

**ИНСТИТУТ ИНОСТРАННЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ**

**МЕТОДИЧЕСКОЕ ПОСОБИЕ ПО ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИИ ТЕКСТА**

для студентов 4 курса отделения английского языка

СОСТАВИТЕЛЬ  
ПРЕПОДАВАТЕЛЬ КАФЕДРЫ  
АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА  
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Настоящее методическое пособие предназначено для развития навыков интерпретации текста у студентов 4 курса отделения английского языка и содержит подборку текстов, отличающихся друг от друга по своей жанровой принадлежности, по типу, регистру, с различной прагматикой, с различным соотношением СФИ (содержательно-фактуальной информации), СКИ (содержательно-концептуальной информации) и СПИ (содержательно-подтекстовой информации). Каждый текст снабжен перечнем вопросов, призванных облегчить работу студентов, обратить их внимание на важнейшие моменты при анализе морфологических, лексических, стилистических и синтаксических особенностей текста.

1.

Study the texts closely and compare them. What's the difference between them?

Where could each of these texts appear?

What were the authors' goals in writing these texts? Justify your opinion.

What kind of information does each of the texts contain – cognitive, emotional or mixed?

### ***A. The Antarctic Environment***

The Antarctic is the most remote continent and the last to be discovered, but it constitutes about a tenth of the world's land surface. It is also the only continent without an indigenous human population.

In the past it had a warm climate, supporting luxuriant vegetation and large animals, but the climate deteriorated over the last 30 million years, once the great continent Gondwana had drifted apart sufficiently for a southern circumpolar current to become established. This, the largest ocean current in the world, cut off Antarctica from the warmer oceans to the north and allowed the ice sheets, in places over four kilometres thick, to develop.

This region is the earth's major heat sink and contains ninety percent of the world's ice and nearly three-quarters of its fresh water. Only two percent of the continent is not covered by ice, and life retains a tenuous foothold there.

Nearly half of Antarctica's coastline is hidden by thick floating ice shelves or glaciers, and the rest is scoured by icebergs down to depths of 15 metres or more, which limits coastal life. But below this level, where water temperatures are stable, there is a colourful marine world containing a great diversity of life. The Southern Ocean makes up a tenth of the world ocean, and the expansion and contraction of the surrounding sea ice is the largest seasonal process on Earth. Recent work has shown that the pack ice provides a surprisingly productive winter habitat for a number of small creatures, the most important of them being krill.

#### *Krill*

Krill, which looks like a small shrimp, probably has a total weight in excess of any other animal in the world, including the human race. It is the staple diet of the oceanic squids and of most Antarctic fishes, birds, seals and whales. (...)

## ***B. The Last Frontier?***

Today, Antarctica is about to enter a new age. After thirty years of unparalleled international cooperation under the aegis of the Antarctic Treaty, the continent is threatened by man's insatiable appetite for natural resources. Antarctica is the last frontier - the last continent on earth to have escaped the worst of our destructive ingenuity. True, the great whales around Antarctica were hunted dangerously close to extinction, and species like the Blue - the largest creature ever to inhabit the planet - may never recover.

But Antarctica has remained until now a pristine environment, and a perfect natural laboratory for scientists to pursue knowledge for its own sake. Will things remain that way? A Minerals Convention may soon be ratified that will allow regulated mining in Antarctica for the first time, albeit within stringent environmental safeguards.

Should the exploiters be allowed in, to operate under tough protective controls? Or should Antarctica be declared a 'wilderness park', free from exploitation for ever? Perhaps the answer isn't as obvious as it appears. What is important, though, is that the questions should be asked by all of us, and not just by the tiny number of diplomats who administer Antarctica.

## **2.**

My thoughts these days are often with those BMA\* persons who've been chosen to investigate the claims of Alternative Medicine. Almost as often they are with the persons whose alternative practices are being examined.

What happens if their treatments win the BMA seal of approval? With the loss of their claim to be Alternative will they lose their attraction for iconoclastic devotees?

And will the BMA examine some of the practices still indulged in in the name of orthodox medicine? It's not only alternative medicine that attracts venal practitioners prepared to exploit our natural gullibility to make themselves rich.

I suppose it's too late for the BMA to duck out and pass these questions to the new professor of para-psychology in Edinburgh. But it might not be too late to ensure the investigative team includes not just scientists but professional magicians. History suggests they are more effective detectors of fraud than professional scientists.

Gullible scientists told us that Uri Geller had strange psychokinetic powers that could change the physical properties of metal (which he turned to such socially useful purposes as bending teaspoons). Less gullible magicians revealed him as one of their own.

Anyone who, as a child, possessed a Junior Conjuror's Set will have learned two simple lessons about magic. Audiences long to be deceived and are invariably disappointed when they are told how the trick is done.

The Magic Circle adjures its members not to reveal their secrets not just because there is a limited number of "magical" devices but because, when the secret of a trick is revealed, it nearly always disappoints.

The great magicians are those who, using this mundane trickery beneath a camouflage of showmanship and misdirection, can convince an audience it has witnessed something that defies rational understanding.

Conjurors' instruction leaflets first describe The Effect which is what the audience thinks it sees happening.

Under The Method they describe what actually does happen - a bit of bare-faced deception from which the audience's attention is diverted, often by exploitation of its longing to be deceived. When scientists examine phenomena that are beyond our comprehension they tend to concentrate on The Effect, analysing it, dissecting it, hypothesising about it. A professional magician, out of habit, goes straight for possible Methods and is unimpressed by anecdotal evidence of Effect. Magicians are also better than scientists at persuading audiences that deception has taken place.

They can reproduce the same Effects as fraudulent operators by using the simple devices of their trade and announce not how the trick was done - which would merely disappoint - but that it was no more magical than the other illusions in their stage acts.

Audiences find these demonstrations more convincing than intellectual arguments. Harry Houdini used them to expose fraudulent "mediums" in the days when seances were more fashionable than they are now. The Amazing Randi still uses them to challenge tricksters more likely to be found on television chat shows than in back rooms in Brooklyn.

A few years ago I learned just how effective the magician's method of exposure can be.

In the days when "psycho-kinetic metal bending" colonised much time on television and much space in scientific journals, I persuaded one of Britain's best science writers to re-examine his new-found belief in this form of "psychokinesis"

And I persuaded him not by intellectual argument but by performing a mundane card trick that I learned when I was a member of the Magic Circle.

The trick had nothing to do with metal bending or psychokinesis and he still doesn't know how I did it, but the fact that such "magic" could be performed by an ignorant oaf like me re-established the sense of scepticism he had temporarily mislaid. And scepticism is essential when evaluating treatment.

Most people who seek cures are not interested in arguments about schools of thought and logic. They are interested in results. And the most impressive way to present results is in the form of testimonials from satisfied customers.

Yet anyone who's done any sort of service job knows just how easy it is to acquire flattering testimonials. When I was a GP, I had drawersful of grateful letters from patients who had survived my ministrations thanks more to their luck than my judgment. And anyone who treats patients can earn similar tributes thanks to the body's vigorous powers of self-healing.

In conjuror's terms testimonials relate only to The Effect. That's why I hope the BMA will get some magical advice when considering The Method.

Michael O'Donnell

\* BMA = British Medical Association - the doctors' professional union

What do you think about the genre of the text? Can it be called a scientific text? Justify your opinion.

Make a semantic group of words related to science, research and psychology.

Can you make any other semantic group of words that don't normally "go with" scientific terms?

What's the author's goal in writing this text?

Is he trying to be objective and conceal his opinion?

How can we feel his attitude?

What linguistic means are used by the author on the lexical / syntactic / stylistical level?

Comment on the means of cohesion.

### 3.

I must agree with you (if you are anti-zoo), that not all zoos are perfect. Of the 500 or so zoological collections in the world, a few are excellent, some are inferior and the rest are appalling. Given the premises that zoos can and should be of value scientifically, educationally and from a conservation point of view (thus serving both us and other animal life), then I feel very strongly that one should strive to make them better. I have heard, ironically enough, a great many rabid opponents of zoos tell me that they would like all zoos closed down, yet the same people accept with equanimity the proliferation of safari parks, where, by and large, animals are far worse off than in the average zoo. An animal can be just as unhappy, just as ill-treated, in a vast area as in a small one, but the rolling vistas, the ancient trees, obliterate criticism, for this is the only thing that these critics think the animals want.

It is odd how comforted people feel by seeing an animal in a ten-acre field. Safari parks were invented purely to make money. No thought of science or conservation sullied their primary conception. Like a rather unpleasant fungus, they have spread now throughout the world. In the main, their treatment of animals is disgraceful and the casualties (generally carefully concealed) appalling. I will not mention the motives, or the qualifications of the men who created them, for they are sufficiently obvious, but I would like to stress that I know it to be totally impossible to run these vast concerns with a knowledgeable and experienced staff, since that number of knowledgeable and experienced staff does not exist. I know, because I am always on the lookout for such rare beasts myself.

I am not against the conception of safari parks, I am against the way that they are at present run. In their present form, they represent a bigger hazard and a bigger drain on wild stocks of animals than any zoo ever has done. Safari parks, properly controlled and scientifically run, could be of immense conservation value for such things as antelope, deer and the larger carnivores. But they have a long way to go before they can be considered anything other than animal abattoirs in a sylvan setting.

I feel, therefore, that one should strive to make zoos and safari parks better, not simply clamour for their dissolution. If Florence Nightingale's sole contribution when she discovered the appalling conditions in the hospitals of the last century, had been to advocate that they should all be closed down, few people in later years would have praised her for her acumen and far-sightedness.

My plan then, is that all of us, zoo opponents and zoo lovers alike, should endeavour to make them perfect, should make sure that they are a help to animal species and not an additional burden on creatures already too hard pressed by our unbeatable competition. This can be done by being much more critical of zoos and other animal collections, thus making them more critical of themselves, so that even the few good ones will strive to be better.

(from "The Stationary Ark" by Gerald Durrell)

What do you think of the genre of the text? Can it be called a scientific text?

What's the type of the text – descriptive, argumentative, narrative, inducing, etc.?

What kind of information does it contain ?

What's the author's goal in writing this text?

Is he trying to be objective and conceal his point of view?

How can we feel his attitude?

What linguistic means are used by the author on the lexical / syntactic / stylistical level?

Comment on the means of cohesion.

#### 4.

(...) When I got home I carried the owl up to my bedroom, untied the box and lifted him, struggling and beak-clicking, out onto the floor. The dogs, who had gathered round in a circle to view the new addition, backed away hurriedly. They knew what Ulysses could do when he was in a bad temper, and this owl was three times his size. He was, I thought, one of the most beautiful birds I had ever seen. The feathers on his back and wings were honeycomb golden, smudged with pale ash-grey; his breast was a spotless cream-white; and the mask of white feathers round his dark, strangely Oriental-looking eyes was as crisp and as starched-looking as any Elizabethan's ruff.

His wing was not as bad as I had feared. It was a clean break, and after half an hour's struggle, during which he managed to draw blood on several occasions, I had it splinted up to my satisfaction. The owl, which I had decided to call Lampadusa, simply because the name appealed to me, seemed to be belligerently scared of the dogs, totally unwilling to make friends with Ulysses, and viewed Augustus Tickle-tummy with undisguised loathing. I felt he might be happier, till he settled down, in a dark, secluded place, so I carried him up to the attic. One of the attic rooms was very tiny and lit by one small window which was so covered with cobwebs and dust that it allowed little light to penetrate the room. It was quiet and as dim as a cave, and I thought that here Lampadusa would enjoy his convalescence. I put him on the floor with a large saucer of chopped meat and locked the door carefully so that he would not be disturbed. That evening, when I went to visit him, taking him a dead mouse by way of a present, he seemed very much improved. He had eaten most of his meat and now hissed and beak-clicked at me with outspread wings and blazing eyes as he pitter-pattered about the floor. Encouraged by his obvious progress, I left him with his mouse and went to bed. (...)

(from "Birds, Beasts and Relatives" by Gerald Durrell)

Compare the text with the previous one. It's written by the same author, and, in a way, the subject is the same, as G. Durrell always writes about animals. Is it, though, the text of the same genre/ type? Find all the differences and similarities. Follow the analysis scheme used before.

#### 5.

Everyone knows the basics of punctuation, surely? Aren't we all taught at school how to use full stops, commas and question marks? And yet we see ignorance and indifference everywhere. "Its Summer!" says a sign that cries out for an apostrophe. "ANTIQUE,S," says another,

bizarrely. "Pansy's ready," we learn to our considerable interest ("Is she?"), as we browse among the bedding plants.

In *Eats, Shoots & Leaves*, Lynne Truss dares to say that, with our system of punctuation patently endangered, it is time to look at our commas and semicolons and see them for the wonderful and necessary things they are. If there are only pedants left who care, then so be it. "Sticklers unite" is her rallying cry. "You have nothing to lose but your sense of proportion - and arguably you didn't have much of that to begin with."

This is a book for people who love punctuation and get upset about it. From the invention of the question mark in the time of Charlemagne to Sir Roger Casement "hanged on a comma"; from George Orwell shunning the semicolon to Peter Cook saying Nevil Shute's three dots made him feel "all funny", this book makes a powerful case for the preservation of a system of printing conventions that is much too subtle to be mucked about with.

Identify the genre of the text.

What is the author's goal?

In what way does the author make their attitude felt?

Speculate about the register of the passage.

**5a.**

### **Introduction -The Seventh Sense**

Either this will ring bells for you, or it won't. A printed banner has appeared on the concourse of a petrol station near to where I live. "Come inside," it says, "for CD'S, VIDEO'S, DVD'S, and BOOK'S."

If this satanic sprinkling of redundant apostrophes causes no little gasp of horror or quickening of the pulse, you should probably put down this book at once. By all means congratulate yourself that you are not a pedant or even a stickler; that you are happily equipped to live in a world of plummeting punctuation standards; but just don't bother to go any further. For any true stickler, you see, the sight of the plural word "Book's" with an apostrophe in it will trigger a ghastly private emotional process similar to the stages of bereavement, though greatly accelerated. First there is shock. Within seconds, shock gives way to disbelief, disbelief to pain, and pain to anger. Finally (and this is where the analogy breaks down), anger gives way to a righteous urge to perpetrate an act of criminal damage with the aid of a permanent marker.

It's tough being a stickler for punctuation these days. One almost dare not get up in the mornings. True, one occasionally hears a marvellous punctuation-fan joke about a panda who "eats, shoots and leaves", but in general the stickler's exquisite sensibilities are assaulted from all sides, causing feelings of panic and isolation. A sign at a health club will announce, "It's party time, on Saturday 24th May we are have a disco/party night for free, it will be a ticket only evening." Advertisements offer decorative services to "wall's - ceiling's - door's ect". Meanwhile a newspaper placard announces "FAN'S FURY AT STADIUM INQUIRY", which sounds quite interesting until you look inside the paper and discover that the story concerns a quite large mob of fans, actually - not just the lone hopping-mad fan so promisingly indicated by the punctuation. Everywhere one looks, there are signs of ignorance and indifference.

(from "Eats, Shoots and Leaves" by Lynne Truss)

A panda walks into a cafe. He orders a sandwich, eats it, then draws a gun and fires two shots in the air. ,

"Why?" asks the confused waiter, as the panda makes towards the exit. The panda produces a badly punctuated wildlife manual and tosses it over his shoulder.

"I'm a panda," he says, at the door. "Look it up."

The waiter turns to the relevant entry and, sure enough, finds an explanation.

**"Panda.** Large black-and-white bear-like mammal, native to China. Eats, shoots and leaves."

**So, punctuation really does matter, even if it is only occasionally a matter of life and death.**

**This is the zero tolerance guide.**

(ditto)

Identify the genre and the type of the text.

What type of information prevails?

What goal does the author pursue?

What linguistic means are used by the author on the lexical / stylistic / syntactical levels?

Speculate on the register of the passage.

**6.**

Each of the following quotations contains a trope – i.e., a stylistic device, a figure of speech, or a few of them. Find and identify them.

What's the purpose of using them?

“To look at Montmorency you would imagine that he was an angel sent upon the earth for some reason withheld from mankind, in the shape of a small fox-terrier. There is a sort of

Oh-what-a-wicked-world-this-is-and-how-I-wish-I-could-do-something-to-make-it-better-and-nobler expression about Montmorency.”

“I might as well make the most of Malcolm’s coat-tails while I was on them, I thought. I asked if I could see round the trainer’s yard, and he said, sure, he’d like it.”

“We therefore decided that we would sleep out on fine nights; and hotel it, and inn it, and pub it, like respectable folks, when it was wet.”

“ ‘Jesus’, he said, ‘you oughta see your goddam hands. Boy, have you got the shakes. Ya know that?’ “

“There it is before you - smiling, frowning, inviting, grand, mean, insipid, or savage, and always mute with an air of whispering.”

“Clay left his feet where they were for a few don’t-tell-me-where-to-put-my-feet seconds.”

“The real dangers for the visitor to St. Petersburg come from other directions. Did anyone tell you that the city is infectious? That it does things to the brain? That it breeds literature and other nonsense faster than London breeds rats?”

“What is beautiful is good, and who is good will soon also be beautiful.”

“Figures don’t lie, but liars will figure.”

“There is the silence of great hatred,  
And the silence of great love,  
And the silence of a deep peace of mind,  
And the silence of an embittered friendship..”

“ Hamlet (answering to the words that his father died just two months ago): So long?.. O heavens! died two months ago and not forgotten yet? Then there’s hope a great man’s memory may outlive his life half a year.”

“And down the long and silent street,  
The dawn with silver-sandalled feet,  
Crept like a frightened girl.”

“ To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,  
In a pestilential prison, with a life long lock,  
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,  
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big, black block.”

“Did anyone so much as passed a sympathetic remark? No, they damned well didn’t! Did anyone try to stop the driver or take his number? The hell they did!”

“..the muzzles of the long six-inch guns stuck out all over the low hull; the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily and let her down, swaying her thin masts.”

“No doubt you read the newspaper stories painting this city as something worse than Chicago in the 30-s: Mafiosi, gang warfare, street shootings, an array of violence spiced up by that picturesquely Russian touch – the casual or unmotivated killing in a dimly-lit doorway, done

for a chance of a few dollars or no gain at all. But what the papers neglect to say is that this sort of fun is mostly for the locals..”

“At thirty however I’d revolted: wild horses couldn’t have dragged me to witness his wedding to the sharp-eyed, honey-tongued Moira, his fifth choice. Moira had been the subject of the bitterest quarrel my father and I ever had, and the direct cause of a non-speaking wilderness which had lasted three years.”

## 7.

The following passage contains an encyclopedia entry on the Gettysburg Address – a famous speech made by President A. Lincoln, the speech itself, and a few extracts from an article by William Safire – a well-known American linguist, journalist and columnist - dealing with the story of the speech creation.

Study the passage carefully.

What makes the Gettysburg Address “the speech at the apex of American oratory”?

Study closely the lexical and syntactic devices used by Lincoln to bring his point home to the listeners.

(...)

**Gettysburg Address**, famous speech delivered by United States president Abraham Lincoln on November 19, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He presented it at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, honouring those who died in the Civil War Battle of Gettysburg earlier that year.

This brief discourse followed a two-hour oration by Edward Everett, the main speaker at the event and one of the most famous speakers of the time. In the contemporary newspapers reports of the dedication ceremonies, Everett’s remarks were lauded highly and given prominence on the front page, while the words of Lincoln were relegated to an inside page. Everett, however, was sufficiently moved by the simple and sincere eloquence of Lincoln to write the following note to him on the day after dedication: “I wish that I could flatter myself that I had come as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes.” Today, the Gettysburg Address is universally recognized not only as a classical model of the noblest kind of oratory but also as one of the most moving expressions of the democratic spirit ever uttered.

The writing of the Gettysburg Address has become an American myth. The most popular version states that Lincoln wrote the address on the back of a used envelope. In fact, President Lincoln wrote two drafts of the brief speech and made some changes to the text as he spoke. He subsequently wrote copies of the address that he presented.

(...) "At 8 p.m., a crowd assembled in front of the National Hotel," went a dispatch to The New-York Times, "and marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, headed by the Marine Band, to the executive Mansion, and serenaded and enthusiastically cheered." Lincoln appeared at a window and gave an impromptu response. A few newspaper reporters made notes, and a semiofficial copy was later handed out and used in various forms by editors. All agreed that after thanking God for the occasion, Lincoln reportedly opened with these words:

"How long ago is it? Eighty-odd years since, on the Fourth of July, for the first time in the world, a union body of representatives was assembled and declared as self-evident that all men were created equal."

Four months later, at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery, in what became the speech at the apex of American oratory, Lincoln took his ad-libbed question and answer - "How long ago is it? Eighty-odd years since. ..." - and gave his dedicatory opening a biblical gravity: "Four score and seven years ago."

I recall a cartoon of Lincoln, pencil in hand, thinking aloud something like "Eighty seven? Three score and twenty-seven? Five score less thirteen?" In fact, Lincoln must have gone through that thought process in coming to that sonorous, rhythmic count — one, two, one-two- three, with the words "Four score and seven"- more memorable than his earlier, offhand "Eighty-odd." (...)

But in a deeper sense, as he would say, Lincoln also knew how to rewrite. To the serenaders, he said, "This is a glorious theme and the occasion for a speech, but I am not prepared to make one worthy of the occasion." After he had four months to prepare, that well-balanced, self-deprecating sentence was rebalanced to "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

Did he edit the Gettysburg Address after he wrote it out the first time? That's a mystery, but we have a few clues. Five copies of the speech exist in his handwriting. Set aside the last three, which he made later as souvenir gifts, and focus on comparing the two that went to his two secretaries. The "Nicolay draft" may well have been his reading copy that eyewitnesses said he took from his coat pocket, while the "Hay draft" contains interesting improvements that indicate to me the way he wanted the speech to be remembered.

If I'm right, he changed "for those who died here" to the more active "for those who here gave their lives." Lincoln strengthened "This we may, in all propriety do" to "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this." He sharpened the contrast of "while it can never forget what they did here" by substituting *but* for *while*.

And then there is the editing that still has political reverberations. In 1954, Congress added the phrase *under God* to the Pledge of Allegiance after the phrase "one nation." That was recently challenged by some who feel that an official evocation of the deity breaches the constitutional wall of separation between church and state.

Neither the Nicolay copy nor the Hay copy has that phrase in it. But all three copies he later made for gifts did read "that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom." So did the speech as transcribed by different reporters on the scene at Gettysburg that was published contemporaneously. Did he ad-lib those two words? "He wouldn't have improvised," says David Donald, this generation's leading Lincoln biographer. "That would have been highly

uncharacteristic. That would be unlike Lincoln. But I would say he did, in fact, say it during the speech."

That suggests to me that Lincoln inserted *under God* into his reading copy, which has vanished. (If you find it in your attic, call the Library of Congress.) Forget the "back-of-the-envelope" myth; that final addition shows he was polishing that speech right until the time came to deliver it.

### **Gettysberg Address**

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate – we cannot consecrate – we cannot hallow – this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that course for which they gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Now study a passage from another famous speech made by another great American – Martin Luther King.

### **An excerpt from "I Have A Dream" by Martin Luther King, Jr.**

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will

be able to sit down together at a table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state, sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring." And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania! Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous peaks of California! But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia! Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! Let freedom ring from every hill and every molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity. But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. (...)

Study the register of the passage. What peculiarities seem quite noticeable? How do you account for them?

How do you account for the beginning of the last paragraph of the passage?

8.

## **THE POETS AND THE HOUSEWIFE**

### **A FABLE**

Once upon a time, on a summer's day, two poets, having shut up shop, went out into the country to collect copy, for their stock of this commodity was exhausted.

And they were careful to dress themselves carelessly: one put on a black collar and black-and-white checked trousers, and the other a cravat of raging scarlet, 'for' they thought (though they did not say so) 'we must dress the part'. And their hats were wide and reckless and the hair beneath their hats was like the thatch upon a broad-eaved barn.

And as they journeyed, poking about with their walking sticks after the precious substance of their quest, there gathered over their heads the devil of a storm.

And at the proper moment the storm burst and the rain came down and the poets left off seeking for copy and huddled under a hawthorn tree. And they appeared as two proud exotic birds, lighted down from the Lord knows where.

And there was a lodge near the hawthorn tree, and the lodgekeeper's wife looked out and, seeing the two, she exclaimed: 'Lord, look what the wet brings out!' And the rain increased fearfully.

And after a while she looked out again and the poets were changed, for their bloom was impaired, the rain had clotted their hair, and the scarlet cravat of the one had become crimson from saturation. And rain dripped from all their extremities.

And the lodgekeeper's wife was grieved for them and called out: 'Young men, will you not come in? Why play the heron who stands lugubrious with his feet in cold water when it is open to you to become as sparrows twittering with gladness beneath the eaves?'

But they bowed politely and replied: 'Thanks awfully, ma'am, but we are poets and we like it.'

And the lodgekeeper's wife was riled and sneered at them, remarking: 'They have certainly had a drop too much.' But they, smiling deprecatingly upon her, responded: 'Madam, you are pleased to be dry.' 'And you,' quoth she, 'are pleased to be wet.' And she slammed-to the window, casting up her eyes and inquiring rhetorically, 'Did you ever?' and 'What next?'

And the rain came down like hell, leaping a foot high and sousing all things.

And after another while, the lodgekeeper's wife looked out again, and the two had gathered closer about the trunk of the hawthorn-tree, and they were as two old crows, for their shoulders were up and their beaks were down and they were unbelievably dishevelled. And she shouted to them again, for she was a charitable woman, saying: 'O miserable gentlemen, in the name of civilization and commonsense, come inside.'

But they dared not turn their faces to her, lest the water should run down their necks: so, revolving themselves all of a piece, they replied: 'Renewed thanks, ma'am, but we are very well, for we are acquiring copy.' And they cowered under the deluge with great earnestness of purpose.

But the lodgekeeper's wife did not understand the word *copy*, so that she was amazed beyond measure and the power of comment was taken from her.

And the storm, having stormed itself out, abated: and the place was bathed in delicious smells of breathing leaves, and the warm sweetness of hawthorn perfumed the air.

And the lodgekeeper's wife looked out from the window a fourth and last time, and the poets were in the act of departure. And the tragedy of their appearance was beyond all comparing. For the scarlet of the cravat of one had run down into the bosom of his shirt, so that he was, as it were, a robin-redbreast. And both were soaked to the uttermost.

And when those poets were returned home, the one found that he had lost a shirt and the other that he had gained a cold. Therefore the one went out and bought a new shirt at seven and six and dear at that, and the other got himself a shilling bottle of Ammoniated Quinine which was tolerably cheap considering.

And the one wrote an ode called *Midsummer Storm* for which he obtained five guineas, so that (deducting fourpence for stamps and seven and six for the shirt) his net profit was four pounds seventeen and twopence.

But the other could only manage a one-guinea sonnet called *Rain Among Leaves*, so that (deducting fourpence for stamps and a shilling for the quinine) his net profit was nineteen and eightpence.

Thus the two acquired great store of copy (more, indeed, than they bargained for) and the sum of five pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence thrown in..

But the wife of the lodgekeeper knew nothing of all this, so that she still believes, like many another ill-informed person, that poets are nothing more than unpractical dreamers.

How do you account for such an unusual form?

What point is the author trying to make?

What type of information prevails?

Study the register of the text. What peculiarities do you notice on the lexical /syntactic /stylistical level?

Speculate on the means of cohesion.

The author of the next passage also makes use of an ancient genre. This time, it's a parable. Read the following.

## 9.

A parable: A respected rabbi is asked to speak to the congregation of a neighbouring village. The rabbi, rather famous for his practical wisdom, is approached for advice wherever he goes. Wishing to have a few hours to himself on the train, he disguises himself in shabby clothes and, with his withered posture, passes for a peasant. The disguise is so effective that he evokes disapproving stares and whispered insults from the well-to-do passengers around him. When the rabbi arrives at his destination, he's met by the dignitaries of the community who greet him with warmth and respect, tactfully ignoring his appearance. Those who had ridiculed him on the train realize his prominence and their error and immediately beg his forgiveness. The old man is silent. For months after, these Jews - who, after all, consider themselves good and pious men - implore the rabbi to absolve them. The rabbi remains silent. Finally, when almost an entire year has passed, they come to the old man on the Day of Awe when, it is written, each man must forgive his fellow. But the rabbi still refuses to speak. Exasperated, they finally raise their voices: How can a holy man commit such a sin - to withhold forgiveness on this day of days? The rabbi smiles seriously. 'All this time you have been asking the wrong man. You must ask the man on the train to forgive you.'

Of course it's every peasant whose forgiveness must be sought. But the rabbi's point is even more tyrannical: nothing erases the immoral act. Not forgiveness. Not confession.

And even if an act could be forgiven, no one could bear the responsibility of forgiveness on behalf of the dead. No act of violence is ever resolved. When the one who can forgive can no longer speak, there is only silence.

History is the poisoned well, seeping into the groundwater. It's not the unknown past we're doomed to repeat, but the past we know. Every recorded event is a brick of potential, of precedent, thrown into the future. Eventually the idea will hit someone on the back of the head. This is the duplicity of history: an idea recorded will become an idea resurrected. Out of fertile ground, the compost of history.

Destruction doesn't create vacuum, it simply transforms presence into absence. [...]

(from *Fugitive Pieces* by Anne Michaels)

The passage most certainly falls into several parts. How many of them can you see?

What's the difference between them? Can you identify the type of the text?

What linguistic means are used by the author on the lexical /syntactic /stylistical level? What aim do they serve?

How does the pragmatics influence the register of the text?

Study the tense system used in the passage and comment on it.

Comment on the means of cohesion.

Study the last paragraph closely. How do you account for the expression "a brick ... thrown into the future"? Is it possible to throw a brick – or anything else, for that matter, - into the future?

## 10.

(...) "If you don't do as the therapist tells you, Hattie, you'll need another operation. Do you know what adhesions are?"

She knew. But Hattie thought, *How long must I go on taking care of myself?* It made her angry to hear him speak of another operation. She had a moment of panic, but she veiled it from him. With him, this young man whose skin was already as thick as buttermilk and whose chestnut hair was as dry as death, she always assumed the part of a small child. She said, "Yes, doctor." But her heart was in a fury.

Night and day, however, she repeated, "I was in the Valley of the Shadow. But I'm alive." She was weak, she was old, she couldn't follow a train of thought very easily, she felt faint in the head. But she was still here; here was her body, it filled space, a great body. And though she had worries and perplexities, and once in a while her arm felt as though it was about to give her the last stab of all; and though her hair was scrappy and old, like onion roots, and scattered like nothing under the comb, yet she sat and amused herself with visitors; her great grin split her face; her heart warmed with every kind word.

And she thought, "People will help me out. It never did me any good to worry. At the last minute something turned up, when I wasn't looking for it. Marian loves me. Helen and Jerry love me. Half Pint loves me. They would never let me go to the ground. And I love them. If it were the other way around, I'd never let them go down."

Above a horizon in a baggy vastness which Hattie by herself occasionally visited, the features of India, or her shade, sometimes rose. She was indignant and scolding. Not mean. Not really mean. Few people had ever really been mean to Hattie. But India was annoyed with her. "The garden is going to hell, Hattie," she said. "Those lilac bushes are all shriveled."

"But what can I do? The hose is rotten. It broke. It won't reach."

"Then dig a trench," said the phantom of India. "Have old Sam dig a trench. But save the bushes,"

*Am I thy servant still?* said Hattie to herself. *No*, she thought, *let the dead bury their dead.*

But she didn't defy India now any more than she had done when they lived together.

Hattie was supposed to keep India off the bottle, but often both of them began to get drunk after breakfast. They forgot to dress, and in their slips the two of them wandered drunkenly around the house and blundered into each other, and they were in despair at having been so weak. Late in the afternoon they would be sitting in the living room, waiting for the sun to set. It shrank, burning itself out on the crumbling edges of the mountains. "When the sun passed, the fury of the daylight ended and the mountain surfaces were more blue, broken, like cliffs of coal. They no longer suggested faces. The east began to look simple, and the lake less inhuman and haughty. At last India would say, "Hattie—it's time for the lights." And Hattie would pull the switch chains of the lamps, several of them, to give the generator a good shove. She would turn on some of the wobbling eighteenth-century-style lamps whose shades stood out from their slender bodies like dragon-flies' wings. The little engine in the shed would shuffle, then spit, then charge and bang, and the first weak light would rise unevenly in the bulbs.

(from *Leaving the Yellow House* by Saul Bellow)

What type of text is this?

Think of what is implied by the passage rather than explicitly stated. It might be helpful to use the following analysis scheme as a guidance:

Study carefully the syntactic structure of the first two paragraphs. What peculiarities do you notice? What do they suggest?

Study the tense system of the first two paragraphs. Comment on what you have noticed.

What pronouns prevail in the first two paragraphs? Why? Why does the first paragraph start with the pronoun "she"? Wouldn't it sound more natural if it went like this: "Hattie knew it but she thought.."

Pay attention to the subject/ object relationship in the sentence "Yet she sat and amused herself with visitors." What is it suggestive of?

What is meant by “the Valley of the Shadows”?

Study the whole passage, paragraph by paragraph. What peculiarities can you notice on the lexical/ syntactic/ stylistical level?

What aim do they serve?

What is meant by “a baggy vastness” in the fourth paragraph?

Why are some of Hattie’s thoughts italicized, rather than taken in quotation marks?

## 11.

Following the same analysis scheme analyze the next passage

Customers came in all possible shapes, from the school children who bought crisps and cola because I was near the bus stop, to the sergeants' mess of the local barracks: from pensioners saving for apologetic half bottles of gin to the knowledgeable lavish laying down port. Customers came once a year and daily, with ignorance and expertise, for happiness and comfort, in gloom and insobriety. Customers ranged from syrup to bitters, like their drinks.

My foremost customer, one Sunday morning that cold October, was a racehorse trainer splashing unstinted fizz over a hundred or so guests in his more or less annual celebration of the Flat races his stable had won during the passing season. Each autumn as his name came high on the winners' list he gave thanks by inviting his owners, his jockeys, his ramifications of friends to share his satisfaction for joys past and to look forward and make plans for starting all over again the following spring.

Each September he would telephone in his perpetual state of rush. 'Tony? Three weeks on Sunday, right? just the usual, in the tent. You'll do the glasses? And sale or return, of course, right?'

'Right,' I would say, and he'd be gone before I could draw breath. It would be his wife Flora who later came to the shop smilingly with details.

Accordingly on that Sunday I drove to his place at ten o'clock and parked as close as I could to the large once-white marquee rising tautly from his back lawn. He came bustling out of his house the moment I stopped, as if he'd been looking out for me, which perhaps he had: Jack Hawthorn, maybe sixty, short, plump and shrewd.

'Tony. Well done.' He patted me lightly on the shoulder, his usual greeting, as he habitually avoided the social custom of shaking hands. Not, as I had originally guessed, because he feared to catch other people's contagious germs but because, as an acid racing lady had enlightened me, he had 'a grip like a defrosting jellyfish' and hated to see people rub their palms on their clothes after touching him.

'A good day for it,' I said.

He glanced briefly at the clear sky, 'We need rain. The ground's like concrete.' Racehorse trainers, like farmers, were never satisfied with the weather. "Did you bring any soft drinks? The Sheik's coming, with his whole teetotal entourage. Forgot to tell you.'

I nodded. 'Champagne, soft drinks and a box of oddments.'

'Good. Right. I'll leave you to it. The waitresses will be here at eleven, guests at twelve. And you'll stay yourself, of course? My guest, naturally. I take it for granted.'

'Your secretary sent me an invitation.'

'Did he? Good heavens. How efficient. Right then. Anything you want, come and find me.'

I nodded and he hurried away, taking his life as usual at a trot. Notwithstanding the secretary, a somewhat languid man with a supercilious nose and an indefatigable capacity for accurate detailed work, Jack never quite caught up with what he wanted to do. Flora, his placid wife, had

told me, "It's Jimmy (the secretary) who enters the horses for the races, Jimmy who sends out the bills, Jimmy who runs all the paperwork single-handed, and Jack never so much as has to pick up a postage stamp. It's habit, all this rushing. Just habit.' But she'd spoken fondly, as everyone did, more or less, of Jack Hawthorn: and maybe it was actually the staccato energy of the man which communicated to his horses and set them winning.

He always invited me to his celebrations, either formally or not, partly no doubt so that I should be on the spot to solve any booze-flow problems immediately, but also because I had myself been born into a section of the racing world and was still considered part of it, despite my inexplicable defection into retail liquor.

'Not his father's son,' was how the uncharitable put it. Or more plainly, 'Lacks the family guts.' My father, a soldier, had won both the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Gold Cup, dashing as valiantly into steeplechase fences as he had into enemy territory. His bravery on all battlefields had been awe-inspiring, and he died from a broken neck on Sandown Park racecourse when I was eleven, and watching.

He had been forty-seven at the time and remained, of course, at that age in the racing world's memory, a tall, straight, laughing, reckless man, untouched, it still seemed to me, by the world's woes. No matter that he was not an ideal shape for jockeyship, he had resolutely followed in the wake of his own father, my grandfather, a distant Tiran who had finished second one year in the Grand National before covering himself with military glory in World War One. My grandfather's Victoria Cross lay beside my father's DSO in the display case I had inherited. It was their dash, their flair, their dare-devilment that they had not passed on,

'Are you going to grow up like your father, then?' had been said to me in friendly, expectant fashion countless times through my childhood, and it had only slowly dawned on everyone, as on me, that no, I wasn't. I learned to ride, but without distinction. I went to Wellington, the school for soldiers' sons, but not in turn to Sandhurst to put on uniform myself. My mother too often said, 'Never mind, dear,' suffering many disappointments nobly; and I developed deep powerful feelings of inferiority, which still lingered, defying common sense.

Only with Emma had they retreated to insignificance, but now that she had gone, faint but persistent, they were back. A discarded habit of mind insidiously creeping into unguarded corners. Miserable.

(from *Proof* by Dick Francis)

Comment on the syntactic structure of the passage, on the tropes you come across, etc.

What aim do they serve?

Are there any peculiarities in the text on the morphological level?

## 12.

Delirium brings comfort to the dying. I had lived in an ordered world. Salary had mattered, and timetables. My grandmother belonged there with her fears.

"But isn't there a risk?" she asked.

You bet your life there's a risk.

"No," I said. "No risk."

"Surely flying into a hurricane must be risky?"

"I'll come back safe," I said.

But now, near dead as dammit, I tumbled like a rag-doll piece of flotsam in towering gale-driven seas that sucked unimaginable tons of water from the deeps and hurled them along in liquid mountains faster than a Derby gallop. Sometimes the colossal waves swept me inexorably with them. Sometimes they buried me until my agonized lungs begged the ultimate relief of inhaling anything, even water, when only air would keep the engine turning.



she had been one with the full shock of that arrest. Now she was standing still and the world was going forward, but it did not concern her — in no way or relation did it touch her. She knew this by the ease with which she could slip Michael's name into talk and incline her head to the proper angle, at the proper murmur of sympathy.

In the blessed realization of that relief, the Armistice with all its bells broke over her and passed unheeded. At the end of another year she had overcome her physical loathing of the living and returned young, so that she could take them by the hand and almost sincerely wish them well. She had no interest in any aftermath, national or personal, of the war, but, moving at an immense distance, she sat on various relief committees and held strong views — she heard herself delivering them — about the site of the proposed village War Memorial.

Then there came to her, as next of kin, an official intimation, backed by a page of a letter to her in indelible pencil, a silver identity-disc, and a watch, to the effect that the body of Lieutenant Michael Turrell had been found, identified, and re-interred in Hagenzeele Third Military Cemetery — the letter of the row and the grave's number in that row duly given.

So Helen found herself moved on to another process of the manufacture — to a world full of exultant or broken relatives, now strong in the certainty that there was an altar upon earth where they might lay their love. These soon told her, and by means of time-tables made clear, how easy it was and how little it interfered with life's affairs to go and see one's grave.

"So different," as the Rector's wife said, "if he'd been killed in Mesopotamia, or even Gallipoli."

The agony of being walked upon to some sort of second life drove Helen across the Channel, where, in a new world of abbreviated titles, she learnt that Hagenzeele Third could be comfortably reached by an afternoon train which fitted in with the morning boat, and that there was a comfortable little hotel not three kilometres from Hagenzeele itself, where one could spend quite a comfortable night and see one's grave next morning. All this she had from a Central Authority who lived in a board and tar-paper shed on the skirts of a razed city full of whirling lime-dust and blown papers.

(from *The Gardener* by R. Kipling)

Analyze the text the way you usually do it and you'll see how the linguistic means used by the author help him bring his point home to the reader.

Answer the following questions:

What can you say about the tone of the narration? In what way does the author speak of Michael's death? Does any word in the first paragraph attract your attention and seem incongruous?

What can be said about the point of view adopted by the author? Does it stay the same throughout the whole passage or there are some shifts in the point of view?

Study closely the register of the passage. Are there any shifts in it?

How can you account for the peculiarities you have noticed?

What's the point of comparing Helen to a shell at a munition factory? Does the comparison acquire any special meaning? Does any lexeme acquire any special meaning?

#### 14.

(...) It was Hubert who arranged that they should stay at the mill. One of his friends had once been there with a reading party, and found the place comfortable, secluded, and admirably quiet. Quiet, that is to say, with the special quietness peculiar to mills. For the silence there was

not the silence of night on a mountain; it was a silence made of continuous thunder. At nine o'clock every morning the mill-wheel began to turn, and its roaring never stopped, all day. For the first moment the noise was terrifying, was almost unbearable. Then, after a little, one grew accustomed to it. The thunder became, by reason of its very unintermittence, a perfect silence, wonderfully rich and profound.

At the back of the mill was a little garden hemmed in on three sides by the house, the outhouses, and a high brick wall, and open on the fourth towards the water. Looking over the parapet, Minnie watched it sliding past. It was like a brown snake with arrowy markings on its back; and it crawled, it glided, it slid along for ever. She sat there, waiting; her train, from London, had brought her here soon after lunch; Hubert, coming across country from the Watchetts, would hardly arrive before six. The water flowed beneath her eyes like time, like destiny, smoothly towards some new and violent event.

The immense noise that in this garden was silence enveloped her. Inured, her mind moved in it as though in its native element. From beyond the parapet came the coolness and the weedy smell of water. But if she turned back towards the garden, she breathed at once the hot perfume of sunlight beating on flowers and ripening fruit. In the afternoon sunlight all the world was ripe. The old red house lay there, ripe, like a dropped plum; the walls were riper than the fruits of the nectarine trees so tenderly and neatly crucified on their warm bricks. And that richer silence of the unremitting thunder seemed, as it were, the powdery bloom on a day that had come to exquisite maturity and was hanging, round as a peach and juicy with life and happiness, waiting in the sunshine for the bite of eager teeth. At the heart of this fruit-ripe world Minnie waited. The water flowed towards the wheel; smoothly, smoothly — then it fell, it broke itself to pieces on the turning wheel. And time was sliding onwards, quietly towards an event that would shatter all the smoothness of her life.

."If you really want to go to bed with the young man, go to bed with him." She could hear Helen's clear, shrill voice saying impossible, brutal things. If any one else had said them, she would have run out of the room. But in Helen's mouth they seemed, somehow, so simple, so innocuous, and so true. And yet all that other people had said or implied — at home, at school, among the people she was used to meeting — seemed equally true.

But then, of course, there was love. Hubert had written a Shakespearean sonnet which began:

*"Love hallows all whereon 'tis truly placed,  
Turns dross to gold with one touch of his dart,  
Makes matter mind, extremes! passion chaste,  
And builds a temple in the lustful heart. "*

She thought that very beautiful. And very true. It seemed to throw a bridge between Helen and the other people. Love, true love, made all the difference. It justified. Love— how much, how much she loved! Time passed and the light grew richer as the sun declined out of the height of the sky. The day grew more and more deliciously ripe, swelling with unheard-of sweetness. Over its sun-flushed cheeks the thundery silence of the mill-wheel spread the softest, peachiest of blooms. Minnie sat on the parapet, waiting. Sometimes she looked down at the sliding water, sometimes she turned her eyes towards the garden. Time flowed, but she was now no more afraid of that shattering event that thundered there, in the future. The ripe sweetness of the afternoon seemed to enter into her spirit, filling it to the brim. There was no more room for doubts, or fearful anticipations, or regrets. She was happy. Tenderly, with a tenderness she could not have expressed in words, only with the gentlest of light kisses, with fingers caressingly drawn through the ruffled hair, she thought of Hubert, her Hubert.

Hubert, Hubert.... And suddenly, startlingly, he was standing there at her side. (...)

(from *Hubert and Minnie* by Aldous Huxley)

What point of view is adopted by the author in this passage?

Are there any key-words? How does the author make them noticeable?

Speak of the means of cohesion.

Words of what semantic groups are definitely present in the passage?

Study the style and register of the text, its syntactic structure.

Pay attention to the comparison at the end of the second paragraph. How can you comment on it?

## 15.

You know, this is the first time Tom and I have been with real friends since we were married. I suppose you'll think it's funny for me to call you my friends when we've never met before, but, Tom has talked about you so much and how much he thought of you and how crazy he was to see you and everything — well, it's just as if I'd known you all my life, like he has.

We've got our little crowd out there, play bridge and dance with them; but of course we've only been there three months, at least, I have, and people you've known that length of time, well, it isn't like knowing people all your life, like you and Tom. How often I've heard Tom say he'd give any amount of money to be with Arthur and Helen, and how bored he was out there with just poor little me and his new friends!

Arthur and Helen, Arthur and Helen — he talks about you so much that it's a wonder I'm not jealous; especially of you, Helen. You must have been his real pal when you were kids.

Nearly all of his kid books, they have your name in front — to Thomas Cannon from Helen Bird Strong. This is a wonderful treat for him to see you!

And a treat, for me, too. Just think, I've at last met the wonderful Helen and Arthur! You must forgive me calling you by your first names; that's how I always think of you and I simply can't say Mr. and Mrs. Gratz.

No, thank you, Arthur; no more. Two is my limit and I've already exceeded it, with two cocktails before dinner and now this. But it's a special occasion, meeting Tom's best friends. I bet Tom wishes he could celebrate too, don't you, dear? Of course he could if he wanted to, but when he once makes up his mind to a thing, there's nothing in the world can shake him. He's got the strongest will power of any person I ever saw.

I do think it's wonderful, him staying on the wagon this long, a man that used to — well, you know as well as I do; probably a whole lot better, because you were with him so much in the old days, and all I know is just what he's told me. He told me about once in Pittsburgh — All right, Tommie; I won't say another word. But it's all over now, thank heavens! Not a drop since we've been married; three whole months! And he says it's forever, don't you, dear? Though I don't mind a person drinking if they do it in moderation. But you know Tom! He goes the limit in everything he does. Like he used to in athletics —

All right, dear; I won't make you blush. I know how you hate the limelight. It's terrible, though, not to be able to boast about your own husband. (...)

(from *Who Dealt* by Ring Lardner)

What point of view is adopted by the author in this story?

Is it the same as the first person used in the extracts from the novel by D. Francis or by G. Durrell, or is it different?

Study the syntactic structure of the passage. What impression does the reader get as they read this? How is the effect achieved?

Study the register of the passage. Can you find any tropes in it?

What traits of the narrator's character are revealed in this "monologue"?

## 16.

\* \* \*

(...) Every afternoon, when it got dark enough for a losing team to have an excuse for missing a number of infield pop-ups or end-zone passes, we Comanches relied heavily and selfishly on the Chiefs talent for storytelling. By that hour, we were usually an overheated, irritable bunch and we fought each other - either with our fists or our shrill voices - for the seats in the bus nearest the Chief. (...) The Chief climbed into the bus only after we had settled down. Then he straddled his driver's seat backward and, in his reedy but modulated tenor voice, gave us the new

installment of "The Laughing Man". Once he started narrating, our interest never flagged. "The Laughing Man" was just the right story for a Comanche. It may even have had classic dimensions. It was a story that tended to sprawl all over the place, and yet it remained essentially portable. You could always take it home with you and reflect on it while sitting, say, in the out-going water in the bathtub.

The only son of a wealthy missionary couple, the Laughing Man was kidnapped in infancy by Chinese bandits. When the wealthy missionary couple refused (from a religious conviction) to pay the ransom for their son, the bandits, signally piqued, placed the little fellow's head in a carpenter's vise and gave the appropriate lever several turns to the right. The subject of this unique experience grew into manhood with a hairless, pecan-shaped head and a face that featured, instead of a mouth, an enormous oval cavity below the nose. The nose itself consisted of two flesh-sealed nostrils. In consequence, when the Laughing Man breathed, the hideous, mirthless gap below his nose dilated and contracted like (as I see it) some sort of monstrous vacuole. (The Chief demonstrated, rather than explained, the Laughing Man's respiration method.) Strangers fainted dead away at the sight of the Laughing Man's horrible face. Acquaintances shunned him. Curiously enough, though, the bandits let him hang around their head-quarters - as long as he kept his face covered with a pale-red gossamer mask made out of poppy petals. The mask not only spared the bandits the sight of their foster son's face, it also kept them sensible of his whereabouts; under the circumstances, he reeked of opium.

Every morning, in his extreme loneliness, the Laughing Man stole off (he was as graceful on his feet as a cat) to the dense forest surrounding the bandits' hideout. There he befriended any number and species of animals: dogs, white mice, eagles, lions, boa constrictors, wolves. Moreover, he removed his mask and spoke to them, softly, melodiously, in their own tongues. They did not think him ugly.

(It took the Chief a couple of months to get that far into the story. From there on in, he got more and more high-handed with his installments, entirely to the satisfaction of the Comanches.)

The Laughing Man was one for keeping an ear to the ground, and in no time at all he had picked up the bandits' most valuable trade secrets. He didn't think much of them, though, and briskly set up his own, more effective system. On a rather small scale at first, he began to free-lance around the Chinese countryside, robbing, highjacking, murdering when absolutely necessary. Soon his ingenious criminal methods, coupled with his singular love of fair play, found him a warm place in the nation's heart. Strangely enough, his foster parents (the bandits who had originally turned his head toward crime) were about the last to get wind of his achievements. When they did, they were insanely jealous. They all single-filed past the Laughing Man's bed

one night, thinking they had successfully doped him into a deep sleep, and stabbed at the figure under the covers with their machetes. The victim turned out to be the bandit chief's mother - an unpleasant, haggling sort of person. The event only whetted the bandits' taste for the Laughing Man's blood, and finally he was obliged to lock up the whole bunch of them in a deep but pleasantly decorated mausoleum. They escaped from time to time and gave him a certain amount of annoyance, but he refused to kill them. (There was a compassionate side to the Laughing Man's character that just about drove me crazy.)

Soon the Laughing Man was regularly crossing the Chinese border into Paris, France, where he enjoyed flaunting his high but modest genius in the face of Marcel Dufarge, the internationally famous detective and witty consumptive. Dufarge and his daughter (an exquisite girl, though something of a transvestite) became the Laughing Man's bitterest enemies. Time and again, they tried leading the Laughing Man up the garden path. For sheer sport, the Laughing Man usually went halfway with them, then vanished, often leaving no even faintly credible indication of his escape method. Just now and then he posted an incisive little farewell note in the Paris sewerage system, and it was delivered promptly to Dufarge's boot. The Dufarges spent an enormous amount of time sloshing around in the Paris sewers. Soon the Laughing Man had amassed the largest personal fortune in the world. Most of it he contributed anonymously to the monks of a local monastery - humble ascetics who had dedicated their lives to raising German police dogs. What was left of his fortune, the Laughing Man converted into diamonds, which he lowered casually, in emerald vaults, into the Black Sea. His personal wants were few. He subsisted exclusively on rice and eagles' blood, in a tiny cottage with an underground gymnasium and shooting range, on the stormy coast of Tibet. Four blindly loyal confederates lived with him: a glib timber wolf named Black Wing, a lovable dwarf named Omba, a giant Mongolian named Hong, whose tongue had been burned out by white men, and a gorgeous Eurasian girl, who, out of unrequited love for the Laughing Man and deep concern for his personal safety, sometimes had a pretty sticky attitude toward crime. The Laughing Man issued his orders to the crew through a black silk screen. Not even Omba, the lovable dwarf, was permitted to see his face.

I'm not saying I will, but I could go on for hours escorting the reader - forcibly, if necessary - back and forth across the Paris-Chinese border. I happen to regard the Laughing Man as some kind of super-distinguished ancestor of mine - a sort of Robert E. Lee, say, with the ascribed virtues held under water or blood. And this illusion is only a moderate one compared to the one I had in 1928, when I regarded myself not only as the Laughing Man's direct descendant but as his only legitimate living one. I was not even my parents' son in 1928 but a devilishly smooth impostor, awaiting their

slightest blunder as an excuse to move in - preferably without violence, but not necessarily - to assert my true identity. As a precaution against breaking my bogus mother's heart, I planned to take her into my underworld employ in some undefined but appropriately regal, capacity. But the *main* thing I had to do in 1928 was watch my step. Play along with the farce. Brush my teeth. Comb my hair. At all costs, stifle my natural hideous laughter. Actually, I was not the only legitimate living descendant of the Laughing Man. There were twenty-five Comanches in the Club, or twenty-five legitimate living descendants of the Laughing Man - all of us circulating ominously, and incognito, throughout the city, sizing up elevator operators as potential arch-enemies, whispering side-of-the-mouth but fluent orders into the ears of cocker spaniels, drawing beads, with index fingers, on the foreheads of arithmetic teachers. And always waiting, waiting for a decent chance to strike terror and admiration in the nearest mediocre heart. (...)

(from *The Laughing Man* by J.D. Salinger)

What type of text is this?

Does the register remain the same in all parts of the text?

What do you think of the story of the Laughing Man?

What, in your opinion, does the narrator think of it?

What do the Comanches think of it? How do you know?

Does it matter for the story?

How are these opinions reflected in the register?

What point of view has the author adopted in the story?

How is the story of the Laughing Man connected with the story of Comanches?

How many time-planes are present in the passage?

What stylistic devices have you noticed?

Have you noticed any unusual collocations?

## 17.

William Pearl did not leave a great deal of money when he died, and his will was a simple one. With the exception of a few small bequests to relatives, he left all his property to his wife.

The solicitor and Mrs. Pearl went over it together in the solicitor's office, and when the business was completed, the widow got up to leave. At that point, the solicitor took a sealed envelope from the folder on his desk and held it out to his client.

«I have been instructed to give you this,» he said. «Your husband sent it to us shortly before he passed away.» The solicitor was pale and prim, and out of respect for a widow he kept his head on one side as he spoke, looking downward. «It appears that it might be something personal, Mrs. Pearl. No doubt you'd like to take it home with you and read it in privacy.»

Mrs. Pearl accepted the envelope and went out into the street. She paused on the pavement, feeling the thing with her fingers. A letter of farewell from William? Probably, yes. A formal letter. It was bound to be formal — stiff and formal. The man was incapable of acting otherwise. He had never done anything informal in his life.

My dear Mary, I trust that you will not permit my departure from this world to upset you too much, but that you will continue to observe those precepts which have guided you so well during our partnership together. Be diligent and dignified in all things. Be thrifty with your money. Be very careful that you do not... et cetera, et cetera.

A typical William letter.

Or was it possible that he might have broken down at the last moment and written her something beautiful? Maybe this was a beautiful tender message, a sort of love letter, a lovely warm note of thanks to her for giving him thirty years of her life and for ironing a million shirts and cooking a million meals and making a million beds, something that she could read over and over again, once a day at least, and she would keep it for ever in the box on the dressing-table together with her brooches.

There is no knowing what people will do when they are about to die, Mrs. Pearl told herself, and she tucked the envelope under her arm and hurried home.

She let herself in the front door and went straight to the living-room and sat down on the sofa without removing her hat or coat. Then she opened the envelope and drew out the contents. These consisted, she saw, of some fifteen or twenty sheets of lined white paper, folded over once and held together at the top left-hand corner by a clip. Each sheet was covered with the small, neat, forward-sloping writing that she knew so well, but when she noticed how much of it there was, and in what a neat businesslike manner it was written, and how the first page didn't even begin in the nice way a letter should, she began to get suspicious.

She looked away. She lit herself a cigarette. She took one puff and laid the cigarette in the ash-tray.

If this is about what I am beginning to suspect it is about, she told herself, then I don't want to read it.

Can one refuse to read a letter from the dead?

Yes.

Well...

She glanced over at William's empty chair on the other side of the fireplace. It was a big brown leather armchair, and there was a depression on the seat of it, made by his buttocks

over the years. Higher up, on the backrest, there was a dark oval stain on the leather where his head had rested. He used to sit reading in that chair and she would be opposite him on the sofa, sewing on buttons or mending socks or putting a patch on the elbow of one of his jackets, and every now and then a pair of eyes would glance up from the book and settle on her, watchful, but strangely impersonal, as if calculating something. She had never liked those eyes. They were ice blue, cold, small, and rather close together, with two deep vertical lines of disapproval dividing them. All her life they had been watching her. And even now, after a week alone in the house, she sometimes had an uneasy feeling that they were still there, following her around, staring at her from doorways, from empty chairs, through a window at night. (...)

(from *William and Mary* by R. Dahl)

Comment on the point of view adopted by the author. Are there any shifts in it?  
Are there any register shifts in the passage?  
Analyze the text the way you usually do it.

## 18.

'What's it going to be then, eh?'

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is Pete, Georgie, and Dim, Dim being really dim, and we sat in the Korova Milkbar making up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening, a flip dark chill winter bastard though dry. The Korova Milkbar was a milk-plus mesto, and you may, O my brothers, have forgotten what these mestos were like, things changing so skorry these days and everybody very quick to forget, newspapers not being read much neither. Well, what they sold there was milk plus something else. They had no licence for selling liquor, but there was no law yet against prodding some of the new vesh-ches which they used to put into the old moloko, so you could peet it with vellocet or synthemesc or dren-crom or one or two other veshches which would give you a nice quiet horrorshow fifteen minutes admiring Bog And All His Holy Angels and Saints in your left shoe with lights bursting all over your mozg. Or you could peet milk with knives in it, as we used to say, and this would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of dirty twenty-to-one, and that was what we were peeing this evening I'm starting off the story with.

Our pockets were full of deng, so there was no real need from the point of view of crasting any more pretty polly to tolchock some old veck in an alley and vidy him swim in his blood while we counted the takings and divided by four, nor to do the ultra-violent

on some shivering starry grey-haired ptitsa in a shop and go smecking off with the till's guts. But, as they say, money isn't everything.

The four of us were dressed in the height of fashion, which in those days was a pair of black very tight tights with the old jelly mould, as we called it, fitting on the crotch underneath the tights, this being to protect and also a sort of a design you could viddy clear enough in a certain light, so that I had one in the shape of a spider. Pete had a rooker (a hand, that is), Georgie had a very fancy one of a flower, and poor old Dim had a very hound-and-horny one of a clowns litso (face, that is). Dim not ever having much of an idea of things and being, beyond all shadow of a doubting thomas<sup>1</sup>, the dimmest of we four. Then we wore waisty jackets without lapels but with these very big built-up shoul-ders ('pletchoes' we called them) which were a kind of a mockery of having real shoulders like that. Then, my brothers, we had these off-white cravats which looked like whipped-up kartoffel or spud with a sort of a design made on it with a fork. We wore our hair not too long and we had flip horrorshow boots for kicking.

'What's it going to be then, eh?'

There were three devotchkas sitting at the counter all together, but there were four of us malchicks and it was usually like one for all and all for one. These sharps were dressed in the heighth of fashion too, with purple and green and orange wigs on their gullivers, each one not costing less than three or four weeks of those sharps' wages, I should reckon, and make-up to match (rainbows round the glazzies, that is, and the rot painted very wide). Then they had long black very straight dresses, and on the groody part of them they had little badges of like silver with different malchicks' names on them — Joe and Mike and suchlike. These were supposed to be the names of the different malchicks they'd spat with before they were fourteen. They kept looking our way and I nearly felt like saying the three of us (out of the corner of my rot, that is) should go off for a bit of pol and leave poor old Dim behind, because it would be just a matter of kupetting Dim a demi-litre of white but this time with a dollop of synthemesc in it, but that wouldn't really have been playing like the game. Dim was very very ugly and like his name, but he was a horrorshow filthy fighter and very handy with the boot.

'What' s it going to be then, eh?'

The chelloveck sitting next to me, there being this long big plushy seat that ran round three walls, was well away with his glazzies glazed and sort of burbling slovos like 'Aristotle wishy washy works outing cyclamen get forfculate smartish'<sup>1</sup>. He was in the land all right, well away, in orbit, and I knew what it was like, having tried it like everybody else had done, but at this time I'd got to thinking it was a cowardly sort of a veshch, O my brothers.

(from *A Clockwork Orange* by A. Burgess)

Make morphological, stylistical and syntactic analysis of the text.  
What is the most striking feature of the passage? How can you account for it?  
Isn't there more to it than meets the eye?  
What significance is attached to the first sentence repeated in the middle and at the end of the passage?

**19.**

It is, of course, already too late. The very fact that you have picked up this book means that you are already in St. Petersburg, already exposed, already in the field of danger. The next plane out does not leave for at least another few days. It's too late to turn back. They should have warned you.

How are you feeling right now? Shaky on the feet? Disorientated? Appetite failing? And you didn't even drink anything last night? I thought so. Well, not to worry: your symptoms are at an early stage; things can only get worse.

They really should have warned you. No doubt you read the newspaper stories painting this city as something worse than Chicago in the 30s: mafiosi, gang warfare, street shootings, an array of violence spiced up by that picturesquely Russian touch - the casual or unmotivated killing in a dimly-lit doorway, done for the chance of a few dollars or for no gain at all. Impressive news-material, and some of it is even true. But what the papers neglect to say is that this sort of fun is mostly for the locals; visitors are rarely affected. Go to New York or White Hart Lane on a Saturday afternoon and your chances of becoming the passive element in a piece of violent action will improve dramatically.

The real dangers for the visitor to St. Petersburg come from other directions. Did anyone tell you that this city is infectious? That it does things to the brain? That it acts degeneratively upon the muscles and loosens the mouth? That it breeds literature and other nonsense faster than London does rats? Was any mention made of the danger of drinking in St. Petersburg? Was any microsyllable breathed about the greater danger involved in not drinking here? Did anyone dare inform you that St. Petersburg is not really a city after all, but a state of mind? A diseased, unbalanced, potentially highly dangerous state of mind.

It would have been wiser, no doubt, never to have set foot here. But, now that you have, it is too late to turn back. So do the next best thing: find out about the other, the real St. Petersburg.

[...]

(from *The Other St. Petersburg* by John Nicolson)

Speculate about the genre of the text.  
What specific features of the text can you point out  
- on the syntactic level? Pay attention to the syntactic pattern of the second and the fourth paragraphs.  
- on the lexical level? Are there any unusual collocations in the text?  
- on the stylistical level? Find the means of lexical cohesion.

Pay attention to the words/ roots repeated in the passage. Do they undergo any metamorphosis?

What's the general tone of the passage? Is it always the same?

What's the author's attitude

to the tourist he addresses?

to the newspapers?

to St. Petersburg?

How does he make it clear?

Who does the pronoun "they" in the sentence "They should have warned you." refer to? Can you find the referent in the text?

What kind of information prevails in the passage – cognitive or emotional?

## 20.

In the following extracts from "Heart of Darkness" by J. Conrad there are few events, and much more is implied than explicitly stated.

Try to think of what is implied rather than said. Reading the extracts don't try to guess what the author meant but analyze the passages basing yourself on what you can see there.

### I.

What type of text is this?

What's the general mood of the text? How is it created?

Find words belonging to two contrasting lexico-semantic/ thematic groups.

The *Nellie*, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea—reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished spars. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The

water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

## II.

Think about the means of lexical cohesion used in this passage.

How is the atmosphere of the third paragraph different from that of the fourth paragraph?

What lexical means help to create this difference?

Find an extended metaphor in the second paragraph. What role does it play in the passage?

What image seems likely to acquire a symbolic meaning?

In what meaning is the noun "darkness" used in the passage?

Comment on the syntax of the passage.

Comment on the stylistical peculiarities of the passage.

"I don't want to bother you much with what happened to me personally," he began, showing in this remark the weakness of many tellers of tales who seem so often unaware of what their audience would best like to hear; "yet to understand the effect of it on me you ought to know how I got out there, what I saw, how I went up that river to the place where I first met the poor chap. It was the farthest point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me — and into my thoughts. It was sombre enough, too — and pitiful — not extraordinary in any way — not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a kind of light.

"I had then, as you remember, just returned to London after a lot of Indian Ocean, Pacific, China Seas — a regular dose of the East - six years or so, and I was loafing about, hindering you fellows in your work and invading your homes, just as though I had got a heavenly mission to civilize you. It was very fine for a time, but after a bit I did get tired of resting. Then I began to look for a ship - I should think the hardest work on earth. But the ships wouldn't even look at me. And I got tired of that game, too.

"Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would put my finger on it and say, When I grow up I will go there. The North Pole was one of these places, I remember. Well, I haven't been there yet, and shall not try

now. The glamour's off. Other places were scattered about the Equator, and in every sort of latitude all over the two hemispheres. I have been in some of them, and ... well, we won't talk about that. But there was one yet — the biggest, the most blank, so to speak — that I had a hankering after.

"True, by this time it was not a blank space any more. It had got filled since my boyhood with rivers and lakes and names. It had ceased to be a blank space of delightful mystery — a white patch for a boy to dream gloriously over. It had become a place of darkness. But there was in it one river especially, a mighty big river, that you could see on the map, resembling an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast country, and its tail lost in the depths of the land. And as I looked at the map of it in a shop—window, it fascinated me as a snake would a bird — a silly little bird. Then I remembered there was a big concern, a Company for trade on that river. Dash it all! I thought to myself, they can't trade without using some kind of craft on that lot of fresh water - steamboats! Why shouldn't I try to get charge of one? I went on along Fleet Street, but could not shake off the idea. The snake had charmed me.

### III.

Comment on the syntactic pattern of the passage.

What images acquire a symbolic meaning here? How is the effect achieved?

Have you come across any familiar images, already used by the author in the previous passage?

What's the point of using them again?

Are there any unusual collocations in the passage?

What aim do they serve?

Find an instance of intertextuality.

How is the atmosphere of the passage created?

"A narrow and deserted street in deep shadow, high houses, innumerable windows with Venetian blinds, a dead silence, grass sprouting between the stones, imposing carriage archways right and left, immense double doors standing ponderously ajar. I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and ungarnished staircase, as arid as a desert, and opened the first door I came to. Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me - still knitting with down-cast eyes - and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word - and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colours of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red — good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into

any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the centre. And the river was there - fascinating - deadly - like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. *Bon voyage*,

"In about forty—five seconds I found myself again in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I undertook amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to.

"I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am not used to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy - I don't know - something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly. People were arriving, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me, too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinizing the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. Ave! Old knitter of black wool. *Morituri te salutant*. Not many of those she looked at ever saw her again - not half, by a long way.

#### IV.

Comment on the peculiarities of the passage on the phonetic/ morphological/ lexical/ syntactic/ stylistical levels.

Speculate on the implications of the expression "to levy toll".

Find an oxymoron in the text.

" I left in a French steamer, and she called in every blamed port they have out there, for, as far as I could see, the sole purpose of landing soldiers and custom—house officers. I watched the coast. Watching a coast as it slips by the ship is like thinking about an enigma. There it is before you — smiling, frowning, inviting, grand, mean, insipid, or savage, and always mute with an air of whispering. Come and find out. This one was almost featureless, as if still in the making, with an aspect of

monotonous grimness. The edge of a colossal jungle, so dark-green as to be almost black, fringed with white surf, ran straight, like a ruled line, far, far away along a blue sea whose glitter was blurred by a creeping mist. The sun was fierce, the land seemed to glisten and drip with steam. Here and there greyish-whitish specks showed up clustered inside the white surf, with a flag flying above them perhaps. Settlements some centuries old, and still no bigger than pinheads on the untouched expanse of their background. We pounded along, stopped, landed soldiers; went on, landed custom-house clerks to levy toll in what looked like a God-forsaken wilderness, with a tin shed and a flag-pole lost in it; landed more soldiers - to take care of the custom-house clerks, presumably. Some, I heard, got drowned in the surf; but whether they did or not, nobody seemed particularly to care. They were just flung out there, and on we went. Every day the coast looked the same, as though we had not moved; but we passed various places -trading places — with names - like Gran' Bassam, Little Popo; names that seemed to belong to some sordid farce acted in front of a sinister back-cloth. The idleness of a passenger, my isolation amongst all these men with whom I had no point of contact, the oily and languid sea, the uniform sombreness of the coast, seemed to keep me away from the truth of things, within the toil of a mournful and senseless delusion. The voice of the surf now and then was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother. It was something natural, that had its reason, that had a meaning. Now and then a boat from the shore gave one a momentary contact with reality. It was paddled by black fellows. You could see from afar the white of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks — these chaps; but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality, an intense energy of movement, that was as natural and true as the surf along their coast. They wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at. For a time I would feel I belonged still to a world of straight-forward facts; but the feeling would not last long. Something would turn up to scare it away. Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on thereabouts. Her ensign dropped limp like a rag; the muzzles of the long six—inch guns stuck out all over the low hull; the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily and let her down, swaying her thin masts. In the empty immensity of earth, sky, and water, there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop, would go one of the six-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech - and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives — he called them enemies! — hidden out of sight somewhere.

## V.

Define the type of the text.

Comment on the syntactic structure of the passage. How do you account for the unique pattern used by the author? What aim does it serve?

Is the sentence "Camp, cook, sleep, strike camp, march." a chain of nouns or verbs, in your opinion?

How do you account for the noun "niggers" used in the passage? Does it show the author is prejudiced against black people? Justify your opinion.

What can you say about the general mood and tone of the passage?

(...) Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of sixty men, for a two-hundred-mile tramp.

No use telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped-in network of paths spreading over the empty land, through long grass, through burnt grass, through thickets, down and up chilly ravines, up and down stony hills ablaze with heat; and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not a hut. The population had cleared out a long time ago. Well, if a lot of mysterious niggers armed with all kinds of fearful weapons suddenly took to travelling on the road between Deal and Gravesend, catching the yokels right and left to carry heavy loads for them, I fancy every farm and cottage thereabouts would get empty very soon. Only here the dwellings were gone, too. Still I passed through several abandoned villages. There's something pathetically childish in the ruins of grass walls. Day after day, with the stamp and shuffle of sixty pair of bare feet behind me, each pair under a 60-lb. load. Camp, cook, sleep, strike camp, march. Now and then a carrier dead in harness, at rest in the long grass near the path, with an empty water-gourd and his long staff lying by his side. A great silence around and above. Perhaps on some quiet night the tremor of far-off drums, sinking, swelling, a tremor vast, faint; a sound weird, appealing, suggestive, and wild - and perhaps with as profound a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country. Once a white man in an unbuttoned uniform, camping on the path with an armed escort of lank Zanzibaris, very hospitable and festive — not to say drunk. Was looking after the upkeep of the road, he declared. Can't say I saw any road or any upkeep, unless the body of a middle-aged negro, with a bullet-hole in the forehead, upon which I absolutely stumbled three miles farther on, may be considered as a permanent improvement. I had a white companion, too, not a bad chap, but rather too fleshy and with the exasperating habit of fainting on the hot hillsides, miles away from the least bit of shade and water. Annoying, you know, to hold your own coat like a parasol over a man's head while he is coming-to. I couldn't help asking him once what he meant by coming there at all. "To make money, of course. What do you think?" he said, scornfully. Then he got fever, and had to be carried in a hammock slung under a pole. As he weighed sixteen stone I had no end of rows with the carriers.

## VI. HOME TASK

"In a few days the Eldorado Expedition went into the patient wilderness, that closed upon it as the sea closes over a diver. Long afterwards the news came that all the donkeys were dead. I know nothing as to the fate of the less valuable animals. They, no doubt, like the rest of us, found what they deserved. I did not inquire. I was then rather excited at the prospect of meeting Kurtz very soon. When I say very soon I mean it comparatively. It was just two months from the day we left the creek when we came to the bank below Kurtz's station.

" Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, darted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once somewhere - far away - in another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but it came in the share of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. I got used to it afterwards; I did not see it any more; I had no time. I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved by a fluke some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tin-pot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims; I had to keep a look-out for the signs of dead wood we could cut up in the night for next day's steaming. When you have to attend to things of that sort, to the mere incidents of the surface, the reality — the reality, I tell you - fades. The inner truth is hidden - luckily, luckily. But I felt it all the same: I felt often its mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks, just as it watches you fellows performing on your respective tightropes for - what is it? half-a-crown a tumble - "

### 21.

It seemed impossible that anyone should be unhappy on such a beautiful morning. Nobody was, decided Edna, except herself. The windows were flung wide in the houses. From within there came the sound of pianos, little hands chased after each other and ran away from each other,

practising scales. The trees fluttered in the sunny gardens, all bright with spring flowers. Street boys whistled, a little dog barked; people passed by, walking so lightly, so swiftly, they looked as though they wanted to break into a run. Now she actually saw in the distance a parasol, peach-coloured, the first parasol of the year.

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

An awful thing had happened. Quite suddenly, at the theatre last night, when she and Jimmy were seated side by side in the dress-circle, without a moment's warning—in fact, she had just finished a chocolate almond and passed the box to him again—she had fallen in love with an actor. But - fallen—in—love....

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

The play had begun fairly cheerfully. That was at the chocolate almond stage. Then the hero had gone blind. Terrible moment! Edna had cried so much she had to borrow Jimmy's folded, smooth-feeling handkerchief as well. Not that crying mattered. Whole rows were in tears. Even the men blew their noses with a loud trumpeting noise and tried to peer at the programme instead of looking at the stage. Jimmy, most mercifully dry-eyed—for what would she have done without his handkerchief?—squeezed her free hand, and whispered "Cheer up, darling girl!" And it was then she had taken a last chocolate almond to please him and passed the box again. Then there had been that ghastly

(from *Taking the Veil* by Katherine Mansfield)

What atmosphere prevails in the first two paragraphs? How is the effect achieved?

What role does the word "unhappy" play in the creation of this atmosphere?

Do you believe that Edna is really unhappy?

Speculate on the role of the third and fourth paragraphs. Whose attitude is expressed in the third paragraph? How is it achieved?

Are there any discrepancies in the paragraph?

Does the reader believe in Edna's unhappiness?

Does anything in the reader's attitude change after the fourth paragraph? Whose attitude does the paragraph express?

Speculate on the role of two last paragraphs. What devices are used by the author to show Edna's feelings?

What's the effect of the passage on the reader?