

**ПРАКТИКУМ
ПО СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКОМУ АНАЛИЗУ
(АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК)**

Учебно-методическое пособие для практических занятий

**КАЗАНСКИЙ ФЕДЕРАЛЬНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ
ИНСТИТУТ ФИЛОЛОГИИ И МЕЖКУЛЬТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ**

Кафедра романо-германской филологии

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Учебно-методическое пособие разработано в соответствии с основными разделами курса «Стилистика английского языка», изучаемого студентами-филологами языковых вузов. На объёмном практическом материале практикум последовательно тренирует навыки стилистического анализа текста по принципу от простого к сложному – от отдельных предложений и отрывков из художественных произведений до более объёмных текстов в виде глав из романов и рассказов. В качестве подготовки к многоаспектному стилистическому анализу художественного текста предлагается повторение функций фигур речи, стилистической дифференциации лексического состава английского языка, экспрессивных синтаксических, лексических и фонетических средств. В Приложениях практикума представлена необходимая терминология и рекомендуемый пошаговый алгоритм написания стилистического анализа текста.

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PART I. STYLISTIC USE OF ENGLISH VOCABULARY

1.1. Denotative and Connotative Meanings in the Word

Connotation and denotation in the meaning of a word represent two interconnected elements, i.e. the connotative meaning of a word exists together with the denotative meaning(s).

Denotation represents the explicit or referential meaning of a sign, refers to the literal meaning of a word, which is reflected in its 'dictionary definition'. **Connotation** represents different social overtones, cultural implications, emotional, expressive or evaluative meanings associated with the word.

E.g.: The **aroma** of freshly baked bread beckoned us to the bakery. ('aroma': denotation 'smell', connotation 'a strong, pleasant smell', positive emotive connotation).

Exercise 1. *Analyse the sentences and pick out the words with connotative meaning. State and compare the denotative and connotative meanings of these words. How does the connotative meaning affect the perception of the whole sentence (situation)?*

1. Even the most jaded of tourists cannot visit ancient Greece's most iconic attraction without being awestruck.

2. Those joining the privileged few at the top of the firm have been responsible for some of the company's greatest successes.

3. After slaving away for fourteen years all he gets is two thousand!

4. The Art of Political Storytelling – how leaders win hearts. Philip Seargeant tells the story of a political system shaped by a familiar story of heroes and monsters.

5. The old steel mill was a dinosaur that cost the company millions to operate.

6. I don't want your father to think that I'm keeping you in a pigsty.

7. In this changeable world I have to be flexible little fox.

8. However, since around the year 1980 the earth's heartbeat began to speed up.

9. Philip Swallow rented an apartment in the top half of a two-storey house high up on Pythagoras Drive, one of many classically named but

romantically-contoured residential roads that corkscrewed their way up and around the verdant hills of Plotinus, Euph. (D. Lodge)

10. As Euphoric State's resident novelist, Garth Robinson, was in fact very rarely resident, orbiting the University in an almost unbroken cycle of grants, fellowships, leaves of absence and alcoholic cures, the teaching of English 305 usually fell to some unwilling and unqualified member of the regular teaching staff. (D. Lodge)

11. "Autobiographical?" Philip scrutinized the young man, narrowing his eyes and cocking his head to one side. (D. Lodge)

12. She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. (J. Joyce)

13. He listened to the sound of her high heels fleeting down the corridor. (D. Lodge)

14. "Isn't Mr. Boon with you?" was his hostess's first question (...) Her eyes raked him from head to foot as though she suspected that he had concealed Boon somewhere on his person. Philip assured her that he had passed on the invitation, as Hogan himself loomed up and crunched Philip's fingers in a huge, horny handclasp. (D. Lodge)

15. She shot him a shrewd glance. (D. Lodge)

16. His mother bombarded him with questions as usual. How was his chest? Was he still working hard? Was he cooking himself proper meals? Had he heard from Troy? Why had he shaved off his moustache? It was cold, was he wearing a vest? Had he visited Jethroe's grave? Did he want a hot drink? (S. Townsend)

1.2. The Stylistic Potential of Some Word-Building Patterns

Exercise 2. Analyse the stylistic potential of word-building suffixes in the suggested examples. State whether they develop positive or negative connotation.

1. I fear that ***hellish*** travel and traffic problems also occur.

2. Don't "Yes, ma'am" me with your ***sheepish*** charm.

3. What a *honey-moonish* behavior!

4. Not very talkative is she? – A bit *stand-offish*...

5. He is nothing but a *fearmonger* who pulls readers with sensational headlines.

6. Lockhart had called Keats a “vulgar cockney *poetaster*,” due to what Lockhart considered to be Keats’ relative lack of literary education.

7. Already Internet *nogoodniks* are taking advantage of the exploit.

8. It would seem that you young people are bolder than an *oldster* like myself.

9. Ludwig Erhard is said to have been the ‘father’ of the economic miracle – in reality he was an incompetent economist, a *profiteer* in the Third Reich and a liar.

10. This illustrates how irresponsible *state-mongers* could be.

11. I hope you weren’t one of these *proudlings*!

12. For years, the British have given asylum to radicals from North Africa and the Middle East. Spooks from other countries scoff about “*Londonistan*”, but there has been a method to British tolerance, at least up until now. (Newsweek)

13. “That’s just it,” Pyle said. “You should be against the French. Their *colonialism*.” – “*Isms* and *ocracies*. Give me facts.” (G. Greene)

14. The only thing that makes me *unhappy* is that I’m making you *unhappy*.

15. He said it was some brainless *beastie* and that he’d take care of it.

Exercise 3. Read the sentences that illustrate the use of blends in modern English. Trace the etymology of the blends and explain which word they (might) originate from. Explain the meaning and stylistic potential of the blends in the given contexts. Translate the sentences into the Russian language.

E.g.: If Clacton has problems, they are caused by the *chumocracy* in Westminster of which you are a part.

Chumocracy: a derogatory term for a ruling elite that is made up of people from the same social background who went to the same schools and universities and know each other socially. Originates from the noun ‘democracy’, in which the morpheme -ocracy becomes a combining form in other words, such as ‘chumocracy’ (chum + democracy) or aggressocracy (aggressive + democracy). The use of a blend makes the sentence more emphatic and emotional, accurately suggesting the derogatory remark.

1. First viewed with suspicion, chocolate became medicine and finally turned thousands into *chocoholics*.

2. With frightful story tellers, scary pumpkin decor and fun filled mask making sessions, creepy has a whole new meaning in the *Chicagoween* Franken Plaza.

3. Why *Trumponomics* cannot make America great again (newspaper article headline).

4. We at *Yogatainment* believe that one size does not fit all. We suggest a beautiful amalgamation of Yoga, dance, art, talk therapy, nutrition and so much more.

5. The world’s largest annual fundraising *swimathon* is BACK this May with a challenge for everyone.

6. Healthy living, nutrition, family, friendships, balance and a passion for life are the inspirations behind the development of *Sea-licious* omega oils.

7. This *babynastics* program is driven by proactive play, to help guide parents and their children in navigating social, emotional, and physical milestones.

8. *Blogpreneurs* are all over the web, and it’s very likely you visit a number of their websites each day either when researching business tips, or during leisurely web browsing.

9. *Edutopia* produces a series titled “Schools That Work” which tells about programs and colleges that are improving the ways in which students learn. The series focuses on evidence-based successes and uses how-to videos and tip lists to help develop educational leadership.

10. *Insectageddon* – what's happening to bees and other insects? If we lose the insects then everything is going to collapse.

1.3. *Analysing Vocabulary in Written Texts*

Exercise 4. Read the following extracts from the novel “The Goldfinch” by Donna Tart, and analyse how vocabulary used by the writer helps to describe the grief of the main character, a teenager, whose mother died in an explosion at the museum. Make a list of words that depict the teenager’s feelings in a deeper and more emotional way.

Extract 1. “Well then,” he said, running a hand through his hair and cutting his eyes anxiously towards the door. “I’ll leave you now. Hell of a thing that’s happened, good Lord. You must be feeling awfully rough. A good solid sleep will be the best thing in the world for you. Are you tired?” he said, looking at me closely. Was I? I was wide awake, and yet part of me was so glassed-off and numb I was practically in a coma.

Extract 2. I accepted all this counsel politely, with a glassy smile and a glaring sense of unreality. Many adults seemed to interpret this numbness as a positive sign; I remember particularly Mr. Beeman (an overly clipped Brit in a dumb tweed motoring cap, whom despite his solicitude I had come to hate, irrationally, as an agent of my mother’s death) complimenting me on my maturity and informing me that I seemed to be “coping awfully well.” And maybe I was coping awfully well, I don’t know. Certainly I wasn’t howling aloud or punching my fist through windows or doing any of the things I imagined people might do who felt as I did. But sometimes, unexpectedly, grief pounded over me in waves that left me gasping; and when the waves washed back, I found myself looking out over a brackish wreck which was illumined in a light so lucid, so heartsick and empty, that I could hardly remember that the world had ever been anything but dead.

Extract 3. I felt better knowing he was only a bus ride away, a straight shot down Fifth Avenue; and in the night when I woke up jarred and panicked, the explosion plunging through me all over again, sometimes I could lull myself back to sleep by thinking of his house, where without even realizing it you slipped away sometimes into 1850, a world of ticking clocks and creaking floorboards, copper pots and baskets of turnips and onions in the kitchen, candle flames leaning all to the left in the draft of an opened door and tall parlor windows billowing and swagged like ball gowns, cool quiet rooms where old things slept.

Extract 4. Unknown streets, incomprehensible turns, anonymous distances. I'd stopped even trying to read the street signs or keep track of where we were. Of everything around me – of all I could see – the only point of reference was the moon, riding high above the clouds, which though bright and full seemed weirdly unstable somehow, void of gravity, not the pure anchoring moon of the desert but more like a party trick that might pop out at a conjurer's wink or else float away into the darkness and out of sight. (from *"The Goldfinch"* by T. Donna)

Exercise 5. Read the beginning of a story *"The Marionettes"* by O. Henry, in which the main character Dr. James lives a double life. A doctor by day, he gains and betrays his patients' confidence to learn where they hide their valuables. By night, he uses his deft hands and tools to break into their houses and steal their possessions. Make a list of vocabulary, filling the table below. Analyse the stylistic value of the vocabulary and the way the character is depicted. What is the prevailing mood?

<i>Vocabulary related to medicine</i>	<i>Vocabulary related to crime</i>	<i>Vocabulary that describes the weather</i>	<i>The prevailing mood</i>
medicine case doctor	suspect burglar	cold drizzling	

The policeman was standing at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and a prodigiously dark alley near where the elevated railroad crosses the street. The time was two o'clock in the morning; the outlook a stretch of cold, drizzling, unsociable blackness until the dawn.

A man, wearing a long overcoat, with his hat tilted down in front, and carrying something in one hand, walked softly but rapidly out of the black alley. The policeman accosted him civilly, but with the assured air that is linked with conscious authority. The hour, the alley's musty reputation, the pedestrian's haste, the burden he carried – these easily combined into the “suspicious circumstances” that required illumination at the officer's hands.

The “suspect” halted readily and tilted back his hat, exposing, in the flicker of the electric lights, an emotionless, smooth countenance with a rather long nose and steady dark eyes. Thrusting his gloved hand into a side pocket of his overcoat, he drew out a card and handed it to the policeman. Holding it to catch the uncertain light, the officer read the name “Charles Spencer James, M.D.” The street and number of the address were of a neighborhood so solid and respectable as to subdue even curiosity. The policeman's downward glance at the article carried in the doctor's hand – a handsome medicine case of black leather, with small silver mountings – further endorsed the guarantee of the card.

“All right, doctor,” said the officer, stepping aside, with an air of bulky affability. “Orders are to be extra careful. Good many burglars and hold-ups lately. Bad night to be out. Not so cold, but – clammy.”

With a formal inclination of his head, and a word or two corroborative of the officer's estimate of the weather, Doctor James continued his somewhat rapid progress. Three times that night had a patrolman accepted his professional card and the sight of his paragon of a medicine case as vouchers for his honesty of person and purpose. Had any one of those officers seen fit, on the morrow, to test the evidence of that card he would have found it borne out by the doctor's name on a handsome doorplate, his presence, calm and well dressed, in his well-equipped office – provided it

were not too early, Doctor James being a late riser – and the testimony of the neighborhood to his good citizenship, his devotion to his family, and his success as a practitioner the two years he had lived among them.

Therefore, it would have much surprised any one of those zealous guardians of the peace could they have taken a peep into that immaculate medicine case. Upon opening it, the first article to be seen would have been an elegant set of the latest conceived tools used by the “box man,” as the ingenious safe burglar now denominates himself. Specially designed and constructed were the implements – the short but powerful “jimmy,” the collection of curiously fashioned keys, the blued drills and punches of the finest temper – capable of eating their way into chilled steel as a mouse eats into a cheese, and the clamps that fasten like a leech to the polished door of a safe and pull out the combination knob as a dentist extracts a tooth. In a little pouch in the inner side of the “medicine” case was a four-ounce vial of nitroglycerine, now half empty. Underneath the tools was a mass of crumpled banknotes and a few handfuls of gold coin, the money, altogether, amounting to eight hundred and thirty dollars.

To a very limited circle of friends Doctor James was known as “The Swell ‘Greek.’” Half of the mysterious term was a tribute to his cool and gentlemanlike manners; the other half denoted, in the argot of the brotherhood, the leader, the planner, the one who, by the power and prestige of his address and position, secured the information upon which they based their plans and desperate enterprises.

Of this elect circle the other members were Skitsie Morgan and Gum Decker, expert “box men,” and Leopold Pretzfelder, a jeweller downtown, who manipulated the “sparklers” and other ornaments collected by the working trio. All good and loyal men, as loose-tongued as Memnon and as fickle as the North Star.

That night’s work had not been considered by the firm to have yielded more than a moderate repayal for their pains. An old-style two-story side-bolt safe in the dingy office of a very wealthy old-style dry-goods firm on a Saturday night should have excreted more than twenty-five hun-

dred dollars. But that was all they found, and they had divided it, the three of them, into equal shares upon the spot, as was their custom. Ten or twelve thousand was what they expected. But one of the proprietors had proved to be just a trifle too old-style. Just after dark he had carried home in a shirt box most of the funds on hand.

Doctor James proceeded up Twenty-fourth Street, which was, to all appearance, depopulated. Even the theatrical folk, who affect this district as a place of residence, were long since abed. The drizzle had accumulated upon the street; puddles of it among the stones received the fire of the arc lights, and returned it, shattered into a myriad liquid spangles. A captious wind, shower-soaked and chilling, coughed from the laryngeal flues between the houses. (from "*The Marionettes*" by *O. Henry*)

PART II. LEXICAL STYLISTIC DEVICES

2.1. Metaphor and Metonymy

Exercise 6. *Revise the definitions of metaphor and metonymy. Which of these two is used in the sentences below? Analyse the stylistic effect produced in each context.*

Metaphor is a figure of speech that compares two unrelated subjects without the use of connecting words like “like” or “as.” E.g. *This encyclopedia is a Gold mine.*

Metonymy substitutes the name of an idea with another name that the original name is closely associated with. E.g.: *‘grey hair’* to mean old age.

So, metaphor is based on perceived *similarity* between things while metonymy on the *relationship* within things themselves.

1. After the protests, maybe Washington will listen to the voters.

2. All our words are but crumbs that fall down from the feast of the mind. Thinking is always the stumbling stone to poetry. A great singer is he who sings our silences. How can you sing if your mouth be filled with food? How shall your hand be raised in blessing if it is filled with gold? They say the nightingale pierces his bosom with a thorn when he sings his love song. (K. Gibran)

3. The team needs some new blood if it’s going to win next season.

4. Marriage is not

a house or even a tent

it is before that, and colder:

the edge of the forest, the edge

of the desert

the unpainted stairs

at the back where we squat

outside, eating popcorn

the edge of the receding glacier

where painfully and with wonder

at having survived even
this far

we are learning to make fire

(a poem *Habitation* by M. Atwood)

5. Hey, look! Freckles is here!

6. You're a marshmallow. Soft and sweet and when you get heated up you go all gooey and delicious. (J. Evanovich)

7. Hollywood has been releasing a surprising amount of sci-fi movies lately.

8. In a corner, a cluster of lab coats made lunch plans." (K. Green)

9. Love is a fruit in season at all times and in reach of every hand. (Mother Teresa)

10. The waitress spoke to the complaining ham sandwich and then she took it away.

11. The policeman let him off with a yellow card.

12. It wasn't long before their relationship turned sour.

13. America is a melting pot where new ideas are kindled.

14. From within there came the sound of pianos, little hands chased after each other and ran away from each other, practicing scales. (K. Mansfield)

15. Carringer took the money and started down the corridor towards the bar. He clutched the sudden wealth in his hand tightly. It felt warm and comfortable, sending a delicious tingling sensation through his arm. How many glorious meals did not the money represent? He could smell an imaginary steak, broiled, with fat mushrooms and melted butter in the steaming dish. (S. Southgate)

2.2. Extended Metaphors

Exercise 7. Analyse the ways metaphors and extended metaphors are created in the following sentences. What other stylistic devices can you find? Translate trying to preserve emotional and expressive effect if possible.

1. At parties they (British professors) wolfed your canapés and gulped your gin as if they had just been released from prison, and talked all the time in high, twittering voices about the differences between the English and American university systems, making it clear that they regarded the latter as a huge rather amusing racket from which they were personally determined to take the biggest possible cut in the shortest possible time. (D. Lodge)

2. This is a day of your golden opportunity, Sarge. Don't let it turn to brass. (D. Pendleton)

3. This vast panorama was agitated, even early in the morning, by every known form of transportation – ships, yachts, cars, trucks, trains, planes, helicopters and hovercraft – all in simultaneous motion, reminding Philip of the brightly illustrated cover of a Boy's Wonder Book of Modern Transport he had received on his tenth birthday. It was indeed, he thought, a perfect marriage of Nature and Civilization, this view, where one might take in at a glance the consummation of the man's technological skill and the finest splendours of the natural world. (D. Lodge)

4. There was no real winter in Euphoria – autumn joined hands with spring and summer, and together they danced a three-handed jig all year long, to the merry confusion of the vegetable world. Philip felt his pulse beating to its exhilarating rhythm. (D. Lodge)

5. In all modesty Morris imagined he must be the biggest fish ever to swim into this academic backwater, and he was prepared for a reception of almost exaggerated (if that were possible) interest and excitement. <...> They would fend him off for six months with their little smiles and nods and then the waters would close over him and it would be as if he had never disturbed their surface. (D. Lodge)

6. He had a brief honeymoon with Radio One that turned into a kind of sado-masochistic marriage. (D. Lodge)

7. Through the murk the dull red eye of a sun that had scarcely been able to drag itself above roof level all day was sinking blearily beneath the horizon, spreading a rusty stain across the snow-covered surfaces. (D. Lodge)

8. Then they went downstairs and searched the cupboards for something to have for breakfast. Like the rest of their family in Hell Close they were sailing close to the wind financially. Indeed, they were dangerously near to being shipwrecked on the cruel rock of state benefits. (S. Townsend)

Exercise 8. The following examples of metaphorical language are taken from different modern marketing blogs. Analyse the metaphors and state their types. Then comment on the effect achieved due to the metaphors.

1. The content landscape isn't some mythical blue ocean lacking in competition. It's a teeming jungle – with plenty to eat, and plenty that wants to eat you. (Sonia Simone)

2. Smarter companies think of tone of voice guidelines as bumpers on a bowling lane: They gently guide your communication in the right direction and help content creators avoid a gutter ball. (Ann Handley)

3. All the best consumer brands get it. But for too many B2B brands, voice is the confectioner's sugar of the marketing cake – something you sprinkle on at the end (if it's in the recipe at all). (Doug Kessler)

4. Carefully crafted, purposeful content is ace at just that: generating REAL traffic and leads. It's no wonder people are climbing aboard the content train. Now that you're buckled in, the next step is understanding what a professional content writer adds to your marketing strategy. (Julia McCoy)

5. If my business was a garden, then my blog posts would be a colorful display of flowers. Lavender, bougainvillea, fuchsias. Mostly in my favorite color (purple of course!). You can walk around this garden and enjoy my flowers. It's free. (Henneke Duistermaat)

6. And this is what exasperates me about the 'blogging and social media for money' superhighway. So many times I follow the yellow brick road laid by an enterprising blogger who's working the system. And when I get there and pull back the curtain...nothing. No wizard. No magic.

And no message. Just a lot of mechanics and whirling buttons and a robotic, soulless special effects machine. (Kelly Diels)

2.3. Cognitive (Conceptual) Metaphors

In cognitive linguistics, conceptual metaphor, or cognitive metaphor, refers to the understanding of one idea, or conceptual domain, in terms of another, for example, understanding quantity in terms of directionality (e.g. ‘prices are rising’). A conceptual domain can be any coherent organization of human experience. The regularity with which different languages employ the same metaphors, which often appear to be perceptually based, has led to the hypothesis that the mapping between conceptual domains corresponds to neural mappings in the brain. (J. Feldman)

This idea, and a detailed examination of the underlying processes, was first extensively explored by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson in their work “Metaphors We Live By”. Other cognitive scientists study subjects similar to conceptual metaphor under the labels ‘analogy’ and ‘conceptual blending’. According to the linguists, how everyday language is filled with metaphors we may not always notice. An example of one of the commonly used conceptual metaphors is ‘argument is war’ (G. Lakoff). This metaphor shapes our language in the way we view argument as war or as a battle to be won. It is not uncommon to hear someone say “He won that argument” or “I attacked every weak point in his argument”. The very way argument is thought of is shaped by this metaphor of arguments being war and battles that must be won. Argument can be seen in many other ways other than a battle, but we use this concept to shape the way we think of argument and the way we go about arguing.

There are two main roles for the conceptual domains posited in conceptual metaphors:

- *Source domain*: the conceptual domain from which we draw metaphorical expressions (e.g.: JOURNEY in a metaphor LOVE IS A JOURNEY → ‘we had to go our separate ways’)

• *Target domain*: the conceptual domain that we try to understand (e.g.: LOVE in a metaphor LOVE IS A JOURNEY → ‘we had to go our separate ways’).

Examples of conceptual metaphors:

Love is a journey (‘this relationship is foundering’, ‘we are going nowhere’, ‘this relationship is (hit) a dead-end street’, ‘we are at a crossroads’, ‘it’s been a long, bumpy road’, ‘we are spinning our wheels’, ‘our marriage is on the rocks’, ‘we had to go our separate ways’, etc. Shakespeare: “The course of true love never did run smooth”. De Saint-Exupery: “Love is looking outward together in the same direction”.)

Life is a journey (‘I’ve got to get around this problem’, ‘he still has a long way to go’, ‘he is without direction in life’, ‘she’ll go places in life’, ‘I’m at a crossroads in my life’, ‘he’s gotten off the track’, etc.)

Love is war (‘there came battalions of her admirers’, ‘he is slowly gaining around with her’, ‘she is going to fight for him’, ‘he made an ally of her mother’, etc.)

An Idealized Cognitive Model (идеализированные когнитивные модели), or ICM, is the name given in cognitive linguistics to describe the phenomenon in which knowledge represented in a semantic frame is often a conceptualization of experience that is not congruent with reality (G. Lakoff, G. Fauconnier). An idealized cognitive model (ICM) contains information about what is typical (for us) and it is a domain of knowledge that is brought into play for the processing and understanding of textual representations. These domains of knowledge are also accompanied by conceptual slots for the things that routinely accompany the mental representation.

Exercise 9. Compare the examples discussed above with the ways the same cognitive metaphors can be expressed in the Russian language (complete the table below). Then make a conclusion about the differences/similarities two languages shape the meaning metaphorically.

English	Russian
this relationship is foundering	
we are going nowhere	
this relationship is (hit) a dead-end street	
we are at a crossroads	
it's been a long, bumpy road	
we are spinning our wheels	
our marriage is on the rocks	
we had to go our separate ways	
I have got to get around this problem	
love is looking outward together in the same direction	
he still has a long way to go	
he is without direction in life	
she'll go places in life	
I'm at a crossroads in my life	
we've gotten off the track	
there came battalions of her admirers	
he is slowly gaining around with her	
she is going to fight for him	
he made an ally of her mother	

Exercise 10. Make a list of cognitive metaphors similar to LOVE, LIFE given above and point to the target domains and source domains. You can use different types of speech (everyday communication, political speeches, oratory, etc.)

Exercise 11. Suggest any examples of words, idioms or other language units that prove the following:

1. The preposition UP (English) and ВЕРХ (Russian) can be viewed as metaphors marked by positive conceptual meaning. E.g.: *climb the career ladder, подняться по карьерной лестнице.*

2. The preposition DOWN (English) and (НИЗ) (Russian) can be viewed as metaphors marked by negative conceptual meaning E.g.: *to look down upon smb, смотреть свысока (сверху вниз), презирать.*

2.4. Epithet

Exercise 12. Pick out epithets used in the following extracts, state their types and comment on the effect they create.

1. The earth is crying-sweet,
And scattering-bright the air,
Eddying, dizzying, closing round,
With soft and drunken laughter... (R. Brooke)

2. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. (K. Chopin)

3. The giant of a man turned round to face the direction of my voice.
(M. Spark)

4. My hopes for a relationship with her were wholly unreal, whereas my ongoing misery, and frustration, were an all-too-horrible reality. (D. Tart)

5. In fact, she (Fanny) wasn't nearly as hard as Elisabeth, who could be quite Stonehengey at times. (R. Aldington)

6. "See, they have a bunch of different developments out here," said my dad, pinching the bridge of his nose. I could tell by his tone – his scratchy old needing-a-drink voice – that he was tired and not in a very good mood. (D. Tart)

7. "Have you had anything to eat?" he asked in his changing-the-subject voice. (D. Tart))

8. A shadow of a smile crossed his pale, bloodless face.

9. Sara has a really unhappy marriage.

10. "I've come,
As you surmise, with comrades on a ship,
Sailing across the wine-dark sea to men
Whose style of speech is very different..." (Homer)

Exercise 13. What do you think the writers of the following examples wanted to deliver to the readers by means of the phrase epithets?

1. "I'm not blaming anything on your mom, I'm way past that. It's just that she loved you so much, I always felt like kind of an interloper

with you guys. Stranger-in-my-own-house kind of thing. You two were so close – ” he laughed, sadly – “there wasn’t much room for three.” (D. Tart)

2. ‘I knew she’d say that,’ says Steven with a sigh and a sad, I-know-you-so-well smile (N. Hornby).

3. There’s the girly-golly-gosh, I-want-to-hear-all-about-it tone, but she knows David, she knows Molly, so there is caution there, too, and concern, and probably disapproval (N. Hornby).

4. His build was pudgy, his suit blandly corporate and married-with-kids-looking; and his sad-sack demeanor gave me the creeps. (D. Tart)

5. At some point Hobie stopped working, stuck the paintbrush behind his ear; he listened steadily, with a sort of heavy-browed, Arctic, ptarmigan-settling-into-itself look that I knew well. (D. Tart)

6. Not the old-style, I-hate-you-and-I-wish-you-were-dead look I would have got, once upon a time; this is the new-style, I’m-sooooo-disappointed look, and for a moment I am nostalgic for the days when hatred was our common currency (N. Hornby).

2.5. Simile

Exercise 14. *State the functions of similes in the following examples. Pick out sentences in which similes are mixed with other devices that help the authors create more emotional characterization or better imagery.*

1. Gloomily, I watched the crowd of workers streaming off the cross-town bus, as joyless as a swarm of hornets. (D. Tart)

2. Life swings like a pendulum backward and forward between pain and boredom. (a quote by A. Schopenhauer)

3. Partway, my bag caught on something, and for a moment I thought I might have to slip free of it, painting or no painting, like a lizard shedding its tail, but when I gave it one last pull it finally broke free with a shower of crumbled plaster. (D. Tart)

4. Her mind was like a balloon with static cling, attracting random ideas as they floated by. (J. Franzen)

5. Though I felt faint, and wanted to sit down, somehow I kept hobbling along with a hitch in my step like a partially broken toy. (D. Tart)

6. Our last impression of her as she turned the corner was that smile, flung backward like a handful of flowers. (W. Stegner)

7. Tormented by what was happening, yet unable to stop it, I hovered around and watched the apartment vanishing piece by piece, like a bee watching its hive being destroyed. (D. Tart)

8. Falling out of love is like losing weight. It's a lot easier putting it on than taking it off. (A. Franklin)

9. She dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat. (J. Joyce)

10. The cafe was like a battleship stripped for action. (E. Hemingway)

11. Coming in, I threw on all the lights – desk lamp, bed lamp, chandelier blazing; shrugged my coat on the floor, and headed straight for the shower, unbuttoning my bloodied shirt as I went, stumbling like Frankenstein's monster before pitchforks. (D. Tart)

12. When he lifted me up in his arms I felt I had left all my troubles on the floor beneath me like gigantic concrete shoes. (A. Tyler)

13. Time has not stood still. It has washed over me, washed me away, as if I'm nothing more than a woman of sand, left by a careless child too near the water. (M. Atwood)

14. I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I've watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhauser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain. (from Roy Batty's (portrayed by Rutger Hauer) monologue "Tears in rain" in the 1982 Ridley Scott film Blade Runner)

15. I was on a slightly shabby part of the street that was mainly residential. A group of pigeons strutted ahead of me on the wet sidewalk, three abreast, like small officious pedestrians. (D. Tart)

16. Human kindness is like a defective tap: the first gush may be impressive, but the stream soon dries up. (a quote by P.D. James)

17. You know life, life is rather like opening a tin of sardines. We're all of us looking for the key. (a quote by A. Bennett)

18. The old man was watching me with a gaze at once hopeful and hopeless, like a starved dog too weak to walk. (D. Tart)

2.6. Zeugma and Pun

Zeugma (syllepsis) is the use of a word in the same grammatical but different semantic relations to two adjacent words in the context, the semantic relations being in one case literal (direct), and in another, transferred (indirect).

E.g. *Dora, plunging at once into privileged intimacy and into the middle of the room.*

Analysis: In the suggested example, the verb 'to plunge into' takes two objects. The first, 'to plunge into privileged intimacy' is used in transferred (indirect) meaning, while the second, 'to plunge into the middle of the room' is used in literal (direct) one. The suggested interaction between two meanings creates humorous effect in the context.

Pun is more independent. There need not necessarily be a word in the sentence to which the pun-word refers.

E.g.: *Have a nice trip, buy-buy* (an advertisement for a supermarket, a homophonic pun).

Analysis: The customers might first consider the meaning of this advertisement is: "Enjoy your journey, bye-bye" ("buy-buy" sounds same with "bye-bye" in the customers' cognitive contexts). If the context that it is an advertisement for a shop is taken into consideration, the customers will find this understanding is irrelevant to the literal meaning. Therefore, this explanation is denied. When having a second thinking, the customers can find the real intension of advertisers: They want consumers to buy something in this shop and wish customers will be satisfied with the quality of goods and services. The understanding of this advertisement could be changed as follows: "Shopping with us is as happy as a journey, buy what you like".

Exercise 15. Analyse how zeugma and pun are created to achieve the humorous effect.

1. Why did the man throw his clock? – Because he wanted to see time fly.

2. Sometimes when I'm bored I make spaghetti just to PASSTA time away.
3. With her marriage she got a new name and a dress.
4. I couldn't quite remember how to throw a boomerang, but eventually it came back to me.
5. I went in business operating a rabbit ranch but got out because it was a hare-raising experience.
6. Working on a drilling rig means oily to bed and oily to rise.
7. A scientist doing a large experiment with liquid chemicals was trying to solve a problem when he fell in and became part of the solution.
8. A railroad engineer must be sure not to lose his train of thought or he might go down the wrong track.
9. A prisoner's favorite punctuation mark is the period. It marks the end of his sentence.
10. To some – marriage is a word ... to others – a sentence.
11. When cannibals ate a missionary they got a taste of religion.
12. When the cannibal showed up late to the luncheon, they gave him the cold shoulder.
13. Stealing someone's coffee is called 'mugging'.
14. What did the triangle say to the circle? You're so pointless.
15. Those who throw dirt are sure to lose ground.
16. The one who invented the door knocker got a No-bell prize.
17. He drove his expensive car into a tree and found out how the Mercedes bends.
18. I'm not losing my hair, I'm gaining a forehead.
19. Bill Gates took advantage of his Windows of opportunity.
20. She dropped a tear and her pocket handkerchief. (Ch. Dickens)
21. Mr. Trundle was in high feather and spirits. All the girls were in tears and white muslin. (Ch. Dickens)
22. An apple for everyone keeps worries away (an advertisement for Apple computer).
23. "You are not to go into the gooseberry garden," said the aunt, changing the subject.

“Why not?” demanded Nicholas.

“Because you are in disgrace,” said the aunt loftily.

Nicholas did not admit the flawlessness of the reasoning; he felt perfectly capable of being in disgrace and in a gooseberry garden at the same moment. (Saki)

2.7. Other Lexical Stylistic Devices (Mixed)

Exercise 16. Analyse the use of lexical stylistic devices in the following sentences. First, name the main device used in each sentence. Second, describe the pattern which the device represents. Third, analyse the stylistic effect produced.

1. The air was softly, embracingly warm that evening. Together they had watched the lengthening shadows creep out across the old river. And it was spring still, which makes a difference. There is something in the year's youth – the sap is rising in the plants – something there is, anyway, beyond the sentimentality of the poets. And overhead was the great yellow lantern gleaming at them through the branches with ironic approval. (H. Horn)

2. It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife. (J. Austen)

3. The fog comes

on little cat feet.

It sits looking

over harbor and city

on silent haunches

and then moves on. (C. Sandburg)

4. “You’d think that chap was making thousands a year”, said Turgis, speaking in an aggrieved tone, as if somehow his own shabbiness came into the question. (J.B. Priestley)

5. But what were they really against? Who were their real enemies? He saw the answer with a flood of bitterness and clarity. (R. Aldington)

6. Elderly American ladies leaning on their canes listed toward me like towers of Pisa. (V. Nabokov)

7. Then he composed himself to think; he stretched himself out on the brink of the well and looked down into the eyeless darkness. (A. Huxley)

8. It was the most ghostly, desolate, deathly silence he (George) had ever experienced. He had never imagined that death could be so deathly. (R. Aldington)

9. “You have placed this money somewhere?” – Doctor James's voice was toiling like a siren's to conjure the secret from the man's failing intelligence – “Is it in this room?” (O. Henry)

10. She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. (K. Chopin)

11. It was all clear to him, clear with the ghastly vividness with which on a stormy night a flash of lightning can disclose a ravaged landscape, clear, horribly clear. (S. Maugham)

12. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in and the sun and the moon were made to give them light. (Ch. Dickens)

13. Ukraine's Iron Lady provokes rift. (The Guardian)

14. May's mother always stood on her gentility; and Dot's mother never stood on anything but her active little feet. (Ch. Dickens)

15. In private I should merely call him a liar. In the press you should use the words: “Reckless disregard for truth”. (J. Galsworthy)

16. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. (J. Keats)

17. My experience is that as soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all. (a quote by O. Wilde)

18. Snow speaks to the people, its falling above in the glooming sunlight. Its white sparkling voice echoes as it falls through the air.

19. What steps would you take if an empty tank were coming toward you? – Long ones.

20. Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister—you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light—his high-lights have brought him renown. (O. Henry)

21. Oh, nowadays we are all of us so hard up that the only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They are the only things we can pay. (O. Wilde)

22. The wordy silence troubled her. (O. Wilde)

23. Stony smiled the sweet smile of an alligator. (J. Steinbeck).

24. The flowers were crying for my attention.

25. John Muxworthy, the chief executive of UKNDA (The UK National Defence Association), said defence had been the cinderella of the public services over the past 20 years. (The Guardian)

26. Chocolate cake is my Achilles heel.

27. “Sure,” I said, after an effortful pause, struggling to collect my thoughts which were galloping in several very bad directions at once. (D. Tart)

28. The voice was not unkind, though it sounded strangely harsh. It was the first word that had been addressed to Carringer since hunger possessed him, and to be spoken to at all gave him cheer. (S. Southgate)

29. The cabs were starting to go off duty. High above the street, in the dark afternoon, lights burned in lonely offices and apartment towers. Turning away, I continued to drift downtown, with no very clear idea where I was going or why, and as I walked I had the oddly appealing sensation that I was undoing myself, unwinding myself thread by thread, rags and tatters falling away from me in the very act of crossing Thirty-Second Street and flowing along amongst the rush-hour pedestrians and rolling along from the next moment to the next. (D. Lodge)

Exercise 17. Comment on the use of allusions in the extracts below.

1. “That’s enough sisters, darling,” said the Queen, cutting in. Too many skeletons were coming dancing out of the cupboard – enough to supply a Busby Berkeley musical. (S. Townsend)

2. “For somewhere”, said Poirot to himself indulging an absolute riot of mixed metaphors “there is in the hay a needle, and among the sleeping dogs there is one on whom I shall put my foot, and by shooting the arrow into the air, one will come down and hit a glass-house!” (A. Christie)

3. He felt as Balaam must have felt when his ass broke into speech. (S. Maugham)

4. Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay. (R. Frost)

5. “Are we poor, Atticus?”

Atticus nodded. “We are indeed.”

Jem's nose wrinkled. “Are we as poor as the Cunninghams?”

“Not exactly. The Cunninghams are country folks, farmers, and the crash hit them hardest.” (H. Lee)

6. “Um – ” One leather-jacket guy had lowered his chin and turned full on his stool to fix me with a Bela Lugosi stare. (D. Tart)

7. To swim or not to swim? A disagreement between microbial indicators on beach water quality assessment in Hong Kong. (the title of a scientific article)

8. “When, in 1957, the Sputnik satellite lit up the sky over his home town in West Virginia, Homer Hickam Jr, 14, knew he had found his life’s calling. He started building rockets and launched his very own back-yard space programme. Then he met John F Kennedy and told him to send a man to the moon. It was one small step for Homer, one giant leap for mankind. [...] “Sputnik,” says Homer, returning to the year of 1957, “was a slap in the face for the country. We were supposed to send a satellite up first, because we did everything first, right? The belief was that the world was going to choose one of two ways to go, either our way or the Russians’ way. And if it appeared that the Russians’ system was so much better than ours, then the countries in Africa and Asia would choose to become communist. It astonished everyone and scared them. But I thought it

was great. I loved the fact that the space race had started, and I loved the idea of being part of that, somehow, some way. [...] It was a worldwide public-relations disaster. “Kaputnik!” cackled the Daily Express, while the Daily Herald settled for “Flopnik”.” (A part of newspaper article headlined “Reach for the stars”, the Guardian, 1999)

9. “US history is a Pandora’s box. There has never been a better moment to open it”. (A newspaper article headline, the Guardian)

10. Forthwith the little skeleton in that man’s cupboard would lean forward and press upon the door, until at last the door flew open and a bone or two, and sometimes the whole skeleton, would rattle out upon the floor. (R. Langbridge)

Exercise 18. In the following passage from the novel “The Queen and I” by Sue Townsend, a journalist (Mary Jane) is asking questions to an ordinary man (Wilf Toby) who was living in the district (Hell Close) where the Queen of England moved. When a Republican party won the General Election, their first act in power was to strip the royal family of their assets and titles and sent them to live on a housing estate in the Midlands. Read the passage and name the lexical devices that helped the author to create humorous effect.

Mary Jane approached Wilf. ‘May I ask you your name, sir? She gushed.

‘Wilf Toby.’

‘Wilf, what’s it like having the Royals as neighbours?’

‘Well, y’know, it’s like, well, theu’re ...’

‘Just like you and me?’ offered Mary Jane.

‘Well, I wun’t exactly say jus’ like you an’ me,’ said Wilf.

‘Just ordinary folks?’ supplied Mary Jane. But Wilf was standing with his mouth open, staring at the eye of the camera. Two amazing things were happening to him: he was talking to a beautiful American girl, who was hanging onto his every word, and he was being filmed doing it. He wished he’d shaved and worn his best trousers. Mary Jane frowned

slightly, to show the viewers at home that she was about to embark on a number of serious political questions.

‘Are you a Socialist, Wilf?’ she asked.

Socialist? Wilf was alarmed. The word had become sort of mixed up with things Wilf didn’t understand or hadn’t experienced. Things like vegetarianism, treason and woman’s rights.

‘No, no, I’m not a Socialist,’ said Wilf. ‘I vote Labour, normal like.’

‘So you’re not a Revolutionary?’ insisted Mary Jane.

What was she asking now, thought Wilf. He broke into a sweat. Revolutionaries blew aeroplanes up, didn’t they?

‘No, I’m not a Revolutionary, said Wilf. I’ve never even been to an airport, let alone been on a plane.’

Tom Dix groaned and hid his face in his hands.

‘But you are a Republican, aren’t you, Wilf?’ said Mary Jane triumphantly.

‘A publican?’ puzzled Wilf. ‘No, I don’t run a pub. I’m unemployed.’

Bruno sniggered and switched his tape off. ‘Guy’s got the brains of a suckin’ mollusk. You wanna carry on?’ Tom Dix nodded.

Mary Jane forced another smile. ‘Wilf, how is the Queen reacting to her new life?’

Wilf cleared his throat. A host of clichés rose to his lips. ‘Well, she’s not over the moon, but then she’s not under the moon either, if you know what I mean. She’s sort of just on the moon.’

Tom Dix shouted, ‘Cut!’ He turned furiously to Mary Jane. ‘Can we get back to earth, please? Jeezus!’

(from “*The Queen and I*” by S. Townsend)

PART III. SYNTACTICAL STYLISTIC DEVICES

3.1. Inversion

Exercise 19. Comment on the stylistic effect caused by inversion in these sentences.

1. Gone are the days when this used to be a peaceful town.
2. Rarely does one see a gesture of good faith these days.
3. With effort, I pulled myself up again; on I walked, wobbling a bit in the unstable flicker. (D. Tart)
4. Great was his surprise, therefore, when opening the door of his flat he found some one standing there, one hand resting on the table, his face turned towards the open door. (H. Walpole)
5. Out we rolled through the automatic doors and into a wall of breathtaking heat. (D. Tart)
6. It was only after Carringer had set the bottle and the glasses on the table and seated himself opposite that the stranger noticed his return. (S. Southgate)
7. Uneasily I smiled as she tried to quiet him – the other dog had set up a racket as well – and looked around. (D. Tart)
8. Up and down through the silent streets walked the minister and for days and weeks his soul was troubled. (S. Anderson)
9. Unhappily she blinked; and, not knowing what to do, I reached out and put my hand on top of hers and we sat for an uncomfortably long time. (D. Tart)
10. It was the extraordinary expression of the face that alarmed him. Never upon the face of a living being had he beheld a pallor so chilling, so death-like. The features were more than pale. They were ghastly as sunless frost. (S. Southgate)

3.2. Detachment and Parenthesis

Exercise 20. Pick out the detached and parenthetical parts in the sentences and extracts below. Comment on the stylistic effect caused by the syntactical arrangement.

1. But despite the gloss and sparkle of the job (champagne breakfasts, gift bags from Bergdorf's) the hours were long and there was a hollowness at the heart of it that – I knew – made her sad. (D. Tart)

2. When Wilbraham was telling me this part of his story he seemed to be enveloped – “enveloped” is the word that best conveys my own experience of him – by some quite radiant happiness. (H. Walpole)

3. It happened in New York, April 10th, fourteen years ago. (Even my hand balks at the date; I had to push to write it down, just to keep the pen moving on the paper. It used to be a perfectly ordinary day but now it sticks up on the calendar like a rusty nail.) (D. Tart)

4. He turned and opened the door. Carringer followed, hope slowly warming his chilled heart. (S. Southgate)

5. The old guy peered in, nearsightedly; his nose wrinkled. With some peevish exclamation he looked up at Cherry, who remained impassive. Another obscure exchange ensued. The grayhair seemed discontented. Then he closed the bag and stood up and looked at me, eyes darting. (D. Tart)

6. Having just let her talk (how she talked!) as soon as he decently could he went. Of all he had come to tell her he said not a word. Tired, so bitterly tired, he had come seeking rest, and now there was no more a place of rest for him – anywhere. (P. Truscott)

7. Because I was cold and ill, and much of the time at a loss what to do (I'd neglected to bring a book, as well as warm clothes), I stayed in bed most of the day. Night seemed to fall in the middle of the afternoon. Often – amidst the crackle of strewn newspapers – I drifted in and out of sleep, and my dreams for the most part were muddied with the same indeterminate anxiety that bled through into my waking hours: court cases, luggage burst

open on the tarmac with my clothes scattered everywhere and endless airport corridors where I ran for planes I knew I'd never make. (D. Tart)

8. They began to talk and Wilbraham took it at once as accepted that his Friend knew all about him – everything. He found himself eagerly plunging into details of scenes, episodes that he had long put behind him – put behind him for shame perhaps or for regret or for sorrow. He knew at once that there was nothing that he need veil nor hide – nothing. (H. Walpole)

9. Then, feeling her own unkindness, she raised it and smiled upon Ben, who stood there, flushed, glowing, and yet too shame-faced to speak – smiled involuntarily, as one must smile at a child. (E. Mordaunt)

10. Somehow he felt rather depressed and he had to confess that Kitty – usually so smart – looked quite shabby. (M. Pemberton)

11. For me – a city kid, always confined by apartment walls – the museum was interesting mainly because of its immense size, a palace where the rooms went on forever and grew more and more deserted the farther in you went. (D. Tart)

12. He would not only make a great name, he would make an immense fortune: his mind blinked, dazzled at the very thought. He moved with a new pride, and also – alas! – a new remoteness. (E. Mordaunt)

13. Time, invisible and invincible, fled by, mocking those waiting outside. (S. Townsend)

14. We walked along in silence. My mind was whirring busily on my own troubles (had Tom's parents got a call? Why hadn't I thought to ask him?) as well as what I was going to order for breakfast as soon as I could get her to the diner (Western omelet with home fries, side of bacon; she would have what she always had, rye toast with poached eggs and a cup of black coffee) and I was hardly paying attention where we were going when I realized she had just said something. She wasn't looking at me but out over the park; and her expression made me think of a famous French movie I didn't know the name of, where distracted people walked down wind-blown streets and talked a lot but didn't actually seem to be talking to each other. (D. Tart)

3.3. Parallelism and Repetition

Exercise 21. Comment on the stylistic effect caused by parallelism and repetition in the extracts below. What other lexical and syntactical devices are used in the extracts?

1. Margaret burst out, ‘But we can’t just sit here and watch her *die*, not in this ghastly little room, in this ghastly bungalow, in this ghastly close, on this ghastly estate.’ (S. Townsend)

2. There is something in the year’s youth – the sap is rising in the plants – something there is, anyway, beyond the sentimentality of the poets. (H. Horn)

3. His teeth chattered, his eyes had dark, ugly lines under them, he shambled, stooped, and gasped. He was too desperate to curse his fate – he could only long for food. He could not reason. He could not reflect. He could not understand that there were pitying hands somewhere that might gladly have succoured him. He could think only of the hunger which consumed him, of the food that could give him warmth and comparative happiness. (S. Southgate)

4. Between Fifth and Madison, it was a madhouse. Whap of helicopter rotors overhead; indistinct talking on a bullhorn. Though Seventy-Ninth Street was closed to traffic, it was packed with cop cars, fire trucks, cement barricades, and throngs of screaming, panicky, dripping-wet people. Some of them were running from Fifth Avenue; some were trying to muscle and press their way back toward the museum; many people held cell phones aloft, attempting to snap pictures; others stood motionless with their jaws dropped as the crowds surged around them, staring up at the black smoke in the rainy skies over Fifth Avenue as if the Martians were coming down. (D. Tart)

5. How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat,

In the broad and fiery street

In the narrow lane

How beautiful is the rain! (H. W. Longfellow)

6. Violet was wearing spangled backless high heels, a matching scarlet frock and a happy expression. (S. Townsend)

7. Only pain is intellectual, only evil interesting. (a quote by U. Le Guin)

8. Suddenly, impulsively, when she had reached the stage of giving him up for days at a time, when hope had nearly abandoned her, then he came. (P. Truscott)

9. 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. (K. Mansfield)

10. He had left a woman so hopeful in outlook, so young and peaceful in spirit, that with her the advancing years would not matter. On his journey back to her, visualising her afresh, touching up his memory of her, he pictured her going a little grey. That would suit her – grey was her colour—blending to lavender in the clothes she always wore for him. A little grey, but her clear, pale skin unfaded, her large eyes full of pure, guarded secrets – secrets soon to unfold for him alone. (P. Truscott)

11. Intent on talking to someone, trying to find out what had happened, I tried to push my way towards a fire truck but cops were charging through the crowds, waving their arms, clapping their hands, beating people back. (D. Tart)

12. This will seem a lying story to some, a silly and pointless story to others. (H. Walpole)

Exercise 22. *The short story “Girl” written by Jamaica Kincaid in 1978 is entirely based on parallelism. Comment on the writer’s decision to suggest to the reader a list of instructions on how a girl should live and act. Do you agree that the messages are much larger than the literal list of suggestions? What is the general message of the story?*

Wash the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry;

don't walk bare-head in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn't have gum in it, because that way it won't hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won't turn someone else's stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don't sing benna in Sunday school; you mustn't speak to wharf-rat boys, not even to give directions; don't eat fruits on the street – flies will follow you; but I don't sing benna on Sundays at all and never in Sunday school; this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a buttonhole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father's khaki shirt so that it doesn't have a crease; this is how you iron your father's khaki pants so that they don't have a crease; this is how you grow okra – far from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don't like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don't like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don't know you very well, and this way they won't recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is with your own spit; don't squat down to play marbles – you are not a boy, you know; don't pick people's flowers – you might catch something; don't throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona;

this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and that way something bad won't fall on you; this is how to bully a man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man, and if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air if you feel like it, and this is how to move quick so that it doesn't fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread to make sure it's fresh; but what if the baker won't let me feel the bread?; you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread?

3.4. Other Syntactical Devices (Mixed)

Exercise 23. State the syntactical devices used in the extracts below and comment on their stylistic value.

1. Down a dark stairwell I ran, twelve steps, a turn at the landing, then twelve steps to the bottom, my fingertips skimming on the metal rail, shoes clattering and echoing so crazily that it sounded like half a dozen people were running with me. (D. Tart)

2. She must have said something like that, to bring it on herself, just then, of all moments. (M. Sinclair)

3. The walls glowed with a warm, dull haze of opulence, a generic mellowness of antiquity; but then it all broke apart into clarity and color and pure Northern light, portraits, interiors, still lives, some tiny, others majestic: ladies with husbands, ladies with lapdogs, lonely beauties in embroidered gowns and splendid, solitary merchants in jewels and furs. (D. Tart)

4. It was – really, it was absolutely – oh, the most – it was simply – in fact, from that moment Edna knew that life could never be the same. [...] This at last was love! (K. Mansfield)

5. Diana said nothing, but her lip trembled and her eyes filled with water. Why was he being so horrid to her? She had done her best to make their frightful little house comfortable. She had learnt to cook his horrible macrobiotic food. She coped with the boys. She was even prepared to accept his silly pigtail. She had no fun. She never went out. She couldn't afford batteries for her radio, consequently she had no idea what records were in the charts. (S. Townsend)

6. The Queen, who had lost palaces, property, land, jewels, paintings, houses, a yacht, a plane, a train, over a thousand servants and billions of ponds, nodded her agreement. (S. Townsend)

7. Creams, toothpastes, combs, and hankies, cotton gloves, flimsy flowering scarves, writing-paper, and crayons, ice-cream cones and orangeade, screwdrivers, boxes of tacks, tins of paint, of glue, of marmalade; I always liked them but far more now that I have no need of any. (M. Spark)

8. Some disturbance, definitely. Discomfort. What language were they speaking? Romanian? Czech? What it was about I had not a clue but Victor Cherry seemed cold and annoyed while the old gray-head tweaker grew more and more agitated – angry? no: irritable, frustrated, wheedling even, a whine climbing in his voice, and all the time the Indonesian kept his eyes on us with the unsettling stillness of an anaconda. (D. Tart)

9. Now, all around her, she could hear water running and doors slamming and voices calling to each other as the inhabitants of Hell Close left their beds and prepared for the early morning funeral. (S. Townsend)

10. And off she hurried, before I had a chance to say a word. Heart pounding, unable to believe my luck, I watched her walking rapidly away from me in the white satin trenchcoat. This was it, my chance to talk to the girl; *but what can I say to her*, I thought furiously, *what can I say?* I dug my hands in my pockets, took a breath or two to compose myself, and – excitement fizzing bright in my stomach – turned to face her. (D. Tart)

11. Stiffly I sat and endured their warm-up questions (did I have any hobbies? Did I play any sports?) until it became clear to everyone that the preliminary chit-chat wasn't loosening me up very much. (D. Tart)

12. How could I have believed myself a better person, a wiser person, a more elevated and valuable and worthy-of-living person on the basis of my secret uptown? Yet I had. The painting had made me feel less mortal, less ordinary. It was support and vindication; it was sustenance and sum. It was the keystone that had held the whole cathedral up. And it was awful to learn, by having it so suddenly vanish from under me, that all my adult life I'd been privately sustained by that great, hidden, savage joy: the conviction that my whole life was balanced atop a secret that might at any moment blow it apart. (D. Tart)

13. What I somehow hadn't expected was a city prinked-up for Christmas: fir boughs and tinsel, starburst ornaments in the shop windows and a cold stiff wind coming off the canals and fires and festival stalls and people on bicycles, toys and color and candy, holiday confusion and gleam. Little dogs, little children, gossipers and watchers and package bearers, clowns in top hats and military greatcoats and a little dancing jester in Christmas clothes à la Avercamp. (D. Tart)

14. Some of the building material was light, and some of it was not. The further I worked in, the darker it got, and the hotter. Every so often my way dwindled or closed up unexpectedly and in my ears a roaring crowd noise, I wasn't sure where it came from. I had to squeeze around things; sometimes I walked, sometimes I crawled, bodies in the wreckage more sensed than seen, a disturbing soft pressure that gave under my weight but worse than this, the smell: burnt cloth, burnt hair and flesh and the tang of fresh blood, copper and tin and salt. (D. Tart)

15. Vaness was the sort of a man of whom one could never say with safety whether he was revolving round a beautiful young woman or whether the beautiful young woman was revolving round him. His looks, his wealth, his taste, his reputation, invested him with a certain sun-like quality; but his age, the recession of his locks, and the advancement of his

waist were beginning to dim his lustre, so that whether he was moth or candle was becoming a moot point. (J. Galsworthy)

16. It is an army of silently tramping, non-conversing, face-forward, jerking, walking, trotting, running ants, heads held tense, hands hard-gripping on cases, umbrellas, newspapers, the coming day. (J. Gardam)

17. Away she skimmed over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. (K. Mansfield)

Exercise 24. State the devices used in the witty observations and quotes below. Comment on their stylistic value.

1. But if thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought. (George Orwell)

2. All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others. (George Orwell)

3. Everything that can be counted does not necessarily count; everything that counts cannot necessarily be counted. (Albert Einstein)

4. The age of a woman doesn't mean a thing. The best tunes are played on the oldest fiddles. (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

5. We are masters of unsaid words, but slaves of those we let slip out. (Winston Churchill)

6. Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak; courage is also what it takes to sit down and listen. (Winston Churchill)

7. A pessimist sees the difficulty in every opportunity; an optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty. (Winston Churchill)

8. Take care to get what you like or you will be forced to like what you get. (George Bernard Shaw)

9. The only man who behaves sensibly is my tailor; he takes my measurements anew every time he sees me, while all the rest go on with their old measurements and expect me to fit them. (George Bernard Shaw)

10. The ballot is stronger than the bullet. (Abraham Lincoln)

PART IV. INTERPRETING THE PATTERNS OF SOUND (PHONETIC STYLISTIC DEVICES)

Exercise 25. State the phonetic devices used in the extracts below and comment on their stylistic value.

1. When she heard the crowd move away and the clip clop of Gilbert hooves receding in the distance, she opened the curtains wide to let in the sunshine. (S. Townsend)

2. Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. (J. Joyce)

3. People on the street and in the park were holding newspapers and briefcases over their heads, scurrying up the stairs to the portico of the museum, which was the only place on the street to get out of the rain. And there was something festive and happy about the two of us, hurrying up the steps beneath the flimsy candy-striped umbrella, quick quick quick, for all the world as if we were escaping something terrible instead of running right into it. (D. Tart)

4. Ten o'clock struck – a quarter past – half past – I almost resolved to go home. (G. Bernard Shaw)

5. Murky portraits, china spaniels on the mantelpiece, golden pendulum swinging, tockety-tock, tockety-tock. (D. Tart)

6. Then hac-hec-hoo, we shrieked into the hot Borderland afternoon. Really I should not care to be so young of heart again. (M. Spark)

7. From somewhere near the Edgware Road came the clot-clot of a late four-wheeler and the shake and rumble of an underground train. The curtains had been discreetly drawn, the gas turned off at the metre and an hour had passed since the creaking of the old lady's shoes and the jingle of the plate basket ascending the stairs had died away. A dim light from the street lamp outside percolated through the blinds and faintly illuminat-

ed the frame and canvas of a large picture hanging opposite the mantle-piece. (R. Pertwee)

8. There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running. (R. Browning)

9. The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound! (S. T. Coleridge)

10. I have a dream that my four little 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. (Martin Luther King, Jr., 1963 Lincoln Memorial speech)

11. Let it be our cause to give that child a happy home, a healthy family, and a hopeful future. (Bill Clinton, 1992 DNC Acceptance Address)

12. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

13. All the war-propaganda, all the screaming and lies and hatred, comes invariably from people who are not fighting. (G. Orwell)

14. And just then I saw Vaness himself beneath a lamp, cigar in mouth, and cape flung back so that its silk lining shone. Pale and heavy, in the cruel white light, his face had a bitter look. (J. Galsworthy)

15. Clocks slay time...time is dead as long as it is being clicked off by little wheels; only when the clock stops does time come to life. (W. Faulkner)

16. The front door bell pealed and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. (K. Mansfield)

PART V. ANALYSING BELLES-LETTRES

5.1. Direct and Indirect Characterization in Belles-Lettres

A character of a literary work refers to an author's ability to create deep, dynamic figures who resonate with readers in both familiar and unfamiliar ways. Character is revealed via story and language, but characterization itself is a key skill mastered by the most accomplished of authors.

Characterization is the description of:

- a character's physical traits (how a character looks)
- a character's personality
- a character's thoughts
- a character's actions

There are two types of characterization in fiction writing: *direct* and *indirect*.

Direct (explicit) characterization is a method of describing the character in a straightforward manner: through their physical description (i.e. blue eyes), their line of work (i.e. lawyer), and their passions and outside pursuits (i.e. voracious reader).

Indirect (implicit) characterization is the process of describing a character through that character's thoughts, actions, speech, and dialogue. An author will use this type of characterization to guide the reader in making their own conclusions about a character.

Both ways of characterization work together to create a complete picture of a character for the reader. However, when overused, direct characterization can leave a reader feeling as though the writer is telling them everything they need to know rather than enjoying the thrill of discovery themselves.

Exercise 26. How are the main characters (Ruth and Roger) described in the following extract from a short story "The Escape" by William Somerset Maugham. Comment on the ways of indirect characterization.

Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heart-strings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore

a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly.

Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither byword nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers and she in furnished rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small, sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper.

“If you don't find a house soon,” she said, “I shall have to recon-sider my position. Why, if you go on like this we shan't be married for years.”

“Don't say that,” he answered. “I beseech you to have patience. I've just received some entirely new lists from agents I've only just heard of. There must be at least sixty houses on them.”

They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful: her pathetic, beautiful eyes acquired an expression that was almost sullen. There are limits to human endurance. Mrs. Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted.

“Do you want to marry me or do you not?” she asked him.

There was an unaccustomed hardness in her voice, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply.

“Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house. By the way I've just heard of something that might suit us.”

“I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet.”

“Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired.”

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to enquire and send-ing her flowers. He was as ever assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter:

Roger,

I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth.

He sent back his reply by special messenger:

Ruth,

Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning's post and lam quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you.

Roger.

(from “*The Escape*” by W. S. Maugham)

Exercise 27. *Read the extract from “The Goldfinch” in which the main personage, a teenager Theo Decker, a thirteen-year-old New Yorker who miraculously survives in an accident with explosion that kills his mother, speculates about her. Analyse the stylistic devices and expressive means that helped the author reveal the boy’s emotional state and feelings. How does the author mix direct and indirect ways of characterization of the mother?*

Her death the dividing mark: Before and After. And though it’s a bleak thing to admit all these years later, still I’ve never met anyone who made me feel loved the way she did. Everything came alive in her company; she cast a charmed theatrical light about her so that to see anything through her eyes was to see it in brighter colors than ordinary – I remember a few weeks before she died, eating a late supper with her in an Italian restaurant down in the Village, and how she grasped my sleeve at the sudden, almost painful loveliness of a birthday cake with lit candles being carried in procession from the kitchen, faint circle of light wavering in across the dark ceiling and then the cake set down to blaze amidst the family, beatifying an old lady’s face, smiles all round, waiters stepping away with their hands behind their backs – just an ordinary birthday dinner you might see anywhere in an inexpensive downtown restaurant, and I’m sure I wouldn’t even remember it had she not died so soon after, but I thought about it again and again after her death and indeed I’ll probably think about it all my life: that candlelit circle, a tableau vivant of the daily, commonplace happiness that was lost when I lost her.

She was beautiful, too. That’s almost secondary; but still, she was. When she came to New York fresh from Kansas, she worked part-time as a model though she was too uneasy in front of the camera to be very good at it; whatever she had, it didn’t translate to film.

And yet she was wholly herself: a rarity. I cannot recall ever seeing another person who really resembled her. She had black hair, fair skin that

freckled in summer, china-blue eyes with a lot of light in them; and in the slant of her cheekbones there was such an eccentric mixture of the tribal and the Celtic Twilight that sometimes people guessed she was Icelandic. In fact, she was half Irish, half Cherokee, from a town in Kansas near the Oklahoma border; and she liked to make me laugh by calling herself an Okie even though she was as glossy and nervy and stylish as a racehorse. That exotic character unfortunately comes out a little too stark and unforgiving in photographs – her freckles covered with makeup, her hair pulled back in a ponytail at the nape of her neck like some nobleman in *The Tale of Genji* – and what doesn't come across at all is her warmth, her merry, unpredictable quality, which is what I loved about her most. It's clear, from the stillness she emanates in pictures, how much she mistrusted the camera; she gives off a watchful, tigerish air of steeling herself against attack. But in life she wasn't like that. She moved with a thrilling quickness, gestures sudden and light, always perched on the edge of her chair like some long elegant marsh-bird about to startle and fly away. I loved the sandalwood perfume she wore, rough and unexpected, and I loved the rustle of her starched shirt when she swooped down to kiss me on the forehead. And her laugh was enough to make you want to kick over what you were doing and follow her down the street. Wherever she went, men looked at her out of the corner of their eyes, and sometimes they used to look at her in a way that bothered me a little. (from "*The Goldfinch* by D. Tart)

Exercise 28. *What information can the reader get from the description of the characters' appearance and actions in the extracts below?*

Extract 1. I went in – after making every possible noise in the kitchen short of pushing over the stove – but I don't believe they heard a sound. They were sitting at either end of the couch looking at each other as if some question had been asked or was in the air, and every vestige of embarrassment was gone. Daisy's face was smeared with tears and when I came in she jumped up and began wiping at it with her handkerchief before a mirror. But there was a change in Gatsby that was simply confound-

ing. He literally glowed; without a word or a gesture of exultation a new well-being radiated from him and filled the little room. (from “*Great Gatsby*” by *F.S. Fitzgerald*)

Extract 2. It was Gatsby’s father, a solemn old man very helpless and dismayed, bundled up in a long cheap ulster against the warm September day. His eyes leaked continuously with excitement and when I took the bag and umbrella from his hands he began to pull so incessantly at his sparse grey beard that I had difficulty in getting off his coat. He was on the point of collapse so I took him into the music room and made him sit down while I sent for something to eat. But he wouldn’t eat and the glass of milk spilled from his trembling hand.

‘I saw it in the Chicago newspaper,’ he said. ‘It was all in the Chicago newspaper. I started right away.’

‘I didn’t know how to reach you.’

His eyes, seeing nothing, moved ceaselessly about the room.

‘It was a mad man,’ he said. ‘He must have been mad.’

‘Wouldn’t you like some coffee?’ I urged him.

‘I don’t want anything. I’m all right now, Mr.——’

‘Carraway.’

‘Well, I’m all right now. Where have they got Jimmy?’

I took him into the drawing-room, where his son lay, and left him there. Some little boys had come up on the steps and were looking into the hall; when I told them who had arrived they went reluctantly away.

After a little while Mr. Gatz opened the door and came out, his mouth ajar, his face flushed slightly, his eyes leaking isolated and unpunctual tears. He had reached an age where death no longer has the quality of ghastly surprise, and when he looked around him now for the first time and saw the height and splendor of the hall and the great rooms opening out from it into other rooms his grief began to be mixed with an awed pride. I helped him to a bedroom upstairs; while he took off his coat and vest I told him that all arrangements had been deferred until he came. (from “*Great Gatsby*” by *F.S. Fitzgerald*)

Exercise 29. *Comment on the stylistic effect produced by the detailed description of objects in the extract below.*

There was a maroon wall paper in the dining-room, abundantly decorated with sweeping curves unlike any known kind of vegetation. There were amber silk sashes to the Nottingham lace curtains at the huge bow window and an amber winding sheet was wrapped about the terra cotta pot in which a tired aspidistra bore forth a yearly leaf. Upon the Brussels carpet was a massive mahogany dining table, and facing the window a Georgian chiffonier, brass railed and surmounted by a convex mirror. The mantelpiece was draped in red serge, ball fringed. There were bronzes upon it and a marble clock, while above was an overmantel, columned and bemirrored, upon the shelves of which reposed sorrowful examples of Doulton ware and a pair of wrought-iron candlesticks. It was a room divorced from all sense of youth and live beings, sunless, grave, unlovely; an arid room that bore to the nostrils the taint and humour of the tomb. (from “*Empty Arms*” by R. Pertwee)

5.2. Creating Mood in Belles-Lettres

The mood of a piece of writing is its general atmosphere or emotional complexion, the array of feelings the work evokes in the reader. The mood doesn't necessarily stay the same throughout the whole of a piece – and can shift abruptly.

The mood is created through many different literary devices and techniques, particularly descriptions, imagery, and dialogue. It requires careful control from the writing on both the big-picture level of the work as a whole and on a sentence and word level, with the careful use of vocabulary (the author's word choice and tone) and well-chosen literary devices and imagery.

For instance, a story that begins “It was a dark and stormy night” will probably have an overall dark, ominous, or suspenseful mood.

Exercise 30. *Analyse how the author depicted the mood of the characters in the extracts below. Pick out the vocabulary and the stylistic devices used in the extracts and comment on the role of dialogues.*

Extract 1. Instead of taking a cab I walked, to clear my head. It was a clean damp spring day, storm clouds pierced with bars of light and office workers milling in the crosswalks, but spring in New York was always a poisoned time for me, a seasonal echo of my mother's death blowing in with the daffodils, budding trees and blood splashes, a thin spray of hallucination and horror (Neat! Fun! as Xandra might have said). With the news about Andy, it was like someone had thrown an x-ray switch and reversed everything into photographic negative, so that even with the daffodils and the dogwalkers and the traffic cops whistling on the corners, death was all I saw: sidewalks teeming with dead, cadavers pouring off the buses and hurrying home from work, nothing left of any of them in a hundred years except tooth fillings and pacemakers and maybe a few scraps of cloth and bone. (from "*The Goldfinch*" by D. Tart)

Extract 2. The store in which the justice of the Peace's court was sitting smelled of cheese. The boy, crouched on his nail keg at the back of the crowded room, knew he smelled cheese, and more: from where he sat he could see the ranked shelves close-packed with the solid, squat, dynamic shapes of tin cans whose labels his stomach read, not from the lettering which meant nothing to his mind but from the scarlet devils and the silver curve of fish - this, the cheese which he knew he smelled and the hermetic meat which his intestines believed he smelled coming in intermittent gusts momentary and brief between the other constant one, the smell and sense just a little of fear because mostly of despair and grief, the old fierce pull of blood. He could not see the table where the Justice sat and before which his father and his father's enemy (our enemy he thought in that despair; ourn! mine and hisn both! He's my father!) stood, but he could hear them, the two of them that is, because his father had said no word yet:

"But what proof have you, Mr. Harris?"

"I told you. The hog got into my corn. I caught it up and sent it back to him. He had no fence that would hold it. I told him so, warned him. The next time I put the hog in my pen. When he came to get it I gave him enough wire to patch up his pen. The next time I put the hog up and kept

it. I rode down to his house and saw the wire I gave him still rolled on to the spool in his yard. I told him he could have the hog when he paid me a dollar pound fee. That evening a nigger came with the dollar and got the hog. He was a strange nigger. He said, 'He say to tell you wood and hay kin burn.' I said, 'What?' That whut he say to tell you,' the nigger said. 'Wood and hay kin burn.' That night my barn burned. I got the stock out but I lost the barn."

"Where is the nigger? Have you got him?"

"He was a strange nigger, I tell you. I don't know what became of him."

"But that's not proof. Don't you see that's not proof?"

"Get that boy up here. He knows." For a moment the boy thought too that the man meant his older brother until Harris said, "Not him. The little one. The boy," and, crouching, small for his age, small and wiry like his father, in patched and faded jeans even too small for him, with straight, uncombed, brown hair and eyes gray and wild as storm scud, he saw the men between himself and the table part and become a lane of grim faces, at the end of which he saw the justice, a shabby, collarless, graying man in spectacles, beckoning him. He felt no floor under his bare feet; he seemed to walk beneath the palpable weight of the grim turning faces. His father, stiff in his black Sunday coat donned not for the trial but for the moving, did not even look at him. He aims for me to lie, he thought, again with that frantic grief and despair. And I will have to do hit.

"What's your name, boy?" the justice said.

"Colonel Sartoris Snopes," the boy whispered.

"Hey?" the Justice said. "Talk louder. Colonel Sartoris? I reckon anybody named for Colonel Sartoris in this country can't help but tell the truth, can they?" The boy said nothing. Enemy! Enemy! he thought; for a moment he could not even see, could not see that the justice's face was kindly nor discern that his voice was troubled when he spoke to the man named Harris: "Do you want me to question this boy?" But he could hear, and during those subsequent long seconds while there was absolutely no sound in the crowded little room save that of quiet and intent breathing it

was as if he had swung outward at the end of a grape vine, over a ravine, and at the top of the swing had been caught in a prolonged instant of mesmerized gravity, weightless in time.

“No!” Harris said violently, explosively. “Damnation! Send him out of here!” Now time, the fluid world, rushed beneath him again, the voices coming to him again through the smell of cheese and sealed meat, the fear and despair and the old grief of blood:

“This case is closed. I can't find against you, Snopes, but I can give you advice. Leave this country and don't come back to it.” (from “*Barn Burning*” by *W. Faulkner*)

Extract 3. Who knew it was in my power to make anyone so happy? Or that I could ever be so happy myself? My moods were a slingshot; after being locked-down and anesthetized for years my heart was zinging and slamming itself around like a bee under a glass, everything bright, sharp, confusing, wrong – but it was a clean pain as opposed to the dull misery that had plagued me for years under the drugs like a rotten tooth, the sick dirty ache of something spoiled. The clarity was exhilarating; it was as if I'd removed a pair of smudged-up glasses that fuzzed everything I saw. All summer long I had been practically delirious: tingling, daffy, energized, running on gin and shrimp cocktail and the invigorating whock of tennis balls. And all I could think was Kitsey, Kitsey, Kitsey! (from “*The Goldfinch*” by *D. Tart*)

Extract 4. He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line stretching ahead and the strange undulation of the calm. The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea. (from “*The Old Man and the Sea*” by *E. Hemingway*,)

Extract 5. Jackie showed up with Christopher, giving me at least that night at the rooming house before being thrown out the next day. That also gave me the weekend to find us a place to stay and a day care situation starting on Monday.

We hit the streets Saturday with all of our gear, him in the stroller, as I practice the new balancing act that's going to get all too familiar, heading down toward the "HOstro" to check out the price of some of the HO-tels—emphasis on first syllables no accident.

I'm having a major internal debate over the questions: What am I gonna do? How am I gonna do this? One line of thinking says, I've got my baby, I'm not giving him up, that's not an option. Another voice reminds me, Ain't no backup here, no cavalry coming in for reinforcement.

The day care center in San Francisco at \$400 a month is out of the question. With rent at least \$600, that would take up what I'm earning after taxes, leaving nothing for food, transportation, and diapers. At a pay phone I call a few friends to see if they've got any inside scoop on day care facilities in the East Bay. One of the places looks wonderful. It too turns out to be over my budget; besides, they don't accept kids who aren't potty-trained.

"Okay, Christopher," I tell him as we start to leave, "we'll work on that, okay, baby?"

As I'm looking around, hoping that it won't be too long until I can afford having him here, I notice that the day care management has a sign on the wall declaring the center to be a place of "HAPPYNESS."

For a minute, I start to question in my mind how good a child care facility can be that can't even spell "happiness" correctly. Of all the things I have to worry about, that's not one of them. Even so, back out on the street, I feel the need to make sure my son knows that the word is spelled with an I and not a Y. H-A-P-P-I-N-E-S-S.

"Okay, Poppa," says Christopher, repeating the word. "Happiness."

“That’s a big word,” I say with approval, wishing that I could ensure Chris’s and my own happiness in the immediate future. (from “*The Pursuit of Happiness*” by C. Gardner)

Extract 6. Often and often Nicholas had pictured to himself what the lumber-room might be like, that region that was so carefully sealed from youthful eyes and concerning which no questions were ever answered. It came up to his expectations. In the first place it was large and dimly lit, one high window opening on to the forbidden garden being its only source of illumination. In the second place it was a storehouse of unimagined treasures. The aunt-by-assertion was one of those people who think that things spoil by use and consign them to dust and damp by way of preserving them. Such parts of the house as Nicholas knew best were rather bare and cheerless, but here there were wonderful things for the eye to feast on. First and foremost there was a piece of framed tapestry that was evidently meant to be a fire-screen. To Nicholas it was a living, breathing story; he sat down on a roll of Indian hangings, glowing in wonderful colours beneath a layer of dust, and took in all the details of the tapestry picture. A man, dressed in the hunting costume of some remote period, had just transfixed a stag with an arrow; it could not have been a difficult shot because the stag was only one or two paces away from him; in the thickly-growing vegetation that the picture suggested it would not have been difficult to creep up to a feeding stag, and the two spotted dogs that were springing forward to join in the chase had evidently been trained to keep to heel till the arrow was discharged. That part of the picture was simple, if interesting, but did the huntsman see, what Nicholas saw, that four galloping wolves were coming in his direction through the wood? There might be more than four of them hidden behind the trees, and in any case would the man and his dogs be able to cope with the four wolves if they made an attack? The man had only two arrows left in his quiver, and he might miss with one or both of them; all one knew about his skill in shooting was that he could hit a large stag at a ridiculously short range. Nicholas sat for many golden minutes revolving the possibilities of the scene; he was in-

clined to think that there were more than four wolves and that the man and his dogs were in a tight corner.

But there were other objects of delight and interest claiming his instant attention: there were quaint twisted candlesticks in the shape of snakes, and a teapot fashioned like a china duck, out of whose open beak the tea was supposed to come. How dull and shapeless the nursery teapot seemed in comparison! And there was a carved sandal-wood box packed tight with aromatic cotton-wool, and between the layers of cotton-wool were little brass figures, hump-necked bulls, and peacocks and goblins, delightful to see and to handle. Less promising in appearance was a large square book with plain black covers; Nicholas peeped into it, and, behold, it was full of coloured pictures of birds. And such birds! In the garden, and in the lanes when he went for a walk, Nicholas came across a few birds, of which the largest were an occasional magpie or wood-pigeon; here were herons and bustards, kites, toucans, tiger-bitterns, brush turkeys, ibises, golden pheasants, a whole portrait gallery of undreamed-of creatures. And as he was admiring the colouring of the mandarin duck and assigning a life-history to it, the voice of his aunt in shrill vociferation of his name came from the gooseberry garden without. She had grown suspicious at his long disappearance, and had leapt to the conclusion that he had climbed over the wall behind the sheltering screen of the lilac bushes; she was now engaged in energetic and rather hopeless search for him among the artichokes and raspberry canes.

“Nicholas, Nicholas!” she screamed, “you are to come out of this at once. It’s no use trying to hide there; I can see you all the time.”

It was probably the first time for twenty years that anyone had smiled in that lumber-room. (from “*The Lumber Room*” by Saki).

Exercise 31. Read the following passage and analyse the expressive means and stylistic devices that helped the author to create emotional attitude of the personage and add emotive coloring to the events and personages described. Translate the passage.

As is perhaps obvious, Morris Zapp had no great esteem for his fellow-labourers in the vineyards of literature. They seemed to him vague, fickle, irresponsible creatures, who wallowed in relativism like hippopotami in mud, with their nostrils barely protruding into the air of common-sense. They happily tolerated the existence of opinions contrary to their own – they even, for God’s sake, sometimes changed their minds. Their pathetic attempts at profundity were qualified out of existence and largely interrogative in mode. They liked to begin a paper with some formula like, ‘I want to raise some questions about so-and-so’, and seemed to think they had done their intellectual duty by merely raising them. This manoeuvre drove Morris Zapp insane. Any damn fool, he maintained, could think of questions; it was answers that separated the men from the boys. If you couldn’t answer your own questions it was either because you hadn’t worked on them hard enough or because they weren’t real questions. In either case you should keep your mouth shut. One couldn’t move in English studies these days without falling over unanswered questions which some damn fool had carelessly left lying about – it was like trying to mend a leak in an attic full of dusty, broken furniture. Well, his commentary would put a stop to that, at least as far as Jane Austen was concerned. (from “*Changing places*” by D. Lodge)

5.3. Ways of Creating Suspense in Belles-Lettres

Suspense is a feeling of excitement and anticipation created by withholding information from the reader. Suspense is one of the most important elements of a good story. It keeps readers hooked, wondering what will happen next. Suspense can build tension and conflict in a story, and create mystery and intrigue. The purpose of using this type of anxiety in literature is to make readers more concerned about the characters, to form sympathetic association with them. Authors create scenarios that force readers to want to read on to see what the characters face the next. For example, J.K. Rowling builds suspense in Harry Potter books by having Harry and his friends unravel the details of Voldemort’s evil plans a little at a time. Harry often overhears parts of conversations or is allowed by Dumbledore to know just enough to be helpful, but readers typically don’t know the entire story until the end.

Exercise 32. *In the following extract from the novel “The Goldfinch” suspense is created after the police phone call from which the boy understands that his mother dies in an accident in the museum. Analyse the details that helped to create the suspense. What is its function within the whole story?*

After I got off the telephone, I sat very still for a long time. According to the clock on the stove, which I could see from where I sat, it was two-forty-five in the morning. Never had I been alone and awake at such an hour. The living room – normally so airy and open, buoyant with my mother’s presence – had shrunk to a cold, pale discomfort, like a vacation house in winter: fragile fabrics, scratchy sisal rug, paper lamp shades from Chinatown and the chairs too little and light. All the furniture seemed spindly, poised at a tiptoe nervousness. I could feel my heart beating, hear the clicks and ticks and hisses of the large elderly building slumbering around me. Everyone was asleep. Even the distant horn-honks and the occasional rattle of trucks out on Fifty-Seventh Street seemed faint and uncertain, as lonely as a noise from another planet.

Soon, I knew, the night sky would turn dark blue; the first tender, chilly gleam of April daylight would steal into the room. Garbage trucks would roar and grumble down the street; spring songbirds would start singing in the park; alarm clocks would be going off in bedrooms all over the city. Guys hanging off the backs of trucks would toss fat whacking bundles of the Times and the Daily News to the sidewalks outside the newsstand. Mothers and dads all over the city would be shuffling around wild-haired in underwear and bathrobes, putting on the coffee, plugging in the toaster, waking their kids up for school.

And what would I do? Part of me was immobile, stunned with despair, like those rats that lose hope in laboratory experiments and lie down in the maze to starve.

I tried to pull my thoughts together. For a while, it had almost seemed that if I sat still enough, and waited, things might straighten themselves out somehow. Objects in the apartment wobbled with my fa-

tigue: halos shimmered around the table lamp; the stripe of the wallpaper seemed to vibrate.

I picked up the phone book; I put it down. The idea of calling the police terrified me. And what could the police do anyway? I knew only too well from television that a person had to be missing twenty-four hours. I had just about convinced myself that I ought to go uptown and look for her, middle of the night or no, and the hell with our Family Disaster Plan, when a deafening buzz (the doorbell) shattered the silence and my heart leaped up for joy.

Scrambling, skidding harum-scarum to the door, I fumbled with the lock. “Mom?” I called, sliding the top bolt, throwing open the door—and then my heart plunged, a six-story drop. Standing on the doormat were two people I had never seen in my life: a chubby Korean woman with a short, spiky haircut, a Hispanic guy in shirt and tie who looked a lot like Luis on Sesame Street. There was nothing at all threatening about them, quite the contrary; they were reassuringly dumpy and middle-aged, dressed like a pair of substitute school teachers, but though they both had kindly expressions on their faces, I understood the instant I saw them that my life, as I knew it, was over. (from “*The Goldfinch*” by *D. Tart*)

5.4. Analysing Poetry

Exercise 33. In the following poems, find and examine the devices and independent elements that help to understand the poets’ ideas. Study structure, form, language, metrical pattern, and theme. Interpret the meaning of each poem on a deeper level and state the message.

‘Hope’ is the thing with feathers

by Emily Dickinson

HOPE is the thing with feathers

That perches in the soul,

And sings the tune without the words,

And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

The Wind

by James Stephens

THE wind stood up and gave a shout.

He whistled on his fingers and
Kicked the withered leaves about
And thumped the branches with his hand
And said that he'd kill and kill,
And so he will and so he will.

The Naming of Cats

by T.S. Eliot

THE Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have **THREE DIFFERENT NAMES**.
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo, or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey—
All of them sensible everyday names.

There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter—
But all of them sensible everyday names,
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum —
Names that never belong to more than one cat.
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover —
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular name.

The Road Not Taken

by Robert Frost

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

One Art

by Elizabeth Bishop

THE art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

PART VI. WRITING A STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

6.1. Chapters and Extracts for Stylistic Analysis

Exercise 34. Read the extract from the novel “Martin Eden” by Jack London and analyse the vocabulary and stylistic devices the author used to express his idea. Analyse the poetic structure of the literary work and reveal the image, the theme, the idea, and the message expressed in the extract (see Appendix 1). Use the recommended steps to write the analysis of the extract (see Appendix 2).

Chapter 4

Martin Eden, with blood still crawling from contact with his brother-in-law, felt his way along the unlighted back hall and entered his room, a tiny cubbyhole with space for a bed, a wash-stand, and one chair. Mr. Higginbotham was too thrifty to keep a servant when his wife could do the work. Besides, the servant’s room enabled them to take in two boarders instead of one. Martin placed the Swinburne and Browning on the chair, took off his coat, and sat down on the bed. A screeching of asthmatic springs greeted the weight of his body, but he did not notice them. He started to take off his shoes, but fell to staring at the white plaster wall opposite him, broken by long streaks of dirty brown where rain had leaked through the roof. On this befouled background visions began to flow and burn. He forgot his shoes and stared long, till his lips began to move and he murmured, “Ruth.”

“Ruth.” He had not thought a simple sound could be so beautiful. It delighted his ear, and he grew intoxicated with the repetition of it. “Ruth.” It was a talisman, a magic word to conjure with. Each time he murmured it, her face shimmered before him, suffusing the foul wall with a golden radiance. This radiance did not stop at the wall. It extended on into infinity, and through its golden depths his soul went questing after hers. The best that was in him was out in splendid flood. The very thought of her ennobled and purified him, made him better, and made him want to be

better. This was new to him. He had never known women who had made him better. They had always had the counter effect of making him beastly. He did not know that many of them had done their best, bad as it was. Never having been conscious of himself, he did not know that he had that in his being that drew love from women and which had been the cause of their reaching out for his youth. Though they had often bothered him, he had never bothered about them; and he would never have dreamed that there were women who had been better because of him. Always in sublime carelessness had he lived, till now, and now it seemed to him that they had always reached out and dragged at him with vile hands. This was not just to them, nor to himself. But he, who for the first time was becoming conscious of himself, was in no condition to judge, and he burned with shame as he stared at the vision of his infamy.

He got up abruptly and tried to see himself in the dirty looking-glass over the wash-stand. He passed a towel over it and looked again, long and carefully. It was the first time he had ever really seen himself. His eyes were made for seeing, but up to that moment they had been filled with the ever changing panorama of the world, at which he had been too busy gazing, ever to gaze at himself. He saw the head and face of a young fellow of twenty, but, being unused to such appraisal, he did not know how to value it. Above a square-domed forehead he saw a mop of brown hair, nut-brown, with a wave to it and hints of curls that were a delight to any woman, making hands tingle to stroke it and fingers tingle to pass caresses through it. But he passed it by as without merit, in Her eyes, and dwelt long and thoughtfully on the high, square forehead, – striving to penetrate it and learn the quality of its content. What kind of a brain lay behind there? was his insistent interrogation. What was it capable of? How far would it take him? Would it take him to her?

He wondered if there was soul in those steel-gray eyes that were often quite blue of color and that were strong with the briny airs of the sun-washed deep. He wondered, also, how his eyes looked to her. He tried to imagine himself she, gazing into those eyes of his, but failed in the jug-

glery. He could successfully put himself inside other men's minds, but they had to be men whose ways of life he knew. He did not know her way of life. She was wonder and mystery, and how could he guess one thought of hers? Well, they were honest eyes, he concluded, and in them was neither smallness nor meanness. The brown sunburn of his face surprised him. He had not dreamed he was so black. He rolled up his shirt-sleeve and compared the white underside of the arm with his face. Yes, he was a white man, after all. But the arms were sunburned, too. He twisted his arm, rolled the biceps over with his other hand, and gazed underneath where he was least touched by the sun. It was very white. He laughed at his bronzed face in the glass at the thought that it was once as white as the underside of his arm; nor did he dream that in the world there were few pale spirits of women who could boast fairer or smoother skins than he – fairer than where he had escaped the ravages of the sun.

His might have been a cherub's mouth, had not the full, sensuous lips a trick, under stress, of drawing firmly across the teeth. At times, so tightly did they draw, the mouth became stern and harsh, even ascetic. They were the lips of a fighter and of a lover. They could taste the sweetness of life with relish, and they could put the sweetness aside and command life. The chin and jaw, strong and just hinting of square aggressiveness, helped the lips to command life. Strength balanced sensuousness and had upon it a tonic effect, compelling him to love beauty that was healthy and making him vibrate to sensations that were wholesome. And between the lips were teeth that had never known nor needed the dentist's care. They were white and strong and regular, he decided, as he looked at them. But as he looked, he began to be troubled. Somewhere, stored away in the recesses of his mind and vaguely remembered, was the impression that there were people who washed their teeth every day. They were the people from up above – people in her class. She must wash her teeth every day, too. What would she think if she learned that he had never washed his teeth in all the days of his life? He resolved to get a tooth-brush and form the habit. He would begin at once, to-morrow. It was not by mere achievement that he could

hope to win to her. He must make a personal reform in all things, even to tooth-washing and neck-gear, though a starched collar affected him as a renunciation of freedom.

He held up his hand, rubbing the ball of the thumb over the calloused palm and gazing at the dirt that was ingrained in the flesh itself and which no brush could scrub away. How different was her palm! He thrilled deliciously at the remembrance. Like a rose-petal, he thought; cool and soft as a snowflake. He had never thought that a mere woman's hand could be so sweetly soft. He caught himself imagining the wonder of a caress from such a hand, and flushed guiltily. It was too gross a thought for her. In ways it seemed to impugn her high spirituality. She was a pale, slender spirit, exalted far beyond the flesh; but nevertheless the softness of her palm persisted in his thoughts. He was used to the harsh callousness of factory girls and working women. Well he knew why their hands were rough; but this hand of hers . . . It was soft because she had never used it to work with. The gulf yawned between her and him at the awesome thought of a person who did not have to work for a living. He suddenly saw the aristocracy of the people who did not labor. It towered before him on the wall, a figure in brass, arrogant and powerful. He had worked himself; his first memories seemed connected with work, and all his family had worked. There was Gertrude. When her hands were not hard from the endless housework, they were swollen and red like boiled beef, what of the washing. And there was his sister Marian. She had worked in the cannery the preceding summer, and her slim, pretty hands were all scarred with the tomato-knives. Besides, the tips of two of her fingers had been left in the cutting machine at the paper-box factory the preceding winter. He remembered the hard palms of his mother as she lay in her coffin. And his father had worked to the last fading gasp; the horned growth on his hands must have been half an inch thick when he died. But Her hands were soft, and her mother's hands, and her brothers'. This last came to him as a surprise; it was tremendously indicative of the highness of their caste, of the enormous distance that stretched between her and him.

He sat back on the bed with a bitter laugh, and finished taking off his shoes. He was a fool; he had been made drunken by a woman's face and by a woman's soft, white hands. And then, suddenly, before his eyes, on the foul plaster-wall appeared a vision. He stood in front of a gloomy tenement house. It was night-time, in the East End of London, and before him stood Margey, a little factory girl of fifteen. He had seen her home after the bean-feast. She lived in that gloomy tenement, a place not fit for swine. His hand was going out to hers as he said good night. She had put her lips up to be kissed, but he wasn't going to kiss her. Somehow he was afraid of her. And then her hand closed on his and pressed feverishly. He felt her callouses grind and grate on his, and a great wave of pity welled over him. He saw her yearning, hungry eyes, and her ill-fed female form which had been rushed from childhood into a frightened and ferocious maturity; then he put his arms about her in large tolerance and stooped and kissed her on the lips. Her glad little cry rang in his ears, and he felt her clinging to him like a cat. Poor little starveling! He continued to stare at the vision of what had happened in the long ago. His flesh was crawling as it had crawled that night when she clung to him, and his heart was warm with pity. It was a gray scene, greasy gray, and the rain drizzled greasily on the pavement stones. And then a radiant glory shone on the wall, and up through the other vision, displacing it, glimmered Her pale face under its crown of golden hair, remote and inaccessible as a star.

He took the Browning and the Swinburne from the chair and kissed them. Just the same, she told me to call again, he thought. He took another look at himself in the glass, and said aloud, with great solemnity:-

“Martin Eden, the first thing to-morrow you go to the free library an' read up on etiquette. Understand!”

He turned off the gas, and the springs shrieked under his body.

“But you've got to quit cussin', Martin, old boy; you've got to quit cussin',” he said aloud.

Then he dozed off to sleep and to dream dreams that for madness and audacity rivalled those of poppy-eaters.

Exercise 35. Read the extract from “The Great Gatsby” by F. Scott Fitzgerald and analyse the stylistic devices on different levels of the language. Analyse the poetic structure of the literary work and reveal the image, the theme, the idea, and the message expressed in the extract (see Appendix 1). Use the recommended steps to write the analysis of the extract (see Appendix 2).

Chapter 8

I couldn't sleep all night; a fog-horn was groaning incessantly on the Sound, and I tossed half-sick between grotesque reality and savage frightening dreams. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive and immediately I jumped out of bed and began to dress – I felt that I had something to tell him, something to warn him about and morning would be too late.

Crossing his lawn I saw that his front door was still open and he was leaning against a table in the hall, heavy with dejection or sleep.

‘Nothing happened,’ he said wanly. ‘I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light.’

His house had never seemed so enormous to me as it did that night when we hunted through the great rooms for cigarettes. We pushed aside curtains that were like pavilions and felt over innumerable feet of dark wall for electric light switches – once I tumbled with a sort of splash upon the keys of a ghostly piano. There was an inexplicable amount of dust everywhere and the rooms were musty as though they hadn't been aired for many days. I found the humidors on an unfamiliar table with two stale dry cigarettes inside. Throwing open the French windows of the drawing-room we sat smoking out into the darkness.

‘You ought to go away,’ I said. ‘It's pretty certain they'll trace your car.’

‘Go away NOW, old sport?’

‘Go to Atlantic City for a week, or up to Montreal.’

He wouldn't consider it. He couldn't possibly leave Daisy until he knew what she was going to do. He was clutching at some last hope and I couldn't bear to shake him free.

It was this night that he told me the strange story of his youth with Dan Cody – told it to me because 'Jay Gatsby' had broken up like glass against Tom's hard malice and the long secret extravaganza was played out. I think that he would have acknowledged anything, now, without reserve, but he wanted to talk about Daisy.

She was the first 'nice' girl he had ever known. In various unrevealed capacities he had come in contact with such people but always with indiscernible barbed wire between. He found her excitingly desirable. He went to her house, at first with other officers from Camp Taylor, then alone. It amazed him – he had never been in such a beautiful house before. But what gave it an air of breathless intensity was that Daisy lived there – it was as casual a thing to her as his tent out at camp was to him. There was a ripe mystery about it, a hint of bedrooms upstairs more beautiful and cool than other bedrooms, of gay and radiant activities taking place through its corridors and of romances that were not musty and laid away already in lavender but fresh and breathing and redolent of this year's shining motor cars and of dances whose flowers were scarcely withered. It excited him too that many men had already loved Daisy – it increased her value in his eyes. He felt their presence all about the house, pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still vibrant emotions.

But he knew that he was in Daisy's house by a colossal accident. However glorious might be his future as Jay Gatsby, he was at present a penniless young man without a past, and at any moment the invisible cloak of his uniform might slip from his shoulders. So he made the most of his time. He took what he could get, ravenously and unscrupulously – eventually he took Daisy one still October night, took her because he had no real right to touch her hand.

He might have despised himself, for he had certainly taken her under false pretenses. I don't mean that he had traded on his phantom millions, but

he had deliberately given Daisy a sense of security; he let her believe that he was a person from much the same stratum as herself – that he was fully able to take care of her. As a matter of fact he had no such facilities – he had no comfortable family standing behind him and he was liable at the whim of an impersonal government to be blown anywhere about the world.

But he didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as he had imagined. He had intended, probably, to take what he could and go – but now he found that he had committed himself to the following of a grail. He knew that Daisy was extraordinary but he didn't realize just how extraordinary a 'nice' girl could be. She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving Gatsby – nothing. He felt married to her, that was all.

When they met again two days later it was Gatsby who was breathless, who was somehow betrayed. Her porch was bright with the bought luxury of star-shine; the wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably as she turned toward him and he kissed her curious and lovely mouth. She had caught a cold and it made her voice huskier and more charming than ever and Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

'I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved her, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't, because she was in love with me too. She thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from her.... Well, there I was, way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling her what I was going to do?'

On the last afternoon before he went abroad he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day with fire in the room and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love

nor communicated more profoundly one with another than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a captain Free before he went to the front and following the Argonne battles he got his majority and the command of the divisional machine guns. After the Armistice he tried frantically to get home but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead. He was worried now – there was a quality of nervous despair in Daisy's letters. She didn't see why he couldn't come. She was feeling the pressure of the world outside and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all.

For Daisy was young and her artificial world was redolent of orchids and pleasant, cheerful snobbery and orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the 'Beale Street Blues' while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust. At the grey tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

Through this twilight universe Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men and drowsing asleep at dawn with the beads and chiffon of an evening dress tangled among dying orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately – and the decision must be made by some force – of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality – that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome bulkiness about his person and his position and Daisy was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

It was dawn now on Long Island and we went about opening the rest of the windows downstairs, filling the house with grey turning, gold turning light. The shadow of a tree fell abruptly across the dew and ghostly birds began to sing among the blue leaves. There was a slow pleasant movement in the air, scarcely a wind, promising a cool lovely day.

‘I don’t think she ever loved him.’ Gatsby turned around from a window and looked at me challengingly. ‘You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon. He told her those things in a way that frightened her – that made it look as if I was some kind of cheap sharper. And the result was she hardly knew what she was saying.’

He sat down gloomily.

‘Of course she might have loved him, just for a minute, when they were first married—and loved me more even then, do you see?’

Suddenly he came out with a curious remark:

‘In any case,’ he said, ‘it was just personal.’

What could you make of that, except to suspect some intensity in his conception of the affair that couldn’t be measured?

He came back from France when Tom and Daisy were still on their wedding trip, and made a miserable but irresistible journey to Louisville on the last of his army pay. He stayed there a week, walking the streets where their footsteps had clicked together through the November night and revisiting the out-of-the-way places to which they had driven in her white car. Just as Daisy’s house had always seemed to him more mysterious and gay than other houses so his idea of the city itself, even though she was gone from it, was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.

He left feeling that if he had searched harder he might have found her – that he was leaving her behind. The daycoach – he was penniless now – was hot. He went out to the open vestibule and sat down on a folding-chair, and the station slid away and the backs of unfamiliar buildings moved by. Then out into the spring fields, where a yellow trolley raced them for a minute with people in it who might once have seen the pale magic of her face along the casual street.

The track curved and now it was going away from the sun which, as it sank lower, seemed to spread itself in benediction over the vanishing city where she had drawn her breath. He stretched out his hand desperately as if to snatch only a wisp of air, to save a fragment of the spot that she had made lovely for him. But it was all going by too fast now for his blurred eyes and he knew that he had lost that part of it, the freshest and the best, forever.

It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air. The gardener, the last one of Gatsby's former servants, came to the foot of the steps.

'I'm going to drain the pool today, Mr. Gatsby. Leaves'll start falling pretty soon and then there's always trouble with the pipes.'

'Don't do it today,' Gatsby answered. He turned to me apologetically. 'You know, old sport, I've never used that pool all summer?'

I looked at my watch and stood up.

'Twelve minutes to my train.'

I didn't want to go to the city. I wasn't worth a decent stroke of work but it was more than that – I didn't want to leave Gatsby. I missed that train, and then another, before I could get myself away.

'I'll call you up,' I said finally.

'Do, old sport.'

'I'll call you about noon.'

We walked slowly down the steps.

'I suppose Daisy'll call too.' He looked at me anxiously as if he hoped I'd corroborate this.

'I suppose so.'

'Well – goodbye.'

We shook hands and I started away. Just before I reached the hedge I remembered something and turned around.

'They're a rotten crowd,' I shouted across the lawn. 'You're worth the whole damn bunch put together.'

I've always been glad I said that. It was the only compliment I ever gave him, because I disapproved of him from beginning to end. First he nodded politely, and then his face broke into that radiant and understanding smile, as if we'd been in ecstatic cahoots on that fact all the time. His gorgeous pink rag of a suit made a bright spot of color against the white steps and I thought of the night when I first came to his ancestral home three months before. The lawn and drive had been crowded with the faces of those who guessed at his corruption – and he had stood on those steps, concealing his incorruptible dream, as he waved them goodbye.

I thanked him for his hospitality. We were always thanking him for that – I and the others.

'Goodbye,' I called. 'I enjoyed breakfast, Gatsby.'

Up in the city I tried for a while to list the quotations on an interminable amount of stock, then I fell asleep in my swivel-chair. Just before noon the phone woke me and I started up with sweat breaking out on my forehead. It was Jordan Baker; she often called me up at this hour because the uncertainty of her own movements between hotels and clubs and private houses made her hard to find in any other way. Usually her voice came over the wire as something fresh and cool as if a divot from a green golf links had come sailing in at the office window but this morning it seemed harsh and dry.

'I've left Daisy's house,' she said. 'I'm at Hempstead and I'm going down to Southampton this afternoon.'

Probably it had been tactful to leave Daisy's house, but the act annoyed me and her next remark made me rigid.

'You weren't so nice to me last night.'

'How could it have mattered then?'

Silence for a moment. Then –

'However – I want to see you.'

'I want to see you too.'

'Suppose I don't go to Southampton, and come into town this afternoon?'

‘No – I don’t think this afternoon.’

‘Very well.’

‘It’s impossible this afternoon. Various——’

We talked like that for a while and then abruptly we weren’t talking any longer. I don’t know which of us hung up with a sharp click but I know I didn’t care. I couldn’t have talked to her across a tea-table that day if I never talked to her again in this world.

I called Gatsby’s house a few minutes later, but the line was busy. I tried four times; finally an exasperated central told me the wire was being kept open for long distance from Detroit. Taking out my time-table I drew a small circle around the three-fifty train. Then I leaned back in my chair and tried to think. It was just noon.

When I passed the ashheaps on the train that morning I had crossed deliberately to the other side of the car. I suppose there’d be a curious crowd around there all day with little boys searching for dark spots in the dust and some garrulous man telling over and over what had happened until it became less and less real even to him and he could tell it no longer and Myrtle Wilson’s tragic achievement was forgotten. Now I want to go back a little and tell what happened at the garage after we left there the night before.

They had difficulty in locating the sister, Catherine. She must have broken her rule against drinking that night for when she arrived she was stupid with liquor and unable to understand that the ambulance had already gone to Flushing. When they convinced her of this she immediately fainted as if that was the intolerable part of the affair. Someone kind or curious took her in his car and drove her in the wake of her sister’s body.

Until long after midnight a changing crowd lapped up against the front of the garage while George Wilson rocked himself back and forth on the couch inside. For a while the door of the office was open and everyone who came into the garage glanced irresistibly through it. Finally someone said it was a shame and closed the door. Michaelis and several other men were with him – first four or five men, later two or three men. Still later Michaelis had to ask the last stranger to wait there fifteen minutes longer

while he went back to his own place and made a pot of coffee. After that he stayed there alone with Wilson until dawn.

About three o'clock the quality of Wilson's incoherent muttering changed – he grew quieter and began to talk about the yellow car. He announced that he had a way of finding out whom the yellow car belonged to, and then he blurted out that a couple of months ago his wife had come from the city with her face bruised and her nose swollen.

But when he heard himself say this, he flinched and began to cry 'Oh, my God!' again in his groaning voice. Michaelis made a clumsy attempt to distract him.

'How long have you been married, George? Come on there, try and sit still a minute and answer my question.

How long have you been married?'

'Twelve years.'

'Ever had any children? Come on, George, sit still – I asked you a question. Did you ever have any children?'

The hard brown beetles kept thudding against the dull light and whenever Michaelis heard a car go tearing along the road outside it sounded to him like the car that hadn't stopped a few hours before. He didn't like to go into the garage because the work bench was stained where the body had been lying so he moved uncomfortably around the office – he knew every object in it before morning – and from time to time sat down beside Wilson trying to keep him more quiet.

'Have you got a church you go to sometimes, George?

Maybe even if you haven't been there for a long time? Maybe I could call up the church and get a priest to come over and he could talk to you, see?'

'Don't belong to any.'

'You ought to have a church, George, for times like this.

You must have gone to church once. Didn't you get married in a church? Listen, George, listen to me. Didn't you get married in a church?'

'That was a long time ago.'

The effort of answering broke the rhythm of his rocking – for a moment he was silent. Then the same half knowing, half bewildered look came back into his faded eyes.

‘Look in the drawer there,’ he said, pointing at the desk.

‘Which drawer?’

‘That drawer – that one.’

Michaelis opened the drawer nearest his hand. There was nothing in it but a small expensive dog leash made of leather and braided silver. It was apparently new.

‘This?’ he inquired, holding it up.

Wilson stared and nodded.

‘I found it yesterday afternoon. She tried to tell me about it but I knew it was something funny.’

‘You mean your wife bought it?’

‘She had it wrapped in tissue paper on her bureau.’

Michaelis didn’t see anything odd in that and he gave Wilson a dozen reasons why his wife might have bought the dog leash. But conceivably Wilson had heard some of these same explanations before, from Myrtle, because he began saying ‘Oh, my God!’ again in a whisper – his comforter left several explanations in the air.

‘Then he killed her,’ said Wilson. His mouth dropped open suddenly.

‘Who did?’

‘I have a way of finding out.’

‘You’re morbid, George,’ said his friend. ‘This has been a strain to you and you don’t know what you’re saying. You’d better try and sit quiet till morning.’

‘He murdered her.’

‘It was an accident, George.’

Wilson shook his head. His eyes narrowed and his mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior ‘Hm!’

‘I know,’ he said definitely, ‘I’m one of these trusting fellas and I don’t think any harm to NObody, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn’t stop.’

Michaelis had seen this too but it hadn’t occurred to him that there was any special significance in it. He believed that Mrs. Wilson had been running away from her husband, rather than trying to stop any particular car.

‘How could she of been like that?’

‘She’s a deep one,’ said Wilson, as if that answered the question. ‘Ah-h-h——’

He began to rock again and Michaelis stood twisting the leash in his hand.

‘Maybe you got some friend that I could telephone for, George?’

This was a forlorn hope – he was almost sure that Wilson had no friend: there was not enough of him for his wife. He was glad a little later when he noticed a change in the room, a blue quickening by the window, and realized that dawn wasn’t far off. About five o’clock it was blue enough outside to snap off the light.

Wilson’s glazed eyes turned out to the ashheaps, where small grey clouds took on fantastic shape and scurried here and there in the faint dawn wind.

‘I spoke to her,’ he muttered, after a long silence. ‘I told her she might fool me but she couldn’t fool God. I took her to the window –’ With an effort he got up and walked to the rear window and leaned with his face pressed against it, ‘ – and I said ‘God knows what you’ve been doing, everything you’ve been doing. You may fool me but you can’t fool God!’ ‘

Standing behind him Michaelis saw with a shock that he was looking at the eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg which had just emerged pale and enormous from the dissolving night.

‘God sees everything,’ repeated Wilson.

‘That’s an advertisement,’ Michaelis assured him. Something made him turn away from the window and look back into the room. But Wilson stood there a long time, his face close to the window pane, nodding into the twilight.

By six o'clock Michaelis was worn out and grateful for the sound of a car stopping outside. It was one of the watchers of the night before who had promised to come back so he cooked breakfast for three which he and the other man ate together. Wilson was quieter now and Michaelis went home to sleep; when he awoke four hours later and hurried back to the garage Wilson was gone.

His movements – he was on foot all the time – were afterward traced to Port Roosevelt and then to Gad's Hill where he bought a sandwich that he didn't eat and a cup of coffee. He must have been tired and walking slowly for he didn't reach Gad's Hill until noon. Thus far there was no difficulty in accounting for his time – there were boys who had seen a man 'acting sort of crazy' and motorists at whom he stared oddly from the side of the road. Then for three hours he disappeared from view. The police, on the strength of what he said to Michaelis, that he 'had a way of finding out,' supposed that he spent that time going from garage to garage thereabouts inquiring for a yellow car. On the other hand no garage man who had seen him ever came forward – and perhaps he had an easier, surer way of finding out what he wanted to know. By half past two he was in West Egg where he asked someone the way to Gatsby's house. So by that time he knew Gatsby's name.

At two o'clock Gatsby put on his bathing suit and left word with the butler that if any one phoned word was to be brought to him at the pool. He stopped at the garage for a pneumatic mattress that had amused his guests during the summer, and the chauffeur helped him pump it up. Then he gave instructions that the open car wasn't to be taken out under any circumstances – and this was strange because the front right fender needed repair.

Gatsby shouldered the mattress and started for the pool. Once he stopped and shifted it a little, and the chauffeur asked him if he needed help, but he shook his head and in a moment disappeared among the yellowing trees.

No telephone message arrived but the butler went without his sleep and waited for it until four o'clock – until long after there was any one to give it to if it came. I have an idea that Gatsby himself didn't believe it would come and perhaps he no longer cared. If that was true he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. He must have looked up at an unfamiliar sky through frightening leaves and shivered as he found what a grotesque thing a rose is and how raw the sunlight was upon the scarcely created grass. A new world, material without being real, where poor ghosts, breathing dreams like air, drifted fortuitously about ... like that ashen, fantastic figure gliding toward him through the amorphous trees.

The chauffeur – he was one of Wolfshiem's protégés – heard the shots – afterward he could only say that he hadn't thought anything much about them. I drove from the station directly to Gatsby's house and my rushing anxiously up the front steps was the first thing that alarmed any one.

But they knew then, I firmly believe. With scarcely a word said, four of us, the chauffeur, butler, gardener and I, hurried down to the pool.

There was a faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other. With little ripples that were hardly the shadows of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its accidental course with its accidental burden. The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it slowly, tracing, like the leg of compass, a thin red circle in the water.

It was after we started with Gatsby toward the house that the gardener saw Wilson's body a little way off in the grass, and the holocaust was complete.

6.2. Short Stories for Analysis

Exercise 36. Read the short story "The Cat" by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and write the stylistic analysis using the tips and recommenda-

tions (see Appendix 2). Analyse the poetic structure of the story and reveal the image, the theme, the idea, the message, the plot and the composition (see Appendix 1).

The Cat

by *Mary E. Wilkins Freeman*

The snow was falling, and the Cat's fur was stiffly pointed with it, but he was imperturbable. He sat crouched, ready for the death-spring, as he had sat for hours. It was night—but that made no difference—all times were as one to the Cat when he was in wait for prey. Then, too, he was under no constraint of human will, for he was living alone that winter. Nowhere in the world was any voice calling him; on no hearth was there a waiting dish. He was quite free except for his own desires, which tyrannized over him when unsatisfied as now. The Cat was very hungry – almost famished, in fact. For days the weather had been very bitter, and all the feebler wild things which were his prey by inheritance, the born serfs to his family, had kept, for the most part, in their burrows and nests, and the Cat's long hunt had availed him nothing. But he waited with the inconceivable patience and persistency of his race; besides, he was certain. The Cat was a creature of absolute convictions, and his faith in his deductions never wavered. The rabbit had gone in there between those low-hung pine boughs. Now her little doorway had before it a shaggy curtain of snow, but in there she was. The Cat had seen her enter, so like a swift grey shadow that even his sharp and practised eyes had glanced back for the substance following, and then she was gone. So he sat down and waited, and he waited still in the white night, listening angrily to the north wind starting in the upper heights of the mountains with distant screams, then swelling into an awful crescendo of rage, and swooping down with furious white wings of snow like a flock of fierce eagles into the valleys and ravines. The Cat was on the side of a mountain, on a wooded terrace. Above him a few feet away towered the rock ascent as steep as the wall of a cathedral. The Cat had never climbed it – trees were the ladders to his

heights of life. He had often looked with wonder at the rock, and miauled bitterly and resentfully as man does in the face of a forbidding Providence. At his left was the sheer precipice. Behind him, with a short stretch of woody growth between, was the frozen perpendicular wall of a mountain stream. Before him was the way to his home. When the rabbit came out she was trapped; her little cloven feet could not scale such unbroken steeps. So the Cat waited. The place in which he was looked like a maelstrom of the wood. The tangle of trees and bushes clinging to the mountain-side with a stern clutch of roots, the prostrate trunks and branches, the vines embracing everything with strong knots and coils of growth, had a curious effect, as of things which had whirled for ages in a current of raging water, only it was not water, but wind, which had disposed everything in circling lines of yielding to its fiercest points of onset. And now over all this whirl of wood and rock and dead trunks and branches and vines descended the snow. It blew down like smoke over the rock-crest above; it stood in a gyrating column like some death-wraith of nature, on the level, then it broke over the edge of the precipice, and the Cat cowered before the fierce backward set of it. It was as if ice needles pricked his skin through his beautiful thick fur, but he never faltered and never once cried. He had nothing to gain from crying, and everything to lose; the rabbit would hear him cry and know he was waiting.

It grew darker and darker, with a strange white smother, instead of the natural blackness of night. It was a night of storm and death superadded to the night of nature. The mountains were all hidden, wrapped about, overawed, and tumultuously overborne by it, but in the midst of it waited, quite unconquered, this little, unswerving, living patience and power under a little coat of grey fur.

A fiercer blast swept over the rock, spun on one mighty foot of whirlwind athwart the level, then was over the precipice.

Then the Cat saw two eyes luminous with terror, frantic with the impulse of flight, he saw a little, quivering, dilating nose, he saw two pointing ears, and he kept still, with every one of his fine nerves and muscles

strained like wires. Then the rabbit was out – there was one long line of incarnate flight and terror – and the Cat had her.

Then the Cat went home, trailing his prey through the snow.

The Cat lived in the house which his master had built, as rudely as a child's block-house, but staunchly enough. The snow was heavy on the low slant of its roof, but it would not settle under it. The two windows and the door were made fast, but the Cat knew a way in. Up a pine-tree behind the house he scuttled, though it was hard work with his heavy rabbit, and was in his little window under the eaves, then down through the trap to the room below, and on his master's bed with a spring and a great cry of triumph, rabbit and all. But his master was not there; he had been gone since early fall and it was now February. He would not return until spring, for he was an old man, and the cruel cold of the mountains clutched at his vitals like a panther, and he had gone to the village to winter. The Cat had known for a long time that his master was gone, but his reasoning was always sequential and circuitous; always for him what had been would be, and the more easily for his marvellous waiting powers so he always came home expecting to find his master.

When he saw that he was still gone, he dragged the rabbit off the rude couch which was the bed to the floor, put one little paw on the carcass to keep it steady, and began gnawing with head to one side to bring his strongest teeth to bear.

It was darker in the house than it had been in the wood, and the cold was as deadly, though not so fierce. If the Cat had not received his fur coat unquestioningly of Providence, he would have been thankful that he had it. It was a mottled grey, white on the face and breast, and thick as fur could grow.

The wind drove the snow on the windows with such force that it rattled like sleet, and the house trembled a little. Then all at once the Cat heard a noise, and stopped gnawing his rabbit and listened, his shining green eyes fixed upon a window. Then he heard a hoarse shout, a halloo of despair and entreaty; but he knew it was not his master come home, and he waited, one paw still on the rabbit. Then the halloo came again, and then

the Cat answered. He said all that was essential quite plainly to his own comprehension. There was in his cry of response inquiry, information, warning, terror, and finally, the offer of comradeship; but the man outside did not hear him, because of the howling of the storm.

Then there was a great battering pound at the door, then another, and another. The Cat dragged his rabbit under the bed. The blows came thicker and faster. It was a weak arm which gave them, but it was nerved by desperation. Finally the lock yielded, and the stranger came in. Then the Cat, peering from under the bed, blinked with a sudden light, and his green eyes narrowed. The stranger struck a match and looked about. The Cat saw a face wild and blue with hunger and cold, and a man who looked poorer and older than his poor old master, who was an outcast among men for his poverty and lowly mystery of antecedents; and he heard a muttered, unintelligible voicing of distress from the harsh piteous mouth. There was in it both profanity and prayer, but the Cat knew nothing of that.

The stranger braced the door which he had forced, got some wood from the stock in the corner, and kindled a fire in the old stove as quickly as his half-frozen hands would allow. He shook so pitifully as he worked that the Cat under the bed felt the tremor of it. Then the man, who was small and feeble and marked with the scars of suffering which he had pulled down upon his own head, sat down in one of the old chairs and crouched over the fire as if it were the one love and desire of his soul, holding out his yellow hands like yellow claws, and he groaned. The Cat came out from under the bed and leaped up on his lap with the rabbit. The man gave a great shout and start of terror, and sprang, and the Cat slid clawing to the floor, and the rabbit fell inertly, and the man leaned, gasping with fright, and ghastly, against the wall. The Cat grabbed the rabbit by the slack of its neck and dragged it to the man's feet. Then he raised his shrill, insistent cry, he arched his back high, his tail was a splendid waving plume. He rubbed against the man's feet, which were bursting out of their torn shoes.

The man pushed the Cat away, gently enough, and began searching about the little cabin. He even climbed painfully the ladder to the loft, lit a match, and peered up in the darkness with straining eyes. He feared lest there might be a man, since there was a cat. His experience with men had not been pleasant, and neither had the experience of men been pleasant with him. He was an old wandering Ishmael among his kind; he had stumbled upon the house of a brother, and the brother was not at home, and he was glad.

He returned to the Cat, and stooped stiffly and stroked his back, which the animal arched like the spring of a bow.

Then he took up the rabbit and looked at it eagerly by the firelight. His jaws worked. He could almost have devoured it raw. He fumbled – the Cat close at his heels – around some rude shelves and a table, and found, with a grunt of self-gratulation, a lamp with oil in it. That he lighted; then he found a frying-pan and a knife, and skinned the rabbit, and prepared it for cooking, the Cat always at his feet.

When the odour of the cooking flesh filled the cabin, both the man and the Cat looked wolfish. The man turned the rabbit with one hand and stooped to pat the Cat with the other. The Cat thought him a fine man. He loved him with all his heart, though he had known him such a short time, and though the man had a face both pitiful and sharply set at variance with the best of things.

It was a face with the grimy grizzle of age upon it, with fever hollows in the cheeks, and the memories of wrong in the dim eyes, but the Cat accepted the man unquestioningly and loved him. When the rabbit was half cooked, neither the man nor the Cat could wait any longer. The man took it from the fire, divided it exactly in halves, gave the Cat one, and took the other himself. Then they ate.

Then the man blew out the light, called the Cat to him, got on the bed, drew up the ragged coverings, and fell asleep with the Cat in his bosom.

The man was the Cat's guest all the rest of the winter, and winter is long in the mountains. The rightful owner of the little hut did not return until May. All that time the Cat toiled hard, and he grew rather thin him-

self, for he shared everything except mice with his guest; and sometimes game was wary, and the fruit of patience of days was very little for two. The man was ill and weak, however, and unable to eat much, which was fortunate, since he could not hunt for himself. All day long he lay on the bed, or else sat crouched over the fire. It was a good thing that fire-wood was ready at hand for the picking up, not a stone's-throw from the door, for that he had to attend to himself.

The Cat foraged tirelessly. Sometimes he was gone for days together, and at first the man used to be terrified, thinking he would never return; then he would hear the familiar cry at the door, and stumble to his feet and let him in. Then the two would dine together, sharing equally; then the Cat would rest and purr, and finally sleep in the man's arms.

Towards spring the game grew plentiful; more wild little quarry were tempted out of their homes, in search of love as well as food. One day the Cat had luck – a rabbit, a partridge, and a mouse. He could not carry them all at once, but finally he had them together at the house door. Then he cried, but no one answered. All the mountain streams were loosened, and the air was full of the gurgle of many waters, occasionally pierced by a bird-whistle. The trees rustled with a new sound to the spring wind; there was a flush of rose and gold-green on the breasting surface of a distant mountain seen through an opening in the wood. The tips of the bushes were swollen and glistening red, and now and then there was a flower; but the Cat had nothing to do with flowers. He stood beside his booty at the house door, and cried and cried with his insistent triumph and complaint and pleading, but no one came to let him in. Then the cat left his little treasures at the door, and went around to the back of the house to the pine-tree, and was up the trunk with a wild scramble, and in through his little window, and down through the trap to the room, and the man was gone.

The Cat cried again – that cry of the animal for human companionship which is one of the sad notes of the world; he looked in all the corners; he sprang to the chair at the window and looked out; but no one came. The man was gone and he never came again.

The Cat ate his mouse out on the turf beside the house; the rabbit and the partridge he carried painfully into the house, but the man did not come to share them. Finally, in the course of a day or two, he ate them up himself; then he slept a long time on the bed, and when he waked the man was not there.

Then the Cat went forth to his hunting-grounds again, and came home at night with a plump bird, reasoning with his tireless persistency in expectancy that the man would be there; and there was a light in the window, and when he cried his old master opened the door and let him in.

His master had strong comradeship with the Cat, but not affection. He never patted him like that gentler outcast, but he had a pride in him and an anxiety for his welfare, though he had left him alone all winter without scruple. He feared lest some misfortune might have come to the Cat, though he was so large of his kind, and a mighty hunter. Therefore, when he saw him at the door in all the glory of his glossy winter coat, his white breast and face shining like snow in the sun, his own face lit up with welcome, and the Cat embraced his feet with his sinuous body vibrant with rejoicing purrs.

The Cat had his bird to himself, for his master had his own supper already cooking on the stove. After supper the Cat's master took his pipe, and sought a small store of tobacco which he had left in his hut over winter. He had thought often of it; that and the Cat seemed something to come home to in the spring. But the tobacco was gone; not a dust left. The man swore a little in a grim monotone, which made the profanity lose its customary effect. He had been, and was, a hard drinker; he had knocked about the world until the marks of its sharp corners were on his very soul, which was thereby calloused, until his very sensibility to loss was dulled. He was a very old man.

He searched for the tobacco with a sort of dull combativeness of persistency; then he stared with stupid wonder around the room. Suddenly many features struck him as being changed. Another stove-lid was broken; an old piece of carpet was tacked up over a window to keep out the cold; his firewood was gone. He looked and there was no oil left in his can. He looked at

the coverings on his bed; he took them up, and again he made that strange remonstrant noise in his throat. Then he looked again for his tobacco.

Finally he gave it up. He sat down beside the fire, for May in the mountains is cold; he held his empty pipe in his mouth, his rough forehead knitted, and he and the Cat looked at each other across that impassable barrier of silence which has been set between man and beast from the creation of the world.

Exercise 37. Read the short story “The Birth of a Masterpiece” by Lucas Malet and write the stylistic analysis using the tips and recommendations (see Appendix 2). Analyse the poetic structure of the story and reveal the image, the theme, the idea, the message, the plot and the composition (see Appendix 1).

The Birth of a Masterpiece

by *Lucas Malet*

Looking back on it from this distance of time – it began in the early and ended in the middle eighties – I see the charm of ingenuous youth stamped on the episode, the touching glamour of limitless faith and expectation. We were, the whole little band of us, so deliciously self-sufficient, so magnificently critical of established reputations in contemporary letters and art. We sniffed and snorted, noses in air, at popular idols, while ourselves weighted down with a cargo of guileless enthusiasm only asking opportunity to dump itself at an idol's feet. We ached to burn incense before the altar of some divinity; but it must be a divinity of our own discovering, our own choosing. We scorned to acclaim ready-made, second-hand goods. Then we encountered Pogson – Heber Pogson. Our fate, and even more, perhaps, his fate, was henceforth sealed.

He was a large, sleek, pink creature, slow and rare of movement, from much sitting bulky, not to say squashy, in figure, mild-eyed, slyly jovial and – for no other word, to my mind, so closely fits his attitude – resigned. A positive glutton of books, he read as instinctively, almost as un-

consciously, as other men breathe. But he not only absorbed. He gave forth and that copiously, with taste, with discrimination, now and again with startlingly eloquent flights and witty sallies. His memory was prodigious. The variety and vivacity of his conversation, the immense range of subjects he brilliantly laboured, when in the vein, remain with me as simply marvellous. With us he mostly was in the vein. And, vanity apart, we must have composed a delightful audience, generously censer-swinging. No man of even average feeling but would be moved by such fresh, such spontaneous admiration! Thus, if our divinity melodiously piped, we did very radiantly dance to his piping.

Oh! Heber Pogson enjoyed it. Never tell me he didn't revel in those highly articulate evenings of monologue, gasconade, heated yet brotherly argument, lasting on to midnight and after, every bit as much as we did! Anyhow at first. Later he may have had twinges, been sensible of strain; though never, I still believe, a very severe one. In any case, Nature showed herself his friend – his saviour, if also, in some sort, his executioner. When the strain tended to become distressing, for him personally, very simply and cleverly, she found a way out.

A background of dark legend only brought the steady glow of his – and our – present felicity into richer relief. We gathered hints of, caught in passing smiling allusion to, straitened and impecunious early years. He had endured a harsh enough apprenticeship to the profession of letters in its least satisfactory, because most ephemeral, form – namely journalism, and provincial journalism at that. This must have painfully cribbed and confined his free-ranging spirit. We were filled by reverent sympathy for the trials and deprivations of his past. But at the period when the members – numbering a dozen, more or less – of our devoted band trooped up from Chelsea and down from the Hampstead heights to worship in the studio-library of the Church Street, Kensington, house, Pogson was lapped in a material well-being altogether sufficient. He treated us, his youthful friends and disciples, to very excellent food and drink; partaking of these himself, moreover, with evident readiness and relish. Those little “help-

yourselves,” stand-up suppers in the big, quiet, comfortably warmed and shaded room revealed in him no ascetic tendency, though, I hasten to add, no tendency to unbecoming excess. Such hospitality testified to the soundness of Pogson's existing financial position; as did his repeated assertions that now, at last – praise heaven – he had leisure to do worthy and abiding work, work through which he could freely express his personality, express in terms of art his judgments upon, and appreciations of, the human scene.

We listened breathless, nodding exuberant approval. For weren't we ourselves, each and all of us, mightily in love with art and with the human scene? And hadn't we, listening thus breathlessly to our amazing master, the enchanting assurance that we were on the track of a masterpiece? Not impossibly a whole gallery of masterpieces, since Heber Pogson had barely touched middle age as yet. For him there still was time. Fiction, we gathered to be the selected medium. He not only meant to write, but was actually now engaged in writing, a novel during those withdrawn and sacred morning hours when we were denied admittance to his presence. We previsited something tremendous, poetic yet fearlessly modern, fixed on the bedrock of realism, a drama and a vision wide, high, deep, spectacular yet subtle as life itself. Let his confreres, French and Russian – not to mention those merely British born – look to their laurels, when Heber Pogson blossomed into print! And – preciously inspiring thought – he was our Pogson. He inalienably belonged to us; since hadn't we detected the quality of his genius when the veil was still upon its face? Oh! we knew, bless you; we knew. We'd the right to sniff and snort, noses in air, at contemporary reputations because we were snugly awaiting the disclosure of a talent which would prick them into nothingness like so many bubbles, pop them like so many inflated paper bags, knock them one and all into the proverbial cocked hat!

Unfortunately youth, with a fine illogic, though having all the time there is before it, easily waxes impatient. In our eagerness for his public recognition, his apotheosis, we did, I am afraid, hustle our great man a little. Instead of being satisfied with his nocturnal coruscations – they bril-

liant as ever, let it be noted – we just a fraction resented the slowness of his progress, began ever so gently to shove that honoured bulky form behind and pull at it in front. We wanted the tangible result of those many sacred and secret morning hours during which his novel was in process of being formed and fashioned, gloriously built up. Wouldn't he tell us the title, enlighten us as to the theme, the scheme, thus allaying the hunger pangs of our pious curiosity by crumbs – ever so small and few – dropped from his richly furnished table? With exquisite good-humour, he fenced and feinted. Almost roguishly he would laugh us off and launch the conversation into other channels, holding us – after the first few vexatiously outwitted seconds – at once enthralled and delicately rebuked.

But at last – in the late spring, as far as I remember, of the second year of our devotion – there came a meeting at which things got pressed somehow to a head. Contrary to custom feminine influence made itself felt.

And here I pause and blush. For it strikes me as so intimately characteristic of our whole relation – in that earlier stage, at least – that I should have written all this on the subject of Heber Pogson without making one solitary mention of his wife. She existed. Was permanently in vidence – or wasn't it, rather, in eclipse? – as a shadowy parasitic entity perambulating the hinterland of his domestic life. She must have been by some years his junior – a tall, thin, flat-chested woman, having heavy, yellowish brown hair, a complexion to match, and pale, nervous eyes. Her clothes hung on her as on a clothes-peg. She affected vivid greens – as was the mistaken habit of Victorian ladies possessing the colouring falsely called 'auburn' – but clouded their excessive verdure to neutrality by semi-transparent over-draperies of black. Harry Lessingham, in a crudely unchivalrous mood, once described her as 'without form and void,' adding that she 'had a mouth like a fish.' These statements I considered unduly harsh, yet admitted her almost miraculously negative. She mattered less, when one was in the room with her, than anything human and feminine which I, so far, had ever run across. And I was at least normally susceptible, I'm very sure of that.

As a matter of course, on our arrival at the blest house in Church Street, we one and all respectfully greeted her, passed, to put it vulgarly, the time of day with her. But there intercourse ceased. At some subsequent instant she faded out – whether into space or into some adjacent connubial chamber, I had no notion. I only realized, when the act was accomplished, that we now were without her, that she had vanished, leaving behind her no faintest moral or emotional trace.

But, on the occasion in question, she did not vanish. We fed her at supper. And still she remained – in the interests of social propriety, as we imagined, since for once the Pogson symposium included a stranger, an eminently attractive lady guest.

Harry Lessingham had begged to bring his sister with him. He told me of this beforehand, and I rejoiced. Lessingham had long been dear to me as a brother; while that Arabella should only be dear to me as a sister was, just then, I own, among the things I wished least. I craved, therefore, to have her share our happy worship. She had a pretty turn for literature herself. I coveted to see her dazzled, exalted, impressed – it would be a fascinating spectacle. Before I slept that night, or rather next morning, I recognized her coming as a disastrous mistake. For she had received insufficient instruction in ritual, in the suitable forms of approach to so august a presence as that of our host. She played round him, flickering, darting, like lightning round a cathedral tower, metal tipped. Where we, in our young male modesty, had but gently drawn or furtively shoved, she tickled the soft, sedentary creature's ribs as with a rapier point. And – to us agitated watchers – the amazing thing was, that Pogson didn't seem to mind. He neither rebuked her nor laughed her off; but purred, veritably purred, under her alternate teasing and petting like some big, sleek cat.

At last, with a cajoling but really alarming audacity, she went for him straight.

“Of course, dear Mr. Pogson, Harry has told me all about your wonderful novel,” she said. “I am so interested, so thrilled – and so grateful to you for letting me join your audience to-night. But I want quite frightfully

to know more. Speaking not only for myself, but for all who are present, may I implore a further revelation? Pray don't send us empty away in respect of the wonderful book. It would be so lovely while we sit here at your feet."...

She, in fact, sat by his side, her chair placed decidedly close to his.

"If you would read us a chapter.... A chapter is impossible?"...

Her charming, pliant mouth; her charming dancing eyes; her caressing voice – I won't swear even her caressing hands didn't, for a brief space, take part – all wooed him to surrender.

"Well, a page then, a paragraph? Ah! don't be obdurate. The merest sentence? Surely we may claim as much as that? Picture our pride, our happiness."

She enclosed us all in a circular and sympathetic glance, which ended, as it had started, by meeting his mild eyes, lingering appealingly upon his large, pink countenance.

Pogson succumbed. No, he wouldn't read; but, since she so amiably desired it....

"More than anything in all my life!" with the most convincing and virginal sincerity.

... He thought he might rehearse a passage, which wasn't – as he gladly believed – altogether devoid of merit. He did rehearse it. And we broke into applause the more tempestuous because suspicion of a chill queerly lay upon us. A chill insidious as it was vague, disturbing as it was – wasn't it? we silently, quite violently, hoped so – ridiculously uncalled for.

"After all, that passage is thundering good, you know," Harry Lesingham announced, as though arguing with himself, arguing himself out of that same invidious chill, an hour later.

Arabella had refused a hansom, declaring herself excited, still under the spell, and so wanting to walk. Leaving the Church Street house, the three of us crossed into Campden Grove, with a view to turning down Campden House Road, thus reaching Kensington High Street.

“It was out of sight of the average – packed with epigram; worthy of all we’ve ever believed or asked of him. It takes a master of technique, of style, to write like that.”

“Beloved brother, which of us ever said it didn’t?” Arabella took him up sweetly.

Slender, light-footed, the train of her evening gown switched over her arm, beneath her flowing orange and white-flowered satin cloak, she walked between us.

“Why, it was good to the point of being inevitable. One seemed – I certainly did – to know every phrase, every word which was coming. None could have been other, or been placed otherwise than it was – and that’s the highest praise one can give to anybody’s prose, isn’t it? One jumped to the perfect rightness of the whole – a rightness so perfect as to make the sentences sound quite extraordinarily familiar.”

This last assertion dropped as a bomb between Lessingham and myself.

“By the way,” the girl presently said, as our awkward silence continued, “has either of you happened to read, or re-read, Meredith’s ‘Egoist’ just lately?”

Lessingham stopped short, and in the light of a neighbouring gas-lamp I saw his handsome, boyish face look troubled to the point of physical pain.

“What on earth are you driving at? What do you mean, Arabella – that Pogson is a plagiarist?”

“Don’t eat me, Harry dearest, if I incline to use a shorter, commoner expression.”

“A thief?”

“An unconscious one, no doubt,” she threw off quickly, fearful of explosions, possibly, in her turn. “He may have been betrayed by his own extraordinary memory.”

“But this is horrible, horrible,” Lessingham cried. “All the names, though, were different.”

Arabella appeared to have overcome her fear of explosions. Her charming eyes again danced.

“Exactly,” she said. “That was the peculiar part of it, the thing which riveted my attention. He had – I mean the names of the characters and places were different – were altered, changed.”

Lessingham stood bare-headed in the light of a gas-lamp. He ran the fingers of his left hand through his crisp fair hair, rumpling it up into a distracted crest. I could see, could almost hear, the travail of his honest soul. Loyalty, faith and honour worked at high pressure to hit on a satisfactory explanation.

Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed.

“Why, of course,” he cried, “it’s as clear as mud. Pogson wasn’t betrayed by anything. He did it on purpose. Don’t you understand, you dear goose, you very-much-too-clever-by-half dear goose? It was simply his kindly joke, his good-natured little game. And we, like the pack of idiots which – compared with him – we are, never scented it. You pestered – yes, Arabella, most unconscionably pestered him to read an excerpt from his novel; and to pacify you he quoted a page from Meredith instead.”

Harry Lessingham tucked his hand under the folds of the orange and white-flowered cloak, and taking the girl affectionately by the elbow, trotted her down the sloping pavement towards Kensington High Street.

“All the honours of war rest with Pogson,” he joyfully assured her. “You made an importunate, impertinent demand for bread. He didn’t mean to be drawn; but was too civil, too tender-hearted to put you off with a stone, so slyly cut you a slice from another man’s loaf. Does it occur to you, my sweet sister, you’ve been had – very neatly had?”

“If it comes to that, Miss Lessingham by no means stands alone,” I interrupted. “We’ve all been had, as you so gracefully put it, very neatly and very extensively had.”

For though I trusted Lessingham’s view was the correct one – trusted so most devoutly – I could not but regret the discomfiture of Arabella. Her approach to our chosen idol may have slightly lacked in reverence; she may, indeed, in plain English, have cheeked him. But she had done so in the prettiest, airiest manner. Pogson’s punishment of her indiscretion, if

highly ingenious, still struck me as not in the best taste. For was it not at once rather mean and rather cheap to make so charming a person the subject, and that before witnesses, of a practical joke?

If, after all, it really was a joke. That insidious, odious chill which earlier prompted my tempestuous applause, as I woefully registered, hung about me yet. Unquestionably Arabella Lessingham's visit to Church Street showed more and more, when I considered it, as a radical mistake! From it I date the waning of the moon of my delight in respect of both Pogson and herself. I had bowed in worship, equally sincere, though diverse in sentiment, before each; and to each had pledged my allegiance. To have them thus discredit one another represented the most trying turn of events.

For a full month I cold-shouldered the band, abjured the shrine, and avoided the lady. Then, while still morose and brooding, my trouble at its height, a cousin – in the third degree – rich, middle-aged, and conveniently restless, invited me to be his travelling companion. We had taken trips together before. This one promised fields of wider adventure – nothing less than the quartering of southern Europe, along with nibblings at African and Asiatic Mediterranean coasts. It was the chance of a life-time. I embraced it. I also called at the house in Church Street to make my farewells. I could do no less.

I have used the word “resigned” in describing Pogson. To-day that word notably covered him. Our friend appeared depressed; yet bland in his depression, anxious to mollify and placate rather than reproach. His attitude touched me. I hardly deserved it after my neglect – to which, by the way, he made no smallest reference. But as I unfolded my plans, he increasingly threw off his depression and generously entered into them. Would have me fetch an atlas and trace out my proposed itinerary upon the map. It included names to conjure with. These set wide the flood-gates of his speech. He at once enchanted and confounded me by his knowledge of the literature, art, history, of Syria, Egypt, Italy, Greece, and the Levant.

For the next three-quarters of an hour I had Pogson at his best. And oh! how vastly good that same best was! Under the flashing, multi-

coloured light of it, he routed my suspicions; put my annoyance and distrust to flight. As he leaned back in the roomy library chair, filled to veritable overflowing by his big, squashy, brown-velvet jacketted person – Pogson had put on flesh of late; put it on sensibly, as I remarked, even during the few weeks of my absence – he reconquered all my admiration and belief.

As I rose to depart:

“Ah! you fortunate youth,” he thus genially addressed me; “thrice fortunate youth, in your freedom, your enterprise, your happy elasticity of flesh and spirit! What won't you have to tell me of things actually seen, of lands, cities, civilizations, past and present, and the storied wonder of them, when you come back!”

“And what won't you have to read to me in return, dear Master,” I echoed, eager to testify to my recovered faith. “By then the book will be finished on which all our hopes and affections are set. Ten times more precious, more illuminating than anything I have seen, will be what I hear from you when I come back!”

But, as I spoke, surely I wasn't mistaken in thinking that for an agitating minute the pinkness of Pogson's large countenance sickly ebbed and blanched. And while my attention was still engaged by this disquieting phenomenon, I became aware that Mrs. Pogson had joined us. Silently, mysteriously, she faded – the term holds good – into evidence, as on so many former occasions she had silently, mysteriously faded out.

Dressed in one of those verdant gowns, so dolorously veiled in semi-transparent black, she stood behind her husband's chair. Her eyes met mine. They were no longer nervous or in expression vague; but oddly aggressive, challenging, defiantly alight.

“Oh, yes,” she declared, “by then Heber will have completed his great novel, without doubt.”

When uttering his name, she laid a thin, long-fingered hand upon his rounded shoulder, and to my – little short of – stupefaction, I saw Pogson's fat, pink hand move up to seek and clasp it.

On me this action – hers soothing, protective; his appealing, welcoming – produced the most bewildering effect. I felt embarrassed and abashed; an indecently impertinent intruder upon the secret places of two human hearts. That any such intimate and tender correspondence existed between this so strangely ill-assorted couple I never dreamed.

I uttered what must have sounded wildly incoherent farewells and fled.

Of the ensuing eighteen months of foreign travel it is irrelevant here to speak. Suffice it that on my return to England and to Chelsea, the earliest news which greeted me was that Arabella Lessingham had been now five weeks married and Heber Pogson a fortnight dead. Lessingham, dear, good fellow, was my informant, and minded acquainting me, so I fancied, only a degree less with the first item than with the second.

For some considerable time, he told me, Pogson had been ailing. He grew inordinately stout, unwieldy to the extent of all exertion, all movement causing him distress. Suffocation threatened if he attempted to lie down; so that, latterly, he spent not only all day, but all night sitting in the big library chair we knew so well. If not actually in pain, he must still have suffered intolerable discomfort. But he never complained, and to the last his passion for books never failed.

“We took him any new ones we happened to run across, as you’d take a sick woman flowers. To the end he read.”

“And wrote?” I asked.

“That I can’t say,” Lessingham replied. “There were things I could not make out. And I couldn’t question him. It didn’t seem to be my place, though I had an idea he’d something on his mind to speak of which would be a relief. It worried me badly. I felt sure he wanted to tell us, but couldn’t bring himself to the point. He talked of you. He cared for you more than for any of us; yet – I may be all wrong – it seemed to me he was glad you weren’t here. Once or twice, I thought, he felt almost afraid you might come back before – before it was all over, you know. It sounds rather horrible, but I had a feeling he longed to slink off quietly out of sight – for he did not dread death, I’m certain of that. What he dreaded was that

life had some trick up her sleeve which, if he delayed too long, might give him away; put him to shame somehow at the last.”

“And Mrs. Pogson?”

Lessingham looked at me absently.

“Oh! Mrs. Pogson? She’s never interested me. She’s too invertebrate; but I believe she took care of Pogson all right.”

Next day I called at the house in Church Street. After some parley I was admitted into the studio-library. Neither in Mrs. Pogson nor in the familiar room did I find any alteration, save that the green had disappeared from her dress. She wore hanging, trailing, unrelieved black. And that a piece of red woollen cord was tied across, from arm to arm, of Pogson’s large library chair, forbidding occupation of it. This pleased me. It struck the positive, the, in a way, aggressive note, which Mrs. Pogson had once before so strangely, unexpectedly, sounded in my presence.

I said the things common to such occasions as that of our present meeting; said them with more than merely conventional feeling and emphasis. I praised her husband’s great gifts, his amazing learning, his eloquence, the magnetic charm by which he captivated and held us.

Finally I dared the question I had come here to ask, which had burned upon my tongue, indeed, from the moment I heard of Pogson’s death.

“What about the novel? Might we hope for speedy, though posthumous, publication? We were greedy; the world should know how great a literary genius it had lost. Was it ready for press, as – did she remember? – she’d assured me it would certainly be by the time I came back?”

Mrs. Pogson did not betray any sign of emotion. Her thin hands remained perfectly still in her crape-covered lap.

“There is no novel,” she calmly told me. “There never has been any novel. Heber did not finish it because he never began it. He did not possess the creative faculty. You were not content with what he gave. You asked of him that which he could not give. At first he played with you – it amused him. You were so gullible, so absurdly ignorant. Then he hesitated to undeceive you – in that, I admit, he was weak. But he suffered for his

weakness. It made him unhappy. Oh I how I have hated – how I still hate you! – for I saved him from poverty, from hard work. I secured him a peaceful, beautiful life, till you came and spoilt it.... All the money was mine,” she said.

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Components of Poetic Structure

Poetic structure of the literary work involves such entities as *image*, *theme*, *idea*, *message*, *composition*, *plot*, and *genre*. As components of poetic structure, they are inseparable from each other, but as basic categories of the theory of literature they may be treated in isolation.

Literary Image

The world of a literary work is the world of its characters, situations, events, etc. similar to those of real life. Literature cognizes and interprets life by re-creating life in the form of images inspired by life and in accordance with the author's vision. It means that, for instance, Louis Creed from Stephen King's *Pet Sematary* is not just a college doctor, but a literary character created by King in precisely the way his talent, his vision and his understanding of an ambitious young doctor's family life have urged him to create. In giving the image the author transmits to the reader his own philosophy of life, his ethic and moral code.

Literary image is thus the '*language*' of literature, the form of its existence. The term *image* refers not only to the whole of the literary work or to characters as its main elements, but also to any of its meaningful units such as details, phrase, etc.

All images in the literary work constitute a hierarchical interrelation. The top of this hierarchy is the *macro-image*, i.e. the literary work itself, which includes *the image of life*, *the image of characters* and *the image of the author*. At the bottom of the hierarchy there is the word-image or the *micro-image* (tropes and figures of speech), which builds up character-images, event-images, landscape-images, etc. Each micro-image, when in isolation, is just a stylistic device, but within the poetic structure it is an element, which equally with others, helps to reveal the content.

In literature, attention is usually centered on human character and human behaviour, though the images of things, animals, landscape, time, etc. may also be important. In most literary works, one character is clearly

dominant from the beginning up to the end. Such a character is generally called the *main*, *central* or *major* character, or the *protagonist*. The *antagonist* is the personage opposing the protagonist or hero. The *villain* is the character with marked negative features.

Since images in art reflect the writer's subjective attitude to them, they are always emotive and appeal to the reader through all the senses: sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste. In the reader's mind images call up not only visual pictures and other sense impressions, they also arouse feelings, such as warmth, compassion, affection, delight or dislike, disgust, resentment. Our emotional responses are directed by the words with which the author creates his images.

Accordingly, characters may be *simple* (flat), which are constructed round a single trait, and *complex* (rounded), which undergo change and growth, revealing various sides of their personalities. Characters may also be shown *statically* (when the character does not undergo any changes throughout the story) and *dynamically* (when the character is depicted in his/her development).

The characters can be portrayed from different aspects: physical, emotional, moral, spiritual or social. The description of those aspects is known as *characterization*. There are two main *types* of characterization: *direct* (when the author rates the character himself) and *indirect* (when the author shows the character in action and lets us watch and evaluate him for ourselves).

The means of characterization may include:

- 1) presentation of the character through action (which shows his behaviour and deeds);
- 2) speech characteristics (which reveal the character's social and intellectual standing, his age, education, occupation, his state of mind and feelings, etc);
- 3) psychological portrayal and analysis of motives (by way of inner and represented speech);
- 4) description of the character's appearance;
- 5) description of the world of things that surround the character;
- 6) the use of a foil (contrast, opposition).

Theme, Idea and Message

The **theme** of a literary work is the represented aspect of life, the main area of interest treated in it. As literary works commonly have human characters for the subject of depiction, the theme of a literary work may be understood as an interaction of human characters under certain circumstances, such as some social or psychological conflict.

A writer may depict the same theme from different angles. The same theme may also be differently developed and integrated with other themes in different works. Within a single work the basic theme may interlace with rival themes and their relationship may be very complex. The theme of a literary work can be easily understood from the plot (the surface layer) of the work.

Even a well-written paragraph has the theme or topic. The topic of the passage is usually stated in the first sentence, although other positions are also possible. Read the following paragraph:

The family heard the siren warning them that the tornado was coming. They hurried to the cellar. The roar of the tornado was deafening, and the children started crying. Suddenly it was silent. They waited awhile (=some time) before they went outside to survey the damage.

In the preceding paragraph, the topic (tornado) is stated in the first sentence. In the following paragraph, the main topic is in the last sentence:

The family hurried to the cellar and waited. First, they heard the pounding of the hailstones. The wind became deafening, and the children started crying. Suddenly it was silent. They waited awhile before they ventured outside to see the damage the tornado had done.

Sometimes the topic is not stated in the passage at all but is implied, as in the following passage:

The sky became dark and threatening. A funnel of dust began forming in the air and soon reached down to touch the ground. Debris was seen swirling around as everything was swallowed up, twisted, and then dropped.

Although “tornado” is not mentioned in the passage, it has been implied by the description (“a funnel of dust... in the air,” “debris... swirling,” “twisted”).

According to the number of topics or themes presented in emotive prose, literary works are divided into *short stories* (which have one theme and one main character) and *novels* (which have a leading theme and rival sub-theme, as well as many characters).

In the process of developing the theme the author expresses the *idea* of a literary work. It is the underlying thought of deductive character and emotional attitude transmitted to the reader by the whole poetic structure of the literary text.

The most important idea is the *message* of the literary work. It is generally expressed *implicitly*, i.e. indirectly, and can be conveyed by different techniques, such as:

- *parallelism* (e.g. parallel actions of the dream and reality, or parallel events which begin and end a story);
- *contrast* (between the protagonist characters, the impression they try to produce and the impression they actually produce, etc.);
- *recurrence* (or repetition) of events or situation;
- *poetic detail*;
- *symbols*;
- *arrangements of plot structure*, etc.

When a poetic detail is repeated several times and is associated with a broader concept than the original, it develops into a *symbol*, which is a *metaphoric expression of the concept it stands for*.

Plot

Plot is a sequence of interlinked events in which the characters are involved, the theme and the idea revealed. The plot of any story involves character and *conflict*, which imply each other. ***Conflict*** in fiction is the opposition (or struggle) between forces or characters.

Conflicts could be classified into ***external*** and ***internal***.

Different types of ***external*** conflicts are usually termed in the following way:

- 1) man against man (when the plot is based on the opposition between two or more people);

- 2) man against nature (the sea, the desert, the frozen North or wild beasts);
- 3) man against society or man against the Establishment;
- 4) the conflict between two different sets of values

Internal conflicts, often termed “man against himself”, take place within one character. They are localized in the character’s inner world and are rendered through his thoughts, feelings, intellectual process, etc.

The plot of a literary work may be based on several conflicts of different types, and may involve both an external and an internal conflict. Accordingly, short stories are subdivided into a **plot** (or **action**) short story and a psychological (or **character**) short story (i.e. the conflict of the inner world).

The events of the plot are usually set in particular place and time, which are called the **setting**. In some stories (novels) the setting is scarcely noticeable, in others it plays a very important role. The functions of the setting may include:

- 1) helping to evoke the necessary atmosphere (or mood), appropriate to the general intentions of the story;
- 2) reinforcing characterization by either paralleling or contrasting the actions;
- 3) reflecting the inner state of a character;
- 4) placing the character in a recognizable realistic environment (by including geographical names and allusions to historical events);
- 5) revealing certain features of the character (especially when his domestic interior is described);
- 6) becoming the chief antagonist whom the character must overcome.

The setting may perform one or several functions simultaneously. Characters, actions, conflict and setting work together to accomplish the author’s purpose.

Every event that represents the gist of the plot has a beginning, a development and an end. The plot, accordingly, consists of *exposition*, *story*, *climax* and *denouement*.

- The **exposition** or **introduction** contains the necessary preliminaries to the action, such as the setting and the subject of the action; it also may point out the circumstances that will influence the development of the action.

- The **story** or **complications** is that part of the plot which represents the beginning of the collision and the collision itself, i.e. the development of events.

- The **climax** is the highest point of the action.

- The **denouement** is the event or events that bring the action to an end, when everything is explained.

Novels may have two more components of plot structure: the **prologue** (facts from beyond the past of the story) and the **epilogue** (additional facts about the future of the characters if it is not made clear enough in the denouement).

The sequence of the plot elements may be different. Thus, a literary work may begin straight with the action (the conflict) without any exposition, or a story may have no denouement, which invites the reader to reflect the circumstances and imagine the outcome of all the events himself. Accordingly, there are two types of plot structure:

1. A work of narrative prose that has all the elements mentioned above has a **closed plot structure**.

2. A literary work in which the action is represented without any obvious culmination, which does not contain all the above mentioned elements has an **open plot structure**.

Composition

The arrangement of plot structure components may be represented in a variety of ways. Thus, **composition** is the way, in which the literary work is arranged. Accordingly, composition may be:

- **Level** (or straight line) – all the element of the plot structure are presented in their logical or chronological sequence (e.g. *Checkmate* by Jeffrey Archer);

- **Retrospective** or **rocky** – the exposition may be placed inside the story so that the reader is at once plunged into the event development; or there are flashbacks to the past events (e.g. *Nothing Lasts Forever* by Sidney Sheldon);

- **Circular** – the closing event in the story returns the reader to the introductory part e.g. *A Stranger in the Mirror* by Sidney Sheldon);

- **Frame** – there is a story within a story; the two stories may be contrastive or parallel (*The Notebook* by Nicholas Spark)

There are three kinds of techniques for plot structure arrangement or kinds of *presentational sequencing* (i.e. the order in which the writer presents the information included into the story), which may affect the intensity of the reader's impression:

- 1) **retardation** – suspense which constantly mounts in the course of the story;

- 2) **flashback** – a scene of the past inserted into the narrative;

- 3) **foreshadowing** – a look towards the future, a remark or hint that prepares the reader for what is to follow.

The composition of a literary work may be represented through different *types of narration*:

- **the first person narration** (the narrator being his own protagonist)

E.g. “Once I had so much. I had everything a woman could possibly want. And I lost it all. For the past five years since that fateful winter of 1988, I have lived with pain and heartache and grief. I have lived with a sorrow that has been, and still is, unbearable. And yet I have endured. I have gone on.” /B.T. Bradford *Everything to Gain*

- **the third person narration** (the narrator focuses on some other character or characters)

E.g. The defendant had left his client a few minutes after six. He understood she had intended to change before going out to dinner with her sister in Fulham. He had arranged to see her the following Wednesday at his office for the purpose of drawing up the completed policy. /Jeffrey Archer *The Perfect Murder* from *A Twist in the Tale*

- **anonymous** (the narrator has no direct relation to the persons he speaks about, or he may not be present at all)

E.g. Downstairs the rooms opened off the long gallery, upstairs from a central landing. Because its core was very old it had a genuine quietness to it, with floors that dipped, ceilings that sloped, beams that were lopsided. Some of the windows had panes made of antique blown glass dating back to the previous century. /B.T. Bradford *Everything to Gain*

Any type of narration (first-person, third-person or anonymous) is based on the following **narrative forms**:

1. **Interior monologue** (the narrator or the character he narrates about speaks to himself)

E.g. For her part Rosie was lost in her thoughts, which were centred on Nell and Kevin. Naturally she was consumed with curiosity about them until they were back at the hotel to ask Nell about this new development in their lives. If it *was* new. Perhaps the two of them had been involved for a long time, and is this was so why hadn't either of them mentioned it to her?" (from *Angel* by B.T. Bradford)

2. **Dramatic monologue** (the narrator or the character speaks alone but there are those he addresses himself to)

E.g. "You were wrong to think I'd come crawling back. Why on earth would I? What do you have to give me that I can't get elsewhere? You've never been much of a giver anyway, Michael. You only give when you're sure of getting back twice as much. You're basically a taker." (from *The Eyes of Darkness* by Dean Koontz)

3. **Dialogue** (the speech of two or more characters addressed to each other). (the term is too obvious for illustration)

4. **Narration** (the presentation of events in their development)

E.g. "At three o'clock Sunday afternoon, Tony Rizzoli walked out of his hotel and strolled towards the Platia Omonia. Two detectives were trailing him. At Metaxa Street, Rizzoli hailed a taxi. The detective spoke in his walkie-talkie. 'The subject is getting into a taxi heading west.' An un-

marked grey sedan pulled in behind the taxi, keeping a discreet distance.”
(from *Memories of Midnight* by Sidney Sheldon)

5. **Description** (the presentation of the atmosphere, the scenery and the like of the literary work)

E.g. “On the pleasant shore of the French Riviera, about half way between Marseilles and the Italian border, stands a large, proud, rose coloured hotel. Deferential palms cool its flushed façade, and before it stretches a short dazzling beach. [...] The hotel and its bright prayer rug of a beach were one. In the early morning the distant image of Cannes, the pink and cream of old fortification, the purple alp that bounded Italy, were cast across the water and lay quavering in the ripple and rings sent up by sea-plants through the clear shallows.” (from *Tender is the Night* by F. Scott Fitzgerald)

6. **Exposition** (explanation of some phenomena, argument, comparison, analysis, etc.)

Composition is the arrangement and disposition of all the forms of the subject matter representation.

Genre

Genre is a historically formed type of a literary work. The following genres may be mentioned:

- **Epic** (with the narrative prose) – its main variety, events, are objectively narrated
- **Lyric** (with poetry) – reality is reflected in the author’s inner world
- **Dramatic** (tragedy, comedy, drama) – present day conflicting events are represented through the characters’ speech and actions.

Tonal System

There is no art without emotion. Fiction appeals to the reader through the senses and evokes responsive emotions. In every literary work the writer’s feelings and emotion are reflected in *tone*, *attitude* and *atmosphere*.

Atmosphere is the general mood of a literary work. It is affected by the plot, setting, characters, details, symbol, and language means.

The *author's attitude* is his view of the character's and actions, which reflects his judgement of them. It establishes the moral standards according to which the reader is to make his own judgements about the problem raised in the story.

The attitude of a writer determines the *tone* of the story, i.e. the light in which the characters and events are depicted. Therefore, the tone is closely related to the atmosphere and attitude. The tone may be expressed through:

- emotionally coloured words;
- an extensive use of imagery created by tropes;
- poetic words and structures;
- intensifiers (so, such, very, still, etc.)
- figures of speech

Tone-shifts, which often occur in fiction, may accompany not only a change in the subject, but also a change in the narrative method or in the style. The interaction of rhythm, style and tone establishes and maintains the mood, or the atmosphere of the literary work.

One should also distinguish between the *prevailing tone* of a literary work as a whole and emotional *overtones*, which may accompany particular scenes in the story. They all form a *tonal system* that reflects the changes of the narrator's attitude to his subject matter. The analysis of tone, attitude and atmosphere is a moving towards the underlying thoughts and ideas contained in the work.

Writing Stylistic Analysis: Recommended Steps

Step 1: Making an Introduction

Briefly define the text type (the functional style and the genre).

If you are familiar with creative works by this writer, try to answer the question whether the text under analysis is a typical work by this very writer or more of an exception.

State whether you are analysing a whole text (e.g. a short story or an extract (e.g. a chapter from a novel)).

What genre does the text represent? It should be noted that many texts have features of more than one genre (social, psychological, biographical, autobiographical, humorous, satirical, historical, detective, love, science fiction, fantasy, fairy tale, parable, allegory etc.). Such texts can be classified as the texts of a complex or mixed nature.

Step 2: What Is the Text About?

Briefly define the topic, the subject and the problems. Don't discuss themes here.

What is the text about?

What is the focus of the author's attention?

What aspects of the theme are touched upon in the text?

You might find it useful to mention the historical and cultural backgrounds of both the author and his text. These would include some biographical facts about the writer, especially his ethical, esthetical, political etc. views, his belonging to a certain literary and cultural tradition as well as the elements of the setting of the story, including the time and place of the action, some cultural and historical realia present in the text.

Step 3: Writing a Summary

First of all, you should select all important facts and events omitting unnecessary details, then order them chronologically (or logically, depend-

ing on the type and genre of the text) using appropriate connectors and linking expressions.

No matter what register and style the original text belongs to, the summary should be written in a neutral style. Avoid summarizing specific examples or data unless they help illustrate the thesis or main idea of the text. It is most common to write a summary in present tense.

Report the main ideas as objectively as possible. Do not include your reactions; save them for the main text of your analysis. However, some general assessment of creative writing is possible.

The purpose of a summary is to give a reader a condensed and objective account of the main ideas and features of a text. Usually, a summary has between one and two paragraphs or 80 to 200 words, depending on the length and complexity of the whole analysis and the intended audience and purpose, for extracts it could be much shorter.

Step 4: Analysing the Plot and Characters

What are the main parts of the plot? Speak about exposition, story, climax, and denouement.

Does the story have a closed plot structure or the open one?

What are the conflicts (external, internal)?

What are the major (central) characters? What are the minor characters? Is there a protagonist? Is there an antagonist?

Are the characters simple or complex? Are they shown statically or dynamically?

What are the examples of direct and indirect characterization? (give some quotes from the text).

How do the actions and the speech of personages characterize them?

Which stylistic devices does the author use to depict characters? (give some quotes of lexical, syntactical or phonetic devices from the text and analyse the effect they created).

Does the use of stylistic devices help to reveal the authors personality and outlook?

While preparing to analyze the character(s), make sure to read the story carefully. You need to pay attention to the situations the character is involved in, his/her dialogues, and his/her role in the plot.

Make sure you include information about what the character achieves on a big scale, and how he/she influences other characters.

Try to think outside of the box and explore the characters from all of their sides. Avoid general statements and being too basic. Focus on exploring the complexities and details of the character(s).

Step 5: Analysing the Theme(s)

Identify the different tools the author uses to express the theme(s).

Different literary devices are essential to the theme, and the ones the author selects are definitely there for a reason. Name the devices and reveal their role in the subjective representation of the events (descriptions, etc.)

Answer the questions: Why are there multiple devices (e.g. metaphors) throughout the story? What does the writer's choice mean for the overall theme?

The repeating images could add up to the smaller themes, and these should also be linked to the overall theme analysis.

Step 6: Analysing Symbolism in the Text

If you have some symbolic elements on the text under analysis, it should be also mentioned.

Use quotes from the text that would prove your interpretation of symbolic elements and enable you sound more objective.

Step 7: Analysing the Tone and Mood (Ironic, Humorous, Romantic, etc.)

What mood or atmosphere is created by the author with the help of stylistic devices?

What are the attitude and the tone of the text under analysis (positive negative, ironical, lyrical, sad, and joyful).

How does the choice of certain words (vocabulary) help the author to create the tone and the mood? (give quotes from the text)

What prevails in the text: logic or emotions?

Step 8: Stating the Message

At the end of your analysis it is good to sum everything up by answering the question: What is the author's message?

A story's message is what the author wants to teach you through his or her writing. Some stories have a specific kind of message called a moral, or a life lesson. You can find the message of a story by looking at the characters' actions and focusing on what is repeated throughout the story.

Therefore, message is a theme in action. In other words, the theme applies to everyone, while the message applies only to the characters and their specific situation.

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