

E. S. AZNAUROVA, N. V. FOMENKO, D. U. ASHUROVA,
G. G. MOLCHANOVA, E. G. PETROVA,
E. M. POGOSYANTS, E. I. ZIMON

INTERPRETATION
OF LITERARY
TEXT

TASHKENT "UKITUVCHI" 1990*

Reviewer **L. T. Babakhanova,**
candidate of science

P R E F A C E

This book-aid on interpretation is meant for students, trainees, postgraduates, refreshers' courses attenders and teachers specializing in English as a major subject.

The book consists of 5 parts:

1. Theoretical introduction to the subject of interpretation.
2. Brief instructions for seminars.
3. Samples of interpretation.
4. Texts of short stories supplied with tasks for independent interpretation.
5. Index of used terms.

The theoretical part embraces the main linguostylistic problems indispensable for interpretation. This material which is presented as an up-to date survey of modern researches can be used both for compiling introductory lectures on the course of interpretation ((lectures — 24 hrs; seminars — 32 hrs; practicals in "Analytical Reading"—46 hrs). Moreover the above-mentioned Aid is also intended for final-year students working on their own under the guidance of a tutor. And finally it can also be used at refresher courses for lectures— 16 hrs, seminars— 16 hrs as well as for writing course papers, diplomas and postgraduate entrance essays. Besides that it provides beginners with a summary of the theoretical introduction written in a compact and comprehensible manner.

The authors have made every effort to illustrate theoretical principles by the texts already familiar to students through such aspects of language study as analytical and home reading, as well as the course in history of foreign literature.

The chief purpose of the book is to supply students with a manual for seminars on interpretation. The second part of the **book** introduces the reader to the methods and ways of interpretation and offers a scheme of analysis to facilitate the execution of the task. It is recommended to start seminars with "samples" which provide literary texts, followed by detailed commentaries, explicating subcurrent information and formulating the author's message. If a student comes across unfamiliar terms, he can find their explanation in the theoretical introductions with the help of the index.

After reading some samples, the students can pass over to the 4th part, which contains material for independent analysis with subsequent discussion in the auditorium.

While selecting stories for the 4th part the authors were guided by the following principles:

- a) The story should be interesting and thrilling-
- b) The story should be valuable from the educational and ideological points of view;

The work with the manual will help to develop the habit of careful and cogitative reading and properly expressing one's point of view.

THEORETICAL INTRODUCTION

§ 1 , Interpretation of the Text as a Subject, Its Aims and Tasks, Its Links with Other Subjects

Nowadays the general education cycle of training philologists-linguists of broad specialization requires, as an integral part, the implanting of the culture of competent and erudite reading, which plays a considerable role in the ideological and moral upbringing of the students. That is the reason which accounts for the inclusion of the theoretical courses of "stylistics" and "interpretation of the text" in the curricula of linguistic pedagogical institutes and philological departments of universities.

Interpretation of the text as a scientific subject comprises a system of methods and devices for grasping the meaning of a belles-lettres text and its ideological-aesthetic and emotional information by comprehending the author's vision of the world and the cognition of objective reality, reflected in the text. The course of interpretation for future teachers-philologists is aimed at developing their skill for penetrating into the deep essence of a literary work, for finding objective reasons in the text of its ideological, aesthetic, educational and emotional impact on the reader and for extracting the entire information, that is deposited in it.

Similarity or dissimilarity of separate ideological-aesthetic, psychological, emotional qualities of the author and reader stipulates the possibility of different treatment of one and the same novel or story. However the possibility of different treatment doesn't mean utter arbitrariness in the interpretation of the text, because all interpreters proceed from the same actuality recorded in a given printed matter.

A belles-lettres text is usually complex and consists of several layers. The task of interpretation is to extract maximum of thoughts and feelings with which it is imbued by the author.

While decoding the writer's message, the reader must recreate the complete picture of objective reality which is expressed in the text in a compressed and curtailed form. In the ideal variant the reality perceived by the author must be identical to the reality recreated by the reader, but as a rule complete identity, is never achieved because the recipient of the book unavoidably includes his own personal experience (thesaurus) in the perception of the text. The addressee's subjective qualities — his intellect, his cul-

tural and educational level, emotional and psychological turn of mind are actively included in the functioning of the trielemental scheme: addresser — report — addressee', forming new types of relationship between them. That's why the pedagogical aspect of interpretation is of great importance because only an insignificant part of readers is capable of mastering a belles-lettres work in its completeness and profundity. A common reader must be taught reading as a specific kind of cognitive-aesthetic activity. That is the main task of interpretation of the text.

The artistic properties of a belles-lettres work are inseparable from the socio-ideological tendencies of the epoch and they can be revealed only through the analysis of its linguistic level. The very choice of the subject for the book is usually determined by the atmosphere of the epoch and its main conflicts: social, ideological, political, psychological and emotional. The aggregate totality of ideological, social and national problems, literary facts, economic tenor, political tendencies and personal circumstances of creating a literary work are defined by the general term "cultural context".

When the reader comes across some historical facts, geographic or proper names, quotations, allusions and proverbs, which are not familiar to him, he will miss many important points and there'll be lacunes or blanks in his understanding of the book. Very often the necessary information of the cultural context is provided by the commentary to the book, if not, the reader must consult encyclopaedias, dictionaries, the author's biography, an outline of his literary career and other reference books.

A belles-lettres text is a unit of speech and as such it is considered to be a supreme unit of communication, conveying information from one man to another. Thus, it becomes a constituent link in the following system of relations: objective reality — author — literary work — reader. This chain of elements in the creative process shows that the author is the first to grasp and comprehend the objective reality. His results are expressed in his literary work. The literary work is always addressed to the public. Reading the book, together with the information the reader receives a certain impact of the author's will and intent. Under the impact of the author's will-power the reader begins actively influencing the objective reality. Hence, the interaction of the elements in this literary-creative process comes to an end.

If the reader is capable of taking the right attitude to the book, his influence will be beneficial. If the reader is unable to interpret the book correctly he may become an obedient and helpless tool of the author's will. The practice of interpreting books can help to organize this process in a faultless way and prepare the reader to give a proper evaluation of the book and the idea expressed in it.

The final aim of training students in interpreting texts is to give initial knowledge to broad masses for the perception of verbal art, which is an effective way for cognizing and learning the surrounding reality. K. Marx wrote that artistic forms alongside

with juridical, political and philosophical ones undoubtedly serve as an ideological form of realizing the material word".¹

Speaking about "interpretation" as a scientific subject many researchers point out its creative character and consider it to be a humanitarian branch of learning. Since the language tissue of a literary work serves as the main and primary source of all kinds of information, "interpretation" is rightfully considered to be a linguistic subject and finds itself on the juncture with stylistics and literary criticism on one side and philosophy, sociology, ethics and aesthetics on the other.

Philosophical approach in the interpretation provides the researcher with a genuine revolutionary theory-dialectic materialism, which forms the main basis for analysis. The other parts of the philosophical system indispensable for critical examination of a literary work are hermeneutics (the science of interpretation) and axiology (the science of significance and values).

Hermeneutics is a science about understanding the meaning of a literary work- It originated in antique culture as a theory and art of interpreting ancient literary works and later on developed into a special branch of knowledge for interpreting biblical texts. In the epoch of Renaissance there were two trends in hermeneutics: historic and symbolic — allegorical. An interpreter was the kind of a cultural mediator between the author and reader. In XVIII century this science lays the main stress on the spiritual essence of culture and the author's personal system of ideas.

The interest in hermeneutics has revived in the late ten years and now we distinguish the following five trends in it:

1) Philosophical trend — its task is to reveal the spiritual contents of the text, to comprehend the spiritual essence of thinking activity.

2) Culturological trend — its task is to reveal in the text the cultural traditions which embody the essence of human history.

3) Naturalistic trend — its task is to reproduce the object "imprinted in the text; critics understand the writer's work as a mirror of reality.

4) Psychological trend — its task is to reveal the personality of the author, standing behind the text and imprinted in it.

5) Allegoric-symbolical trend — its task is to explain all "dark", obscure and ambiguous places in the text.

Thus hermeneutics as a philosophical doctrine for analysis plays a considerable role in modern literary criticism because it "presupposes an all-round historic approach to the literary work and requires the examination of cultural traditions, the author's personality and the reality of the epoch that engendered the book in question"²

¹ КрИТИКА И ТЕОРИЯ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ. М., РОСНОЛИТХЗ*ТТ, 1950,

² И. И. РАЙУЕВ. ОНКОЛОГИЧЕСКАЯ РЕПУБЛИКА И ЕЕ ПРОБЛЕМАТИКА. Сб. ФИЛОСОФИИ (Филологическое Знание), т. II, М., 1981, Стр. 209.

Axiology as a general theory of values also offers an arsenal of scientific criteria for the evaluation of a literary work. It formulates aesthetic, social, historic and intersubjective principles for judging a work of art. "A basis for intersubjectivity is found in the cultural significance of the work, its objective and concrete historical rooting in the culture of the epoch, its mutual connection with the culture of the nation or the world".¹

Modern criticism comes to estimating literature as a form of spiritual-cultural activity, the value of which is contained not only in the literary text itself but in its beneficial effect on the society and interaction with it, in the consumership of the work by the readers, in its aesthetic influence upon the audience. The aesthetic effect is possible only on condition of great artistic value of the helps to perfect the man himself"². A literary work becomes a thing valuable if it is interwoven into life, if it makes life better, if it helps to perfect the man himself"³. A literary work becomes a thing of art only if it influences the minds of people and if it fails in its educational, cognitive and other functions it cannot realize its destination and has no artistic value.

A valuation focus of a literary work is not permanent, it is shifting in the course of time and in each new epoch the analysis goes along somewhat different lines. Thus the dominant function of "Eugene Onegin" in XIX century was different from what it is now. For modern readers Decembrists' political ideas expressed in the book are no longer actual because they don't answer urgent questions of the present-day complex world. This versified novel now attracts readers by other points, its political problems have become subdued, its axiological structure has changed.

Criticizing a literary work we rely upon ethics with its permanent orienting points "good, virtue—evil, harm" and aesthetics with its general criteria "beautiful, fine — ugly, disgusting". The great Russian critic V.G.Belinsky said, "criticism is moving aesthetics".⁴ This statement is explained in the following way: aesthetics, generalizing the artistic experience of humanity, works out on its basis a number of postulates, canons and categories,⁵ which grow and change in the course of history. That alters the theoretical foundation for the criticism of artistic works.

The political layer of a literary work is usually addressed to a certain social group, the ethic layer to the society as a whole and the aesthetic layer to humanity. The interpretation of a literary work] as a rule undergoes two stages. At the first stage we learn the plot: of a book and acquaint ourselves with characters. At the second stage we perform a thorough linguistic analysis examining the main theoretical categories of the text and its peculiarities which will be dealt with in, the subsequent chapters of this manual.

¹Hass H. F. Das Problem der Literarischen Wertung. Darmstadt. 1979.

² **JI. H.** СТОИЦИЗМ. **FlpHpoia scTeTimecKoft** У " ; 1971 CT. 1/1"

³ IO. DopeB. **HCkycctBO HHTeHneTaum** H OYCHKH. M., 1981, CTp. 64:

§ 2. Informativity of the text

Informativity is the main category of the text, its ability to convey information, i.e. certain meaningful contents. The concept of information embraces a number of problems overstepping the limits of purely linguistic research. One of them is the problem of the new (the unknown). It is quite obvious, that the new can't be subjected to consideration without taking into account social, psychological, scientific, cultural, age, time and other factors.

The report which is new for one recipient and therefore carries certain information, may be known or unintelligible for another and therefore devoid of information. What is new for one period of time will be well-known for the subsequent one.

Another question is the value of the received information. It is known that information, being repeated, loses its value and as a result ceases to be information. It is also known that some texts have unchangeable value. Their aesthetico-cognitive or scientific significance always remains in the treasury of human culture. They serve as a permanent source of the new and therefore they are always informative.

In written texts of different functional styles according to Prof. I. R. Galperin⁶ it is expedient to distinguish the following kinds of information:

a) content-factual (CFI.), b) content-conceptual (CCI), c) content-subtextual or implicit, CSI).

Content-factual information contains reports about facts, events, processes which took place, or are taking place or will take place in the surrounding world, real or imaginary.

Content-conceptual information conveys to the reader the author's individual understanding of the relations described by means of CFI, his understanding of the cause and effect connections, their significance in the social, economic, political and cultural life of the people, including the relations between separate individuals, and their complex psychological, aesthetic and cognitive interaction.

Content-subtextual information is not explicit by its nature, it is not expressed in the verbal layer of the text. It is a kind of subcurrent concealed information that can be derived from CFI thanks to the ability of the language units to engender associative and connotative meanings as well as thanks to the ability of sentences united into syntactical wholes to convey increment of sense.

The Belgian writer-symbolist M.Meterlinx, author of "The Blue Bird", was the first to take notice of subcurrent information in the text. This phenomenon was also studied by many Soviet scholars, such as T.I. Silman, I.R. Galperin, V.A. Kukhareenko. In her well known article "Subtext as a linguistic phenomenon" T.I.Silman states that subtext is the meaning of some events or remark which

1981" c^p 27 TCKCT KAK jHHrBiicTHTCCKoro HccicaoBanmi. -

is felt by a reader but not expressed by the words in the imaginative text. V.A.Kukharenko looks upon subtext as implication, which suggests additional sense and emotional meaning. We follow Prof. I.R. Galperin's definition of subtext, given in the book "Text as an object of linguistic research", because it is most complete and up-to-date: "Subtext is a purely linguistic phenomenon inferred from the ability of sentences to engender additional sense thanks to different structural peculiarities, to original combination of sentences, to symbolism of language facts".¹

One of the characteristic traits of subtext consists in its inaccessibility for immediate observation, it escapes attention in the first reading of the book and begins showing itself through the content-factual information in the second or third reading.

It is expedient to distinguish two kinds of CSI: situational and associative. Situational CSI appears in connection with the facts and events described before in long stories and novels. Associative CSI is not connected with the facts described before but appears by virtue of our conscience inherent habit to connect the verbal text with our accumulated personal or social experience. It is more ephemeral, diffusive and uncertain and to a great extent depends on the reader's thesaurus.

As an example of the first kind of CSI we'll take an extract from J.Galsworthy's novel "To Let".

"When Fleur, after her hurried return from Robin Hill, came down to dinner that evening, the mood was standing at the window of Winifred's little drawing room, looking out into Green Street, with an air of seeing nothing in it. And Fleur gazed promptly into the fireplace with an air of seeing a fire which was not there".

The word "mood" personifies Prosper Profond as an embodiment of Postwar disillusionment and nihilism. The author's numerous references to this foreigner in the previous chapters as a sleepy Satan, groomed and remote, with thick pink lips and a little diabolic beard, a good devil with fabulous wealth, who could make expensive presents without an obvious personal motive, as a person who believed in nothing and was indifferent to everything; spreading around himself the atmosphere of mystery and "tomorrow we all die" feeling help to understand why he had an "air of seeing nothing". True to his cynical negating manner he saw nothing in a London crowded street, while Fleur, with her optimistic vitality, refused to yield to his demoralizing influence and prompted by her dislike for this dangerous man, saw a fire in the grate despite the fact that there were no burning coals there.

By this contrast the author emphasizes the British antagonistic attitude to this suspicious alien.

As an example for the second kind of CSI we shall take the

¹ H. P. TaJibnepHH. TeKCT KCK o6i.eKT jHHrBHCTmecKopo HecneAOBaHM. M.: HayKa, 1981, c. 44

concluding paragraph of the story "A bit of Singing and Dancing" by Susan Hill. For fifty years Esme Fanshaw, the main personage of the story, had been bound to her mother and obeyed her strict code of life. Now, after her mother's death she took a lodger into her house, but still her mother's conventionalities influenced her life.

One day Esme chanced to learn that her lodger (Mr. Curry) earned money by singing and dancing in the street. Her sense of respectability was shocked. Her mother would strongly disapprove of it. It was humiliating. But soon she managed to overcome her mother's prejudices as we see it from the end of the story:

"But nothing was said that evening, or until some weeks later, when Mr. Curry was sitting opposite her, on a cold windy August night, reading from the volume COW to DIN. Esme Fanshaw said, looking at him, "My mother used to say, Mr. Curry, I always like a bit of singing and dancing, some variety. It takes you out of yourself, singing and dancing". Mr. Curry gave a little bow".

It is not difficult to guess the subcurrent meaning of Esme's words. She no longer considers his occupation disgraceful and won't be ashamed of keeping him as a lodger. Mr. Curry appreciates the change in her attitude by his little bow.

Thus subtext is a kind of additional information which arises thanks to the reader's ability to see the text as a combination of linear and superlinear information. The greater is the wealth and diversity of the reader's thesaurus the more is his ability to perceive the untold and implied things in the text.

The final aim of interpretation is the extraction of the content-conceptual information, i.e. the formulation of the idea of a literary work. While revealing the conceptual information, we try to penetrate through the surface structure of the text into its deep-level meaning and comprehend the author's message of the book. Thus we see that the decoding of the conceptual information depends on content-factual and subtextual kinds of information.

The factual information doesn't require any efforts for its grasping, it is in the surface layer of the text and accessible in the first reading. The CFI is explicit by its nature, i.e. it is always expressed verbally. The language signs are usually used in their direct logical meanings established by the social experience. This kind of information acquaints the reader with the plot of the book, its personages, their collisions and different accompanying events' Thus the typical trait of the CFI is its everyday life character while the typical trait of the .CCI is its aesthetic-artistic character.

The comprehension of the conceptual information is possible only after serious cogitation over the literary work. The reader should be acquainted with the book in its completeness, i.e. he should pursue it from the beginning to the end.

The conceptual information correlates with the idea of a book and draws the reader's attention to the problem of the new that the author propounds in his work. This concept of the new is hard

to be revealed at once, it is discovered only after thinking over the content and comparing different facts of the book against the background of the entire text. The CCI is not always expressed with sufficient clarity. Therefore it affords and even urgently demands different approaches in its interpretation.

The CCI is predominantly a category of imaginative texts and it requires careful consideration and deliberation for its decoding. The reader must creatively examine and reexamine all actions, events, processes and relations between the individuals in the society presented by the author in the imaginary world of his creation. That world approximately reflects the objectively existing social life.

It is rather difficult to evaluate the conceptual information not only for well-read people but even for sophisticated expounders, who often vary in their opinion about it. That leads to plurality in interpretation. This circumstance gives ground for disputes which would be very useful in a students' auditorium.

§ 3. Modality of the Text

Modality, or the attitude of the speaker or writer to reality characterizes any utterance. It is a category inherent in the language in action and therefore, equally with other categories, constitutes the essence of the communicative process.

This is the opinion of the outstanding modern linguists V.V.Vinogradov, I.R.Galperin, N.Yu.Shvedova, G.A.Zolotova and others. At the same time the overwhelming majority of grammarians consider the category of modality mainly as the expression of reality/irreality of the utterance, treating it as a notion, objectively inherent in the utterance, but not connected with a personal evaluation of the subject of thought.

The approach to the subjective-evaluating factor as an indication of modality found its expression in "The Grammar of the Modern Russian Literary Language", released in 1970. The category of modality is presented here in two aspects — as an objective modal meaning and a subjective modal meaning. Besides the objective modal meaning belonging to the system of sentence forms and referring the report to reality/irreality plane, writes N.Yu.Shvedova — every utterance possesses subjective modal meaning. The objective-modal meaning expresses the character of the relation of the reported information to reality, whereas the subjective modal meaning expresses the attitude of the speaker to the reported information. This meaning is expressed not through the structural scheme and its forms (although in some cases the objectivization of subjective modal meaning is discernible in the very structural scheme of the sentence), but by additional grammatic, lexicogrammatic and intonation means, imposed on one or another form of the sentence".

¹ рpаHМ'аtHKа cOБpеvиеHHоpо pyccKоpо jиHTeпaйpHоpо H3биKa. M., 1970.

And, finally the third approach to modality is found in modern English grammars, which avoid giving any definition to this category, evidently looking upon it as a matter of course, and confine themselves only to stating the forms which carry modality. (J.Lvons R.Quirk).

Out of the three enumerated approaches to the category of modality the second one is the most suitable for the theory of interpretation, because it distinguishes objective and subjective modality. The introduction of subjective modal meaning into the general category of modality represents an important stage in extending the limits of grammatic analysis of a sentence and serves as a bridge connecting a sentence with an utterance and a text. So, I.R.Galperin demarcates phrase and text subjective-evaluating modality. According to his definition, phrase modality is expressed by grammatic and lexical means; text modality, besides these means applied in a special way, is realized in personages' characters, in a peculiar distribution of predicative and relative spans of the text, in epigrammatic statements, in deductions, in foregrounding some parts of the text, etc.

In different types of texts modality manifests itself with different degree of obviousness. It is especially conspicuous in poetry, where the author expresses his attitude to reality through the words of his lyrical hero. Thus, for instance, in a classic sonnet modality, manifesting itself most vividly in a concluding epigrammatic utterance, characterizes the whole text. Let us read Shakespeare's sonnet 116:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every-wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come
Love alters not with the brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved-

In this sonnet the poet gives a peculiar poetic definition of "love, the gist of which is the following: love is a feeling that can be subdued neither by time nor by evil forces, it is a feeling that exalts a person and guides him in life. This idea is expressed by a cascade of vivid metaphors and bookish words, contributing to the sublime tone of the poetic text. At the syntactic level it is interesting to

H. P. TaibnepiiH. TеncT KCK o6-beKT jmnрBHcTyyecKoro HccjieflOBaMиH.—

mark an insistent alteration of affirmative and negative constructions with the verb "to be", which emphasize the poet's categorical tone, his confidence in his *Tightness*. The rhythm of the sonnet becomes very moving and exciting thanks to the imperative form at the beginning of the poem, the emotional negation with an interjection, the personification of time, and, finally, the concluding epigrammatic stanza. It is obvious that the subjective evaluating characteristic is of supreme importance in the poem. It will be no exaggeration to say that the sonnet is permeated with modality and all the above stated means and devices of expressing the author's attitude to the subject-matter of the poem at the same time serve as the means of expressing textual modality.

However, modality is not only an aggregate sum of modal elements, scattered over separate sentences in the text. It is inherent in a poetic text as a whole. "From the three main genres of literature — lyrics, epos, drama — writes G. V. Stepanov, — for many centuries of its existence lyrical poetry has become the best form of expressing the author's inner state", and further on: 'A personal attitude to the created image is sure to suppose an evaluation.

Things are entirely different in scientific texts. Objectivity, logic, argumentation — the typical qualities of scientific texts — usually leave no room for subjective evaluating modality. Similar absence of subjective modality is typical of business documents too, while in newspaper editorials, sketches, essays and speeches modality comes forward rather distinctly.

In compositions of emotive prose textual modality is realized on the basis of certain regularities. Subjective evaluating attitude to the object of utterance, as a rule, doesn't reveal the essence of a phenomenon, but only colours it correspondingly, and gives a notion of the author's world outlook. Therefore textual modality more frequently finds its place in relative spans of the text, which don't carry the main factual information, but not in predicative spans, which are mostly imbued with facts. Yet, in the process of linear development of the text accentuation can be shifted and relative spans may gradually acquire the status of predicative ones. As a result, modality acquires a more significant role in creating conceptual information.

Thus in the story "Wild Flowers" by E.Caldwell descriptive spans of the text carrying no factual information are subjected to reaccentuation. The following example shows how description acquires a predicative status and becomes a key-note in conveying conceptual information. "While she trudged along the sandy road, she could smell the fragrance of the last summer flowers all around her. The weeds and scrub hid most of them from sight, but every chance she got she stopped a moment and looked along the side of the ditches for blossoms".

Bringing this passage into correlation with the title and the content of the whole story we can disclose the author's attitude to his personages and the reality described — in other words deter-

mine the subjective evaluating textual modality: for the author Vern and Nelly are frail but at the same time staunch wild flowers, staunch in their love confronting the cruel world, the reign of weeds and thorns.

Such reaccentuation, connected with the saturation of relative spans of the text by subjective-evaluating modality is observed most frequently in the literary works which more or less distinctly manifest the personality of the author, his world outlook, his tastes and notions.

Thus the notion of subjective-evaluating modality comes into close contact with the concept of the "author's image". Discouraging about the essence of the latter, Academician V.V.Vinogradov cites N.M.Karamsin's words that "the creator is always represented in his creation and often against his will". At the same time V.V. Vinogradov stresses, that the "author's image", as a deeplying linking element of the text, is a notion of a broader scale, than the position of the author. According to L.Tolstoy's expression, the cement binding any literary work into one integral whole is the unity and invariability of the author's original moral attitude to the subject. Making this formula more precise, V.V.Vinogradov speaks about "the unity of the author's evaluation and comprehension of reality".¹

The author's image is most explicitly represented by his point of view expressed in the literary work. Indeed, if the writer himself qualifies the thoughts and actions of his personages, the reader gradually gets an idea about his image. It is much more difficult to define the author's position, when the writer refuses to be present in the story and entrusts his role to an immediate participant or a witness of events. That imparts especial authenticity to the narration, because in this case the events are narrated and comprehended from inside, from the eye-witness' point of view.

The introduction of a story-teller into narration, of a person that replaces the actual author became widely used in belles-lettres prose from the second half of the XIX century. The story-teller creates and maintains the authenticity of the depicted events — that is his main function.

In modern English and American literature the author frequently chooses this type of narration when he cannot distinctly formulate the problems worrying him, when he only observes a conflict, but doesn't know how to solve it. A story-teller is not expected to be omniscient, he is limited by the possibilities of his personal contacts and can't be an arbiter of the actions of other personages, since the inner motives of their actions are inaccessible for him.' As a result the problem turns out to be raised, but not solved.²

¹ B. B. BiiHorпajоB. O TcopHH xyaowecTBeHHoft pen«. M., Bucuian iiiKo.ia, - c. 181 —182.

² B. A. KyxapeHKo. HHTeпneTатиHH TeKcta. JI., 1979, cп. 15—16.

A story-teller may reveal his presence in the text explicitly—it is a narration in the first person (cf. J. D. Salinger's novel "The Catcher in the Rye", narrated in the name of Holden Caulfield, a fifteen year old boy) or implicitly, when we guess about his existence thanks to a special organization of the language texture and a shifted point of view on the events (cf. novels by Susan Hill and Margaret Drabble). When the story is told in the first person the narration acquires special trustfulness and intimacy: the story-teller admits the reader into his inner, intimate world. When the story is told in the third person we are more confident of the narrator's objectivity, because he is not personally interested in a certain outcome of the events.

Some researches (V. A. Kuharenko, L. Y. Turayeva) distinguish a special textforming category—the point of view concept, which determines the structure of the whole text both in the plane of content and in the plane of expression. Thus, V. A. Kuharenko dwells on the point of view of the author and the personages, as well as the cases of their coincidence and non-coincidence.

Z. Y. Turayeva closely connects the content side of the point of view concept with the language means of its embodiment in the text, demarcating the narration from temporal, spatial and psychological points of view.¹

Subjective evaluating modality correlates with the author's point of view and a psychological point of view. Modality manifests itself not only in the shape of narration, but also and mainly in the author's individual selection of language means.

Grammatical and lexical means of modality serving for revealing this category inside a sentence (phrase modality) are used in the text in special ways. For instance, repeating one and the same pattern of a stylistic device and giving it various lexical filling, the author consciously or unconsciously characterizes some phenomenon, event or personality and indirectly reveals his own attitude to them.

As an example we can take a sentence from S. Maugham's story "The Escape":

"If she married a husband he beat her, if she employed a broker he cheated her, if she engaged a cook she drank".

Complete parallelism based on the treble repetition of the same syntactical pattern and accompanied by anaphora creates a monotonous rhythm and uniformity of intonation which show the author's indifferent attitude to Ruth Barlow's misfortunes.

"The most convenient and concise way of realizing modality in a sentence is an epithet. In the text it plays a less significant part, because (in virtue of its syntactic function of an attribute) it characterizes only the object to which it refers. Yet the epithet

also, becoming a frequently repeated stylistic device, begins to reveal the textual modality. This is particularly conspicuous in literary portraits (cf. the portrait of Babbit, created by S. Lewis, the portrait of Scrooge, created by Ch. Dickens, the portrait of Pyle by Gr. Greene). Textual modality in the novels of these and other writers becomes obvious only when the reader can get a notion about some thematic field, i.e. about a group of epithets, similes, descriptive phrases and indirect characteristics scattered over the text and united by one dominant of emotional meaning.

For instance, the adjectives "innocent", "quiet", "good" used by Gr. Green in "The Quiet American" acquire an ironic meaning in the context of the novel, form a distinct thematic field expressing textual modality of condemnation and censure.

The brief description of textual modality shows that this category in application to the units, exceeding sentence limits, cardinally changes its designation even in the subjective-evaluating plane. Out of the two kinds of modality—objective and subjective—the first one, according to I. R. Galperin, is not inherent in literary texts in general. Moreover, most frequently objective—modal meaning confines itself only to a sentence. The relation of reality to fiction is not pertinent to fiction texts at all, so long as fiction texts give only depicted reality. These works are a fruit of a writer's imagination, the fancy of a poet, of a dramatist. The less we notice conventionality in depicting reality, the greater is the artistic impact. Nevertheless an experienced reader never forgets that he deals with depicted life. Such a reader perceives the described happenings in two planes: he compares the real and the imaginary, verifies how far they agree with each other and evaluates the imaginary, proceeding from his habitual criteria and conception of the world. Simultaneously he tries to determine the author's attitude to the subject-matter of the book and in this way to make out the subjective-modal meaning of the whole text.

§ 4. Implicitness of the text

It is known that language has two levels of expressing thoughts: explicit and implicit.

The explicit is what has its own, complete immediate verbal expression, the implicit is what has no such verbal expression, but is suggested by the explicit, expressed and comprehended by the addressee with the help of the explicit, as well as the context, linguistic and pragmatic situations and other factors. Therefore we can't say that the explicit has its own expression, and the implicit has not. They both have their own expression, but their kinds are different: the first one is direct and immediate and the second one is indirect and hidden. The explicit and implicit are in a certain sense two opposite forms of expressing thoughts.

"When we say that the implicit has no complete verbal expres-

¹ 3. П. Туряева. Художественная речь и ее языковые средства. — В кн.: Современная русская проза. М., 1980, с. 3—10.

sion of its own, in fact it means that it has incomplete, partial verbal expression or no such expression at all. However, in principle, everything that is expressed implicitly, can be explicated, i.e. explicitly.

In the very correlation of the explicit and implicit it is the implicit, that presents a specific, scientific problem, but not the explicit. The explicit is a superficial, obvious line of expressing a thought, the implicit is a concealed, accompanying, secondary line. The analysis of the implicit presupposes the following questions: what the man says and what he means by it; what is concealed in his utterance, what is implied by his words; what he keeps in mind, what he is hinting at, what is the hidden meaning of his words.

Very often the conveyance of the implicit becomes a primary and even the only purpose of the utterance, moving the explicit to the background. V. I. Moroz compares the act of thinking with an iceberg, calling the explicit its "above-water" part and the implicit—its "under-water" part.¹

The problem of the implicit acquires a special significance in studying literary texts, as the essence of imaginative literature lies in the fact, that its ideas are expressed by means of images, i.e. smth. abstract is expressed by means of smth. concrete. Consequently that means that literary texts should consist of two layers or two levels: the obvious surface layer (explicit) and the deep-lying, concealed layer (implicit). Moreover the implicit layer may have different levels which results in different degrees of grasping the meaning by different readers (addressees).

The idea of a belles-lettres work must be implicit, it shouldn't be self-evident and unequivocal, it is the law of imaginative literature, its sense, the basis of its artistic significance. In this respect F. Engels wrote, that tendency must ensue from the situation and reality by itself, it should not be specially underlined.

It is also interesting to quote L.Feyerbakh's opinion about the essence of a clever and witty manner of writing which "presupposes a wit in the reader as well, it doesn't speak out everything, it expects the reader himself to say something about the interrelations, conditions and limitations under which the given state of things may be significant and conceivable"²

It is remarkable that V.I.Lenin, citing these words in his "Philosophic note-books" calls them apt and well-aimed.³

The first man to pay attention to the problem of the implicit was Aristotel. At present time the implicit is researched from the position of logic, philosophy, psychology and literary criticism.

In the linguistic literature the problem of the implicit was touched upon by⁴. R. Galperin, V. A. Kuharenko, I. Arnold and others.

¹ B. H. Морозов. 06 060p0THbIX H ИОJiy6op0THbIX BbICKa3HBaHHHX. ТаУIKeHT, 1979. c. 9.

² JI. OefiepCax. H36paMbie ipHJiocofичeCкие npo3BejeиeMM, т. 2. М., 1955, с. 889.

³ B. H. JIeHиH. FlojiHoe. co6paHHe con., т. 29, с. 63

Implicitness is often identified with the concepts of subtext, implication, suggested meaning.

Implicitness of the text is a concept of structural-semantic, character, the implicit level has its own structural unit — an implicate.

Among the most wide-spread types of implicates in belles-lettres text we distinguish the following:

a) an implicit title. It expresses in a concentrated form the main idea or theme of a literary production and requires for its realization the macrocontext of the whole work. An implicit title is a framing sign, requiring obligatory conclusive consideration after reading the complete literary text. It increments the volume of its meaning at the expense of a multitude of contextual meanings. The content meaning of a title at the entrance into the text never coincides with its meaning at the exit from the text. Thus the name of a story by E.Hemingway "In another country" possesses an implicit character and its meaning is revealed only retrospectively after reading the whole work.

The semantic specificity of this title, as well as any other implicit title, lies in the fact that it simultaneously realizes concretization and generalization of meaning. The first one takes place by connecting it with a definite concrete situation — the main personage, an American, actually finds himself in another country—in Italy, where he participated in the war, got a wound and began taking treatments in a hospital. The generalization of meaning is connected with the second implicit layer, implied by the given title, and demands decoding a multitude of meaningful elements in the text. As a result we derive the second meaning of the title: the American belongs to a group of people wounded and mutilated by the war, the group, which is now alienated from the people left intact of the war and sorrow. The third meaning of the title denotes an opposition between the military people and the population, of the country and an estranged and hostile attitude of the civilians to the officers.

An implicit title plays an important role in literary texts because after the final retrospective explication it becomes an extremely capacious expression of the author's point of view, derived from the text thanks to interpretation.

b) implication of precedence.¹ It denotes such compositional structure of a literary text which gives the reader an impression that he is a witness of some continued story and the preceding events, facts and personages are supposed to be familiar. Implication of precedence is realized with the help of such implicates, as the initial definite article opening the text, initial usage of personal and demonstrative pronouns and other synsemantic elements Producing the impression of "beginning from the middle", increas-

¹ P. A. KuxapeHKo. CM.: KuxapeHKo B. A.: «Tnnbi H cpeaCTBa Bbipa- *eHHH ИMUIHKaиHH B aHTИHHCКОH «XyAO>KeCTBeHHOH npo3e». <Д. H. 1974- No 1' *yxapeHKo B. A. «HнTepнeTauna tгkct3», JI., 1979; c. 98.

ing the dynamism of narration and deep-hidden tension. As an illustration of the implication of precedence we'll take the first sentence from the above-mentioned story by E. Hemingway: "In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more", which introduces the reader deep into the story.

c) an implicit detail. This term unites a multitude of implicates, which mark the external characteristics of a phenomenon, intimating its deep-lying meaning. Thus in the story by E. Hemingway "In another country", which is saturated by implicit details, one of the most significant for the correct understanding of the idea is the following: Over the medical machines for the treatment of mutilated joints of the war invalids the doctor hung photographs which were to inspire the patients with optimism and belief in the restoration of the lost functions. "But the major... only looked out of the window... "Adequate interpretation of the text depends on the correct decoding of this implicate. The analysis shows that the major paid no attention to the photographs, because he didn't believe in the beneficial effect of the machines; he regularly came to the hospital not so much for the treatment, but for keeping company with other invalids, which gave him relief, particularly when he was depressed by his personal grief — he had just buried his wife.

Kinds and Degrees of Implicitness.¹ First of all we should distinguish kinds of implicitness:

- a) deliberately introduced into the text by the author
- b) undeliberate, occasional

It is natural that only implicates of the first kind will become an object of the interpreter's attention. They are consciously intended for the interpreter's, reader's consideration. Yet not all of them yield to unambiguous decoding, to a great extent it depends on the reader's linguistic, philological, cultural competence—his "background knowledge", as well as on the time remoteness of the literary work, the conditions of writing it and other facts.

That's why a necessity arises to distinguish implicates according to the degree of their significance, intensity and importance. It is rational to distinguish 5 degrees of implicates: superficial, trite, local, deep (concentres), dark.

Superficial implicates realize the principle of language economy in speech. It is one of the effective ways and mechanisms of this principle in action. It embraces all kinds of elliptic utterances, such as "Are you going to the cinema?"— "Yes, (I do—is implied); unfinished sentences, aposiopesis, breaks-in-the-narrative etc., f.e. "Everybody went to the subbotnik, except...". This type of implicitness can be easily explicated and doesn't need special decoding, the missing parts are restored in a semiautomatic way.

Implicates of the second degree — trite implicates — include

¹ Mo.maHOBa T. T. CeMaHTHo xvaoKecTBeHHoro TeKda (HMn.iHKaTHBBbie ac-neKTbi jiiHTeTapHnnoft KOMMyHHKaHH). TaiiiKeHT: OaH, 1988.

some trivial stylistic devices and expressive means: dead epithets, metaphors, similes, hyperboles, such as: "The doctor said: That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion". (E.Hemingway. "In another country").

Implicates of the third degree — "local" of medium intensity — are rather significant for the correct understanding of a text bounded by the frame of the given implicate. Thus, in the same story by E.Hemingway, after the description of a cold autumn day in a foreign city with an insistent repetition of the word "cold" there appears an implicate — a bridge, on which a woman sells roasted chestnuts. "It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket". The lexical repetition of the word "Warm" is not fortuitous. It serves as an implicate, which by contrast emphasizes the cold of the windy autumn day described in the previous paragraph.

The 4th degree implicates — deep-laid "concentres" require maximum attention from the reader because its correct decoding is significant for the understanding not only of the given implicate, but of the entire literary work taken as a whole, of its primary theme, of its main idea, of those things for the sake of which the literary text was created. Such are the deep implicates in E.Hemingway's story "Cat in the Rain", a symbol of loneliness, homelessness and dissatisfaction with wandering life; the protagonist's phrase about an obsessive desire to have long hair is the continuation of the theme about her striving for settled life, protection and a hearth and home.

Deep "dark" implicates require from the reader not only the knowledge of the given work, but also the acquaintance with the history of its creation, with the historic situation, with the biography of the writer and other productions by the same author.

"Dark" implicates acquire some additional language competence, culture and erudition for its understanding: e.g.: "The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop some one called out "A basso gli ufficiali" as we passed. (E.Hemingway. In another country.)

The greater is the linguo-gnosiological competence of the interpreter, his background knowledge, general culture, philological erudition, the more deep — strata of implicitness will be revealed to him in reading a belles-lettres text.

The category of implicitness of a literary text is a manifold complex phenomenon, comprising other categories: retrospection and prospection, modality, cohesion and integration etc. With the help of correct interpretation it discloses the hidden subterranean stratum of a literary text, its main idea.

§5. Wholeness of the Literary Text (Cohesion)

As it has been said, the modern theoretical treatment of the text puts to the foreground questions of the communicative turn

of the text and the conditions for "correct", "successful" communication. In contradistinction to the up-till-now adopted understanding of the text as a multitude of sentences, at present time the text is already treated as multitude of utterances in their communicative function. In other words the text constitutes a complex structure of variously correlated elements distinguished by their qualities and possessing a number of category features.

The structural-semantic categories, which actually serve as "steps of cognizing" the nature of the text, its organizational units and its functioning, include the category of text wholeness—the category reflecting the primary properties of the text.

In modern linguistics the wholeness of the text, the close interconnection of its constituents has got the name of text coherence (from Latin "cohaerens"—sticking together, well-knit). It is also metaphorically conveyed by the molecular-physics term — cohesion, attraction of particles to each other, tendency to remain united.¹

The text wholeness, the organic hitching of its parts is inherent both to separate spans of the text and to the entire speech production. Separate spans into which the text is fractioned are joined together preserving the unity, totality of the literary work, ensuring consecutiveness (continuum) of the related events, facts, actions.

Between the described events there must be, as it is known, some succession, some connection, which, it is true, is not always expressed by the verbal system of language means — by conjunctions, by conjunctive phrases, participial phrases etc. Moreover, this very system was worked out according to the connections, observed inside a sentence, i.e. its parts and between its clauses, in particular between principal and subordinate clauses.

However, analysing texts, we see that its separate parts sometimes placed at a considerable distance from each other, turn out to be connected in a greater or less degree, while the means of connection do not always coincide with traditional ones.

For designating textual forms of connection it is expedient to use the term cohesion, which has recently come into linguistic use.² Consequently cohesion denotes special kinds of connection, ensuring continuum, i.e. logical consistency, interdependence of separate communications, facts, actions etc.

The means of cohesion in the text can be classified according to different traits.³ Besides traditionally graphic means, performing the text-forming function, they can be divided into logical, associative, image-forming, composition-structural, stylistic and rhythm-creating. The traditionally grammatic means embrace all conjunctions and conjunctive words of the type: as, since,

¹ Мокшанцев О. Н. *Традиционная грамматика текста*. М., 1981 г.

² См. О. Н. Мокшанцев. *Традиционная грамматика текста*. М., 1981 г. с. 17; М. М. Рунин. *Механизмы коммуникативной организации текста*. М., 1979, с. 449—458.

³ См. Н. П. Рунин. *Текст как коммуникативная единица*. М., 1981.

therefore, that's why, because, however, in this connection, both... and, as well as, all deictic means, participial phrases. All these means are called traditionally grammatic means because they are already described as means of connection between separate sentences and clauses. But in the text they serve as means of connection between much larger spans — syntactical wholes, paragraphs, chapters. Such forms of cohesion also include the following means of enumeration: in the first place, in the second place, graphic means, a) b), c), or means dismembering parts of the utterance by figures 1) 2), 3), etc. Such adverbs as: soon, a few days (weeks, years) later, when etc, being temporal parameters of communication, hitch together separate events, imparting authenticity to them. The same function is performed by the following words: not far from, opposite, behind, under, above, next to, in the distance, close by, past, etc., which are spatial parameters of communication. The enumerated means of cohesion are considered logical, because they fit the logic-philosophic concepts — the concepts of consistency, temporal, spatial, cause-and-effect relations. These means are easily recognized and therefore don't detain the reader's attention. It is just in logical means of cohesion that we observe the intersection of grammatic and textual forms of connection. Connecting separate spans of the text into one aggregate whole, into a speech production, the grammatic means acquire the status of textual means, i.e. acquire the status of cohesion.

Naturally in this process the connective means don't lose their system properties completely. That's why we can say that in logic connectives we observe simultaneous realization of two functions: grammatic and text-forming.

The basis of the next kind of cohesion — associative — is formed by other peculiarities of text structure such as: retrospection, connotation, subjective-evaluating modality. The verbal signals of associative cohesion are such introductory phrases as: suddenly it occurred to him, that reminded him of... etc. Associative cohesion is often elusive. However it sometimes determines the connection between the described phenomena, the connection which is very important for understanding the content-conceptual information of a literary work. It is necessary to point out that associations in literary works do not appear accidentally (spontaneously). They appear as a result of imaginative-creative process, in which remote notions, which are not connected by logical means of cohesion acquire quite clear connections.

Associative means of cohesion are typical mainly of imaginative literature. It requires some creative reexamination of connections between phenomena. Here we can cite the following words by Wordsworth: "To find affinities in objects in which no brotherhood exists for passive minds". It means that it is not easy to find similarity in objects without straining one's mind.

The compositional-structural forms of cohesion include first of all such forms which break consistency and logical organization

of the communication by all kinds of digressions, insertions, temporal or spatial descriptions of phenomena, events, actions, not immediately connected with the main theme (plot) of narration. Such violations, interrupting the main line of narration, sometimes constitute the second plan of communication. The compositional-structural forms of hitching remind of the assemblage of cinema sequences into complete films, when some recollections, "second plans" burst into the Consistently connected stills.

In every case of compositional-structural cohesion we can mentally imagine words and expressions which could logically connect the disunited pieces of narration, for instance: "digressing from the theme of the account", "passing over to the second line in the narration", "that reminds me of...", "a parallel case", "simultaneously with this", "at the same time", "in the other place", "we can detect similarity of the events"... etc.

Stylistic and rhythm-creating forms of cohesion in many cases interlace, as the above, mentioned 'forms also do by the way. Stylistic forms of cohesion are revealed in such organization of the text, in which stylistic peculiarities successively recur in the structure' of syntactical wholes and paragraphs. Structural, identity always supposes a certain degree of semantic affinity. If in one paragraph of the text we find a structure, in which the events develop from cause to effect, then a similar development of the structure in the second or third paragraphs of the text (extract) will constitute a case of stylistic cohesion. The same can be said about the usage of partial parallelism, about anaphoras in two or more spans of the text. Most frequently such means of cohesion is realized by the device of parallelism, i.e. by the identity of structures in sentences, syntactical wholes and paragraphs. Such identity of structures is perceived only at the contact disposition of text spans with the given structure, although sometimes identity can be observed even at the distant realization of parallelism. In cases of distant disposition of stylistic devices cohesion is traced with the help of statistic methods.

The most ordinary case of stylistic cohesion is the usage of chiasmus, when the sequence of sentences in one syntactical whole (paragraph) is inverted with regard to the preceding or succeeding one. Sometimes this device is realized in much larger spans of utterances. Thus, if in one span the unfolding of communication goes from cause to effect, and in the next span from effect to cause, then we deal with chiasmus, i.e.a, form of stylistic cohesion.

These forms of cohesion also include recurrent usage of one and the same stylistic device (simile, allusion, metaphor), if its basis is identical and the forms of realization are different-

Rhythm-creating forms of cohesion are hardest for perception. They chiefly belong to poetry. Such phenomena as meter and rhyme serve not only the purposes predetermined for them by the very form of poetic works, but act as means of cohesion.

The rhythm-creating form of cohesion is almost elusive in pro-

saic works, since the rhythm of prose refers to such categories about which we say "it is inexplicable, but it is felt". Yet, if in a number of successive spans we can see certain identical syntactic structures, their rhythmic organization can be recognized as a form of cohesion.

By image cohesion we mean such forms of connection, which echoing the associative ones, arouse notions of sensually perceptible objects of reality. The peculiarity of this kind of cohesion consists in the fact, that the author connects not objects or phenomena of reality, but images, through which these objects are depicted.

One of the best known forms of image cohesion is a sustained metaphor. This stylistic device can develop communication inside a syntactical whole or, integrating the entire literary production, it can join two or more parallel communications into one united whole. Furthermore, a sustained metaphor, possessing the ability of realizing itself simultaneously both within the limits of a syntactical whole and the entire literary work does not only serve as means of creating intertextual connections (linkage), but, being a stylistically marked element of the text (focus), it facilitates revelation of the text contents and its theme (topic) through a number of minute particular themes or subthemes.

By the "theme" we mean the sense nucleus of the text, the condensed and generalized contents of the text. The quotation itself from a theoretical treatise¹ on this subject runs as follows: "By the theme of the whole text or a micro-text we consider the sense nucleus understood as a generalized concentrate of the entire contents of the text".

The subthemes are revealed in separate chapters, paragraphs and complex syntactical wholes constituting a speech production. Between the theme of the entire speech production and its subthemes there exists an indirect connection. The theme of the entire speech production is by no means a mere arithmetic sum of particular subthemes. That is most distinctly seen in the genre of imaginative literature. The main idea of a literary work, as it is well known, is not stated by the writer immediately, but it is brought to the reader through a system of images, through concrete pictures of human life, coloured by his subjective attitude to it.

Nature descriptions, portraits of people, stories about separate events in the life of personages, or about their sufferings and experiences serve as separate subthemes of chapters, parts and syntactical wholes. Of course, the aggregate sum of subthemes is not equal to the ideo-thematic contents of the whole literary work, but it is only aimed at its revelation and serves as a means of its realization.

The concepts of a theme and introtexual connections as well

¹ Enkvist N. E. Style in some linguistic theories—In: Literary Style, N. Y. 1971.

² Agricola E. Vom Text zum Thema ... Berlin 1976, s. 15.

as the focus of a speech production constitute the main linguistic parameters belonging to the category of the wholeness of the text. The wholeness of the text, as it has been remarked, is not only a structural phenomenon, it manifests itself simultaneously in structural, sense and communicative wholeness, which correlate among themselves as form, contents and function.

It has been already mentioned, that a significant role in disclosing the category of text wholeness is played by a sustained metaphor. That may be confirmed by the analysis of numerous examples with sustained metaphors in the famous Forsyte cycle by the well-known English writer J.Galsworthy.

The main problem raised by the author in the Forsyte epos is the problem of historicism, the problem of social development of society, the problem of succession of generations. Comprehending the objective laws of reality, the writer in his chronicle of a few bourgeois family generations shows the destiny of the upper middle class in the period of its prosperity and foresees its collapse.

The opening novel of the first trilogy "The Man of Property", the action of which takes place in 1886, describes the Victorian, epoch, that was considered by the Forsytes as stable, durable, permanent. And the Forsytes themselves were the pillars of this stability, and the tenacity of the bourgeois class. In his nine volume cycle Galsworthy researched Forsytism as a social phenomenon. For the first time in English literature we find such deep analysis of proprietors psychology, that is felt in everything-beginning from their view at the British Empire colonies and ending with their attitude to the menu of their dinner.

By its exhausting character, precision and detailed description the investigation of Forsytism approaches a scientific analysis. But this "scientific analysis" is performed by means of literary art and the author achieves organic unity between the analysis of the social-historic aspect of Forsytism — one of the primary themes of the cycle — and the expression of its essence through images. This double purpose, aimed at the revelation of the idea of the whole literary work, is achieved thanks to the harmonious system of stylistic devices, including sustained metaphors, which in virtue of their language nature and being stylistically marked elements in the text facilitate the revelation of the central theme of the cycle through a number of subthemes, connecting separate text spans into the united whole, and in this way making corporeal the category of the wholeness of a literary text. The following examples will illustrate what has been stated above.

"All Forsytes, as it is generally admitted, have shells, like that extremely useful little animal which is made into Turkish delight, in other words, they are never seen, or if seen would not be recognized, without habitats, composed of circumstance, property, acquaintance, and wives, which seem to move, along with them in their passage through a world composed of thousands of other Forsytes with their habitats. Without a habitat a Forsyte is inconceivable he

would be like a novel without a plot, which is well-known to be an anomaly" p.135).

The image of a "shell" is the central image of the cited sustained metaphor. It is expressed explicitly and receives its further development in the image of a habitat, composed of circumstance, property, acquaintances and wives which move along with them and constitute a part of their property. This is the essence of the Forsytes as a social class of the English society, without it they are inconceivable, their existence is impossible.

The same typical essential features of the Forsytes are emphasized in young Jolyon's cue, which is situated in a distant context.

"I should like, said young Jolyon", to lecture on it: "Properties and quality of a Forsyte. This little animal disturbed by the ridicule of his own sort, is unaffected in his motions by the laughter of strange creatures (you or I). Hereditarily disposed of myopia, he recognizes only the persons and habitats of his own species, amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquility (p.261).

Uttered by a Forsyte, but a Forsyte, refusing to accept the priority of material welfare over the spiritual welfare and that's why ostracized by the family clan, these words sound especially convincing and once more reveal the same typical feature of the Forsytes bounding themselves by the world of their own interests.

The same trait, correlating with their desire to protect themselves from the undesirable influence of the outer world, that could negatively affect the welfare of the Forsytes (both each of them and the whole clan taken together) receives its further development in the next metaphor, also situated, in a distant context:

"In the great warren each rabbit for himself, especially those clothed, in the more expensive fur, who are afraid of carriages on foggy days, are driven underground" (p. 332).

The central image of this metaphor "each rabbit for himself" getting its development in the next link "those clothed in the more expensive fur", allows to reveal such a typical trait of the Forsytism as their insulation and concern for the things that immediately surround them, including all kinds of material values among which they reckoned their wives too: "Her power of attraction he regarded as part of her value, as his property" (p. 97).

The same trait of the Forsytes is underlined in the metaphor, that is found in the sequel to this novel:

"Little spiders and great spiders and the greatest spinner of all his own tenacity for ever wrapping its cocoon of threads round..."

Observations over the onward movement of the text (continuum) enables us to trace the further development of the metaphoric image, revealing the ontological characteristic of the Forsytism: "Each section in the vineyard of its own choosing grew and culled and pressed and bottled the grapes of pet sea-air (p.301).

The analysis of the above mentioned metaphors, allows to state that the trait of "insulation, boundness by a narrow circle of personal interests" serves as a pivotal centre uniting and concentra-

ting the cited cases of actualized sustained metaphors around the main theme of the cycle — the characteristic of the Forsytes as the most typical and vivid representatives of the English bourgeois society" Moreover the semantic analysis of the constituents of the given metaphors (shell, habitat, warren, section in the vineyard) testifies to the fact that simultaneously with the characteristic function, all of them perform the function of linkage, connecting separate and sometimes rather distant from each other spans of the text.

Thus, being stylistically marked elements of the text (focus), revealing one of the main themes of the entire literary work (topic) and simultaneously performing a connecting role in the text (linkage) the sustained metaphor realizes the category of the text wholeness. The concept of wholeness of a literary text is closely connected with such concepts as integration and completeness of the text.

Integration (from Latin *integratio* — making up as a whole, making entire, *integer* — undivided, whole) according to the definition given in the Big Soviet Encyclopaedia is a concept belonging to the theory of systems and denoting a combination of separate component parts into a whole, as well as the process leading to this state.

When applied to the text integration denotes a process of uniting separate parts into a single whole. Uniting the meaning of separate syntactical wholes, the contents of sections and chapters into a single whole, integration neutralizes the relative autosemantics (independence) of these parts and subordinates them to the general informational purport of the literary work. It is just the integration that ensures the consistent comprehension of the content-factual information.

It is necessary to draw a demarkating line between cohesion and integration. These concepts are mutually stipulated, but they are different from the point of view of their forms and means of expression. Cohesion represents forms of connection-grammatic, semantic and lexical — between separate parts of the text, defining the transition from one context-variative segmentation of the text to another. Integration represents unification of all parts of the text for the sake of achieving its wholeness. Integration can be realized by cohesion means, but can also be based on associative and presuppositional relations. Cohesion is a category of the logical plane, integration — rather of a psychological plane. Cohesion is linear, integration is vertical.

While analysing the ways of integration it is important to keep in mind, that the united parts of the whole are not obligatorily subordinated to one another and all of them taken together are not subordinated to the most significant one. The force of integration lies in the fact that it discloses the interrelation of parts, sometimes placing them into the position of equipollent or close by the ethical principles expressed in them or by their artistic-aesthetic functions.

The most important thing in the process of integration is the centripetence of the parts in the text.

The "centre" is the content-conceptual information, which is enclosed in small parts within each separately taken span of the text. The process of integration itself presupposes selection of parts in the text, of parts most essential for the content-conceptual information.

Integration of a literary work supposes repeated reading of the work and each time the addressee should read it from a different point of view. The process of text integration is realized in the interrelation of the first impression, received by embracing the contents in totality, and subsequent impressions, after detailed analysis of the system of stylistic devices and semantics of separate parts, constituting the text.

The results of integrating arc connected with the category of completeness of the text. The text is considered to be complete only then, when from the point of view of the author his message received exhausting expression. In other words completeness of the text is the function of the author's scheme, placed in the foundation of the work and gradually developed in a number of descriptions, reports, narrations, meditations, monologues and other forms of communicative process. When, according to the opinion of the author, the desirable result is achieved by the onward movement of the theme, by its development, the text is completed.

Considering the categories of integration and completeness we must demarkate the concepts of completeness and a tail-piece of the text. Completeness, as it was pointed out, sets a limit to the unfolding of the text, bringing out its content-conceptual information, that is explicitly or implicitly expressed in the title. A tail-piece is a concluding episode or a description of the last phrase in the development of the plot. In other words a tail-piece is a peculiar "full stop" of the text.

Thus, the concept of completeness refers to content-conceptual information, and a tail-piece refers only to the content-factual information.

§6. Composition of the Text

The literary text is a complex whole, the elements constituting the text are arranged according to a definite system and in a special succession. This kind of a complex organization of a literary production, its construction is called composition. Composition of the text is stipulated by its contents, it reflects the complexity of life phenomena, depicted in the text, and the comprehension of life connections, as well as cause and effect relations, characteristic of the given writer.

Composition of a literary work depends on its plot. A plot is a plan of a literary composition reflecting its immediate content. It is a scheme of connected events comprising the main stages in

the development of conflicts and revealing principal traits of people through their actions-

The plot as any relatively completed moment of a life process, has a beginning, development and end. The point of departure for a plot organization is **an exposition** — an outline of the environment, circumstances and conditions of the described events. A certain kind of exposition introduces into the narrative additional information about the personages outside the immediate connection with the depicted events: some information about the things that preceded the depicted events, that took place between these events and, finally, that followed these events. In this respect the exposition can give substantial material for understanding the ideological essence, conceptual information of the text.

The author may give no exposition at the beginning, but hold it up until the initial conflict takes place as an explanation for the latter (retarded exposition); he can place it at the end (reverse exposition) etc — all that depends on how he understands life in its development and how he wants to depict it.

The next important component that forms the framework of the plot is **the initial collision**. The initial collision represents an event that starts action and causes subsequent development of events.

The exposition doesn't engender action, it only creates a background for it, but the initial collision engenders action, thanks to it events begin concrete unfolding.

The initial collision ensures transition to the next stage—**development of action**. The author shows the course of events and their development which ensures from the main "jerk", from the initial collision. The development of events leads, finally, to the moment of great tension, to the decisive clash of interests, to the topmost point — to **the culmination**.

Culmination — the topmost point is a moment of decisive importance for the personages' destinies. The events following the culmination take the already settled course of development, while before the culmination the action could assume the most unexpected course of development. As a rule culmination represents a text span saturated with various stylistic devices, emotional and image language means. Very often it contains the most intensifying stylistic device—climax. That is quite justified, as culmination, representing the summit part of text composition, supplies the most important facts for deriving conceptual information. Here we come across all kinds of foregrounding and first of all convergence of stylistic devices.

For instance, it is very distinctly seen in E. Hemingway's novel "Farewell to Arms". The novel is widely known as an antiwar literary production, although love theme also gets a considerable development in it, especially in the last two parts. That's why we can point out two culmination peaks in it: retreat at Caporetto in the second part and Henry's fears during Catherine's labour in childbirth in the fifth part. Now we shall consider the second peak.

Against the background of the outwardly neutral narration about the developing events we suddenly come across an extract standing out in sharp contrast to the rest of the book by the style of its relation: "Poor, poor dear Cat. And this was the price you paid for sleeping together. This was the end of the trap. This was what people got for loving each other. Thank God for gas, anyway. What must it have been like before there were anaesthetic? Once it started, they were in the millrace. Catherine had a good time of pregnancy. It wasn't bad. She was hardly ever sick. She was not awfully uncomfortable until towards the last. So now they got her in the end. You never got away with anything. Get away hell! It would have been the same if we had been married fifty times. And what if she should die? She won't die. People don't die in childbirth nowadays. That was what all husbands thought. Yes, but what if she should die? She won't die. She's just having a bad time. The initial labour is usually protracted. She's only having a bad time. Afterward we'd say what a bad time and Catherine would say it wasn't really so bad. But what if she should die? She can't I tell you. Don't be a fool. It's just a bad time. It's just nature giving her hell. It's only the first labour which is almost always protracted. Yes, but what if she should die? She can't die. Why would she die?"

What reason is there for her to die? There's just a child that has to be born, the by-product of good nights in Milan. It makes trouble and is born and then you look after it and get fond of it maybe. But what if she should die? She won't die. But what if she should die? She won't. She's all right. But what if she should die? She can't die. But what if she should die? Hey, what about that? What if she should die?"

The cited extract reproducing the thoughts and feelings of the personage is given in the form of represented speech imbued with language expressive means and stylistic devices. It conveys great emotional tension of the young man — love, alarm and deep concern for the beloved person, his foreboding of disaster. The language means realizing these feelings are repetitions, rhetorical questions, special constructions, interrogative sentences, gradation. The main device of foregrounding used here is a repetition, the repetition of words, constructions, phrases, sentences. The phrase "but what if she should die?" repeated in this comparatively small extract ten times does not only convey the young man's despair, but also creates the impression of an obsessive thought, in this way predetermining the further development of the plot, predicting its deplorable outcome.

As a rule the culmination is followed by a **denouement**, i.e. the situation that is taking shape as a result of the development of the entire preceding action.

All basic elements of plot construction — exposition, initial collision, development of action (story), culmination, denouement, can be given in the most various forms. Sometimes separate links

Thus, the segmentation of the text into chapters in this case focuses the reader's attention on the most important spans of the text, compels him to halt and ponder over the significance of this or that element.

One of the main compositional units facilitating the reader's perception of the utterance is a paragraph, since it graphically reflects the logic and emotional structure of the semantic unit. While reading, a paragraph is marked out by a specially prolonged disjunctive pause. The disjunctive pause between paragraphs sums up the information of the preceding paragraph and prepares transition to the succeeding one. The pause and the structure of the paragraph perform important textual-stylistic functions: they help to place accents, create the composition of the text, reflect and make noticeable the principles of selecting language material and the degree of its completeness.

A paragraph is a syntactico-intonational unity of a higher range than a sentence. It consists of one or more sentences joined by conjunctive-adverbial connections, by pronominal or lexical repetitions, by the unity of time, by the change of the indefinite article into the definite one etc. The general feature of a paragraph in all functional styles is its logical wholeness. Typical peculiarities of a paragraph which distinguish the style of one trend from another are the relative completeness or incompleteness, dependence or independence of its constituting sentences.

The second kind of text segmentation is a content-variative one. This kind represents different forms of stating content-factual and content-conceptual information, to wit: narration, description, the author's meditations, as well as a dialogue, monologue and represented speech.

Narration conveys the main plot thread of a literary production. Most frequently the events are related in their chronological succession. The successive relation of facts makes it possible for the author to mark out the plot line more conspicuously and to convey information about the persons of the novel or story.

It is necessary to remark that a narrative context is usually connected with certain locality and time. The designation of the locale and period of the literary work, appellation of persons and nomination of actions — these are the language means with the help of which narration is conducted. Imaginative time, in which the described events are unfolding, imitates real time, but doesn't reflect all its properties, being less rigid. Real time flows evenly — imaginative time can speed up, slow and even halt. Real time is irreversible, but in imaginative texts succession of events can be changed, the later events can be placed before the earlier ones. Very often, in order to excite the reader's interest, the author begins a story from the middle and afterwards gives the exposition. Sometimes, especially in detective stories, the final link in the chain of events serves as the beginning of the narrative. Thus, in the initial episodes of "The Quiet American" by Graham Green, one of

the central personages of the novel is already killed and afterwards the author describes the events preceding his murder.

There is also a concept of imaginative space. It is a description of imaginary place of action in a literary work. The imaginative space can be enormously vast, embracing the whole globe and it can also shrink to the size of a room.

A characteristic trait of narration is its dynamism. Dynamic spans of the text abound in verbs expressing action. The action can be external, physical, denoting movement or shifting in space. Besides that the action can be internal, taking place inside a person's mind: something changes in his knowledge and understanding of the environment, in his attitude to it, in his personal inclinations.

Description serves for depicting nature, locality, interior of the house and personal appearance. Characterization of a man's qualities also belongs to description. The description of personal appearance, landscape, interior of an apartment is static in comparison with an account of external or internal action; as if in such cases the time in narration halts or slows down and no events are taking place. Description is an integral part in a majority of prose works. Its main function is to create imaginative space and environment in which the action takes place. In truly artistic texts descriptions are very important. They can be used for the expression of emotions as a parallel or a contrast to some or other events, as a plot metaphor. It is just descriptions that are usually selected for stylistic analysis. As a rule they contain a great number of stylistic devices and stylistically-marked language means. Let's analyse a small extract from J. Galsworthy's story "The Apple-tree", presenting the description of a blossoming apple garden, where the main characters of the story kept tryst. The style of the account is elevated, poetic, unhurried. This is testified by the poetic choice of words: "spirit", "bewitched", "glamour", "moonwitched", "unheartily", "god", "godness", "faun", "nymph", "mysterious" and the usage of complex syntactic structures. The text is saturated with various stylistic devices of all language levels: phonetic, lexical, syntactic. In order to make the description of the landscape vivid and picturesque a convergence of stylistic devices is used: epithets (creeping moonlight, bewildering, still scentless beauty, quivering, haunted moonwitched trees, soft, sacred, young blossom), metaphors (the stream's burbling whispering chuckle, busy chatter of the little trout stream, the moon was flinging glances), similes (he had the oddest feeling of actual companionship, as if a million of white moths or spirits had floated in and settled between dark sky and darker ground and were opening and shutting their wings on a level with his eyes).

The author is striving to describe the blossoming moonlit orchard in all details and particulars to enable the reader to feel the mysterious beauty of the surrounding nature. But that is not the only purpose of the author. Concentrating our attention on the interaction of stylistic devices, we come to the conclusion that the

second purpose of the author was to disclose the protagonist's mood, his inner psychological state. Alongside with stylistic devices of descriptive character elements of represented speech also make their appearance in the text. Why did the author include colloquial phrases of represented speech into a lofty description typical of written type of speech with its long sentences, complex constructions, with its bookish and poetic words? That is not accidental. Thanks to represented speech the description of the orchard is given through the perception of the protagonist. The author does not only describe the beauty of nature, but makes the reader look at the orchard by the eyes of his personage. The use of such phonetic means as: onomatopoeia, imitating the sounds of nature — the birds' cries, the stream's burbling, the rustling of leaves, creates the impression of the protagonist's immediate perception of the surrounding landscape. Evidently it was necessary for the author to show how the surrounding landscape, the awakening nature influenced the young man.

In addition to that one more detail catches our eye — all stylistic devices of the description perform one and the same function, the function of personification, as if the nature comes to life and inanimate objects are spiritualized. It bewitches the young man. It is important for the author to show that the nature of the surrounding landscape has a mystic (by the way this word is used in the text) miraculous effect on the personage.

The description of the orchard is terminated by a quite unexpected metaphor "tree-prison", which is contrasted to the preceding stylistic devices of a lofty, poetic character. The contrast, created by the author, attracts the reader's attention to this image and serves as a signal of stylistic information. This metaphor performs a depicting-evaluating function: alongside with the description of the powerful tree, whose branches somehow concealed the whole sky firmament, the author once more confirms the thought, that our personage is imprisoned by his feelings, he is bewitched and holds no more power to control himself or his actions. In this way the language means, used in the description of nature serve the purpose of characterizing the personage and although they don't give a direct evaluation, they help us to understand the man's inner world, his poetic nature, his subtle perception of beauty. The analysis **of** the cited extract enables us to see the interconnection between the description of nature and the inner psychological state of the personage, the account for his actions in the further development of events and in this way to penetrate deeper into the contents of the text.

Parts of the text containing the author's digressions also play an important role in disclosing the conceptual information. The author's discourses usually take the form of deep philosophic generalizations, conclusions, judgements and individual epigrams. The author's reasonings very distinctly show his position, his social, political and aesthetic credo. It is just the author's reasonings that

very frankly express his ideologic and aesthetic point of view, his personal evaluation of depicted things. Thus, the author's discourses are characterized by an extraordinary functional load, performing the role of principal turning points in a literary production, most ponderous in ideological and artistic respects. The enumerated forms of context-variative segmentation-narration, description, discourse — constitute the plan of the author's speech. The speech of the personages is represented in the text by the forms of dialogues, monologues and represented speech.

Dialogue of a literary work is a complex and polyfunctional formation. Being an analogue of oral speech, it, on one side, reflects the regularities intrinsic to oral intercourse and on the other side it immediately expresses individual peculiarities of a speaker and characterizes his life standing, ideologic, aesthetic and social status. The dialogic context is a portrayal of personages: it reveals their speech peculiarities, discloses their world outlook and clearly shows their emotional, ethic and moral traits. Let's again turn to the analysis of the extract from J. Galsworthy's novel "The Man of Property". As it has been stated above, the disposition of the given episode at the beginning of the new chapter, the rupture in the narrational chain signals the significance of this text span in revealing the conceptual information. The extract begins with narration. The very first sentence indicates implied importance of the described event. The word "Dinner" is emphasized graphically. The sentence is isolated into a separate paragraph. The pause following the paragraph, makes it possible to comprehend the utterance, to imagine the solemn ceremony of the dinner. In subsequent sentences our attention is attracted by the repetition of the word — "in silence", given in the function of anadiplosis and placed in the initial, the most prominent, position of the sentence. In this way the word becomes stylistically marked and makes the utterance emotionally-coloured. Thanks to this we feel the tense atmosphere, the excitement of the people at the dinner table. Analysing direct speech of the personages, we draw deductions about their emotional state. Irene and Bosinney are excited, show interest in each other, perceptive to the beauty of the awakening nature. Their speech contains exclamatory sentences, words of positive emotional evaluation. It is interesting to mark that although the conversation at the table is general, Irene's and Bosinney's talk is addressed only to each other. Their cues, like an echo, always follow each other: "Bosinney ventured: It's the first spring day! Irene echoed softly: Yes, the first spring day!"

The reader feels the personal interest Irene and Bosinney have for each other, the source of their love, when every word becomes significant, when words of one person find response in the heart of the other. June's speech reflects a quite contrary emotional state. She denies everything that Irene and Bosinney say. She doesn't like spring: "there isn't a breath of air", the scent of flowers: "How can you like the scent?", the sunset "A London sunset!" June's

words contain negative emotional evaluation: "Wine's such horrid stuff!" Thus June's speech reflects her inner state—she is out of spirits, she is irritated and angry. She is jealous, feeling Irene's and Bossinney's mutual attraction, she cannot conceal her bad mood.

Soames, in contradistinction to the three others, is quite calm and unaware of their feelings. His speech characterizes him as a neutral man, entirely indifferent to everything that doesn't immediately concern his own interests. For Soames this dinner is only an occasion for establishing business contacts with Bossinney. He is concerned only with the dinner-itself. Against the background of the general emotional tension Soames cues about cutlets, wine, olives cause nothing but an ironical smile on the part of the reader.

Thus, dialogue supplies material for characterization of the personages and in this way plays an important role in revealing the general conceptual information of the text.

It is necessary to remark that the analysed speech forms are seldom used in their pure state. They are usually mixed up or combined with one another. There are different ways of joining them: either one form is interspersed with elements of the other, or one form intrudes in big portions into the other, or several forms are mixed up together. Replenishing each other they blend so organically that sometimes it is difficult to disjoin them. And yet they present different kinds of information dynamic (action, movement, communication) and static (the description of an object and its environment).

§8. Poetic Detail

Recreating some phenomenon of objective reality in a literary work, the writer does not describe its minute peculiarities and numerous traits, he does not particularize its component parts and elements, but out of a multitude of feature pertaining to its nature and appearance he chooses those which he considers most informative, most suggestive. He usually does not strive to select the most prominent features, but on the contrary he chooses those, which seem rather inconspicuous, but at the same time help to recreate the inner connection of things and thus, perform the function of the most distinctive, characteristic traits. Here we can use a proverbial example from A. Chekhov's play "Chaika", in which one of the personages says that for the description of a moonlit night landscape it is sufficient to mention the neck of a broken bottle glittering on the dam and the black shadow of the millwheel.

Such details, which are selected by the author to represent the whole, which serve as a basis for recreating the complete picture by the reader, are called poetic details.¹

When analysing imaginative texts we may run the risk of mixing up a metonymy (synecdoche) with a poetic detail because they are

based on a common trait: both of them denote the entire object through its part. That's why it is necessary to point out the difference between them. The decoding of metonymy has nothing in common with the unfolding of a poetic detail. The words representing metonymy are always preserved in the decoding phrase. For ins-

" "The boy was followed by a pair of heavy boots"- After decoding: The boy was followed by a man wearing a pair of heavy boots.

The unfolding of a poetic detail doesn't require its presence in the recreated picture, it is usually omitted in the ensuing sentence, it is substituted by other words expressing logical connection of related things. Let's take an example.

"The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it (the laden mattress) slowly, tracing, like the leg of transit, a thin red circle in the water". (F. Scott Fitzgerald "The Great Gatsby"). We see that, Fitzgerald doesn't explicitly describe the scene of Gatsby's murder by Wilson, but shows it through a small detail: a thin red circle in the water. That brings the reader to the conclusion that Gatsby was shot while bathing on his pneumatic mattress in the pool.

In the function of a poetic detail the word is always used in its direct meaning, but it is deautomatized, it is actualized and serves as a signal of imagery, it stirs up the reader's imagination, arouses his active thinking and urges him to join the co-creative process together with the author.

The visual pictures appearing in the readers' imagination on the basis of one and the same detail will be similar, but they won't quite coincide, because they will reflect their individual fancy. They can't be identical, as they depend on the personal qualities of the readers and their thesaurus. Let's take an example from "Arrowsmith" by Sinclair Lewis dealing with the initiation of new members into Digamma Pi, the chief medical fraternity:

"It was a noisy and rather painful performance, which included smelling asafetida. Martin was bored, but Fatty Pfaff was in squeaking, gasping terror!"

Smelling asafetida seems to be an item of secondary importance, it is not accentuated by the author, as if it were given by bypassing, but it is chosen by the author as a guiding detail which helps to supply all other rituals of the procedure. The word is unpredictable, thanks to that it is actualized and excites the readers' fancy. Each reader will imagine a number of other solemn ceremonies that could have possibly been included in the programme of the performance, such as: taking an oath, magic dancing, answering spirits' questions, mysterious frightening noises, piercing one's finger and squeezing out blood for signatures, cabalistic gestures and other transcendental rites of occult sciences.

Poetic details greatly contribute to the laconism and terseness of style because they give a great impulse to the reader's imagination. They make it possible to realize the principle of incomplete representation, which helps to avoid verbosity of style. If the writer

¹ B. A. KyxapeHKo. «HH TephpeTauHn TeKCTa». JteHHHppaa, 1979, c. 40.

tried to describe episodes, people, landscapes and situations in full details, the book would assume an enormous size and plot would dissolve in its innumerable pages. Verbiage is not conducive for maintaining the reader's interest. Truly talented books keep stirring up the reader's interest by stimulating his mental work. While supplying the missing facts the reader strains his perceptive abilities. Filling in the gaps in incompletely represented situations the reader visualizes the whole and derives aesthetic pleasure from the process of reading.

Poetic details carry out different functions in imaginative texts. According to their functions we distinguish the following kinds of details:

- 1) Depicting details.
- 2) Details of authenticity.
- 3) Characterological details.
- 4) Details of implicitness.

1) Depicting details are supposed to create the visual image of a described phenomenon. Most frequently we come across depicting details in the description of nature and personal appearance. Thanks to depicting details landscapes and portraits become more concrete and individual. Besides that depicting details very vividly reflect the author's point of view, because the choice of a detail is always subjective, it conveys the author's emotional and evaluating attitude. Let's take an example:

"In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little dark grey eyes, and an immense white moustache, which drooped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. ("The Man of Property" by J.Galsworthy). Jolyon's appearance is described by a number of features, but the most important one is his white drooping moustache, because it becomes a recurrent detail and even his grandchildren after his death had it firmly fixed in their memory:

"The room, not much used now, was still vaguely haunted for them both by a presence with which they associated tenderness, large drooping white moustaches, the scent of cigar smoke and laughter ("In Chancery" by J. Galsworthy).

2) Authentic details usually point at some facts which help to create the impression of authenticity. Chiefly they denote the names of countries, cities, towns, streets, avenues, numbers of houses and flats, as well as metro stations, railway stations, bridges and squares, where the described action takes place. Even if the reader never visited New York or London and knows about Brooklyn Bridge or Paddington station only from hearsay, the personages of a literary work acting in these geographically existing places will assume convincing reality. For instance A.Conan-Doyle placed the residence of his famous detective in Baker street in the house N 221-B and the

readers of his books visiting London always come to Baker Street to look at the house where Sherlock Llolmes lived, although house 221-B never existed there. In 1954, the year of Sherlock Holmes' centenary, tourists wanted to fix a memorial plaque on the house where he lived. They examined many houses in Baker Street and finally agreed that house 109 answered the descriptions given by Conan-Doyle and put up the plaque there.

Sometimes writers invent the names of cities and streets, such names also perform the same function of authenticating the reality of a literary personage. For instance A. Coppard, a well-known English writer, placed the action of his pamphlet "Tribute" in the town of Braddle, non-existent place. But it sounds typically English and very plausible. That helped to create the impression that similar events could have taken place in any little town and were very typical of that period.

The names of big shops, trade-marks of different articles of clothing, the names of clubs, public schools, Universities, Banks, theatres, the names of ships, the marks of cars, cigars and cigarettes also belong to authentic details.

When the author mentions the exact time of some imaginary action, the exact date of some event, the exact sum of money etc, he also produces the impression of authenticity. Let's take an extract from the novel "Passionate year" by James Llliton:

"Speed was very nervous as he took his seat on the dais' **at five to seven** and watched the school stragglng to their places. They came in quietly enough, but there was an atmosphere of subdued expectancy of which Speed was keenly conscious; the boys stared about them, grinned at each other, it seemed as if they were waiting for something to happen. Nevertheless, **at five past seven** all was perfectly quiet and orderly, although it was obvious that little work was being done. Speed felt rather as if he were sitting on a powder-magazine, and there was a sense in which he was eager for the storm to break. At about **a quarter past seven** a banging of desk-lids began at the far end of the hall".

In this example scrupulous marking of the exact time shows the teacher's nervous alertness, his fear of the ruffians, who might put their plan into execution and start ragging him. The reader easily visualizes the situation and believes in its reality.

3) **Characterological details**, denote individual traits of a personage, revealing his psychological and intellectual qualities. While depicting and authentic details shape the image of a character indirectly, characterological details take an immediate part in modelling the character. **As a rule** characterological details make their appearance throughout the whole text. The author never concentrates characterological details in one place, he usually uses them like landmarks at a distance from each other. They are mentioned in by-passing **as** something known. We can distinguish 2 cases in the usage of characterological details:

a) all characterological details are used for the manifold description of the character, each successive detail describing a new trait of the personage.

b) all characterological details are used for the recurrent accentuation of the most essential feature of the personage, revealing his predominant merit or demerit.

As an example for the first case we shall pick out several phrases from different paragraphs, characterizing Fatty Pfaff in S.Lewis' novel "Arrowsmith":

... "He was planned by nature to be a butt... he was magnificently imbecile. . . . Fatty's greatest beneficence was ... his belief in spiritualism. . . he went about in terror of spooks. . . Fatty was superstitious. It was Fatty himself who protested: "Gee, I don't like to cheat".

These characterological details scattered over the text show different sides of Fatty's nature: his defencelessness, his mental deficiency, his superstitiousness, his belief in spirits, his cowardice, his honesty.

As an example for the second case we shall pick out phrases from the same text which characterize one trait of Fatty's nature in a recurrent manner:

"... he was magnificently imbecile. . . . he believed everything ... he was the person to whom to sell useless things... Fatty had failed in mid-year anatomical. . . . they tried to thrust him through an examination ...

"Won't he never remember nothing about nothing?"
... he had forgotten everything he had learned.

"Maybe you can absorb a little information from it through your lungs, for God knows you can't take it in through your head".

All these characterological details testify to Fatty's mental deficiency, it is the most essential demerit of his nature, and it is recurrently marked in different situations.

41 **The** implication detail marks a surface trait of the phenomenon which suggests deep-lying meaning. The main purpose of this detail is to create undercurrent information.

As an example we'll take the case of aposiopesis from the story that has been already quoted:

"But you care what happens to me, don't you, Vern?"
"Oh, God, yes!" he said "That's all I do care about now.
If anything happens—".

("Wild Flowers" by E. Caldwell).

The decoding of this case presents no difficulty. Vern's grief would be so great, that he fails to find words for it. Life would practically lose all meaning for him. Sometimes, when the author fears that the implication detail defies the readers' understanding he gives a hint to its decoding:

"Well", continued Soames, "that's a very expensive business. Your grandfather isn't likely to consent to it unless he can make

sure that he's not got any other drain on him. And he paused to see whether the boy understood his meaning.

Val's dark thick lashes concealed his eyes, but a slight grimace appeared on his wide mouth, and he muttered:—

I suppose you mean my dad!"

(In Chancery by J. Galsworthy)

By the word "drain" Soames meant exhausting expenditure imposed on James by Dartie's constant losses in cards and the necessity of keeping up his family. With the help of Val's cue the author gives the reader a hint for guessing its meaning.

Summing up the chapter we again state that a poetic detail is a grain of concentrated information, which helps to convey much through little and in correlation with other elements of the text creates a harmonious picture of the imaginary object or phenomenon.

The more vivid a detail is, the greater is the impetus received by the reader's imagination and the greater is his aesthetic pleasure.

In certain conditions a poetic detail can become a poetic symbol. A symbol can develop any kind of poetic detail. The process of "transforming a detail into a symbol is based on a numerous recurrence of the same detail in analogous situations. In the first stages of the process the detail is always used in close proximity to the phenomenon which it will later on represent as a symbol. Gradually its connection with the concrete situation weakens," it becomes more independent and acquires the status of a symbol. Thus, for instance, in E.Hemingway's works "rain" becomes a symbol of a misfortune ("Farewell to Arms"), a "hyena" becomes a symbol of unhappiness ("The Snows of Kilimanjaro"), a "lion" becomes a symbol of fearlessness ("The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber").

§9. Foregrounding

One of the peculiarities of imaginative literature lies in the fact that any word of the text has a potential ability to acquire additional meaning or additional function and thus to become more conspicuous. In such cases we speak about actualization of the word or its foregrounding.

"Foregrounding is a special usage of language means which attracts more attention by itself and is perceived as unusual, deprived of automatism, deautomatized".

Automatization of a language unit in this case means its usage in its own contextually predictable meaning, actualization means the acquirement by the language unit of additional connotations. If the predictability in the realization of the word's own meaning dictated

¹ ТаБапаHeK B. Зажам .иHTeпaTypHopo KпыxKa H ero Ky.ibTypa. B c6. рипа*
CKHH jиHXBHCTHqeCKHH Kпы>KOK. M., «pиopпecc», 1967, c. 355.

by the context is violated, the word is sure to be actualized, it will acquire additional language capacity.

Language units actualize their potential abilities only in conditions of a specially organized context.

General principles of foregrounding comprise the following items:

1) They establish hierarchy of meaning and elements inside the text, i.e. foreground especially important parts of communication.

2) They ensure unity in text structure and its systematic organization, establishing connections between its parts and the whole and interaction between the parts inside the whole.¹ Actualization can be realized at all language levels: phonetic, morphemic, lexical and syntactical. The units of phonetic level are actualized in alliteration, assonance, rhythm, metre and other phenomena.

For example:

"Soames smiled a sneering smile and said: "I wish you good luck". Alliteration manifested in the repetition of the initial sibilant sound and the rhythmic arrangement of the sentence emphasize Soames' sardonic attitude to June and Bossinney.

At the morphological level actualization is realized through the repetition of affixes, stems, alteration of root-vowels, employment of absolute inflexions of verbs, reduplicated words, situative word-coinage. For example:

"We left the town refreshed and rehatted" (Fathcrhill). The repetition of prefix and the ending in the occasional neologism coined by the author (rehatted) creates a comic effect.

At the lexical level actualization is realized through lexical stylistic devices: similes, metaphors, metonymy, epithets, zeugmas, oxymorons, periphrases, hyperboles and irony.

As an example we can take a well-known aphorism by Bacon: "Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested".

The metaphorical predicates mean that some books should only be skimmed through, while others should be read thoroughly.

At the lexical level foregrounding is also typical of thematic and key words. In the vocabulary of a literary work these words usually belong to the high frequency zone and thanks to their multiple recurrence in different situations within one and the same text they enrich and change their meaning. For instance the word "bridge" in E.Hemingway's novel "For whom the Bell Tolls" in addition to its primary meaning "a construction spanning a river or a gulf" gradually in the course of the development of the plot acquired the following semantic components: "a combat task", "patriotic duty", "a test of courage", "danger". >

Let's take an extract from the story "The End of something" by the same author and trace the usage of key words in it:

"Nick **looked on** at the moon, coming up over the hills.

"It isn't fun any more".

¹ ApHMfaA H. B. CfhjHcTHKa aeKOf1HpoBaHHH. JlemmrpaA, 1974., c 44.

"He was afraid **to look at** Marjorie. Then he **looked at** her. She sat there with her back toward him. He **looked at her back**. "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it. She didn't say anything. He went on, "I feel as though everything was gone to hell inside of me. I don't know, Marge. I don't know what to say. He **looked on** at her back.

The analysis of the extract shows that the key words undergo a semantic shift and within the limits of the microtext develop the meaning of "to avoid meeting one's eyes".

At the syntactic level, foregrounding is achieved by syntactical stylistic device, such as parallel constructions, chiasmus, antithesis, climax, repetition etc. As an illustration let us consider a case of anticlimax: "In moments of crisis. . . I size up the situation in a flash, set my teeth, contract my muscles, take a firm grip on myself and, without a tremor do the wrong thing" (B.Shaw).

The first four homogeneous predicates show the person's strategic calculation, physical and psychological readiness to give a strong rebuff to danger, but the fifth predicate contrary to expectations shows his failure to rise up to the situation.

The contrast between the growing tension and the unexpected blunder at the culmination of gradation creates a comic effect. This stylistic device is also known as an "effect of deceived expectation".

One of the most powerful means of foregrounding is convergence. It is a concentration of actualized elements in a relatively short text span. It becomes especially conspicuous when it is based on simultaneous actualization of several words at different language levels. For an illustration we shall turn again to "Arrowsmith" by S. Lewis.

"... Fatty was soft, Fatty was superstitious, Fatty was an imbecile, yet they had for him the annoyed affection they might have had for a second-hand motor or a muddy dog'."

The anaphorical usage of antonomasia in a series of parallel constructions accompanied by gradation makes it possible to give a terse and vivid expression of traits pertaining both to man's appearance and character and thus to create the image of a plump and corpulent person, rather weak-minded and ignorant. Yet he is not a repulsive, but a rather attractive young man, inspiring fondness, the reason for which is conveyed by the diminutive! suffix in his nickname and the epithet "soft" possessing positive emotional evaluation. The oxymoronus combination of words in the next sentence (annoyed affection) concretizes the attitude of his fellow-students to him, in which fondness is mingled with contempt and irritation, as it is further confirmed by the asyndetical attributive clause.

Recent observations of linguistic phenomena in imaginative literature show that not only notional (semantic) words can be foregrounded, but even auxiliary (synsemantic) words can get their actualization. Among the synsemantic words cases with the definite article, personal and demonstrative pronouns are described as the most usual.

The main function of the definite article is to nominate the phenomena which are already known or have been mentioned before. That's why when the definite article takes the initial position opening a chapter, a novel it creates the impression that the author continues the narration, the beginning of which was given before. The reader believes that he is supposed to be acquainted with the preceding facts. Thus the definite article assumes an additional function—it creates the implication of precedence, suggesting sub-current text with some facts and events removed. The initial usage of personal and demonstrative pronouns performs the same function. The pronouns "he" or "that" opening a story or a novel are charged with the implied meaning: "the one, that has been mentioned before".

Besides that, pronouns can also be actualized when they gradually imbibe notional meaning thanks to the recurrent usage in a number of developing situations. In such cases they also require decoding. For instance in the story "Wild Flowers" by Erskine Caldwell the landlord, who turned his tenants out of the house, is never called by his proper name, but he is referred to as "he". This pronoun acquires the undercurrent meaning representing a cruel and indifferent world-

§10. Role of the Title in Revealing Conceptual Information of the Text.

In virtue of its close interaction with the content of the text, the title has great importance for revealing conceptual information. Sometimes in explicit and concrete form, sometimes in veiled and implicit form, the title expresses the scheme, idea, concept incarnated by the author in the text. Comprising the quintessence of the book's content, the title represents the nucleus of the content conceptual information. At first the title denotes a vague abstract notion, later on it fills with concrete meaning.

In the course of plot development, the words chosen by the author for the title, begin to acquire some additional, connotative shades of meaning, extend their semantic structure. The title can be metaphorically depicted- as a wound up spiral, revealing its potentialities in the process of unwinding.¹

As an example we can take the title of W.Saroyan's story "Laughter". The story describes a small episode from school life. Its content can be briefly reduced to the following: the teacher, Miss Wissig, makes her pupil Ben laugh for a whole hour, because he had laughed at the lesson. Laughter—a punishment! Laughter under coercion! The conceptions expressed by the word "laughter" in the aspect of the described concrete situation distinctively contradict the general conception of laughter, containing a positive

emotional evaluation. The writer imparts quite a different shade of meaning to the word "laughter". It is associated with something doleful, sad, joyless and even tragic. This thought is getting its development alongside in time with the unfolding of the content-factual information.

Even the initial lines ("You want me to laugh?" He felt lonely and ill in the empty classroom ...) comprise the contrast of moods, rooting, on one side, in the word "laugh" and, on the other side, in the words "ill, lonely". This contrast is increased by the conveyance of feelings experienced by the boy: surprise, perplexity (it was strange), fear (it was frightening),, disgust (it was disgusting), sorrow, sympathy (he felt sorry, he was sorry), shame (he was ashamed, shameful weeping in his voice). Revealing the child's inner struggle the writer shows how the text of the story is modifying the semantics of the title, which acquires the following implicit meanings: pity and sorrow, indignation and contempt, sympathy and support.

Very often the title of imaginative texts is connected with content-conceptual information only indirectly.

Sometimes the meaning of a title is veiled by a metaphor or metonymy. In E.Caldwell's story "Wild Flowers", the title, expressed by a metaphor, helps the reader to penetrate deeper into the content of the story, to understand its idea. The story shows tragic destiny of two young people dismissed and evicted by the landlord. The main idea of the story lies on the surface — it exposes the brutal foundation of bourgeois society. Using the example of the young family which for failing to pay the rent was turned out of the house in spite of the fact that the young woman was expecting a child, the author shows the calamitous position of the destitute working class and exposes cruelty and inhumanity of the exploitative class. The title of the story "Wild Flowers" prompts one more idea to us. Even before reading the story one can feel that the title presents a metaphor comprising a poetic image and this fact helps to create a certain emotional predisposition.

The character of the personages' mutual relations — their genuine love, care concern for each other — acquire special significance. In some of his stories Caldwell speaks about the influence of poverty in human soul, how poverty instigates hungry people to treachery, to mean actions and crimes. However in this story we see the opposite — torment sufferings and hard conditions do not embitter the hearts of people, don't kill their love. If we retrospectively reconsider the whole story in this aspect we'll see the possibility of a new interpretation prompted by the title of the story. The poetic image of wild flowers which bloom irrespective of conditions and circumstances, irrespective of the soil, on which they grow, exhaling fragrance and giving pleasure for the eyes, helps the author to show courage, staunchness, strength of spirit and love of the two young people who preserved their tender feelings in spite of the hard human conditions in which they found themselves. "Wild

¹ H. P. TajibnepHH. HHTerpauHH H 3aBepuieHHOCTb TeKCTa, H3BecTHH AH CCCP. CepHH jiuTepa-rybni H H3biKa. TOM 39, N° 6, 1980.

Flowers" is not only a tragic story, it also symbolizes belief in kindness, love and beauty.

A title — symbol reflects the content-conceptual information in the most conspicuous manner. The title of J.Galsworthy's novel "The White Monkey" can serve as an example. The image of the white monkey, given in the title, symbolizes ravageness of the younger generation of English bourgeoisie. It is an image of the white monkey from the Chinese picture, which Soames presented to his daughter.

The monkey is eating an orange and throws about its rind, her eyes reflecting deep yearning and dissatisfaction. In the yearning eyes of the monkey, in her troubled look and dissatisfaction Galsworthy incarnates the perception of life by the younger generation of English bourgeoisie. The representatives of this generation have no faith, no aim in life, no moral principles to guide their conduct by.

It is possible to classify titles according to their form and CCI or CFI reflected in them: 1) a title-symbol, 2) a title-thesis, 3) a title—quotation, 4) a title—report, 5) a title—hint, 6) a title—narration.

§ 11. Text Interpretation and Linguopragmatics

Linguostylistic analysis of the whole text (The chosen method of analysis embraces the text in its totality) makes it possible to reveal the structural-semantic organization of the imaginative text, the system of its tropes, the author's ways of expressing the emotional evaluation of life situations expressed in the text. As a result all this helps to reveal ideological and artistic message of a literary work.

But only complex linguostylistic and linguopragmatic analysis will help thoroughly understand a literary work, to give a correct evaluation of its role in the life of society, to comprehend the factors determining the specificity of its artistic organization.

Linguopragmatics is an aspect in the research of language, studying its units in their relation to that person or persons, who use the language. That's why in linguopragmatic researches the main accent falls on the man — both speaking or writing (the speaker, the text's creator, the addresser) and listening or reading (the recipient, the addressee).

In order to find the place of linguopragmatics in the interpretation of the text it is necessary to acquaint oneself with the main conceptions of linguopragmatics.

Any kind of intercourse, including intercourse by means of a belles-lettres text, presupposes a certain communicative-pragmatic situation. A pragmatic situation is a complex of external conditions of intercourse which the speakers keep in mind at the moment of realizing their speech act: who?—to whom?—about what?—for what?—how?

We distinguish the following parametres of a communicative-pragmatic situation:

1. environment and place of a communicative act
2. the subject of communication
3. the purpose of communication
4. the social status of the participants of communication (their class — social, ideological characteristics); educational qualifications, background knowledge, race affinity etc.
5. individual psychological characteristics of the communicants (sex, age, national affinity, temperament etc).

Pragmatic information reflects some or other parametres of the communicative-pragmatic situation and indicates which signs of the language system would be appropriate in the concrete conditions of communication. As an example we can use a tape-recorded scene of a morning greeting between the director of English language courses and a junior teacher (Oxford, the mid-eighties): "Good morning, sir!—Morning, Chris!" The pragmatic orientation in the selection of precisely these language units, especially the diminutive form of the proper name is emphasized by another scene, that took place that very evening in the director's mansion. Introducing his three-year-old grandson, Mr.Kendly, reacting to the guests attempt to call the child by a diminutive name insistently underlined: "**He** is Edward, not Eddy!"

Signals of pragmatic information are divided into language and non-language ones. In the cited example the form of address serves as a language signal of social characteristics of the communicants, to non-language signals we can refer the interpreter's knowledge of social role relations in modern English society.

Each act of speech intercourse pursues a certain communicative aim. The problem of studying how the communicative act influences speech or non-speech conduct of the addressee also belongs to the sphere of linguopragmatics. Only then, when the addresser and addressee understand each other, communication, from the pragmatic point of view, is considered to have realized. Only taking into account the pragmatic impact, the speaker can make choice of language means and their combinatorics.

Thus, Pragmatics of any text is one of its integral characteristic traits and that is determined by the very nature of the text as the main unit of communication. Thus, the process of communication alongside with the intellectual (factological, logical) function of the language also realizes the emotional-evaluation and pragmatic functions, which is simultaneously directed from the man and to the man. It is precisely this process that manifests the social nature of the language and of the man as its user.

The pragmatics of any type of the text includes the above stated parametres of the communicative-pragmatic situation: who?—what?—to whom?—for what purpose?—how? In the process of literary communication these parametres are specified in the following way:

— the agent of speech (the creator of a belles-lettres text, the author);

- the subject of communication (fragment of objective reality; passed through the individual perception of the agent of speech);
- the addressee (the mass reader, the critic interpreter);
- the purpose of communication (the pragmatic orientation of the agent of speech);

— the artistic organization of the text (its composition, the character of imagery, the system of language and stylistic devices etc)'.¹

Consequently the complex analysis of a text besides the main linguostylistic analysis also includes elements of linguopragmatic analysis: comprehension of the objective reality conditions in which the text was created, the personality of the author and the character of the addressee. In other words the linguopragmatic analysis requires studying the process of creating the text and its perception, i.e. it considers the text in the system of relations: reality-author-literary work-reader.

Consideration of the speech agent category begins as a rule from the comprehension of the social-historic reality in the conditions of which the text was being created. The literary production is considered to be a part of complex social process and the aggregate of ideological-social, national, literary and personal circumstances of creating a belles-lettres text is denoted by the general term "cultural context". It is the context of the singular concrete-situation of creating the text that manifests the character of the author's attitude to objective reality and the factual material, which circumstance finds its reflection in the so called pragmatic orientation of the text and its architectonics. The notion of the agent of speech is also socially determined. The social determination of the speech agent finds its particularly distinctive expression in the texts of belles-lettres style. And really the individual peculiarities of the writer, his style are in many respects determined by the norms of speech usage adopted in the given language collective at the given stage of historical development.

The basic foundation of any imaginative work — the artistic imagery in the broad understanding of this term is also socially determined, because, as philosophers contend, associative thinking is a purely social ability, acquired in the process of mastering the world. The system of principles for aesthetic evaluation is also based on moral, political, utilitarian-practical and other relations. The same principles make the foundation of the philosophical theory of social values-axiology. The same refers to the sphere of emotional notions, the social aspect of which is defined by P.V.Simonov in the following way: emotions are the system of social estimates, which, leaving aside many other properties of the subject, gives a preliminary answer to the question: "Is the object useful or harmful?"

Although the creator of an imaginative production unquestio

¹ 3. С. АЗҺаупоБа. ИТпарМаТҺКа хуаоКесТBeHHoro enema. ТаиКсHT, ОА 1988 г.

nably represents an artistic personality, his personality is formed and in many aspects determined by concrete social relations. At the same time a man, naturally, possesses his individual idiosyncrasies, which are determined both by social and purely biological factors (national affinity, sex, age etc). It is as a result of dialectical unity of general and singular that the artistic personality is moulding itself.

Specificity of the subject of literary communication is immediately connected with the peculiarities of an imaginative text which were described above. They are: associative imagery, emotional activity, subjectiveness, double-planned content, aesthetic character of the belles-lettres text. If the creator of a scientific text proves the verity of his ideas by logical reasoning, the creator of a literary text shows "the truth of life" by opposing the beautiful and the ugly. Correspondingly, the subject of literary communication can be defined as reflection of real world in the ideal world of aesthetic reality, as a fragment of reality passed through the "I" of the speech agent and addressed to the recipient of information.

And indeed the deep-laid idea of an imaginative work is expressed through the author's aesthetic evaluation, in other words, the very idea has aesthetic character and expresses the author's life position. At the same time it is not declared by the author straightforwardly, but it is asserted by inner logic of the production's total structure. The pragmatic orientation of the text is targeting a literary text at a definite, programmed by the author impact upon the addressee/reader. In case of an imaginative production this impact is of purely aesthetic character: the author is striving to affect the reader's emotions, to make the reader experience identical feelings and in this way to urge him to share his own thoughts.

The pragmatic orientation reveals itself through the character of the textual information, which I.R.Galperin defines as a kind of information "which communicates to the reader the author's individual understanding of relations between occurrences ... and their significance in social, economic and political life of people".

We distinguish three main levels of realizing the pragmatic orientation of the text: scheme, composition, style. And really the text of any type can be considered to be a result of some succession in the acts of choice at different levels of its engendering: at the level of the initial scheme, i.e. the choice of ideas and themes; at the level of structural-semantic organization of the text, i.e. the choice of the definite order in the consecution of themes and ideas; and at the level of the verbal style — the choice of language forms, expressive means, their combinatorics and so on. All these facts of choice are unquestionably interdependent — they form an organized hierarchic system which embodies the pragmatic orientation of the text.

¹ H. P. Та.ннепHH. ТеККТ IOK о6T>сKT .iHHrBHCTHqecKoro Hcc.ieaoBaHHa Moc-KBa, 1981, дп 28:

Thus, the intention of a speech agent is formed as a kind of scheme. Scheme is a content-and-sense formation, which is taking shape on the basis of the creative comprehension of that fragment of reality, which becomes the subject of communication. In other words scheme is a manner of representing the subject of communication.

The character of the author's scheme is pragmatic by its very essence, which in fact is connected with the nature of any type of artistic production, in the process of whose creation it is possible to observe two opposing and at the same time intersecting tendencies: reflection, and consequently, to a certain degree replicating reality and striving to its transformation. At the same time, even simple "replication" of reality, particularly in an artistic production, is not mere registration of facts. Here all forms of reflecting reality are subordinated to the conscientious choice of the way of its representing with the purpose of creating some or other pragmatic effect.

The main constituents of the communicative-pragmatic situation—speech agent and speech addressee—determine two aspects in studying the pragmatics of a speech production—pragmatic orientation and pragmatic reception.

Scheme formation in any concrete text, calculated for a definite impact, is to a great extent determined by its being directed to a certain address. Communication directiveness, marks M.M.Bakhtin¹—is its constitutive trait, without which there is no and can't be any utterance. In contradistinction to language meaningful units, which are impersonal, "nobody's" and not addressed to anybody, an utterance has both the author and the addressee. "We use the term "addressee", writes N.D.Arutyunova,²—underlining conscientious directiveness of speech utterance to some person (concrete or non-concrete) which can be characterized, and the author's communicative intention must agree with the characteristics ... Any speech act is calculated for a definite model of an addressee".

This addressee can be an immediate participant of the communicative situation—an interlocutor in an every day life dialogue, an opponent in a scientific dispute etc; he can be a contemporary, an antagonist, a supporter, an enemy, a subordinate, a chief, an intimate person, a stranger, he can be differentiated by social, professional, age, sex etc. traits, by his life, experience, emotional and motivation disposition.

The research of a literary text in the aspect of pragmatic communication makes it possible to reveal multi-layered communicative structure in it, which creates a complex system of relations between the writer and reader, the relations mediated, as a rule, by a personage: addresser-writer (addressee-personage) addressee-reader.

¹ M M EaxTHH «3cTeTHKa CnoBecHoro TBOpqecTBa» M., 1979, cnp. 275.

² H JX AпыноHOBa OaKTOп Aaпeцаиa. H3B6CTHH AxafleMHH HayK CCCP C. JI. *Ī*. 1981, тfs 4.

In the sphere of literary communication it is possible to distinguish the following types of addressee: mass reader, interpreter-researcher, wielding the technique of linguostylistic analysis, and finally, a personage of a literary work.

Role relations between the participants of literary communication are notable for their rather specific character and, first of all, depend on the conditions of the communicative act.

Although the reading of a literary work is, with good reasons, likened to a dialogue between the author and a reader, we can't speak about their role relations as equal participants of communication. Analysis of role relations, in which the personages of a literary work find themselves, when performing the roles of a concrete addresser and addressee, can give more concrete material in this aspect. In this case we can practically take into account the factors of a real communicative-pragmatic situation in their verbally fixed form. Interesting observations about the influence of social status of a speech agent on the speech conduct of an addressee have been made by Bolinger:

When an American hears an Englishman say **They do you a very adequate hearing—aid the National Health**, and finally manages an interpretation, "You can get a pretty good hearing aid from the National Health Service", he is puzzled at first, but respectful. These people have a strange way of turning a phrase, he thinks, but once you get the hang of it, it's OK. When the same American hears a Hawaiian say **This kind car better** or a Black child say **Some of them be big and some of them be small**, though he has no trouble understanding either sentence, he makes a mental note of the grammar. On the other hand our American is delighted with the attractive French Lady's remark to her companion, as he passes them and favours her with a stare, **Pour qui se prend il** uttered with a returning stare. He understands no French.

In all these instances these floats, along with the meanings of the words, the answer to a hidden question: Who is doing the talking?"

The perception of an imaginative production which is a determining factor in the achievement of pragmatic effect adequate, possesses a double character. It is estimated, first of all, according to the content expressed by it, comprehension of the main idea, conditioned by the system of images in the production on as a whole and representing by itself an objective category. Realization of this general idea by each concrete addressee transfers the objective understanding of the literary text content into subjective-personal sense. The above stated thought is confirmed by the doctrine of Marxist aesthetics about the subjective-objective nature of the aesthetic sphere, of which literature forms a part.

In contradistinction to the so called rational type of cognizing the world, the aesthetic perception is always conditioned by a situa-

¹ D. Bolinger, *Language. The Loaded Weapon*. L and NY 1982, p. 44.

tion, since the real attitude of the man to the fragment of reality, reflected in the imaginative production, embraces not the whole object but only vitally important for the given person sense of information - in accordance with his aims, needs and expectations. As a result an imaginative production serves for the reader as an analogue, while creating new content, but not as an object of cognition.

At the same time the personal character of perception is also socially determined, because the expectation of a definite reaction is socially conditioned by literary, ethical cultural stereotypes both national and even above-national, as well as social, regional and representing small groups.

The main means of literary communication with the help of which a speech agent realizes his ideologycal and artistic scheme and effects aesthetic impact upon the reader is a text. The task of a text creator is to achieve such harmony, so that each element of artistic structure should be maximally effective or using linguopragmatic terms "maximally appropriate".

The task of an interpreter is to "decode" the content of the text by comprehending its whole ideo-aesthetic system and each element of the system in their interconnection. This rather complex activity unquestionably requires a creative approach and it is based, on one side, on wielding—to this or that extent—an apparatus of linguostylistic analysis, and on the other side, on the acquaintance—again in greater or less measure—with the factors of cultural context—a complex of ideological, social, national, literary and personal circumstances of creating a speech production.

S U M M A R Y

INTERPRETATION OF THE TEXT AS A SUBJECT, ITS AIMS AND TASKS, ITS LINKS WITH OTHER SUBJECTS

Interpretation of the text as a subject comprises a system of methods and devices for grasping the meaning of a belles-lettres text. The object of text Interpretation is literary text. It conveys information from one man to another. The reader's perception of the literary work depends on his knowledge, experience and cultural level "(the reader's thesaurus). The main task of text interpretation is to prepare the reader to give a proper evaluation of the literary work and the idea expressed in it.

Text interpretation is a linguistic subject. It is connected with stylistics, literature, philosophy, sociology, ethics, aesthetics, hermeneutics (the science of interpretation), axiology (the science of significance and values).

The Interpretation of the text undergoes two stages. At th

first stage we learn the plot of a book and acquaint ourselves with its characters. At the second we perform the analysis by examining the categories of the text and its language peculiarities. The main categories we shall deal with are: the categories of informativity, modality, implicitness, segmentation and wholeness (cohesion) of the text.

INFORMATIVITY OF THE TEXT

The category of Informativity is the main category of the text, it is the ability to convey information. We distinguish the following kinds of information: 1) factual (it contains reports about facts, events, processes which take place in the text. It discloses the plot of the text); 2) subtextual information (it is additional information that can be extracted from the text — subcurrent); 3) conceptual information (it reveals the idea of the text by the thorough analyses of stylistic and pragmatic facts relevant for Interpretation).

These three kinds of information are revealed with the help of some elements of foregrounding and poetic details.

MODALITY OF THE TEXT

It implies the author's attitude to his personages and the described reality. It can be explicit when the author describes the events and characters himself or hidden when he entrusts his role to one of the personages, an on-looker, or an eye-witness.

Modality can be expressed directly or indirectly. In the first case the author himself shows his attitude to the personage through his evaluating epithets (e.g. Jack was a brave man, and a true friend). In the second case it is the reader who draws conclusions about the personage's positive and negative traits through the description of his actions by the author.

IMPLICITNESS OF THE TEXT

Language has two levels of expressing thoughts: explicit and implicit. The explicit is a superficial, obvious line of expressing a thought, the implicit is a concealed, secondary line.

Implicitness of the text is a concept of structural-semantic character, the implicit level has its own structural unit — an implicate: Among the most wide-spread types of implicates in belles-lettres text we distinguish the following:

a) an implicit title. It expresses in a concentrated form the main idea or theme of a literary production and requires for its realization the macrocontext of the whole work.

b) implication of precedence. It denotes such compositional structure of a literary text which gives the reader an impression that he is a witness of some continued story and the preceding

-events, facts and personages are supposed to be familiar. Implication of precedence is realized with the help of such implicates as the initial definite article opening the text, initial usage of personal and demonstrative pronouns and other synsemantic elements, producing the impression of "beginning from the middle", increasing the dynamism of narration and deep-hidden tension.

c) an implicit detail. This term unites a multitude of implicates, which mark the external characteristics of a phenomenon, intimating its deep-lying meaning.

WHOLENESS OF THE LITERARY TEXT. (COHESION)

The text wholeness, the organic hitching of its parts is inherent both to separate spans of the text and to the entire speech production. Separate spans into which the text is fractioned are joined together preserving the unity, totality of the literary work, ensuring consecutiveness (continuum) of the related events, facts, actions.

The category of cohesion deals with grammatic, lexical, logical stylistic composition — structural and associative means of connection which join separate parts of the text into total unity.

COMPOSITION OF THE TEXT

Composition of a literary work is a system of arranging its constituting parts used by the author. Composition depends on the plot. The basic elements of the plot construction are:

1) exposition (it is some information that preceded the depicted events); 2) the initial collision (it represents an event that starts action); 3) the development of the plot (it shows actions in their development); 4) culmination (it is the highest point of action); 5) denouement (it is the event that brings the action to the end); 6) end; 7) epilogue.

SEGMENTATION OF THE TEXT

The category of segmentation implies the division of the literary work into parts. Thus, a novel is segmented into the following parts: a volume, a part, a chapter, paragraphs, syntactical wholes. This kind of segmentation is called volume-pragmatic, because it divides larger parts (volumes) into smaller ones for the convenience of the reader.

The second kind of segmentation is called context-variative. It classifies the manner of communicating information and according to it we distinguish: narration, description, the author's meditations (digression), dialogue, monologue, represented speech, stream of consciousness. Variation in the shape of prose gives a mental respite to the reader.

Poetic details serve for more profound characterization of events and personages. We distinguish the following kinds of details.

1. Depicting details, which create the visual image of nature and appearance.

2. Authenticity details, which bring the reader to believe in real existence of things and events described in imaginative literature. They denote the names of countries, towns, streets, hotels and so on.

3. Characterological details, which reveal the personage's psychological qualities, individual traits and habits. They underline the most essential features. E.g. Fabian always left very big tips for waiters.

4. The details of implicitness, which suggest additional deep-lying meaning and create undercurrent information. E.G. "It pleased her to be seen in the dress circle even with Andrew". (Ara-kin. p. V. Lesson 4. "One stair up") The word "even" suggests the thought that Rose considered Andrew an inferior person but for want of a better partner went to the cinema in his company.

FOREGROUNDING

It is the actualization of potential possibilities of the language. It is realized with the help of phonetic, lexical, syntactical S.D. and the convergence of S.D. (the concentration of S.D. in a relatively short text span).

It is also typical of key words and thematic words (some repeated words which become symbolic. For example: "rain" — the symbol of unhappiness; "lion" — the symbol of courage).

ROLE OF THE TITLE IN REVEALING CONCEPTUAL INFORMATION OF THE TEXT

The title has great importance for revealing conceptual information. Sometimes in explicit and concrete form, sometimes in veiled and implicit form, the title expresses the scheme, idea, concept incarnated by the author in the text.

In the course of plot development, the words chosen by the author for the title, begin to acquire some additional, connotative shades of meaning, extend their semantic structure. Sometimes the meaning of a title is veiled by a metaphor or metonymy. According to their form and content-conceptual or content-factual information, reflected in them, titles can be classified as: 1) a title — symbol, 2) a title — thesis, 3) a title — quotation, 4) a title — report, 5) a title — hint, 6) a title — narration.

Linguopragmatics is an aspect of the research of language, studying its units in their relation to that person or persons who use the language. Any kind of intercourse presupposes a certain communicative-pragmatic situation (CPS): a complex of external conditions of intercourse which the speakers keep in mind at the moment of realizing their speech act.

In the process of literary communication the parameters of the CPS are specified in the following way:

— cultural context (a complex of ideological, social, national, literary and personal circumstances of creating a speech production);

— the agent of speech (addresser, the author);

— the subject of communication (fragment of objective reality, passed through the individual perception of the author);

— the addressee (the mass reader, the critic interpreter);

— the purpose of communication (the pragmatic orientation of the agent of speech);

— the artistic organization of the text (its composition, the character of imagery, the system of stylistic devices, etc).

Pragmatic information (PI) reflects some or other parameters of the CPS; signals of, PI are divided into language and non-language.

Each act of speech intercourse pursues a certain communicative aim. Only then, when the addresser and addressee understand each other, communication, from the pragmatic point of view, is considered to have realized. In other words the linguopragmatic analysis requires studying the process of creating the text and the perception, i.e. it considers the text in the system of relations: reality—author—literary work—reader.

BRIEF INSTRUCTIONS FOR SEMINARS

1. Methods and Ways of Interpretation

Interpretation of a belles-lettres work comprises the following three stages: 1. Preparatory stage. 2. Main stage. 3. Conclusive stage.

The preparatory stage requires the readers' acquaintance with the author's literary career and the cultural context. The knowledge of the historical situation and the concrete circumstance of the creation of the literary text will help the reader to see the author's pragmatic task, i.e. the purpose of his book. The author's biography, an outline of his previous works, the information about his world outlook, his social sympathies, his aesthetic credo etc. will prepare the reader for understanding ambiguous and obscure places in the text and for comprehending the book's message.

The main stage deals with the belles-lettres text itself and comprises two steps; Step A and Step B.

Step A presupposes reading the imaginative production for the sake of its content-factual information, i.e. the plot of the novel or story and the roles of its main personages. Simultaneously the reader acquaints himself with the vertical context, i.e. the commentary to the text, explaining quotations from world classics, allusions and elucidating different proper and geographic names and historic facts. If the book is not supplied with a commentary, the reader can consult an encyclopaedia or other reference-books. Since this step deals with the text taken in its wholeness it is also convenient now to analyse its structure (with two kinds of segmentation: context — variative and volume-pragmatic traditional arrangement of text components), its composition (with all elements of the plot), its completeness and to a certain extent its integration.

Step B deals with the linguostylistic analysis of the text, comprising the following aspects: a) systematization of key-words and thematic words with subsequent inferences from their usage; b) decoding all lexical, syntactic and phonetic stylistic devices and other cases of foregrounding; c) selection of poetic details and commenting on their language capacity.

The conclusive stage is supposed to provide a final formulation of the Content-Conceptual Information based on the analyses of the modality of the text, its implicitness, the role of the title and its pragmatics. It will be revealed in the process of discussion among the recipients of the book (the students guided by their teacher).

The scheme of interpretation given below can help to organize the process of interpretation at the seminars with students. It is recommended that all students should be thoroughly acquainted with the scheme. For this purpose it is advisable to read and translate all items of the scheme in the auditorium at the introductory lesson under the teacher's guidance.

For discussion at the lesson the teacher can use those items from the scheme which are more significant for the chosen literary text.

2. Scheme of Interpretation

1. Say a few words, about the author and the cultural context.
2. Give the factual information of the text, that is, briefly relate the plot of the story.

3. Speak on the pragmatic characteristics of the main personages. Extract additional implicit information from the individual speech habits of the characters concerning their educational qualifications, social status, age, origin (foreign or native), emotional state at the moment of speech and kind of general disposition (gay, sad, kind, cruel, restrained uncontrollable, self-confident, timid etc.), their property status, geographic locality etc., etc.

4. Characterize the composition of the story and its architectonics (proportional relations of the parts of the text). Point out in what way the composition deviates from the traditional model-

exposition, prologue; beginning of the plot (initial collision) development of the plot; climax; denouement; end; epilogue and what advantages result from it.

5. Comment on the category of time and locale of action. It the events in the story are related not in their chronological order and the locale is changed in the text, what retrospective analysis will you make to find the consistency of episodes, that is to trace the realization of the category of time and space in the text?

6. Comment on volume-pragmatic and context-variative segmentation of the text (the shape of prose: narration, description, commentary, dialogue, non-personal (represented) speech, autodialogue, stream of consciousness, monologue.).

7. Comment on the means of cohesion between separate syntactical wholes. Is it established through traditional lexical and grammatical signals or with the help of associations and logical conclusions?

8. Comment on the categories of wholeness in the text. What facts and missing links is it necessary for the reader to conjecture in retrospective analysis in order to establish the sequence of events and the motives of actions, which will secure the continuity of the text?

How should the reader accentuate different moments in the text in order to establish their mutual interrelation and synthesize all separate elements of the literary work into one united integrated text?

9. Characterize the category of modality in the text concentrating on the addressee's way of evaluation: Is the story told in the name of the author, or one of the personages, or an on-looker, eyewitness? Is the narrator's attitude explicit or hidden? How does the choice of words reveal the author's attitude? Is his attitude passionate or neutral? Does he avoid straight-forward evaluations and characterize his personages only through the depiction of their actions or does he characterize them directly?

10. Comment on the category of the implicitness. Find the main implicates of the text: 1) an implicit title; 2) implication of precedence; 3) implicit details. Say which of them play an important role in revealing conceptual information of the text.

11. Reveal the conceptual information of the text (the idea of the story and substantiate it by picking out from the text:

a) poetic details: depicting details, characterological details, authenticity details, implication details—and extract their subcurrent information; b) stylistic devices — and comment on their functions in revealing the author's message and supplementing superlinear information, c) draw conclusions from the linguistic approach to the text. Comment on the degree of richness of the author's vocabulary: the usage of borrowings, foreign words, colloquialisms, vulgarisms, scientific words, neologisms. Is the author experimenting with the language? What unusual word combinations and nonce words has he coined?

Find thematic and key words. Reveal the role of stylistically marked words and words charged with emotive meaning. Trace cases of repetition of the same word. Does frequent repetition of a word make it symbolic?

d) comment on the meaning of the title and connect it with the conceptual information.

The suggested scheme includes nearly all possible characteristics relevant for text interpretation. It must be noted that each concrete text requires specific approach and some items may prove optional in its analysis.

III. SPECIMENS OF INTERPRETATION

TRIBUTE

by Alfred Coppard

Two honest young men lived in Braddle, worked together at the spinning mills at Braddle, and courted the same girl in the town of Braddle, a girl named Patience who was poor and pretty. One of them, Nathan Regent, who wore cloth uppers to his best boots, was steady, silent, and dignified but Tony Vassall, the other, was such a happy-go-lucky fellow that he soon carried the good will of Patience in his heart, in his handsome face, in his pocket at the end of his nickel watch chain, or wherever the sign of requited love is carried by the happy lover. The virtue of steadiness, you see, can be measured only by the years, and thus Tony had put such a hurry into the tender bosom of Patience; silence may very well be golden, but it is a currency not easy to negotiate in the kingdom of courtship; dignity is so much less than simple faith that it is unable to move even one mountain, it charms the hearts only of bank managers and bishops.

So Patience married Tony Vassall and Nathan turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl who had a neat little fortune—and Nathan married that.

Braddle is a large gaunt hill covered with dull little houses, and it has flowing from its side a stream which feeds a gigantic and beneficent mill. Without that mill—as everybody in Braddle knew, for it was there that everybody in Braddle worked—the heart of Braddle would cease to beat. Tony went on working at the mill. So did Nathan in a way, but he had a cute ambitious wife, and what with her money and influence he was soon made a manager of one of the departments. Tony went on working at the mill. In a few more years Nathan's steadiness so increased his opportunities that he became joint manager of the whole works. Then his colleague died; he was appointed sole manager, and his wealth became so great that eventually Nathan and Nathan's wife bought the entire concern. Tony went on working at the mill. He now had two sons and a daughter, Nancy, as well as his wife

Patience, so that even his possessions may be said to have increased although his position was no different from what it had been for twenty years. I

The Regents, now living just outside Braddle, had one child, a daughter named Olive, of the same age as Nancy. She was very beautiful and had been educated at a school to which she rode on a bicycle until she was eighteen. J

About that time, you must know, that country embarked upon a disastrous campaign, a war so calamitous that every sacrifice was demanded of Braddle. The Braddle mills were worn from their very bearings by their colossal efforts, increasing by day or by night, to provide what were called the sinews of war." Almost everybody in Braddle grew white and thin and sullen with the strain of constant labour. Not quite everybody, for the Regents received such a vast increase of wealth that their eyes sparkled; they scarcely knew what to do with it; their faces were neither white nor sullen. II 1

"In times like these", declared Nathan's wife, "we must help our country still more, still more we must help; let us lend our money to the country".

"Yes", said Nathan.

So they lent their money to their country. The country paid them tribute, and therefore, as the Regents' wealth continued to flow in, they helped their country more and more; they even lent the tribute back to the country and received yet more tribute for that. I

"In times like these", said the country, "we must have more men, more men we must have". And so Nathan went and sat upon a Tribunal; for, as everybody in Braddle knew, if the mills of Braddle ceased to grind, the heart of Braddle would cease to beat.

"What can we do to help our country?" asked Tony Vassall of his master, "we have no money to lend."

"No?" was the reply. "But you can give your strong son Dan." I 1

Tony gave his son Dan to the country.

"Good-bye, dear son," said his father, and his brother and his sister Nancy said "Good-bye." His mother kissed him.

Dan was killed in battle; his sister Nancy took his place at the mill. j

In a little while the neighbours said to Tony Vassall: "What a fine strong son is your young Albert Edward!" I

And Tony gave his son Albert Edward to the country.

"Good-bye, dear son", said his father; his sister kissed him, his mother wept on his breast. 9

Albert Edward was killed in battle; his mother took his place at the mill.

But the war did not cease; though friend and foe alike were almost drowned in blood it seemed as powerful as eternity, and in time Tony Vassall too went to battle and was killed. The country gave Patience a widow's pension, as well as a touching inducement to marry again; she died of grief. Many people died in those I j

days it was not strange at all. Nathan and his wife got so rich that 'after the war they died of over-eating, and their daughter Olive came into a vast fortune and a Trustee.

The Trustee went on lending the Braddle money to the country, the country went on sending large sums of interest to Olive (which was the country's tribute to her because of her parents' unforgetten and indeed unforgettable, kindness), while Braddle went on with its work of enabling the country to do this. For when the war came to an end the country told Braddle that those who had not given their lives must now turn to and really work, work harder than before the war, much, much harder, or the tribute could not be paid and the heart of Braddle would therefore cease to beat. Braddle folk saw that this was true, only too true, and they did as they were

The Vassall girl, Nancy, married a man who had done deeds of valour in the war. He was a mill hand like her father, and they had two sons. Daniel and Albert Edward. Olive married a grand man, though it was true he was not very grand to look at. He had a small sharp nose, but that did not matter very much because when you looked at him in profile his bouncing red cheeks quite hid the small sharp nose, as completely as two hills hide a little barn in a valley. Olive lived in a grand mansion with numerous servants who helped her to rear a little family of one, a girl named Mercy, who a'so had a small sharp nose and round red cheeks.

Every year after the survivors' return from the war Olive gave a supper to her workpeople and their families, hundreds of them; for six hours there would be feasting and toys, music and dancing. Every year Olive would make a little speech to them all, reminding them" all of their duty to Braddle and Braddle's duty to the county, although, indeed, she did not remind them of the country's tribute to Olive. That was perhaps a theme unfitting to touch upon, it would have been boastful and quite unbecoming.

"These are grave times for our country", Olive would declare, year after year; "her responsibilities are enormous, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel."

Every year one of the workmen would make a little speech in reply, thanking Olive for enabling the heart of Braddle to continue its beats, calling down the spiritual blessings of heaven and the golden blessings of the world upon Olive's golden head. One year the honour of replying fell to the husband of Nancy and he was more than usually eloquent for on that very day their two sons had commenced to doff bobbins at the mill. No one applauded louder than Nancy's little Dan or Nancy's Albert Edward, unless it was Nancy herself. Olive was always much moved on these occasions. She felt that she did not really know these people, that she would never know them; she wanted to go on seeing them, being with them, and living with lapture in their workaday world. But she did not do this.

"How beautiful it all is! she would sigh to her daughter, Mercy,

who accompanied her. "I am so happy. All these dear people are being cared for by us, just simply us. God's scheme of creation—you see—the Almighty—we are his agents—we must always remember that. It goes on for years, years upon years it goes on. It will go on, of course, yes, for ever; the heart of Braddle will not cease to beat. The old ones die, the young grow old, the children mature and marry and keep the mill going. When I am dead ..."

"Mamma, mamma!"

"O, yes, indeed, one day! Then you will have to look after all these things, Mercy, and you will talk to them—just like me. Yes, to own the mill is a grave and difficult thing, only those who own them know how grave and difficult; it calls forth all one's deepest and rarest qualities; but it is a divine position, a noble responsibility. And the people really love me—I think".

1. **The Author.** Alfred Coppard (1878—1975) was a representative of critical realism in the XX century English literature, a true disciple of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy. He was also greatly influenced by the Russian literature. In his biography he says, "The four great Russians—Tolstoy, Turgenev, Chekhov and Dostoyevsky always made a great impression on me, and Chekhov—the first among them".

In 40 years of his literary activities he published more than 20 collections of short stories and poems in which with his true democratism, humanity and gentle humour he describes the life of common people: workers, peasants, clerks and artisans, convincingly revealing the rich spiritual world of an inconspicuous little man.

In some of his stories the principal characters are children with their joys and sorrows, described with deep understanding and sympathy (*The Cherry Tree*, *The Presser*, *Pomona's babe*).

Alfred was born in the town of Folkstone in the family of a poor tailor. They rented two rooms in the house of a carpenter. In 1884 they moved to Brighton. Alfred liked drawing and music and besides attending primary school he went to an evening school of arts though the tuition fee was burdensome for the meagre budget of the family.

When the boy was 9 his father died and the boy had to leave school and start working. He helped to sell kerosene in the streets while his mother worked as a presser in a laundry. As it was difficult for her to keep 4 children at 27 pence a week the boy was sent to the relatives in London where he worked at a sewing shop and later as a messenger in a telegraph office. On returning to Brighton he worked as a junior and then as a senior clerk in tradesmen's firms. In the evening he spent much time in the Public Library and tried to write poems. Soon he began to take part in literary competitions.

His removal to Oxford in 1919, where he got the job of a book-keeper, had a great importance for the development of his literary talent. Here he could attend public lectures of prominent literary

men, take part in disputes on books, come into close contact with college teachers and use the University library. In 1919 he made up his mind to completely devote his life to literature, retired from the office and settled in the country.

Coppard's talent was most expressive in the 30 s, the period of considerable achievements of progressive English literature. The titles of the most well-known collections of his short stories are: "Clorinda Walks in Heaven" (1922), "Fishmonger's Fiddle" (1925), "The Field of Mustard" (1926), "Silver Circus" (1928), "Pink Furniture" (1930), "Ninepenny Flute" (1937), "Ugly Anna" (1944), "Dark-eyed Lady" (1947), "Lucy in Her Pink Jacket" (1954).

II. The Factual Information (the plot of the story). In this story the author depicts the life of a small industrial town of Braddle and its inhabitants on the eve of the first World War and the post-war years. Coppard writes the story very laconically without extra details dwelling only on the main crucial moments in the life of the characters. He purposely composes the story in such a schematic way in order to lay bare the class contradictions and to underline the difference between the rich and the poor. Thus he contrasts two Englands: the England of workers and the England of factory-owners. The author describes the life of two families within the lifetime of 2 generations. Two honest young men Tony Vassal and Nathan Regent worked together at the spinning mills in Braddle and courted the same girl Patience who was poor and pretty. Tony Vassal married Patience and Nathan Regent married a rich girl. Hence their lives took 2 different courses, Tony went on working at the mill in the same position but Nathan was quickly promoted. Soon children were born to Tony, but he went on working in the same position. A daughter was born to Nathan, but by that time his wealth permitted him to buy the entire concern and he became a factory-owner.

During the war Tony Vassall and his sons lost their lives at the front and Patience died of grief but Nathan and his wife lent their money to the country, the country gave them large sums of interest and they got so rich that after the war they died of overeating.

Nothing changed in the life of the second generation.. After the war Tony's daughter Nancy married a mill hand and repeated the destiny of her parents. Nathan's daughter Olive married a very grand man and continued performing the duties of her father running the factory and appealing to the workers with demagogic slogans that they must work harder than before the war, much, much harder. She thought that managing the mill was her predestination on the earth and she hypocritically believed that she performed it very nobly.

III. Poetic Details and Stylistic Devices. Exposing social inequality and evils resulting from it, the author chose contrast as an underlying literary device which logically opposes the characters of 2 irreconcilable classes.

Even at the very beginning of the story, when Nathan and Tony, both still belonged to the working class, the author gives characterological details in distinct opposition: qualities valuable for the propertied class—qualities unacceptable for the propertied class (steady, silent, dignified—happy-go-lucky). Even this depicting detail "... wore cloth uppers to his best boots", which seems insignificant at first sight accentuates Nathan's orderliness, thrift and reserve (evidently all pressbuttons are clasped), the qualities indispensable for a bourgeois. At the same time the depicting detail describing Tony through the meliorative epithet "handsome" doesn't denote a feature by which capital sets great store and that is convincingly proved by the ugly looks of the "grand man" married by Olive. The depicting details expressed through the pejorative epithets and simile "small, sharp nose", "bouncing red cheeks", "as two hills hide a barn in a valley" show that his repulsive looks didn't prevent him from acquiring wealth, while Tony with his good looks remained poor.

Speaking of the poetic details we must remark their scarcity. For instance, there is only one implication detail "The trustee went on fending the Braddle money to the country". Coppard defines the money as Braddle's but not Regent's because he wants to stress the fact that it was accumulated from the profits created by the Braddle workers. The authenticity details are also very rare: "2 young men lived in Braddle", the Regents lived just outside Braddle", "Olive of the same age as Nancy" etc. It is necessary to point out that Braddle is given as a very vague authenticity detail, its geographic position on the map is not even mentioned, maybe it is a non-existent town. This fact fulfils a special function in the pamphlet. It helps to generalize the events and to show that the case of Braddle is typical of the entire country.

The contrast between the two characters is further realized through abundant stylistic devices.

The metaphor "... carried the good will of Patience in his handsome face", hyperbole "... in his pocket at the end of his nickel watch-chain" characterize Tony as a frank, open-hearted fellow overpowered by his feelings, while Nathan was a soberminded calculating person. 'He wasn't heart-broken after Patience's refusal and "... turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl ...". The stylistic device "bathos" used here makes it possible to join together concepts belonging to different classes "inanimate-animate", a girl is non-chalantly reduced to the level of a thing. That reveals Nathan's unromantic, businesslike approach to matrimonial affairs and the metonymy "Nathan married that (a neat little fortune) illustrates his commercial grasping nature. However his wife appreciated his qualities because they were birds of a feather and she was rather a shrewd, sharp-witted person, anxious for social advancement, as the negatively-charged epithets "... a cute, ambitious wife" prove it.

After Nathan's marriage the contrast in social position and wealth between the 2 young men grows very fast. It is expressed very vividly by the triple repetition of the identical phrase "Tony went on working at the mill" that is mentioned 3 times within one paragraph accentuating every step in Nathan's career: 1. Manager of the department, 2. joint managers, 3. owner of the entire concern.

The deliberate alliteration "possessions-position" in one sentence also contributes to the contrast, pointing to Tony's falling standard of living due to the growing number of dependants in his family.

The contrast between the 2 antagonistic classes is particularly vivid in the 2 sentences: "Almost everybody in Braddle... nor sullen". The first sentence emphasizing the consequences of constant labour with the help of polysyndeton and gradation "white and thin and sullen is opposed to the second, the anaphora "everybody" preceded by the negation serves as a signal of opposition; "sparkled" is opposed to "sullen", "neither white and sullen" is opposed to "white and... sullen".

The contrast comes to its apogee when the author shows how capitalists and workers helped the country. The capitalists lent money and workers gave their sons. The recurrent phrase "Dan was killed in battle; his sister Nancy took his place at the mill". "Albert Edward was killed in battle; his mother took his place at the mill"—shows that it was a regular occurrence and a mass phenomenon, the workers submissively reconciled themselves to their lot and didn't protest against it. They took it for granted that they must bring to the altar of war their own lives and the lives of their children, while the sacrifices of the capitalists were confined only to lending money which eventually returned in large sums of interest.

Stylistic devices in the sentence "The country gave Patience a widow's pension as ... grief also perform very important artistic functions. The metonymy "the country" is used in the meaning of the Ministry of Social maintenance, which is closely connected with the main stylistic device of the sentence—bathos "gave a widow's pension as well as a touching inducement to marry again. Such heterogeneous concepts as pension (concerning the material sphere) and "inducement to marry again" (dealing with a very delicate sphere of human relations) are treated here as phenomena of equal rank, as elements belonging to one class. That helps the author to reveal his critical attitude to the ruling officials, who looked upon women from the working class as coarse and rough, insensitive and emotionally invulnerable. The sarcastic epithet "touching (inducement)" shows that although the advice was given in a very gentle manner, yet its impropriety and inaptitude are obvious and the author considers it a mockery of the widow's inconsolable distress after the death of her three beloved people. The sentence ends in an anticlimax which shows that contrary to the expectations of the kind well-wishers the heart-broken widow ceased to live. The

anticlimax shows a callous and bureaucratic approach of the government officials to the victims of the war.

IV. Interpretation of the Title. The word "tribute" is mentioned in the story 6 times. The dictionary meaning of the word "tribute" is: money or its equivalent paid by a government or a ruler to a stronger government as acknowledgement of submission, or as price of peace or protection, or by virtue of treaty.

In the text of the story it is used in the meaning of large sums of interest paid by the government for the money lent to the state in wartime and also in the meaning of financial voluntary contribution to the state. In the title of the story it combines the following connotations:

1. the worker's duty to the country, their sacrifices on the altar of war, their hard work in war and peace time.
2. The profits, capitalists get from the government thanks to wars.
3. The capitalists' contributions to the state.

The Russian translation of the title is "Vklad v obshcheye delo"

V. Conceptual Information (the idea of the story). This satirical pamphlet is a passionate protest against the war, against the antidemocratic policy of the ruling class shifting all the burdens of war on the shoulders of the working people and making them pay their duty to the country by their lives, while the rich increased their wealth.

Besides that the author raises the problem of social inequality, exposes the hypocritical "care" of the factory-owners, exploiting the "dear" working class and stirs up doubts as to the stability of the capitalist system foundation. The mill-owner Olive considers the existing capitalist system as a permanent order of thing, as "God's scheme of creation: "... you see—the Almighty—we are his agents—we must always remember that. It goes on for years, years upon years it goes on. It will go on of course, yes, for ever; ... the children mature and keep the mill going". Coppard is emphasizing Olive's confidence in the permanence of the existing order of things with deep and wrathful sarcasm. His aim is to prove the opposite. His underlying idea is that it is necessary to reverse the order of things, to put an end to the brutal exploitation of the workers and enrichment of the capitalists.

VI. Composition of the story. "Tribute" is written in the genre of a pamphlet, which usually exposes and satirizes some social evil.

Although for the sake of philosophical generalizations the author narrates the events in a very compressed form, we are able to distinguish all the traditional parts of a classic composition:

- 1) The exposition introduces the reader to the town of Braddle and two young admirers of a pretty girl.
- 2) The beginning of the plot deals with the first twenty years after their marriages.
- 3) The development of the plot shows that the country embarked upon a calamitous war.

4) The climax of the story comes to the foreground thanks to the convergence of stylistic devices: the antonymous alliterated collocation "friend and foe alike", the untarnishable metaphor "drowned in blood" and a very rare simile as powerful as eternity". The peak of the climax informs the reader that Tony Vassal was killed and his widow died of grief.

5) The denouement deals with the marriages of the second generation and shows a repeating cycle in the history of Braddle.

6) The end depicts annual celebrations and Olive's demagogic speeches.

7) In the epilogue the author satirizes Olive's divine position and noble responsibility.

VII. The Category of Modality. When Alfred Coppard narrates the story he doesn't give straight-forward evaluations of his characters. His negative attitude to the owners of the Braddle mill is not expressed explicitly, but the reader feels that his attitude is not neutral. The author condemns the Regents' way of life and ridicules their "help" to the country.

On the other hand although he never openly expresses his personal attitude to the workers we feel his passionate protest against their blind submissive gratitude to their masters, against their calling down spiritual blessings on the heads of their exploiters.

The author achieves such effect by his bitter sarcastic manner of writing. Let's consider several cases of sarcasm in detail.

1. "In times like these, we must help our country still more, still more we must help; let us lend our money to the country". Nathan's wife wanted to help with mercenary motives, her patriotism is sham. Anadiplosis and repetition help to emphasize the same idea.

2. touching inducement The author is mocking at the tender manner in which they gave their improper advice. Sarcastic epithet.

3. ... her parents' unforgotten, and indeed unforgettable kindness It wasn't kindness but a desire to enrich themselves, to get more war orders from the government. Gradation expresses the idea very vividly.

4. "That was perhaps a theme unfitting to touch upon, it would have been boastful and quite unbecoming". The sarcastic epithets "unfitting", "boastful" express the author's mocking attitude to Olive's necessity to conceal her growing wealth. It would be dangerous to remind of the country's tribute to Olive because it would open the workers' eyes to the real state of things.

5. "... all put our shoulders to the wheel". It is known that capitalists don't work very hard, they hire other people to pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

6. "Golden blessings", "Olive's golden head". Sarcasm is accompanied by polysemy:

- I. golden blessings: 1) good, beneficent, 2) gold currency.
- II. golden head: 1) fair-haired, 2) clever and smart, cute.

7. "divine position", "noble responsibility". Coppard means profitable position and responsibility in personal interests.

*8 "How beautiful it all is!... to the end".

The whole paragraph expresses the author's wrathful sarcasm at the stability of the capitalist system. Coppard ridicules Olive's innocent ignorance of the economic laws of the development of society discovered by Karl Marx.

The second way of expressing modality in the story is the author's choice of proper names for his personages. They are so called "speaking names", because they express the most prominent features of the characters and the author's attitude to them.

The dictionary meaning of "vassal" is—in feudal times a person who held land from a superior lord in return for which he vowed to give service in war, a feudal tenant, one who is bound to serve another, a servant, a devoted attendant. The proper name Tony Vassal implies that since his birth he was destined to take a subordinated position.

The dictionary meaning of the word "regent" is — a person appointed to rule during the childhood, absence or incapacity of a monarch. The proper name Nathan Regent implies that Nathan was destined to take a commanding lucrative position.

The proper name Patience symbolizes the woman's submissive nature, calm endurance of pain, her fear to revolt against her hard life. The proper name Mercy implies compassion and kindness (used sarcastically). The proper name Olive is associated with an emblem of peace. An Olive branch, wreath show disposition for reconciliation. It emphasizes the idea that she managed the mill in a very cunning way, never had any conflicts with workers, skillfully removed reasons for their discontent, avoided their strikes.

VIII. The Shape of Prose. Speaking of the shape of prose, we may say that narration prevails here, and it is combined with rather rare elements of description and several cases of dialogue. Besides that we must pay attention to the author's digression at the beginning of the story. "The virtue of steadiness, you see, can be measured ... bishops".

It is an autosemantic part in the pamphlet, where the author addressing the reader explains why Patience gave preference to Tony and disregarded Nathan's valuable qualities: steadiness, silence and dignity. Tony was still very young and steadiness can be measured only by the years. Adapting the proverb (a word is silver and silence is golden) to the situation of the story and using the word "golden" in 2 meanings (I. of the best quality, 2. money coins), Coppard states that silence is very ineffective in courting a girl. Actualizing the phraseological unit "Faith moves mountains" in the literal meaning Coppard asserts that dignity is less significant than faith as it charms the hearts only of bank managers, but not young girls. Thus the author prolonged the contrast into the world of emotions and business.

The state of Winnemac is bounded by Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana and like them it is half Eastern, half Midwestern. Zenith, the largest city in the state, was founded in 1792. But Winnemac is Midwestern in its fields of corn and wheat, its red barns and silos, and, despite the immense antiquity of Zenith, many counties were not settled till 1860.

The University of Winnemac is at Mohalis, fifteen miles from Zenith. There are twelve thousand students; beside this prodigy Oxford is a tiny theological school and Harvard a select college for young gentlemen. The University has a baseball field under glass; its buildings are measured by the mile; it hires hundreds of young Doctors of Philosophy to give rapid instruction in Sanskrit, navigation, accountancy, spectacle-fitting, sanitary engineering, Provençal poetry, tariff schedules, rutabaga-growing, motor-car designing, the history of Voronezh, the style of Matthew Arnold, the diagnosis of myohypertraphia kymoparalytica, and department-store advertising. Its president is the best money-raiser and the best after-dinner speaker in the United States; and Winnemac was the first school in the world to conduct its extension courses by radio.

In 1904, when Martin Arrowsmith was an Arts and Science Junior preparing for medical school, Winnemac had but five thousand students.

Martin was twenty one. He seemed pale, in contrast to his black smooth hair, but he was a respectable runner, a fair basketball center, and a savage hockey-player. The co-eds murmured that he "looked so romantic", but they merely talked about him at a distance, and he did not know that he could have been a hero of amours. For all his stubbornness he was shy.

The University had become his world. His idol was Professor Edward, head of the department of chemistry, who was universally known as "Encore". Edwards' knowledge of the history of chemistry was immense. He could read Arabic, and he infuriated his fellow chemists by asserting that the Arabs had anticipated all their researches. Himself, Professor Edwards never did researches. He sat before fires and stroked his collie and chuckled in his beard.

In college Martin had not belonged to a Greek Letter secret society. He had been "rushed", but he had resented the condescension of the aristocracy of men from the larger cities. Now that most of his classmates had departed to insurance offices, law schools, and banks, he was lonely, and tempted by an invitation from Digamma Pi, the chief medical fraternity.

Digamma Pi was a lively boarding-house with a billiard table and low prices. Rough and amiable noises came from it at night, and a good deal of singing about When I Die Don't Bury Me at All; yet for three years Digamma had won the valedictory and the Hugh Loizeau Medal in Experimental Surgery..

Martin had prized the independence of his solitary room. In a fraternity all tennis rackets, trousers, and opinions are held in common ... It was not till Angus Duer accepted election to Digamma Pi that Martin himself came in.

Martin, Ira Hinkley, Angus Duer, Cliff Clawson, the class jester, and one "Fatty" Pfaff were initiated into Digamma Pi together. It was a noisy and rather painful performance, which included smelling asafetida. Martin was bored, but Fatty Pfaff was in squeaking, gasping terror.

Fatty was of all the new Freshmen candidates the most useful to Digamma Pi. He was planned by nature to be a butt. He looked like a distended hot-water bottle; he was magnificently imbecile; he believed everything, and anxiously he forgave the men who got through the vacant hours by playing jokes upon him.

Every night when Fatty retired he had to remove from his bed a collection of objects which thoughtful housemates had stuffed between the sheets—soap, alarm clocks, fish. He was the person to whom to sell useless things. But Fatty's greatest beneficence to Digamma was his belief in spiritualism. He went about in terror of spooks. He was always seeing them emerging at night from the dissecting-room windows. His classmates took care that they should behold a great many of them flitting about the halls of the fraternity.

Digamma Pi was housed in a residence built in the expansive days of 1885. The living-room suggested a recent cyclone. Knife-gashed tables, broken Morris chairs, and torn rugs were flung about the room, and covered with backless books, hockey shoes, caps and cigarette stubs. Above, there were four men to a bedroom, and the beds were iron double-deckers, like a steerage. For ash-trays the Digam used sawed skulls, and on the bedroom walls were anatomical charts, to be studied while dressing. In Martin's room was a complete skeleton. He and his room-mates had trustingly bought it from a salesman who came out from a Zenith surgical supply house. He was such a genial and sympathetic salesman; he gave them cigars and told stories and explained what prosperous doctors they were all going to be. They bought the skeleton gratefully, on the instalment plan. Later the salesman was less genial.

At examination-time, Digamma Pi fraternity showed its value to urgent seekers after wisdom. Generations of Digamma had collected test-papers and preserved them in the sacred Quiz Book; geniuses for detail had laboured through the volume and marked with red pencil the problems most often set in the course of years. The Freshmen crouched in a ring about Ira Hinkley in the Digamma living-room, while he read out the questions they were most likely to get. They writhed, scratched their chins, bit their fingers, and beat their temples in the endeavour to give the right answer before Angus Duer should read it to them out of the text-book.

In the midst of their sufferings they had to labour with Fatty Pfaff.

Fatty had failed in the mid-year anatomical, and he had to pass a special quiz before he could take the finals. There was a certain fondness for him in Digamma Pi; Fatty was soft, Fatty was superstitious, Fatty was an imbecile, yet they had for him the annoyed affection they might have for a second-hand motor or a muddy dog. All of them worked on him; they tried to lift him and thrust him through the examination as through a trap-door. They panted and grunted and moaned at the labour, and Fatty panted and moaned with them.

The night before his special examination they kept him at it till two, with wet towels, black coffee, prayer, and profanity. They repeated lists—lists—lists to him; they shook their fists in his mournful red round face and howled. "Damn you, will you remember that the bicuspid valve is the same as the mitral valve and not another one?" They ran about the room, holding up their hands and wailing. "Won't he never remember nothing about nothing?" and charged back to purr with fictive calm, "Now no use getting fussed, Fatty. Take it easy. Just listen to this, quietly, will yuh, and try, "coaxingly, "do try to remember one thing, anyway!"

They led him carefully to bed. He was so filled with facts that the slightest jostling would have spilled them.

When he awoke at seven, with red eyes and trembling lips, he had forgotten everything he had learned.

"There's nothing for it", said the president of Digamma Pi. "He's got to have a crib, and take his chance on getting caught with it. I thought so. I made one out for him yesterday. It's a lulu. It'll cover enough of the questions so he'll get through.

Even the Reverend Ira Hinkley, since he had witnessed the horrors of the midnight before, went his ways ignoring the crime. It was Fatty himself who protested: "Gee, I don't like to cheat. I don't think a fellow that can't get through an examination had hardly ought to be allowed to practise medicine. That's what my Dad said."

They poured more coffee into him and (on the advice of Cliff Clawson, who wasn't exactly sure what the effect might be but who was willing to learn) they fed him a potassium bromide tablet. The president of Digamma, seizing Fatty with some firmness, growled, "I'm going to stick this crib in your pocket-book, here in your breast pocket, behind your handkerchief."

"I won't use it. I don't care if I fail", whimpered Fatty.

"That's all right, but you keep it there. Maybe you can absorb a little information from it through your lungs, for God knows —" The president clenched his hair. His voice rose, and in it was all the tragedy of night watches and black draughts and hopeless retreats.

"God knows you can't take it in through your head!"

They dusted Fatty, they stood him right side up, and pushed him through the door, on his way to Anatomy Building. They watched him go: a balloon on legs, a sausage in corduroy trousers.

"Is it possible he's going to be honest?" marveled Cliff Clawson.

"Well, if he is, we better go up and begin packing his trunk. And this ole frat'll never have another goat like Fatty", grieved the president.

They saw Fatty stop, remove his handkerchief, mournfully blow his nose—and discover a long thin slip of paper. They saw him frown at it, tap it on his knuckles, begin to read it, stuff it back into his pocket, and go on with a more resolute step.

They danced hand in hand about the living-room of the fraternity, piously assuring one another, "He'll use it—it's all right—he'll get through or get hanged!"

He got through.

The given below interpretation of the passages from the novel by Sinclair Lewis is done on the material of the text-book by V.D. Arakin, part IV. It can help the students in their work at the" scheme of interpretation.

I. Some data about the author. Sinclair Lewis (1885—1951) is a well-known American novelist and playwright. He left twenty-one novels. All his novels are of great cognitive significance and may be called the guide-books of America.

Among his best novels are "Main street" (1920), "Babbit" (1924), "Arrowsmith" (1925), "Ann Vickers" (1933); "Kingsblood Boyal" (1947), "The God Seeker" (1949). His best books are shot through with flashes of satire directed against many aspects of American life—middle class conventions, its smug hypocrisy, religion and many others. "Arrowsmith" is his seventh novel in which he describes the experiences of a physician who would like to be honest in the society he lives in. The novel is written in such a way that each period of Arrowsmith's life gives the author a splendid opportunity to reveal many aspects of American reality.

II. The factual information, i.e. the plot. The plot of the passage is not complicated. In it, the author acquaints the reader with the state of Winnemac and the University of Winnemac, the main character Martin Arrowsmith who is an Arts and Science Junior preparing for medical school; the Digamma Pi Fraternity to which Martin belongs; other members of the Fraternity; the residence of Digamma Pi and its value at the examination time.

III. The shape of prose and the composition of the passage. The passage is told in the name of the author and it presents a mixture of several kinds of prose: the author's narration, description and dialogue. The composition of the story doesn't deviate from the traditional model. The interpreted passage presents a closed plot structure as it includes all the elements of the plot. 1. exposition (it is the description of the state of Winnemac and the University of Winnemac) 2.3. the beginning of the plot and the development of the plot (the reader is getting acquainted with the protagonist of the passage Martin Arrowsmith, Digamma Pi fraternity and its members). 4. climax (it is the episode describing the members of Digamma Pi fraternity at examination time and their "lag

bours" with Fatty Pfaff who "had failed in the mid-year anatomical". 5. denouement (the decision of the members of the Fraternity to supply Fatty with a crib) 6. end (it is a brief information about Fatty's success at the exam).

The architectonics of the passage is transparent, it presents the division of the passage into paragraphs. The segmentation of the text answers the author's pragmatic aim and the reader's convenience. Several paragraphs coincide with the parts of composition and possess relative completeness.

The main idea of the text can be easily revealed, through the analysis of some poetic details and stylistic devices.

V. Poetic Details and Stylistic Devices. (Authentic details, depicting details, characterological details, implicit details). The passage begins with a very realistic depiction of a non-existing state of Winnemac and the town of Winnemac. The author invents the names of the state and the town to create the effect of authenticity. By this authentic detail the reader gets the following implicit information: the described events could have taken place in any place of America and that they were very typical of the period. Then the author passes on to the description of the University of Winnemac which hires hundreds of young Doctors of Philosophy to give rapid instruction in Sanscrit, navigation, accountancy, rutabaga-growing and many other subjects. The author doesn't express his opinion openly, he pretends to admire it, he calls it "a prodigy", but it is obvious that he mocks at it. The mere enumeration of quite disparate subjects prompts the author's ironical attitude to such chaotic and superficial training. The metaphor (prodigy) and the epithet (rapid) acquire here an ironical meaning. No better are the authorities and the tutors.

The president of the University is the best r/ioneity-raiser and the best after-dinner speaker, young Doctors of Philosophy instruct in disparate subjects; Professor Edward Edwards never does any researches.

The students of the University described in the extract belong to the Digamma Pi Fraternity. They are Martin Arrowsmith, Ira Hinkley, Angus Duer, Cliff Clawson and "Fatty Pfaff".

By depicting details which create the image of appearance and characterological details which accentuate the most characteristic traits of a personage, by some elements of foregrounding the author draws very convincing, vivid, bright portraits of the protagonists Martin Arrowsmith and Fatty Pfaff.

Martin is portrayed as a good-looking man who could have been the hero of amours. His peculiar features are stubbornness, shyness, fondness of sport.

The author's positive attitude to Martin is expressed by evaluating epithets (respectable, fair).

Quite opposite is the image of Fatty Pfaff.

The stylistic devices of a simile and metaphors (He looked like a distended hot-water bottle, a balloon on legs; a sausage in cor-

duroy trousers, the foregrounding which is contained in the name Fatty Pfaff itself based on antonomasia or speaking name; alliteration f-f and onomatopoeia (Pfaff) create the image of a funny, corpulent man.

The characterological details scattered over the text reveal the most essential features of Fatty: his mental deficiency, his superstitiousness, his belief in spirits, his cowardice, his honesty. However, Fatty is not repulsive as there are some positive features in his character: he is soft and honest. The diminutive suffix "y" in the name Fatty also reveals the author's sympathy, though this sympathy is rather condescending as that of his fellow-students.

Some characteristic features of protagonists can be also expressed by the details of implicitness.

"They bought the skeleton gratefully on the instalment plan ... Later the salesman was less genial".

These two sentences reveal the implicit information: the students didn't pay off the creditor. The signals of implication are the foregrounded elements of aposiopesis after the first sentence and the tale-telling details "later" and "less genial". The subcurrent text accentuates their dishonesty, social status and pragmatical carelessness. By implicit details the reader can receive some information about the characters' attitude to one another.

So we come to know that the students tried to thrust Fatty through the examination as through a trap-door not because they wanted to help him but they were sorry to lose him because "this ole freat'll never have another goat like Fatty".

V. Cohesion and intergration of the text.

The text consists of two fragments but their logical coherence is ensured by the common theme and consecutive order of events.

Analysing the first fragment we can state, that although the writer doesn't use any lexical or grammatic means of linkage between separate paragraphs, their organic cohesion is evident. However the chronological order of narration is violated in the second paragraph. The author describes the contemporary state of the university at the time of writing the novel (1923) and then returns to 1904, when Martin was a third-year student. That becomes a certain obstacle in the realization of the category of cohesion.

The development of the main theme through a number of subthemes and minute particular themes creates intratextual connections playing text-forming functions. Thus if we consider Martin's university days as the main theme of our micro-text and the character-sketches of professor Edward Edwards and Fatty Pfaff and the description of the boarding-house as the sub-themes, then the realization of the main theme through the development of the subthemes in separate paragraphs creates intratextual connections which integrate the independent spans of the text into a single unity.

Such intratextual connections are not always expressed by traditional conjunctive words or temporal (e.g. A few days later) and spatial (e.g. Not far from ...) indicators. They can also be rea-

lized through the chosen contiguous position of paragraphs in case it ensures the onward movement of the narration logically developing the plot. Such is the case of expressing linkage in our text. The recurrent use of the key words: Winnemac, University, Martin, Digamma Pi etc also contributes to the cohesion and integration of the text.

VI. Conceptual information.

In this selection S.Lewis mildly ridicules the American system of education and its enormous scale.

The gigantic size of the Winnemac University, the exaggerated number of teachers, the rapid cycle of instruction, the abnormal multitude of subjects given in a chaotic enumeration with a comic abstruse medical term specially coined for the occasion (myohypert"rophia kymoparalitica) emphasize his ironic treatment of the subject.

In his easy and natural manner the author creates several life-like characters of medical students with their merits (best results at the examinations, a medal in experimental surgery etc) and drawbacks (noise and disorder in the boarding house, etc). Even the weakminded Fatty Pfaff arouses the author's admiration (oxymoron "magnificently imbecile") and compassion (oxymoron "annoyed affection", the tell-tale detail "trembling lips").

Although S.Lewis was a true exponent of critical realism and the complete novel exposes and condemns the corrupt system of education, science and health services in the U.S.A., the suggested passage doesn't express even hidden resentment against Fatty's chances of getting a medical diploma. Fatty's own protest "I don't like to cheat" sounds very unconvincing and only adds fuel to the fire of everybody's eager attempts to help him.

The author's jaunty and amusing manner of relating the episode enlists the readers' sympathy for the Digams' efforts to secure his success.

In Another Country

by Ernest Hemingway

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and there were different ways of walking across the town through the dusk to the hospital. Two of the ways were alongside canals, but they were long. Always, though, you crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a

woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered through a gate and walked across a courtyard out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, and there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practise a sport?"

I said: "Yes, football".

"Good", he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever".

My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: "That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion".

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps that bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: "And will I too play football, captain-doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy.

The doctor went to his office in a back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as major's before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. "A wound?" he said.

"An industrial accident", the doctor said.

"Very interesting, very interesting", the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

"You have confidence?"

"No", said the major.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Cafe Cova, which was next door to the Scala. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop some one called out, "A basso gli ufficiali!" as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and

been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face, and he had not been at the front long enough to get medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been a lieutenant of Arditi and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of town, walking in the dark, with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops, and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand.

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the cafe girls—and I believe they are still patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in very beautiful language and full of fratcllanza and abnegazione, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hour, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals, but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the street light, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself, afraid to die and wondering how I would be when I went back to the front again.

The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted; they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart.

But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front, because he would never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it, everything was so easy to say. "Ah, yet", the major said. "Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?" So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such a difficult language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind.

The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do not think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, "a theory; like another". I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumped up and down with his fingers in them.

"What will you do when the war is over if it is over?" he asked me. "Speak grammatically!"

"I will go to the States".

"Are you married?"

"No, but I hope to be".

"The more of a fool you are", he said. He seemed very angry. "A man must not marry".

"Why, Signor Maggiore?"

"Don't call me 'Signor Maggiore'".

"Why must not a man marry?"

"He cannot marry. He cannot marry," he said angrily. "If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should find things he cannot lose".

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked.

"But why should he necessarily lose it?"

"He'll lose it", the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. "He'll lose it", he almost shouted. "Don't argue with me!" Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines.

"Come and turn this damned thing off".

He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the

massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door. When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He was wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder.

"I am so sorry", he said, and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. "I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me".

He stood there biting his lower lip. "It is very difficult", he said...
•T cannot resign myself".

"Oh— " I said, feeling sick for him "I am so sorry"

He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. "I am utterly unable to resign myself", he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door.

The doctor told me that the major's wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour, wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.

1. The story "In Another Country" was written at the Hemingway's early period of writing (1927) and is very typical for this period of "emotional asceticism", which is characterized by the author's rejection to express any emotional evaluation of the actions of his personages. E.Hemingway was beginning his literary career with the newspaper activities, and this journalist practice left a mark of laconism and terseness on his further creative work. The famous "iceberg" style invented by E.Hemingway suggests only 30 % of information being shown on the surface of any story and the rest deeper part of the whole meaning is submerged in implicit, conceptual information.

2. The **factual information** (i.e. the plot) of the story is on the surface of it. The narrator is a wounded soldier who takes a cure at the Milan hospital among a group of other patient soldiers.

He describes them, three young boys with medals, and middle-aged major "who had a little hand like a baby's". While sitting in machine, the narrator was speaking to the major in Italian in order to improve his grammar. One day he came to know that the major's wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneu-

inonia. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for 3 days. When he came back, there were photographs around the wall, demonstrating the possibilities of the machine to restore the hands like his. But he only looked out of the window.

3. **The composition of the story is very simple**, though in some way it deviates from the traditional model: it has no exposition, prologue, or the beginning of the plot. The story begins from the middle: "In the fall off the war was always **there** but **we** did not go to it any **more**"—as if the reader is aware of the place (there), personages (we), or of their previous participation in the war actions ("did not go to it any more"). So, the story has the implication of the precedence and begins with the development of the plot. Climax of the story is reached when the major says: "I wouldn't be rude. My wife has just died". The following conclusive passage of the story can hardly be regarded as the denouement or the end of the story. The story has an open ending very typical of Hemingway's style of writing so the reader is supposed to be sufficiently trained and attentive to discover the implied meaning.

4. **The shapes of prose**, used by the author, are as follows: narration, description, the elements of dialogue and monologue.

5. The conceptual information of the text is much more important than the factual one. It can be revealed by picking out from the text its most essential categories, such as:

6. 1) **The Text Categories of Modality and Implication.**

The story is told in the name of the author and seems to be an autobiographical one. The narrator's attitude to the described events and personages is never expressed explicitly but always hidden. Hemingway avoids straight-forward evaluations, never characterizes the personages directly, but only through depiction of their actions, some details, i.e. through different kinds of artistic details: depicting, authentic, implicit.

Depicting details: "It was **cold** in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. "The wind blew their tails. . . small birds **blew in** the **wind** and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the **wind** came down from the mountain".

The constant, persistent repetition of depicting details "cold" "wind", "blew" at the opening passage creates the atmosphere of alarmed tension.

The next passage: "We were all at the hospital every afternoon. . . . abounds in a number of implicit details, unmasking of which! proves our idea of "expectation something wrong".

The word "hospital" implies that all those "we" are the soldiers! wounded at the war. Wounded seriously, so "they need to be at the hospital every afternoon". The word combination "usual funerals"! implies that not all of these soldiers might happily be recovered. All their hopes are concentrated "in the machines that were to make *sm* much difference"—that is, to return them health and mobility.

Authentic details:

"My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the

knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a bicycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part .

Additional implicit information may be extracted from the individual speech habits of the characters and the author's vocabulary. From the linguistic point of view the story is based on the contrast of the terse, laconic, straight-forward manner of speaking of the wounded soldiers and rather false, flattering, unnatural way of "calming down" the suffering men used by the doctor: Compare: e.g. "that will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion". "My knee did not bend, and the leg dropped straight...". In contrast to this restrained courageous description, the doctor's false consolations seem to be unbearable.

The title of the story "In Another Country" contains the most significant implicit information. First we understand it in its direct, literal meaning initially, in another country, the action of the story takes place. But in retrospective view, on re-reading, we begin to reveal the implicit metaphorical meaning of the title all these wounded soldiers, the young men and the major—all of them are "detached" from healthy people, now on and forever they live "in another country", in another world. In the interplay of the literal and metaphorical meanings of the title the main humanistic, anti-military idea of the story is revealed.

"AT HOME" AT OLD JOLYON'S

Chapter 1

Those privileged to be present at a family festival of the Forsytes have seen that charming and instructive sight—an upper middle class family in full plumage. But whosoever of these favoured persons has possessed the gift of psychological analysis (a talent without monetary value and properly ignored by the Forsytes), has witnessed a spectacle, not only delightful in itself, but illustrative of an obscure human problem. In plainer words, he has gleaned from a gathering of this family—no branch of which had a liking for the other, between no three members of whom existed anything worthy of the name of sympathy—evidence of that mysterious concrete tenacity which renders a family so formidable a unit of society, so clear a reproduction of society in miniature. He had been admitted to a vision of the dim roads of social progress, has understood something of patriarchal life, of the swarmings of savage hordes, of the rise and fall of nations. He is like one who, having watched a tree grow from its planting—a paragon of tenacity, insulation, and success, amidst the deaths of a hundred other plants—less fibrous, sappy, and persistent—one day will see it flourishing with bland, full foliage, in an almost repugnant prosperity, at the summit of its efflorescence.

On June 15, 1886, about four of the afternoon, the observer who

chanced to be present at the house of old Jolyon Forsyte in Stanhope* Gate,* might have seen the highest efflorescence of the Forsytes. |

This was the occasion of an "at home" to celebrate the engagement of Miss June Forsyte, old Jolyon's grand-daughter, to Mr. Philip Bosinney. In the bravery of light gloves, buff waistcoats, feathers and frocks, the family were present—even Aunt Ann, who now! but seldom left the corner of her brother Timothy's green drawing-room, where, under the aegis of a plume of dyed pampas grass in a light blue vase, she sat all day reading and knitting, surrounded! by the effigies of three generations of Forsytes. Even Aunt Ann was! there; her inflexible back and the dignity of her calm old face personifying the rigid possessiveness of the family idea.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes! were present; when a Forsyte died—but no Forsyte had as yet died;! they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took! precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized! person who resent encroachments on their property.

About the Forsytes mingling that day with the crowd of other guests, there was a more than ordinarily groomed look, an alert, inquisitive assurance, a brilliant respectability, as though they were attired in defiance of something. The habitual sniff on the face of Soames Forsyte had spread through their ranks; they were on their guard.

The subconscious offensiveness of their attitude has constituted! old Jolyon's "at home" the psychological moment of the family history, made it the prelude of their drama.

The Forsytes were resentful of something, not individually, but as a family; this resentment expressed itself in an added perfection! of raiment, an exuberance of family cordiality, an exaggeration of family importance, and—the sniff. Danger—so indispensable in bringing out the fundamental quality of any society, group, or individual—was what the Forsytes scented; the premonition of danger put a burnish on their armour. For the first time, as a family, they appeared to have an instinct of being in contact with some strange and! unsafe thing.

Over against the piano a man of bulk and stature was wearing! two waistcoats on his wide chest, two waistcoats and a ruby pin, instead of the single satin waistcoat and diamond pin of more usual occasions, and his shaven, square, old face, the colour of pale leather, with pale eyes, had its most dignified look, above his satin stock. This was Swithin Forsyte. Close to the window, where he could! get more than his fair share of fresh air, the other twin, James—the fat and the lean of it, old Jolyon called these brothers—like the bulky! Swithin, over six feet in height,* but very lean, as though destined! from his birth to strike a balance and maintain an average, brooded! over the scene with his permanent stoop, his grey eyes had an air! of fixed absorption in some secret worry, broken at intervals by a rapid, shifting scrutiny of surrounding facts; his cheeks, thinned! by two parallel folds, and a long, clean-shaven upper lip, were framed!

within Dundreary whiskers.* In his hands he turned and turned a piece of china. Not far off, listening to a lady in brown, his only! ion Soames, pale and well-shaved, dark-haired, rather bald, had poked his chin up sideways, carrying his nose with that aforesaid appearance of "sniff", as though despising an egg which he knew! he could not digest. Behind him his cousin, the tall George, son of the fifth Forsyte, Roger, had a Quilpish look* on his fleshy face, pondering one of his sardonic jests.

Something inherent to the occasion had affected them all.

Seated in a row close to one another were three ladies — Aunts Ann, Hester (the two Forsyte maids), and Juley (short for Julia), who not in! first youth had so far forgotten herself as to marry Septimus Small, a man of poor constitution. She had survived him for many years. With her elder and younger sister she lived now in the house of Timothy, her sixth and youngest brother, on the Bayswater Road. Each of these ladies held fans in their hands, and each with some touch of colour, some emphatic feather or brooch, testified to the solemnity of the opportunity.

In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense white moustache, which drooped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. He held himself extremely upright, and his shrewd, steady eyes had lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of superiority to the doubts and dislikes of smaller men. Having had his own way for innumerable years, he had earned a prescriptive right to it. It would never have occurred to old Jolyon that it was necessary to wear a look of doubt or of defiance.

Between him and the four other brothers who were present, James, Swithin, Nicholas, and Roger, there was much difference, much similarity. In turn, each of these four brothers was very different from the other, yet they, too, were alike.

Through the varying features and expression of those five faces could be marked a certain steadfastness of chin, underlying surface distinctions, marking a racial stamp, too prehistoric to trace, too remote and permanent to discuss—the very hall-mark and guarantee of the family fortunes.

Among the younger generation, in the tall bull-like George, in pallid strenuous Archibald, in young Nicholas with his sweet and tentative obstinacy, in the grave and foppishly determined Eustace, there was this same stamp—less meaningful perhaps, but unmistakable—a sign of something ineradicable in the family soul.

At one time or another during the afternoon, all these faces, so! Q'ssimilar and so alike, had worn an expression of distrust, the ob-! {f* ^ *hich was undoubtedly the man whose acquaintance they! were thus assembled to make.

Philip Bosinney was known to be a young man without fortune,

but t-orsyte girls had become engaged to such before, and had actually married them. It was not altogether for this reason, therefore, that the minds of the Forsytes misgave them. They could not have explained the origin of a misgiving obscured by the mist of family gossip. A story was undoubtedly told that he had paid his duty call to Aunts Ann, Juley, and Hester, in a soft grey hat—a soft grey hat, not even a new one—a dusty thing with a shapeless crown. "So extraordinary, my dear—so odd!" Aunt Hester, passing through the little, dark hall (she was rather short-sighted), had tried to "shoo" it off a chair, taking it for a strange, disreputable cat—Tommy had such disgraceful friends! She was disturbed when it did not move.

Like an artist for ever seeking to discover the significant trifle which embodies the whole character of a scene, or place, or person, so those unconscious artists—the Forsytes—had fastened by intuition on this hat; it was their significant trifle, the detail in which was embedded the meaning of the whole matter; for each had asked himself: "Come, now, should I have paid that visit in that hat?" and each had answered "No!" and some, with more imagination than others, had added: "It would never have come into my head!"

George, on hearing the story, grinned. The hat had obviously been worn as a practical joke! Lie himself was a connoisseur of such.

"Very haughty!" he said, "the wild Buccaneer!"

And this mot, "The Buccaneer", was bandied from mouth to mouth, till it became the favourite mode of alluding to Bosinney.

Her aunts reproached June afterwards about the hat.

"We don't think you ought to let him, dear!" they had said.

June had answered in her imperious brisk way, like the little embodiment of will she was:

"Oh! what does it matter? Phil never knows what he's got on!"

No one had credited an answer so outrageous. A man not know what he had on? No, no!

What indeed was this young man, who, in becoming engaged to June, old Jolyon's acknowledged heiress, had done so well for himself? He was an architect, not in itself a sufficient reason for wearing such a hat. None of the Forsytes happened to be architects, but one of them knew two architects who would never have worn such a hat upon a call of ceremony in the London season.* Dangerous—ah, dangerous!

June, of course, had not seen this, but, though not yet nineteen, she was notorious. Had she not said to Mrs. Soames—who was always so beautifully dressed—that feathers were vulgar? Mrs. Soames had actually given up wearing feathers, so dreadfully downright was dear June!

These misgivings, this disapproval and perfectly genuine distrust, did not prevent the Forsytes from gathering to old Jolyon's invitation. An "At Home" at Stanhope Gate was a great rarity; none had been held for twelve years, not indeed, since old Mrs. Jolyon died.

Never had there been so full an assembly, for mysteriously united in spite of all their differences, they had taken arms against a common peril. Like cattle when a dog comes into the field, they stood head to head and shoulder to shoulder, prepared to run upon and trample the invader to death. They had come, too, no doubt, to get some notion of what sort of presents they would ultimately be expected to give; for though the question of wedding gifts was usually graduated in this way—; What are you givin'? Nicholas is givin' spoons!"—so very much depended on the bridegroom. If he were sleek, well-brushed, prosperous-looking, it was more necessary to give him nice things; he would expect them. In the end each gave exactly what was right and proper, by a species of family adjustment arrived at as prices are arrived at on the Stock Exchange—the exact niceties being regulated at Timothy's commodious, red-brick residence in Bayswater, overlooking the Park, where dwelt Aunts Ann, Juley, and Hester.

The uneasiness of the Forsyte family has been justified by the simple mention of the hat. How impossible and wrong would it have been for any family, with the regard for appearances which should ever characterize the great upper-middle class, to feel otherwise than uneasy!

The author of the uneasiness stood talking to June by the further door; his curly hair had a rumpled appearance as though he found what was going on around him unusual. He had an air, too, of having a joke all to himself.

George, speaking aside to his brother Eustace, said—

"Looks as if he might make a bolt of it—lie dashing Buccaneer!"

This "very singular-looking man", as Mrs. Small afterwards called him, was of medium height and strong build, with a pale, brown face, a dust-coloured moustache, very prominent cheekbones, and hollow cheeks. His forehead sloped back towards the crown of his head, and bulged out in bumps over the eyes, like foreheads seen in the lion-house at the zoo. He had sherry-coloured eyes, disconcertingly inattentive at times. Old Jolyon's "coachman, after driving June and Bosinney to the theatre, had remarked to the butler:

I dunno what to make of 'im.* Looks to me for all the world 'ike an 'alf-tame leopard".

And every now and then a Forsyte would come up, **sidle** round, and take a look at him.

June stood in front, fending off this **idle** curiosity—a little bit of a thing, as somebody once said, "all hair and spirit", with fearless blue eyes, a firm jaw, and a bright colour, whose face and body seemed too slender for her crown of red-gold hair.

A tall woman, with a beautiful figure, which some member of the family had once compared to a heathen goddess, stood looking at these two with a shadowy smile.

Her hands, gloved in French grey,* were crossed one over the other, her grave, charming face held to one side, and the eyes of all men near were fastened on it. Her figure swayed, so balanced

that **the** very air seemed to set it moving. There was warmth, but! little colour, in her cheeks; her large, dark eyes were soft. But it! was at her lips — asking a question, giving an answer, with **that!** shadowy smile—that men looked; they were sensitive lips, sensuous! and sweet, and through Lhem seemed to come warmth and perfume! like the warmth and perfume of a flower.

The engaged couple thus scrutinized were unconscious of this* passive goddess. It was Bosinney who first noticed her, and asked! her name.

June too; her lover up to the woman with the beautiful figure.!

'Irene is my greatest chum", she said: "Please be good friendsM you two!"

At the little lady's command they all three smiled; and **whilM** they were smiling, Soames Forsyte, silently appearing from behind! the woman with the beautiful figure, who was his wife, said:

"Ah! Introduce me too!"

He was seldom, indeed, far from Irene's side at public functions* and even when separated by the exigencies of social intercourse,! could **be** seen following her about with his eyes, in which were! strange expressions of watchfulness and longing.

At the window his father, James was still scrutinizing the markM on the piece of china.

"I wonder at Jolyon's allowing this engagement", he said **to!** Aunt Ann. "They tell me there's no chance of their getting married! for years. This young Bosinney" (he made the word a dactyl in **op-** position to general usage a short o) "has got nothing. When Winif-I red married Dartie, I made him bring every penny into settlement'-! lucky thing, too—they'd ha' had nothing by this time!"

Aunt Ann looked up from her velvet chair. Grey curls banded! her forehead, curls that, unchanged for decades, had extinguished! in the family all sense of time. She made no reply, for she rarely! spoke, husbanding her aged voice; but to James, uneasy of conscien-! ce, her look was as good as an answer.

"Well", he said, "I couldn't help Irene's having no money. Soa-! mes was in such a hurry; he got quite thin dancing attendance on! her".

Putting the bowl pettishly down on the piano, he let his eyesJ wander to the group by the door.

"It's my opinion", he said unexpectedly, "that it's just as wet! as it is".

Aunt Ann did not ask him to explain this strange utterance. SheJ knew what he was thinking. If Irene had no money she would no! **be** so foolish as **to** do anything wrong; for they said—they said—she had been asking for a separate room; but, of course, Soames **hadJ** not — "

James interrupted her reverie:

"But where", he asked, "was Timothy? Hadn't **he** come with them?"

Through Aunt Ann's compressed lips a tender smile forced its way:

"No, he had not thought it wise, with so much of this diphtheria about; and he so liable to take things."

James answered:

"Well, he takes good care of himself. I can't afford to take the care of myself that he does."

Nor was it easy to say which, of admiration, envy, or contempt, was dominant in that remark-

Timothy, indeed, was seldom seen. The baby of the family, a publisher by profession, he had some years before, when business was at full tide scented out the stagnation which, indeed, had not yet come, but which ultimately, as all agreed, was bound to set in, and, selling his share in a firm engaged mainly in the production of religious books, had invested the quite conspicuous proceeds in three per cent Consols. By this act he had at once assumed an isolated position, no other Forsyte being content with less than four per cent for his money; and this isolation had slowly and surely undermined a spirit perhaps better than commonly endowed with caution. He had become almost a myth — a kind of incarnation of security haunting the background of the Forsyte universe. He had never committed the imprudence of marrying, or encumbering himself in any way with children.

James resumed, tapping the piece of china:

"This isn't real old Worcester.* I s'pose Jolyon's told you something about the young man. From all I can learn, he's got no business, no income, and no connection worth speaking of; but then, I know nothing—nobody tells me anything".

Aunt Ann shook her head. Over her square-chinned, aquiline old face a trembling passed; the spidery fingers of her hands pressed against each other and interlaced, as though she were subtly re-charging her will.

The eldest by some years of all the Forsytes, she held a peculiar position amongst them. Opportunists and egotists one and all — though not, indeed, more so than their neighbours — they quailed before her incorruptible figure, and, when opportunities were too strong, what could they do but avoid her!

Twisting his long, thin legs, James went on:

"Jolyon, he will have his own way. He's got no children——" and stopped, recollecting the continued existence of old Jolyon's son, young Jolyon, June's father, who had made such a mess of it, and done for himself by deserting his wife and child and running away with that foreign governess. "Well" he resumed hastily, "if he likes to do these things, I s'pose he can afford to. Now, what's he going to give her. I s'pose he'll give her a thousand a year; he's got nobody else to leave his money to".

He stretched out his hand to meet of a dapper, cleanshaven man, with hardly a hair on his head, a long, broken nose, full lips, and cold grey eyes under rectangular brows.

"Well, Nick", he muttered, "how are you?"

Nicholas Forsyte with his bird-like rapidity and the look of a

preternaturally sage schoolboy (he had made a large fortune, quite I legitimately, out of the companies of which he was a director), placed within that cold palm the tips of his still colder fingers and] hastily withdrew them.

"I'm bad" he said, pouncing— "been bad all the week; don't I sleep at night. The doctor can't tell why. He's a clever fellow, or j I shouldn't have him, but I get nothing out of him but bills".

"Doctor!" said James, coming down sharp on his words; "I've had j all the doctors in London for one or another of us. There's no sa- I tisfaction to be got out of them; they'll tell you anything. There's! Swithin, now. What good have they done him? There he is; he's! bigger than ever; he's enormous; they can't get his weight down.] Look at him!"

Swithin Forsyte, tall, square, and broad, with a chest like a pou- j ter pigeon's in its plumage of bright waistcoats, came strutting j towards them.

"Er — how are you?" he said in his dandified way, aspirating] the "h" strongly (this difficult letter was almost absolutely safe in j his keeping) —"how are you?"

Each brother wore an air of aggravation as he looked at the] other two, knowing by experience that they would try to eclipse his ailments.

"We were just saying", said James, "that you dont get any thinner".

Swithin protruded his pale round eyes with the effort of hearing.

"Thinner? I'm in good case", he said, leaning a little forward, "not one of your thread-papers like you!"

But afraid of losing the expansion of his chest, he leaned back again into a state of immobility, for he prized nothing so highly as a distinguished appearance.

Aunt Ann turned her old eyes from one to the other. Indulgent and severe was her look. In turn the three brothers looked at Ann. She was getting shaky. Wonderful woman! Eighty-six if a day; might live another ten years, and had never been strong. Swithin and James, the twins, were only seventy-five, Nicholas a mere baby of seventy or so. All were strong, and the inference was comforting.: Of all forms of property their respective healths naturally concerned them most.

"I'm very well in myself", proceeded James, "but my nerves are out of order. The least thing worries me to death. I shall have tcl go to Bath".*

"Bath!" said Nicholas. "I've tried Harrogate.* That's no *gooM* What I want is sea air. There's nothing like Yarmouth.* Now, when] I go there I sleep——"

"My liver's very bad", interrupted Swithin slowly. "Dreadful pain here; "and he placed his hand on his right side.

"Want of exercise", muttered James, his eyes on the china. He quickly added: "I get a pain there, too".

Swithin reddened, a resemblance to a turkey-cock coming upon his old face.

"Exercise!" he said. "I take plenty: I never use the lift at the Club." -

"I didn't know", James hurried out. "I know nothing about anybody; nobody tells me anything".

Swithin fixed him with a stare, and asked-

"What do you do for a pain there?"

James brightened.

"I", he began, "take a compound — —"

How are you, uncle?"

And June stood before him, her resolute small face raised from her little height to his great height, and her hand outheld.

The brightness faded from James' visage.

"How are you?" he said, brooding over her. "So you're going to Wales tomorrow to visit your young man's aunts? You'll have a lot of rain there. This isn't real old Worcester". He tapped the bowl. "Now, that set I gave your mother when she married was the genuine thing".

June shook hands one by one with her three great uncles, and turned to Aunt Ann. A very sweet look had come into the old lady's face; she kissed the girl's cheek with trembling fervour.

"Well, my dear", she said, "and so you're going for a whole month!"

The girl passed on, and Aunt looked after her slim little figure. The old lady's round, steel-grey eyes, over which a film like a bird's was beginning to come, followed her wistfully amongst the bustling crowd, for people were beginning to say good-bye; and her fingertips, pressing and pressing against each other, were busy again with the recharging of her will against that inevitable ultimate departure of her own.

"Yes, she thought, "everybody's been most kind; quite a lot of people come to congratulate her. She ought to be very happy."

Amongst the throng of people by the door—the well-dressed throng drawn from the families of lawyers and doctors, from the Stock Exchange, and all the innumerable avocations of the upper-middle class—there were only some twenty per cent of Forsytes; but to Aunt Ann they seemed all Forsytes—and certainly there was not much difference—she saw only her own flesh and blood. It was her world, this family, and she knew no other, had never perhaps known any other. All their little secrets, illnesses, engagements, and marriages, how they were getting on, and whether they were making money—all this was her property, her delight, her life; beyond this only a vague, shadowy mist of facts and persons of no real significance. This it was that she would have to lay down when it came to her turn to die; this which gave to her that importance, that secret self-hnportance, without which none of us can bear to live and to this she clung wistfully, with a greed that grew each day. If life were slipping away from her, this she would retain to the end.

She thought of June's father, young Jolyon, who had run away with that foreign girl. Ah! What a sad blow to his father and to them all. Such a promising young fellow! A sad blow, though there had been no public scandal, most fortunately. Jo's wife seeking for no divorce! A long time ago! And when June's mother died, six years ago, Jo had married that woman, and they had two children now, so she had heard. Still, he had forfeited his right to be there, had cheated her of the complete fulfilment of her family pride, deprived her of the rightful pleasure of seeing and kissing him of whom she had been so proud, such a promising young fellow! The thought rankled with the bitterness of long-inflicted injury in her tenacious old heart. A little water stood in her eyes. With a handkerchief of the finest lawn she wiped them stealthily.

"Well, Aunt Ann?" said a voice behind.

Soames Forsyte, flat-shouldered, clean-shaven, flat-cheeked, flat-waisted, yet with something round and secret about his whole appearance, looked downwards and aslant at Aunt Ann, as though trying to see through the side of his own nose.

"And what do you think of the engagement?" he asked.

Aunt Ann's eyes rested on him proudly; the eldest of the nephews since young Jolyon's departure from the family nest, he was now her favourite, for she recognized in him a sure trustee of the family soul that must so soon slip beyond her keeping.

"Very nice for the young man", she said "and he's a good-looking young fellow; but I doubt if he's quite the right lover for dear June".

Soames touched the edge of a gold-lacquered lustre.

"She'll tame him", he said, stealthily wetting his finger and rubbing it on the knobby bulbs. "That's genuine old lacquer; you can't get it nowadays. It'd do well in a sale at Jobson's.* He spoke with relish, as though he felt that he was cheering up his old aunt. It was seldom he was so confidential. I wouldn't mind having it myself", he added; "you can always get your price for old lacquer".

"You're so clever with all those things", said Aunt Ann. "And how is dear Irene?"

Soames' smile died.

"Pretty well", he said. "Complains she can't sleep; she sleeps a great deal better than I do", and he looked at his wife, who was talking to Bosinney by the door.

Aunt Ann sighed.

"Perhaps", she said, "it will be just as well for her not to see so much of June. She's such a decided character, dear June!"

Soames flushed; his flushes passed rapidly over his flat cheeks and centred between his eyes, where they remained, the stamp of disturbing thoughts.

"I don't know what she sees in that little flibbertigibbet", he burst out, but noticing that they were no longer alone, he turned and again began examining the lustre.

"They tell me Jolyon's bought another house", said his father's

voice close by; "he must have a lot of money—he must have more money than he knows what to do with! Montpellier Square,* they say; close to Soames! They never told me—Irene never tells me anything!"

"Capital position, not two minutes from me, said the voice of Swithin, "and from my rooms I can drive to the Club in eight".

The position of their houses was of vital importance to the Forsytes, nor was this remarkable, since the whole spirit of their success was embodied therein.

Their father, of farming stock, had come from Dorsetshire* near the beginning of the century.

"Superior Dossset Forsyte", as he was called by his intimates, had been a stonemason by trade, and risen to the position of a master-builder. Towards the end of his life he moved to London, where, building on until he died, he was buried at Highgate. He left over thirty thousand pounds between his ten children. Old Jolyon alluded to him, if at all, as "A hard, thick sort of man; not much refinement about him". The second generation of Forsytes felt indeed that he was not greatly to their credit. The only aristocratic trait they could find in his character was a habit of drinking Madeira.

Aunt Hester, an authority on family history, described him thus—

"I don't recollect that he ever did anything; at least, not in my time. He was an owner of houses, my dear. His hair about your Uncle Swithin's colour, rather a square build. Tall? No—not very tall" (he had been five feet five inches with a mottled face); "a fresh-coloured man. I remember he used to drink Madeira; but ask your Aunt Ann. What was his father? He—er—had to do with the land down in Dorsetshire, by the sea".

James once went down to see for himself what sort of place this was that they had come from. He found two old farms, with a cart track rutted into the pink earth, leading down to a mill by the beach; a little grey church with a buttressed outer wall, and a smaller and greyer chapel. The stream which worked the mill came bubbling down in a dozen rivulets, and pigs were hunting round that estuary. A haze hovered over the prospect. Down this hollow, with their feet deep in the mud and their faces towards the sea, it appeared that the primeval Forsytes had been content to walk Sunday after Sunday for hundreds of years.

Whether or no James had cherished hopes of an inheritance, or of something rather distinguished to be found down there, he came back to town in a poor way, and went about with a pathetic attempt at making the best of a bad job.

"There's very little to be had out of that", he said; "regular country little place, old as the hills".

Its age was felt to be a comfort, Old Jolyon, in whom a desperate honesty welled up at times, would allude to his ancestors as; "Yeomen—I suppose very small beer". Yet he would repeat the word "yeomen" as if it afforded him consolation.

They had all done so well for themselves, these Forsytes, that

swung his umbrella to the level of his eye more frequently than I ever. Nicholas' face also wore a pleasant look. j 1

"Too pale for me", he said, "but her figure's capital!"

Roger made no reply.

"I call her distinguished-looking", he said at last — it was the j highest praise in the Forsyte vocabulary- "That young Bosinney will never do any good for himself. They, say at Burkitt's he's one of j these artistic chaps — got an idea of improving English architectu- j re; there's no money in that! I should like to hear what Timothy j would say to it".

They entered the station.

"What class are you going! I go second".

"No second for me", said Nicholas; "you never know what you \ may catch".

He took a first-class ticket to Notting Hill Gate; Roger a second j to South Kensington.* The train coming in a minute later, the two brothers parted and entered their respective compartments. Each \ felt aggrieved that the other had not modified his habits to secure | his society a little longer; but as Roger voiced it in his thoughts: 1

"Always a stubborn beggar, Nick!"

And as Nicholas expressed it to himself:

"Cantankerous chap Roger always was!"

There was little sentimentality about the Forsytes. In that great 1 London, which they had conquered and become merged in, what 1 time had they to be sentimental?

JOHN GALSWORTHY AND THE PRAGMATIC PREMISES OF "THE FORSYTE SAGA!"

I. "The Forsytes travel without visas", commented one of John j Glasworthy's friends on his heroes. Brought to life by the skill of their creator they have indeed travelled, and became well-known, ! far beyond the continent of Britain. The Forsyte novels enjoy parti- ; cular popularity amongst the reading public in our country. They are not the case in the writer's own country and for many years after his S death, it was generally considered that his work was only of histo* rical value. (An awakening of interest in Galsworthy can be obser* ved in Britain from 1967. principally due to the television film bafled on the cycle of novels about the Forsytes which was made fafl the century of the author's birth.)

John Galsworthy found the path of world fame, which was even- . tually achieved thanks to his Forsyte novels, a difficult one. The principal difficulty resided perhaps in the fact that he himself belonged to a family of the Forsyte type. He had overcome prejudice particularly when it came to the rejection of the respectable career of a lawyer in favour of the writer's profession, dubious in the eyes: of his father.

It was in fact in his very family that Galsworthy found the prototypes of the Forsytes, who are depicted in the first novel of the

...le — The Man of Property (1906). In photographs of the members of Galsworthy's family, published by his biographer H. V. Marrot, we are confronted with old Jolyon for whom the writer's father served as a model, Aunt Ann, Swithin, etc. The severe expression in their faces and their tightly pursed lips suggest that they regarded themselves as the guardians of the firm foundations not only of the bourgeois family but even of the state. John Galsworthy was brought up in a rich family, studying at Harrow, a select secondary school, and Oxford, a select university.

How did Galsworthy develop to be a great writer? There were three reasons and the most significant of these resulted from Galsworthy's indignation at the British war against the Boers. As he himself pointed out, his indignation and protest against the naked slogans to which he was subjected at home, at school and at the university were at the root of the attitude and thoughts expressed in his best works produced in the first decade of the 20th century, such as *The Island Pharisees*, *The Man of Property*, *The Silver Box* and others.

The social order of the period in which *The Man of Property* was written, was an important factor in Galsworthy's approach to the theme of the novel and helped him to depict the representatives of a particular class, the members of a Victorian family — the bulwark of the state — in their prime. This is made quite clear by the author at the beginning of the first chapter of the novel, when he precisely fixes the temporal setting — the years of 1886.

Who, then, are the Forsytes, who confront the readers of *The Man of Property*? This question is partly answered by the Forsyte family tree, drawn up at a later date by the author (and usually presented as an appendix to English editions of the trilogy). At the very top we find the founder of the line, Jolyon Forsyte, a farmer John Dorset, followed by his sons. The eldest of these, Jolyon, a building contractor, is the father of the Forsyte brothers, the principal characters in the Saga — Jolyon, James, Swithin, Roger Nicholas, Timothy and their sisters — Ann, Juley and Hester. Below them the author places the numerous descendants of the Forsytes, even those who are not mentioned in the novels. Alongside the name of each of the Forsyte brothers is indicated the year of his birth and of his death, his place of residence and his profession. Jolyon, "tea merchant of the firm Forsyte and Treffrey"; James — "lawyer, founder of the Forsyte Bastard and Forsyte"; Timothy — "publisher", etc. From this it is clear that the Forsytes are principally men of business and shareholders.

The Man of Property being the summit of Galsworthy's literary creation has a great pragmatic value and it is quite understandable as he himself pointed out at the end of his literary career, that his novel should be his favourite work. He invested in it so much ' 'is spiritual resources, so much of himself and of his insights rn of suffering. But the author's passion for its subject-matter " not appear on the surface; it is hidden by that irony which

46

enables him to investigate the Forsytes phenomenon methodically and purposefully.

II. **The factual information of the chapter "At Home".** At Old Jolyon's is rather complicated as from the very first pages it introduces us to all the members of that family and at the same time it serves as the beginning of the plot of the whole trilogy "The Forsyte Saga". It is the description of the engagement of old Jolyon's grand daughter June Forsyte to a young architect Philip Bosinney and his first meeting with Irene.

On the occasion of that engagement all the members of the family had gathered at Stanhope Gate, though "At Home" was a great rarity; none had been held for twelve years, not indeed, since old Mrs. Jolyon died-

III. **Poetic details and Stylistic Devices.** By a lot of artistic details, depicting and characterological, closely interrelated the author shows the family of the upper middle class in its full plumage. The evaluation of the highest efflorescence of the family is represented in the explicit manner and the reader is compared to a person who is given a chance to watch a family tree grow from its planting—a paragon of tenacity, insulation and success ... and one day to see it flourishing with bland, full foliage, in an almost repugnant prosperity, at the summit of its efflorescence.

J.Galsworthy's style is remarkable for its expressiveness, vividness and terseness. Abundance of poetic details and stylistic devices does not make it verbose or luscious, on the contrary they make it laconic and emotional and help to convey a maximum of information in a concise form.

As an illustration we'll analyse a short passage from p.p.143—144 (About the Forsytes mingling... unsafe thing). In this extract the author describes how the Forsytes united their ranks against common danger. But the word "danger" is not used in the sentence explicitly. It is introduced with the help of the stylistic device "suspence" (retardation). The writer doesn't use the word at once, he withholds it towards the end of the passage in order to excite the reader's interest by keeping him in a state of expectancy. As a substitute for it he uses, the indefinite pronoun "something" in the simile "as though they were attired in defiance of something. The word "defiance" prompts the idea that this entity was a threatening one, but they were ready to challenge it. The usage of the key word "sniff" shows that they were not afraid of this entity and had a contemptuous attitude to it. The further narration relates that they were resentful of "something" and consolidated the family's unity against it.

The reader's interest is further roused up by the gradation formed by a number of poetic details. Let us consider them:

a) an added perfection of raiment—a descriptive detail pointing to their fashionable clothes and immaculate appearance.

b) an exuberance of family cordiality—an implicit detail, supplying important additional information about the Forsytes. As we

know from the author's parenthetic digression at the beginning of the chapter "... no branch of this family had a liking for the other, between no three members of whom existed anything worthy of the name of sympathy. Now expressing cordiality they wanted to show that they could overlook their differences of opinion, they could forget offences and grievances and unite their ranks against a common peril. Their readiness for an alliance meant more confidence and assurance.

c) an exaggeration of family importance—a characterological detail, revealing their inner desire to underline the social status of the family.

The enumeration of the poetic details increasing in the degree of importance—perfect clothes, confidence, high social position and a disdainful attitude to any threat forms gradation with the key word "sniff" as its peak.

By this time the author has brought the reader to the tip-toe of curiosity and the suspense comes to an end. At last he names the object of the Forsytes defiance •— danger.

The emphatic structure places the word in the most prominent position. The repetition of the word "danger" is accompanied by the phrase metaphor "put a burnish on their armour", denoting that the whole family was dressed in protective covering worn in battles and it was polished for the occasion. The metaphor completes the thought that the perfect clothes, the assurance, the high social position and contempt for the "unsafe thing" were a reliable defensive envelope for the Forsytes.

The reader was gradually prepared for this metaphor by several words in this selection belonging to the military vocabulary:

a) rank—a row of soldiers standing side by side

b) to be on guard—to act as a sentry

c) alert—watchful, vigilant

d) offensiveness—readiness for an attack.

The passage ends with a periphrastic reference to Bosinney.

As it has been already mentioned this chapter as the beginning of the plot of the whole novel gives us an opportunity to get acquainted with the Forsytes tree. And Galsworthy a brilliant master of characterological details gives bright and vivid character sketches of all the branches of that tree.

It is the character of the "Superior Dorset Forsyte"—the very root of that tree; the characters of the second generation of the Forsytes—Old Jolyon, Aunts Ann, Hester and July, the twins—Swithin and James, Nicholas, Rodger and the youngest among them Timothy between whom there was much difference and much similarity ... Through the varying features and expressions of those five faces could be marked a certain steadfastness of chin, underlying surface distinctions, marking a racial stamp, too prehistoric to trace, too remote and permanent to discuss—the very hallmark and guarantee of the family fortunes. This brilliant depicting detail-becomes at the **same time characterological.**

Among the younger generation there was this same stamp ... less meaningful perhaps, but unmistakable — a sign of something ineradicable in the family soul — the desire to increase their property — and of all forms of property their respective health which naturally concerned them most could be seen.

In general the main way of depicting the characters is ironical and sometimes it achieves a great satirical force. Among the authenticity details, which serve as a background for the characterization of the personages and help the addressee to picture to himself the place and time we may mention the (description the peares of their residences, famous pictures and China (worsester), the toponymy of London, English resorts Consols date of the engagement, their professions names of underground stations etc-

It is necessary to stress that Galsworthy is a brilliant master of the explicit details, but still it is mainly due to the implication detail that the subcurrent information is revealed. And it is implication detail that reflects the relations between personages and reality:

"Well", he said, "I couldn't help Irene's having no money. Soames was in such a hurry; he got quite thin dancing attendance on her".

Putting the bowl pettishly down on the piano, he let his eyes wander to the group by the door.

* "It's my opinion", he said unexpectedly, "that it's just as well as it is".

Aunt Ann did not ask him to explain this strange utterance. She knew what he was thinking. If Irene had no money she would not be so foolish as to do anything wrong; for they said — they said — she had been asking for a separate room; but, of course, Soames had not ..."

Behind him his cousin, the tall George, son of the fifth Foryste, Roger, had a quipish look on his fleshy face, pondering one of his sardonic jests.

The chapter abounds in Stylistic Devices, but the prevailing are prolonged metaphors (that is the description of the family tree at the very beginning of the chapter and its prospective development throughout the whole cycle) and a simile. "Never had there been so full an assembly, for mysteriously united in spite of all their differences, they had taken arms against a common peril. Like cattle when a dog comes into the field, they stood head to head——). The main function of the convergence of stylistic devices is to reveal the peculiar features of the Forsytes and thus to realize the pragmatic aim of the novel to show that the family of the Forsytes, so formidable a unit of society, so clear a reproduction of society in miniature lives according to the law of ownership which is the main basis of the social system of Great Britain.

IV. The title of this chapter as we have already seen is a metonymical paraphrasis of the family festival on the occasion of the engagement which gives the author a very nice opportunity to introduce the characters of the whole cycle.

V. The Conceptual information of the chapter. Characterizing Philip Bosinney J. Galsworthy writes that he was a young man without fortune, he had no income, but was dreaming of improving English architecture. His bride June was very rich, she was Old Jolyon's acknowledged heiress. But the author states in black and white that Forsyte girls had become engaged to such moneyless people before and had actually married them. Thus it wasn't Bosinney's poverty that frightened the Forsytes. So why did the Forsytes feel a distrust to Bosinney? What was the origin of their misgiving? What kind of danger did they feel?

If we find an answer to this question we'll reveal the conceptual information. Does this chapter answer this question? — Yes, it does, but not explicitly.

The story with a soft grey hat in which Bosinney had paid a call of duty to Aunt Ann helps to answer the question. The Forsytes had great regard for appearances and Bosinney neglected the rules of etiquette. As he didn't observe the upper middle class traditions, he cordently disrespected their attitude to property. We know that the Forsytes attached great significance to property, money and welth. No Forsyte could be content with less than four per cent for his money. Talent without monetary value was ignored by the Forsytes. The word "hat" repeated in the short fragment of text 8 times gets an increment of meaning and becomes a symbol of Bosinney's careless attitude to property, and property was a sacred foundation of Forsyitism.

If we remeber the tell-tale detail that at the reception at Old Jolyon's "he had an air of having a joke all to himself", it becomes clear that he wasn't duly impressed by the wealth of the house and rich attires of the guests. The importance of the family was of no consequence to him.

Besides that the nickname "Bucaneer" given to Bosinney by the acknowledged joker George also contains hidden suggestiveness. We know that bucaneeers were pirates and sea-adventurers who plundered ships. So the origin of the Forsytes' misgiving concerning Bosinney was not in his poverty but in disrespect to property, indifferent attitude to money and nonchalance about wealth.

The subsequent chapters of the novel confirm this idea. Later on he abandoned his rich bride and "robbed" Soames of his wife.

VI. The modality of the chapter.

It is necessary to stress that in order to achieve a greater objectiveness in the depiction of the English upper middle class the author himself avoid the direct evaluation of the society and the adreesee of this chapter becomes an eyewitness or an onlooker of the events. But nevertheless the adreesee can easily find out Galsworthy's attitude towards the bourgeois society and his attitude to the Forsytes (repugment prosperity).

VII. The Composition of the Chapter. The whole chapter serves as an exposition to the novel, because it gives preliminary information about the personages of the Saga and their ancestors. The traditional composition model cannot be applied to the chapter but we can

characterize its architectonics. In this respect it is necessary to remark that the proportional distribution of its constituent parts is very uneven. While the portraits of the characters, historic excurses, philosophic generalizations, the author's commentaries autosemantic digressions and additional details to the portraits scattered all over the chapter take the major part of the text, the narration of the plot occupies only a few lines. If we trace the plot of the chapter we'll find only several sentences relating to the following ideas:

1. Guests come to celebrate June's engagement and to congratulate her
2. They want to solve the problem of wedding presents
3. June's intention to leave for Wales to visit Bosinney's aunt.

However the multitude of portraits and description of episodes violating chronological order don't prevent the author realizing the cohesion of the text. All independent parts of the text are indissolubly connected by the subject the chapter deals with. The author commentaries and digressions are naturally connected with preceding and succeeding paragraphs thanks to logical associations.

The categories of space and time also contribute to the integration of the text. The ceremony of the engagement lasts only one evening and takes place in the drawing room of Old Joyon.

VIII. Speaking about the shape of prose, we may say that description is prevailing in this chapter, but from time to time it is interlaced with narration, some elements of dialogue and represented speech. It is undeniable that the shape of prose fully coincides with the pragmatic aim and the author's intention—to show the main principles the life of the society is based on, to show the irreconcilable attitude of that society towards the principles which may somehow destroy their unity and damage their property.

IX. Foregrounding.

Great attention should be paid to the key words of this chapter: tenacity, unity, property, money, sniff, family tree—which are at the same time the key words of the whole Forsyte cycle, because they serve as the elements of foregrounding and play an important role in the evaluation of the main pragmatic aim of the novel.

The Cherry Tree

by Alfred Coppard

There was uproar somewhere among the backyards of Australia Street. It was so alarming that people at their midday meal sat still and stared at one another—A fortnight before murder had been done in the street, in broad daylight, with a chopper; people were nervous. An upper window was thrown open and a startled and startling head exposed.

"It's that young devil, Johnny Flynn, again! Killing rats!" shouted Mrs. Knatchbole, shaking her fist towards the Flynn's backyard. Mrs. Knatchbole was ugly; she had a goitred neck and a sharp nose with an orb shining at its end, constant as grief.

"You wait, my boy, till your mother comes home, you just wait!" invited this apparition, but Johnny was gazing sickly at the body of a big rat slaughtered by the dogs of his friend George. The uproar was caused by the quarrelling of the dogs, possibly for honours, but more probably, as is the custom of victors, for loot.

"Bob down!" warned George, but Johnny bobbed up to catch the full anger of those baleful Knatchbole eyes. The urchin put his fingers promptly to his nose.

"Look at that for eight years old", screamed the lady. "Eight years old 'e is! As true as God's my maker I'll..."

The impending vow was stayed and blasted forever, Mrs. Knatchbole being taken with a fit of sneezing, where upon the boys uttered some derisive "Haw — haws!"

So Mrs. Knatchbole met Mrs. Flynn that night as she came from work, Mrs. Flynn being a widow who toiled daily and dreadfully at a laundry and perforce left her children, except for their school hours, to their own devices. The encounter was an emphatic one and the tired widow promised to admonish her boy.

"But it's all right, Mrs. Knatchbole, he's going from me in a week, to his uncle in London he is going, a person of wealth, and he'll be no annoyance to ye then. I'm ashamed that he misbehaves but he's no bad boy really".

At home his mother's remonstrances reduced Johnny to repentance and silence; he felt base indeed; he wanted to do something great and worthy at once to offset it all; he wished he had got some money, he'd have gone and bought her a bottle of stout—he knew she liked stout.

"Why do ye vex people so, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Flynn wearily. "I work my fingers to the bone for ye, week in and week out. Why can't ye behave like Pomony?"

His sister was a year younger than him; her name was Mona, which Johnny's elegant mind had disliked. One day he re-baptised her; Pomona she became and Pomona she remained. The Flynn's sat down to supper. "Never mind about all that, mum," said the boy, kissing her as he passed her chair, "talk to us about the cherry tree!" The cherry tree, luxuriantly blooming, was the crown of the mother's memories of her youth and her father's farm; around the myth of its wonderful blossoms and fruit she could weave garlands of romance, and to her own mind, as well as to the minds of her children, it became a heavenly symbol of her old lost home, grand with acres and delightful with orchard and full pantry. What wonder that in her humorous narration the joys were multiplied and magnified until even Johnny was to intervene. "Look here, how many horses did your father have, mum... really, though?" Mrs. Flynn became vague, cast a furtive glance at this son of hers and then gulped with laughter until she recovered her ground with: "Ah, but there was a cherry tree!" It was a grand supper—actually a polony and some potatoes. Johnny knew this was because he was going away. Ever since it was known that he was to go to London they had been having something

special like this, or sheep's trotters, or a pig's tail. Mother seemed to grow kinder and kinder to him. He wished he had some money, he would like to buy her a bottle of stout—he knew she liked stout.

Well, Johnny went away to live with his uncle, but, alas, he was only two months in London before he was returned to his mother and Pomona. Uncle was an engine-driver who disclosed to his astounded nephew a passion for gardening. This was incomprehensible to Johnny Flynn. A great roaring boiling locomotive was the grandest thing in the world. Johnny had rides on it, so he knew. And it was easy for him to imagine that every gardener cherished in the darkness of his disappointed soul an unavailing passion for a steam engine, but how an engine-driver could immerse himself in the mushiness of gardening was a baffling problem. However, before he returned home he discovered one important thing from his uncle's hobby, and he sent the information to his sister:

Dear Pomona,

Uncle Herry has got a allotment and grow veggutables. He says what makes the mold is worms- You know we pulled all the worms out off our garden and chukked them over Miss Natchbols wall. Well you better get some more quick a lot ask George to help you and I bring some seeds home when I comes next week by the excursion on Moms birthday.

Your sincerely brother
John Flynn

On mother's birthday Pomona met him at the station. She kissed him shyly and explained that mother was going to have a half holiday to celebrate the double occasion and would be home with them at dinner time.

"Pomona, did you get them worms?"

Pomona was inclined to evade the topic of worms for the garden, but fortunately her brother's enthusiasm for another gardening project tempered the wind of his indignation. When they reached home he unwrapped two parcels he had brought with him; he explained his scheme to his sister; he led her into the garden- The Flynn's backyard, mostly paved with bricks, was small, and so the enclosing walls, truculently capped by chips of glass, although too low for privacy were yet too high for the growth of any cherishable plant. Johnny had certainly once reared a magnificent exhibit of two cowslips, but these had been mysteriously destroyed by the Knatchbole cat. The dank little enclosure was charged with sterility; nothing flourished there except a lot of beetles and a dauntless evergreen bush, as tall as Johnny, displaying a profusion of thick shiny leaves that you could split on your tongue and make squeakers with. Pomona showed him how to do this and they then busied themselves in the garden until the dinner siren warned them that mother would be coming home. They hurried into the kitchen and Pomona quickly spread the cloth and the plates of food upon the table, while Johnny placed conspicu-

ously in the centre, after laboriously extracting the stopper with a fork and a hair-pin, a bottle of stout brought from London. He had been much impressed by numberless advertisements upon the hoardings respecting this attractive beverage. The children then ran off to meet their mother and they all came home together with great hilarity. Mrs. Flynn's attention having been immediately drawn to the sinister decoration of her dining table, Pomona was requested to pour out a glass of the nectar. Johnny handed this gravely to his parent, saying:

"Many happy returns of the day, Mrs. Flynn!"

"O dear, dear!" gasped his mother merrily, "you drink first!"

"Excuse me, no, Mrs. Flynn", rejoined her son, "many happy returns of the day!"

When the toast had been honoured Pomona and Johnny looked tremendously at each other.

"Shall we?" exclaimed Pomona. "Oh, yes", decided Johnny; "Come on mum, in the garden, something marvellous!"

She followed her children into that dull little den, and by happy chance the sun shone grandly for the occasion. Behold, the dauntless evergreen bush had been stripped of its leaves and upon its Blossomless twig the children had hung numerous couples of ripe cherries, white and red and black.

"What do you think of it, mum?" they cried, snatching some of the fruit and pressing it into her hands, "what do you thing of it?"

"Beautiful!" replied Mrs. Flynn in a tremulous voice. The children stared silently at their mother until she could bear it no longer. She turned and went sobbing into the kitchen.

When yet a boy Coppard had to shift for himself and tied his hand at many jobs. Reminiscences of his childhood and adolescence formed the plots of many Coppard's stories. "The Cherry Tree" proposed here as the subject-matter of close analysis is one of such stories.

The plot of the story is very simple, to say the least—it is a brief sketch of the Flynn's life, a poor English family supposedly of Irish origin, judging by their name. The factual information is not overloaded. Mrs. Flynn is a widow with two children. Johnny aged eight, and his sister Pomona, a year his junior. The mother "toiled daily and dreadfully at a laundry", "working her fingers to the bone . . . , week in and week out", leaving her children to their own devices. Consequently, the boy was constantly making mischief (see for example, the beginning of the plot where he is engaged in doghunting rats, thus causing their neighbour's anger).

The narration follows no particular pattern: the neighbour, Mrs. Knatchbole, her speech being of much pragmatic value, complains to Mrs. Flynn, the latter reprimands her son, and the boy is reduced to repentance. At the supper which is described at length the boy does his best to make amends. He kisses his mother on passing her chair and asks her to talk to them about the cherry tree—the family's favourite myth, "a heavenly symbol of her old lost home, grand with acres and delightful with orchard and full pantry".

The plot line develops through a seemingly unimportant episode: the boy is sent to London, to his uncle, the engine driver and is promptly returned home in two months, on his mother's birthday.

This is followed by half a page of a detailed description of the Flynns' garden and the children's mysterious preparations. The description is arranged on a clear suspense pattern: the reader's attention is unavoidably drawn to the Flynns' backyard, "the dank little enclosure charged with sterility", and "a dauntless evergreen bush... displaying a profusion of thick shiny leaves"; he feels that something memorable is bound to happen on this stage.

By dinner-time the children hurry into the kitchen and lay the table, with the bottle of stout brought from London placed conspicuously in the centre. The atmosphere at dinner is as cheerful as may be and then the children take their mother to the garden to show her "something marvellous" — a birthday present. They had stripped the evergreen bush of its leaves and hung on the twigs "numerous couples of ripe cherries, white and red and black"-

The children's expectations are deceived: the mother's voice trembles and she retreats sobbing into the kitchen.

That's the long and the short of story that poses a psychological puzzle before the reader: why did the mother burst out sobbing? Let us do some guesswork using the only tool at our disposal—deep and thorough text analysis.

The solution is contained in the conceptual information that can be revealed by penetrating into the complex artistic structure of the literary work. The first level of penetration is based on the abundance of tell-tale artistic details and stylistic devices in the story. A skillful reader can't fail to notice that the author chose contrast and gradation as two underlying literary devices of the text. On the one hand, he clearly opposes the sordid reality to the fairy-like world of the dream, the cruel social environment to the warm and tender atmosphere of the Flynns' home. On the other, he holds the reader in suspense gradually increasing his expectations of a significant denouement. This conclusion can be substantiated by many artistic details.

Descriptive details give a glimpse of the environment. Let us analyze, for example, those used to depict Mrs. Knatchbole, the neighbour: "Mrs. Knatchbole was ugly; she had a goitred neck and a sharp skinny nose with an orb shining at its end, constant as grief". The simile is accompanied by the epithets and the root repetition: "baleful Knatchbole eyes"; a startled and startling head". With the addition of "the Knatchbole cat" that destroyed some plants in the Flynns' garden, Mrs. Knatchbole fully represents the hostile world around.

The images of Mrs. Flynn, Johnny and Pomona are created by a series of characterological details. The author does not aim at a complete picture: it will suffice to show their love for each other. Mrs. Flynn is described as "a tired widow" who could still "gulp with laughter" and "gasp merrily". Her love for Johnny is vividly expres-

sed in the phrase: "Mrs. Flynn cast a furtive glance at this son of hers".

The author spares neither artistic details nor stylistic devices to depict Johnny, his favourite character. He remarks, half-jokingly, on "Johnny's elegant mind" and quotes Johnny's letter to his sister, a most ungrammatical manuscript compiled in accordance with all the rules of letter-writing. The author gives a glimpse of Johnny's sensitive soul through a gradation: "At home his mother's remonstrances reduced Johnny to repentance and silence; he felt base indeed; he wanted to do something great and worthy to offset it all; he wished he had got some money, he'd have gone and bought her a bottle of stout—he knew she liked stout". Johnny's wish to buy his mother a bottle of stout is mentioned later and then fulfilled. The significance of Johnny's action is stressed by three periphrases: "this attractive beverage," "the sinister decoration of her dining table", "a glass of the nectar" occurring in a limited text span. (It must be noted that stylistic periphrasis is one of the most frequently used stylistic devices which, together with the abundance of bookish words and complex syntax, makes Coppard's style a bit old-fashioned and Dickensian). Johnny's love for his mother is perceived in his desire to console her: "Never mind about al that, mum", said the boy, kissing his mother as he passed her chair, "talk to us about the cherry tree!"

Pomona seems to be a shy little girl who admires Johnny and helps her mother in every way. ("Why can't you behave like Pomony?" "kissed him shyly", "quickly spread the cloth and plates of food upon the table").

The mother's and the children's appearances are not described, which can be considered as a suggestive detail in itself: the author does not think it important, it has become vague, it's a childhood memory. This reveals to some extent the category of text modality: it seems as if the author is recollecting with mild humour his own childhood experience, looking at himself through the veil of years. Hence, the authenticity of the detailed description of the garden and the delicious supper is more important than the exact geographic setting or a definite date in the past-

Some important information is contained in the implication detail in the beginning of the plot: "A fortnight before murder had been done in the street in broad daylight, with a chopper". It enables to gain a deeper insight into the story: we see the wretched neighbourhood the children were being brought up in.

There are some descriptive details and stylistic devices in the story that bring out the contrast between dream and reality to a still greater effect. The Flynns' garden is opposed to the fantastic orchard of the mother's youth, the dauntless evergreen bush—to the luxuriantly blooming cherry tree. The image of the cherry tree is created by an exquisite stylistic convergence containing a series of metaphors and epithets. Among the epithets "grand" should be noted 's a key-word acquiring additional shades of meaning in the text (cf. "lost home grand with acres", "it was a grand supper", "the sun

shone grandly for the occasion"). The description of the Flynns' garden also abounds in epithets: "the enclosing walls, truculantly capped by chips of glass"; "a magnificent exhibit of two contslips"; "a dauntless evergreen bush", etc.

The almost complete sterility of the backyard, the walls too low for privacy, the dauntless evergreen bush is all that the Flynns have. The walls can't defend them from the hostile world that keeps menacingly intruding. The bush turned by Johnny's love into a cherry tree is a sorry parody of the lost grandeur (but was there ever any grandeur?). Life is hopeless: Johnny has been "returned" to his mother, she can't do anything for her children. No matter how kind and tender they are towards each other, the malicious Mrs. Knatchbole is on her vigil on the other side of the wall and murder is committed in the street.

Dragging years of degrading toil in the laundry are in store for her, and her children's future can't be ensured. That's why Mrs. Flynn can't help sobbing when she sees "the cherry tree" in her backyard. Thus the conceptual information of the story becomes clear as well as the author's position: his heart is with the common people, the true heroes in the daily struggle for life against the cruel world.

Wild Flowers

by Erskine Caldwell

"Wild Flowers" is undoubtedly one of E. Caldwell's masterpieces. The story being multiordinal the depth of its content opens up to him who can see not only through its rather simple plot but through the metaphoric and symbolic layers as well.

I derive more satisfaction from the writing of stories such as this one than I do from any other.

The mockingbird that had perched on the roof top all night, filling the clear cool air with its music, had flown away when the sun rose. There was silence as deep and mysterious as the flat sandy country that extended mile after mile in every direction. Yesterday's shadows on the white sand began to reassemble under the trees and around the fence posts, spreading on the ground the lacy foliage of the branches and the fuzzy slabs of the wooden fence.

The sun rose in leaps and bounds, jerking itself upward as though it were in a great hurry to rise above the tops of the pines so it could shine down upon the flat country from there to the Gulf.

Inside the house the bedroom was light and warm. Nellie had been awake ever since the mockingbird had left. She lay on her side with one arm under her head. Her other arm was around the head beside her on the pillow. Her eyelids fluttered. Then for a minute at a time they did not move at all. After that they fluttered again, seven or eight or nine times in quick succession. She waited as patiently as she could for Vern to wake up.

When Vern came home sometime late in the night, he did not

wake her. She had stayed awake waiting for him as long as she could, but she had become so sleepy her eyes would not stay open until he came.

The dark head on the pillow beside hers looked tired and worn. Vern's forehead, even in sleep, was wrinkled a little over his nose. Around the corners of his eyes the skin was darker than it was anywhere else on the face. She reached over as carefully as possible and kissed the cheek closest to her. She wanted to put both arms around his head and draw him to her, and to kiss him time after time and hold his dark head tight against her face.

Again her eyelids fluttered uncontrollably.

"Vern", she whispered softly. "Vern".

Slowly his eyes opened, then quickly closed again.

"Vern, sweet", she murmured, her heart beating faster and faster.

Vern turned his face toward her, snuggling his head between her arm and breast, and moving until she could feel his breath on her neck.

"Oh, Vern", she said, part aloud-

He could feel her kisses on his eyes and cheek and forehead and mouth. He was comfortably awake by then. He found her with his hands and they drew themselves tightly together.

"What did he say, Vern?" she asked at last, unable to wait any longer. "What, Vern?" He opened his eyes and looked at her, fully awake at last.

She could read what he had to say on his face.

"When, Vern?" she said.

"Today", he said, closing his eyes and snuggling his head into her warmth once more.

Her lips trembled a little when he said it. She could not help herself.

"Where are we going to move to, Vern?" she asked like a little girl, looking closely to his lips for his answer.

He shook his head, pushing it tightly against her breasts and closing his eyes against her body-

They both lay still for a long time. The sun had warmed the room until it was almost like summer again, instead of early fall. Little waves of heat were beginning to rise from the weatherworn window-sill. There would be a little more of summer before winter came.

"Did you tell him—?" Nellie said. She stopped and looked down at Vern's face. "Did you tell him about me, Vern?"

"Yes".

"What did he say?"

Vern did not answer her. He pushed his head against her breast and held her tighter, as though he were struggling for food that would make his body strong when he got up and stood alone in the bare room.

"Didn't he say anything, Vern?"

"He just said he couldn't help it, or something like that. I don't remember what he said, but I know what he meant".

"Doesn't he care, Vern?"

"I guess he doesn't, Nellie".

Nellie stiffened. She trembled for a moment, but her body stiffened as though she had no control over it.

"But you care what happens to me, don't you, Vern?"

"Oh, God, yes!" he said. "That's all I do care about now. If anything happens——".

For a long time they lay in each other's arms, their minds stirring them wider and wider awake.

Nellie got up first. She was dressed and out of the room before Vern knew how quickly time had passed. He leaped out of bed, dressed, and hurried to the kitchen to make the fire in the cookstove. Nellie was already peeling the potatoes when he got it going.

They did not say much while they ate breakfast. They had to move, and move that day. There was nothing else they could do. The furniture did not belong to them, and they had so few clothes it would not be troublesome to carry them.

Nellie washed the dishes while Vern was getting their things ready. There was nothing to do after that except to tie up his overalls and shirts in a bundle, and Nellie's clothes in another, and to start out.

When they were ready to leave, Nellie stopped at the gate and looked back at the house. She did not mind leaving the place, even though it had been the only home she and Vern had ever had together. The house was so dilapidated that probably it would fall down in a few years more. The roof leaked, one side of the house had slipped off the foundation posts, and the porch sagged all the way to the ground in front.

Vern waited until she was ready to leave. When she turned away from the house, there were tears in her eyes, but she never looked back at it again. After they had gone a mile, they had turned a bend in the road, and the pines hid the place from sight.

"Where are we going, Vern?" she said, looking at him through the tears.

"We'll just have to keep on until we find a place", he said. He knew that she knew as well as he did that in that country of pines and sand the farms and houses were sometimes ten or fifteen miles apart. "I don't know how far that will be".

While she trudged along the sandy road, she could smell the fragrance of the last summer flowers all around her. The weeds and scrub hid most of them from sight, but every chance she got she stopped a moment and looked along the side of the ditches for blossoms. Vern did not stop, and she always ran to catch up with him before she could find any.

In the middle of the afternoon they came to a creek where it was cool and shady. Vern found her a place to lie down and, before taking off her shoes to rest feet, scraped a pile of dry pine needles for her to lie on and pulled an armful of moss from the trees to put under her head. The water he brought her tasted of the leaves and gras-

ses in the creek, and it was cool and clear. She fell asleep as soon as she had drunk some.

It was late afternoon when Vern woke her up.

"You've been asleep two or three hours, Nellie", he said. "Do you think you could walk a little more before night?"

She sat up and put on her shoes and followed him to the road. She felt a dizziness as soon as she was on her feet. She did not want to say anything to Vern about it, because she did not want him to worry. Every step she took pained her then. It was almost unbearable at times, and she bit her lips and crushed her fingers in her fists, but she walked along behind him, keeping out of his sight so he would not know about it.

At sundown she stopped and sat down by the side of the road. She felt as though she would never be able to take another step again. The pains in her body had drawn the color from her face and her limbs felt as though they were being pulled from her body. Before she knew it, she had, fainted.

When she opened her eyes, Vern was kneeling beside her, fanning her with his hat. She looked up into his face and tried to smile.

"Why didn't you tell me, Nellie?" he said. "I didn't know you were so tired".

"I don't want to be tired", she said. "I just couldn't help it, I guess".

He looked at her for a while, fanning her all the time.

"Do you think it might happen before we get some place?" he asked anxiously. "What do you think, Nellie?"

Nellie closed her eyes and tried not to think. They had not passed a house or farm since they had left that morning. She did not know how much farther it was to a town, and she was afraid to think how far it might be even to the next house. It made her afraid to think about it.

"I thought you said it would be another two weeks — ?" Vern said. "Didn't you, Nellie?"

"I thought so", she said. "But it's going to be different now, walking like this all day".

His hat fell from his hand, and he looked all around in confusion. He did not know what to do, but he knew he had to do something for Nellie right away.

"I can't stand it", he said. "I've got to do something".

He picked her up and carried her across the road. He found a place for her to lie under a pine tree, and he put her down there. Then he untied their bundles and put some of their clothes under her head and some over her feet and legs.

The sun had set, and it was becoming dark. Vern did not know what to do next. He was afraid to leave her there all alone in the woods, but he knew he had to get help for her.

"Vern", she said, holding out her hand to touch him.

He grasped it in his, squeezing and stroking her fingers and wrist. "What is it, Nellie?"

"I'm afraid it is going to happen ... happen ... happen right away", she said weakly, closing her eyes before she could finish.

He bent down and saw that her lips were bloodless and that her face was whiter than he had ever seen anyone's face. While he watched her, her body became tense and she bit her mouth to keep from screaming with pain.

Vern jumped up and ran to the road, looking up it and down it. The night had come down so quickly that he could not tell whether there were any fields or cleared ground there as an indication of somebody's living near. There were no signs of a house or people anywhere.

He ran back to Nellie.

"Are you all right?" he asked her.

"If I could go to sleep, she said. "I think I would be all right for a while".

He got down beside her and put his arms around her.

"If I thought you wouldn't be afraid, I'd go up the road until I found a house and get a car or something to carry you. I can't let you stay here all night on the ground".

"You might not get back—in time!" she cried frantically.

"I'd hurry as fast as I could", he said, "I'll run until I find somebody".

"If you'll come back in two or three hours", she said, "I'd be able though to stand it, I think. I couldn't stand it any longer than that alone".

He got up.

"I'm going", he said.

He ran up the road as fast as he could, remembering how he had pleaded to be allowed to stay in the house a little longer so Nellie would not have to go like that- The only answer he had got, even after he had explained about Nellie, was a shake of the head. There was no use in begging after that. He was being put out, and he could not do anything about it. He was certain there should have been some money due him for crop that fall, even a few dollars, but he knew there was no use in trying to argue about that, either. He had gone home the night before, knowing they would have to leave. He stumbled, falling heavily, headlong on the road.

When he picked himself up, he saw a light ahead. It was only a pale ray from board window that had been closed tightly. But it was a house, and somebody lived in it. He ran toward it as fast as he could.

When he got to the place, a dog under the house barked, but he paid no attention to it. He ran up to the door and pounded on it with both fists.

"Let me in!" he yelled. "Open the door!"

Somebody inside shouted, and several chairs were knocked over. The dog ran out from under the house and began snapping at Vern's legs. He tried to kick the dog away, but the dog was just as deter-

mined as he was, and came back at him more savagely than before. Finally he pushed the door open, breaking a buttonlock.

Several Negroes were hiding in the room. He could see heads and feet under the bed and behind a trunk and under a table.

"Don't be scared of me", he said as calmly as he could. "I came for help. My wife's down the road, sick. I've got to get her into a house somewhere. She's lying on the ground".

The oldest man in the room, a gray-haired Negro who looked about fifty, crawled from under the bed.

"I'll help you, boss", he said. "I didn't know what you wanted when you came shouting and yelling like that. That's why I didn't open the door and let you in".

"Have you got a cart, or something like that?" Vern asked.

"I've got a one-horse cart", the man said. "George, you and Pete go hitch up the mule to the cart. Hurry and do it".

Two Negro boys came from their hiding-places and ran out the back door.

"We'll need a mattress, or something like that to put her on", Vern said.

The Negro woman began stripping the covers from the bed, and Vern picked up the mattress and carried it out the front door to the road. While he waited for the boys to drive the cart out, he walked up and down, trying to assure himself that Nellie would be all right.

When the cart was ready, they all got in and drove down the road as fast as the mule could go. It took less than half an hour for them to reach the grove where he had left Nellie, and by then he realized he had been gone three hours or longer.

Vern jumped to the ground, calling her. She did not answer. He ran up the bank and fell on his knees beside her on the ground. "Nellie!" he said, shaking her. "Wake up, Nellie! This is Vern, Nellie!"

He could not make her answer. Putting his face down against hers, he felt her cold cheek- He put his hands on her forehead, and that was cold, too. Then he found her wrists and held them in his fingers while he pressed his ear tightly against her breast...

The Negro was trying to talk to him, but Vern could not hear a word he was saying. He did know that something had happened, and that Nellie's face and hands were cold, and that he could not feel her heart beat. He knew, but he could not make himself believe that it was really true.

He fell down on the ground, his face pressed against the pine needles, while his fingers dug into the soft damp earth. He could hear voices above him, and he could hear the words the voices said, but nothing had any meaning. Sometime—a long time away—he would ask about their baby—about Nellie's — about their baby. He knew it would be a long time before he could ask anything like that, though. It would be a long time before words would have any meaning in them again.

Interpretation of the literary text requires some knowledge of the

cultural context, the writer's literary work and his world outlook on the part of the reader Erskine Caldwell is a famous American short-story writer. His stories and novels tell of ordinary men of America, Negroes and poor Whites. Caldwell expresses his just indignation at the cruelty of capitalist exploitation. The majority of his novels and stories deal with the problems of the South, race discrimination, rightlessness and misery of poor people.

"Wild Flowers" is one of E. Caldwell's masterpieces. The plot of the story is rather simple, its factual information lies on the surface. It is the tragedy of a young couple. Nellie and Vern, who were turned out by the owner of the house. They set out in search of a dwelling but the young woman, being an expectant mother can't stand the trying exhausting way and dies.

The composition of the story is very interesting: neither the title, nor the exposition give the slightest idea of the tragic end. The title of the story "Wild Flowers" containing a poetical image creates some emotional attitude of mind. The exposition which gives a description of nature, of a very fine morning, a clear cool air filled with the music of a mocking bird also helps to create an emotional atmosphere.

The extract abounds in stylistic devices (metaphors, epithets) which fulfil the function of emotional impact on the reader. The prospective information of the title and exposition suggests a picture of a peaceful provincial life, a love story of the two young men. It is known that nature, landscape usually assume a stylistic function of revealing the inner emotional state of the character. A vivid example of it is an episode of a furious storm from "King Lear" by W. Shakespeare which expresses the violent passion of the dethroned king. In this story however the landscape fulfils quite a different function—the function of a contrast. Against this peaceful back-ground the tragedy of the heroes becomes more vivid, the beauty and quietness of nature makes the cruelty and inhumanity of the people more striking.

One more peculiarity of the beginning of the story is a deliberate slowing down of the action. This is achieved by a detailed description of Nelly's waking up ("Her eyelids fluttered. Then for a minute at a time they didn't move at all. After that they fluttered again seven or eight or nine times in quick succession").

The dominant stylistic device used in the dialogue is aposiopesis, which is usually used to convey to the reader a very strong upsurge of emotions. ("When? Today. Did you tell him? Doesn't he care, Vern?") For some time the reader doesn't understand what they are talking about, he only feels their inner excitement and nervousness. It creates the atmosphere of suspense, tension, misgiving, expectation of some disaster. ("What did he say? What? Didn't he say anything?") We understand that Nelly is excited, nervous and in despair. It is worthy of note that the name of the owner of the house is not mentioned. Pronoun "he", which is used instead of his name, assumes here a pragmatic function of evaluation. On the one hand it conveys the young men's feelings, their dislike of the owner of the house, un-

willingness to mention his name. On the other hand "he" acquiring a generalizing force expresses the modality of the text, it serves as a means by which the author discloses his moral and social views. "He" is not a concrete person, it is the whole class of exploiters. "He" —is the man without face, conscience, embodiment of cruelty and injustice. You can neither explain his behaviour nor understand it. In the rhetorical question "Doesn't he care, Vern?". Nelly expresses more surprise, bewilderment than indignation. She refuses to believe that it is possible to turn out of the house an expectant mother.

Further the story is given in the form of a "stage" narration. The language is simple, laconic and restrained. But the tension of the text is none the less impressive. It is achieved by the syntactical arrangement of the text. Short sentences, simple structures, logical succession of the actions convey the inner concentration of the heroes. The most expressive is the sentence: "They had to move and move that day". Repetition of the word "move" given in the form of anadiplosis emphasises the word and suggests an idea that this "move" is connected with both physical and moral difficulties. It is not by accident that the word "trudge" is used here. It means to walk laboriously or wearily. The word reinforces the effect and acquires a great emotional quality.

An episode describing the blossoming of the last summer flowers can be regarded as an artistic detail, which has a deep implication very important for interpreting. The wild flowers unlike the garden flowers do not require special care and conditions. They grow and blossom on any soil, among the weeds and scrub, along the sides of the ditches. But the beauty and fragrance of such flowers are none the less attractive. It becomes apparent that the image of wild flowers in this episode together with the title, with which it is semantically linked symbolize courage and endurance of the heroes, their love, which fears no difficulties.

It should be noted that text interpretation allows different approaches if we seek to penetrate deeper into the purport of the writer. A careful analysis of the language means makes it possible to give one more interpretation of this episode, which though may seem doubtful to the reader, is very interesting.

The last summer flowers attract Nellie's attention, make her stop and look for blossom. The word "last" conveys some additional information about the inner state of the heroine. Subconsciously Nelly feels that these flowers are "last" for her, she would never see them again. If we interpret it this way, the word "weeds" may stir up in the reader's mind another meaning of the word—'mourning clothes'. Thus, the whole episode becomes an omen of Nelly's death. It should be admitted that this interpretation is possible only in retrospective analysis of the story.

Developing his theme further the author tells us about Nellie's sufferings ("She felt a dizziness as soon as she was on her feet, every step pained her, her limbs felt as though they were being

pulled from her body"), her efforts to overcome pain ("she bit her lips and crushed her fingers in her fists"), her desire to conceal everything from Vern not to worry him ("She didn't want him to worry, she tried to smile"). Nellie's behaviour, her courage and endurance can't but arouse a great sympathy and deep respect.

An important artistic detail is used in the episode describing Negroes. Seeing a white man they were frightened to death and hid themselves in the room. This trivial at first sight episode is of great significance. It shows the position of Negroes in America, their rightlessness and misery.

The climax and denouement of the story—Nellie's death and Vern's despair. To describe Vern's inner state the author uses one of the means of foregrounding—the convergence of Stylistic Devices. Here repetition, periphrasis, parallel constructions in different forms emphasize one and the same idea—Vern's mind being completely blank with grief. The emotional effect of this passage is intensified by its rhythmical arrangement. All these stylistic devices form another stylistic device—climax, which heightens the stylistic effect, helps to bring out the intensity of Vern's feelings.

The conceptual information of the story is the story of the protest against poverty and rightlessness of the poor, cruelty and inhumanity of the rich. It should be noted that Caldwell doesn't openly disclose his outlook, his evaluation of objective facts and phenomena. He does it through description of events and personages, their actions and their attitude to each other. Especial importance in this story assumes the description of relations between the heroes, their genuine love, care, devotion to one another.

In many of his stories Caldwell tells us of a demoralizing influence poverty and misery produce on a human soul. With this story it is quite different. Hardships and sufferings do not harden Vern's and Nelly's hearts, do not kill their feelings. It is sufficient to recall some episodes: Nelly's waiting for Vern to wake up, the way Nelly stood her ordeal, Vern's reaction to Nelly's death. In this respect the story and its title assume a new interpretation: "Wild Flowers" symbolize Vern's and Nelly's love, which notwithstanding the hardships and poverty, grows and blossoms giving fragrance and pleasure to eye. The story is not only, a tragedy of two young people, it is a hymn to love, kindness and beauty.

IV. TEXTS OF SHORT STORIES SUPPLIED WITH TASKS FOR INDEPENDENT INTERPRETATION RECIPE FOR MURDER

BY. C. Donnel

Just as the villa, clamorous with flowers, was not what he had expected, so was its owner a new quality in his calculations. Madame Chalon, at forty, fitted no category of murderers; she was neither Cleopatra nor beldame. A Minerva of a woman, he told himself

instantly, whose large, liquid eyes were but a shade lighter than the cobalt blue of the Mediterranean twinkling outside the tall windows of the salon where they sat.

"Dubonnet, Inspector Miron?" As he spoke, she prepared to pour. His reflex of hesitation lit a dim glow amusement in her eyes, which her manners prevented from straying to her lips.

"Thank you". Annoyed with himself, he spoke forcefully.

Madame Chalon made a small, barely perceptible point of drinking first, as though to say, "See, Mr. Miron, you are quite safe". It was neat. Too neat?

With a tiny smile now: "You have called about my poisoning of my husbands", she stated flatly.

"Madame!" Again he hesitated, nonplused. "Madame, I..."

"You must already have visited the Prefecture. All Villefranche believes it", she said placidly.

He adjusted his composure to an official calm. "Madame, I come to ask permission to disinter the body of M. Charles Wesser, deceased January 1939, and M. Etienne Chalon, deceased May 1946, for official analysis of certain organs. You have already refused Sergeant Luchoire of the local station this permission. Why?"

"Luchoire is a type without politeness. I found him repulsive. He is, unlike you, without finesse. I refuse the attitude of the man, not the law". She raised the small glass to her full lips. "I shall not refuse you, Inspector Miron." Her eyes were almost admiring.

"You are most flattering".

"Because", she continued gently. "I am quite sure, knowing the methods of you Paris police, that the disinterment has already been conducted secretly". She waited for his colour to deepen, affecting not to notice the change. "And the analyses, "she went on, as though there had been no break, "completed. You are puzzled. You found nothing. So now you, new to the case, wish to estimate me, my character, my capacity for self-control—and incidentally your own chances of manoeuvring me into talk that will guide you in the direction of my guilt".

So accurately did these darts strike home that it would be the ultimate stupidity to deny the wounds. Better a disarming frankness, Miron decided quickly. "Quite true, Madame Chalon. True to the letter. But he regarded her closely — "when one loses two husbands of some age—but not old—to a fairly violent gastric disturbance, each within two years of marriage, each of a substantial fortune and leaving all to the widow... you see ...?"

"Of course". Madame Chalon went to the window, let her soft profile, the grand line of her bosom be silhouetted against the blue water. "Would you care for a full confession, Inspector Miron?" She was very much woman, provocative woman, and her tone, just short of caressing, warned Miron to keep a grip on himself.

"If you would care to make one, Madame Chalon", he said, as casually as he could. A dangerous woman. A consumedly dangerous Woman.

"Then I shall oblige". Madame Chalon was not smiling. Through the open window a vagrant whiff of air brought him the scent of her. Or was it the scent of the garden? Caution kept his hand from his notebook. Impossible that she would really talk so easily. And yet. . .

"You know something of the art of food, M. Miron?"

"I am from Paris, you remember?"

"And love, too?"

"As I said, I am from Paris".

"Then—"the bosom swelled with her long breath—"I can tell **you** that I, Hortense Eugenie Villerois Wesser Chalon, did slowly and deliberately, with full purpose, kill and murder my first husband, M. Wesser, aged 57, and likewise my second, M. Chalon, aged 65".

"For some reason, no doubt". Was this a dream? Or insanity?

"M. Wesser I married through persuasion of family. M. Wesser, I learned within a for night, **was a pig—a pig of** insatiable appetites. A crude man, inspector, a belcher, a braggart, cheater of the poor, deceiver of the innocent. A gobbler of food, an untidy man of unappe-tizing habits—in short, with all the revolting faults of advancing age and none of its tenderness or dignity. Also, because of these things, his stomach was no longer strong".

Having gone thoroughly into the matter of M. Wesser in Paris and obtained much the same picture, he nodded. "And M. Chalon?"

"Older—as I was older when I **wed him**".

With mild irony. "And also with a weak stomach?"

"No doubt. Say, rather a weak will. Perhaps less brutish than Wesser. Perhaps, au fond, worse, for he knew too many among the Germans here. Why did they take pains to see that we had the very best, the most unobtainable of foods and wines, when, daily, **chil-** dren fainted in the street? Murderess I may be, Inspector, but **also** a Frenchwoman. So I decided without remorse that Chalon should die, as Wesser died".

Very quietly, not to disturb the thread. "**How, Madame Chalon?**"

She turned, her face illuminated by a smile. "You are familiar, perhaps, **with such** dishes as '**Dindonneau Forci aux Marrons**'? Or '**Supremes de Volaille a l'Indienne**'? Or '**Tournedoc Macotte**'? Or '**Omelette en Surprise a la Napolitaine**'? Or '**Potage Bagation Gras**', '**Aubergines a la Turque**', '**Chaud-Froid de Cailles en Belle Vue**', or ...".

"Stop, Madame Chalon! I am simultaneously ravenous and **smo-** thering in food. Such richness of **food! Such...**"

"You asked my methods, Inspector Miron. I used these dishes **and** a hundred others. And in each of them, I concealed **a bit of ...**" Her voice broke suddenly.

Inspector Miron, by a mighty effort, studied his hand **as he fini-** shed his Dubonnet. "You concealed **a bit of what, Madame Chalon?**"

"You have investigated me. You know who was **my** father".

"Jean-Marie Villerois, chef superb, matchless disciple of the **mat-** chless Escoffier. Once called Escoffier's **sole** worthy successor".

"Yes. And before I was twenty-two, **my** father—just before **his**

death — admitted that outside of a certain negligible weakness in the matter of braising, he would not be ashamed to own me as his equal".

"Most interesting. I bow to you. "Miron's nerves tightened at this handsome woman's faculty for irrelevancy. "But you said you concealed in each of these incomparable dishes a bit of..."

Madame Chalon turned her back to him. "A bit of my art, and no more. That and no more, Inspector. The art of Escoffier, or Villerois. What man like Wesser or Chalon could resist? Three, four times a day I fed them rich food of the richest; varied irresistibly. I forced them to gorge to bursting, sleep, gorge again; and drink too much wine that they might gorge still more. How could they, at their ages, live—even as long as they did?"

A silence like the ticking of a far-off clock. Inspector Miron stood up, so abruptly that she started, whirled. She was paler.

"You will come with me to Nice this evening, Madame Chalon".

"To the police station, Inspector Miron?"

"To the Casino, Madame Chalon. For champagne and music. We shall talk some more".

"But Inspector Miron. ...!"

"Listen to me, Madame. I am a bachelor. Of forty-four. Not too bad to look at, I have been told. I have a sum put away. I am not a great catch, but still, not one to be despised". He looked into her eyes. "I wish to die".

"The diets", said Madame Chalon finally and thoughtfully, "if used in moderation, are not necessarily fatal. Would you care to kiss my hand, Inspector Miron?"

Tasks

1) Retell the plot of the story, giving character sketches of Madame Chalon and Inspector Miron.

2) What is the role of antonomasia in the first paragraph of the story in creating the portrait of Madame Chalon. Does it only characterize her appearance or contribute to revealing her inner qualities as well?

Notes:

Cleopatra (69—30 B. C.) daughter of Ptolemy XI, the sixth queen of Egypt by that name, a brilliant, ambitious woman of great charm. Minerva, the Roman goddess of wisdom; a Minerva of a woman — a clever woman.

3) What is the function of foreign words in the text? Do they only testify to Madame Chalon's origin or do they also serve as details of authenticity?

Note:

Dubonnet—a French aperitif, alcoholic appetizer, au fond—at bottom

Dindonneau Forci aux Marrons — a turkey stuffed with chestnuts
Supremes de Volaille a l'Indienne — Cutlets in an Indian manner
Tournedos Mascotte — a dish "the secret of youth"

Omelette en Surprise a la Napolitaine — a Neapolitan omelette "Surprise"

Potage Bagration Gras — fat soup after Bagration

Aubergines a la Turque — egg-plants cooked in a Turkish manner

Chaud-Froid de Cailles en Belle Vue—• roast quails

4) What is the meaning of the implicit detail: "too neat?"

5) How does the author make Inspector Miron's speech sound very official?

6) What stylistic device is used in the sentence: "So accurately did these darts strike home that it would be ultimate stupidity to deny the wounds"? Disclose its function.

7) In what functional style does Madame Chalon express her confession and for what purpose does she make it so frank and truthful?

8) Comment on the implied meaning of the emphatic statement: "Murderess I may be, Inspector, but also a Frenchwoman". What is the pragmatistical purpose of her self-accusation?

9) What is the role of aposiopesis (break-in-the-narrative) in the sentence: "And each of them. I concealed a bit of..." How does the author prolong the state of suspense? Are the expectations of the reader deceived at the end of retardation? Is the anticlimax effective?

10) What is the sub-current information of the words: "I wish to die"?

11) Does this story belong to the detective or romantic genre? Express your opinion by making references of the text.

12) Comment on the title of the story. Can Madame Chalon's method be qualified as murder in the true sense of the word?

13) Formulate the conceptual information. Is the modality of the text explicit? Is there such a thing as justifiable murder?

The Broken Boot

by J. Galsworthy

The actor, Gilbert Caister, who had been "out" for six months, emerged from his East-coast seaside lodging about noon in the day, after the opening of "Shooting the Rapids", on tour, in which he was playing Dr. Dominick in the last act. A salary of four pounds a week would not, he was conscious, remake his fortune, but a certain jauntiness had returned to the gait and manner of one employed again at last.

Fixing his monocle, he stopped before a fishmonger's and, with a faint smile on his face, regarded a lobster. Ages since he had eaten a lobster! One could long for a lobster without paying, but the pleasure was not solid enough to detain him. He moved up street and stopped again before a tailor's window. Together with the actual tweeds, in which he could so easily fancy himself refitted, he could see a reflection of himself, in the faded brown suit wangled out of

the production of "Marmaduke Mandeville" the year before the war. The sunlight in this damned town was very strong, very hard on seams and buttonholes, on knees and elbows! Yet he received the ghost of aesthetic pleasure from the reflected elegance of a man long fed only twice a day, of an eyeglass well rimmed out from a soft brown eye, of a velour hat salvaged from the production of Educating Simon in 1912; and in front of the window he removed that hat, for under it was his new phenomenon, not yet quite evaluated, his *meche blanche*. Was it an asset, or the beginning of the end? It reclined backwards on the right side, conspicuous in his dark hair, above that shadowy face always interesting to Gilbert Caister. They said it came from atrophy of the — something nerve, an effect of the war, or of undernourished tissue. Rather distinguished, perhaps, but —!

He walked on, and became conscious that he had passed a face he knew. Turning, he saw it also turn on a short and dapper figure — a face rosy, bright, round with an air of cherubic knowledge as of a getter-up of amateur theatricals.

Bryce-Green, by George.

"Caister? It is! Haven't seen you since you left the old camp. Remember what sport we had over Gotta-Grampus? By Jove! I am glad to see you. Doing anything with yourself? Come and have lunch with me".

Bryce-Green, the wealthy patron, the moving spirit of entertainment in that south-coast convalescent camp. And drawling slightly, Caister answered.

"I shall be delighted." But within him something did not drawl: "By God, you're going to have a feed, my boy!"

And — elegantly threadbare, roundabout and dapper — the two walked side by side.

"Know this place? Let's go in here! Phyllis, cocktails for my friend Mr. Caister and myself, and caviare on biscuits. Mr. Caister is playing here; you must go and see him".

The girl who served the cocktails and the caviare looked up at Caister with interlocking blue eyes. Precious! — he had been "out" for six months!

"Nothing of a part", he drawled, "took it to fill a gap". And below his waistcoat the gap echoed: "Yes, and it'll take some filling".

"Bring your cocktail along, Caister, we'll go into the little further room, there'll be nobody there. What shall we have — a lobster?"

And Caister murmured: "I love lobsters".

"Very fine and large here. And how are you, Caister? So awfully glad to see you — only real actor we had".

"Thanks", said Caister, "I'm all right". And he thought: "He's a damned amateur, but a nice little man".

"Sit here. Waiter, bring us a good big lobster and a salad; and then — er — a small fillet of beef with potatoes fried crisp, and a bottle of my special hock! Ah! and a rum omelette — plenty of rum and sugar. Twig?"

And Caister thought: "Thank God, I do".

"Luck!" said Bryce-Green.

"Luck!" replied Caister; and the cocktail trickling down hint] echoed: "Luck!"

"And what do you think of the state of the drama?"

Oh! ho! A question after his own heart. Balancing his monocle by a sweetish smile on the opposite side of his mouth, Caister drawled: his answer: "Quite too bally awful".

"H'm! Yes", said Bryce-Green; "nobody with any genius, is there?"

And Caister thought: "Nobody with any money".

"Have you been playing anything great? You were so awfully-good in 'Gotta — Grampus'!"

"Nothing particular. I've been—er—rather slack". And with their feel around his waist his trousers seemed to echo! "Slack!"

"Ah!" said Bryce-Green. "Here we are! Do you like claws?"

"Tha — a — nks. Anything!" To eat — until warned by the pressure of his waist against his trousers! What a feast! And what a flow of his own tongue suddenly released — on drama, music, art; mellow and critical, stimulated by the round eyes and interjections of his little provincial host.

"By Jove, Caister! You've got a meche blanche. Never noticed.. I'm awfully interested in meches blanches. Don't think me too frightfully rude—but did it come suddenly?"

"No, gradually".

"And how do you account for it?"

"Try starvation", trembled on Caister's lips.

"I don't", he said.

"I think it's ripping. Have some more omelette? I often wish I'd gone on the regular stage myself. Must be a topping life, if one has talent, like you.

"Topping?"

"Have a cigar. Waiter! Coffee, and cigars. I shall come and see you to-night. Suppose you'll be here a week?"

Topping! The laughter and applause — "Mr. Caister's rendering left nothing to be desired; its — and its — are in the true spirit of—"

Silence recalled him from his rings of smoke. Bryce-Green was sitting, with cigar held out and mouth a little open, and bright eyes-round as pebbles, fixed — fixed on some object near the floor, past, the corner of the tablecloth. Had he burnt his mouth? The eyelids-fluttered; he looked at Caister, licked his lips like a dog, nervously and said:

"I say, old chap, don't think me a beast, but you at all — er — er — rocky? I mean — if I can be of any service, don't hesitate! Old acquaintance, don't you know, and all that—".

His eyes rolled out again towards the object, and Caister followed them. Out there above the carpet he saw it — his own boot. It dangled slightly, six inches off the ground — split — right across, twice,

role of Bertie Carstairs, in "The Dupe", just before the war. Good boots. His only pair, except the boots of Dr. Dominick which he was nursing. And from the boot he looked back at Bryce-Greek sleek and concerned. A drop, black when it left his heart, suffused his eye behind the monocle; his smile curled bitterly; he said:

"Not at all, thanks! Why?"

"Oh! n—n—nothing. It just occurred to me". His eyes — but Caister had withdrawn the boot. Bryce-Green paid the bill and rose.

Old chap, if you'll excuse me; engagement at half past two. So awf'ly glad to have seen you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Gaister. "Thanks".

He was alone. And, chin on hand, he stared through his monocle into an empty coffee cup. Alone with his heart, his boot, his life to come ... "And what have you been in lately, Mr. Caister?" "Nothing very much lately. Of course I've played almost everything". "Quite so. Perhaps you'll leave your address, can't say anything definite, I'm afraid". "I—I should—er—be willing to rehearse on approval; or—if I could read the part?" "Thank you, afraid we haven't got as far as that". "No? Quite! Well, I shall hear from you, perhaps, "And Caister could see his own eyes looking at the manager. God! **What a look!**... A topping life! A dog's life! Cadging — cadging — cadging for work! A life of draughty waiting, of concealed beggary, of terrible depression, of want of food!

The waiter came round as if he desired to clear. Must go! Two young women had come in and were sitting at the other table between him and the door. He saw them look at him, and his sharpened senses caught the whisper:

"Sure — in the last act. Don't you see his meche blanche?"

"Oh, yes — of course! Ins't it — wasn't he —!"

Caister straightened his back; his smile crept out, he fixed his monocle. They had spotted his Dr. Dominick!

"If you've quite finished, sir, may I clear?"

"Certainly. I'm going". He gathered himself and rose. The young-women were gazing up. Elegant, with a faint smile he passed them close, so that they could not see, managing — his broken boot.

Tasks

- 1) Give a summary of the text.
- 2) Comment on the composition of the story. Does it contain all traditional parts?
- 3) What additional information does the author give through reported speech in the second paragraph of the text?
:Note. meche blache (Fr) — a lock of white hair.
- 4) There are some slang and colloquial words in direct speech!
twig? — se? understand?
quite too bally awful — too bad, terrible
ripping, topping — splendid, excellent.

Are you rocky? — are you in reduced circumstances?

Do they help to approximate the written dialogue to its natural form and supplement its colloquial essence? What is the pragmatic-effect of colloquial "out" in the author's narration?

5) Find the sentence in the text contrasting the wealthy patron and the poor actor and name the stylistic device used in it.

6) A special kind of repetition, permeating the story, is a semantic refrain. The words uttered by men are echoed by personified objects. Find four cases of semantic refrain and comment on their peculiarities. Do they give redundant information or bring in additional nuances of meaning? Does this stylistic device contribute to the categories of integration and cohesion of the text?

7) The word "topping" is used 4 times in the text. Comment on its meaning.

8) Describing the split boot that betrayed Caister's poverty J. Gallsworthy doesn't name it at once, but slowly approaches it enhancing tension by the convergence of stylistic devices. Name them and comment on their functions.

9) Read the sentence "A drop, black when it left heart, suffused his eye behind the monocle; his smile curled bitterly". What makes it expressive?

10) Which passage of the text is written in a retrospective manner? What form of context-variative segmentation of the text prevails here?

Does the treble repetition of the word "cadging" enable the reader to feel the actor's despair more keenly? Is the subsequent enumeration arranged in the order of gradation?

11) Pick out descriptive, characteristic, implication and authenticity details and compose character-sketches of Gilbert Caister and Bryce-Green.

12) Formulate the conceptual information of the story.

The Happiest Man on Earth

Jesse felt ready to weep. He had been sitting in the shanty waiting for Tom to appear, grateful for the chance to rest his injured foot, quietly, joyously anticipating the moment, when Tom would say, "Why, of course, Jesse, you can start whenever you're ready".

For two weeks he had been pushing himself, from Kansas City, Missouri, to Tulsa, Oklahoma, through nights of rain and a week of scorching sun, without sleep or a decent meal, sustained by the vision of that one moment. And then Tom had come into the office. He had glanced at Jesse only casually. He had not known him. He had turned away. And Tom Brackett was his brother-in-law. True, they hadn't seen each other for five years. But he was still Tom. Godf. Was he so different?

Brackett finished his telephone call. He leaned back in his chair and glanced over Jesse with small, clear blue eyes that were suspicious and unfriendly. He looked like a solid, decent capable businessman — which he was.

"Yes?" Brackett said suddenly. "What do you want?"

"I guess you don't recognize me, Tom", he said falteringly, "I'm Jesse Fulton".

"Huh?" Brackett said. That was all.

"Yes, I am, and Ella sends you her love".

Brackett rose and walked over to the counter until they were face to face. Jesse stood quiet. Brackett was like a man examining a piece of broken-down horse flesh, there was a look of pure pity in his eyes — It made Jesse furious. He knew he wasn't as far gone as all that.

"Yes, I believe you are", Brackett said finally, "but you sure have changed".

"By God, it's five years, isn't it?" Jesse said resentfully. "You saw me only a couple of times anyway".

"You lost weight, I guess?"

Jesse kept silent. He needed Brackett too much to risk antagonizing him. The pause lengthened, became painful. Brackett flushed. "Jiminy Christmas, excuse me", he burst out in apology. "Come in, Take a seat. Good God," he grasped Jesse's hand and shook it. "I am glad to see you, don't think anything else!"

"It's all right", Jesse murmured. He sat down.

"Why are you limping?"

"I stepped on a stone; it jagged a hole through my shoe", Jesse pulled his feet under the chair. He was ashamed of his shoes. All morning he had been vowing to himself that before anything else he was going to buy himself a brand new pair of shoes.

Brackett kept his eyes on Jesse's feet. He knew what was bothering the body and it filled his heart with pity. He had never seen anyone looked more down and out. His sister had been writing to him every week, but she hadn't told him they were as badly off as this.

"Well, now listen", Brackett began, "tell me things. How's Ella?"

"Oh, she's pretty good", Jesse replied absently.

"And the kids?"

"Oh, they're fine ..."

"Well, tell me about yourself. What happened to the job you had?"

"Tom, listen", Jesse said. "I came here on purpose. I want you to help me".

Brackett groaned. He had been expecting this. "I can't much. I only get thirty-five a week".

"Sure I know", Jesse emphasized excitedly. "I know you can't help us with money. But we met a man who works for you! He was in our city! He said you could give me a job!"

Brackett groaned aloud. "You come walking from Kansas City in two weeks so I could give you a job?"

"Sure, Tom, of course, what else could I do?"

"God Almighty, there aren't any jobs. And you don't know this oil business. It's special". Jesse was stunned. Frantically he cried, "But listen, this man said you always need men!"

"Oh! . . . You mean my department?" Brackett said in a low voice
"Yes, Tom. That's it!"

"Oh, no, you don't want to work in my department. You don't know what it is".

"Yes, I do", Jesse insisted. "He told me all about it, Tom. You're a dispatcher, aren't you? You send the dynamite trucks out?"

"Who was the man, Jesse?"

"Everett, I think".

"Egbert? Man about my size?" Brackett asked slowly.

"Yes, Egbert. He told me it was risky work, Tom. But don't care".

Brackett locked his fingers together. His face became very hard
"I'm going to say 'no', Jesse".

Jesse cried out. It hadn't occurred to him that Brackett would not agree. "Oh, no", he begged, "You can't. Are there no jobs?"

"Sure, there's a job. There's even Egbert's job".

"Has he quit?"

"He's dead! On the job, Jesse. Last night if you want to know".

"Oh!"... Then, I don't care!"

"Now you listen to me! I'll tell you a few things that you should have asked before you started out. It isn't dynamite that you drive.. They don't use anything as dynamite in drilling oil wells. It's nitro-glycerine!"

"But I know! You don't have to think I don't know".

"Shut up a minute", Brackett ordered angrily. "Listen! You just cough loud and it blows! You know how they transport it?"

"Listen, Tom—"

"Now, wait a minute, Jesse. For God's sake just put your mind to this. I know you had your heart set on a job, but you've got to understand. This stuff goes only in special trucks. Doesn't this tell you how dangerous it is?"

"I'll drive careful", Jesse said. "I know how to handle a truck".

Brackett groaned. "Do you think Egbert didn't drive careful or know how to handle a truck?"

"Tom", Jesse said earnestly, "you can't scare me. I got my mind fixed on only one thing: Egbert said he was getting a dollar a mile. Can I get the same?"

"Sure, you can get the same. It's easy. But why do you think the company has to pay so much? It's easy—until you run over a stone that your headlights didn't pick out, like Egbert did. Or get something in your eye, so the wheel twists and you jar the truck! We can't ask Egbert what happened to him. There is no truck to give any evidence. There is no corpse. There's nothing! No truck. No Egbert. Do you understand now? That's what you get for your dollar a mile!"

There was a moment of silence. Jesse sat twisting his long thin hands. His face was agonized. Then he shut his eyes and spoke softly. "I don't care about that, Tom. You told me. Now you got to be good to me and give me the job".

Brackett slapped the palm of his hand down on his desk. "No!"

"Listen, Tom", Jesse said softly, "you just don't understand". He opened his eyes. They were filled with tears. "Just look at me. I just can't live like this any more. I got to be able to walk down the street with my head up. We're just starving at home".

"Then you should have told me", Brackett exclaimed harshly. "A man has no right to have false pride when his family aren't eating. I'll borrow some money and we'll telegraph it to Ella".

"And then what?"

"And then wait. You're no old man. You got no right to throw your life away. Sometime you'll get a job".

"No!" Jesse jumped up. "No, I believed that too. But I don't now", he cried passionately. "You got to give me this. I got to lift my head up. Jesus Christ, Tom, you think I'm going to sit there like that another six years?"

Brackett leaped to his feet. "So what if you do?" he shouted. "You say you're thinking about Ella. How's she going to like it when you get killed?"

"Maybe, I won't", Jesse pleaded. "I've got to have some luck sometime".

"That's what they all think", Brackett replied scornfully. "When you take this job luck is a question mark. The only thing certain is that sooner or later you get killed".

"O'kay then", Jesse shouted back. "Then I do! But meanwhile I get something, don't I? I can buy a pair of shoes. Look at me. I can buy some candy for the kids. I can eat some myself. I want a glass of bear once a day. I want Ella dressed up. I want to take my family to the movies".

Brackett sat down. "Oh, shut up", he said wearily.

"No", Jesse told him softly. "You can't get rid of me. Listen, Tom, if I last only months, look how much it is—a thousand dollars—more! And may be I'll last longer. I can fix Ella up for life!"

"You said it", Brackett interposed, "I suppose you think you'll be happy? Every minute, waking and sleeping, you'll be wondering if tomorrow you'll be dead. And the worst days will be days off, when you're not driving. They have to give you every other day free to get your nerve back. And you lay around the house eating your heart out. That's how happy you'll be".

Jesse laughed. "I'll be happy! Don't you worry. I'll be so happy, I'll be singing. Tom, I'm going to feel proud of myself for the first time in seven years!"

"Oh, shut up, shut up", Brackett said.

The little shanty became silent. After a moment Jesse whispered: "You got to, Tom. You got to. You got to".

Again there was silence. Brackett raised both hands to his head pressing the palms against his temples.

"Tom, Tom—" Jesse said.

Brackett sighed. "All right", he said finally. "I'll take you on, God help me". His voice was low, hoarse, infinitely weary. "If you are ready to drive tonight, you can drive tonight".

Jesse didn't answer. He couldn't. Brackett looked up. The tears were running down Jesse's face.

Brackett turned away. "I'm busy", he said.

Jesse went out. He limped slowly, with his blood pounding at his temples and a wild, incommunicable joy in his heart. "I'm the happiest man in the world", he whispered to himself. "I'm the happiest man on the whole earth".

Tasks

1) Describe Jessy's mood at the opening of the story. What implicit information has the author introduced into the first paragraph? What compositional device is it?

2) The author describes Tom Brackett as being "a solid decent capable businessman". What information supports this description?

3) In what ways was Jessy different from his brother-in-law? At which points are you most aware of Jessy being extremely "down and out?"

4) What information given in the story justifies the author's use of the SD: "a piece of broken-down horse flesh". What SD is it? What is its stylistic function?

5) What is implied about Jessy's feelings in the statement: "I'm going to feel proud of myself for the first time in seven years".

6) Distinguish carefully between the different attitudes of Jessy and Tom towards "the special oil business".

7) What implicit information has the author introduced into the last paragraph? What seems particularly dramatic in this story?

8) Comment upon the title of the story and its implicit information in retrospection.

The Standard of Living

D. Parker

Annabel and Midge came out of the tea room with the arrogant slow gate of the leisured, for their Saturday afternoon stretched ahead of them. They had been best friends almost from the day that Midge had found a job as stenographer with the firm that employed Annabel. By now, Annabel, years longer in the stenographic department, had worked up to the wages of eighteen dollars and fifty cents a week; Midge was still at sixteen dollars. Each girl lived at home with her family and paid half her salary to its support.

The girl sat side by side at their desks, they lunched together every noon, together they set out for home at the end of the day's work. Many of their evenings and most of their Sundays were passed in each other's company. Often they were joined by two young men, but there was no steadiness to any quarter; the two young men would give place, unlamented, to two other young men—the newcomers were scarcely distinguishable from their predecessors. Invariably the girls spent the fine idle hours of their Saturday afternoons together. Constant use had not worn ragged the fabric of their friendship.

They looked alike, though the resemblance did not lie in their features. It was in the shape of their bodies, their movements, their style, and their adornments. Annabel and Midge did all that young office workers are besought not to do. They painted their lips and their nails, they darkened their lashes and lightened their hair, and scent seemed to shimmer from them. They looked conspicuous and cheap and charming.

Now, as they walked across to Fifth Avenue with their skirts swirled by the hot wind, they received audible admiration. Young men awarded them murmurs, exclamations, even whistles, Annabel and Midge passed without the condescension of hurrying their pace; they held their heads higher and set their feet with exquisite precision.

Always the girls went to walk on Fifth Avenue on their free afternoons, for it was the ideal ground for their favourite game. The game could be played anywhere, but the great shop windows stimulated the two players to their best form.

Annabel had invented the game; or rather she had evolved it from an old one. Basically, it was no more than the ancient sport of what-would-you-do-if-you-had-a-million-dollars? But Annabel had drawn a new set of rules for it, had made it stricter. Like all games, it was the more absorbing for being more difficult.

Annabel's version went like this. You must suppose that somebody dies and leaves you a million dollars. But there is a condition to the bequest. It is stated in the will that you must spend every nickel of the money on yourself.

There lay the hazard of the game. If, when playing it, you forgot, and listed among your expenditures the rental of a new apartment for your family, for example, you lost your turn to the other player. It was astonishing how many would forfeit their innings by such slips.

It was essential, of course, that it be played in passionate seriousness. Each purchase must be carefully considered, and if necessary, supported by argument. Annabel and Midge surely were born to be comrades, for Midge played the game like a master from the moment she learned it. It was she who added the touches that made the whole thing cozier. Midge played with a seriousness that was not only proper but extreme. The single strain on the girl's friendship had followed an announcement once made by Annabel that the first thing she would buy with her million dollars would be a silver-fox coat. It was as if she had struck Midge across the face. When Midge recovered her breath, she cried that she couldn't imagine how Annabel could do such a thing—silver-fox coats were so common! Annabel defended her taste with the retort they were not common, either, Midge then said they were so. She added that everybody had a silver-fox coat. She went on, with perhaps a slight toss of head, to declare that she herself wouldn't be caught dead in silver-fox.

For the next few days, though the girls saw each other as constantly, their conversation was careful and infrequent, and they didn't

once play their game. Then one morning, as soon as Annabel entered the office, she came to Midge and said she had changed her mind. She would not buy a silver-fox coat with any part of her million dollars. She would select a coat of mink.

Midge smiled and her eyes shone. "I think", she said, "you're doing absolutely the right thing".

Now, as they walked along Fifth Avenue, they played the game anew. It was one of those days with which September is repeatedly cursed; hot and glaring, with slivers of dust in the wind. People drooped and shambled, but the girls carried themselves tall and walked a straight line, as befitted young heiresses on start the game at its formal opening. Annabel went direct to the heart of it.

"All right", she said. "So you've this million dollars. So what would be the first thing you would do?"

"Well, the first thing I'd do, Midge said, "I'd get a mink coat". But she said it mechanically, as if she were giving the memorized answer to an expected question.

"Yes", Annabel said. "I think you ought to. The terribly dark kind of mink". But she, too, spoke as if by rote. It was too hot fur, no matter how dark and sleek and supple, was horrid to the thoughts. They stepped along in silence for a while. Then Midge's eye was caught by a shop window. Cool, lovely gleamings were there set off by chaste and elegant darkness.

"No", Midge said. "I take it back. I wouldn't get a mink coat the first thing. Know what I'd do? I'd get a string of pearls. Real pearls".

Annabel's eyes turned to follow Midge's.

"Yes", she said slowly. "I think that's a kind of good idea. And it would make sense too. Because you can wear pearls with anything".

Together they went over to the shop window and stood pressed against it. It contained but one object—a double row of great even pearls clasped by a deep emerald around a little pink velvet throat.

"What do you suppose they cost?" Annabel said.

"Gee, I don't know?" Midge said. "Plenty, I guess".

"Like a thousand dollars?" Annabel said.

"Oh, I guess like more", Midge said. "On account of the emerald".

"Well, like ten thousand dollars?" Midge said.

The devil nudged Annabel in the ribs. "Dare you to go in and price them", she said.

"Like fun?" Midge said.

"Dare you", Annabel said.

"Why, a store like this wouldn't even be open this afternoon", Midge said.

"Yes, it is, too", Annabel said. "People just came out and there's a doorman on. Dare you".

"Well", Midge said. "But you've got to come too".

They tendered thanks, to the doorman for ushering them into the

shop. It was cool and quiet, a broad, gracious room with panelled walls and soft carpet. But the girls wore expressions of bitter disdain, as if they stood in a sty.

A slim, immaculate clerk, came to them and bowed. His neat face showed no astonishment at their appearance. "Good afternoon", he said.

"Good afternoon", Annabel and Midge said together, and in the like freezing accents.

"Is there something—?" the clerk said.

"Oh, we're just looking", Annabel said. It was as if she flung the words down from a dais.

The clerk bowed.

"My friend and myself merely happened to be passing", Midge said, and stopped, seeming to listen to the phrase. "My friend here and myself", she went on, "merely happened to be wondering how much are those pearls you've got in your window".

"Ah, yes", the clerk said. "The double rope. That is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Madam".

"I see", Midge said.

The clerk bowed. "An exceptionally beautiful necklace", he said. "Would you care to look at it?"

"No, thank you", Annabel said.

"My friend and myself merely happened to be passing", Midge said.

They turned to go; to go, from their manner, where the tumbrel awaited them. The clerk sprang ahead and opened the door. He bowed as they swept by him.

The girls went on along the Avenue and disdain was still on their faces.

"Honestly!" Annabel said. "Can you imagine a thing like that?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" Midge said. "There's quarter of a million dollars right there!"

"He's got the nerve!" Annabel said.

They walked on. Slowly the disdain went, slowly and completely as if it drained from them, and with it the regal carriage and tread. Their shoulders dropped and they dragged their feet; they bumped against each other, without notice or apology, and caromed away again. They were silent and their eyes were cloudy.

Suddenly Midge straightened her back, flung her head high, and spoke, clear and strong.

"Listen, Annabel", she said. "Look. Suppose there was this terribly rich person, see? You don't know this person, but this person has seen you somewhere and wants to do something for you. Well, it's a terribly old person, see? And so this person dies, just like going to sleep, and leaves you ten million dollars. Now, what would be the first thing you would do?"

Tasks

- 1) What is implied about the girls' mood and feelings in the first paragraph?
- 2) How does the author elaborate the idea of the likeness of Annabel and Midge at the opening of the story?
- 3) Which statement summarises the author's ideas about the nature of the two girls? What information in the course of the story supports this description and justifies the author's use of the words "conspicuous and cheap and charming"?
- 4) Between what two different characters and their viewpoints in life does the author draw a distinction?
- 5) How do Annabel and Midge differ in their relation to the "game"?
- 6) What information would have been lost had the author omitted the phrase: "It was astonishing how many would forfeit their innings by such slips".
- 7) What implicit information does the word "common" add to the description of Midge?
- 8) Extract additional implicit information from the speech habits of Annabel and Midge, showing their educational level, social status, emotional state, etc?
- 9) How does the final sentence of the story bring into focus the main ideas contained in that story?
- 10) Comment upon the title of the story. What subtle irony has the author introduced into it? What implicit information does it contain?

PIANO

j
William Saroyan

I get excited every time I see a piano, Ben said.
Is that so? Emma said. Why?
I don't know, Ben said. Do you mind if we go into this store and try the little one in the corner?
Can you play? Emma said.
If you call what I do playing, Ben said.
What do you do?
You'll see, Ben said.
They went into the store, to the small piano in the corner, Emma noticed him smiling and wondered if she'd ever know anything about him. She'd go along for a while thinking she knew him and then all of a sudden she'd know she didn't. He stood over the piano, looking down at it. What she imagined was that he had probably heard good piano playing and loved that kind of music and every time he saw a keyboard and the shape of a piano he remembered the music and imagined he had something to do with it.
Can you play? She said.
Ben looked around. The clerks seemed to be busy.

I can't play, Ben said.

She saw his hands go quietly to the white and black keys, like a real pianist's, and it seemed very unusual because of what she felt when that happened. She felt that he was someone who would be a long time finding out about himself, and someone somebody else would be much longer finding out about. He should be somebody who could play a piano.

Ben made a few quiet chords. Nobody came over to try to sell him anything, so, still standing, he began to do what he'd told her wasn't playing.

Well, all she knew was that it was wonderful.

He played half a minute only. Then he looked at her and said, It sounds good.

I think it's wonderful, Emma said.

I don't mean what I did, Ben said. I mean the piano. I mean the piano itself. It has a fine tone, especially for a little piano.

A middle-aged clerk came over and said, How do you do?

Hello, Ben said. This is a swell one.

It's a very popular instrument, the clerk said. Especially fine for apartments. We sell a good many of them.

How much is it? Ben said.

Two hundred forty-nine, the clerk said. You can have terms, of course.

Where do they make them? Ben said.

I'm not sure, the clerk said. In Philadelphia, I think. I can find out.

Don't bother, Ben said. Do you play?

No, I don't, the clerk said.

He noticed Ben wanting to try it out some more.

Go ahead, he said. Try it some more.

I don't play, Ben said.

I heard you, the clerk said.

That's not playing, Ben said. I can't read a note.

Sounded good to me, the clerk said.

Me, too, Emma said. How much is the first payment.

Oh, the clerk said. Forty or fifty dollars. Go ahead, he said, I'd like to hear you play some more.

If this was the right kind of room, Ben said, I could sit down at the piano for hours.

Play some more, the clerk said. Nobody'll mind.

The clerk pushed up the bench and Ben sat down and began to do what he said wasn't playing. He fooled around fifteen or twenty seconds and then found something like a melody and stayed with it two minutes. Before he was through the music became quiet and sorrowful and Ben himself became more and more pleased with the piano. While he was letting the melody grow, he talked to the clerk about the piano. Then he stopped playing and stood up.

Thanks, he said. Wish I could buy it.

Don't mention it, the clerk said.

Ben and Emma walked out of the store. In the street Emma said, I didn't know about that, Ben.

About what? Ben said.

About you.

What about me?

Being that way, Emma said.

This is my lunch hour, Ben said. In the evening is when I like to think of having a piano.

They went into a little restaurant and sat at the counter and ordered sandwiches and coffee.

Where did you learn to play? Emma said.

I've never learned, Ben said. Any place I find a piano, I try it out. I've been doing that ever since I was a kid. Not having money does that.

He looked at her and smiled. He smiled the way he did when he stood over the piano looking down at the keyboard. Emma felt very flattered.

Never having money, Ben said, keeps a man away from lots of things he figures he ought to have by rights.

I guess it does, Emma said.

In a way, Ben said, it's a good thing, and then again it's not so good. In fact, it's terrible.

He looked at her again, the same way, and she smiled back at him the way he was smiling at her.

She understood. It was like the piano. He could stay near it for hours. She felt very flattered.

They left the restaurant and walked two blocks to The Emporium where she worked.

Well, so long, he said.

So long, Ben, Emma said.

He went on down the street and she went on into the store. Somehow or other she knew he'd get a piano some day, and everything else, too.

Tasks

1) Render the plot of the story, trying to give character sketches of Ben and Emma.

2) Comment on the use of artistic details and stylistic devices in the story. How can you account for the absence of descriptive details to depict the main characters?

3) Why is the word "piano" in the title of the story used without any article?

4) Does the composition of the story deviate in any way from the traditional model? If so, what additional information can be drawn?

5) Comment on the shape of prose. What types prevail in the story?

b) Characterize the category of modality in the text. What can you say about the author's attitude to his characters? Is it expressed overtly?

7) What layer of vocabulary prevails in the story? What words do you consider the most important for revealing the conceptual information?

8) Speak on the subcurrent underlying the dialogue. What can you say about Emma and Ben, their social status, their systems of values, their attitudes towards each other?

9) Draw conclusions about the conceptual information of the story.

The Cannibals

Stephen Heym

Pop was a dreamer, in a way. He would start speaking on a subject that touched something in his heart, and he would spin it out for hours on end, and he would make it sound wonderful. He would sit in the rocker next to the window and sway back and forth, talking all the while. The chair had a slight squeak, and the ashes from his cigarette would drop on his lap.

Mom was different. She was a worrier. She tried to save money. She became depressed every time the few dollars she managed to lay aside had to be used — a bottle of expensive medicine, or the repair bill for the boiler in the cellar that hadn't worked right from the day they made their first payment, for new pants for Jimmie who could rip through a pair as if they were made of cheesecloth.

She was always looking into the future and finding it bleak. The house in which they lived — a shack it was, but the real estate agent called it a bungalow — would pretty nearly fall down next winter. And Pete Marconi, who had provided Pop with a job, would soon die of apoplexy the way he drank and ate and carried on, and then where would she and Pop be? And that Jimmie had gone and joined the Army at the age of seventeen instead of being able to go through school, would surely end in no good.

Pop would listen to her patiently, exactly as he had done when they both were young and not married. He would wait till she had exhausted her store of glumness, and take whatever it was that worried her at the moment and twist it a little and consider it in a different light, and make it all look quite hopeful. The house hadn't fallen down last winter, had it? With patching up here or there, it wouldn't collapse this winter, either. Pete Marconi wasn't a powerful man in a town and a politician for nothing. He could afford the very best doctors, couldn't he? If the doctors didn't worry about Pete's whisky and beer, why should she? As for Jimmie — the Army would teach him discipline and a craft; maybe radar; maybe some other trade that would come in handy in civilian life. Meanwhile, Jimmie was seeing the world — Tokyo, with the Geisha girls, and the old temples, and all the people talking a kind of bird language. And Pop was off, this time on the subject of Japan.

Perhaps, he was right, Mom would think tiredly. Hadn't It always worked out, somehow? They had always managed to have something

to eat, and clothes to wear, and a roof over their heads. And during the war when Hickam and Hickam opened that big hush-hush plant down the river, outside of town, Pop had gotten himself a fine job there. The work hadn't been too hard for him, and the pay had been good, and she had been able to save some money every week. Now the money was gone, of course; Pop was back checking meters for the Gas and Power Company and running political errands for Pete Marconi so as to be permitted to keep that job. And Jimmie — hadn't he written her that his outfit was definitely not going to be shipped to Korea, and that even if it was, they weren't sending anybody below eighteen into the battle lines?

Mom would sigh. Things could be worse. She would let Pop go on talking nonsense about Japan, the butt of his cigarette burning dangerously close to his fingers. She loved this man, just because he refused to be beaten by life and could lose himself in his dreams. He made her forget the feeling of being horribly bewildered in a world too hard and too dangerous for the both of them.

Pop came up the porch steps and into the house. He threw his hat and coat on the table in the hall and strode into the kitchen.

"Mom!"

His buoyant voice made her turn quickly. She saw his expression and knew that something — great and exciting had happened to him "Guess what!" he demanded.

"Jimmie!—Jimmie's coming home!"

"*

For a moment, his face tightened. "Nothing like that, he said. I was out checking meters all day, how could I have heard from Jimmie?"

"No, you couldn't" she agreed. "And there's been no more mail from him".

He didn't like her concentration on the boy. It was all right for her to think of Jimmie, but not to the exclusion of everything else, not to the exclusion of himself and the good news he was bringing. He forced his face to beam once more. "Mom! There's going to be a telegram!"

She wiped her hands on her apron and sat down on the kitchen chair "A telegram? From whom? About what?"

He looked at the gray streaks in her hair, at the skin of her face that hung too loosely over her bones, at the worry lines around her eyes and her mouth. All the way home he had been planning his tactics; how he would break the news to her, how he would hint first and speak in puzzles and tickle her curiosity until she asked him to let her have the whole story. But now he knew that he couldn't go about it by kidding her.

Gently, he laid his hand on her head; gently, he stroked it. "We're going to be on easy street again, Mom!" he said. "No more skimping along on thirty-five dollars a week. It's going to be like it used to be in the good'times. Next Friday, I'm going to hand you a little envelope with a hundred-twenty, maybe even a hundred-thirty bucks in it".

He noticed the slight shaking of her shoulders.

"Now, now", he said, "that's nothing to cry over!"

"It's been a little hard", she said.

He lifted her face, smiled awkwardly, and then untied her apron. •"Let's get out of this kitchen. I bet you've been in it all afternoon".

He led her into the living room, made her sit down on the sofa, and with a sigh of relief eased himself into his rocker.

But as she saw him stretched back in his usual position, her usual worries returned. Why should anyone want to pay him that much money every week? And for what kind of work? He'd probably dreamed up something, or put some idle rumors together and gone off star-chasing again. "What was that telegram?" she said. "You said there was going to be a telegram ..."

He chuckled. He reached into his pocket for his pack of cigarettes, took one out, and lit it. "There's going to be a lot of telegrams, and one of them's going to be addressed to me. And it's going to say: If you are interested in working again for Hickam and Hickam, please apply tomorrow ... The rocking chair squeaked loudly. "Mom — they're going to reopen the big war plant down the river! And all the old guys who worked there are going to be asked to come back! The telegrams went out this noon! And I saw Marconi, and Marconi said to me: Well, Pop, he said, I hear the Gas and Power Company is going to loose a meter reader! And then he laughed. Marconi isn't a bad guy. He doesn't expect me to stay on a lousy political job if I can earn three and four times as much doing what I did during the war".

He stopped. Her face seemed very haggard: but maybe it was because of the bad light. Perhaps he should get up and switch on the lamp. He didn't move, however, just brushed the ashes off his lap.

"There isn't going to be a war", she said, her voice flat.

For a second or two, the statement threw him. Then he caught himself "Now what do you know!" he laughed. "What do you know! And what do you call this thing in Korea — a police action?"

"There isn't going to be a war", she said, "as long as my Jimmie is in the Army".

The squeaking of the rocker ceased. "Jimmie's out of the war", he said emphatically, "Why, the boy isn't even eighteen, and they're not sending anyone below eighteen to fight. And, besides, he's written you himself that his outfit is needed for the occupation of Japan".

"Yes", she said. "That's what he wrote".

"Well — why do you doubt it? Don't you trust your own son? What do you think he is — a liar? Sometimes, I just don't get you, Mom. Here I've come home with the first bit of good news in God-knowshowlong—and I wanted to tell — and you don't even let me tell you... "

Mom got up and turned on the light. Pop looked so unhappy, almost like a kid who's lost his piece of candy.

"So — go ahead — tell me!" she said.

He watched her huddle back into the corner of the sofa. Her face seemed eager enough, now.

"I'll be a supervisor, I guess", he began. "Just imagine — being able to work in one place, not running from house to house, down into the cellar and up again. Oh, Mom!" He crushed his half smoked cigarette. "You don't know how I felt sometimes. Or how my feet hurt ..."

"I know", she said. "Most of the time I understand about the things you don't say, too".

"And what kind of life is this?" he went on, starting to rock again. "I am going on forty-five, and what did I get out of all these years — for you, for me, for Jimmie? A lousy job at thirty-five bucks a week, and that job I couldn't hold on to without fawning upon Marconi".

"I know", she smiled, "I know exactly how you feel. Don't you think I know why you like to dream and make big plans and all that?"

"But now it's going to be different!" he said. "I can't remember what we did with the money last time. I only remember that it went. This time we're going to handle it better. We're going to hang on to it, save at least half of it — let me think, that means saving about sixty dollars a week — three thousand dollars a year. Let's say two or three years of that, and we'll have a nice little nest egg for when we're old and I can't work anymore — or for Jimmie when he comes home. That kid's got talent. He can draw, and he's always been good at figures. He could be an engineer, or an architect. I want him to have a solid foundation in his life, solid foundation, not like me

He paused to light another cigarette.

"Mom, there's been times when I've had an idea that you were laughing at me — not out loud, but laughing just the same — because I like to tell you nice things and how life could be if I only got half a break. That's all I've been asking for — half a break. The rest I can do myself. America is one country where a guy like me can't go wrong if he's willing to work hard and to apply himself, provided he gets his chance. Well — this is my chance. There'll be work, and plenty of it, and well-paid ..."

The ashes dropped on his lap. He didn't notice.

"I can see it already as if it was now! I take the bus down the river to the big plant. The steel gates open, and the guard kind of waves you in. There are thousands of guys like me going through, going through to work ..."

The bell rang.

Mom got up, but he was quicker than she. Squeezing her shoulder, he said, "No, that's my telegram. That's a very special telegram, and I'm going to accept it myself. You don't mind?"

"No," she said. "You go and get it".

She heard him open the door. She heard the Western Union messenger say something. She heard Pop's cheery voice, "Sure that's

me! Hand it right over. I've been expecting it! No, wait a second — I guess you earned your quarter, coming all the way out here to deliver it!"

Then the other voice said, "Thank you!" and steps sounded, and then there was silence.

After a while, Mom got up.

"Pop!" she called.

"Coming, Mom!" he answered.

She saw him feel his way through the hall into the living room, and she thought: Funny — the lights are on — why can't he see?

She ran to him and took the slip of paper out of his limp hand.

She read only the first line: The War Department regrets to inform you that your son —

Tasks

- 1) Relate the plot of the story, focusing on the main points.
- 2) Comment on the composition of the story. Why is it graphically divided into three parts? Does this division coincide with its compositional structure? Where is the climax of the story, in your opinion?
- 3) Comment on the meaning of the title. What is the dictionary meaning of the word "cannibal"? Who does it refer to in the story?
- 4) What artistic details help to reveal the conceptual information of the text? What authentic details clear up the setting of the story? Comment on the descriptive and characterological details used in depicting Mom and Pop.
- 5) What stylistic devices help to penetrate into the author's message? Comment on the function of aposiopesis at the very end of the story.
- 6) What shape of prose prevails in the story? What additional pragmatic information can you extract from the individual speech habits of the characters?
- 7) Characterize the category of modality in the text. Where is the author's attitude expressed directly?
- 8) What can you say about the vocabulary and the syntax of the story? What words do you consider be key-words of the text?
- 9) Draw conclusions about the conceptual information of the story.

The Last Leaf

O'Henry

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places". These "places" make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing the route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony".

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hote of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's", and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places".

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, grey eyebrow.

"She has one, chance 'in — let) us isay, ten", he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She — she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day", said Sue.

"Paint?—bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice — a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth — but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind".

"Well, it is the weakness, then", said the doctor. "I will do all the science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten".

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face towards the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to

illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horse-show riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting — counting backward.

"Twelve", she said, and a little later "eleven"; and then "ten", and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six", said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now".

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie".

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense", complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine, so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were — let's see exactly what he said — he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self".

"You needn't get any more wine", said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four, I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too".

"Johnsy, dear", said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down".

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you", said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves".

"Tell me as soon as you have finished", said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking.

I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves".

"Try to sleep", said Sue, "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back.

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I, will not bese as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly business to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor lettle Miss Yohnsy".

"She is very ill and weak", said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old —old flibbertigibbet".

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! Yes".

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out of the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she

found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see". She ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, if hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one", said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time".

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie", said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and — no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook".

An hour later she said.

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples".

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances", said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is — some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable".

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now — that's all".

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay con-

tentedly knitting very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse", she said. Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and — look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece — he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell".

Tasks

- 1) Read the story and discuss its plot. Reproduce the exposition of the story.
- 2) Comment on the stylistic function of antonomasia "Pneumonia".
- 3) Pick out cases of euphemistic periphrases and speak on their implied meaning.
- 4) Describe Old Behrman's appearance and his character. Comment on SD's used in this case. What impression of Old Behrman have you gathered?
- 5) Point out the peculiarities of Behrman's speech and the effect it produces on the addressee. What are the pragmatic functions of Behrman's manner of speech relevant to his education, social position, emotional and psychological state of mind?
- 6) Interpret the following sentence: "Behrman was a failure in art" and prove its inacceptability.
- 7) Speak on the implication contained in the following sentence: "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show how wicked I was".
- 8) What is your attitude to Behrman? Does it coincide with your first impression?
- 9) Speak on the conceptual information of the story. Interpret the last sentence: "Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece". What meaning is conveyed by the word "masterpiece"?
- 10) Speak on the implied meaning of the story's title.

Reunion

John Cheever

The last time I saw my father was in Grand Central Station. I was going from my grandmother's in the Adirondacks to a cottage on the Cape that my mother had rented, and I wrote my father I would be in New York between trains for an hour and a half, and asked if we could have lunch together. His secretary wrote to say that he would meet me at the information booth at noon, and at

twelve o'clock sharp I saw him coming through the crowd. He was a stranger to me — my mother divorced him three years ago and I hadn't been with him since — but as soon as I saw him I felt that he was my father, my flesh and blood, my future and my doom. I knew that when I was grown I would be something like him; I would have to plan my campaigns within his limitations. He was a big, good-looking man, and I was terribly happy to see him again. He struck me on the back and shook my hand. "Hi, Charlie", he said. "Hi, boy, I'd like to take you up to my club, but it's in the Sixties, and if you have to catch an early train I guess we'd better get something to eat around here". He put his arm around me, and I smelled my father the way my mother shifts a rose. It was a rich compound of whiskey, after-shave lotion, shoe polish, woolens, and the rankness of a mature male.

I hoped that someone would see us together, I wished that we could be photographed. I wanted some record of our having been together.

We went out of the station and up a side street to a restaurant. It was still early, and the place was empty. The bartender was quarreling with a delivery boy, and there was one very old waiter in a red coat down by the kitchen door. We sat down, and my father hailed the waiter in a loud voice: "Kellner!" he shouted. "Garcon, Cameriere! You!" His boisterousness in the empty restaurant seemed out of place. "Could we have a little service here!" he shouted. "Chop-chop". Then he clapped his hands. This caught the waiter's attention, and he shuffled over our table.

"Were you clapping your hands at me?" he asked.

"Calm down, calm down, sommelier" my father said. "If it isn't too much to ask of you—if it wouldn't be too much above and beyond the call of duty, we would like a couple of Beefeater Gibsons".

"I don't like to be clapped at", the waiter said.

"I should have brought my whistle", my father said. "I have a whistle that is audible only to the ears of old waiters. Now, take out your little pad and your little pencil and see if you can get this straight: two Beefeater Gibsons. Repeat after me: two Beefeater Gibsons".

"I think you'd better go somewhere else", the waiter said quietly.

"That", said my father, "is one of the most brilliant suggestions I have ever heard. Come on, Charlie, let's get the hell out of here".

I followed my father out of that restaurant into another. He was not so boisterous this time. Our drinks came, and he cross-questioned me about the baseball season. He then struck the edge of his empty glass with his knife and began shouting again. "Garcon! Kellner! Cameriere! You! Could we trouble you to bring us two more of the same".

"How old is the boy?" the waiter asked.

"That", my father said, "is none of your Goddamned business".

"I'm sorry, sir", the waiter said, "but I won't serve the boy *anoU* her drink".

"Well, I have some news for you", my father said. "I have some very interesting news for you. This doesn't happen to be the only restaurant in New York. They've opened another on the corner. Come on, Charlie".

He paid the bill, and I followed him out of that restaurant into another. Here the waiters wore pink jackets like hunting coats and there was a lot of horse tack on the walls. We sat down, and my father began to shout again. "Master of the hounds! Tallyhoo and all that sort of thing. We'd like a little something in the way of a stirrup cup. Namely, two Bibson Geefeaters".

"Two Bibson Geefeaters?" the waiter asked, smiling.

"You know damned well what I want", my father said angrily. "I want two Beefeater Gibsons, and make it snappy. Things have changed in jolly old England. So my friend the duke tells me. Let's see what England can produce in the way of a cocktail".

"This isn't England", he said.

"Don't argue with me", my father said. "Just do as you're told".

"I just thought you might like to know where you are", the waiter said.

"If there is one thing I cannot tolerate", my father said, "it is an impudent domestic. Come on, Charlie".

The fourth place we went to was Italian. "Buon giorno", my father said. "Per favore, possiamo avere due cocktail americani, forti, forti. Molto gin, poco vermut".

"I don't understand Italian", the waiter said.

"Oh, come off it", my father said. "You understand Italian, and you know damned well you do. Vogliamo due cocktail americani. Subito".

The waiter left us and spoke with the captain, who came over to our table and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but this table is reserved".

"All right", my father said. "Get us another table".

"All the tables are reserved", the captain said.

"I get it", my father said. "You don't desire our patronage. Is that it? Well, the hell with you. Vada all'inferno. Let's go, Charlie".

"I have to get my train". I said.

"I'm sorry," my father said. "I'm terribly sorry". He put his arm around me and pressed me against him. "I'll walk you back to the station. If there had only been time to go up to my club".

"That's all right, Daddy", I said.

"I'll get you a paper", he said. "I'll get you a paper to read on the train".

Then he went up to a news stand and said, "Kind sir, will you be good enough to favor me with one of your God-damned, no-good, ten-cent afternoon papers?" The clerk turned away from him and stared at a magazine cover. "Is it asking too much, kind sir", my father said, "is it asking too much for you to sell me one of your disgusting specimens of yellow journalism?"

"I have to go, Daddy", I said. "It's late".

"Now, just wait a second, sonny", he said. "Just wait a second. I want to get a rise out of this chap".

"Goodbye, Daddy", I said, and I went down the stairs and got my train, and that was the last time I saw my father.

Tasks

- 1) What can you say about the plot-structure and the composition of the story?
- 2) What was Charlie's first impression of his father? Pick out SD's employed by the author to express Charlie's feelings.
- 3) Study the speech of Charlie's father and comment on the way Chiver depicts his character through his speech.
- 4) What impression have father's behavior and manner of speech produced on the waiters, the clerk, and his son?
- 5) Comment on the implication of the phrases, given at the beginning and at the end of the story: "The last time I saw my father was ... and that was the last time I saw my father".
- 6) What is the author's attitude to Charlie's father? Does he make his attitude quite obvious, or on the contrary prefers to be non-committal?
- 7) Speak on the implied meaning of the story's title. What makes it sound bitterly ironical?
- 8) What is your attitude to the problem of "fathers and sons" presented in the story?

The End of Something

Ernest Hemingway

In the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. The lumber schooners came into the bay and were loaded with the cut of the mill that stood stacked in the yard. All the piles of lumber were carried away. The big mill building had all its machinery that was out and hoisted on board one of the schooners by the men who had worked in the mill. The schooner moved out of the bay toward the open lake carrying the two great saws, the travelling carriage that hurled the logs against the revolving, circular saws and all the rollers, wheels, belts and iron piled on a hull-deep load of lumber. Its open hold covered with canvas and lashed tight, the sails of the schooner filled and it moved out into the open lake, carrying with it everything that had made the mill a mill and Hortons Bay a town.

The one-story bunk houses, the eating-house, the company store, the mill offices, and the big mill itself stood deserted in the acres of sawdust that covered the swampy meadow by the shore of the bay.

Ten years later there was nothing of the mill left except the broken white limestone of its foundations showing through the swampy second growth as Nick and Marjorie rowed along the shore.

They were trolling along the edge of the channel-bank where the bottom dropped off suddenly from sandy shallows to twelve feet of dark water. They were trolling on their way to the point to set night lines for rainbow trout.

"There's our old ruin, Nick", Marjorie said.

Nick, rowing, looked at the white stone in the green trees.

"There it is", he said.

"Can you remember when it was a mill?" Marjorie asked.

"I can just remember", Nick said.

"It seems more like a castle", Marjorie said.

Nick said nothing. They rowed on out of sight of the mill, following the shore line. Then Nick cut across the bay.

"They aren't striking", he said.

"No", Marjorie said. She was intent on the rod all the time they trolled, even when she talked. She loved to fish. She loved to fish with Nick.

Close beside the boat a big trout broke the surface of the water. Nick pulled hard on one oar so the boat would turn and the bait spinning far behind would pass where the trout was feeding. As the trout's back came up out of the water the minnows jumped wildly. They sprinkled the surface like a handful of shot thrown into the water. Another trout broke water, feeding on the other side of the boat.

"They're feeding", Marjorie said.

"But they won't strike", Nick said.

He rowed the boat around to roll past both the feeding fish, then headed it for the point. Marjorie did not reel in until the boat touched the shore.

They pulled the boat up the beach and Nick lifted out a pail of live perch. The perch swam in the water in the pail. Nick caught three of them with his hands and cut their heads off and skinned them while Marjorie chased with her hands in the bucket, finally caught, a perch, cut its head off and skinned it. Nick looked at her fish.

"You don't want to take the ventral fin out", he said. "It'll be all right for bait but it's better with the ventral fin in".

He hooked each of the skinned perch through the tail. There were two hooks attached to a leader on each rod. Then Marjorie rowed the boat out over the channel-bank, holding the line in her teeth, and looking toward Nick, who stood on the shore holding the rod and letting the line run out from the reel.

"That's about right", he called.

"Should I let it drop?" Marjorie called back, holding the line in her hand.

"Sure. Let it go", Marjorie dropped the line overboard and watched the baits go down through the water.

She came in with the boat and ran the second line out the same way. Each time Nick set a heavy slab of driftwood across the butt of the rod to hold it solid and propped it up at an angle with a

small slab. He reeled in the slack line so the line ran taut out to where the bait rested on the sandy floor of the channel and set click on the reel. When a trout, feeding on the bottom, took the bait it would run with it, taking line out of the reel in a rush and making the reel sing with the click on.

Marjorie rowed up the point a little way so she would not disturb the line. She pulled hard on the cars and the boat went way up the beach. Little waves came in with it. Marjorie stepped out of the boat and Nick pulled the boat high up the beach.

"What's the matter, Nick?" Marjorie asked.

"I don't know", Nick said, getting wood for a fire.

They made a fire with driftwood, Marjorie went to the boat and brought a blanket. The evening breeze blew the smoke toward the point, so Marjorie spread the blanket out between the fire and the lake.

Marjorie sat on the blanket with her back to the fire and waited for Nick. He came over and sat down beside her on the blanket. In back of them was the close second-growth timber of the point and in front was the bay with mouth of Hortons Creek. It was not quite dark. The firelight went as far as the water. They could both see the two steel rods at an angle over the dark water. The fire glinted on the reels.

Marjorie unpacked the basket of supper.

"I don't feel like eating", said Nick.

"Come on and eat, Nick".

"All right".

They ate without talking, and watched the two rods and the firelight in the water.

"There's going to be a moon tonight", said Nick. He looked across the bay to the hills that were beginning to sharpen against the sky. Beyond the hills he knew the moon was coming up.

"I know it", Marjorie said happily.

"You know everything", Nick said.

"Oh, Nick, please cut it out! Please, please don't be that way!"

"I can't help it", Nick said. "You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do".

Marjorie did not say anything.

"I've taught you everything. You know you do. What don't you know, anyway?"

"Oh, shut up", Marjorie said. "There comes the moon".

They sat on the blanket without touching each other and watched the moon rise.

"You don't have to talk silly", Marjorie said. "What's really the matter?"

"I don't know".

"Of course you know".

"No, I don't".

"Go on and say it".

Nick looked on at the moon, coming up over the hills.

"It isn't fun any more".

He was afraid to look at Marjorie. Then he looked at her. She sat there with her back toward him. He looked at her back. "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it".

She didn't say anything. He went on. "I feel as though everything was gone to hell inside of me. I don't know. Marge. I don't know what to say".

He looked on at her back.

"Isn't love any fun?" Marjorie said.

"No", Nick said. Marjorie stood up. Nick sat there, his head in his hands.

"I'm going to take the boat", Marjorie called to him. "You can walk back around the point".

"All right", Nick said. "I'll push the boat off for you".

"You don't need to", she said. She was afloat in the boat on the water the moonlight on it. Nick went back and lay down with his face in the blanket by the fire. He could hear Marjorie rowing on the water.

He lay there for a long time. He lay there while he heard Bill come into the clearing walking around through the woods. He felt Bill coming up to the fire. Bill didn't touch him, either.

"Did she go all right?" Bill said.

"Yes", Nick said, lying, his face on the blanket.

"Have a scene?"

"No, there wasn't any scene".

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, go away, Bill! Go away for a while".

Bill selected a sandwich from the lunch basket and walked over to have a look at the rods.

Tasks

- 1) Say a few words about the author of the story.
- 2) Point out the compositional parts: the exposition, the story, the climax, the denouement. Give a title to each part.
- 3) Reproduce the exposition to the story. Comment on the emotional atmosphere it conveys. Point out the means creating the atmosphere.
- 4) Discuss the plot of the story according to the following:
 - a) What does the author begin his story with?
 - b) What role does the description of a lumbering town and a ruined mill play in the story?
 - c) What does the girl associate the ruined mill with. How does it characterize her and her mood?
 - d) Why was the author so particular in describing the episode of fishing? What effect is created by it?
- 5) Speak about the author's attitude to the personages of the story. How is it revealed: in the author's evaluation or, impersonally, through a depiction of the characters' actions and conversation.

6) Reproduce the conversation between Nick and Marjorie. What does the repetition of the word "look" imply?

7) Dwell on the end of the story that gives the final touch to the disclosing of personages' characters and the conceptual information,

8) Comment on the title of the story. What does the pronoun "something" imply?"

The Luncheon

W. Somerset Maugham

I caught sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name I hardly think I would have recognized her. She addressed me brightly.

"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon?"

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris, I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter overlooking a cemetery and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday; she was spending the morning at the Luxembourg and would I give for a little luncheon at Foyot's afterwards? Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. '(Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence to a woman what they say.) I had eighty francs (gold francs) to last me the rest of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet my friend — by correspondence — at Foyot's on Thursday at half-past twelve. She was not so young, as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. **But** she reassured me.

"I never eat anything for luncheon", she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon".

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No", she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare. I never mind caviare".

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not very well tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you're unwise to eat meat", she said. I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach".

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon", she said.

"Neither do I", I answered promptly.

"Except white wine", she proceeded as though I had not spoken. "These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion".

"What would you like?" I asked, hospitable still, but not exactly effusive.

She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne".

I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?"

"Water".

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton' chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it".

"I am only going to eat one thing", I said, as the waiter came again with the bill of fare.

She waved him aside with an airy gesture.

"No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else. I couldn't possibly eat anything more— unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them".

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.

"Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus", I asked the waiter.

I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry", my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus".

I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?"

"No, I never eat asparagus".

"I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat".

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be mortifying to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much I had and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course it would be awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils as the nostrils of Jehovah were tickled by the burned offerings of the virtuous Semites. I watched the abandoned woman thrust them down her throat in large voluptuous mouthfuls and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee", she answered.

I was past caring now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in", she said, as she ate the ice-cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more".

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon, I was speaking for you".

"Oh, I see!"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with an ingratiating smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl, they had the rich tone of an Italian

landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too — a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absent-mindedly took one.

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat"— my one miserable little chop — "and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach".

The bill came and when I paid it found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for an instant on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example", she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon".

"I'll do better than that", I retorted. "I'll eat nothing for dinner to-night".

"Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. You're quite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive man, but when the immortal gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency. Today she weighs twenty-one stone.

Tasks

- 1) Say a few words about the author, his outlook and his literary carrier.
- 2) Say a few words about the composition on of the story.
- 3) What does the author use the retrospective manner of narration for?
- 4) What makes the story sound ironically?
- 5) What stylistic devices does the author use to achieve this ironical sounding of the story?
- 6) What is the modality of the story? What way does the author show his agitation in? Is it explicit or implicit?
- 7) Give the character sketch of the lady. Through what artistic details is it given?
- 8) What way does the author achieve the completeness of the story in?
- 9) What means of cohesion does W. S. Maugham use?
- 10) What is the implied meaning of the title of the story?
- 11) What is the pragmatic effect of the story? How does the contrast in the depicting of the experience of the author and his friend help to achieve this pragmatic effect.

THE LIST OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY USED TERMS

belles-lettres text — xyj,o>KecTBeHHfaift TCKCT — 6aa,HHft TextT
 characterological detail — xapaKTepH3yioyiaa Acranh — HepojiajiOBqn/ TaBcHepjioBmr
 aeTajib

climax, gradation — Ky;ibMHHaiiHH , HapacTaHHe — KyjibMHHaiiHH

cognitive — aesthetic activity — no3HaBaTe.ibHO — ceTeTHqecKaa fleHTejibHocTb — 6H-
 JIHUL—SCTeTHK (paOJHHHH

communicative pragmatic situation — KOMMyHHKaTHBHOnparMarHqecKaa cHTyaiia
 ajio^aiarn npanviaTHK B33HSIT

content — factual information — coAepMaTejibHo-tpaKTya;ibHaa HHdropMauiHH—Ma3-
 MyHHft cpaKTya;ia axSopoT

content — conceptual information — coAepxaTejibHO-KOHienTyajibHaa HHcpopMauiia —
 — Ma3MyHHH — FOHBHH axropOT

content — subtextual information — coflepKaTe.nbHO-noaTeKcTOBaa imcpopMauiHH —
 TeKCTHHHT HLUHpHHaH Ma3MyHH

context — variative segmentation — KOHTeKcrao-BapnaTHBHoe qjieHepae-KOHTeKCT-Ba-
 pH3THB 6yjHHHHU

convergence of stylistic devices — KOHBepemiM cTMHCTimecKHx npneinOB — CTH-
 JIHCTHK ycy;iaipHH KOHBepemiHH/iaPH

context — KOHTeKcT — KOHTCKCT

cultural context — KyjibTypHbiii KOHTCKCT — MaaaHHft KOHTCKCT

decoding — paciiH(ppoBKa — pacriiHTppoBKa I^HHJHUI

depicting detail — H3o6pa3HTejibHaH fleTajib—TacBHPhii TacpHJHOT, AeTajib

description — opMcaHHe — TaBciicp, Ta-bpnd), TacBHp, 6aeH

details of authenticity — authentic detail — ypaqHsnouiaH AeTa;ib — (aHHKjioBTO)
 aHHy;HK KHpriTyBH AeTajib

details of implicitness — HMnjiHunpyiomaH AeTajib—TyniyHTHpiiii (H30X)HH KH-
 pHTyBqn TacpHJHOT, aeTajib

epithet — 3nHTeT,— snHTeT cH(paTjiauj

explicit, explication — SKcnjimiHTHbift, SKcruHKaiiHH—TymyHTHpiiii, H30>;jiam

expressive means — Bbipa3HTejibHoe cpeACTBa, SKcnpccHB — Hdjoaa BoCHTajiajn

foregrounding — BbiABHweHHe — cpaojijiauiTHpHUJ

hyperbole — rnnep6o.ia, iyufiojiaFa

image — o6pa3—o6pa3

imaginative space — xy,no>KecTBeHHoe npocTpaHcTBO — 6a/umft M3KOH

imaginative time — xyfloxecTBeHHoe BpeMa — TacaBByp (6aAHHft) BaiY

implication — HMiuinKau.ua — HMnjiHKauHa, COJHJLUTHPLU

integration — HHTepaiiHH — HHTepauiHH

level— ypoBeHb — A a p a x a
 metaphor — MeTaipopa — HCTHCPO, ineTacpopa
 modality — MOAa.ibHocTb — MOAa.i.iHK
 narration— noBecTBOBaHne — xHKOH ^HJIHIII
 paraphrasis — ' napacppa3, nepH(ppa3 — i^afta Hm.iafi (coj^a KILIII6 rannpiiu)
 poetic detail (artistic detail) — xyAomecTBeHHan Aeia.ib — 6zn\ma TacpemoT/AeTajib.
 point of view — Towa 3peHna — Hyivraii Ha3ap
 rhetorical question — pHTopHieckHii Bonpoc — pHTopiiK cypoi^
 repetition — noBTop — TaKpop
 retrospective, retrospection—peTrocneKTHBHbift, peTrocneKUM—yTMHmra Ha3ap
 CO.IH6 e3HJiraH, yTMHuuHH Kypn6 qH^nm
 simile — cpaBHemie — yxmaTHiu, ^necjam
 stylistic devices — cTHHCTHqecKHe npneMH—CTHJIHCTHK yeyjuiap
 thesaurus —Te3aynye — Te3aynye
 title— 3arojioBOK — capjiaBxa, HOM
 utterance — BbicKa3HbaHHe—d)HKp 6HJIAHPHUI, ran
 verbal, verbal signals — Bep6a.ibHbift, BepCajibHbie ciipHaJibi — Bep6a.i (OF33KH)
 CHFHaAAap
 volume — pragmatic — segmentation — 06-beMHO-nparManiqecKoe qjieHeHHe —
 ^a>KMHHHr nparMaTHK CyjiHHHiiii
 wholeness — ueJioCTHocTb — 6yTyHAHK (TeKCTHHHr 6yTyH.iHrnHii Ta-bMHHjiaiu)

C O N T E N T S

<i>PREFACE</i>	3
I. Theoretical Introduction	
I. Interpretation of the text as a subject. Its aims and tasks. Its links with other subjects (5). 2. Informativity of the Text (9). 3. Modality of the Text (12). 4. Implicitness of the Text (17). 5. Wholeness of the literary Text (Cohesion) (21). 6. Composition of the Text (29). 7- Segmentation of the Text (32). 8. Poetic Detail (38). 9. Foregrounding (43). 10. Role of the Title in revealing conceptual Information of the Text (46). 11. Text interpretation and linguopragmatics (48). Summary. (54).	
II. Brief Instructions for Seminars	gg
1. Methods and Ways of Interpretation (58). 2. Scheme of Interpretation (59).	
III. Specimens for text interpretation	60
Tribute by A. Coppard (61). Arrowsmith (fragments) by S. Lewis (71). In Another Country by E. Hemingway. (81). The man of Property by J. Galsworthy (Part 1. chapt. 1) (97). The Cherry Tree by A. Coppard (103). Wild Flowers by E. Caldwell (108).	
IV. Texts of short stories supplied with tasks for independent interpretation	H6
Recipe for Murder by C. P. Donnel (116). The Broken Boot by Q. Galsworthy (120). The Happiest Man on Earth by A. Maltz (124). The Standard of Living by D. Parker (128). Piano by W. Saroyan (132). The Cannibals by S. Heym (135). The Last Leaf by O. Henry (139). Reunion by J. Cheever (144). The End of Something by E. Hemingway (137). The Luncheon by S. Maugham (151)	