in a series of images logically connected with one another producing a general description of a character, a scene, etc.

Dead (trite) metaphors have entered the language long ago and are commonly used without being noticed:

the leg of the chair; the eye of the needle

14. **Metonymy** - a figure of speech consisting in the use of one word for another denoting a thing of which it is part or with which it is associated (the effect for the cause; the instrument for the action; the container for the contained).

the vines of France (King of France) (W. Shakespeare)

the milk of Burgundy (the Duke of Burgundy) (W. Shakespeare)

15. Onomatopoeia – an imitation of sounds produced in nature (wind, sea, thunder), by things (machines or tools), by people (sighing, laughter, patter of feet), and by animals.

ding-dong, buzz, cuckoo, tintinnabulation, mew, roar.

16. **Oxymoron** ("sharp + foolish") - a figure of speech consisting in the use of an epithet or attributive phrase (a modifier) in contradiction to the noun it defines.

proud humility (W. Shakespeare)

speaking silence (G. Byron)

17. **Parallelism** - the similarity of the syntactical structure of successive phrases, clauses or sentences. Parallel constructions are often accompanied by the repetition of one, nature or characteristic; the representation of a thing or abstraction as a person.

"Confusion spoke"; "Vice is a monster"

18. **Periphrasis** ("all round + speaking") - the use of a longer phrasing with descriptive epithets, abstract terms etc. in place of a possible shorter and plainer form of expression, aimed at representing the author's idea in a roundabout way.

the better sex - women

the seven-hilled city - Rome

organs of vision - eyes

19. **Personification** - a kind of metaphor; endows a thing, a phenomenon or an abstract notion with features peculiar to a human being. The attribution of personal form.

20. Polysyndeton – an insistent repetition of conjunctions. The use of polysyndeton can be stylistically heterogeneous: it either underlines the simultaneity of actions or close connection of properties enumerated. Very often it promotes a high-flown tonality of the narrative (e.g. elevated tonality of the Bible). It can signal primitivism of the character. It may also emphasize the idea of endlessnees, or abundance, sometimes excessive, to show irritation and annoyance or monotony and boredom.

Prepositions and other connectives can be repeated.

The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. (Ch. Dickens)

21. **Repetition** - a reiteration of the same word or phrase with the view of expressiveness. Repetition of all kinds is widely used in poetry and prose.

22. **Simile** - a figure of speech in which two objects are compared, one of them being likened to the other; a kind of comparison introduced with the help of special grammatical means (conjunctions: *as if, like*) or suggested by such verbs as *resemble, remind* and *seem*.

plain as the nose on your face;

different as chalk from cheese;

run like a hare

23. Zeugma ("yoke") - use of a word in the same grammatical relation to two apparent words in the context, one metaphorical and the other literal in sense.

"Either you or your head must be of." (L. Carroll)

"Juan was a bachelor of arts, and parts, and hearts." (G. Byron)

USEFUL PHRASES FOR TEXT ANALYSIS

- The extract I am dealing with is taken from...
- The text under consideration is a fragment from...

- The text I am going to comment on is a story by...
- This extract presents an act from the play... by the English playwright William Shakespeare,
- The given passage is an extract from...
- The plot of the story is concerned with (the upbringing of children...)

The subject-matter of the passage is (a description of a certain Mrs. General, a snobbish and pretentious lady...)

- The story tells of (the tragic fate of a young poet...)
- The writer unfolds the sad story of (a boy who was brought up by his distant relatives, cruel and hard-hearted people...)
- The story gives a deep insight into (the life of the common people, "the little man's" existence...)
- This play sums up many burning problems of the time, such as ... The story shows the drama of (the character's inner world...)
- The chapter gives a true picture of (contemporary social and family relations in bourgeois society...)
- The story depicts (the plight of the city poor, and the striking contrast between their miserable existence and the life of the privileged few...)
- The action takes place in (the imaginary town of... in 19...)
- The scene is set in (an old English estate...)
- The setting for the play is (a lodging house owned by...)
- The main characters are...
- The plot is very simple...
- The plot, as such, is practically eventless...
- The story is full of events...
- These are the main facts that make up the plot of the stor
- The story is told in the third person (this is a third-person narration; the narrative is in the first person). The story is told from the point of view of one of the characters, namely...

o The narrator is (an onlooker who does not take part in the events but whose keen interest in them is quite obvious).

o The narrator focuses his attention on...

o The character's perception of the events permeates the whole story and makes it dramatic (appealing, humorous ...).

o In this story we can observe the conventional sequence of compositional elements: an exposition, a gradual mounting of tension, with final climax and denouement...

o The opening paragraph presents (an exposition to the story...).

o It is a description of..., an account of..., etc.

o The story opens with a description of...

o The opening paragraph introduces (the main characters and gives some details of their life ...).

o The first part of the text which presents an exposition to the events is written, in the form of a description blended with dialogue.

o The atmosphere and details of living are described convincingly (perfectly, exactly as in life).

o The landscape is not simply the background (it plays a definite role in the development of the plot; highlights certain features of a character ...).

o The description of (the place of action ...) gives a deeper insight into the situation. From this description we understand that (the imaginary state of Winamac is an artistic incarnation of the existing American states, with their landscape, customs and history).

o The basic compositional feature, of this story is suspense. It is created by a number of relevant details which intensify the tension of the situation. These details include…

o This part of the text is written in the form of a narration which conveys the dynamic development of the plot.

o The tense rhythm of the narration is interrupted by / accentuated by (dialogues in which the reader's attention is drawn to a new topic...).

o The narration is closely interwoven and interlaced with the monologue of the character which gives an insight into (the character's state of mind ...

o The next paragraph adds some more details to the reader's knowledge of the situation.

o The episode of the argument (the character's meeting ...) is the climax of the story. This scene is (dramatic; solemnly impressive humorous...)

o This episode presents the crucial point of the story. The reader understands that...

o The concluding paragraph presents the denouement. Everything is made clear...

o The story ends with...

o Two characters are presented in this extract...

o The personages are given a profound and true-to-life psychological characterization.

o The character is presented as (weak-willed; passive, a man lacking in firmness, helpless, gentle, intelligent, cheerful, tactful, honest in dealing with other people, a person with a clear conscience...).

o The description brings out (the characteristic features of Mr. X*s personality, such as his dignity; his yearning for a new life; his splendid calm...).

o All the details of his appearance (the full ruddy face, the keen look, the mockingly condescending smile...) speak of the man's (sanguine temperament, intelligence, confident dignity, composure, devotion to his convictions, remarkable will-power...).

o Mr. X's personality is revealed to the full through his own words and the remarks of other personages. He is described as a (cruel, hard-hearted, haughty, greedy, tactless, hypocritical, dishonest, narrow-minded, rude, irritable, ill-bred, fussy ...) man. The dialogue discloses (the character's state of mind, his wit, purity of heart, loneliness, disappointment in friends). His actions enumerated in the narration characterize him as a (good-natured, kind-hearted, sociable, generous, self-possessed, sensible, stubborn, reliable, resourceful, persistent, shrewd) person.

o She is characterized by (reserve, reluctance to allow anybody to get an insight into her inner state...).

o There were certain traits in her character that were alien to her husband such as...

o All these details underline (the character's social position, his absolute lack of breeding...).

o The characters are convincing and well-drawn...

o The characters are typical and authentic and their psychology is well rendered.

o The mood prevalent in the extract is (cheerfulness, humour, irony, gloom, nervousness, bleakness, melancholy, pensiveness, happiness...).

The humorous tone (the meditative tone of reminiscence...) is established from the very first lines and is sustained up to the end of the text.

o The tone of the extract is tensely dramatic. The author lays bare the spiritual drama of...

o The story is full of jokes, witticism, light-hearted jest.

o This tone lends the story the air of a lively and uninhibited conversation.

o The humour sometimes borders on irony and satire. But the irony is subtle and one has to read between the lines.

o The extract is complex in mood: although there is a hint of sadness for the transience of human life, it affirms the greatness of man.

o In the story the comic goes side by side with the tragic. The story reflects life, and in life everything is mixed up together: the profound with the trivial, the great with the petty, the tragic with the comic.

o Minute details add to the matter-of-fact and logical tone of the narration.

o The story is filled with deep sympathy for the poor and a bitter hatred for the rich.

o The author's message is expressed very clearly. The writer raises his voice in defense of (human dignity...).

o The book exposes (racial discrimination, philistinism, hypocrisy selfishness...).

- The extract shows the poet's concern for (the destiny of his country, the ordinary people...).
- This story depicts a life-like situation. It is characterized by (a deep penetration into human psychology...).
- The author is concerned with a number of problems, such as the relationship between people; man and Nature; man's inner world. The writer leads the reader from realistic detail on to philosophical generalizations. We realize that the seemingly commonplace episode reveals the conflict between...
- The book contains a great deal of what was topical at the time the writer lived in, the burning issues of his day and at the same time it deals with the problems which do not change in time and fashion, such as...
- The writer exaggerates the ugly and the comical to underline the degeneration of people in the atmosphere of hypocrisy.
- The book portrays life as it is...
- An undercurrent of alarm (humour, irony) runs through the story.
- The story has definite undercurrents. (The emotional drama of the character is expressed in the title...).
- The story seems to be devoid of any emotional colouring only on the surface. Beneath the surface the reader finds intense emotions, meditations, suffering...
- The-story strikes the reader with its sincerity and authenticity. It gives the reader food for thought, makes him analyze situations taken from everyday life...
- The use of (colloquial English; this metaphor ...) helps (to make the scene and characters vivid and lifelike; to create local colouring...)
- The use of (archaic words...) adds to (the solemn atmosphere created by the description; the concreteness of the description; the humorous effect...).
- The use of this word deserves special attention in the text because (its primary meaning interplays with its meaning in the text...).
- The choice of epithets reveals (the narrator's ironic attitude to the character...).
- All these verb metaphors are aimed at (revealing his state of mind, his irresolution...).

- The contrast between the two men is revealed through various means, such as..
- The irony is made more palpable and concrete by means of (an incoherent and disorderly enumeration of subjects taught at the University...).
- The image of (a cat crouching under a table...) suggests an analogy with (the character's state of mind...).
- The use of such words as... in the dialogue stresses (the character's two-fold and, contradictory feelings...).
- This mood is conveyed by...
- This effect is enhanced by...
- These words convey the impression of...
- The preponderance of verbs in the narration contributes to (suspense...)
- To strive towards utmost objectivity, authenticity, precision, spontaneity of narration
- To reveal the complexity of life
- Delicate, graceful, elegant, elaborate, refined, polished, ornate style
- Picturesque and ornate words (high-flown) (to employ, to stick to, to keep to)
- Powerfully imposing imagery
- Ostentatious (exuberant, opulent) epithets and metaphors
- To contribute to the atmosphere of subtle lyricism
- Neutral / lofty layer of words
- Down to earth, matter of fact vocabulary
- To strive towards utmost objectivity, authenticity, precision, spontaneity of narration
- The subtlety of the author's artistry
- To be impartial, unbiased
- To be concerned (preoccupied) with the vital (urgent) problems of the day
- To seek to show
- To get an insight into the contradictions of human nature with its virtues and vices
- To meditate (speculate, ponder, to draw) upon some topic

- To be skillful in molding smb's (ironic) portrait
- A prolific and versatile author
- To reveal the character's personality (through speech characterization)
- An abundance of words charged with negative (positive) connotation
- We can distinguish (spot, come across, encounter) words pertaining to the semantic field of …
- To explore important spheres of human existence
- To outline the characters in gloomy (rosy, ironic, sarcastic etc.) colours
- To emphasize, to enhance, to intensify

AUTHORS' GUIDE

1. ***Herman Melville*** (1 August 1819 – 28September 1891) was an American novelist, short story writer, and poet of the American Renaissance period. His best known works include "Typee" (1846), a romantic account of his experiences in Polynesian life, and his whaling novel "Moby-Dick" (1851). His work was almost forgotten during his last thirty years. His writing draws on his experience at sea as a common sailor, exploration of literature and philosophy, and engagement in the contradictions of American society in a period of rapid change. He developed a complex, baroque style: the vocabulary is rich and original, a strong sense of rhythm infuses the elaborate sentences, the imagery is often mystical or ironic, and the abundance of allusion extends to Scripture, myth, philosophy, literature, and the visual arts.

"Moby-Dick" or "The Whale" is a novel by American writer Herman Melville, published in 1851 during the period of the American Renaissance. Sailor Ishmael tells the story of the obsessive quest of Ahab, captain of the whaler the Pequod, for revenge on Moby Dick, the white whale which on the previous whaling voyage destroyed his ship and severed his leg at the knee. The novel was a commercial failure and out of print at the time of the author's death in 1891, but during the 20th century, its reputation as a Great American Novel was established. William Faulkner confessed he wished he had written it himself, and D. H. Lawrence called

it "one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world", and "the greatest book of the sea ever written". "Call me Ishmael" is among world literature's most famous opening sentences.

Quotations:

1. Life's a voyage that's homeward bound.
2. When beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it; and would not willingly remember that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang.
3. He who has never failed somewhere. . . that man can not be great.

2. ***Jerome Klapka Jerome*** (2 May 1859 – 14 June 1927) is a British writer of the Victorian period, best known for his comic novels. His most famous and enduring work is “Three Men in a Boat”. The follow-up to Jerome K. Jerome's bestselling volume of humorous essays is “Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow”. This collection offers the author's witty observations on all manner of topics, ranging from love to children to cats and dogs. Readers who appreciate a good turn of phrase and are in dire need of a good laugh shouldn't hesitate to read “The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow”. “Three Men on the Bummel” is intended as a sequel to “Three Men in a Boat” (Packing for the journey). While it is beyond doubt that Jerome K. Jerome is most well known for his comic masterpiece “Three Men in a Boat”, the range of his other literary achievements is staggering. Journalist, playwright and author, a wealth of his writing has remained just beyond the public gaze. The outbreak of the First World War caused him particular sorrow, but, rejected by the British armed forces on grounds of age, he joined the French Army as an ambulance driver and saw active service on the Western Front. Jerome died on 14 June 1927 and is buried in the churchyard at Ewelme, Oxfordshire, close to the Thames that he loved.

“Three Men in a Boat (To Say Nothing of the Dog)”, published in 1889, is a humorous account by English writer Jerome K. Jerome of a two-week boating holiday on the Thames from Kingston upon Thames to Oxford and back to Kingston. The book was initially intended to be a serious travel guide, with

accounts of local history along the route, but the humorous elements took over to the point where the serious and somewhat sentimental passages seem a distraction to the comic novel. One of the most praised things about “Three Men in a Boat” is how undated it appears to modern readers – the jokes seem fresh and witty even today.

The three men are based on Jerome himself (the narrator Jerome K. Jerome) and two real-life friends, George Wingrave (who would become a senior manager at Barclays Bank) and Carl Hentschel (the founder of a London printing business, called Harris in the book), with whom Jerome often took boating trips. The dog, Montmorency, is entirely fictional but, as Jerome admits, “developed out of that area of inner consciousness which, in all Englishmen, contains an element of the dog." The trip is a typical boating holiday of the time in a Thames camping skiff. This was just after commercial boat traffic on the Upper Thames had died out, replaced by the 1880s craze for boating as a leisure activity.

Quotations:

1. I like work: it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart.
2. The weather is like the government, always in the wrong.
3. “Let your boat of life be light, packed with only what you need - a homely home and simple pleasures, one or two friends, worth the name, someone to love and someone to love you, a cat, a dog, and a pipe or two, enough to eat and enough to wear, and a little more than enough to drink; for thirst is a dangerous thing.”

3. ***Charlotte Brontë*** (21 April 1816 – 31 March 1855) was a famous English novelist and poet who left behind a rich legacy of written work which includes classical novels like ‘Jane Eyre’, ‘Shirley’ and ‘Villette’. She wrote “Jane Eyre” under the pen name Currer Bell. She was the eldest among the Bronte sisters—Charlotte, Emily and Anne—all of whom were writers and poets of the highest standards. . The landscape around the parsonage, the lonely rolling moors and wild wind, influences all the Bronte sisters deeply. "All around the horizon the is this same line of sinuous wave-like hills; the scoops into which they fall only revealing

other hills beyond, of similar colour and shape, crowned with wild, bleak moors - grand, from the ideas of solitude and loneliness which they suggest, or oppressive from the feeling which they give of being pent-up by some monotonous and illimitable barrier, according to the mood of mind in which the spectator may be." (Elizabet Gaskell in The Life of Charlotte Bronte, 1857) A dominant and ambitious woman from a young age, she was someone who refused to blindly follow the norms the society demanded of women during her time. She was a fiercely independent woman who introduced to the literary world a new kind of heroine who defied age-old societal expectations to emerge as a courageous and virtuous individual in her own right. She grew up reading the works of the Romantic authors like Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth and Lord Byron. The three Bronte sisters supported and encouraged each other in their endeavors and shared constructive criticisms of each other's works. As the eldest of her surviving siblings the responsibility of providing for them financially fell on Charlotte who first worked as a teacher and then as a governess to earn a living. Later on the sisters collaborated and worked together to publish their writings for financial gains. The talented sisters' writing career was however cut short by illnesses which claimed all the three well before their time.

"Jane Eyre" is the novel that changed the author's fortunes and revolutionized the art of fiction. The novel combined elements of social criticism and accepted norms of morality. She explored issues like sexuality, feminism and classism—issues that were regarded much ahead of her time. The book combined elements of gothic melodrama with naturalism which was an innovation in literature of those times.

"Villette" is Charlotte's third published novel (and her last to be published during her lifetime) which came out in 1853. The main themes of "Villette" include isolation, and how such a condition can be borne, and the internal conflict brought about by societal repression of individual desire. The book's main character, Lucy Snowe, travels abroad to teach in a boarding school in the fictional town of Villette, where she encounters a culture and religion different to her own, and where she falls in love with a man ('Paul Emanuel') whom she cannot marry due to

societal forces. Her experiences result in her having a breakdown, but eventually she achieves independence and fulfilment in running her own school. “Villette” marked Charlotte's return to the format of writing from a first-person perspective (that of Lucy Snowe), a technique which she had used so successfully in Jane Eyre. Also similar to “Jane Eyre” was Charlotte's use of aspects from her own life history as inspiration for fictional events in the novel, in particular her reworking of her own time spent at the pensionnat in Brussels into Lucy spending time teaching at the boarding school, and her own falling in love with Constantin Heger into Lucy falling in love with 'Paul Emanuel'. “Villette” was acknowledged by the critics of the day as being a potent and sophisticated piece of writing, although it was still criticised for its 'coarseness' and for not being suitably 'feminine' in its portrayal of Lucy's desires.

Quotations:

1. It is vain to say human beings might be satisfied with tranquillity; they must have action, and they will make it if they can not find it.
2. A ruffled mind makes a restless pillow.
3. Cheerfulness, it would appear, is a matter which depends fully as much on the state of things within, as on the state of things without and around us.
4. ***Kathleen Mansfield Murry*** (14 October 1888 – 9 January 1923) was a prominent New Zealand modernist short story writer who was born and brought up in colonial New Zealand and wrote under the pen name of Katherine Mansfield. At 19, Mansfield left New Zealand and settled in the United Kingdom, where she became a friend of modernist writers such as D.H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. Kathrine Mansfield was not once referred to as the English Chekov. She was fascinated by his unaffected simplicity, great subtlety and penetrating insight, his emphasis on a detail, which can convey more than any eloquent words, which can reconstruct a picture, a scenery, a character. She was fascinated by the cinema, its immediacy of presentation, an imaginative arrangement of suggestive details, the art of montage. Her essential artistic principle is to convey much while saying little. Hence, new techniques of representation and emphasis. She leaves her

message in implication, omits explanatory matter, presents things indirectly, obliquely. She believed that the core of life is dark and mysterious. The world is a mystery which is not to be solved. In 1917 she was diagnosed with extrapulmonary tuberculosis, which led to her death at the age of 34.

Quotations:

1. Make it a rule of life never to regret and never to look back. Regret is an appalling waste of energy; you can't build on it; it's only for wallowing in.
2. Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinions of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth.
3. I always felt that the great high privilege, relief and comfort of friendship was that one had to explain nothing.

5. ***Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde*** (16 October 1854 – 30 November 1900) was an Irish playwright, novelist, essayist, and poet. A brilliant classicist, he won the Newdigate Prize in 1878 for his poem "Ravenna". After writing in different forms throughout the 1880s, he became one of London's most popular playwrights in the early 1890s. He is remembered for his epigrams, his novel "The Picture of Dorian Gray", his plays, as well as the circumstances of his imprisonment and early death. Wilde was a man of great originality and power of mind. He earned the title of "Prince Paradox" for his dazzling wit. He went on a lecture tour of the United States in 1882 where he is said to have made the famous reply to the customs official who asked him whether he had anything to declare: "Only my genius."

The basis of the moral conflict in his works is usually the idea that the past of his heroes has the greatest influence on their present and future, and, thus, it defines their actions and directs their soul development.

In 1884 he married and in 1888 published "The Happy Prince and Other Tales", fairy-stories written for his two sons.

He was an exponent of the artistic movement whose motto was "Art for Art's Sake". He was an eccentric in dress, tastes, and manners. Wilde became the center of a group glorifying beauty for its own sake. At the turn of the 1890s, he

refined his ideas about the supremacy of art in a series of dialogues and essays, and incorporated themes of decadence, duplicity, and beauty into his only novel, “The Picture of Dorian Gray” (1890).

“The Picture of Dorian Gray” is a philosophical novel by Oscar Wilde, first published complete in the July 1890 issue of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.

The story begins with a man painting a picture of Gray. When Gray, who has a "face like ivory and rose leaves", sees his finished portrait, he breaks down. Distraught that his beauty will fade while the portrait stays beautiful, he inadvertently makes a Faustian bargain in which only the painted image grows old while he stays beautiful and young. For Wilde, the purpose of art would be to guide life as if beauty alone were its object. As Gray's portrait allows him to escape the corporeal ravages of his hedonism, Wilde sought to juxtapose the beauty he saw in art with daily life.

Quotations:

1. Always forgive your enemies; nothing annoys them so much.
2. Anyone who lives within their means suffers from a lack of imagination.
3. I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible.

6. ***John Galsworthy*** (14 August 1867 – 31 January 1933) was an English novelist and playwright. Notable works include “The Forsyte Saga” (1906–1921) and its sequels, “A Modern Comedy” and “End of the Chapter”. He won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1932.

He was educated at Harrow and studied law at New College, Oxford. He travelled widely and at the age of twenty-eight began to write, at first for his own amusement. His first stories were published under the pseudonym John Sinjohn and later were withdrawn. He considered “The Island Pharisees” (1904) his first important work. As a novelist Galsworthy is chiefly known for his roman fleuve, his trilogy about the eponymous family and connected lives, “The Forsyte Saga”. The first novel of this vast work appeared in 1906. “The Man of Property” was a harsh criticism of the upper middle classes, Galsworthy's own background. Galsworthy did not immediately continue it; fifteen years and with them the First

World War intervened until he resumed work on the history of the Forsytes with “In Chancery” (1920) and “To Let” (1921). Meanwhile he had written a considerable number of novels, short stories, and plays. “The Forsyte Saga” was continued by the three volumes of “A Modern Comedy”, “The White Monkey” (1924), “The Silver Spoon” (1926), “Swan Song” (1928), and its two interludes “A Silent Wooing” and “Passersby” (1927). To these should be added “On Forsyte Change” (1930), a collection of short stories. With growing age Galsworthy came more and more to identify himself with the world of his novels, which at first he had judged very harshly. This development is nowhere more evident than in the author's changing attitude toward Soames Forsyte, the «man of property», who dominates the first part of the work.

“The Forsyte Saga”, first published under that title in 1922, is a series of three novels and two interludes published between 1906 and 1921. They chronicle the vicissitudes of the leading members of a large commercial upper-middle-class English family, similar to Galsworthy's own. Only a few generations removed from their farmer ancestors, the family members are keenly aware of their status as "new money". The main character, Soames Forsyte, sees himself as a "man of property" by virtue of his ability to accumulate material possessions - but this does not succeed in bringing him pleasure.

Although sympathetic to his characters, Galsworthy highlights their insular, snobbish, and acquisitive attitudes and their suffocating moral codes. He is viewed as one of the first writers of the Edwardian era who challenged some of the ideals of society depicted in the preceding literature of Victorian England. The depiction of a woman in an unhappy marriage furnishes another recurring theme in his work. The character of Irene in “The Forsyte Saga” is drawn from Ada Pearson, though her previous marriage was not as miserable as that of the character. Through his writings he campaigned for a variety of causes, including prison reform, women's rights, animal welfare, and the opposition of censorship.

Galsworthy was a dramatist of considerable technical skill. His plays often took up specific social grievances such as the double standard of justice as applied

to the upper and lower classes in “The Silver Box” (1906) and the confrontation of capital and labour in “Strife” (1909). “Justice” (1910), his most famous play, led to a prison reform in England. Galsworthy's reaction to the First World War found its expression in “The Mob” (1914), in which the voice of a statesman is drowned in the madness of the war-hungry masses; and in enmity of the two families of “The Skin Game” (1920).

Quotations:

1. "Headlines twice the size of the events."
2. "Wealth is a means to an end, not the end itself. As a synonym for health and happiness, it has had a fair trial and failed dismally."
3. for events are as much the parents of the future as they were the children of the past.

(John Galsworthy)

7. ***Hector Hugh Munro*** (18 December 1870 – 14 November 1916), better known by the pen name Saki, and also frequently as H. H. Munro, was a British writer whose witty, mischievous and sometimes macabre stories satirize Edwardian society and culture. His pseudonym, “Saki”, originates from the name of the cup-bearer in the last stanza of “The Rubάiyάt” of Omar Khayyάm. He is considered a master of the short story, and often compared to O. Henry and Dorothy Parker. Influenced by Oscar Wilde, Lewis Carroll and Rudyard Kipling, he himself influenced A. A. Milne, Noël Coward and P. G. Wodehouse. His stories, whimsical in their plots and light-heartedly cynical in their tone, are also given a darker side by Munro’s memories of his unhappy childhood with his aunts.

He was born in Akyab, the son of an officer in the Burma police, and brought up by two maiden aunts in Devon. After being educated at a school in Exmouth and at Bedford grammar school, he followed his father into the Burma police but was invalided home. In 1896 he settled in London, contributing political satires to “The Westminster Gazette” (collected in “The Westminster Alice”, 1902). Between 1902 and 1908 he acted as correspondent for “The Morning Post” in Poland, Russia and Paris.

Besides his short stories (which were first published in newspapers, as was customary at the time, and then collected into several volumes), he wrote a full-length play, “The Watched Pot”, in collaboration with Charles Maude; two one-act plays; a historical study, “The Rise of the Russian Empire”, the only book published under his own name; a short novel, “The Unbearable Bassington”; the episodic “The Westminster Alice” (a parliamentary parody of Alice in Wonderland); and “When William Came”, subtitled “A Story of London Under the Hohenzollerns”, a fantasy about a future German invasion and occupation of Britain.

Munro’s short stories constitute some of the best in the English language. They have quite a range in tone, from the extremely humorous (“Unrest Cure”) to the mystery of “Sredni Vashtar”. Written in an Edwardian prose that never disappoints, read it like it was one of life's little luxuries. Saki stands alongside Anton Chekov and O. Henry as a master of the short story. His extraordinary stories are a mixture of humorous satire, irony and the macabre, in which the stupidities and hypocrisy of conventional society are viciously pilloried. Among the short stories are the well-known classics, “Sredni Vashtar” and “The Unrest Cure”. 'We all know that Prime Ministers are wedded to the truth, but like other married couples they sometimes live apart'.

Munro served with the Royal Fusiliers in World War I and was killed on the Western Front in 1916. Two collections of stories and sketches appeared posthumously. “The Toys of Peace and Other Papers” (1919) and “The Square Egg and Other Sketches” (1924).

Quotations:

1. A little inaccuracy sometimes saves tons of explanation.
2. Children are given to us to discourage our better emotions.
3. He is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death.

8. ***Sir Hugh Seymour Walpole, CBE*** (13 March 1884 – 1 June 1941) was an English novelist. He was the son of an Anglican clergyman, intended for a career in the church but drawn instead to writing. Among those who encouraged him

were the authors Henry James and Arnold Bennett. His skill at scene-setting and vivid plots, as well as his high profile as a lecturer, brought him a large readership in the United Kingdom and North America. He was a best-selling author in the 1920s and 1930s but has been largely neglected since his death.

After his first novel, “The Wooden Horse”, in 1909, Walpole wrote prolifically, producing at least one book every year. He was a spontaneous story-teller, writing quickly to get all his ideas on paper, seldom revising. His first novel to achieve major success was his third, “Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill”, a tragicomic story of a fatal clash between two schoolmasters. The book started the vogue for school stories and was based on his own brief experiences as a teacher. During the First World War he served in the Red Cross on the Russian-Austrian front and was awarded the Order of St George, and worked in British propaganda in Petrograd and London. In the 1920s and 1930s Walpole was much in demand not only as a novelist but also as a lecturer on literature, making four exceptionally well-paid tours of North America.

As a gay man at a time when homosexual practices were illegal in Britain, Walpole conducted a succession of intense but discreet relationships with other men, and was for much of his life in search of what he saw as "the perfect friend". He eventually found one, a married policeman, with whom he settled in the English Lake District. Having as a young man eagerly sought the support of established authors, he was in his later years a generous sponsor of many younger writers. He was a patron of the visual arts and bequeathed a substantial legacy of paintings to the Tate Gallery and other British institutions.

Walpole's output was large and varied. Between 1909 and 1941 he wrote thirty-six novels, five volumes of short stories, two original plays and three volumes of memoirs. His range included disturbing studies of the macabre, children's stories and historical fiction, most notably his Herries Chronicle series, set in the Lake District. He worked in Hollywood writing scenarios for two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films in the 1930s, and played a cameo in the 1935 version of “David Copperfield”.

Quotations:

1. This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel.
2. "Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent."
3. "The best philosophy is to do one's duties, to take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, and bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is."

9. ***James Augustine Aloysius Joyce*** (2 February 1882 – 13 January 1941) was an Irish novelist and poet. He contributed to the modernist avant-garde and is regarded as one of the most influential and important authors of the 20th century.

Joyce is best known for “Ulysses” (1922), a landmark work in which the episodes of Homer's Odyssey are paralleled in an array of contrasting literary styles, perhaps most prominent among these the stream of consciousness technique he utilised. Other well-known works are the short-story collection “Dubliners” (1914), and the novels “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man” (1916) and “Finnegans Wake” (1939). His other writings include three books of poetry, a play, occasional journalism and his published letters.

Joyce was born in 41 Brighton Square, Rathgar, Dublin—about half a mile from his mother's birthplace in Terenure—into a middle-class family on the way down. A brilliant student, he excelled at the Jesuit schools Clongowes and Belvedere, despite the chaotic family life imposed by his father's alcoholism and unpredictable finances. He went on to attend University College Dublin.

In 1904, in his early twenties, Joyce emigrated permanently to continental Europe with his partner (and later wife) Nora Barnacle. They lived in Trieste, Paris and Zurich. Though most of his adult life was spent abroad, Joyce's fictional universe centers on Dublin, and is populated largely by characters who closely resemble family members, enemies and friends from his time there. “Ulysses” in particular is set with precision in the streets and alleyways of the city. Shortly after the publication of “Ulysses”, he elucidated this preoccupation somewhat, saying, "For myself, I always write about Dublin, because if I can get to the heart of

Dublin I can get to the heart of all the cities of the world. In the particular is contained the universal."

Like his earlier book, “Ulysses” began publication in serial form in “The Little Review”, New York, appearing between April 1918 and December 1920, when the periodical was prosecuted for publishing obscene matter. “Ulysses” was finally published in Paris where Joyce, Nora and their two children had finally settled in 1920. The imported copies of “Ulysses” were seized by the Customs in England and those which reached New York were burned by the United States postal authorities. The first English edition appeared in 1936.

Joyce suffered from a lifelong eye complaint. Despite several operations his sight grew steadily worse. In 1932 his general health began to deteriorate. With the outbreak of WW II the family returned to Switzerland, where Joyce died after an operation on a duodenal ulcer on 13 January 1941.

Quotations:

1. A man of genius makes no mistakes; his errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

2. History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

3. "It is the tragedy of the world that no one knows what he doesn't know - and the less a man knows, the more sure he is he knows everything"

10. ***Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald*** (24 September 1896 – 21 December 1940), known professionally as F. Scott Fitzgerald, was an American novelist and short story writer, whose works are the paradigmatic writings of the Jazz Age. “The Jazz Age” is Fitzgerald’s own descriptive phrase for the 1920s and his early financial success as a writer enabled him and his wife Zelda, herself an aspiring writer, to lead the kind of decadent, boisterous existence it suggests. He is widely regarded as one of the greatest American writers of the 20th century. Fitzgerald is considered a member of the "Lost Generation" of the 1920s. He finished four novels: “This Side of Paradise”, “The Beautiful and Damned”, “The Great Gatsby” (his best known), and “Tender Is the Night”. A fifth, unfinished novel, “The Love of the Last Tycoon” (about a Hollywood producer), was published posthumously.

Fitzgerald also wrote numerous short stories, many of which treat themes of youth and promise, and age and despair.

Fitzgerald was born in St Paul, Minnesota, and entered Princeton University in 1913. In 1917 he left before graduating to take up a commission in the US Army. After his discharge from the army in 1919 he moved to New York City and worked briefly for an advertising agency. He returned to St Paul and rewrote the novel he had begun while in the army. Originally entitled “The Romantic Egotist”, it was an almost immediate success. Its hero, Amory Blaine, like Fitzgerald himself, goes to Princeton, where he becomes a member of the literary coterie. He serves in WW I (unlike Fitzgerald he is sent to France and sees action) and then works in advertising. He has several romantic affairs, none of them lasting. At the end of the novel, aged 24, he recognizes that his own egotism has prevented his finding happiness.

Because they could more cheaply in Europe than in the USA, the Fitzgeralds went to France in 1924. There Fitzgerald met two other expatriate American writers – Ernest Hemingway, who became a close friend, and Gertrude Stein. During the next five years the Fitzgeralds travelled back and forth between Europe and America several times. His wife Zelda was hospitalized in North Carolina for nervous breakdowns in 1930s. For a few months he worked in Hollywood as a screenwriter where he was involved with another woman. He worked on several screenplays but completed only one (“Three Comrades”, 1938), and was eventually fired because of his drinking. He died of a heart attack in December 1940.

On the surface, “***The Great Gatsby”*** is a story of the thwarted love between a man and a woman. The main theme of the novel, however, encompasses a much larger, less romantic scope. Though all of its action takes place over a mere few months during the summer of 1922 and is set in a circumscribed geographical area in the vicinity of Long Island, New York, "The Great Gatsby" is a highly symbolic meditation on 1920s America as a whole, in particular the disintegration of the American dream in an era of unprecedented prosperity and material excess.

Fitzgerald portrays the 1920s as an era of decayed social and moral values, evidenced in its overarching cynicism, greed, and empty pursuit of pleasure. The reckless jubilance that led to decadent parties and wild jazz music - epitomized in The Great Gatsby by the opulent parties that Gatsby throws every Saturday night - resulted ultimately in the corruption of the American dream, as the unrestrained desire for money and pleasure surpassed more noble goals.

Quotations:

1. At 18 our convictions are hills from which we look; At 45 they are caves in which we hide.
2. In a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day.
3. Action is character.

11. ***John Griffith "Jack" London*** (born John Griffith Chaney, 12 January 1876 – 22 November 1916) was an American novelist, journalist, and social activist. A pioneer in the then-burgeoning world of commercial magazine fiction, he was one of the first fiction writers to obtain worldwide celebrity and a large fortune from his fiction alone.

Some of his most famous works include “The Call of the Wild” and “White Fang”, both set in the Klondike Gold Rush, as well as the short stories "To Build a Fire", "An Odyssey of the North", and "Love of Life". He also wrote of the South Pacific in such stories as "The Pearls of Parlay" and "The Heathen", and of the San Francisco Bay area in “The Sea Wolf”.

Deserted by his father, a roving astrologer, London was raised in Oakland, Calif., by his spiritualist mother and his stepfather, whose surname, London, he took. At 14 he quit school to escape poverty and gain adventure. He explored San Francisco Bay in his sloop, alternately stealing oysters or working for the government fish patrol. He went to Japan as a sailor and saw much of the United States as a hobo riding freight trains and as a member of Kelly's industrial army (one of the many protest armies of unemployed born of the panic of 1893). He saw depression conditions, was jailed for vagrancy, and in 1894 became a militant

socialist. London educated himself at public libraries with the writings of Charles Darwin, Karl Marx, and Friedrich Nietzsche, usually in popularized forms, and created his own amalgam of socialism and white superiority. At 19 he crammed a four-year high school course into one year and entered the University of California at Berkeley, but after a year he quit school to seek a fortune in the Klondike gold rush of 1897. Returning the next year, still poor and unable to find work, he decided to earn a living as a writer.

London studied magazines and then set himself a daily schedule of producing sonnets, ballads, jokes, anecdotes, adventure stories, or horror stories, steadily increasing his output. The optimism and energy with which he attacked his task are best conveyed in his autobiographical novel “Martin Eden” (1909), perhaps his most enduring work. Within two years stories of his Alaskan adventures, though often crude, began to win acceptance for their fresh subject matter and virile force. His first book, “The Son of the Wolf” (1900), gained a wide audience. During the remainder of his life he produced steadily, completing 50 books of fiction and nonfiction in 17 years. Although he became the highest-paid writer in the United States, his earnings never matched his expenditures, and he was never freed of the urgency of writing for money. He sailed a ketch to the South Pacific, telling of his adventures in “The Cruise of the Snark” (1911). In 1910 he settled on a ranch near Glen Ellen, Calif., where he built his grandiose Wolf House. He maintained his socialist beliefs almost to the end of his life.

Jack London's hastily written output is of uneven quality. His Alaskan stories “Call of the Wild” (1903), “White Fang” (1906), and “Burning Daylight” (1910), in which he dramatized in turn atavism, adaptability, and the appeal of the wilderness, are outstanding. London's "strength of utterance" is at its height in his stories, and they are painstakingly well-constructed. "In addition to “Martin Eden”, he wrote two other autobiographical novels of considerable interest: “The Road” (1907) and “John Barleycorn” (1913). Other important works are “The Sea Wolf” (1904), which features a Nietzschean superman hero, and “The Iron Heel” (1907), a fantasy of the future that is a terrifying anticipation of fascism. London's

reputation declined in the United States in the 1920s when a brilliant new generation of postwar writers made the prewar writers seem lacking in sophistication, but his popularity has remained high throughout the world, especially in Russia, where a commemorative edition of his works published in 1956 was reported to have been sold out in five hours. A three-volume set of his letters, edited by Earle Labor et al., was published in 1988.

Many of his stories, including his masterpiece “The Call of the Wild” (1903), deal with the reversion of a civilized creature to the primitive state. Critic Maxwell Geismar called ‘The Call of the Wild’ "a beautiful prose poem"; editor Franklin Walker said that it "belongs on a shelf with Walden and Huckleberry Finn"; and novelist E.L. Doctorow called it "a mordant parable ... his masterpiece." London's style—brutal, vivid, and exciting—made him enormously popular outside the United States; his works were translated into many languages.

Quotations:

1. You can't wait for inspiration. You have to go after it with a club.
2. I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry-rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.
3. Man always gets less than he demands from life.

12. ***Thomas Hardy, OM*** (2 June 1840 – 11 January 1928) was an English novelist and poet. A Victorian realist in the tradition of George Eliot, he was influenced both in his novels and in his poetry by Romanticism, especially William Wordsworth. Charles Dickens was another important influence. He was highly critical of much in Victorian society, though Hardy focused more on a declining rural society. Sharing much with the naturalist movement, he powerfully delineated characters, portrayed in his native Dorset, struggling helplessly against their passions and external circumstances.

Thomas Hardy Thomas Hardy provoked readers with his 1895 tragic novel “Jude the Obscure”, a scathing attack on the institution of marriage and sexual repression in 19th-century England.

Hardy was born in Higher Bockhampton, Dorsetshire, June 2, 1840, and educated in local schools and later privately. He grew up in an isolated cottage on the edge of open heathland. Though he was often ill as a child, his early experience of rural life, with its seasonal rhythms and oral culture, was fundamental to much of his later writing. His father, a stonemason, apprenticed him early to a local architect engaged in restoring old churches. From 1862 to 1867 Hardy worked for an architect in London and later continued to practice architecture, despite ill health, in Dorset. Meanwhile, he was writing poetry with little success. He then turned to novels as more salable, and by 1874 he was able to support himself by writing. This is also the year that Hardy married his first wife, Emma Gifford. Their marriage lasted until her death in 1912, which prompted Hardy to write his collection of poems called Veteris Vestigiae Flammae (Vestiges of an Old Flame). These poems are some of Hardy's finest and describe their meeting and his subsequent loss. In 1914 Florence Dugdale became Hardy's second wife and she wrote his biography after he died in Dorchester, on January 11, 1928.

Hardy anonymously published two early novels, “Desperate Remedies” (1871) and “Under the Greenwood Tree” (1872). The next two, “A Pair of Blue Eyes” (1873) and “Far from the Madding Crowd” (1874), in his own name, were well received. “Far from the Madding Crowd” was adapted for the screen in 1967. In the latter he portrayed Dorsetshire as the imaginary county of Wessex. The novel is, however, not invested with the tragic gloom of his later novels.

Along with “Far from the Madding Crowd”, Hardy's best novels are “The Return of the Native “ (1878), which is his most closely knit narrative; “The Mayor of Casterbridge” (1886); “Tess of the D'Urbervilles” (1891), made into a movie called “Tess” in 1979; and “Jude the Obscure” (1895). All are pervaded by a belief in a universe dominated by the determinism of the biology of Charles Darwin and the physics of the 17th-century philosopher and mathematician Sir

Isaac Newton. Occasionally the determined fate of the individual is altered by chance, but the human will loses when it challenges necessity. Through intense, vivid descriptions of the heath, the fields, the seasons, and the weather, Wessex attains a physical presence in the novels and acts as a mirror of the psychological conditions and the fortunes of the characters. These fortunes Hardy views with irony and sadness. The critic G. K. Chesterton wrote that Hardy "became a sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." In Victorian England, Hardy did indeed seem a blasphemer, particularly in "Jude", which treated sexual attraction as a natural force unopposable by human will. Criticism of "Jude" was so harsh that Hardy announced he was "cured" of writing novels.

Many of his novels concern tragic characters struggling against their passions and social circumstances, and they are often set in the semi-fictional region of Wessex; initially based on the medieval Anglo-Saxon kingdom, Hardy's Wessex eventually came to include the counties of Dorset, Wiltshire, Somerset, Devon, Hampshire and much of Berkshire, in southwest and south central England.

Quotations:

1. It is not worth an intelligent man's time to be in the majority. By definition, there are already enough people to do that.
2. No one can read with profit that which he cannot learn to read with pleasure.
3. The main object of religion is not to get a man into heaven, but to get heaven into him.

13. ***Nathaniel Hawthorne*** (4 July 1804 – 19 May 1864) was an American novelist, Dark Romantic, and short story writer, whose works are deeply concerned with the ethical problems of sin, punishment, and atonement. Hawthorne's exploration of these themes was related to the sense of guilt he felt about the roles of his ancestors in the 17th-century persecution of Quakers (see Friends, Society of) and in the 1692 witchcraft trials of Salem, Massachusetts.

He was born in 1804 in Salem, Massachusetts, to Nathaniel Hathorne and the former Elizabeth Clarke Manning. His ancestors include John Hathorne, the only judge involved in the Salem witch trials who never repented of his actions.

Nathaniel later added a "w" to make his name "Hawthorne" in order to hide this relation. He entered Bowdoin College in 1821, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1824, and graduated in 1825. Hawthorne published his first work, a novel titled “Fanshawe”, in 1828; he later tried to suppress it, feeling it was not equal to the standard of his later work. He published several short stories in periodicals, which he collected in 1837 as “Twice-Told Tales”. The next year, he became engaged to Sophia Peabody. He worked at the Boston Custom House and joined Brook Farm, a transcendentalist community, before marrying Peabody in 1842. The couple moved to The Old Manse in Concord, Massachusetts, later moving to Salem, the Berkshires, then to The Wayside in Concord. “The Scarlet Letter” was published in 1850, followed by a succession of other novels. A political appointment as consul took Hawthorne and family to Europe before their return to Concord in 1860. Hawthorne died on May 19, 1864, and was survived by his wife and their three children.

Powerful symbolism and psychological complexity distinguish the fiction of 19th-century American writer Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hawthorne’s works explore the darker side of human nature, especially themes of guilt and efforts at reconciliation. “The Scarlet Letter” offers extraordinary insight into the norms and behavior of 17th-century American Puritan society. The basic conflicts and problems of its main characters, however, are familiar to readers in the present. The protagonist of the novel, Hester Prynne, must wear a scarlet letter A on her clothing as punishment for adultery.

Much of Hawthorne's writing centers on New England, many works featuring moral allegories with a Puritan inspiration. His fiction works are considered part of the Romantic movement and, more specifically, Dark romanticism. His themes often center on the inherent evil and sin of humanity, and his works often have moral messages and deep psychological complexity. His published works include novels, short stories, and a biography of his college friend Franklin Pierce.

With modern psychological insight Hawthorne probed the secret motivations in human behavior and the guilt and anxiety that he believed resulted from all sins against humanity, especially those of pride. In his preoccupation with sin he followed the tradition of his Puritan ancestors, but in his concept of the consequences of sin—as either punishment due to lack of humility and overwhelming pride, or regeneration by love and atonement—he deviated radically from the idea of predestination held by his forebears. Hawthorne characterized most of his books as romances, a category of literature not as strictly bound to realistic detail as novels. This freed him to manipulate the atmospheres of his scenes and the actions of his characters in order to represent symbolically the passions, emotions, and anxieties of his characters and to expose “the truth of the human heart” that he believed lies hidden beneath mundane daily life. Hawthorne's emphasis on allegory and symbolism often makes his characters seem shadowy and unreal, but his best characters reveal the emotional and intellectual ambivalence he felt to be inseparable from the Puritan heritage of America.

Quotations:

1. Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us on a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it. Happiness is as a butterfly which, when pursued, is always beyond our grasp, but which if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.
2. Words - so innocent and powerless as they are, as standing in a dictionary, how potent for good and evil they become in the hands of one who knows how to combine them.
3. It contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health, to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate.

AUTHOR'S QUIZ

1. D. H. Lawrence called this novel "one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world", and "the greatest book of the sea ever written". What is it?
2. During the First World War he served in the Red Cross on the Russian-Austrian front and was awarded the Order of St George, and worked in British propaganda in Petrograd and London. Who is this writer?
3. Guess the author of these words: "He is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death."
4. Guess the name of the American novelist and short story writer, whose works are the paradigmatic writings of the Jazz Age, the term coined by the writer himself.
5. Which author should readers choose as their companion if they appreciate a good turn of phrase and are in dire need of a good laugh over all manner of topics, ranging from love to children to cats and dogs?
6. In what novel does the heroine achieve independence and fulfilment in running her own school?
7. This lengthy novel of three parts chronicles the vicissitudes of the leading members of a large commercial upper-middle-class English family, similar to the writer's own, who are keenly aware of their status as "new money". What's the title of the novel?
8. Which novel contains the famous phrase "Call me Ishmael" that is among world literature's most famous opening sentences?
9. What's the name of the writer whose motto was "Art for Art's Sake"?
10. His stories, whimsical in their plots and light-heartedly cynical in their tone, are also given a darker side by the writer's memories of his unhappy childhood with his aunts. Who is this author?
11. Which book was initially intended to be a serious travel guide but the humorous elements turned it to a comic novel?
12. Which character inadvertently makes a Faustian bargain in which only the painted image grows old while he stays beautiful and young?

13. Which novel symbolically represents the corruption of the American dream, as the unrestrained desire for money and pleasure surpassed more noble goals?

14. Which of the authors laid emphasis on a detail that can convey more than any eloquent words?

15. Which of the authors was not once referred to as the English Chekov and why?

16. Which of the writers exclaimed: “Words - so innocent and powerless as they are, as standing in a dictionary, how potent for good and evil they become in the hands of one who knows how to combine them.”?

17. Which of the writers said, “You can't wait for inspiration. You have to go after it with a club.”?

18. What’s the name of the writer whose works are deeply concerned with the ethical problems of sin, punishment, and atonement?

19. Which writer had a lifelong fascination with the wilderness and a fierce struggle for life?

20. Who believed that “cheerfulness, it would appear, is a matter which depends fully as much on the state of things within, as on the state of things without and around us”?

21. Who believed that “the main object of religion is not to get a man into heaven, but to get heaven into him”?

22. Who believed that “this world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel”?

23. Who called on the readers to risk anything and to care no more for the opinions of others?

24. Who claimed that “A man of genius makes no mistakes; his errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery”?

25. Who highlights the characters’ insular, snobbish, and acquisitive attitudes and their suffocating moral codes, although sympathetic to them?

26. Who is famous for the reply to the customs official in the USA asking him whether he had anything to declare: “Only my genius.”?

27. Who said that “at 18 our convictions are hills from which we look; at 45 they are caves in which we hide.”

28. Who was a fiercely independent woman introducing to the literary world a new kind of heroine who defied age-old norms the society demanded of women during her time?

29. Who was a man of great originality and power of mind to earn the title of “Prince Paradox” for his dazzling wit?

30. Who worked in Hollywood writing scenarios for two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films in the 1930s, and played a cameo in the 1935 version of “David Copperfield”?

31. Whose books are famous for an array of contrasting literary styles, perhaps most prominent among these the stream of consciousness technique?

32. Whose extraordinary stories are a mixture of humorous satire, irony and the macabre, in which the stupidities and hypocrisy of conventional society are viciously pilloried?

33. Whose favourite topic was the depiction of a woman in an unhappy marriage?

34. Whose fictional universe centers on Dublin, and is populated largely by characters who closely resemble family members, enemies and friends from his time there?

35. Whose nature descriptions attain a physical presence in the novels and act as a mirror of the psychological conditions and the fortunes of the characters?

36. Whose writing centers on New England, is considered part of the Romantic movement, more specifically, Dark romanticism, and has moral messages and deep psychological complexity?

37. Whose words are they: “I like work: it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart.”?

38. Whose novels concern tragic characters struggling against their passions and social circumstances?

39. Whose works are set in the Klondike Gold Rush and often deal with the reversion of a civilized creature to the primitive state?

AUTHORS' LIST

1. Brontë Charlotte (21 April 1816 – 31 March 1855)
2. Fitzgerald Francis Scott Key (24 September 1896 – 21 December 1940)
3. Galsworthy John (14 August 1867 – 31 January 1933)
4. Hardy Thomas (2 June 1840 – 11 January 1928)
5. Hawthorne Nathaniel (4 July 1804 – 19 May 1864)
6. Jerome Jerome Klapka (2 May 1859 – 14 June 1927)
7. Joyce James Augustine Aloysius (2 February 1882 – 13 January 1941)
8. London Jack (John Griffith) (12 January 1876 – 22 November 1916)
9. Mansfield Kathleen Murry (14 October 1888 – 9 January 1923)
10. Melville Herman (1 August 1819 – 28September 1891)
11. Munro Hector Hugh (18 December 1870 – 14 November 1916)
12. Walpole Sir Hugh Seymour (13 March 1884 – 1 June 1941)
13. Wilde Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills (16 October 1854 – 30 November 1900)

ANSWERS

1 - 10	11- 6	21 – 4	31 - 7
2 - 12	12 – 13	22 – 12	32 - 11
3 - 11	13 – 2	23 – 9	33 - 3
4 - 2	14 – 9	24 – 7	34 - 7
5 - 6	15 – 9	25 – 3	35 - 4
6 - 1	16 – 5	26 –13	36 - 5
7 - 3	17 – 8	27 – 2	37 - 6
8 - 10	18 – 5	28 – 1	38 - 4
9 - 13	19 – 8	29 - 13	39 - 8
10 –11	20 – 1	30 - 12	

SAMPLE ANALYSES

1.

Catherine Mansfield

BLISS

What is there in common between a tree in spring and a Mansfieldian story? Right, everything is in bud. I'm going to prove this statement by analyzing the essentials of Mansfieldian style and the story 'Bliss' in particular.

In the story we get acquainted with Bertha Young, a woman in her thirties. The day we see her she's in high spirits. She enjoys everything life has to offer. Bertha comes home and gets ready for a small dinner party. Her husband Harry throws a rather complementary remark at one of the guests – Miss Fulton – but Bertha doesn't give it much thought. The guests arrive, the dinner goes well and at the end of it Bertha becomes an involuntary witness of Harry and Miss Fulton arranging a secret date.

The text can be divided into 3 parts, namely:

1. Preparations for the party.
2. The brilliant guests.
3. The devastating discovery.

The reasons for the division are the change of the place of action and the number of participants.

The main theme touched upon is the sensitive revelations of human behavior in the most ordinary situations which Bertha demonstrates in the course of the day. The problem raised is the sphere of the everyday and the trivial which we perceive as new insights and discoveries following Bertha and reading her thoughts. The readers grasp the problem despite the tight size of the story written according to Mansfield's main artistic principle – "to convey much while saying little". The author also makes use of these several pages to express her vision of the world, to convey the idea that life is a mystery that can't be solved, a river flowing from nowhere to nowhere. Human bliss is fickle, a mirage, a fleeting moment of our existence.

The general slant of the story is pathetically ironic as Mansfield makes her character realize a terrible discrepancy between the enchanted world of her illusions and the real world of insincerities and hypocrisies. Bertha bitterly sees her happiness crumbling apart and slipping through her fingers while she can't do a thing to stop this drama. Adultery is a common and widespread event on a larger scale, but when a single particular individual is affected by it, it turns out to be a virtual disaster. This conflict between the ordinary and the extraordinary is at the heart of the story.

The story is far from being tightly plotted. Instead Mansfield comes up with a loose inconsistent presentation of facts. There is no proper introduction, no setting of the scene. The reader is plunged immediately into the thick of events as he reads the first sentence of the story: 'Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had some moments like this.' So we understand the story begins from the middle and the reader is invited to recreate the events that might have preceded this starting point. The author's gift of story-telling makes the reader an active participant of the narration. The same happens in the end of the story. Instead of the classical denouement when all the conflicts are resolved the reader hears Bertha's question hang in the air and sees the blooming pear tree in its perfection. So the problem remains whether the main heroine wants it or not and life goes on in spite of small human troubles. The text is purposefully left open to engage the reader's imagination and let him invent all possible outcomes.

Among other peculiar narrative techniques we observe constant intermingling of voices: that of the author and that of the character. The character seems to be interrupting the narrator all the time: '… or to stand still and laugh at – nothing – at nothing, simply'; '…by a feeling of bliss – absolute bliss! – as though…'; '… really – really – she had everything…'. It shows Bertha's impatience, her desperate desire to give a true picture of what is going on. The author seems to be objective enough as to give Bertha a chance to have her say. We can also find cases of represented speech: 'But now – ardently! Ardently! The word ached in her ardent body!'

To create a complicated compositional pattern Mansfield resorts to the missing links in the chain technique which makes the story dynamic leaving some things unsaid and suggested that's why the transition from paragraph to paragraph seems chaotic and illogical at times. As a result time in the story is shifting and drifting. The illogical order of events reflects the spontaneity of life, its quick transit and inconsistent nature. It also brings to light the most important points of Bertha's day.

Speaking about the lexical level we should focus our attention on a great variety of words describing colours, shades, smells, tactile impressions, other tiny details: 'It was dusky in the dining room and quite chilly', 'tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones', 'all in silver, with a silver fillet binding her pale blond hair.' In these meticulous details life comes in a variety of sensations and the text becomes alive with realistic accuracy.

Among other semantic fields we come across words pertaining to nature description, home, food, society and an abundance of emotional vocabulary. We also find words characteristic of a typical chitchat, particulars of the conversational English of that epoch.

No matter how simple the language may seem it is charged with additional meanings creating the depth of context and implications. This is due to details which Catherine Mansfield artistically turns into symbols communicating special importance to them. The central symbol is the image of the pear tree. At the beginning of the story it symbolizes Bertha's life, prosperity, confidence, happiness and beautiful harmony. But at the end of the story the reader feels that the pear tree remains unchanged in spite of Bertha's disillusionment thus it becomes the symbol of the wide indifferent world that goes on no matter how many tragedies have occurred. Other important symbols are the cats, so quick and so intent, representing the idea of adultery, tomato soup which stands for triviality of life turning everything poetic into mundane and banal, the images of the sun and the moon that embody Bertha Young and Miss Fulton respectively.

The story is built on contrasts. They become an important compositional device. The main contrast is between the title of the story and the tragic outcome. There are also oppositions between ‘the sun in the bosom’ of Bertha and the cold air of the dining room, the lovely pear tree and the creepy cats, the vitality and brightness of Bertha and coolness and indifference of Miss Fulton, the sun and the moon symbolizing the two women.

On the whole the imagery is domesticated and unobtrusive. Mansfield uses epithets, metaphors, personification, lexical repetitions, similes, a variety of symbols.

e.g. as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe?.. .(metaphoric similes)

But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place—that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. (metaphor)

She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror—but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something.. . divine to happen.. . that she knew must happen... infallibly... (epithets)

For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course, in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful... She began to laugh. (epithets)

At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom; it stood perfect, as though becalmed against the jade-green sky. (epithets)

Down below, in the garden beds, the red and yellow tulips, heavy with flowers, seemed to lean upon the dusk. (personification)

"What creepy things cats are!" she stammered. (epithets)

When he looked up at her and said: "Bertha, this is a very admirable souffle*'" she almost could have wept with child-like pleasure. (epithets)

The house will be quiet—quiet. The lights will be out. (lexical repetitions)

They were dears—dears—and she loved having them there. (lexical repetitions)

And friends—modern, thrilling friends, writers and painters and poets or people keen on social questions—just the kind of friends they wanted. (lexical repetitions)

And still, in the back other mind, there was the pear tree. It would be silver now, in the light of poor dear Eddie's moon, silver as Miss Fulton, who sat there turning a tangerine in her slender fingers that were so pale a light seemed to come from them...

On the syntactic level the expressive means are parallel constructions, inversion, aposiopesis (a sudden break in the narration), detachment, all structural types of sentences. This abundance contributes to creating the effect of colloquial speech, as if you're not reading a story, but listening to the author telling it.

e.g. Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at—nothing—at nothing, simply. (dynamic parallel constructions that convey the heroine's optimism, carelessness, energy)

What can you do if you are thirty and. turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss—absolute bliss!—as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe?.. .(ironic rhetorical question that helps the author express her judgment indirectly)

At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom; it stood perfect, as though becalmed against the jade-green sky. (poetic inversion)

Bertha couldn't help feeling, even from this distance, that it had not a single bud or a faded petal. Down below, in the garden beds, the red and yellow tulips,

heavy with flowers, seemed to lean upon the dusk. A grey cat, dragging its belly, crept across the lawn, and a black one, its shadow, trailed after. The sight of them, so intent and so quick, gave Bertha a curious shiver. (detachments that make the narration detailed and fragmentary)

"I'm absurd. Absurd!" She sat up; but she felt quite dizzy, quite drunk. It must have been the spring... (aposiopesis to show the character's naiveté and dreamy nature)

The character of Bertha is contradictory, true to life and very spontaneous. The first passage where 'she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at – nothing – at nothing, simply' makes her look immature, childish, active, open-hearted, enjoying life, optimistic. The line 'she almost could have wept with child-like pleasure' characterizes her as a very emotional person, sincere, unaffected and unpretentious, intrinsically innocent. Her thought that Harry 'was repenting his rudeness' shows how naïve she is, gullible and trusting. The metaphor describing the burning piece of the late afternoon sun in her bosom discloses her warmth, generosity, general friendliness to the world and people.

To crown it all, it is obvious that 'Bliss' is in accord with Mansfield's artistic principles. She succeeds in revealing the mystery and unpredictability of life. Her style is deceptively simple due to the sphere of the every day and the trivial, but the text abounds in deep-running ideas. The atmosphere is poetic and lyrical, and the text itself is subtle and elegant.

As for my opinion, I highly appreciate Mansfield's contribution into the development of the genre of the short story, her graceful style and the hidden meaning.

2. W.S.Maugham

The Happy Man

The text under consideration is “The Happy Man” by Somerset Maugham.

Who can be considered one of the best sardonic observers of human behavior? The writer, whose works are passionate quests for fulfillment, truth and knowledge? His fiction has little romance or idealism. He found life chaotic, paradoxical, and unpredictable. He made no attempt to explain human nature, but only to expound its weaknesses. Of Human Bondage, The Moon and Sixpence, Cakes and Ale are the most famous writings of his. Obviously, it is a stunning novelist, playwright, short-story writer, and essayist - William Somerset Maugham.

Though the writer is experienced enough and well educated he prefers to keep his mind to himself and takes the objective position standing aloof and never giving judgment either of people or events.

The text begins with some ideas of the author on the subject of human relations and communication. The author states that since we don’t know ourselves well enough we can’t judge about other people’s feelings and emotions and therefore we can’t give advice which is supposed to alter dramatically other men’s lives. But sometimes, however unwillingly, the author was forced to point the finger of fate. One night a complete stranger stands at his door desperately anxious to get the author’s advice. The man, a doctor as the author himself, is uncertain whether to give up everything and pursue his dream in Spain or continue the usual unsatisfying routine in England. The narrator, being a tactful person, explains the consequences of this reckless decision and leaves it to the stranger to decide. Some years later, while in Spain, he meets that man again and, though not rich and tidy, the latter looks the embodiment of happiness and satisfaction. Strange as it is, he thanks the narrator for this lucky strike.

The text clearly falls into 3 distinct parts:

1. General observations on the way people influence each other’s lives.

2. A piece of good advice.

3. Real Happiness.

The reasons for the division are the following:

1. Different narrative techniques (‘I’ narration is replaced by the third person narration)

2. The change of the place of action (first – the author’s reflections, second – his house, third – Spain) and the change of mood.

The first part of the text is pervaded by the lyrical atmosphere of the author’s philosophizing. The second part though rather emotional at times, is matter of fact on the whole and contains the details of the character’s monotonous life. (irritation and boredom) The third part is rather ironic because of the general discrepancy between the character’s untidy appearance and his inner feeling of satisfaction with his life and status.

From the point of view of narrative techniques the text presents a narration intercepted with dialogue. There are author’s lengthy interpolations on the nature of human destiny.

As the text deals with the topic of human life and the nature of people we can distinguish two major semantic groups of words.

1) Words pertaining to the semantic field of “Appearance”:

e.g. a little man, thick-set and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small dark and very bright eyes, his hair was cropped back, a bullet-shaped head, bald…

His eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy red face bore an expression of perfect good humour.

He had a dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance.

…no longer in her first youth but still boldly and voluptuously beautiful etc.

2) The second group comprises words related to the topic of “Human Relations and Communication”.

e.g. to wonder, to hesitate, to force measures on smb, to guess, to be tempted, unwillingly, embarrassed, silent, absent-mindedly, to lead a wonderful life, to have some difficulty in, a delightful creature, to give an apologetic laugh, to look at smb intently, to give smb a cursory glance etc.

3) Since both characters are in the medical there are words that refer to the semantic field of “Medicine”:

e.g. to have some trifling indisposition, a squeamish patient, fee, remove the appendix, a medical officer in an infirmary, medical appliances.

4) Foreign words are employed by the author to create the atmosphere of authenticity and let the reader breathe the air of Spain:

e.g. an ordinary Spanish house, with a patio, the widebrimmed sombrero of the Spaniard.

5) There are many set expressions as informal style prevails:

e.g., to look forward to, to have a fancy for, to keep body and soul together, to mind doing smth, to be in the medical, to be worth,

One day is pretty much like another.

Heaven knows,

Why on earth not?

I had not the least notion what he was talking about.

I can't stick it any more.'

I happened to be in Seville.

Other characteristic features of the informal style are elliptical sentences, contracted forms of auxiliary verbs:

e.g. “Certainly.”

'Why Spain?'

'I shall be very glad.'

'Surely you were married?' I said.

'She's willing.'

'Oh, I'm sorry for that'

6) The author’s language is very poetic and lyrical at times. This is much due to mythological and cultural allusions used by W.S. Maugham:

e.g. He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus.

His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile.

'It's not like Carmen, you know.'

They expand the borders of the text and kindle the reader's imagination. They communicate cultural information and make the reader find more facts about Spain and its culture.

Maugham's language is very expressive as he resorts to some stylistic devices though their use is quite balanced and not excessive.

Most striking and imaginative are of course the metaphors that convey the author's rich life experience, his intricate life analysis and expose his fanciful interpretation of life facts:

e.g. His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile.

Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind, by conventional signs

But there are men who flounder at the journey's start, the way before them is confused and hazardous,

I have been forced to point the finger of fate.

and I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny.

Maugham is given to philosophizing and he is eager to share his shrewd observations with the obliging reader:

e.g. Life is a difficult business.

Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind, by conventional signs that have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself.

'Life is full of compensations.'

'Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I've enjoyed myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world.'

In the text under analysis the author meditates on the nature of life and happiness. The paradox he reveals is that you might be poor and live under dire straits but free to choose your own destiny and enjoying the dissipated leisured rhythm of your life where there is no need to compete for social welfare and prove every moment of your existence your superiority and dignity.

Epithets are widely used making the text emotional and animated and facilitating the character's portrait:

e.g. his eyes twinkled gaily

… He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear

and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good-humour

The epithets disclose the discrepancy between the character's untidy appearance and the feeling of good-humoured happiness and satisfaction with life that he radiated:

e.g. He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, with a patio, and his consulting room which led out of it was littered with papers, books, medical appliances, and lumber. *vs* He had a dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance. You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix, but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.

Some epithets are ironic:

e.g. When he had satisfactorily achieved this feat I asked him if I should not put it on a chair for him.

He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absentmindedly stroked it with the other.

The author is sympathetically ironic about the visitor's clumsiness and absence of social graces.

There are a few effective similes that serve the same purpose of character drawing and generalizing as to the nature of life in Spain:

e.g. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it.

He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus.

'It's not like Carmen, you know.'

The text bears some little touches of irony. The author sympathetically comments on the weaknesses of human nature:

e.g. 'I'm not going to tell you the story of my life.' When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it.

He ironizes mildly at the constant necessity with people to share their feelings with somebody attentive and understanding which perhaps points out human indecisiveness and lack of confidence.

Maugham's syntax is powerfully expressive. He himself emphasizes this idea in the story:

e.g. There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used.

'I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm a medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't stick it any more.'

These brisk abrupt sentences convey Stephens's boredom and irritation, utter dissatisfaction with the life he had. Surely he had material wealth but his life lacked the joy and colour of fulfilling existence.

e.g. 'But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe.'

These parallel constructions sound very energetic and convey the character's passionate fascination with Spain and his eagerness to enjoy its charms.

Rhetorical questions are a useful vehicle of sharing the author's sophisticated life wisdom. On the one hand they let the author express his judgment but on the other hand they do not sound too insistent and imposing. The story as a result has a certain lightness and spontaneity and doesn't sound like a moral lesson. Thus the author remains detached, impartial and objective:

e.g. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; mistakes are often irreparable, and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it?

I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself?

The author's syntax is effectively variegated. He resorts to simple sentences to show the simplicity of colloquial speech.

Simple sentences may help him to show his reserved and unbiased attitude to the events of the story. Or else they may help the story unfold dynamically.

Compound and complex sentences are characteristic mainly of the writer's philosophical digressions.

Speaking on the characters' sketches we should say that the author never imposes his ideas on the reader and his vivid descriptions of Stephens serve as a means of conveying the message of the story indirectly.

Thus we come to know that Stephens was "a little man, thick-set and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily." So we realize that the man wasn't very sophisticated and fastidious in his looks. He didn't care much about superficial details'. As they say: "The face is the index of the mind". In this respect the shining eyes of Stephens, his further speech about his dreams of Spain, all these significant details testify to the fact that he was a dreamer, a person with a romantic touch. Stephens told the author the story of his life and though apparently everything was quite decent in his steady life he was prepared to leave his good safe job for an uncertainty. It's a hint that he wasn't satisfied with the life that he led. We realize that he was courageous to some extent and was not afraid of risky ventures. Judging by his manner of behavior we may say that he wasn't a self-confident man, he was a little shy and nervous. We may guess that he was very lonely and had no one to give him a piece of advice. However in the course of narration we see how greatly the man altered. It is emphasized that his whole expression bore a mark of perfect good humour. Thus we may conclude that Stephens succeeded in finding his happiness, his Holy Grail. Though his room was littered with lumber and his clothes were terribly shabby Maugham makes a point that "he had a

dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance. … His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile. He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus."

Drawing the portrait of the author we may say that he was a very tactful person, very polite, hospitable and intelligent. He made a point of never interfering in other people's lives. Judging by the sentence that he used to listen to other people's confidences we may say that people trusted him and he himself was a curious man to some degree. And I surmise that this trait of his character helped him in his profession of a writer. He was an independent man who always relied only on his own experience in life. He knew a real value of people and a real value of happiness.

On the whole it was a pleasure for me to read this story. First of all, due to the concise style in which it is written. There are no superfluous details and the author's idea is quite clear. There are some romantic touches in the story: a wish for more freedom and for the smaller number of fixed social regulations which prevent people from being happy. I think W.S.Maugham's message is the following: "Find someone who makes your heart sing. It's your life and your rules. Don't be afraid to take a risk, to go to the stake. For, even if you lose something, you are sure to obtain more important things because 'Life is full of compensations.' You may give up safe things you are long ago accustomed to for an uncertainty and suspense which may bring you the desired happiness or may not. After all "Nothing venture – nothing gain."

3.

Ernest Hemingway

'Cat in the Rain'

The extract under discussion is Ernest Hemingway's story "Cat in the Rain'.

Hemingway was one of the leaders of the modernist literary movement, which flourished after World War I, a master of implicit detail. Already during his life he became a living legend. His life of adventure and his public image influenced later generations. The writer was a controversial figure, he possessed a

consuming love for the world, intensity of character. He hated tyranny, bureaucracy, fascism. He elaborated his own unique style of writing, the so called "ice-berg technique" in which the author omits the most important things but the readers have the feeling of them thanks to the special signals left on the surface in the form of repeated details and exact facts. His style is said to lack substance because he avoids direct statements and descriptions of emotion. Basically his style is simple, direct and somewhat plain. But the simplicity of his prose is deceptive. It is very suggestive, the reader must often use his imagination because only one-eighth of the iceberg is above the surface.

The short story ‘Cat in the Rain’ was written in the 1920's. It is about an American couple who spend their holidays in an Italian hotel. It is a rainy day and the American woman sees a cat in the rain, which she wants to protect from the rain. When she goes out of the hotel, which is kept by an old Italian (who seems to do everything to please the woman), and wants to get the cat, it is gone. On returning to the hotel room, she starts a conversation with her husband George, who has been reading all this time, and tells him how much she wants to have a cat (and other things). Her husband seems to be annoyed by what she says and is not interested at all. At the end of the story there is a knock on the door and a maid comes, holding in her hands a cat for the American woman.

The story under analysis can be divided into 3 parts:

1.The hotel

2. A raid to save the cat

3. Emotional revelation

After the first reading of this story it can be easily interpreted as a wife nagging her husband, who is lying in bed preoccupied with reading a book. Reading about the young married Americans in a foreign country, one would expect that the expression of love would be more prominent, however, this is not evident in Hemingway's story. What Hemingway does illustrate is how the "American wife" feels starved for attention and love in her failing marriage. We see the unmanly man and the unwomanly woman.

The story is written in more or less homogeneous mood which is constantly and deliberately intensified. The atmosphere is that of monotony, melancholy. It is felt from the beginning where it's created by the persistent and repeated use of the word "rain", by the phrases associated with it, such as "puddles", "deserted square", “glistening war monument”. Rain here may stand for miserable life. It is as if God himself sheds tears for the war, for the dead soldiers. The war monument is also mentioned on purpose. The world George and his wife belong to is the uncomfortable, homeless post-war world, where the fates of young people are nothing but hardships and troubles. They belong to the "lost generation", people who "hoped much, strove honestly and suffered deeply", according to Gertrude Stein.

In the story Hemingway realizes his esthetic principles, which are acute senses of place, fact and scene. They all work in harmony and can be proved by the examples of the accurate description of the settings, the landscape around, the sea nearby, the rain.

e.g. "Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument."

"The sea broke in a long line in the rain."

The author depicts the place with surprising precision. We are introduced to this small part of Italy and can easily imagine it with its weather, nature, talks, atmosphere.

e.g. The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

"II piove," the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

"Si, si, Signora, brutto tempo. It's very bad weather."

The important feature is that Hemingway uses "middle from the beginning" technique to start the story.

e.g. "There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel."

The reader feels really puzzled. He is eager to ask the questions to satisfy his curiosity: Where is it this “there were”? Which hotel is it? Who are these Americans? What are they like? What is their background? This is decidedly an unpredictable and quite a modernistic way to start a story. Hemingway plunges the reader into the thick of the events. The author makes him feel a participant. Besides, it makes the narration authentic and creates the feeling of immediacy and sharing.

Speaking about the text itself, it is told in the 3rd person narrative. The description is interlaced with descriptive passages and dialogues of the personages. The author makes extensive use of repetitions to render the story more vivid, convincing, more real and emotional.

e.g. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain.

Right from the exposition the text exhibits the cinematic nature. Hemingway arranges the material in such a way that it feels like watching a movie - details play the dominant role here.

e.g. . Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden, In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain.

If we focus on the modernistic means of relating a story, it's worth mentioning another unusual feature - the context of continuing life. The story ends with the maid bringing a cat. But the characters’ destiny remains uncertain and vague for us. We are only to guess about their future life together and their life in a broader social context. The story is left purposefully unfinished with conflicts being unsolved. And it's not surprising when we analyze Hemingway's characters.

They are restless, displaced, disillusioned, hopeless, generalized portraits of his generation.

Throughout the text Hemingway employs different methods. As the action develops we distinguish more and more contrasts. There are oppositions on a larger more general scale like nature and man; man and woman, pre-war world and post-war world. And the trivial ones - that of the husband and the hotel keeper. Juxtaposed is their attitude to the woman: the husband is being idle, treating her indifferently, there are just words, no actions while the hotel owner is very obliging and even ridiculous in his desire to please.

Hemingway's artistic devices are seemingly simple and not complicated. There are no exuberant epithets but predominantly realistic details.

e.g. "'Water stood in pools on the gravel paths." "A man in a rubber cape." etc.

It is also characteristic of realism which is presenting things as they really are with the harsh, direct air of authenticity. And there is one more trend to be traced - Impressionism. Such examples as "dripped", "green benches", "bright colours", "glistened monument" show the author's striving to convey fugitive effects, contrasts.

This short story contains a great number of symbols. In terms of symbolic reading, the opening paragraph describes the crisis that exists in the marriage of the couple. We see water from the very beginning: "It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain." The water is a symbol of fertility, but it never touches her: "Do not get wet". Thus, Hemingway indirectly, symbolically conveys his attitude towards the marriage of the young Americans which seems to him futile and fruitless and the conflict in the family life. Besides, the rain often symbolizes disaster, hopelessness and despair, tragedy and misfortune. The woman wants to protect that little cat. She does not know why she wants that cat so much. Perhaps, she feels the need for motherhood, for tenderness to share. In her unfulfilling relations she desperately needs a baby to lavish her natural affection on. Also, the

American husband and wife are very much alike. They both feel homeless or probably they really are. They don't get the care and love they need. She is just like this cat in the rain, a sincere and passionate being unable to take a chance of some happy life because society has placed a restraint on her. George does not understand the problem of his wife and therefore of their relationship. When she talks about letting her hair grow (to make her become more feminine), he just tells her, with disinterest, that he likes the way it is. So the long hair becomes the symbol of unattainable family happiness. Hemingway deliberately arranges symbolic details in such a way that the answer is clear: it is war that is to blame for the misery of the characters, their loneliness and wasted womanhood.

What strikes the attentive reader is that Hemingway makes use of predominantly simple language. There are no exquisite words, but the vocabulary of high frequency and common currency. The narration is simple. Plain words here have great meanings ("home, love. war, cat"), The sense of place and realistic accuracy account for the use of foreign words:

e.g. "Ha perduto qualque cosa, Signora?"

"There was a cat," said the American girl.

"A cat?"

"Si, il gatto."

"A cat?" the maid laughed. "A cat in the rain?"

The author avoids the use of adjectives and adverbs:

e.g. They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk.

Hemingway's style also implies avoidance of complicated syntax. His ice-berg theory of omission is the foundation on which he builds his style. Such syntax, which lacks subordinating conjunctions, creates static sentences:

e.g. "It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees."

Punctuation marks (colons, semicolons, dashes, parentheses) are omitted in favour of short declarative sentences. The syntax of the author becomes a device to make his prose tight and solid. Being reiterated the words become semantically charged and tum into symbols (the before-mentioned "rain", "hair". "cat", “the war monument”).

Dialogues is another Hemingw's tool. The characters talk in a beat-about-the-bush manner avoiding the touchy subjects. Thanks to the gift of brilliant brevity, Hemingway's dialogue is remarkable in that he never explicitly states what the couple are talking about, preferring to leave it as implicit and allow the reader to decode meanings:

e.g. "Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position m the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

As to the story's imagery, small details and mere facts become artistic means due to the way they are treated; landscapes are psychologically charged:

e.g. "The palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea", "Water stood in pools on the gravel paths".

There are no exuberant stylistic devices, just associations, connotations of everyday concepts, undertones and suggestions that support the symbolic system of the story.

It is impossible to interpret Hemingway's style adequately in a few paragraphs. But summing everything up we can conclude that it is a lean and word-sparing style which contributes to his straightforwardness. We observe unadorned, simple but powerful speech. There is a suggestive contrast between the denotative matter-of-factness at the surface of presentation and the connotative

subsurface activity, tragic facts being presented casually and coolly. That's the basis of Hemingway's exceptional, unique "ice-berg technique". And every single detail and word go in accord with this principle.

The author's style is remarkable for its brilliant illustrations and deep psychological analysis. Everything he touches seems to reflect the feelings of the heroes. Making use of trivial things he penetrates into the subtlest stirrings of the human heart.

Personally I wonder how the writer managed to ingrain such deep ideas and concepts in such a plain story as it seems to be at first sight. He is a true master of the word and a deserving writer to be called great genius. It is absolutely worth reading and re-reading his writings. But there is one more thing I still hesitate about: is the cat that the American woman saw in the rain the same as the cat that the innkeeper gave her at the end of the short story?

4.

J.K.Jerome

"Three Men In a Boat"

The passage under consideration is taken from the book "Three Men In a Boat" by J.K.Jerome, and comes from Ch. IV.

Jerome Klapka Jerome was a renowned English writer and humorist. He is best known for his humorous and comic masterpiece "Three Men in a Boat", apart from his other notable works of literature. He was born on 2nd May, 1859 in Caldmore, Walsall, England, and was raised amidst poverty in London. His other works include the essay collections like the "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow", "Three Men on the Bummel"- which was a sequel to Three Men in a Boat; and several other novels. Jerome died at the age of 68 on 14th June, 1927.

Jerome's writing is much more magazine-style, quick and efficient. His works are characterized by the garrulous style of genial wit and wisdom. Jerome's text abounds in picturesque and vivid descriptions supported by colourful

metaphors and imaginative similes. He shows the reader a developing situation as if he had no prior knowledge of the consequences. When they emerge the reader recognizes the funny side as a revelation. In his writings we find self-mockery and embarrassing truths we can all relate to. Thus Jerome's humour is often based on exaggerations, incongruity (placing a common action or remark in the wrong context), misunderstanding.

First of all I'd like to give the summary of the passage.

The three friends discuss the problem of food while preparing for their trip. First they enumerate a number of kitchen utensils to be taken, and among others, they mention a methylated spirit stove. However they all strongly object to oil because once it caused a lot of trouble when they took it on a tour. George suggests their taking some food but they are all unanimously against cheese as there is too much odour about it. The author remembers a funny episode in this connection. A friend of his when in Liverpool buys two cheeses and as he is going to stay for some time more in the city he asks the author to take them to London to the friend's wife. Jerome readily agrees. After that there follows a train of ridiculous adventures all because of the cheeses. (To begin with a knock-kneed, broken-winded somnambulist of a horse is about to break the world record in racing as a whiff from the cheeses reaches it. On the platform people fall respectfully on either side and an overcrowded compartment becomes quite deserted as the author with his cheeses enters it. Furthermore, the friend's wife has to move to a hotel thanks to a charwoman who takes care of the house because she doesn't perceive any smell. And the author's friend has to possess quite an ingenuity to get rid of the ill-fated cheeses which turn out to be quite expensive after all. Eventually he takes them to a sea-side town and the place gains quite a reputation he must admit. All in all these episodes are a convincing argument against taking any cheese on a trip.)

The main idea of the text is to emphasize that travelling is no easy matter just as to show that it is often accompanied by laughter-provoking situations. So there's nothing like travelling to set one in a cheerful mood.

Obviously the passage can be divided into 2 main parts, namely:

1. Disadvantages of an oil-stove
2. Adventures with cheeses

The reasons for the division are the following:

- The change of the place of action
- The change of the number of the participants
- The change of the mood

The general slant of the text is humorous. It is very emotional as the author recollects some events from his life that leave a deep and lasting impression on him. Furthermore the first part is written in a somewhat dramatic key. The humorous effect is achieved both through the humour of the situation and the humour of words. Exaggerations reinforce this effect. We can quote some lines to exemplify the point:

e.g. ***I took the ticket and marched proudly with the cheeses, people falling respectfully on either side.*** (the humour of words)

e.g***. the last passenger grew strangely depressed.*** (the humour of words)

e.g***. the other three passengers tried to get out of door at the same time and hurt themselves.*** (the humour of the situation)

e.g. ***We forced our way into the buffet, where we yelled and stamped and waved our umbrellas for a quarter of an hour until a young lady came and asked what we wanted. I'll have half a crown's-worth of brandy, neat if you please.*** (the humour of the situation)

Undoubtedly, it is a peculiar, specific choice of words that makes the readers smile and laugh:

e.g. ***she could detect a faint odour of melons*** (about the cheeses)

e.g. ***fish them out again***

e.g. ***It was a ramshackle affair, dragged along by a knock-kneed, broken-winded somnambulist, which his owner, in a moment of enthusiasm, referred to as a horse … The whiff of cheeses woke him up, and, with a snort of***

terror, he dashed off at 3 miles an hour, he was laying himself at the rate of nearly four miles an hour …

From the point of view of narrative techniques the passage presents a narration intercepted with dialogue.

The author's main focus is travelling so on the vocabulary level of the text we can distinguish words pertaining to 7 semantic fields:

1. ***Travelling***: to discuss the question of food, to leave, to take a walk through the town etc.
2. ***Meals***: breakfast, food, indigestible, eggs, bacon, to cook, cold meat etc.
3. ***Kitchen utensils***: frying-pan, tea pot, kettle, methylated spirit stove etc.
4. ***Nature and weather***: river, scenery, wind, to blow, a lonely field, blasted oak etc.
5. ***Communication and everyday life***: to make fuss over a little thing, with pleasure, proudly, respectfully etc.
6. ***Appearance***: an old gentleman, a stout lady, a married woman, a solemn looking man, to fidget etc.
7. ***Medicine***: to feel faint, corps, weak-chested, injury, to hurt oneself, wholesome, cripples, sickness etc.

Synonyms used abundantly contribute to the emotional slant of the text, make it vivid and appealing to the reader:

e.g. to go, to run, to dash, to stagger, to walk, to march, to shamble, to squeeze through, to force one's way, to pass

e.g. to shout, to yell

e.g. fearful, awful

e.g. a hamper, a bag, a parcel

e.g. scent, odour, fragrance, flavor

e.g. to smell, to sniff, to reek of, to stink of etc.

As the informal style prevails we come across a number of set expressions and colloquial expressions:

e.g. to be an ass, to make too much of oneself (требовать большого внимания к себе), to do credit to, to have the presence of mind to do smth, to be beyond one's means etc.

e.g. to be no use, to drag along, to squeeze down, to make fuss over a little thing, to come along, “very well, then”, to get rid of, to fish out etc.

The predominance of the colloquial style explains the use of contracted forms, such as: What’s yours?, I’ll have, “Here y’are, Maria”, “It’s cheeses.”, “We’ll get in here”.

The expressive power of the text is largely achieved due to the use of stylistic devices.

The ironic humorous tonality is created through numerous cases of irony, humour and exaggerations:

e.g. the passenger grew strangely depressed.

The lady under whose roof I have the honour of residing is a widow and possibly an orphan and she would regard those cheeses as if “put upon” her.

He dearly loved a bit of cheese.

Greatly attached to cheeses.

The coroner said it was a plot to deprive him of his living by waking up the corpses…

They said it made them feel quite faint.

It got the place quite a reputation. Etc.

Picturesque epithets are used to impress the reader’s imagination:

e.g. an easterly oily wind

a swell affair

a strong eloquent objection

heartily loved a bit of cheese

fearful fuss etc.

The author's metaphors are also effective in creating laughter-provoking situations:

e.g. Splendid cheeses they were ripe and mellow with a two hundred horse-power scent about them that might have been warranted to carry three miles, and knock a man over at two hundred yards. (accompanied by inversion and epithets)

The description of the horse strikes the reader as most amazing as it is so vivid and picturesque:

e.g. It was a ramshackle affair, dragged along by a knock-kneed, broken-winded somnambulist, which his owner, in a moment of enthusiasm, referred to as a horse.

A metaphoric simile can be observed in the following example:

We had taken an oil-stove once and it had been like living in an oil-shop that week.

Other cases of simile border on exaggerations and certainly add to the general humourous slant of the text:

e.g. … we started off at a shamble that would have done credit to the swiftest steam-roller ever built, and all went merry as a funeral bell…(this oxymoron brings out a certain paradoxical quality of the situation.)

Numerous exaggerations make the humorous effect more powerful and the reader can't but burst out laughing reading them:

e.g. the oil-stove saturated the scenery and spoilt the atmosphere.

It ruined the sunset.

Moonbeams reeked of paraffin.

It seemed as if people had been buried in oil.

The country was steeped in oil.

Cheese, like oil, makes too much of itself, it wants the whole boat to itself. Etc.

As the colloquial style prevails on the syntactical level we observe the use of

1. Elliptical sentences:

e.g. :"No oil," said George.

“oh, with pleasure, dear boy.”

Very close in here.

Quite oppressive.

What smell? Etc.

2. Simple sentences:

e.g. An idea struck her.

But, in this world, we must consider others.

I decline to live any longer in the same house with them.

But the coroner discovered them and made a fearful fuss.

It gained the place quite a reputation.

Compound and complex sentences contribute to the rich expressivity of the text highlighting certain key ideas:

e.g. We kept it (the oil-stove) in the nose of the boat, and … it oozed…, impregnating the whole boat…, and it oozed over the river… .

We left the boat by the bridge, and took a walk through the town to escape it, but it followed us.

For other breakfast things, George suggested eggs and bacon, which were easy to cook.

I smiled at the black gentleman and said I thought we were going to have the carriage to ourselves.

The reader can’t but notice the use of predicative constructions which make the language of the text elaborate:

e.g. I remember a friend of mine buying a couple of cheeses at Liverpool. (A gerundial construction)

I took my ticket, and marched proudly up the platform, with my cheeses, the people falling back respectfully on either side. (The nominative absolute participial construction)

The vivid events of the text allow us to draw certain conclusions as to the characters’ nature. So now I’d like to pass over to the characters’ sketches.

Thus George proves to be practical and initiative. He's probably the life of the company. He turns out to be an expert in the way of cooking as he suggests an elaborate plan of what is to be taken and what is not. He is very serious and reliable, I believe. He is a steady, level-headed person. He is a leader in a way and likes to boss people around. And his advice is usually followed carefully so he holds authority. I think he is not only a good cook but a good eater as well judging by the list of food items he wishes to take on a trip.

As to the author himself, I find him to be a curious person. He is very light-hearted and I guess light-minded too. He is in the habit of turning anything in a joke. He is very inventive and witty, however. He can think of any good excuse to get discharged of responsibility. Still he can be a loyal friend ready to give a helping hand. He might be thoughtless and absurd at times. On the whole he is an adventurer and an inveterate traveler.

The author's artistic talent tells upon the impressions the text produces on the reader. The passage is so full of humour verging on absurdity sometimes that it can't but leave a bright and vivid impression. One can't keep from laughing while reading about the curious adventures of the careless travelers. As the language is so emphatic and colourful I was deeply involved in the events that unfolded. The text set me in high spirits and made me treat the events of my life more cheerfully in a humorous way. The writer succeeds in creating absurd situations by exaggerating things out of all proportion. What I like about his humour is that it is mild and not offending.

TEXTS FOR ANALYSIS

Text 1

H.Melville

Moby Dick

Chapter 1

Loomings (extract)

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago- never mind how long precisely- having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off- then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs- commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?- Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster- tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest

limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling And there they stand- miles of them- leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets avenues- north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries- stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd's head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd's eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him. Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger-lilies- what is the one charm wanting?- Water- there is not a drop of water there! Were Niagara but a cataract of sand, would you travel your thousand miles to see it? Why did the poor poet of Tennessee, upon suddenly receiving two handfuls of silver, deliberate whether to buy him a coat, which he sadly needed, or invest his money in a pedestrian trip to Rockaway Beach? Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to

go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.

Text 2

J. K. Jerome

Three Men in a Boat

Chapter II (extract)

We pulled out the maps, and discussed plans.

We arranged to start on the following Saturday from Kingston. Harris and I would go down in the morning, and take the boat up to Chertsey, and George, who would not be able to get away from the City till the afternoon (George goes to sleep at a bank from ten to four each day, except Saturdays, when they wake him up and put him outside at two), would meet us there.

Should we "camp out" or sleep at inns?

George and I were for camping out. We said it would be so wild and free, so patriarchal like.

Slowly the golden memory of the dead sun fades from the hearts of the cold, sad clouds. Silent, like sorrowing children, the birds have ceased their song, and only the moorhen's plaintive cry and the harsh croak of the corncrake stirs the awed hush around the couch of waters, where the dying day breathes out her last.

From the dim woods on either bank, Night's ghostly army, the grey shadows, creep out with noiseless tread to chase away the lingering rear-guard of the light, and pass, with noiseless, unseen feet, above the waving river-grass, and through the sighing rushes; and Night, upon her somber throne, folds her black wings

above the darkening world, and, from her phantom palace, lit by the pale stars, reigns in stillness.

Then we run our little boat into some quiet nook, and the tent is pitched, and the frugal supper cooked and eaten. Then the big pipes are filled and lighted, and the pleasant chat goes round in musical undertone; while, in the pauses of our talk, the river, playing round the boat, prattles strange old tales and secrets, sings low the old child's song that it has sung so many thousand years - will sing so many thousand years to come, before its voice grows harsh and old - a song that we, who have learnt to love its changing face, who have so often nestled on its yielding bosom, think, somehow, we understand, though we could not tell you in mere words the story that we listen to.

And we sit there, by its margin, while the moon, who loves it too, stoops down to kiss it with a sister's kiss, and throws her silver arms around it clingingly; and we watch it as it flows, ever singing, ever whispering, out to meet its king, the sea - till our voices die away in silence, and the pipes go out - till we, common-place, everyday young men enough, feel strangely full of thoughts, half sad, half sweet, and do not care or want to speak - till we laugh, and, rising, knock the ashes from our burnt-out pipes, and say "Good-night," and, lulled by the lapping water and the rustling trees, we fall asleep beneath the great, still stars, and dream that the world is young again - young and sweet as she used to be ere the centuries of fret and care had furrowed her fair face, ere her children's sins and follies had made old her loving heart - sweet as she was in those bygone days when, a new-made mother, she nursed us, her children, upon her own deep breast - ere the wiles of painted civilization had lured us away from her fond arms, and the poisoned sneers of artificiality had made us ashamed of the simple life we led with her, and the simple, stately home where mankind was born so many thousands years ago.

Harris said:

"How about when it rained?"

You can never rouse Harris. There is no poetry about Harris - no wild yearning for the unattainable. Harris never "weeps, he knows not why." If Harris's

eyes fill with tears, you can bet it is because Harris has been eating raw onions, or has put too much Worcester over his chop.

If you were to stand at night by the sea-shore with Harris, and say:

"Hark! do you not hear? Is it but the mermaids singing deep below the waving waters; or sad spirits, chanting dirges for white corpses, held by seaweed?" Harris would take you by the arm, and say:

"I know what it is, old man; you've got a chill. Now, you come along with me. I know a place round the corner here, where you can get a drop of the finest Scotch whisky you ever tasted - put you right in less than no time."

Harris always does know a place round the corner where you can get something brilliant in the drinking line. I believe that if you met Harris up in Paradise (supposing such a thing likely), he would immediately greet you with:

"So glad you've come, old fellow; I've found a nice place round the corner here, where you can get some really first-class nectar."

In the present instance, however, as regarded the camping out, his practical view of the matter came as a very timely hint. Camping out in rainy weather is not pleasant.

It is evening. You are wet through, and there is a good two inches of water in the boat, and all the things are damp. You find a place on the banks that is not quite so puddly as other places you have seen, and you land and lug out the tent, and two of you proceed to fix it.

It is soaked and heavy, and it flops about, and tumbles down on you, and clings round your head and makes you mad. The rain is pouring steadily down all the time. It is difficult enough to fix a tent in dry weather: in wet, the task becomes herculean. Instead of helping you, it seems to you that the other man is simply playing the fool. Just as you get your side beautifully fixed, he gives it a hoist from his end, and spoils it all.

Text 3

J. K. Jerome

Three Men in a Boat

Chapter XII (extract)

We went through Maidenhead quickly, and then eased up, and took leisurely that grand reach beyond Boulter's and Cookham locks. Clieveden Woods still wore their dainty dress of spring, and rose up, from the water's edge, in one long harmony of blended shades of fairy green. In its unbroken loveliness this is, perhaps, the sweetest stretch of all the river, and lingeringly we slowly drew our little boat away from its deep peace.

We pulled up in the backwater, just below Cookham, and had tea; and, when we were through the lock, it was evening. A stiffish breeze had sprung up - in our favour, for a wonder; for, as a rule on the river, the wind is always dead against you whatever way you go. It is against you in the morning, when you start for a day's trip, and you pull a long distance, thinking how easy it will be to come back with the sail. Then, after tea, the wind veers round, and you have to pull hard in its teeth all the way home.

When you forget to take the sail at all, then the wind is consistently in your favour both ways. But there! this world is only a probation, and man was born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

This evening, however, they had evidently made a mistake, and had put the wind round at our back instead of in our face. We kept very quiet about it, and got the sail up quickly before they found it out, and then we spread ourselves about the boat in thoughtful attitudes, and the sail bellied out, and strained, and grumbled at the mast, and the boat flew.

I steered.

There is no more thrilling sensation I know of than sailing. It comes as near to flying as man has got to yet - except in dreams. The wings of the rushing wind seem to be bearing you onward, you know not where. You are no longer the slow, plodding, puny thing of clay, creeping tortuously upon the ground; you are a part of Nature! Your heart is throbbing against hers! Her glorious arms are round you, raising you up against her heart! Your spirit is at one with hers; your limbs grow

light! The voices of the air are singing to you. The earth seems far away and little; and the clouds, so close above your head, are brothers, and you stretch your arms to them.

We had the river to ourselves, except that, far in the distance, we could see a fishing-punt, moored in mid-stream, on which three fishermen sat; and we skimmed over the water, and passed the wooded banks, and no one spoke.

I was steering.

As we drew nearer, we could see that the three men fishing seemed old and solemn-looking men. They sat on three chairs in the punt, and watched intently their lines. And the red sunset threw a mystic light upon the waters, and tinged with fire the towering woods, and made a golden glory of the piled-up clouds. It was an hour of deep enchantment, of ecstatic hope and longing. The little sail stood out against the purple sky, the gloaming lay around us, wrapping the world in rainbow shadows; and, behind us, crept the night.

We seemed like knights of some old legend, sailing across some mystic lake into the unknown realm of twilight, unto the great land of the sunset.

We did not go into the realm of twilight; we went slap into that punt, where those three old men were fishing. We did not know what had happened at first, because the sail shut out the view, but from the nature of the language that rose up upon the evening air, we gathered that we had come into the neighbourhood of human beings, and that they were vexed and discontented.

Harris let the sail down, and then we saw what had happened. We had knocked those three old gentlemen off their chairs into a general heap at the bottom of the boat, and they were now slowly and painfully sorting themselves out from each other, and picking fish off themselves; and as they worked, they cursed us - not with a common cursory curse, but with long, carefully-thought-out, comprehensive curses, that embraced the whole of our career, and went away into the distant future, and included all our relations, and covered everything connected with us - good, substantial curses.

Harris told them they ought to be grateful for a little excitement, sitting there fishing all day, and he also said that he was shocked and grieved to hear men their age give way to temper so.

But it did not do any good.

George said he would steer, after that. He said a mind like mine ought not to be expected to give itself away in steering boats - better let a mere commonplace human being see after that boat, before we jolly well all got drowned; and he took the lines, and brought us up to Marlow.

And at Marlow we left the boat by the bridge, and went and put up for the night at the "Crown."

Text 4

Charlotte Bronte

Villette

Chapter VI

London (extract)

The next day was the first of March, and when I awoke, rose and opened my curtain, I saw the risen sun struggling through fog. Above my head, above the house-tops, co-elevate almost with the clouds, I saw a solemn, orbed mass, dark-blue and dim - THE DOME. While I looked, my inner self moved: my spirit shook its always-fettered wings half loose; I had a sudden feeling as if I, who never yet truly lived, were at last about to taste life: in that morning my soul grew as fast as Jonah's gourd.

'I did well to come', I said, proceeding to dress with speed and care. 'I like the spirit of this great London which I feel around me. Who but a coward would pass his whole life in hamlets, and for ever abandon his faculties to the eating rust of obscurity?'

Being dressed, I went down; not travel-worn and exhausted, but tidy and refreshed. When the waiter came in with my breakfast, I managed to accost him

sedately, yet cheerfully; we had ten minutes discourse, in the course of which we became usefully known to each other.

He was a grey-haired elderly man; and, it seemed, had lived in his present place twenty years. Having ascertained this, I was sure he must remember my two uncles, Charles and Wilmot, who, fifteen years ago, were frequent visitors here. I mentioned their names; he recalled them perfectly and with respect. Having intimated my connection, my position in his eyes was henceforth clear, and on a right footing. He said I was like my uncle Charles: I suppose he spoke truth, because Mrs. Barrett was accustomed to say the same thing. A ready and obliging courtesy now replaced his former uncomfortably doubtful manner: henceforth I need no longer be at a loss for a civil answer to a sensible question.

The street on which my little sitting-room window looked was narrow, perfectly quiet, and not dirty: the few passengers were just such as one sees in provincial towns: here was nothing formidable; I felt sure I might venture out alone.

Having breakfasted, out I went. Elation and pleasure were in my heart: to walk alone in London seemed of itself an adventure. Presently I found myself in Paternoster Row - classic ground this. I entered a bookseller's shop, kept by one Jones; I bought a little book - a piece of extravagance I could ill afford; but I thought I would one day give or send it to Mrs. Barrett. Mr. Jones, a dried-in man of business, stood behind his desk; he seemed one of the greatest, and I one of the happiest, of beings.

Prodigious was the amount of life I lived that morning. Finding myself before St. Paul's, I went in; I mounted to the dome: I saw thence London, with its river, and its bridges, and its churches; I saw antique Westminster, and the green Temple Gardens, with sun upon them, and a glad, blue sky, of early spring above; and, between them and it, not too dense a cloud of haze.

Descending, I went wandering whither chance might lead, in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment; and I got - I know not how - I got into the heart of city life. I saw and felt London at last: I got into the Strand; I went up Cornhill; I mixed

with the life passing along; I dared the perils of crossings. To do this, and to do it utterly alone, gave me, perhaps an irrational, but a real pleasure. Since those days I have seen the West-end, the parks, the fine squares, but I love the city far better. The city seems so much more in earnest: its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights and sounds. The city is getting its living - the West-end but enjoying its pleasure. At the West-end you may be amused, but in the city you are deeply excited.

Text 5

K.Mansfield

Taking the Veil (extract)

IT seemed impossible that anyone should be unhappy on such a beautiful morning. Nobody was, decided Edna, except herself. The windows were flung wide in the houses. From within there came the sound of pianos, little hands chased after each other and ran away from each other, practising scales. The trees fluttered in the sunny gardens, all bright with spring flowers. Street boys whistled, a little dog barked ; people passed by, walking so lightly, so swiftly, they looked as though they wanted to break into a run. Now she actually saw in the distance a parasol, peach-coloured, the first parasol of the year.

Perhaps even Edna did not look quite as unhappy as she felt. It is not easy to look tragic at eighteen, when you are extremely pretty, with the cheeks and lips and shining eyes of perfect health. Above all, when you are wearing a French blue frock and your new spring hat trimmed with cornflowers. True, she carried under her arm a book bound in horrid black leather. Perhaps the book provided a gloomy note, but only by accident; it was the ordinary Library binding. For Edna had made going to the Library an excuse for getting out of the house to think, to realise what had happened, to decide somehow what was to be done now.

An awful thing had happened. Quite suddenly, at the theatre last night, when she and Jimmy were seated side by side in the dress-circle, without a moment's

warning—in fact, she had just finished a chocolate almond and passed the box to him again—she had fallen in love with an actor. But—fallen—in—love ...

The feeling was unlike anything she had ever imagined before. It wasn't in the least pleasant. It was hardly thrilling. Unless you can call the most dreadful sensation of hopeless misery, despair, agony and wretchedness, thrilling. Combined with the certainty that if that actor met her on the pavement after, while Jimmy was fetching their cab, she would follow him to the ends of the earth, at a nod, at a sign, without giving another thought to Jimmy or her father and mother or her happy home and countless friends again ...

The play had begun fairly cheerfully. That was at the chocolate almond stage. Then the hero had gone blind. Terrible moment! Edna had cried so much she had to borrow Jimmy's folded, smooth-feeling handkerchief as well.

Not that crying mattered. Whole rows were in tears. Even the men blew their noses with a loud trumpeting noise and tried to peer at the programme instead of looking at the stage. Jimmy, most mercifully dry-eyed—for what would she have done without his handkerchief ? —squeezed her free hand, and whispered " Cheer up, darling girl! " And it was then she had taken a last chocolate almond to please him and passed the box again. Then, there had been that ghastly scene with the hero alone on the stage in a deserted room at twilight, with a band playing outside and the sound of cheering coming from the street. He had tried —ah! how painfully, how pitifully!—to grope his way to the window. He had succeeded at last. There he stood holding the curtain while one beam of light, just one beam, shone full on his raised sightless face, and the band faded away into the distance ...

It was—really, it was absolutely—oh, the most—it was simply—in fact, from that moment Edna knew that life could never be the same. She drew her hand away from Jimmy's, leaned back, and shut the chocolate box for ever. This at last was love!

Edna and Jimmy were engaged. She had had her hair up for a year and a half; they had been publicly engaged for a year. But they had known they were going to marry each other ever since they walked in the Botanical Gardens with

their nurses, and sat on the grass with a wine biscuit and a piece of barley-sugar each for their tea. It was so much an accepted thing that Edna had worn a wonderfully good imitation of an engagement-ring out of a cracker all the time she was at school. And up till now they had been devoted to each other.

But now it was over. It was so completely over that Edna found it difficult to believe that Jimmy did not realize it too. She smiled wisely, sadly, as she turned into the gardens of the Convent of the Sacred Heart and mounted the path that led through them to Hill Street. How much better to know it now than to wait until after they were married ! Now it was possible that Jimmy would get over it. No, it was no use deceiving herself ; he would never get over it! His life was wrecked, was ruined ; that was inevitable. But he was young.. . Time, people always said, Time might make a little, just a little difference. In forty years when he was an old man, he might be able to think of her calmly—perhaps. But she,—what did the future hold for her?

Edna had reached the top of the path. There under a new-leafed tree, hung with little bunches of white flowers, she sat down on a green bench and looked over the Convent flower-beds. In the one nearest to her there grew tender stocks, with a border of blue, shell-like pansies, with at one corner a clump of creamy freezias, their light spears of green criss-crossed over the flowers. The Convent pigeons were tumbling high in the air, and she could hear the voice of Sister Agnes who was giving a singing lesson. *Ah-me,* sounded the deep tones of the nun, and *Ah-me,* they were echoed...

If she did not marry Jimmy, of course she would marry nobody. The man she was in love with, the famous actor—Edna had far too much common-sense not to realise that would never be. It was very odd. She didn't even want it to be. Her love was too intense for that. It had to be endured, silently; it had to torment her. It was, she supposed, simply that kind of love.

Text 6

O. Wilde

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Chapter 7 (extract)

For some reason or other, the house was crowded that night, and the fat Jew manager who met them at the door was beaming from ear to ear with an oily tremulous smile. He escorted them to their box with a sort of pompous humility, waving his fat jewelled hands and talking at the top of his voice. Dorian Gray loathed him more than ever. He felt as if he had come to look for Miranda and had been met by Caliban. Lord Henry, upon the other hand, rather liked him. At least he declared he did, and insisted on shaking him by the hand and assuring him that he was proud to meet a man who had discovered a real genius and gone bankrupt over a poet. Hallward amused himself with watching the faces in the pit. The heat was terribly oppressive, and the huge sunlight flamed like a monstrous dahlia with petals of yellow fire. The youths in the gallery had taken off their coats and waistcoats and hung them over the side. They talked to each other across the theatre and shared their oranges with the tawdry girls who sat beside them. Some women were laughing in the pit. Their voices were horribly shrill and discordant. The sound of the popping of corks came from the bar.

"What a place to find one's divinity in!" said Lord Henry.

"Yes!" answered Dorian Gray. "It was here I found her, and she is divine beyond all living things. When she acts, you will forget everything. These common rough people, with their coarse faces and brutal gestures, become quite different when she is on the stage. They sit silently and watch her. They weep and laugh as she wills them to do. She makes them as responsive as a violin. She spiritualises them, and one feels that they are of the same flesh and blood as one's self."

"The same flesh and blood as one's self! Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Lord Henry, who was scanning the occupants of the gallery through his opera-glass.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Dorian," said the painter. "I understand what you mean, and I believe in this girl. Any one you love must be marvellous, and any girl who has the effect you describe must be fine and noble. To spiritualise one's age—that is something worth doing. If this girl can give a soul to those who

have lived without one, if she can create the sense of beauty in people whose lives have been sordid and ugly, if she can strip them of their selfishness and lend them tears for sorrows that are not their own, she is worthy of all your adoration, worthy of the adoration of the world. This marriage is quite right. I did not think so at first, but I admit it now. The gods made Sibyl Vane for you. Without her you would have been incomplete."

"Thanks, Basil," answered Dorian Gray, pressing his hand. "I knew that you would understand me. Harry is so cynical, he terrifies me. But here is the orchestra. It is quite dreadful, but it only lasts for about five minutes. Then the curtain rises, and you will see the girl to whom I am going to give all my life, to whom I have given everything that is good in me."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, amidst an extraordinary turmoil of applause, Sibyl Vane stepped on to the stage. Yes, she was certainly lovely to look at—one of the loveliest creatures, Lord Henry thought, that he had ever seen. There was something of the fawn in her shy grace and startled eyes. A faint blush, like the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, came to her cheeks as she glanced at the crowded enthusiastic house. She stepped back a few paces and her lips seemed to tremble. Basil Hallward leaped to his feet and began to applaud. Motionless, and as one in a dream, sat Dorian Gray, gazing at her. Lord Henry peered through his glasses, murmuring, "Charming! charming!"

The scene was the hall of Capulet's house, and Romeo in his pilgrim's dress had entered with Mercutio and his other friends. The band, such as it was, struck up a few bars of music, and the dance began. Through the crowd of ungainly, shabbily dressed actors, Sibyl Vane moved like a creature from a finer world. Her body swayed, while she danced, as a plant sways in the water. The curves of her throat were the curves of a white lily. Her hands seemed to be made of cool ivory.

Yet she was curiously listless. She showed no sign of joy when her eyes rested on Romeo. The few words she had to speak—

"Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss—"

with the brief dialogue that follows, were spoken in a thoroughly artificial manner. The voice was exquisite, but from the point of view of tone it was absolutely false. It was wrong in colour. It took away all the life from the verse. It made the passion unreal.

Dorian Gray grew pale as he watched her. He was puzzled and anxious. Neither of his friends dared to say anything to him. She seemed to them to be absolutely incompetent. They were horribly disappointed.

Yet they felt that the true test of any Juliet is the balcony scene of the second act. They waited for that. If she failed there, there was nothing in her.

She looked charming as she came out in the moonlight. That could not be denied. But the staginess of her acting was unbearable, and grew worse as she went on. Her gestures became absurdly artificial. She over-emphasised everything that she had to say. The beautiful passage—

"Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night—"

was declaimed with the painful precision of a schoolgirl who has been taught to recite by some second-rate professor of elocution. When she leaned over the balcony and came to those wonderful lines—

"Although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say, 'It lightens.' Sweet, good-night!

This bud of love by summer's ripening breath

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet—"

She spoke the words as though they conveyed no meaning to her. It was not nervousness. Indeed, so far from being nervous, she was absolutely self-contained. It was simply bad art. She was a complete failure.

Even the common uneducated audience of the pit and gallery lost their interest in the play. They got restless, and began to talk loudly and to whistle. The Jew manager, who was standing at the back of the dress-circle, stamped and swore with rage. The only person unmoved was the girl herself.

When the second act was over, there came a storm of hisses, and Lord Henry got up from his chair and put on his coat. “She is quite beautiful, Dorian,” he said, “but she can’t act. Let us go.”

“I am going to see the play through,” answered the lad, in a hard bitter voice. “I am awfully sorry that I have made you waste an evening, Harry. I apologise to you both.”

“My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane was ill,” interrupted Hallward. “We will come some other night.”

“I wish she were ill,” he rejoined. “But she seems to me to be simply callous and cold. She has entirely altered. Last night she was a great artist. This evening she is merely a commonplace mediocre actress.”

“Don’t talk like that about any one you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than art.”

“They are both simply forms of imitation,” remarked Lord Henry. “But do let us go. Dorian, you must not stay here any longer. It is not good for one’s morals to see bad acting. Besides, I don’t suppose you will want your wife to act, so what does it matter if she plays Juliet like a wooden doll? She is very lovely, and if she knows as little about life as she does about acting, she will be a delightful experience. There are only two kinds of people who are really fascinating—people who know absolutely everything, and people who know absolutely nothing. Good heavens, my dear boy, don’t look so tragic! The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming. Come to the club with Basil and myself.

We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the beauty of Sibyl Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?"

"Go away, Harry," cried the lad. "I want to be alone. Basil, you must go. Ah! can't you see that my heart is breaking?" The hot tears came to his eyes. His lips trembled, and rushing to the back of the box, he leaned up against the wall, hiding his face in his hands.

"Let us go, Basil," said Lord Henry with a strange tenderness in his voice, and the two young men passed out together.

Text 7

J.Galsworthy

Acme

In these days no man of genius need starve. The following story of my friend Bruce may be taken as proof of this assertion. Nearly sixty when I first knew him, he must have written already some fifteen books, which had earned him the reputation of "a genius" with the few who know. He used to live in York Street, Adelphi, where he had two rooms up the very shaky staircase of a house chiefly remarkable for the fact that its front door seemed always open. I suppose there never was a writer more indifferent to what people thought of him. He profoundly neglected the Press - not with one of those neglects which grow on writers from reading reviews of their own works - he seemed never to read criticism, but with the basic neglect of "an original", a nomadic spirit, a stranger in modern civilization, who would leave his attics for long months of wandering, and come back there to hibernate and write a book. He was a tall, thin man, with a face rather like Mark Twain's, black eyebrows which bristled and shot up, a bitten drooping grey moustache, and fuzzy grey hair; but his eyes were like owl's eyes, piercing, melancholy, dark brown, and gave to his rugged face an extraordinary expression of a spirit remote from the flesh which had captured it. He was a bachelor, who seemed to avoid women; perhaps they had "learned" him that; for he must have been very attractive to them.

The year of which I write had been to my friend Bruce the devil, monetarily speaking. With his passion for writing that for which his Age had no taste - what could he expect? His last book had been a complete frost. He had undergone, too, an operation which had cost him much money and left him very weak. When I went to see him that October, I found him stretched out on two chairs, smoking the Brazilian cigarettes which he affected - and which always affected me, so black and strong they were, in their yellow maize leaf coverings. He had a writing-pad on his knee, arid sheets of paper scattered all around. The room had a very meagre look. I had not seen him for a year and more, but he looked up at me as if I'd been in yesterday.

"Hallo!" he said; "I went into a thing they call a cinema last night. Have you ever been?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has been going? Since about 1900."

"Well! What a *thing! I'm* writing a skit on it!"

"How - a skit?"

"Parody - wildest yarn you ever read."

He took up a sheet of paper and began chuckling to himself.

"My heroine," he said, "is an Octoroon. Her eyes swim, and her lovely bosom heaves. Everybody wants her, and she's more virtuous than words can say. The situations she doesn't succumb to would freeze your blood; they'd roast your marrow. She has a perfect devil of a brother, with whom she was brought up, who knows her deep dark secret and wants to trade her off to a millionaire who also has a deep dark secret. Altogether there are four deep dark secrets in my yarn. It's a corker."

"What a waste of your time!" I said.

"My time!" he answered fiercely. "What's the use of my time? Nobody buys my books."

"Who's attending you?"

"Doctors! They take your money, that's all. I've got no money. Don't talk about me!" Again he took up a sheet of manuscript and chuckled.

"Last night - at that place - they had - good God! - a race between a train and a motor-car. Well, I've got one between a train, a motor-car, a flying machine, and a horse."

I sat up.

"May I have a look at your skit," I said, "when you've finished it?"

"It *is* finished. Wrote it straight off. D'you think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that?" He gathered the sheets and held them out to me. "Take the thing - it's amused me to do it. The heroine's secret is that she isn't an Octoroon at all; she's a De La Casse - purest Creole blood of the South; and her villainous brother isn't her brother; and the bad millionaire isn't a millionaire; and her penniless lover is. It's rich, I tell you!"

"Thanks," I said dryly, and took the sheets.

I went away concerned about my friend, his illness, and his poverty, especially his poverty, for I saw no end to it.

After dinner that evening I began languidly to read his skit. I had not read two pages of the thirty-five before I started up, sat down again, and feverishly read on. Skit! By George! He had written a perfect scenario - or, rather, that which wanted the merest professional touching-up to be perfect. I was excited. It was a little gold-mine if properly handled. Any good film company, I felt convinced, would catch at it. Yes! But how to handle it? Bruce was such an unaccountable creature, such a wild old bird! Imagine his having only just realised the cinema! If I told him his skit was a serious film, he would say: "Good God!" and put it in the fire, priceless though it was. And yet, how could I market it without *carte blanche,* and how get *carte blanche* without giving my discovery away? I was deathly keen on getting some money for him; and this thing, properly worked, might almost make him independent. I felt as if I had a priceless museum piece which a single stumble might, shatter to fragments. The tone of his voice when he spoke of the cinema - "What a *thing*!" kept coming back to me. He was prickly

proud, too - very difficult about money. Could I work it without telling him anything? I knew he never looked at a newspaper. But should I be justified in taking advantage of that - in getting the thing accepted and produced without his knowing? I revolved the question for hours, and went to see him again next day.

He was reading,

"Hallo! You again? What do you think of this theory - that the Egyptians derive from a Saharan civilization?"

"I don't think," I said.

"It's nonsense. This fellow -

I interrupted him.

"Do you want that skit back, or can I keep it?"

"Skit? What skit?"

"The thing you gave me yesterday."

"That! Light your fire with it. This fellow - "

"Yes," I said; "I'll light a fire with it. I see you're busy."

"Oh, no! I'm not," he said. "I've nothing to do. What's the good of my writing? I earn less and less with every book that comes out. I'm dying of poverty."

"That's because you won't consider the public."

"How can I consider the public when I don't know what they want?"

"Because you won't take the trouble to find out. If I suggested a way to you of pleasing the public and making money, you'd kick me out of the room."

And the words: "For instance, I've got a little gold-mine of yours in my pocket," were on the tip of my tongue, but I choked them back. "Daren't risk it!" I thought.

"He's given you the thing. *Carte blanche - cartes serrees!"*

I took the gold-mine away and promptly rough-shaped it for the film. It was perfectly easy, without any alteration of the story. Then I was faced with the temptation to put his name to it. The point was this: If I took it to a film company as an authorless scenario, I should only get authorless terms; whereas, if I put his name to it, with a little talking I could double the terms at least. The film public

didn't know his name, of course, but the inner literary public did, and it's wonderful how you can impress the market with the word "genius" judiciously used. It was too dangerous, however; and at last I hit on a middle course. I would take it to them with no name attached, but tell them it was by "a genius", and suggest that they could make capital out of the incognito. I knew they would feel it was by a genius.

I took it to an excellent company next day, with a covering note saying: "The author, a man of recognized literary genius, for certain reasons prefers to remain unknown." They took a fortnight in which to rise, but they rose. They had to. The thing was too good in itself. For a week I played them over terms. Twice I delivered an ultimatum - twice they surrendered: they knew too well what they had got. I could have made a contract with £2,000 down which would have brought at least another £2,000 before the contract term closed; but I compounded for one that gave, me £3,000 down, as likely to lead to less difficulty with Bruce. The terms were not a whit too good for what was really the "acme" of scenarios. If I could have been quite open, I could certainly have done better. Finally, however, I signed the contract, delivered the manuscript, and received a cheque for the price. I was elated, and at the same time knew that my troubles were just beginning. With Bruce's feeling about the film, how the deuce should I get him to take the money? Could I go to his publishers, and conspire with them to trickle it out to him gradually, as if it came from his books? That meant letting them into the secret; besides, he was too used to receiving practically nothing from his books; it would lead him to make enquiry, and the secret was bound to come out. Could I get a lawyer to spring an inheritance on him? That would mean no end of lying and elaboration, even if a lawyer would consent. Should I send him the money in Bank of England notes, with the words: "From a life-long admirer of your genius"? I was afraid he would suspect a trick, or stolen notes, and go to the police to trace them. Or should I just go, put the cheque on the table, and tell him the truth?

The question worried me terribly; for I didn't feel entitled to consult others who knew him. It was the sort of thing that, if talked over, would certainly leak

out. It was not desirable, however, to delay cashing a big cheque like that. Besides, they had started on the production. It happened to be a slack time, with a dearth of good films, so that they were rushing it on. And in the meantime there was Bruce - starved of everything he wanted, unable to get away for want of money, depressed about his health and his future. And yet so completely had he always seemed to me different, strange, superior to this civilization of ours, that the idea of going to him and saying simply: "This is yours, for the film you wrote," scared me. I could hear his: "I? Write for the cinema? What do you mean?"

When I came to think of it, I had surely taken an extravagant liberty in marketing the thing without consulting him. I felt he would never forgive that, and my feeling towards him was so affectionate, even reverential, that I simply hated the idea of being cast out of his affections. At last I hit on a way that by introducing my own interest might break my fall. I cashed the cheque, lodged the money at my bank, drew my own cheque on it for the full amount, and armed with that and the contract, went to see him.

He was lying on two chairs, smoking his Brazilians, and playing with a stray cat which had attached itself to him. He seemed rather less prickly than usual, and after beating about the bushes of his health and other matters, I began;

"I've got a confession to make, Bruce."

"Confession!" he said. "What confession?"

"You remember that skit on the film you wrote, and gave me, about six weeks ago?"

"No."

"Yes, you do - about an Octoroon."

He chuckled. "Oh! Ah! That!"

I took a deep breath, and went on:

"Well, I sold it; and the price of course belongs to you."

"What? Who'd print a thing like that?"

"It isn't printed. It's been made into a film - super film, they call it."

His hand came to a pause on the cat's back, and he glared at me. I hastened on:

"I ought to have told you what I was doing, but you're so prickly, and you've got such confounded superior notions. I thought if I did, you'd be biting off your nose to spite your own face. The fact is it made a marvelous scenario. Here's the contract, and here's a cheque on my bank for the price - £3,000. If you like to treat me as your agent, you owe me £300. I don't expect it, but I'm not proud, like you, and I shan't sneeze."

"Good God!" he said.

"Yes, I know. But it's all nonsense, Bruce. You can carry scruples to altogether too great length. Tainted source! Everything's tainted, if you come to that. The film's a quite justified expression of modern civilization - a natural outcome of the Age. It gives amusement; it affords pleasure. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, and we *are* cheap, and it's no use pretending we're not - not you, of course, Bruce, but people at large. A vulgar Age wants vulgar amusement, and if we can give it that amusement, we ought to; life's not too cheery, anyway."

The glare in his eyes was almost paralysing me, but I managed to stammer on:

"You live out of the world - you don't realise what hum-drum people want; something to balance the greyness, the - the banality of their lives. They want blood, thrill, sensation of all sorts. You didn't mean to give it them, but you have, you've done them a benefit, whether you wish to or not, and the money's yours and you've got to take it."

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited for the storm to burst.

"I know," I dashed on, "that you hate and despise the film - "

Suddenly his voice boomed out:

"Bosh! What are you talking about? Film! I go there every other night."

It was my turn to say: "Good God!" And, ramming contract and cheque into his empty hand, I bolted, closely followed by the cat.

Text 8

Charlotte Bronte

Villette

Chapter XIV

The Fete (extract)

But now the moment approached for the performance to commence. M. Paul, setting us before him, harangued us briefly, like a general addressing soldiers about to charge. I don't know what he said, except that he recommended each to penetrate herself with a sense of her personal insignificance. God knows I thought this advice superfluous for some of us. A bell tinkled. I and two more were ushered on to the stage. The bell tinkled again. I had to speak the very first words.

'Do not look at the crowd, nor think of it', whispered M. Paul in my ear. 'Imagine yourself in the garret, acting to the rats.'

He vanished. The curtain drew up - shrivelled to the ceiling; the bright lights, the long room, the gay throng, burst upon us. I thought of the black beetles, the old boxes, the worm-eaten bureaux. I said my say badly; but I said it. That first speech was the difficulty; it revealed to me this fact, that it was not the crowd I feared so much as my own voice. Foreigners and strangers, the crowd were nothing to me. Nor did I think of them. When my tongue once got free, and my voice took its true pitch, and found its natural tone, I thought of nothing but the personage I represented - and of M. Paul, who was listening, watching, prompting in the side scenes.

By-and-by, feeling the right power come - the spring demanded gush and rise inwardly - I became sufficiently composed to notice my fellow actors. Some of them played very well; especially Ginevra Fanshawe, who had to coquette between two suitors, and managed admirably: in fact she was in her element. I observed that she once or twice threw a certain marked fondness and pointed partiality into her manner towards me - the fop. With such emphasis and animation did she favour me, such glances did she dart out into the listening and applauding crowd, that to me - who knew her - it presently became evident she was acting at some one; and I

followed her eye, her smile, her gesture, and ere long discovered that she had at least singled out a handsome and distinguished aim for her shafts; full in the path of those arrows - taller than other spectators, and therefore more sure to receive them - stood, in attitude quiet but intent, a well-known form - that of Dr. John.

The spectacle seemed somehow suggestive. There was language in Dr. John's look, though I cannot tell what he said; it animated me: I drew out of it a history; I put my idea into the part I performed; I threw it into my wooing of Ginevra. In the 'Ours', or sincere lover, I saw Dr. John. Did I pity him, as erst? No, I hardened my heart, rivalled and outrivalled him. I knew myself but a fop, but where *he* was outcast *I* could please. Now I know I acted as if wishful and resolute to win and conquer. Ginevra seconded me; between us we half changed the nature of the *rôle*, gilding it from top to toe. Between the acts M. Paul told us he knew not what possessed us, and half expostulated, 'C'est peut être plus beau que votre modèle', said he, 'mais ce n'est pas juste.' I know not what possessed me either; but somehow, my longing was to eclipse the 'Ours', *i.e.*, Dr. John. Ginevra was tender; how could I be otherwise than chivalric? Retaining the letter, I recklessly altered the spirit of the *rôle*. Without heart, without interest, I could not play it at all. It must be played - in went the yearned-for seasoning - thus flavoured, I played it with relish.

What I felt that night, and what I did, I no more expected to feel and do, than to be lifted in a trance to the seventh heaven. Cold, reluctant, apprehensive, I had accepted a part to please another: ere long, warming, becoming interested, taking courage, I acted to please myself. Yet the next day, when I thought it over, I quite disapproved of these amateur performances; and though glad that I had obliged M. Paul and tried my own strength for once, I took a firm resolution never to be drawn into a similar affair. A keen relish for dramatic expression had revealed itself as part of my nature; to cherish and exercise this new-found faculty might gift me with a world of delight, but it would not do for a mere looker-on at life: the strength and longing must be put by; and I put them by, and fastened them in with the lock of a resolution which neither Time nor Temptation has since picked.

No sooner was the play over and *well* over, than the choleric and arbitrary M. Paul underwent a metamorphosis. His hour of managerial responsibility past, he at once laid aside his magisterial austerity; in a moment he stood amongst us, vivacious, kind and social, shook hands with us all round, thanked us separately, and announced his determination that each of us should in turn be his partner in the coming ball. On his claiming my promise, I told him I did not dance. 'For once I must', was the answer; and if I had not slipped aside and kept out of his way, he would have compelled me to this second performance. But I had acted enough for one evening; it was time I retired into myself and my ordinary life. My dun-coloured dress did well enough under a *paletôt* on the stage, but would not suit a waltz or a quadrille. Withdrawing to a quiet nook, whence unobserved I could observe - the ball, its splendours and its pleasures, passed before me as a spectacle.

Text 9

Charlotte Bronte

Villette

Chapter II

Paulina

Some days elapsed, and it appeared she was not likely to take much of a fancy to anybody in the house. She was not exactly naughty or willful: she was far from disobedient; but an object less conducive to comfort - to tranquility even - than she presented, it was scarcely possible to have before one's eyes. She moped: no grown person could have performed that uncheering business better; no furrowed face of adult exile, longing for Europe at Europe's antipodes, ever bore more legibly the signs of homesickness than did her infant visage. She seemed growing old and unearthly. I, Lucy Snowe, plead guiltless of that curse, an overheated and discursive imagination; but whenever, opening a room-door, I found her seated in a corner alone - her head on her pigmy hand - that room seemed to me not inhabited, but haunted.

And again, when of moonlight nights, on waking, I beheld her figure, white and conspicuous in its night-dress, kneeling upright in bed, and praying like some Catholic or Methodist enthusiast - some precocious fanatic or untimely saint - I scarcely know what thoughts I had; but they ran risk of being hardly more rational and healthy than that child's mind must have been.

I seldom caught a word of her prayers, for they were whispered low: sometimes, indeed, they were not whispered at all, but put up unuttered; such rare sentences as reached my ear still bore the burden, 'Papa; my dear papa!' This, I perceived, was a one-ideaed nature; betraying that monomaniac tendency I have ever thought the most unfortunate with which man or woman can be cursed.

What might have been the end of this fretting, had it continued unchecked, can only be conjectured: it received, however, a sudden turn.

One afternoon Mrs. Bretton, coaxing her from her usual station in a corner, had lifted her into the window-seat, and, by way of occupying her attention, told her to watch the passengers and count how many ladies should go down the street in a given time. She had sat listlessly, hardly looking, and not counting, when - my eye being fixed on hers - I witnessed in its iris and pupil a startling transfiguration. These sudden, dangerous natures - *sensitive* as they are called - offer many a curious spectacle to those whom a cooler temperament has secured from participation in their angular vagaries. The fixed and heavy gaze swum, trembled, then glittered in fire; the small overcast brow cleared; the trivial and dejected features lit up; the sad countenance vanished, and in its place appeared a sudden eagerness, an intense expectancy.

'It *is*!' were her words.

Like a bird or a shaft, or any other swift thing, she was gone from the room. How she got the house-door open I cannot tell; probably it might be ajar; perhaps Warren was in the way and obeyed her behest, which would be impetuous enough. I - watching calmly from the window - saw her, in her black frock and tiny braided apron (to pinafores she had an antipathy), dart half the length of the street; and, as I was on the point of turning, and quietly announcing to Mrs. Bretton that the child

was run out mad, and ought instantly to be pursued, I saw her caught up, and rapt at once from my cool observation, and from the wondering stare of the passengers. A gentleman had done this good turn, and now, covering her with his cloak, advanced to restore her to the house whence he had seen her issue.

I concluded he would leave her in a servant's charge and withdraw; but he entered: having tarried a little while below, he came upstairs.

His reception immediately explained that he was known to Mrs. Bretton. She recognised him; she greeted him, and yet she was fluttered, surprised, taken unawares. Her look and manner were even expostulatory; and in reply to these, rather than her words, he said,

'I could not help it, madam: I found it impossible to leave the country without seeing with my own eyes how she settled.'

'But you will unsettle her.'

'I hope not. And how is papa's little Polly?'

This question he addressed to Paulina, as he sat down and placed her gently on the ground before him.

'How is Polly's papa?' was the reply, as she leaned on his knee, and gazed up into his face.

It was not a noisy, not a wordy scene: for that I was thankful; but it was a scene of feeling, too brimful, and which, because the cup did not foam up high, or furiously overflow, only oppressed one the more. On all occasions of vehement, unrestrained expansion, a sense of disdain or ridicule comes to the weary spectator's relief; whereas I have ever felt most burdensome that sort of sensibility which bends of its own will, a giant slave under the sway of good sense.

Mr. Home was a stern-featured, perhaps I should rather say, a hard-featured man: his forehead was knotty, and his cheek-bones were marked and prominent. The character of his face was quite Scotch; but there was feeling in his eye, and emotion in his now agitated countenance. His northern accent in speaking harmonised with his physiognomy. He was at once proud-looking and homely-looking.

He laid his hand on the child's uplifted head. She said:

'Kiss Polly.'

He kissed her. I wished she would utter some hysterical cry, so that I might get relief and be at ease. She made wonderfully little noise: she seemed to have got what she wanted - *all* she wanted - and to be in a trance of content. Neither in mien nor features was this creature like her sire, and yet she was of his strain: her mind had been filled from his, as the cup from the flagon.

Indisputably Mr. Home owned manly self-control, however he might secretly feel on some matters. 'Polly', he said, looking down on this little girl, 'go into the hall; you will see papa's greatcoat lying on a chair; put your hand into the pockets, you will find a pocket handkerchief; bring it to me.'

She obeyed; went and returned deftly and nimbly. He was talking to Mrs. Bretton when she came back, and she waited with the handkerchief in her hand. It was a picture, in its way, to see her, with her tiny stature and trim, neat shape, standing at his knee. Seeing that he continued to talk - apparently unconscious of her return - she took his hand, opened the unresisting fingers, insinuated into them the handkerchief, and closed them upon it one by one. He still seemed not to see or feel her; but by-and-by, he lifted her to his knee; she nestled against him, and though neither looked at or spoke to the other for an hour following, I suppose both were satisfied

Text 10

K. Mansfield

The Little Girl

TO the little girl he was a figure to be feared and avoided. Every morning before going to business he came into the nursery and gave her a perfunctory kiss, to which she responded with “Good-bye, father.” And oh, the glad sense of relief when she heard the noise of the buggy growing fainter and fainter down the long road!

In the evening, leaning over the banisters at his home-coming, she heard his loud voice in the hall. “Bring my tea into the smoking-room. … Hasn't the paper come yet? Have they taken it into the kitchen again? Mother, go and see if my paper's out there— and bring me my slippers.”

“Kezia,” mother would call to her, “if you're a good girl you can come down and take off father's boots.” Slowly the girl would slip down the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters with one hand—more slowly still, across the hall, and push open the smoking-room door.

By that time he had his spectacles on and looked at her over them in a way that was terrifying to the little girl.

“Well, Kezia, get a move on and pull off these boots and take them outside. Been a good girl to-day?”

“I d-d-don't know, father.”

“You d-d-don't know? If you stutter like that mother will have to take you to the doctor.”

She never stuttered with other people—had quite given it up—but only with father, because then she was trying so hard to say the words properly.

“What's the matter? What are you looking so wretched about? Mother, I wish you would teach this child not to appear on the brink of suicide. … Here, Kezia, carry my teacup back to the table—carefully; your hands jog like an old lady's. And try to keep your handkerchief in your pocket, *not* up your sleeve.”

Y-y-yes, father.”

On Sundays she sat in the same pew with him in church, listening while he sang in a loud, clear voice, watching while he made little notes during the sermon with the stump of a blue pencil on the back of an envelope—his eyes narrowed to a slit—one hand beating a silent tattoo on the pew ledge. He said his prayers so loudly she was certain God heard him above the clergyman.

He was so big—his hands and his neck, especially his mouth when he yawned. Thinking about him alone in the nursery was like thinking about a giant.

On Sunday afternoons grandmother sent her down to the drawing-room, dressed in her brown velvet, to have a “nice talk with father and mother.” But the little girl always found mother reading *The Sketch* and father stretched out on the couch, his handkerchief on his face, his feet propped on one of the best sofa pillows, and so soundly sleeping that he snored.

She, perched on the piano-stool, gravely watched him until he woke and stretched, and asked the time—then looked at her.

“Don't stare so, Kezia. You look like a little brown owl.”

One day, when she was kept indoors with a cold, the grandmother told her that father's birthday was next week, and suggested she should make him a pincushion for a present out of a beautiful piece of yellow silk.

Laboriously, with a double cotton, the little girl stitched three sides. But what to fill it with? That was the question. The grandmother was out in the garden, and she wandered into mother's bedroom to look for “scraps.” On the bed table she discovered a great many sheets of fine paper, gathered them up, shredded them into tiny pieces, and stuffed her case, then sewed up the fourth side.

That night there was a hue and cry over the house. Father's great speech for the Port Authority had been lost. Rooms were ransacked—servants questioned. Finally mother came into the nursery.

“Kezia, I suppose you didn't see some papers on a table in our room?”

“Oh, yes,” she said. “I tore them up for my s'prise.”

“*What*!” screamed mother. “Come straight down to the dining-room this instant.”

And she was dragged down to where father was pacing to and fro, hands behind his back.

“Well? “he said sharply.

Mother explained.

He stopped and stared in a stupefied manner at the child.

“Did you do that?”

“N-n-no,” she whispered.

“Mother, go up to the nursery and fetch down the damned thing—see that the child's put to bed this instant.”

Crying too much to explain, she lay in the shadowed room watching the evening light sift through the Venetian blinds and trace a sad little pattern on the floor.

Then father came into the room with a ruler in his hands.

“I am going to whip you for this,” he said.

“Oh, no, no!” she screamed, cowering down under the bedclothes.

He pulled them aside.

“Sit up,” he commanded, “and hold out your hands. You must be taught once and for all not to touch what does not belong to you.”

“But it was for your b-b-birthday.”

Down came the ruler on her little, pink palms.

Hours later, when the grandmother had wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her in the rocking-chair the child cuddled close to her soft body.

“What did Jesus make fathers for? “she sobbed.

“Here's a clean hanky, darling, with some of my lavender water on it. Go to sleep, pet; you'll forget all about it in the morning. I tried to explain to father, but he was too upset to listen to-night.”

But the child never forgot. Next time she saw him she whipped both hands behind her back, and a red colour flew into her cheeks.

The Macdonalds lived in the next-door house. Five children there were. Looking through a hole in the vegetable garden fence the little girl saw them playing “tag” in the evening. The father with the baby Mac on his shoulders, two little girls hanging on to his coat tails, ran round and round the flower beds, shaking with laughter. Once she saw the boys turn the hose on him—*turn the hose on him*— and he made a great grab at them, tickling them until they got hiccoughs.

Then it was she decided there were different sorts of fathers.

Suddenly, one day, mother became ill, and she and grandmother drove into town in a closed carriage.

The little girl was left alone in the house with Alice, the “general.” That was all right in the daytime, but while Alice was putting her to bed she grew suddenly afraid.

“What'll I do if I have nightmare?” she asked. “I *often* have nightmare, and then grannie takes me into her bed—I can't stay in the dark—it all gets ' whispery.'… What'll I do if I do?”

“You just go to sleep, child,” said Alice, pulling off her socks and whacking them against the bedrail, “and don't you holler out and wake your poor pa.”

But the same old nightmare came—the butcher with a knife and a rope who grew nearer and nearer, smiling that dreadful smile, while she could not move, could only stand still, crying out, “Grandma, Grandma!” She woke shivering, to see father beside her bed, a candle in his hand.

“What's the matter?” he said.

“Oh, a butcher—a knife—I want grannie.” He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom. A newspaper was on the bed—a half-smoked cigar balanced against his reading-lamp. He pitched the paper on the floor, threw the cigar into the fireplace, then carefully tucked up the child. He lay down beside her. Half asleep still, still with the butcher's smile all about her, it seemed, she crept close to him, snuggled her head under his arm, held tightly to his pyjama jacket.

Then the dark did not matter; she lay still. “Here, rub your feet against my legs and get them warm,” said father.

Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor father! Not so big, after all—and with no one to look after him. … He was harder than the grandmother, but it was a nice hardness. … And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr. Macdonald. … She had torn up all his beautiful writing. … She stirred suddenly, and sighed.

“What's the matter?” asked father. “Another dream?”

“Oh,” said the little girl, “my head's on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, father dear.”

Text 11

K. Mansfield

Sun and Moon

IN the afternoon the chairs came, a whole big cart full of little gold ones with their legs in the air. And then the flowers came. When you stared down from the balcony at the people carrying them the flower pots looked like funny awfully nice hats nodding up the path.

Moon thought they were hats. She said: "Look. There's a man wearing a palm on his head." But she never knew the difference between real things and not real ones.

There was nobody to look after Sun and Moon. Nurse was helping Annie alter Mother's dress which was much-too-long-and-tight-under-the-arms and Mother was running all over the house and telephoning Father to be sure not to forget things. She only had time to say: "Out of my way, children!"

They kept out of her way–at any rate Sun did. He did so hate being sent stumping back to the nursery. It didn't matter about Moon. If she got tangled in people's legs they only threw her up and shook her till she squeaked. But Sun was too heavy for that. He was so heavy that the fat man who came to dinner on Sundays used to say: "Now, young man, let's try to lift you." And then he'd put his thumbs under Sun's arms and groan and try and give it up at last saying: "He's a perfect little ton of bricks!

Nearly all the furniture was taken out of the dining-room. The big piano was put in a corner and then there came a row of flower pots and then there came the goldy chairs. That was for the concert. When Sun looked in a white faced man sat at the piano–not playing, but banging at it and then looking inside. He had a bag of tools on the piano and he had stuck his hat on a statue against the wall. Sometimes he just started to play and then he jumped up again and looked inside. Sun hoped he wasn't the concert.

But of course the place to be in was the kitchen. There was a man helping in a cap like a blancmange, and their real cook, Minnie, was all red in the face and

laughing. Not cross at all. She gave them each an almond finger and lifted them up on to the flour bin so that they could watch the wonderful things she and the man were making for supper. Cook brought in the things and he put them on dishes and trimmed them. Whole fishes, with their heads and eyes and tails still on, he sprinkled with red and green and yellow bits; he made squiggles all over the jellies, he stuck a collar on a ham and put a very thin sort of a fork in it; he dotted almonds and tiny round biscuits on the creams. And more and more things kept coming.

"Ah, but you haven't seen the ice pudding," said Cook. "Come along." Why was she being so nice, thought Sun as she gave them each a hand. And they looked into the refrigerator.

Oh! Oh! Oh! It was a little house. It was a little pink house with white snow on the roof and green windows and a brown door and stuck in the door there was a nut for a handle.

When Sun saw the nut he felt quite tired and had to lean against Cook.

"Let me touch it. Just let me put my finger on the roof," said Moon, dancing. She always wanted to touch all the food. Sun didn't.

"Now, my girl, look sharp with the table," said Cook as the housemaid came in.

"It's a picture, Min," said Nellie. "Come along and have a look." So they all went into the dining-room. Sun and Moon were almost frightened. They wouldn't go up to the table at first; they just stood at the door and made eyes at it. It wasn't real night yet but the blinds were down in the dining-room and the lights turned on–and all the lights were red roses. Red ribbons and bunches of roses tied up the table at the corners. In the middle was a lake with rose petals floating on it.

"That's where the ice pudding is to be," said Cook.

Two silver lions with wings had fruit on their backs, and the salt cellars were tiny birds drinking out of basins.

And all the winking glasses and shining plates and sparkling knives and forks–and all the food. And the little red table napkins made into roses. . . .

"Are people going to eat the food?" asked Sun.

"I should just think they were," laughed Cook, laughing with Nellie. Moon laughed, too; she always did the same as other people. But Sun didn't want to laugh. Round and round he walked with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he never would have stopped if Nurse hadn't called suddenly: "Now then, children. It's high time you were washed and dressed." And they were marched off to the nursery.

While they were being unbuttoned Mother looked in with a white thing over her shoulders; she was rubbing stuff on her face.

"I'll ring for them when I want them, Nurse, and then they can just come down and be seen and go back again," said she.

Sun was undressed first, nearly to his skin, and dressed again in a white shirt with red and white daisies speckled on it, breeches with strings at the sides and braces that came over, white socks and red shoes.

"Now you're in your Russian costume," said Nurse, flattening down his fringe.

"Am I?" said Sun.

"Yes. Sit quiet in that chair and watch your little sister."

Moon took ages. When she had her socks put on she pretended to fall back on the bed and waved her legs at Nurse as she always did, and every time Nurse tried to make her curls with a finger and a wet brush she turned round and asked Nurse to show her the photo of her brooch or something like that. But at last she was finished too. Her dress stuck out, with fur on it, all white; there was even fluffy stuff on the legs of her drawers. Her shoes were white with big blobs on them.

"There you are, my lamb," said Nurse. "And you look like a sweet little cherub of a picture of a powder-puff!" Nurse rushed to the door. "Ma'am, one moment."

Mother came in again with half her hair down.

"Oh," she cried. "What a picture!"

"Isn't she," said Nurse.

And Moon held out her skirts by the tips and dragged one of her feet. Sun didn't mind people not noticing him–much. . . .

After that they played clean tidy games up at the table while Nurse stood at the door, and when the carriages began to come and the sound of laughter and voices and soft rustlings came from down below she whispered: "Now then, children, stay where you are." Moon kept jerking the table cloth so that it all hung down her side and Sun hadn't any–and then she pretended she didn't do it on purpose.

At last the bell rang. Nurse pounced at them with the hair brush, flattened his fringe, made her bow stand on end, and joined their hands together.

"Down you go!" she whispered.

And down they went. Sun did feel silly holding Moon's hand like that but Moon seemed to like it. She swung her arm and the bell on her coral bracelet jingled.

At the drawing-room door stood Mother fanning herself with a black fan. The drawing-room was full of sweet smelling, silky, rustling ladies and men in black with funny tails on their coats–like beetles. Father was among them, talking very loud, and rattling something in his pocket.

"What a picture!" cried the ladies. "Oh, the ducks! Oh, the lambs! Oh, the sweets! Oh, the pets!"

All the people who couldn't get at Moon kissed Sun, and a skinny old lady with teeth that clicked said: "Such a serious little poppet," and rapped him on the head with something hard.

Sun looked to see if the same concert was there, but he was gone. Instead, a fat man with a pink head leaned over the piano talking to a girl who held a violin at her ear.

There was only one man that Sun really liked. He was a little grey man, with long grey whiskers, who walked about by himself. He came up to Sun and rolled his eyes in a very nice way and said: "Hullo, my lad." Then he went away. But soon he came back again and said: "Fond of dogs?" Sun said: "Yes." But then he

went away again and though Sun looked for him everywhere he couldn't find him. He thought perhaps he'd gone outside to fetch in a puppy.

"Good night, my precious babies," said Mother, folding them up in her bare arms. "Fly up to your little nest."

Then Moon went and made a silly of herself again. She put up her arms in front of everybody and said: "My Daddy must carry me."

But they seemed to like it, and Daddy swooped down and picked her up as he always did.

Nurse was in such a hurry to get them to bed that she even interrupted Sun over his prayers and said: "Get on with them, child, *do*." And the moment after they were in bed and in the dark except for the nightlight in its little saucer.

"Are you asleep?" asked Moon.

"No," said Sun. "Are you?"

"No," said Moon.

A long while after Sun woke up again. There was a loud, loud noise of clapping from downstairs, like when it rains. He heard Moon turn over.

"Moon, are you awake?"

"Yes, are you?"

"Yes. Well, let's go and look over the stairs."

They had just got settled on the top step when the drawing-room door opened and they heard the party cross over the hall into the dining-room. Then that door was shut; there was a noise of "pops" and laughing. Then that stopped and Sun saw them all walking round and round the lovely table with their hands behind their backs like he had done. Round and round they walked, looking and staring. The man with the grey whiskers liked the little house best. When he saw the nut for a handle he rolled his eyes like he did before and said to Sun: "Seen the nut?"

"Don't nod your head like that, Moon."

"I'm not nodding. It's you."

"It is not. I never nod my head."

"O–oh, you do. You're nodding it now."

"I'm not. I'm only showing you how not to do it."

When they woke up again they could only hear Father's voice very loud, and Mother, laughing away. Father came out of the dining-room, bounded up the stairs, and nearly fell over them.

"Hullo!" he said. "By Jove, Kitty, come and look at this."

Mother came out. "Oh, you naughty children," said she from the hall.

"Let's have 'em down and give 'em a bone," said Father. Sun had never seen him so jolly.

"No, certainly not," said Mother.

"Oh, my Daddy, do! Do have us down," said Moon.

"I'm hanged if I won't," cried Father. "I won't be bullied. Kitty–way there." And he caught them up, one under each arm.

Sun thought Mother would have been dreadfully cross. But she wasn't. She kept on laughing at Father.

"Oh, you dreadful boy!" said she. But she didn't mean Sun.

"Come on, kiddies. Come and have some pickings," said this jolly Father. But Moon stopped a minute.

"Mother–your dress is right off one side."

"Is it?" said Mother. And Father said "Yes" and pretended to bite her white shoulder, but she pushed him away.

And so they went back to the beautiful dining-room. But–oh! oh! what had happened. The ribbons and the roses were all pulled untied. The little red table napkins lay on the floor, all the shining plates were dirty and all the winking glasses. The lovely food that the man had trimmed was all thrown about, and there were bones and bits and fruit peels and shells everywhere. There was even a bottle lying down with stuff coming out of it on to the cloth and nobody stood it up again.

And the little pink house with the snow roof and the green windows was broken–broken–half melted away in the centre of the table.

"Come on, Sun," said Father, pretending not to notice.

Moon lifted up her pyjama legs and shuffled up to the table and stood on a chair, squeaking away.

"Have a bit of this ice," said Father, smashing in some more of the roof.

Mother took a little plate and held it for him; she put her other arm round his neck.

"Daddy. Daddy," shrieked Moon. "The little handle's left. The little nut. Kin I eat it?" And she reached across and picked it out of the door and scrunched it up, biting hard and blinking.

"Here, my lad," said Father.

But Sun did not move from the door. Suddenly he put up his head and gave a loud wail.

"I think it's horrid–horrid–horrid! " he sobbed.

"There, you see! "said Mother. "You see!"

"Off with you," said Father, no longer jolly. "This moment. Off you go!"

And wailing loudly, Sun stumped off to the nursery.

Text 12

Saki (H.H. Munro)

The Open Window

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavored to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you

letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the

child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window--"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you menfolk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who labored under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's

ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention--but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with a dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window, they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall door, the gravel drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window, "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of goodby or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

Text 13

O.Wilde

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Chapter 1 (extract)

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled ebony cane. "How English you are Basil! That is the second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman--always a rash thing to do--he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now, the value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probabilities are that the more insincere the man is, the more purely intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will not be coloured by either his wants, his desires, or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles, and I like persons with no principles better than anything else in the world. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me."

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art."

"He is all my art to me now," said the painter gravely. "I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinous was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course, I have done all that. But he is much more to me

than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way--I wonder will you understand me?--his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form in days of thought'--who is it who says that? I forget; but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad--for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty-- his merely visible presence--ah! I wonder can you realize all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in it all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body-- how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, an ideality that is void. Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me. Some subtle influence passed from him to me, and for the first time in my life I saw in the plain woodland the wonder I had always looked for and always missed."

"Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray."

Hallward got up from the seat and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. "Harry," he said, "Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I find him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all."

"Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?" asked Lord Henry.

"Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it, and I will not bare my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry--too much of myself!"

"Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions."

"I hate them for it," cried Hallward. "An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Some day I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray."

Text 14

O.Wilde

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Chapter 2 (extract)

"Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me," said Hallward, gazing intently at his picture. "It is quite true, I never talk when I am working, and never listen either, and it must be dreadfully tedious for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay."

"But what about my man at the Orleans?"

The painter laughed. "I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry. And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself."

Dorian Gray stepped up on the dais with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a little moue of discontent to Lord Henry, to whom he had rather taken a fancy. He was so unlike Basil. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a

beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him, "Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?"

"There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral--immoral from the scientific point of view."

"Why?"

"Because to influence a person is to give him one's own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts, or burn with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of some one else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is self-development. To realize one's nature perfectly--that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to one's self. Of course, they are charitable. They feed the hungry and clothe the beggar. But their own souls starve, and are naked. Courage has gone out of our race. Perhaps we never really had it. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals, the terror of God, which is the secret of religion--these are the two things that govern us. And yet--"

"Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy," said the painter, deep in his work and conscious only that a look had come into the lad's face that he had never seen there before.

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton days, "I believe that if one man were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream--I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of mediaevalism, and return to the Hellenic ideal-- to something finer, richer than the Hellenic ideal, it may be. But the bravest man amongst us is afraid of himself. The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification.

Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful. It has been said that the great events of the world take place in the brain. It is in the brain, and the brain only, that the great sins of the world take place also. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame--"

"Stop!" faltered Dorian Gray, "stop! you bewilder me. I don't know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don't speak. Let me think. Or, rather, let me try not to think."

For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh influences were at work within him. Yet they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that Basil's friend had said to him--words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in them-- had touched some secret chord that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses.

Music had stirred him like that. Music had troubled him many times. But music was not articulate. It was not a new world, but rather another chaos, that it created in us. Words! Mere words! How terrible they were! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them! They seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a music of their own as sweet as that of viol or of lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

Yes; there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-coloured to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

Text 15

H.S.Walpole

A Picture (extract)

It interested me just now to hear what you said about pictures. To you, obviously, pictures are one of two things, good investments or pegs to hang an argument on. I am not pretending to be superior to you over that, I have never understood myself why it should be considered disgraceful to look on a picture that you are buying as a decent investment; not if you look on it only as that, perhaps, but then you never do, no real picture buyer ever does. If he sees a print or an oil or a water-colour that will go up, he thinks, later in value, he is moved, ipso facto, by the beauty of it1. That may sound cynical, but value means beauty more often with most of us than we'd like to confess.

And then as to discussions about art, there are few things in my opinion more amusing and more futile too. As to the futility of it, consider the little collection that I've been showing you this evening— John, M'Coll, Orpen, Pryde, Nicholson, Newton, Crundall, and the more advanced ones.the Nashes, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Gertler2 — jumble all these names up in a hat and spot your winner. Contemporary work, how can you tell? I've collected these things simply because I like them and they are a constant unending joy to me, little scraps of beauty scattered up and down my little house.

And maybe that's the best reason, the only reason, for owning a picture, because you like it. After which platitude I come to what I want to say, that some pictures go far far deeper than that, have an active positive life of their own. If they take a liking to you they can save your life, and if they detest you they can ruin it. And that's no exaggeration; I'll tell you a little story.

Once upon a time there was a young man —well, if you want to know, it was myself — and I had just proposed to Miss Vanessa Scarlett and been accepted. Grand name, wasn't it? and it suited her wonderfully, she was like that, all flame and colour and fiery life.

I proposed to her one spring afternoon in a little street off Leicester Square. These little London streets on a spring afternoon can be magical; hawkers with barrows of flowers, daffodils and hyacinths and white lilac and tulips, magenta coloured, the air that pale soft dusty gold, so peculiarly London's, and a hush in the little street as though it had its finger on its lip. That is peculiarly London's, too. You don't get it in Paris or Berlin, where, if you're not among the main traffic, the streets are dead, nor in New York nor Chicago, where it's rattle rattle and scream scream from morning to night.

But do what you will in London, pull down all its buildings, fill it with traffic until "it doesn't know where to turn, it keeps its character unflinchingly, and the side streets and squares are pools of active quiet like a lake at evening, when the fish are leaping. Excuse me for being poetical, London always makes me so.

Well, then, it was in such a* little street that I was accepted by Vanessa. I just said, "Do you love me?" and she said "Yes," and I said, "Will you marry me?" and she said "Yes" again, and then jumped into a taxi before I could stop her, and was gone.

I hardly cared for a moment whether she were there or no. I walked, as every accepted lover walks, in a paradise of incredible happiness, and I walked really without knowing it straight into the Durham Galleries. I went in mechanically, I suppose, because I had been there so often before. These galleries had always exactly suited my taste; they were not very large, three little rooms, but their shows were all excellently varied, there was always some good reason for the pictures and sculpture there, but almost every school was represented at one time or another, from the rough ferocity of Ep-stein to the coloured fantasies of Rutherston and the gem-like pre-Raphaelite perfection of Southall.

I went in and there, standing on a chair looking at me, was a small oil of Walter Sickert's. It represented two Italian women talking, one seated on a bed and the other leaning over the back of a chair. The one on the bed was worn and wasted with a hard life, but she had lost none of her vitality, in the pose of her head, in the sparkle of her eyes, she was as vigorous as only an Italian working woman can be.

It was a most intimate picture, in dull colours, the only relief a little pink shadow in the dress, but as I looked at it, I seemed to belong to those two women and they to me, yes, although I belonged now body and soul to Vanessa. And it had that wonderful power that everything of Sickert's has of suggesting so much more than it stated. It was a door, as every fine work of art ought to be, to many things far beyond the picture itself.

I asked its price and found it more than I could afford (Sickert now in his older age was beginning at last to come into his own). I didn't, of course, really take it in; I could think of nothing but my good fortune, I was in a kind of dizzy delirium.

Text 16

J. Galsworthy

To Let

Chapter 1

Encounter (extract)

Arriving at the Gallery off Cork Street, however, he paid his shilling, picked up a catalogue, and entered. Some ten persons were prowling round. Soames took steps and came on what looked to him like a lamp-post bent by collision with a motor omnibus. It was advanced some three paces from the wall, and was described in his catalogue as “Jupiter.” He examined it with curiosity, having recently turned some of his attention to sculpture. ‘If that’s Jupiter,’ he thought, ‘I wonder what Juno’s like.’ And suddenly he saw her, opposite. She appeared to him like nothing so much as a pump with two handles, lightly clad in snow. He was still gazing at her, when two of the prowlers halted on his left. “Epatant!” he heard one say.

“Jargon!” growled Soames to himself.

The other’s boyish voice replied:

“Missed it, old bean; he’s pulling your leg. When Jove and Juno created he them, he was saying: ‘I’ll see how much these fools will swallow.’ And they’ve lapped up the lot.”

“You young duffer! Vospovitch is an innovator. Don’t you see that he’s brought satire into sculpture? The future of plastic art, of music, painting, and even architecture, has set in satiric. It was bound to. People are tired—the bottom’s tumbled out of sentiment.”

“Well, I’m quite equal to taking a little interest in beauty. I was through the War. You’ve dropped your handkerchief, sir.”

Soames saw a handkerchief held out in front of him. He took it with some natural suspicion, and approached it to his nose. It had the right scent—of distant Eau de Cologne—and his initials in a corner. Slightly reassured, he raised his eyes to the young man’s face. It had rather fawn-like ears, a laughing mouth, with half a toothbrush growing out of it on each side, and small lively eyes, above a normally dressed appearance.

“Thank you,” he said; and moved by a sort of irritation, added: “Glad to hear you like beauty; that’s rare, nowadays.”

“I dote on it,” said the young man; “but you and I are the last of the old guard, sir.”

Soames smiled.

“If you really care for pictures,” he said, “here’s my card. I can show you some quite good ones any Sunday, if you’re down the river and care to look in.”

“Awfully nice of you, sir. I’ll drop in like a bird. My name’s Mont–Michael.” And he took off his hat.

Soames, already regretting his impulse, raised his own slightly in response, with a downward look at the young man’s companion, who had a purple tie, dreadful little slug-like whiskers, and a scornful look—as if he were a poet!

It was the first indiscretion he had committed for so long that he went and sat down in an alcove. What had possessed him to give his card to a rackety young fellow, who went about with a thing like that? And Fleur, always at the back of his

thoughts, started out like a filagree figure from a clock when the hour strikes. On the screen opposite the alcove was a large canvas with a great many square tomato-colored blobs on it, and nothing else, so far as Soames could see from where he sat. He looked at his catalogue: "No. 32—'The Future Town'—Paul Post." 'I suppose that's satiric too,' he thought. 'What a thing!' But his second impulse was more cautious. It did not do to condemn hurriedly. There had been those stripey, streaky creations of Monet's, which had turned out such trumps; and then the stippled school; and Gauguin. Why, even since the Post–Impressionists there had been one or two painters not to be sneezed at. During the thirty-eight years of his connoisseur's life, indeed, he had marked so many "movements," seen the tides of taste and technique so ebb and flow, that there was really no telling anything except that there was money to be made out of every change of fashion. This too might quite well be a case where one must subdue primordial instinct, or lose the market. He got up and stood before the picture, trying hard to see it with the eyes of other people. Above the tomato blobs was what he took to be a sunset, till some one passing said: "He's got the airplanes wonderfully, don't you think!" Below the tomato blobs was a band of white with vertical black stripes, to which he could assign no meaning whatever, till some one else came by, murmuring: "What expression he gets with his foreground!" Expression? Of what? Soames went back to his seat. The thing was "rich," as his father would have said, and he wouldn't give a damn for it. Expression! Ah! they were all Expressionists now, he had heard, on the Continent. So it was coming here too, was it? He remembered the first wave of influenza in 1887—or 8—hatched in China, so they said. He wondered where this—this Expressionism—had been hatched. The thing was a regular disease!

Text 17

J. Joyce

The Boarding House (extract)

MRS. MOONEY was a butcher's daughter. She was a woman who was quite able to keep things to herself: a determined woman. She had married her father's foreman and opened a butcher's shop near Spring Gardens. But as soon as his father-in-law was dead Mr. Mooney began to go to the devil. He drank, plundered the till, ran headlong into debt. It was no use making him take the pledge: he was sure to break out again a few days after. By fighting his wife in the presence of customers and by buying bad meat he ruined his business. One night he went for his wife with the cleaver and she had to sleep a neighbour's house.

After that they lived apart. She went to the priest and got a separation from him with care of the children. She would give him neither money nor food nor house-room; and so he was obliged to enlist himself as a sheriff's man.

He was a shabby stooped little drunkard with a white face and a white moustache white eyebrows, pencilled above his little eyes, which were veined and raw; and all day long he sat in the bailiff's room, waiting to be put on a job. Mrs. Mooney, who had taken what remained of her money out of the butcher business and set up a boarding house in Hardwicke Street, was a big imposing woman. Her house had a floating population made up of tourists from Liverpool and the Isle of Man and, occasionally, artistes from the music halls. Its resident population was made up of clerks from the city.

She governed the house cunningly and firmly, knew when to give credit, when to be stern and when to let things pass. All the resident young men spoke of her as The Madam. Mrs. Mooney's young men paid fifteen shillings a week for board and lodgings (beer or stout at dinner excluded). They shared in common tastes and occupations and for this reason they were very chummy with one another. They discussed with one another the chances of favourites and outsiders. Jack Mooney, the Madam's son, who was clerk to a commission agent in Fleet Street, had the reputation of being a hard case. He was fond of using soldiers' obscenities: usually he came home in the small hours. When he met his friends he had always a good one to tell them and he was always sure to be on to a good thing-that is to say, a likely horse or a likely artiste.

He was also handy with the mits and sang comic songs. On Sunday nights there would often be a reunion in Mrs. Mooney's front drawing-room. The music-hall artistes would oblige; and Sheridan played waltzes and polkas and vamped accompaniments. Polly Mooney, the Madam's daughter, would also sing. She sang:

I'm a ... naughty girl.

You needn't sham:

You know I am.

Polly was a slim girl of nineteen; she had light soft hair and a small full mouth. Her eyes, which were grey with a shade of green through them, had a habit of glancing upwards when she spoke with anyone, which made her look like a little perverse madonna. Mrs. Mooney had first sent her daughter to be a typist in a corn-factor's office but, as a disreputable sheriff's man used to come every other day to the office, asking to be allowed to say a word to his daughter, she had taken her daughter home again and set her to do housework. As Polly was very lively the intention was to give her the run of the young men. Besides young men like to feel that there is a young woman not very far away. Polly, of course, flirted with the young men but Mrs. Mooney, who was a shrewd judge, knew that the young men were only passing the time away: none of them meant business. Things went on so for a long time and Mrs. Mooney began to think of sending Polly back to typewriting when she noticed that something was going on between Polly and one of the young men. She watched the pair and kept her own counsel.

Polly knew that she was being watched, but still her mother's persistent silence could not be misunderstood. There had been no open complicity between mother and daughter, no open understanding but, though people in the house began to talk of the affair, still Mrs. Mooney did not intervene.

Polly began to grow a little strange in her manner and the young man was evidently perturbed. At last, when she judged it to be the right moment, Mrs. Mooney intervened. She dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat: and in this case she had made up her mind.

It was a bright Sunday morning of early summer, promising heat, but with a fresh breeze blowing. All the windows of the boarding house were open and the lace curtains ballooned gently towards the street beneath the raised sashes. The belfry of George's Church sent out constant peals and worshippers, singly or in groups, traversed the little circus before the church, revealing their purpose by their self-contained demeanour no less than by the little volumes in their gloved hands. Breakfast was over in the boarding house and the table of the breakfast-room was covered with plates on which lay yellow streaks of eggs with morsels of bacon-fat and bacon-rind. Mrs. Mooney sat in the straw arm-chair and watched the servant Mary remove the breakfast things. She mad Mary collect the crusts and pieces of broken bread to help to make Tuesday's bread- pudding. When the table was cleared, the broken bread collected, the sugar and butter safe under lock and key, she began to reconstruct the interview which she had had the night before with Polly. Things were as she had suspected: she had been frank in her questions and Polly had been frank in her answers. Both had been somewhat awkward, of course. She had been made awkward by her not wishing to receive the news in too cavalier a fashion or to seem to have connived and Polly had been made awkward not merely because allusions of that kind always made her awkward but also because she did not wish it to be thought that in her wise innocence she had divined the intention behind her mother's tolerance.

Text 18

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Winter Dreams

III (extract)

NEXT EVENING while he waited for her to come down-stairs, Dexter peopled the soft deep summer room and the sun-porch that opened from it with the men who had already loved Judy Jones. He knew the sort of men they were--the men who when he first went to college had entered from the great prep schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summers. He had seen that, in one

sense, he was better than these men. He was newer and stronger. Yet in acknowledging to himself that he wished his children to be like them he was admitting that he was but the rough, strong stuff from which they eternally sprang.

When the time had come for him to wear good clothes, he had known who were the best tailors in America, and the best tailors in America had made him the suit he wore this evening. He had acquired that particular reserve peculiar to his university, that set it off from other universities. He recognized the value to him of such a mannerism and he had adopted it; he knew that to be careless in dress and manner required more confidence than to be careful. But carelessness was for his children. His mother's name had been Krimslich. She was a Bohemian of the peasant class and she had talked broken English to the end of her days. Her son must keep to the set patterns.

At a little after seven Judy Jones came down-stairs. She wore a blue silk afternoon dress, and he was disappointed at first that she had not put on something more elaborate. This feeling was accentuated when, after a brief greeting, she went to the door of a butler's pantry and pushing it open called: "You can serve dinner, Martha." He had rather expected that a butler would announce dinner, that there would be a cocktail. Then he put these thoughts behind him as they sat down side by side on a lounge and looked at each other.

"Father and mother won't be here," she said thoughtfully. He remembered the last time he had seen her father, and he was glad the parents were not to be here to-night--they might wonder who he was. He had been born in Keeble, a Minnesota village fifty miles farther north, and he always gave Keeble as his home instead of Black Bear Village. Country towns were well enough to come from if they weren't inconveniently in sight and used as footstools by fashionable lakes.

They talked of his university, which she had visited frequently during the past two years, and of the near-by city which supplied Sherry Island with its patrons, and whither Dexter would return next day to his prospering laundries. During dinner she slipped into a moody depression which gave Dexter a feeling of uneasiness. Whatever petulance she uttered in her throaty voice worried him.

Whatever she smiled at-at him, at a chicken liver, at nothing--it disturbed him that her smile could have no root in mirth, or even in amusement.

When the scarlet corners of her lips curved down, it was less a smile than an invitation to a kiss. Then, after dinner, she led him out on the dark sun-porch and deliberately changed the atmosphere.

"Do you mind if I weep a little?" she said.

"I'm afraid I'm boring you," he responded quickly.

"You're not. I like you. But I've just had a terrible afternoon.

There was a man I cared about, and this afternoon he told me out of a clear sky that he was poor as a church-mouse. He'd never even hinted it before. Does this sound horribly mundane?"

"Perhaps he was afraid to tell you."

"Suppose he was," she answered. "He didn't start right. You see, if I'd thought of him as poor--well, I've been mad about loads of poor men, and fully intended to marry them all. But in this case, I hadn't thought of him that way, and my interest in him wasn't strong enough to survive the shock. As if a girl calmly informed her fiancé that she was a widow. He might not object to widows, but----

"Let's start right," she interrupted herself suddenly. "Who are you, anyhow?" For a moment Dexter hesitated. Then:

"I'm nobody," he announced. "My career is largely a matter of futures."

"Are you poor?"

"No," he said frankly, "I'm probably making more money than any man my age in the Northwest. I know that's an obnoxious remark, but you advised me to start right." There was a pause. Then she smiled and the corners of her mouth drooped and an almost imperceptible sway brought her closer to him, looking up into his eyes. A lump rose in Dexter's throat, and he waited breathless for the experiment, facing the unpredictable compound that would form mysteriously from the elements of their lips. Then he saw--she communicated her excitement to him, lavishly, deeply, with kisses that were not a promise but a fulfillment. They aroused in him not hunger demanding renewal but surfeit that would demand more

surfeit . . . kisses that were like charity, creating want by holding back nothing at all.

It did not take him many hours to decide that he had wanted Judy Jones ever since he was a proud, desirous little boy.

Text 19

H.S.Walpole

The Etching (extract)

But can you always tell, do you think? That seems to me by far the most difficult thing. After all, when you are married you hide the truth from the general world, whatever it may be, whether it is too happy to be told - people think you conceited lf you are very happy - or whether it is too unhappy to be confessed. A confession of failure? Who doesn't hide it if they can?

But that is not exactly what you mean. You were referring to that mysterious Balance of Power. That old over-quoted French proverb, about there being always one who extends the cheek and the other who kisses it, expresses it exactly. And for the outsider it is just that that is so difficult to decide. Women especially are so deceptive. How many adoring wives would slit the throats of their husbands tomorrow could they be certain that they would escape detection, and how many submissive and apparently devoted husbands would poison their wives tonight had they the courage and the security?

I am not railing against marriage, oh no. When it is happy it is happier than any other state the human being is capable of, but it does offer splendid mediums for safe hypocrisies. And the deepest and subtlest of all, of course, are the hypocrisies that deceive the hypocrites themselves.

Take, for instance, the Gabriels. Mrs. Gabriel was a large, four-square genial red-faced grey-haired woman with bright blue eyes and a hearty laugh. She was one of the sensible women of the world — "A rock of common sense" one of her many women friends called her. You felt that she had not always been thus, but had trained herself, through many difficult years, to self-control. You might guess

that she still had a temper and a pretty violent one too. But no one ever saw it. She said that losing one's temper was a criminal waste of time.

She was rather like a man in her business sense, in her scorn of emotional trifles, in her comradeship with men, in her contempt for nerves. And she spoke to her husband just as one man speaks to another. "Shut up, Billy," she would say. "All that rot... you don't know what you're talking about," and Billy would say with a shy, deprecating smile, "All right, my dear, I'll shut up." And he invariably did.

Some friends of the family thought her a great deal too 'bossy' to Billy, but so long as Billy did not mind, was it anyone else's business? And Billy did not mind. He simply adored her.

They had been married for fifteen years or more. They were the same age — something over forty. Billy Gabriel was' the manager of the Westminster branch of the "London and County Bank." Mrs. Gabriel had a little money of her own and they had, alas, no children, so that they were quite comfortably circumstanced and lived in a nice roomy flat in Harley House, Marylebone.

About only two things had there ever been any words between them — about living in the country and about spending money.

Billy would have adored to live in the country. His ideal happiness was to have a pleasant cottage — not too large and certainly not too small — somewhere not too far from London, but with a view (of hills, woods and a stream), a garden and some dogs (Sealyhams* preferred). He was a long thin man with sandy hair, mild brown eyes, and a meditative mouth that often seemed about to break into a smile and then did not.

You would have said that he was a shy and timid man. You would have been nearly right — but not quite.

Their disputes over money occurred because, strangely enough, Mrs. Gabriel was inclined to be mean. I say 'strangely' because it was odd that when she was so sensible about everything else she should be a little stupid about this.

It is stupid, when you have plenty of means, no children, and another half who is in no kind of way extravagant, that you should worry and complain about

tram fares and seats in the dress-circle. But Mrs. Gabriel had been brought up on very small rations indeed and there is no one so seriously tempted to meanness as he who has had a penurious childhood and then made, or come into, money.

Nevertheless, all the friends of the Gabriels thought them a very happy and devoted couple. Of -course he was by far fonder of her than she of him. Anyone could see that with half an eye. She should have married someone with more personality than Billy, and/good little man as he was, there were times, you could see, when she found it very difficult to be patient with him. She was fond of him, yes, but rather as a mother is fond of a disappointing child who will be gauche and awkward in company.

Billy was shy and clumsy in company, but that was partly because Mrs Billy made him so. She had begun in the early days of their married life to correct him out of sheer love for him and his funny silly little ways. He was so unpractical (outside his work at the Bank, where he was the last word in method and accuracy), so dreamy and, sometimes, so untidy. And he did love to bore people with long endless wandering stories in which really they could not be expected to take an interest, and so she began by checking him when she saw that other people were becoming bored, and soon it was quite a habit with her. "Shut up, Billy. ... All that rot. ... Who wants to listen...?"

And then he was so mild, she was so certain of his affection, he was so proud of her and submitted to her so readily, that she was encouraged to continue her "bossing". She ran him completely. She used to like to wonder what on earth he would ever do were she to go away or be ill. But she never went away (without him) and she was never ill, never gave in to illness. She did not believe in such weak pampering. She was like an elder brother — an elder brother who would wonder sometimes how so stupid and imperceptive a creature could have been born into the family. It was his imperceptions that called out her 'managing ways' most frequently. The things that he did not see, the way that he idled his time, dreaming How he would sit in the evening in their Harley Street flat just staring in front of him smoking his pipe, that smile so nearly there and never quite! Oh, it

would irritate her sometimes, she must confess, when she was so busy, to see him sitting there, and she would speak to him sharply and the dream would suddenly fade from his eyes and he would smile up at her (but not with the smile that was so nearly there and never quite) and hurry around and do some of the things that she told him. Oh! he adored her!— and she— well, it was a pity for her that she had not married someone with a more remarkable personality.

Text 20

J.London

The Call Of the Wild

Chapter 5 (extract)

It was beautiful spring weather, but neither dogs nor humans were aware of it. Each day the sun rose earlier and set later. It was dawn by three in the morning, and twilight lingered till nine at night. The whole long day was a blaze of sunshine. The ghostly winter silence had given way to the great spring murmur of awakening life. This murmur arose from all the land, fraught with the joy of living. It came from the things that lived and moved again, things which had been as dead and which had not moved during the long months of frost. The sap was rising in the pines. The willows and aspens were bursting out in young buds. Shrubs and vines were putting on fresh garbs of green. Crickets sang in the nights, and in the days all manner of creeping, crawling things rustled forth into the sun. Partridges and woodpeckers were booming and knocking in the forest. Squirrels were chattering, birds singing, and overhead honked the wild-fowl driving up from the south in cunning wedges that split the air.

From every hill slope came the trickle of running water, the music of unseen fountains. All things were thawing, bending, snapping. The Yukon was straining to break loose the ice that bound it down. It ate away from beneath; the sun ate from above. Air-holes formed, fissures sprang and spread apart, while thin sections of ice fell through bodily into the river. And amid all this bursting, rending, throbbing

of awakening life, under the blazing sun and through the soft-sighing breezes, like wayfarers to death, staggered the two men, the woman, and the huskies.

With the dogs falling, Mercedes weeping and riding, Hal swearing innocuously, and Charles's eyes wistfully watering, they staggered into John Thornton's camp at the mouth of White River. When they halted, the dogs dropped down as though they had all been struck dead. Mercedes dried her eyes and looked at John Thornton. Charles sat down on a log to rest. He sat down very slowly and painstakingly what of his great stiffness. Hal did the talking. John Thornton was whittling the last touches on an axe-handle he had made from a stick of birch. He whittled and listened, gave monosyllabic replies, and, when it was asked, terse advice. He knew the breed, and he gave his advice in the certainty that it would not be followed.

"They told us up above that the bottom was dropping out of the trail and that the best thing for us to do was to lay over," Hal said in response to Thornton's warning to take no more chances on the rotten ice. "They told us we couldn't make White River, and here we are." This last with a sneering ring of triumph in it.

"And they told you true," John Thornton answered. "The bottom's likely to drop out at any moment. Only fools, with the blind luck of fools, could have made it. I tell you straight, I wouldn't risk my carcass on that ice for all the gold in Alaska."

"That's because you're not a fool, I suppose," said Hal. "All the same, we'll go on to Dawson." He uncoiled his whip. "Get up there, Buck! Hi! Get up there! Mush on!"

Thornton went on whittling. It was idle, he knew, to get between a fool and his folly; while two or three fools more or less would not alter the scheme of things.

But the team did not get up at the command. It had long since passed into the stage where blows were required to rouse it. The whip flashed out, here and there, on its merciless errands. John Thornton compressed his lips. Sol-leks was the first to crawl to his feet. Teek followed. Joe came next, yelping with pain. Pike made

painful efforts. Twice he fell over, when half up, and on the third attempt managed to rise. Buck made no effort. He lay quietly where he had fallen. The lash bit into him again and again, but he neither whined nor struggled. Several times Thornton started, as though to speak, but changed his mind. A moisture came into his eyes, and, as the whipping continued, he arose and walked irresolutely up and down.

This was the first time Buck had failed, in itself a sufficient reason to drive Hal into a rage. He exchanged the whip for the customary club. Buck refused to move under the rain of heavier blows which now fell upon him. Like his mates, he barely able to get up, but, unlike them, he had made up his mind not to get up. He had a vague feeling of impending doom. This had been strong upon him when he pulled in to the bank, and it had not departed from him. What of the thin and rotten ice he had felt under his feet all day, it seemed that he sensed disaster close at hand, out there ahead on the ice where his master was trying to drive him. He refused to stir. So greatly had he suffered, and so far gone was he, that the blows did not hurt much. And as they continued to fall upon him, the spark of life within flickered and went down. It was nearly out. He felt strangely numb. As though from a great distance, he was aware that he was being beaten. The last sensations of pain left him. He no longer felt anything, though very faintly he could hear the impact of the club upon his body. But it was no longer his body, it seemed so far away.

Text 21

T.Hardy

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

Chapter 14 (extract)

It was a hazy sunrise in August. The denser nocturnal vapours, attacked by the warm beams, were dividing and shrinking into isolated fleeces within hollows and coverts, where they waited till they should be dried away to nothing.

The sun, on account of the mist, had a curious sentient, personal look, demanding the masculine pronoun for its adequate expression. His present aspect,

coupled with the lack of all human forms in the scene, explained the old-time heliolatries in a moment. One could feel that a saner religion had never prevailed under the sky. The luminary was a golden-haired, beaming, mild-eyed, God-like creature, gazing down in the vigour and intentness of youth upon an earth that was brimming with interest for him.

His light, a little later, broke though chinks of cottage shutters, throwing stripes like red-hot pokers upon cupboards, chests of drawers, and other furniture within; and awakening harvesters who were not already astir.

But of all ruddy things that morning the brightest were two broad arms of painted wood, which rose from the margin of yellow cornfield hard by Marlott village. They, with two others below, formed the revolving Maltese cross of the reaping-machine, which had been brought to the field on the previous evening to be ready for operations this day. The paint with which they were smeared, intensified in hue by the sunlight, imparted to them a look of having been dipped in liquid fire.

The field had already been "opened"; that is to say, a lane a few feet wide had been hand-cut through the wheat along the whole circumference of the field for the first passage of the horses and machine.

Two groups, one of men and lads, the other of women, had come down the lane just at the hour when the shadows of the eastern hedge-top struck the west hedge midway, so that the heads of the groups were enjoying sunrise while their feet were still in the dawn. They disappeared from the lane between the two stone posts which flanked the nearest field-gate.

Presently there arose from within a ticking like the love-making of the grasshopper. The machine had begun, and a moving concatenation of three horses and the aforesaid long rickety machine was visible over the gate, a driver sitting upon one of the hauling horses, and an attendant on the seat of the implement. Along one side of the field the whole wain went, the arms of the mechanical reaper revolving slowly, till it passed down the hill quite out of sight. In a minute it came up on the other side of the field at the same equable pace; the glistening brass star

in the forehead of the fore horse first catching the eye as it rose into view over the stubble, then the bright arms, and then the whole machine.

The narrow lane of stubble encompassing the field grew wider with each circuit, and the standing corn was reduced to smaller area as the morning wore on. Rabbits, hares, snakes, rats, mice, retreated inwards as into a fastness, unaware of the ephemeral nature of their refuge, and of the doom that awaited them later in the day when, their covert shrinking to a more and more horrible narrowness, they were huddled together, friends and foes, till the last few yards of upright wheat fell also under the teeth of the unerring reaper, and they were every one put to death by the sticks and stones of the harvesters.

The reaping-machine left the fallen corn behind it in little heaps, each heap being of the quantity for a sheaf; and upon these the active binders in the rear laid their hands--mainly women, but some of them men in print shirts, and trousers supported round their waists by leather straps, rendering useless the two buttons behind, which twinkled and bristled with sunbeams at every movement of each wearer, as if they were a pair of eyes in the small of his back.

But those of the other sex were the most interesting of this company of binders, by reason of the charm which is acquired by woman when she becomes part and parcel of outdoor nature, and is not merely an object set down therein as at ordinary times. A field-man is a personality afield; a field-woman is a portion of the field; she had somehow lost her own margin, imbibed the essence of her surrounding, and assimilated herself with it.

The women-or rather girls, for they were mostly young--wore drawn cotton bonnets with great flapping curtains to keep off the sun, and gloves to prevent their hands being wounded by the stubble. There was one wearing a pale pink jacket, another in a cream-coloured tight-sleeved gown, another in a petticoat as red as the arms of the reaping-machine; and others, older, in the brown-rough "wropper" or over-all--the old-established and most appropriate dress of the field-woman, which the young ones were abandoning. This morning the eye returns involuntarily to the girl in the pink cotton jacket, she being the most flexuous and finely-drawn figure

of them all. But her bonnet is pulled so far over her brow that none of her face is disclosed while she binds, though her complexion may be guessed from a stray twine or two of dark brown hair which extends below the curtain of her bonnet. Perhaps one reason why she seduces casual attention is that she never courts it, though the other women often gaze around them.

Her binding proceeds with clock-like monotony. From the sheaf last finished she draws a handful of ears, patting their tips with her left palm to bring them even. Then stooping low she moves forward, gathering the corn with both hands against her knees, and pushing her left gloved hand under the bundle to meet the right on the other side, holding the corn in an embrace like that of a lover. She brings the ends of the bond together, and kneels on the sheaf while she ties it, beating back her skirts now and then when lifted by the breeze. A bit of her naked arm is visible between the buff leather of the gauntlet and the sleeve of her gown; and as the day wears on its feminine smoothness becomes scarified by the stubble, and bleeds.

At intervals she stands up to rest, and to retie her disarranged apron, or to pull her bonnet straight. Then one can see the oval face of a handsome young woman with deep dark eyes and long heavy clinging tresses, which seem to clasp in a beseeching way anything they fall against. The cheeks are paler, the teeth more regular, the red lips thinner than is usual in a country-bred girl.

It is Tess Durbeyfield, otherwise d'Urberville, somewhat changed--the same, but not the same; at the present stage of her existence living as a stranger and an alien here, though it was no strange land that she was in. After a long seclusion she had come to a resolve to undertake outdoor work in her native village, the busiest season of the year in the agricultural world having arrived, and nothing that she could do within the house being so remunerative for the time as harvesting in the fields.

Text 22

H.Melville

Moby Dick

Chapter 58

Brit

Steering north-eastward from the Crozetts, we fell in with vast meadows of brit, the minute, yellow substance, upon which the Right Whale largely feeds. For leagues and leagues undulated round us, so that we seemed to be sailing through boundless fields of ripe and golden wheat.

On the second day, numbers of Right Whales were seen, who, secure from the attack of a Sperm-Whaler like the Pequod, with open jaws sluggishly swam through the brit, which, adhering to the fringing fibres of that wondrous Venetian blind in their mouths, was in that manner separated from the water that escaped at the lips.

As morning mowers, who side by side slowly and seethingly advance their scythes through the long wet grass of marshy meads; even so these monsters swam, making a strange, grassy, cutting sound; and leaving behind them endless swaths of blue upon the yellow sea.

That part of the sea known among whalemen as the "Brazil Banks" does not bear that name as the Banks of Newfoundland do, because of there being shallows and soundings there, but because of this remarkable meadow-like appearance, caused by the vast drifts of brit continually floating in those latitudes, where the Right Whale is often chased.

But it was only the sound they made as they parted the brit which at all reminded one of mowers. Seen from the mast-heads, especially when they paused and were stationary for a while, their vast black forms looked more like lifeless masses of rock than anything else. And as in the great hunting countries of India, the stranger at a distance will sometimes pass on the plains recumbent elephants without knowing them to be such, taking them for bare, blackened elevations of the soil; even so, often, with him, who for the first time beholds this species of the leviathans of the sea. And even when recognized at last, their immense magnitude renders it very hard really to believe that such bulky masses of overgrowth can

possibly be instinct, in all parts, with the same sort of life that lives in a dog or a horse.

Indeed, in other respects, you can hardly regard any creatures of the deep with the same feeling that you do those of the shore. For though some old naturalists have maintained that all creatures of the land are of their kind in the sea; and though taking a broad general view of the thing, this may very well be; yet coming to specialties, where, for example, does the ocean furnish any fish that in disposition answers to the sagacious kindness of the dog? The accursed shark alone can in any generic respect be said to bear comparative analogy to him.

But though, to landsmen in general, the native inhabitants of the seas have ever regarded with emotions unspeakably unsocial and repelling; though we know the sea to be an everlasting terra incognita, so that Columbus sailed over numberless unknown worlds to discover his one superficial western one; though, by vast odds, the most terrific of all mortal disasters have immemorially and indiscriminately befallen tens and hundreds of thousands of those who have gone upon the waters; though but a moment's consideration will teach that, however baby man may brag of his science and skill, and however much, in a flattering future, that science and skill may augment; yet for ever and for ever, to the crack of doom, the sea will insult and murder him, and pulverize the stateliest, stiffest frigate he can make; nevertheless, by the continual repetition of these very impressions, man has lost that sense of the full awfulness of the sea which aboriginally belongs to it.

The first boat we read of, floated on an ocean, that with Portuguese vengeance had whelmed a whole world without leaving so much as a widow. That same ocean rolls now; that same ocean destroyed the wrecked ships of last year. Yea, foolish mortals, Noah's flood is not yet subsided; two thirds of the fair world it yet covers.

Wherein differ the sea and the land, that a miracle upon one is not a miracle upon the other? Preternatural terrors rested upon the Hebrews, when under the feet of Korah and his company the live ground opened and swallowed them up for

ever; yet not a modern sun ever sets, but in precisely the same manner the live sea swallows up ships and crews.

But not only is the sea such a foe to man who is an alien to it, but it is also a fiend to its own off-spring; worse than the Persian host who murdered his own guests; sparing not the creatures which itself hath spawned. Like a savage tigress that tossing in the jungle overlays her own cubs, so the sea dashes even the mightiest whales against the rocks, and leaves them there side by side with the split wrecks of ships. No mercy, no power but its own controls it. Panting and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider, the masterless ocean overruns the globe.

Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

Consider all this; and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life. God keep thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return!

Text 23

N. Hawthorne

The Great Stone Face (extract)

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the

expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

Text 24

Jack London

The Call Of the Wild

I. Into the Primitive (extract)

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself but for every tidewater dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half-hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by graveled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front.

There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miler's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house dog nor kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; I he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king–king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large–he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds–for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his

muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness–faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver them," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, and you'll choke him plenty," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In a quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and

his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had traveled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnaped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

ЗАКЛЮЧЕНИЕ

Учебно-методическое пособие «Анализ художественного текста» рассчитано на студентов 3 курса факультетов иностранных языков и может служить кратким справочником по анализу текста на старших курсах языковых факультетов. Данное пособие знакомит студентов с основными этапами проведения анализа текста, который начинается со знакомства с биографией автора и особенностями его стиля и мировоззрения, которые находят свое воплощение в ткани художественного текста.

Поэтапное проведение филологического анализа художественного текста основано на описании лингвистических единиц разного уровня: фонетического, лексического, синтаксического, а также стилистического эффекта, достигаемого при их использовании. В анализе художественного текста важно увидеть, какому общему замыслу подчинено использование языковых средств. Необходимо понять, какую атмосферу создает сочетание использованных приемов. Требуется провести параллель между средствами языка и главной мыслью текста. Важно проследить, как отражаются характеристики героев в главной идее анализируемого текста.

Комплексный анализ художественного текста предполагает сочетание лингвистического анализа с элементами литературоведческого подхода: описание структурных особенностей произведения, нарративной техники повествования, выделение смысловых частей текста, изучение стиля автора.

Материал пособия изложен на основе принципа от общего к частному. После общего плана-схемы анализа художественного текста представлена справочная информация, подробно раскрывающая каждый раздел анализа. В итоге приводятся образцы анализа художественного текста, позволяющие увидеть механизм построения логичного связного содержательно глубокого анализа текста.

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