

# *Lectures on English Literature*



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В данном учебно-методическом пособии рассматриваются основные этапы развития литературы на английском языке, начиная с древнейших времён до наших дней.

Пособие подразделяется на лекции, которые отражают предпосылки литературных направлений, исторический контекст творчества писателей, а также жизнеописание и анализ основных произведений авторов.

Лекции предназначены для студентов факультета иностранных языков, а также для всех учащихся, интересующихся литературой на английском языке.

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## Introduction

English literature is the literature which is written in the English language, as opposed to other languages. English literature includes literature composed in English by writers not necessarily from England, but all are considered important writers in the history of English literature (for example, Robert Burns was Scottish, James Joyce was Irish, Joseph Conrad was Polish, Dylan Thomas was Welsh, Thomas Pynchon is American, V.S. Naipaul was born in Trinidad). In other words, English literature is as diverse as the varieties and dialects of English spoken around the world.

Until the early 19th century literature from Britain will mainly be discussed; then America starts to produce major writers and works in literature. In the 20th century America and Ireland produced many of the most significant works of literature in English, and after World War II writers from the former British Empire also began to challenge writers from Britain.



## **Lecture 1. The Development of the English Language on the British Isles. Beowulf**

1. The Ancient Britons and Their Language.
2. The Celt's Culture.
3. Mythology.
4. Purpose of Myths.
5. The Roman Conquest.
6. The Invasion of Britain by Germanic Tribes.
7. "Beowulf"
8. The Norman Conquest.
9. The Danish Influence upon the Language of the Anglo-Saxons.

### ***1. The Ancient Britons and Their Language***

Several significant historical events led to the appearance and development of the language which we now call English. The first mentioning of Britain dates back to the 4<sup>th</sup> century BC and the people who lived there were called Britons.

They belonged to the Celtic race and the language they spoke was Celtic. The Britons were governed by a class of priests, called the druids, who had great power over them. Few traces of the Celtic language are to be found in the English today. For example:

*Stratford-on-Avon: Avon - river*

*Loch Ness: Loch - lake*

### ***2. The Celt's Culture***

The Celts came to the British Isles from France about 3000 years ago.

The language they spoke was Celtic, their culture, that is to say, their way of thinking and their understanding of nature were very primitive. The Celts were strong, tall fighters who learned to mine tin and to carry on trade with their neighbors. They absorbed the early Britons and became the ancestors of the Scotch, Irish and Welsh people.

Celtic tribes called the Picts penetrated into the mountains in the North. Some Picts as well as the tribes of Scots settled in the North. The Scots came in such large numbers that in time the name of Scotland was given to the country. Powerful Celtic tribes, the Britons, held most of the country.

Celts had no towns and lived in villages. They were acquainted with the use of copper, iron and tin, they kept large herds of cattle and sheep. They also cultivated crops. The Britons were more civilized than other tribes. Their clothing was made of wool, woven in many colors, while other tribes wore skins.

Celts worshipped nature and believed in many gods. The Druids, a class of priests, who were skillful in teaching and administration, governed the Britons. They met in dark thick woods called Sacred Groves, wearing white robes. Little

is known of their religion for sure, except the fact that the Druids had great power over the Britons. They led religious ceremonies, settled legal disputes, etc., in short, they were lawgivers.

They sacrificed not only animals but also human beings to their gods. Victims were placed into baskets and burnt. Another ceremony was the cutting of the mistletoe that grew on oak trees, a custom that English people still remember at Christmas.

Like all the ancient peoples the Celts made up many legends about their gods and heroes, they were called Sagas. The heroes of those Sagas and their adventures were imaginary. However, they give us an idea of the Celtic way of life, their occupations, tools, weapons, customs and religion. The greatest hero of such sagas was Cuchulainn ['ku:kulin]. According to the legends he lived in Ireland (Ulster). Cuchulainn was the greatest champion, like Achilles [e'kili:z], a Greek hero.

### 3. *Mythology*

**Mythology** is a collection of stories, telling people's beliefs and history. Some major issues are the origin of humanity and its traditions and the way in which the natural and human world functions. Most often the deities' daily activities are described in mythology, their love affairs, pleasures, jealousy, rages, ambitions and skills.

In the times of the Celts different kinds of mythological narrations appeared.

#### *Kinds of Mythological Narrations:*

**Legends.** Unlike many myths legends do not have religious or super natural context. Now we might still gain a philosophical and moral meaning from a legend. An example of a legend is the 'Tale of Atlantis'.

**Folklore.** While legends and myths might be embraced as true stories, folk tales are known to be fictitious. They are often told only within limited geographical area. Sometimes rather small, such as a town, a mountain range but more often it's a country.

**Fables.** The emphasis of a fable is always on a moral. It's a short story, which has animals as main characters.

**Primitive myths.** They were, generally, stories about nature, usually told by primitive clergymen (priests), such as shamans.

**Pagan myths.** These were like the Greek and the Roman tales of the interplay between deities and humans.

According to the themes raised in myths they can be divided into four main groups:

- ✓ Cosmic Myths: include narratives of the creation and end of the world;
- ✓ Theistic myths: portray the deities;
- ✓ Hero myths: give the accounts of individuals, such as Achilles and Guises;
- ✓ Place and object myths: describe certain places and objects (all the Myths of Camelot).



#### ***4. Purpose of Myths***

1. Myths grant continuity and stability to a culture. They foster a shared set of perspectives, values, history and so on. By means of these communal tales we are connected to one another.
2. Myths present guide lines for living. When myths tell the readers about the activities and attitudes of deities the moral tone implies society's expectations for our own behavior and standards. In myths we see typical situations and the options which can be selected in those situations.
3. Myths justify a culture's activities. Through their authoritativeness myths establish certain customs, rituals, laws, social structures in any culture.
4. Myths give meaning to life within all the difficulties: e.g. the pain becomes more bearable because people believe that all the trials have a certain meaning.
5. Myths explain the unexplained. They reveal people's faith in life after death, show the reasons for crises and miracles and other puzzles and yet they retain and even encourage the aura of mystery.
6. Myths offer role models. For example, children usually pattern themselves after heroes of comic books, cartoons and so on, which depict lots of typical characters (the superman, for example).

#### ***5. The Roman Conquest***

About the 1<sup>st</sup> century BC (Before Christ) Britain was conquered by the powerful state of Roman (Rome). The Roman period occupies the time beginning with the 1st century BC up to the 6<sup>th</sup> century AD. The Romans lived on the peninsula, which is now called Italy, and their language was Latin. This was a people of practical men. They were very clever at making hard roads & building bridges. Many things that the Romans taught the English were given Latin names. And the names of many English towns never dropped the Latin ending (For example, Manchester, Lancaster and many others).

The monasteries where art of reading & writing was taught became the scientific centres of the country. The monks wrote stories and verses. Though the poets were English, they were supposed to write in Latin. But notwithstanding this custom there were some poets who wrote in Anglo-Saxon. For example, Caedmon (7<sup>th</sup> century). He wrote the poem "The Paraphrase". It tells us of the Bible-story in verse. Many other monks took part in this work, but their names are unknown to us.

The culture of the early Britons changed greatly under the influence of Christianity, which penetrated into British Isles in the 3d century. Christianity was brought to all countries belonging to the Roman Empire. The 1<sup>st</sup> British church was built in Canterbury in the 6<sup>th</sup> century and up to now it is the English religious centre.

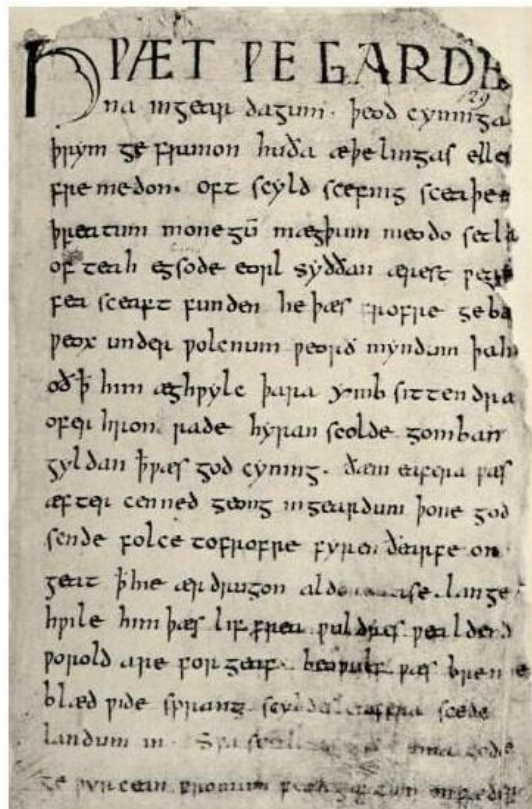
## 6. The Invasion of Britain by Germanic Tribes

The next period is marked by the invasion of Britain by Germanic tribes. Among these invaders there were Germanic tribes called Angles ['æŋglz], Saxons ['sæksnz] and Jutes ['dʒu:ts] who lived in the northern and central parts of Europe. They kicked the country back in its educational and cultural development. As they were pagan (believed in many Gods), the names of their Gods are still preserved in the English language.

It's well-known that Jusco, for example, was the God of the Darkness; Woden was the God of War; Thor was the God of Thunder; Truer was the God of Prosperity. When the people learned to divide months into weeks & every week into 7 days, they gave the names of their Gods. So, it's easy to guess that Sunday is the Day of the Sun, Monday - Moon, Tuesday - Day of God Jusco, Wednesday - Woden's Day, Thursday -Thunder's Day, Friday - Fries Day, Saturday - Saturn's Day.

Soon after these invasions Britain split up into 7 kingdoms: Kent, Sussex, Essex, Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia and Northumbria. The Angles, Saxons and Jutes quarreled a lot with one another in their fight for supreme power. But nevertheless they became one nation in the course of a few centuries. They spoke different dialects of the West Germanic Language. But they had no written language yet. And the stories and poems they composed had to be memorized. The famous "Beowulf" ['beiwulf] belongs to them.

## 7. "Beowulf"



Hwæt! We Gardena	in geardagum,
þeodcýninga,	þrym gefrunon,
hu ða æþelingas	ellen fremedon.
Of Scyld Scefing	<b>sceaþena</b> þreatum,
5	
monegum mægþum,	meodosetla ofteah,
egsode <b>eorlas</b> .	Syððan ærest wearð
feasceaft funden,	he þæs frofre gebad,
weox under wolcnum,	weorðmyndum þah,
oðþæt him æghwylc	þara ymsittendra
10	
ofer hronrade	hyran scolde,
gomban gylðan.	þæt wæs god cyning!
ðæm eafra wæs	æfter cenned,
geong in gearðum,	þone god sende
folce to frofre;	fyrendearfe ongeat
15	
þe hie ær drugon	<b>aldorlease</b>
lange hwile.	Him þæs liffrea,
wuldres wealdend,	woroldare forgeaf,
Beowulf wæs breme	(blæd wide sprang),
Scyldes eafra	Scedelandum in.

The beautiful Saxon poem called "Beowulf" tells us of the times long before the Anglo-Saxons came to Britain. There is no mentioning of England. It has come down to us in a single manuscript, which was written at the end of the 10<sup>th</sup> century, at least two centuries after its composition. The poem was given the title "Beowulf" only in 1805 and it was not printed until 1850.

The name of the author is unknown. The manuscript called the Nowell Codex is in the British Museum, in London. It is impossible for a non-specialist to read it in the original. Its social interest lies on the description of the life of this period. The scene is set among the Jutes, who lived on the Scandinavian Peninsula at that time, & the Danes, their neighbors across the strait.

The people were divided into two classes: free peasants & warriors. The peasants planted the soil & served the fighting-men who defended them from hostile tribes. Their kings were often chosen by the people for they had to be wise men & skilled warriors.

The poem shows the beginning of feudalism. The safety of the people depended on the warriors. There were several ranks of warriors; the folk-king, or liege-lord, was at the head of the community; he was helped by warriors who were his liegeman. If they were given lands for their services, they were called "earls", "knights".

The Danes & the Jutes were great sailors. Their ships had broad painted sails & tall prows which were often made into the figure of a dragon or wolf or some other fierce animal. The poem shows us these warriors in battle & at peace, their feasts & amusements, their love for the sea & for adventure.

Beowulf is the main character of the poem. He is a young knight of the Jutes, who lived on the southern coast of the Scandinavian Peninsula. His adventures with the sea-monster abroad, in the country of Danes, & later, with a fire-dragon at home, form two parts in this heroic epic. His unselfish way in protecting people makes him worthy to be folk-king. He would be slave to no man. Though fierce & cruel in war, he respected men & women. He is ready to sacrifice his life for them. Beowulf fights for the benefit of his people, not for his own glory, & he strives to be fair to the end in the battle.

### *The Language of the Poem*

The Anglo-Saxon verse had no rhyme. It had even no regular number of syllables for its lines. Yet it was necessary that the stressed syllables of one line should begin with the same consonant. This made their poetry very musical in sound & was called "alliteration". Note the different sounds in the following lines of alliterative verse.

[f]: The **f**olk-kings **f**ormer **f**ame we have heard of;

[b]: **B**ore it **b**itterly he **b**ided in darkness;

[t]: **T**welve-winters' **t**ime **t**orture...;

[s]: Soul-crushing **s**orrow. Not seldom in private;

[k]: Sat the **K**ing in his council, conference held they;

[g]: Good among **G**eatmen, of **G**rendefs achievements;

[h]: Heard in his home: of heroes then living.

Many nouns & names of people are accompanied by one or even two descriptive words. Based on a certain likeness between two subjects or two ideas, the descriptive words show the subject in a new light. They help the reader to catch the exact meaning the author had in mind. These descriptive words, whether verb, adjective or noun, are now called "metaphors". For example: salt-streams, sail-road, wave-goer, hot-burning hatred.

### **8. The Norman Conquest**

The Norman Conquest took place in the 12<sup>th</sup> -13<sup>th</sup> centuries. In the 12<sup>th</sup> century the struggle between the Anglo-Saxon earls (гпаф) for supreme power began again. It caused a foreign conquest. The Norman Duke, (Earl) William the Conqueror, became complete master of the whole of England within 5 years (beginning with 1066 when the battle of Hastings took place). The lands of most of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy were given to the Norman barons and they introduced their feudal laws to compel the peasants to work for them. Thus, the English became the servile class. The Normans spoke Norman – French. During the following two hundred years that they kept coming over to England they couldn't suppress the English language.

Communication went on 3 languages:

- ✓ at the monasteries the scholars were taught in Latin;
- ✓ Norman - French was the language after ruling class, spoken in court and official institutions;
- ✓ common people held obstinately to their own expressive mother tongue.

English	French
<i>Ox</i>	<i>Beef</i>
<i>Calf</i>	<i>Veal</i>
<i>Sheep</i>	<i>Mutton</i>
<i>Pig</i>	<i>Pork</i>

Each rang of the society had its own literature:

- 1) During the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries monks (монахи) wrote historical chronicles in Latin. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge Universities described their experiments in Latin and even antireligious societies were also written there.
- 2) The aristocracy wrote their poetry in Norman — French.
- 3) The country folk made up their ballades and songs in Anglo - Saxon.

### **9. The Danish Influence upon the Language of the Anglo-Saxons**

The Danes, who had occupied the North and East of England, spoke a language only slightly different from the Anglo-Saxons dialects. The roots of the words were the same while the endings were different. People made themselves understood without translators simply by using the roots of the words.

The endings, which show the relations between words, were substituted by dashes. This brought about changes, which developed the language in a new way. The droppings of case ending meant:

- The stress of the words was shifted. That's why the sound and rhythm of the language were all together different.
- New grammar forms developed to show the relations of words and prepositions and pronouns came to be used more than before.

Since both languages were spoken by all classes of society they emerged with by another very rapidly. The Danes were in many ways far more civilized than the English (for example, they brought the game of chess to the English).

## Conclusion

Thus Old English literature, or Anglo-Saxon literature, comprises literature written in Old English in Anglo-Saxon England, in the period after the settlement of the Saxons and other Germanic tribes in England after the withdrawal of the Romans and "ending soon after the Norman Conquest" in 1066. These works include such genres as epic poetry, Bible translations, legal works, chronicles, riddles, and others. All in all there are about 400 surviving manuscripts from the period.

Oral tradition was very strong in early English culture and most literary works were written to be performed. Epic poems were very popular, and some, including Beowulf, have survived to the present day. Much Old English verse in the manuscripts is probably adapted from the earlier Germanic war poems from the continent. When such poetry was brought to England it was still handed down orally from one generation to another.

Old English poetry falls broadly into two styles or fields of reference, the heroic Germanic and the Christian. The Anglo-Saxons were converted to Christianity after their arrival in England.

**The epic poem Beowulf** is the most famous work in Old English and has achieved national epic status in England, despite being set in Scandinavia. Nearly all Anglo-Saxon authors are anonymous: twelve are known by name from Medieval sources, but only four of those are known by their works with any certainty: **Caedmon, Bede, Alfred the Great, and Cynewulf**. **Cædmon** is the earliest English poet whose name is known.

## Questions and Tasks on Lecture 1

1. Why are myths so popular among people?
2. What Germanic tribes invaded Britain in the 5-7<sup>th</sup> centuries?
3. What was their influence on the culture of Great Britain?
4. What signs of their invasion can still be traced in the Modern English language?

5. How did Germanic legends, stories and poems spread? Who wrote them down?
6. What is the most famous poem in Old English? Who are the main characters?
7. When was it written? Who is its author?
8. What is its plot? When and where does the action take place?
9. What was the lifestyle in that period like? What were the occupations of people of that time?
10. Why does this poem have a great social and historical significance?
11. What's the main feature of the language of "Beowulf"?
12. What was the name of the Norman Duke who was at the head of the Norman Conquest? What language did the invaders speak?
13. When did the battle at Hastings take place? What was its result?
14. What languages were spoken in Britain in the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries? How did the Norman Conquest influence the English language?
15. What's the main feature of the Danish influence on the language of Anglo-Saxons?
16. What two major fields does English poetry fall into?
17. Make a list of modern films featuring the Roman and Norman Conquests of Britain. Have you seen any of these films? How do they depict the natives of the British Isles and the invaders? Retell the plot of one of these films in brief.
18. Do you like the modern screen version of "Beowulf"? What can this old legend teach modern generations?

## Lecture 2. Pre-Renaissance England in the 14<sup>th</sup> century. Geoffrey Chaucer

1. Historical Background.
2. The Life of Chaucer.
3. The Three Periods of Chaucer's Writings.
4. Canterbury Tales.
5. Chaucer's Role in English Literature.

### *1. Historical Background*

After the Norman conquest of England in 1066, the written form of the Anglo-Saxon language became less common. Under the influence of the new aristocracy, Law French became the standard language of courts, parliament, and polite society. As the invaders integrated, their language and literature mingled with that of the natives and the Norman dialects of the ruling classes became Anglo-Norman. At the same time Anglo-Saxon underwent a gradual transition into Middle English.

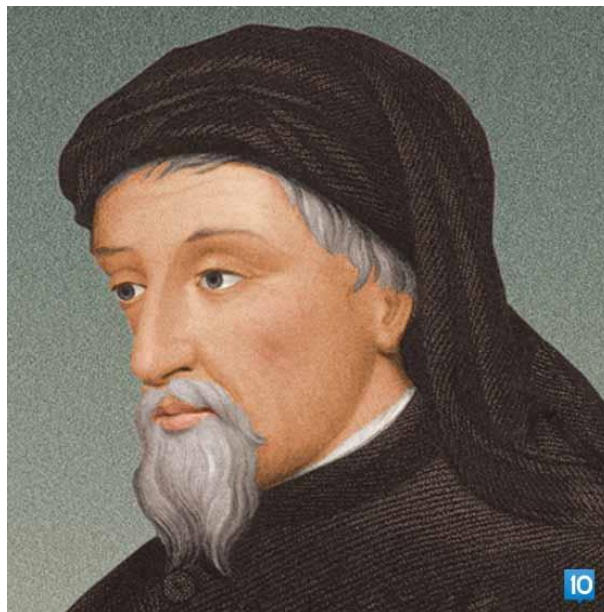
Thus in the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries Middle English gradually evolved. This is the earliest form of English which is comprehensible to modern readers and listeners.

But it was in the 14th century that major writers in English first appeared.

**Geoffrey Chaucer** ['dʒefri 'tʃɔ:sə] is the most notable of them. He was a writer of the world. That is to say he wrote about the things he saw and described people he met.

Chaucer was the 1<sup>st</sup> who broke away from medieval forms and approached realism.

### *2. The Life of Chaucer*



Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400) was born in the family of a wine merchant. Chaucer's parents were far from being wealthy. Chaucer, however, received what education his parents were able to give him. Many people think that he must have been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, because he was a poet, but nothing is known about that for sure.

As his father had some connections with the court, Geoffrey was patch to a lady (мальчик на побегушках) at the court of Edward the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Thus, he became a favourite with the Royal Family. His education was very good for his time. At court he met travellers and men-of-law, who came to England from other countries. Besides, the realities of surrounding life taught him more than could all the absurdities, taught by some churchmen at Universities of Middle Ages, when the printing press had not yet been invented.

### ***3. The Three Periods of Chaucer's Writings***

*The 1<sup>st</sup> is the French period.*

Chaucer's earliest poems were written in imitation of the French romances (роман в стихах). Chaucer spoke French brilliantly and was very fond of French poetry. It had taught him rhyme and rhythm. He translated from French the famous allegorical poem of the 14<sup>th</sup> century "The Romance of the Rose". Chaucer made 3 trips to Italy and this country made a deep impression on him. Chaucer returned from these journeys a changed man. Italy was the 1<sup>st</sup> country, where the bourgeoisie triumphed over feudalism. And it was there that Chaucer saw the 1<sup>st</sup> city republics. Italian literature was at its high and opened to Chaucer a new world of art.

*The 2<sup>nd</sup> one is the Italian period.*

The second period of Chaucer's writing was that of Italian influence. To this period belong the following poems "The parliament of Birds", an allegorical poem "Troilus and Cressid", which is supposed to be the 1<sup>st</sup> psychological novel in English, although its characters are those of ancient Greece. The legend of "Good Women" is a dream poem, which is written in couplets and forms a bridge between the poems of Italian period and the next one.

*The 3<sup>rd</sup> one is the English period.*

It begins from the year 1374 when he left behind the Italian influence and became entirely English as he started writing literary work in the English Language. It was in this time that he wrote his masterpiece "Canterbury Tales".

### ***4. "Canterbury Tales"***

This is a collection of stories written in Middle English (mostly written in verse although some are in prose). The framework, which serves to connect the stories, is a Pilgrimage to Canterbury. The Pilgrims agree to tell stories to shorten a tiresome four days trip. The distance from London to Canterbury is only 60 miles. But in those days there was no straight way to go by. Pilgrimages of every kind were extremely common in Chaucer's time and strongly advocated by the church. Such journeys were, no doubt, very valuable as a means to break up the monotony of life in days when there were no printed books, theatres, and mass media and so on. The most famous English Pilgrimage was to Canterbury. Some churches possessed relicts and people believed that they had the militarist power, which doctors could not



do; other people were attracted by the beautiful architecture and monuments. The Pilgrimage was a highly democratic institution, which means that rich and poor, noble and villain rode side-by-side and stopped at the same places. The prize for this story-telling contest is a free meal at an Inn on their return. Chaucer opens his work with a prologue in which 30 men and women from all ranks of society pass before the reader's eyes. Chaucer makes a record portrait of each traveller showing his character. Thus, there was a brave knight who loved truth, honour and generosity. He was followed by two nuns and 3 priests. There was a fat monk who loved hunting and a good dinner better than praying. There was also a pardoner and so on.

## ***5. The Role of Chaucer in English Literature***

1. "Canterbury Tales" sum up all types of stories that existed in the middle Ages, following the literary classification. The knight tells a romance, the Nun a story of a Saint, the Miller a fabliaux, the priest a fable and so on.

2. Various ranks of society pass by Chaucer and he observes them with mental calmness:

a) It was very common to criticize the church, but Chaucer was the 1<sup>st</sup> to attack the clergy with real humour. Most of his churchmen are not religious at all. To be a churchman meant to have a job that was paid well and Chaucer never concealed this fact in his work. Yet he never was an atheist himself.

b) Though a courtier (придворный), Chaucer was not a follower of monarchism and he hated any kind of tyranny. Yet he speaks with admiration of the honourable knight for his generosity and for the dangers he had been in.

c) Chaucer liked the common sense of the town's folk, though he did not take their part when they behaved dishonorably. And he was merciless in his condemnation of the wicked.

3. Chaucer was the creator of a new literary language. He chose to compose in the popular English language though the aristocracy of that time read and spoke French. It's to be remembered that with Chaucer's poetry the popular (народный) tongue became literary English. Chaucer was the earliest English poet who is still read for human pleasure today.

4. Chaucer drew his characters from life. He saw people not only as rich and poor, but as belonging to a certain rank of society. Chaucer was the first writer, who described the individual features of his characters according to the profession and degree. So, they instantly became typical of their class.

### **Questions and tasks on Lecture 2**

1. How and when did Middle English evolve?
2. What is known about the life of Chaucer? Why was he so well aware about the life of different layers of the society?
3. What are the three periods of Chaucer's writings?
4. What's the plot of «Canterbury Tales»?
5. What stories do the following people tell:

- The nun
- The monk
- The knight
- The miller
- The priest
- The pardoner

6. Why is Chaucer so much appreciated by the English people? What is his contribution to the English language and the English Literature?

7. Paolo Pasolini was a great Italian film director. In 1972 he staged a film based on Chaucer's «Canterbury Tales». Find out more information about the film and its director.

### Lecture 3. The Literature of the 15<sup>th</sup> century. Robin Hood Ballads

1. Historical Background.
2. Different Kinds of Folklore.
3. The Classification of Ballads.
4. Unique Features of the Medieval English and Scottish Ballads.
5. Robin Hood Ballads.

#### *1. Historical Background*

In 1476 William Caxton set up the first English printing press in Westminster after which event knowledge began to spread again. William Caxton was a learned man and liked to translate French stories into English for his own pleasure. When on business in Germany and France he learned the art of printing. He considered it a good way to earn a living, so he set up the printing press in England. During the next 15 years Caxton printed 65 works, both translations and originals. He sometimes had to translate French and Latin literature works into English by himself to increase the sales of his books among English people.

At this time literature was still being written in various languages in England, including Latin, Norman-French, and English because of the multilingual nature of the audience for literature in the 15th century. A major work from the 15th century is *Le Morte d'Arthur* (Arthur's Death) by Sir Thomas Malory, which was printed by Caxton in 1485. This is compilation of some French and English Arthurian romances, and was among the earliest books printed in England.

#### *2. Different Kinds of Folklore*

Though there had already appeared the written language and the printing press in England, most people, including aristocracy, could neither read nor write. That's why folklore was developing rapidly. Such genres as *romances, fables, fabliau, and ballads* were the most common.

- ✓ **The Romances.** They were mostly spread among provincial people though the court loved romantic stories & lyrical poems too. The romances *idealized their characters and the relationship between people*. They praised chivalrous attitude towards women. Many of such stories came from old French, which was a Romantic dialect. So such works were called "Romances". Romances penetrated into England during the reign of Henry the Second & his wife Eleanor. She was the granddaughter of a Norman Duke and tried to preserve her French culture. The most notable romances were "King Horn" and Arthurian Legends about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.
- ✓ **The Fable.** In the literature of the townsfolk we find the fable & the fabliau. Fables were short stories with *animals for characters*. They always conveyed a *moral*.
- ✓ **The Fabliau.** (Фаблио - небольшой жанр средневековой французской

литературы, пересказ анекдотического события в прозе или стихах) Fabliaux were *funny stories about cunning humbugs & the unfaithful wives of rich merchants*. These stories were collected and written down much later. Contrary to the romances the literature of the towns did not idealize their characters. These stories show a *practical attitude to life*.

- ✓ **Folk Songs and Ballads.** As the majority of people couldn't read or write in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, *folk poetry* flourished. In England and Scotland folk songs were heard everywhere. Songs were made up for every occasion. The best of folk poetry were the ballads. The word "ballad" comes from the French "ballet", which in its turn was derived from the Italian word "ballare", which means, "to dance".

English and Scottish ballads were *short narratives in verse partly lyrical and partly epic*, which were either for *singing or for reciting*. They were often accompanied by musical instruments and dancing. They were sung in towns and villages and became the most popular form of amusement. Some ballads could be performed by several people because they consisted of dialogues. They expressed the thoughts and sentiments of the people and they became so popular that the names of their authors were forgotten. The ballads were handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. The most popular ones in England were those about Robin Hood.

### ***3. The Classification of Ballads***

According to the most popular version all the traditional ballads can be divided into 3 groups:

- ✓ Riddling Ballads. The traditional lore (знание) & magical knowledge are to be found in them. Although most of them are simply ballads, they sometimes conceal the shadows of ancient native British traditions. For example, many of them contain riddles or questions which is very typical of British tales. The characters are to answer the questions in order to win the fight, to pass the monsters, to save themselves or their friends.

- ✓ Necromantic Ballads. These are the remains of an ancient necromantic tradition of the crossing of the threshold between life and death. In fact, Necromancy means the discovery of information or seeking for advice from the dead. The dead have already got the wisdom which one can get only when he leaves that world.

- ✓ Other World Ballads. They deal with other world and with a journey of a human into it whether by privilege or by enslavement. These ballades were originally collected in the 19<sup>th</sup> century and the early decades of the 20<sup>th</sup> century from oral traditions from all over England and Ireland.

### ***4. Unique Features of the Medieval English and Scottish Ballads***

Most of them were probably composed between 1200 and 1700 in Northern England and Scotland. Their origins are controversial. Most of them were not written

down until the 18<sup>th</sup> and even the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The medieval English and Scottish ballads have many features that make them unique and different from all the other types of writing:

1. A musical ballad was one of the easiest ways to carry a message because it often had a refrain and a certain rhythm. The refrains are simply the two last lines of a stanza. When repeated they helped to add suspense to the stories as well as to make stories easier to remember. Similar to the refrain some additional repetition was often used to add the suspense. The difference is that additional repetitions had slight variations slowly progressing the story every time that the story was repeated.

2. Many ballads are about death and morbid subjects because during that period many people were dying from different deceases and it was not uncommon for ballads to be stories about death. They even had slight humor because death was very common in everyday life.

3. Some of the most popular ballads survived many generations. In fact, because they were never written down in those days, there may exist hundreds of versions of one and the same ballad.

4. Ballads of this time were generally written in stanzas called quatrains. These stanzas usually contained the 1<sup>st</sup> and the 3<sup>rd</sup> lines with 6 syllables.

### *5. Robin Hood Ballads*



England's favourite hero Robin Hood is partly a legendary and partly a historical character. He lived in about the second half of the 12<sup>th</sup> century in the times of King Henry II and his son Richard-the-Lion-Heart. In those days many of the big castles belonged to robber barons, who ill-treated people, stole children and took away the cattle and corn of peasants. If the country folk resisted, they were either killed by the barons or driven away and their homes were destroyed. They had no choice, but to go out in bands and hide in the woods. After that they were declared

outlaws and found themselves outside the protection of the law. In *Sherwood* Forest near Nottingham there lived a large band of outlaws led by Robin Hood. He came from a family of a Saxon landowner whose land had been seized by a Norman Baron.

The ballads of Robin Hood tell us of his adventures in the forest as an outlaw. Many Saxons joined him. They were called the Merry Men of Robin Hood. The men in their green coats were killing birds and animals for food and playing all sorts of tricks on anyone who happened to come near them. Robin's closest friends were Little John who was the tallest and the strongest and *Allan-a-deil*. Robin himself was described as a man with twinkle in his eye, who never robbed the poor. He was a tireless enemy of Norman aggressors and always helped the country folk in their troubles. Though the sheriff had put a big prize on Robin's head, not a Saxon in the whole Nottingham betrayed him.

### Questions and tasks on Lecture 3

1. When was the printing press set up in England? Who was it set up by? What is known about this person?
2. Why was literature written in various languages in England in the 15<sup>th</sup> century? What are some of the major works of that period?
3. Why was folklore developing more rapidly than classic literature? What were the most common genres?
4. What's the etymology of the word "romance"? Why were romances so popular? What are they about?
5. What's the difference between the fable and the fabliau?
6. What's the origin of the word "ballad"? What are medieval English and Scottish ballads characterized by?
7. What's the plot of the ballads of Robin Hood? Was he an imaginary or real person?
8. What groups are ballads divided into?
9. Why are the origins of most ballads controversial? Why are there many versions of the same ballad?
10. Why was death a common theme of folk songs and ballads? What was the attitude to death?
11. What are the functions of a refrain and a repetition in a ballad?
12. You are sure to have seen some films about Robin Hood in your childhood. What image of the robber did they create: was he a romantic hero or a dangerous criminal?

## Lecture 4. The Literature of the 16<sup>th</sup> century. The Renaissance. William Shakespeare

1. Historical background. The Renaissance.
2. English Renaissance: 1500–1660
3. William Shakespeare. Three periods of Shakespeare's work
4. Sonnets
5. Major themes of Shakespeare's works. Quotations from Shakespeare
6. William Shakespeare's Life. Traditional version
7. Other writers of the Elizabethan Era

### *1. Historical background. The Renaissance*

The "dark" Middle Ages were followed by a time known in art and literature as the Renaissance [rə'neɪsəns]. The word "renaissance" means "rebirth" in French. Renaissance is the name of a great intellectual & cultural movement of the revival of interest in classical culture that occurred in the 14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> centuries in Europe.

A series of events changed the intellectual & moral attitude of people. Among them are:

1. 4<sup>th</sup> Crusade that can be regarded as the basic condition and the cause of the Renaissance;
2. The penetration of Greek & Latin culture that occurred as a result of the Crusade;
3. The recognition of the Copernican system of astronomy;
4. The invention of printing;
5. The set up of protestant church: Some countries broke away from the Catholic Church & set up their own national Church, the Protestant Church.

A profound study of Latin & Greek uncovered the stories of antique literature for the humanists. Antique works were looked upon from the new, humanistic, point of view. The humanists also appealed for the creation of a new science, Natural Science, based on experiment, study & investigation, as a result man learned to know himself. Antique literature seemed original and up-to-date again. Great men appeared in science, art and literature. There were Dante ['dænti], Petrarch ['petrɑ:k] and Boccaccio[bəu'kɑ:tʃiəu] in literature. The Italian painters & sculptors, such as Leonardo da Vinci [liə'nɑ:dəudə'vɪntʃi:], Michelangelo ['maɪkəl'ændʒɪləu], and Raphael ['ræfeɪəl] revived *the natural beauty of a body & the subject of love in art*, both of which had been made sinful during the Middle Ages. In France we find the great writer Rabelais, in the Netherlands - Erasmus, in England-Thomas More, Francis Bacon & Shakespeare, in Poland - the astronomer Copernicus.

#### *Two periods of the Renaissance*

Renaissance began in Italy; its *first period* was marked by a revival of interest in classical literature and the classical ideas. It was a great revolt against the

intellectual sterility of the medieval spirit, & especially against scholasticism, in favour of intellectual freedom and its first sign was some passion for the cultural magnitude and richness of the pagan world.

*Petrarch (1304-1374)* was the first true poet of the Renaissance. His poems written in Latin Hexameter followed the classical models of poetry. He travelled to foreign countries and thus was familiar with a larger world than his predecessors. Further, he may be said to have rediscovered Greek which for some 6 centuries had been lost to the Western World. His friend & disciple Boccaccio studied that language & by his master's advice made a translation of "Homer" into Latin.

Outstanding Italian humanists of that epoch visited Byzantium in order to learn Greek and to buy old manuscripts, saved from pillages, conflagrations, & devastation of the invaded country. Many Greek texts were brought from Constantinople. After the fall of Constantinople in 1453, when it was besieged and taken by Turks, Renaissance gained a further impetus because of number of Greek humanists who moved from Byzantium to Italy.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> period of the Renaissance is marked by a continued zeal for classical study & by the development of a broad learning and the new view of intellectual life, which is now known as Humanism. By this time the movement had spread to Germany, Poland & France, the Netherlands and to other northern countries, where it developed into sound learning of men like Thomas More, Campanella, Bruno, Ronsard, Erasmus, & Copernicus.

The movement had gone far beyond the mere revival of classical study. It was felt in every sphere of life. In philosophy it gradually replaced the purely formal methods of thought. In science it led to the great discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and Newton. In architecture it brought about the revival of the classical style. In the Fine Arts it inspired new schools of painting in Italy, such as of Giorgione, Raphael, Leonardo, Michael Angelo and the Flemish school of the Netherlands. In religion its influence can be seen in the revolt of Martin Luther. Also, it indirectly inspired the passion for exploration that led to the discovery of the New World.

#### *Classical Influence on the Renaissance.*

In the literature of ancient Greece & Rome the artists & philosophers of the Renaissance discovered an aesthetic attitude that greatly attracted them, namely, a ***yearning for perfection based on the desire to create something ideally beautiful.*** The sculptors hoped to obtain techniques that would enable them to carve the perfect human figure. ***The concept of perfect Beauty*** becomes the ***essence of the artistic philosophy of the Renaissance.***

Thus ***the philosophy of the Renaissance resolves itself into a search for perfection, for ideal beauty, for symmetry, proportion, and balance.***

## ***2. Renaissance in England. 1500–1660***

### *The First Period of Renaissance.*

The wave of progress reached the shores of England only in the 16th century. The ideas of the Renaissance came to England together with the ideas of the



Reformation (the establishment of the national Church) and were called the "New Learning". Every year numbers of new books were brought out, and these books were sold openly, but few people could read and enjoy them. The universities were lacking in teachers to spread the ideas of modern thought. So, many English scholars began to go to Italy, where they learned to understand the ancient classics, and when they came home, they adapted their classical learning to the needs of the country. Grammar schools (primary schools) increased in number. The new point of view passed from the schools to the home and to the market place.

Foreign scholars and artists began to teach in England during the reign of Henry VIII. In painting and music the first period of the Renaissance was one of imitation. The freedom of thought of English humanists revealed itself in anti-feudal ideas, showing the life of their own people as it really was. Such a writer was the humanist **Thomas More (1458 -1535)**.

*The Second Period of the Renaissance. The Predecessors of Shakespeare.*

The most significant period of the Renaissance in England falls to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

England's success in commerce brought prosperity to the nation and gave a chance to many persons of talent to develop their abilities. Explorers, men of letters, philosophers, poets and famous actors and dramatists appeared in rapid succession. The great men of the so-called "Elizabethan Era" distinguished themselves by their activities in many fields and displayed an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

Towards the middle of the 16th century common people were already striving for knowledge and the sons of many common citizens managed to get an education. Graduating from universities, many learned men refused to become churchmen and wrote for the stage. These were called the "University Wits", because under the influence of their classical education they wrote after Greek and Latin models. Among the "University Wits" were Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Sackville, John Lyly, and George Peele, Robert Greene, Thomas Kyd and Thomas Nashe; Christopher Marlowe being the most distinguished of them. The new method of teaching classical literature at the universities was to perform Roman plays in Latin, Later the graduates translated these plays into English and then they wrote plays of their own.

Some wrote plays for the court, others for the public theatres. But the plays were not mere imitations. Ancient literature had taught the playwrights to seek new forms and to develop progressive ideas. The new drama represented real characters and real human problems which satisfied the demands of the common people and they expected new plays. Under such favourable circumstances there was a sudden rise of the drama. The great plays were written in verse.

The second period of the Renaissance was characterized by the splendour of its poetry.

Lyrical poetry also became wide-spread in England. The country was called a nest of singing birds. Lyrical poetry was very emotional. The poets introduced blank verse and the Italian sonnet. The sonnet is a poem consisting of fourteen lines. The lines are divided into two groups: the first group of eight lines (the octave), and the

second group of six lines (the sextet). The foremost poet of the time was Edmund Spenser. He wrote in a new, English, form: the nine-line stanza.

English Literature of the Renaissance is associated with the transformation of the Middle English language to the Modern English language during the 15<sup>th</sup> century. For example, we refer to the "Canterbury Tales" as "Middle" English. In order to read Chaucer we need special linguistic training. But after 1500 the trend toward modern language began. The English writings of Thomas More (1478 -1535), Thomas Elyot (1490? - 1546), & Roger Ascham (1515 - 1568) are so close to our contemporary idiom that they are considered the beginnings of modern English prose.

With such humanistic masterpieces as More's "Utopia" (originally written in Latin in 1517), Elyot's "The Booke Named the Governour"(1531), & Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1570) the recognition of the concept that the True and the Good are always associated with the Beautiful was fully completed.

During the reign of Elizabeth I (1558–1603) and then James I (1603–25), in the late 16th and early 17th century, a London-centred culture, that was both courtly and popular, produced great poetry and drama. The earliest Elizabethan play is Thomas Kyd's (1558–94) *The Spanish Tragedy* or *Hieronimo is Mad Again* (1592). Highly popular and influential in its time, *The Spanish Tragedy* established a new genre in English literature theatre, *the revenge play or revenge tragedy*. Its plot contains several violent murders and includes as one of its characters a personification of Revenge. *The Spanish Tragedy* was often referred to, or parodied, in works written by other Elizabethan playwrights, including William Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Christopher Marlowe. Many elements of *The Spanish Tragedy*, such as the play-within-a-play used to trap a murderer and a ghost intent on vengeance, appear in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

### ***3. William Shakespeare. Three periods of Shakespeare's work***



William Shakespeare (1564–1616) stands out in this period as a poet and playwright as yet unsurpassed. Shakespeare was not a man of letters by profession,

and probably had only some grammar school education. He was neither a lawyer, nor an aristocrat, like the "university wits" who monopolized the English stage when he started writing. But he was very gifted and versatile, and he surpassed the "professionals".

Shakespeare wrote plays in a variety of genres, including histories, tragedies, comedies and the late romances, or tragicomedies. His literary work is usually divided into three periods.

**The first period (1590-1600) - comedies:** His early *classical and Italianate comedies*, like *A Comedy of Errors*, containing tight double plots and precise comic sequences, give way in the mid-1590s to the romantic atmosphere of his greatest comedies. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a witty mixture of romance, fairy magic, and rustic comic scenes. Shakespeare's next comedy, the equally romantic *Merchant of Venice*, can be problematic because of how it portrays Shylock, a vengeful Jewish moneylender. The wit and wordplay of *Much Ado about Nothing*, the charming rural setting of *As You Like It*, and the lively merrymaking of *Twelfth Night* complete Shakespeare's sequence of great comedies. After the lyrical *Richard II*, written almost entirely in verse, Shakespeare introduced *prose comedies, Henry IV, and Henry V*.

**The second period (1600-1608) - tragedies:** His characters become more complex and tender as he switches deftly between comic and serious scenes, prose and poetry, and achieves the narrative variety of his mature work. This period begins and ends with two *tragedies: Romeo and Juliet*, the famous romantic tragedy of adolescent love and death; and *Julius Caesar*. In the early 17th century, Shakespeare wrote the so-called "*problem plays*", *Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida, and All's Well That Ends Well*, as well as a number of his best known *tragedies*, including *Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, King Lear and Anthony and Cleopatra*. The plots of Shakespeare's tragedies often hinge on such fatal errors or flaws, which overturn order and destroy the hero and those he loves. Humanistic ideas are particularly stressed in "Hamlet": something must be done to change the world, the laws and moral. Human relations depend on social problems; intelligence is not enough to be happy.

**The third period (1609-1612) - Romantic Dramas:** In his final period, Shakespeare turned to romance or tragicomedy and completed three more major plays: *Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Less bleak than the tragedies, these three plays are graver in tone than the comedies, but they end with reconciliation and the forgiveness of potentially tragic errors. Some commentators have seen this change in mood as evidence of a more serene view of life on Shakespeare's part, but it may merely reflect the theatrical fashion of the day.

#### 4. Sonnets

Shakespeare's sonnets can't be placed among his best works; but they occupy a unique place in Shakespeare's heritage, because they are the only things he has written about himself. Some critics think that practically every line is absolutely autobiographical.

The 3 main characters of the sonnets are the Poet, his Friend & the Dark Lady. The poet expresses the warmest admiration for his friend (Sonnet 41 - 42).

The Dark Lady is the beloved of the Poet. She is false & vicious, but the Poet, though aware of the fact, can't help loving her. "Dark" means not only dark-haired but it is a synonym for "wicked", "sinister".

Then comes the tragedy: the Friend & the Dark Lady betray the Poet (Sonnet 116,144,41).

Reading the sonnets one can see a tragedy in Shakespeare's life, a tragedy, which he might not fully understand himself. Despite the author's intentions we see that the Poet's friend is a shallow, cruel & petulant man; the Dark Lady is shown to be wicked & lying. In the sonnets we see the great misfortune of a genius, who wasted his life & his soul for the sake of people unworthy of him.

All the sonnets may be divided according to the themes into several groups:

- ✓ depicting love;
- ✓ immortality of Poetry;
- ✓ social injustice;
- ✓ general corruption of the age;
- ✓ grandeur of man.

Shakespeare also popularized the English sonnet, which made significant changes to Italian model by Petrarch. A collection of 154 by sonnets, dealing with themes such as the passage of time, love, beauty and mortality, were first published in a 1609 quarto entitled SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS: Never before imprinted. The first 17 poems are addressed to a young man urging him to marry and have children in order to immortalize his beauty by passing it to the next generation. Other sonnets express the speaker's love for a young man; brood upon loneliness, death, and the transience of life; seem to criticise the young man for preferring a rival poet; express ambiguous feelings for the speaker's mistress; and pun on the poet's name. The final two sonnets are allegorical treatments of Greek epigrams referring to the "little love-god" Cupid.

### ***5. Major themes of Shakespeare's works. Quotations from Shakespeare***

Many scholars have studied Shakespeare's plays; these are the central themes Shakespeare dealt with in his plays:

1. Humanism. The love for mankind is seen in every play.
2. Freedom. The idea of freedom for people is felt in Shakespeare's tragedies and historical plays.
3. Patriotism
4. National unity under one strong monarch. The Wars of the Roses were not forgotten in the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Shakespeare felt that a central power through

direct succession to the throne was the only force to stand against feudal wars. These last two themes are stressed in Shakespeare's historical plays and in the tragedy of "King Lear".

5. The masses as a political force. Shakespeare was the first dramatist to acknowledge the important part that was played by the masses in historical events. This is clearly shown in the play "Julius Caesar"
6. Relationship of men in a society
7. The themes of love and friendship are developed in Shakespeare's sonnets as well as in his plays.

There are many famous quotations from Shakespeare. Here are some of them.

1. All's well that ends well
2. All that glistens is not gold
3. A sea of troubles
4. Brevity is the soul of wit
5. Delays have dangerous ends
6. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound
7. Much ado about nothing
8. There is history in all men's lives
9. There is no darkness but ignorance
10. To be or not to be, that is the question
11. What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

## ***6. William Shakespeare's Life Traditional version***

On April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1564 a son, William? Was born to John and Mary Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon. His mother was the daughter of a farmer. His father was a glove-maker. William went to a grammar school in Stratford and had quite a good education. There he learned to love reading.

While still a teenager, William married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter eight years older than himself. Nothing is known about how he earned his living during these early years, perhaps he helped his father in the family business. During these years his three children were born: Susannah[su:'zænə], the eldest, then twins – a son, Hamnet ['hæmnit], and another girl, Judith ['dʒu:diθ].

In 1587 Shakespeare went to work in London, leaving Ann the children at home. Nobody knows exactly why he did it. Some people say that the reason was his love of poetry and theatre. But there is another story which says that he had to run away from law because he killed some deer belonging to a rich man.

In London Shakespeare began to act and to write plays and soon became an important member of a well-known acting company. Most of his plays were performed in the new Globe Theatre built on the bank of the River Thames. In 1613 he stopped writing and went to live in Stratford where he died in 1616.

Four hundred years later his plays are still acted – not only in England but in the whole world.

### *7. Other writers of the Elizabethan Era*

Other important figures in Elizabethan theatre include Christopher Marlowe ['kristəfə 'ma:ləu], and Ben Jonson, Thomas Dekker, John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont.

Marlowe's (1564–1593) subject matter is different from Shakespeare's as it focuses more on the moral drama of the Renaissance man than any other thing. Drawing on German lore, Marlowe introduced the story of Faust to England in his play *Doctor Faustus* ['fɔ:stəs] (c.1592), about a scientist and magician who, obsessed by the thirst of knowledge and the desire to push man's technological power, sells his soul to the Devil. *Faustus* makes use of "the dramatic framework of the morality plays in its presentation of a story of temptation, fall, and damnation, and its free use of morality figures such as the good angel and the bad angel and the seven deadly sins, along with the devils Lucifer and Mephistopheles."

### Questions and tasks on Lecture 4

1. When did the English Renaissance take place?
2. What English monarchs reigned during the Renaissance period in England? How did they influence the cultural life of that time?
3. What's the title of the earliest revenge tragedy? What are its main features?
4. When did William Shakespeare live? What is known about his early life and education?
5. What are the three periods of Shakespeare's writings?
6. What are some of the most famous Shakespeare's comedies? What are their characteristic elements?
7. What are the names of Shakespeare's most significant tragedies? What are their plots based on?
8. What plays did Shakespeare write in his final period? How do they differ from the earlier ones?
9. What are the themes of Shakespeare's sonnets? What groups are they divided into?
10. What subject does Christopher Marlowe focus on? What is the story of Faust about?
11. Read Sonnet 130. What is Shakespeare's idea of a woman's beauty?
12. Speak on the origin of the word "renaissance"
13. Speak on the philosophy of the Renaissance
14. What outstanding representatives of the Renaissance appeared in science, art and literature in different European countries?
15. What are the two periods of the Renaissance characterized by?
16. Why do sonnets occupy a unique place in Shakespeare's heritage?
17. What ambiguous facts about Shakespeare's life and personality do you know? Find out more information about other candidates considered to be possible authors of the immortal plays.
18. Watch the film entitled "Anonymous". Does the alternative version of Shakespeare's life and personality presented in the film seem to you convincing and true-to-life?

## Lecture 5. The Enlightenment. The 17<sup>th</sup> – 18<sup>th</sup> century literature

1. Historical background
2. Daniel Defoe
3. Robinson Crusoe
4. Jonathan Swift
5. A Tale of a Tub
6. Gulliver's Travels
7. Robert Burns

### *1. Historical background*

It was a sound-thinking & rational age. Common sense ruled the day. Common sense was the proper guide to thought & conduct, in commerce & industry. Puzzled at the contrary terms of fortune in business, people tried to find out the laws that determined them.

This period saw a remarkable rise of literature. People wrote on many subjects & made great contribution in the fields of philosophy, history & natural sciences.

The problem of vital importance to the writers of the 18<sup>th</sup> century was the study of man & the origin of his good & evil qualities. According to them, human nature was virtuous but man diverged from virtue under the influence of a vicious society. "Vice is due to ignorance", they said. It's but natural that the writers of the 18<sup>th</sup> century started a public movement for enlightenment of people. The writers of the age of Enlightenment insisted upon a systematic education for all.

This period saw a transition from poetry to the prosaic age of the essayists. *An essay* is a composition of moderate length on any subject usually written in prose. The writer does not go into details, but deals in an easy manner with the chosen subject, & shows his relation to the subject. The style of prose became clear, graceful & polished. Writers accepted such literary forms as were intelligible to all. Satire became popular. This period also saw the rise of the political pamphlet. Most of the authors of the time wrote political pamphlets, but the best ones came from the pens of Defoe & Swift.

The leading form of literature became the novel. The hero of the novel was no longer a prince but a representative of the middle class. This had never happened before: so far, the common people had usually been represented as comical characters.

The English writers of the time formed two groups.

To one group belonged those who hoped to better the world simply by teaching:

- ✓ Joseph Addison [1672 -1719]
- ✓ Richard Steel [1672 - 1729]



- ✓ Daniel Defoe [1661-1731]
- ✓ Alexander Pope [1688 -1744]
- ✓ Samuel Richardson [1689 -1761]

The other group included the writers who openly protested against the vicious social order:

- Jonathan Swift [1667 -1745]
- Henry Fielding [1707 -1764]
- Oliver Goldsmith [1728 -1774]
- Richard Sheridan [1751 -1816]
- Robert Burns [1759 - 1769]

## *2. Daniel Defoe (1661 -1731)*



Daniel Defoe ['dænjəl də'fəʊ] was born in 1661 in London in the family of a well-to-do butcher. Daniel's father was wealthy enough to give his son a good education. His father wanted him to become a priest, therefore at the age of 14 he was placed in an academy to get the training of a priest, & remained there for the full course of five years.

But Daniel Defoe didn't like his profession as, in his opinion, it was neither honorable nor profitable. He became a merchant. Several times he went bankrupt because he was more interested in politics than in business. Being a merchant he travelled much & collected a lot of material, which he used later in his writings.

Several times in his life Daniel Defoe was persecuted. Thus in 1702 he wrote his pamphlet "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters". The pamphlet looked as if it had been written in support of the High Church. In fact Daniel Defoe described the cruel Measures taken by the High Church.

For this pamphlet Defoe was sentenced to 7 years imprisonment. Besides he had to stand in the pillory in a public square.

In 1719 Daniel Defoe tried his hand in another kind of literature – fiction & wrote his famous novel "Robinson Crusoe" ['rɒbɪnsn 'kru:səu]. After the book was published, Defoe became famous & rich.

### ***3. Robinson Crusoe***

Books about voyages & new discoveries were very popular in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. But Daniel Defoe was more preoccupied with politics & didn't think of trying his hand at writing adventure stories. But a story in one of the magazines attracted his attention. It was about Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor. He lived 4 years alone on a desert island. Selkirk's story interested Daniel Defoe so much that he decided to use the story for a book. His hero, Robinson Crusoe, however, spent 26 years on a desert island.

The charm of the novel lies in Robinson as a person. Defoe shows the development of his personality. At the beginning of the story we see an inexperienced youth, a rather frivolous boy, who then becomes a strong-willed man, able to withstand all the calamities of his unusual destiny.

Defoe was a great master of realistic detail. When reading his description of Crusoe's life & work, one feels that the person who wrote it must have lived through all those adventures himself, because they are so well described, even though most of them are rather impossible.

Robinson Crusoe's most characteristic trait is his optimism. His guiding principle in life became "never say die". He had confidence in himself & in man & believed it was within the man power to overcome all difficulties & hardships. Another of Crusoe's good qualities, which saved him from despair, was his ability to put his whole heart into everything he did. He was an enthusiastic worker & always hoped for the best.

Robinson Crusoe like Daniel Defoe himself is very practical. The beauty of the island has no appeal for him. He does not care for scenery. He regards the island as his personal property. He takes pride in being the master of the island & is pleased at the thought that everything around him belongs to him. This is also seen in the fact that he decides to keep the money he finds in the ship, although he knows that it will be of no use to him on the island.

Crusoe considers his race to be superior to all other races. As soon as a man appears on the island, Crusoe makes him his servant. "Master" is the first word he teaches Friday to say.

Crusoe believes in God & the hand of Providence. In desperate moments he turns to God for help.

The novel "Robinson Crusoe" is a glorification of practicalness & energy, yet when concentrated in an individual man these qualities are exaggerated. According to Defoe, man can live by himself comfortably &

make all the things he needs with no other humans, no other hands to assist him.

Defoe is a writer of the Enlightenment. He instructs people how to live; he tries to teach what's good & what's bad. His novel "Robinson Crusoe" is not merely a work of fiction, an account of adventures, a biography & an educational pamphlet; it is a study of man, a great work showing man in relation to nature & civilization as well as in relation to labour & property.

#### ***4. Jonathan Swift (1667 -1745)***



Jonathan Swift ['dʒɒnəθən 'swɪft] was the greatest of the prose satirists of the age of the Enlightenment. His works reflected contemporary life more closely than did the literature of the previous century. He belonged to the group of writers who openly protested against the vicious social order. He criticized all sides of life of the society.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, but he came from an English family. The boy saw little of his mother's care. He was supported by his uncle & from his very childhood he learned how miserable it was to be dependent on the charity of relatives.

At the age of 14 he finished school & went to Trinity College. Trinity College was a university, which trained clergymen. But Swift felt that his calling was literature & politics & he preferred such subjects as history, literature & languages to that of theology. For this reason examinations were far from what was called brilliant, & he got his bachelor degree with difficulty in 1686.

## 5. *A Tale of a Tub*

*A Tale of a Tub* is an antireligious satire. The title of the book has a double meaning & explains the idea of the book,

1. A "Tale of Tub" means a nonsense story told as a joke; the word "tub" suggests the idea expressed in the proverb: "Empty vessels make the greatest sound".

2. In the preface to the book Swift tells his readers of an old custom seamen have when at sea: if a whale begins to follow the vessel, they throw an empty tub into the water to divert the whale's attention from the ship. The whole is a satire upon religion in England. The empty tub symbolizes religion as something, which diverts people from their troubles. The ship is the emblem of the State.

In 1713 Swift left for Ireland. There he studies the conditions the people lived in.

He wrote a number of pamphlets. In them he defended the rights of the Irish. By these pamphlets he won the hearts of the Irish. He criticized the colonial policy of England towards Ireland. He attacked the English Parliament.

## 6. *Gulliver's Travels*

In 1726 Swift's masterpiece "Gulliver's Travels" ['gʌlɪvəz 'trævəlz] appeared. Swift satirized the evils of the existing society in the form of fictitious travels. It tells of the adventures of a ship's surgeon. It is divided into 4 parts or voyages.

1. The first is a trip to Lilliput ['lɪlɪpʌt];
2. The second is a voyage to Brobdingnag ['brɒbdɪŋnæg] & its giants;
3. The third voyage is to Laputa [lə'pju:tə], a flying island;
4. The fourth voyage brings Gulliver to the country of Houyhnhnms ['huɪnhnəmz] and Yahoos [jə'hu:z], where intellectual creatures were horses & all the human beings were reduced to the level of brutes [животное, скотина].

### *The first voyage to Lilliput.*

Describing the government & the laws, Swift described England of his days in the most ridiculous way. He gave a picture of how people were promoted in life not according to their merits but because they were cunning, used intrigues, bribery. He ridiculed English laws & educational system.

*The second voyage to Brobdingnag - the country of giants.* The king of Brobdingnag often asked Gulliver about European affairs & his answers were biting satire on contemporary politics. Thus he told the king about the

wars waged in the interests of the rich; these wars brought nothing but misery to people.

*The third voyage to Laputa.*

During the third voyage Gulliver found himself among scientists of Laputa. Swift showed that scientists were busy with foolish problems trying to invent useless things. It is easy enough to understand that in ridiculing the academy of Laputa, Swift ridicules the scientists of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. They are busy inventing such projects as:

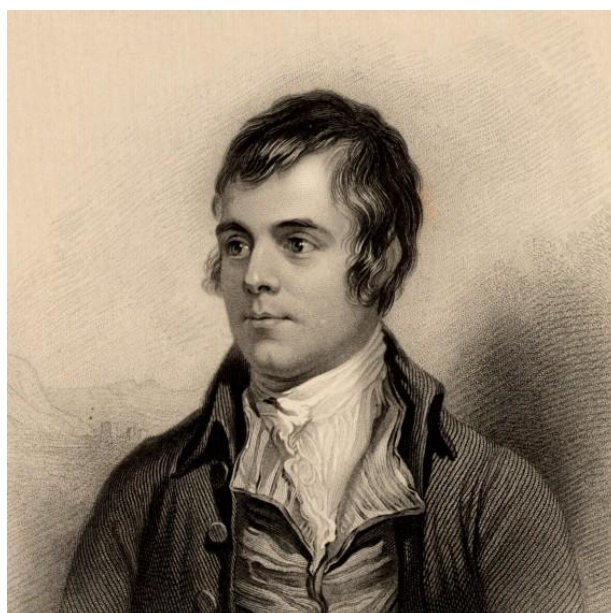
- building houses beginning at the roof & working downwards to the foundation;
- converting ice into gunpowder,
- simplifying the language by leaving out the verbs & participles;
- softening marble for pillows etc.

It was a parody on scholastics [«оторванная от жизни наука»].

*The fourth voyage.* The fourth voyage is to the island inhabited by horses & strange creatures Yahoos. The horses are endowed with human intelligence & virtue. Yahoos are ugly, foolish. Relations between Yahoos remind Gulliver of those existing in England. The horses are clever & noble. The Yahoos are dirty, greedy. Horses live in free community. The book presents a series of grotesque satires on the society of the period. Swift was a pessimist. He criticized the society he lived in & didn't see the way out. That's why he was in constant gloom.

"Gulliver's Travels" was one of the greatest works of the period of the Enlightenment in the world of literature. Swift's fantastic characters, however improbable they may seem to the reader, were used by the author to disclose all the faults & failures of the society, thus making Swift's imaginary world realistic. Swift's democratic Ideas expressed in the book had a great influence on the English writers who came after Swift.

## ***7. Robert Burns (1759 -1796)***



Whenever we speak about Scotland the name of Scotland's Bard Robert Burns is always there, as the ever-living never-dying symbol of that country.

All of Robert Burns' poetry shows him to be one of the greatest masters of lyrical verse, a warm patriot of his native country. His poetry is deeply democratic & full of criticism directed against the landlords, the priests & the government officials. His sympathy lay with the poor, he hoped for a better future for the people, for the equality & justice of all.

Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet, was born on January 25, 1759 in a small cottage in a Scottish village. His father, William Burns was a hard-working small farmer with high ideals about human worth & conduct. He knew the value of a good education & he was determined to give his children the best schooling possible.

There were 7 children in the family & Robert was the eldest. When he was six, his father sent him to school, but Robert's regular schooling was rather short. As a matter of fact, the poet's father taught his children himself. Reading & writing, arithmetic, English grammar, history, literature & a slight acquaintance of Latin & French - that was Robert Burns' education.

The songs & ballads of Scotland which Burns knew so well were sung to him in his childhood by his mother who lived long & enjoyed the growing fame of her poet son.

Robert Burns became a farmer, too. At 13 he was out in the fields all day helping his father, at 15 he did most of the work on the farm.

He studied nature closely & following the plough, he whistled & sang. In his songs he spoke of what he saw of the woods & the fields, & the valleys, of the deer, of the hare & the skylark, & the small field mouse, of the farmer's poor cottage home & the farmer lad's love for his lass.

Robert Burns first began to write poetry at the age of 16. Life was hard for the family. Robert's father died in 1784 burdened with debts. The poet needed some money to publish some of his poems. 600 copies of "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" were printed in July 1786. Their success was complete, their edition was quickly sold out & Robert Burns became well-known & popular.

He went to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. At first Robert Burns was warmly welcomed but soon the society of England grew tired of him & forgot all about the poet. The popular character of Burns' poetry was foreign to their taste.

The story of Robert Burns' short life is full of sadness. He worked much on his farm, but could not make it pay. In 1789 his friends got him a position as a tax collector. This work was not an easy one, but it gave him much time to think out his poems & at this period of his life Robert Burns wrote much.

He had five children. By 1796 Robert Burns' health had greatly deteriorated & in 1796 at the age of 37, the great poet of Scotland breathed his last breath.

The most popular poems by Robert Burns are "John Barleycorn", "The Tree of Liberty", "Jolly Beggars", "My heart's in the Highland" & others.

### **Questions and tasks on Lecture 5**

1. What are the main ideas of the Enlightenment? What problems were raised by the writers?
2. What forms of literature flourished during this period? Give a definition of an essay as a literary form.
3. What are the main features of novels of the Enlightenment?
4. What is known about D. Defoe's parents, early life, activities apart from writing?
5. What was Defoe inspired by when he started writing "Robinson Crusoe"?
6. How does Robinson's personality change from beginning to end of the book? What are Robinson's personal qualities that make him an interesting literature character?
7. How does Defoe's novel reflect the philosophy of the Enlightenment?
8. What are the differences between D. Defoe's and J. Swift's views on life and on the contemporary society?
9. Speak on Jonathan Swift's biography.
10. What's the plot of "Gulliver's Travels". How many voyages does it describe?
11. Characterize Gulliver's first and second voyages.
12. What do Gulliver's third and fourth voyages depict?
13. Why is Robert Burns considered to be the symbol of Scotland?
14. What family was Robert Burns born into? What education did he get?
15. Who taught Robert Burns a love of Scottish culture and nature?
16. Why is it said that Burn's life was full of sadness? When and how did he die?

## Lecture 6. The 19<sup>th</sup> century literature. Romanticism

1. Historical background and roots
2. Romanticism (1798–1837)
3. Lake poets
4. Lord Byron and other writers of his epoch

### *1. Historical background and roots*

There are several reasons of the growth of the Romantic Movement in English literature in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century:

- influence of the Gothic novel, novel of sensibility and graveyard poets of the 18th-century, whose works are characterized by their gloomy meditations on mortality, "skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms" in the context of the graveyard.
- revival of interest in ancient English poetic forms and folk poetry.
- a new emphasis on the beauty and value of nature brought about by a reaction against urbanism and industrialization.
- the changing landscape and the pollution of the environment, brought about by the industrial and agricultural revolutions, with the expansion of the city.
- social changes, such as depopulation of the countryside and the rapid development of overcrowded industrial cities that took place in the period between 1750 and 1850.
- a revolt against the scientific rationalization of nature of the Age of Enlightenment.

### *2. Romanticism (1798–1837)*

Romanticism was an artistic, literary, and intellectual movement that originated in Europe toward the end of the 18th century. Most commonly the publishing of Lyrical Ballads in 1798 is taken as the beginning, and the crowning of Queen Victoria in 1837 as its end. The writers of this period, however, did not think of themselves as 'Romantics'.

The landscape is often prominent in the poetry of this period, so that the Romantics are often described as 'nature poets'. William Blake is considered a central figure in the history of both the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age.

The poet, painter, and printmaker **William Blake (1757–1827)** was largely disconnected from the major streams of the literature of the time, that's why Blake was generally unrecognized during his lifetime. Considered mad by contemporaries for his views, Blake is held in high regard by later critics for his expressiveness and creativity, and for the philosophical and mystical undercurrents within his work. Among his most important works are Songs of Innocence (1789) and Songs of Experience (1794).



### 3. *Lake Poets*

After Blake, among the earliest Romantics were the **Lake Poets**, a small group of friends, including **William Wordsworth** ['wɜːdzwəθ](1770–1850), Samuel Taylor Coleridge ['kɒləridʒ](1772–1834), Robert Southey [sauði] (1774–1843).

In the "Preface" to *Lyrical Ballad* (1798) Wordsworth discusses what he sees as the elements of a new type of poetry, one based on the "real language of men". Here, Wordsworth gives his famous definition of poetry, as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" which "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility." The poems in *Lyrical Ballads* were mostly by Wordsworth, though Coleridge contributed, one of the great poems of English literature, the long "Rime of the Ancient Mariner", a tragic ballad about the survival of one sailor through a series of supernatural events on his voyage through the South Seas, and which involves the symbolically significant slaying of an albatross.

### 4. *Lord Byron and other writers of his epoch*



The second generation of Romantic poets includes **Lord Byron (1788–1824)**, **Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)** and **John Keats (1795–1821)**.

**Byron** ['baɪərən] was, perhaps the least 'romantic' of the three. In all his poetry there is a current of gloom and pessimism. The reason for this gloom and sorrow may be found in social and political events of his day. The industrial revolution in England and the invention of new machines which supplanted workers brought misery to thousands of laborers. Wars, economic and political oppression of common people, all these facts gave rise to his discontent with social and political life. So he raised his voice to condemn them.

After graduating from Cambridge University, Byron started on a tour through Portugal, Spain, Greece, Turkey and Albania. He returned home in 1811. A trip to Europe resulted in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* [ˈtʃaɪld ˈhærəldz ˈpɪlɡrɪmɪdʒ] (1812), a mock-heroic epic of a young man's adventures in Europe, but also a sharp satire against London society. The poem contains elements thought to be autobiographical, as Byron generated some of the storyline from experience gained during his European journey.

The main character, Childe Harold by name, came from an old aristocratic family. His ancestors were men of great courage and heroism. Harold's life was very different from theirs, it is full of pleasure and entertainment. But then he only feels weariness and discontent. He lost faith in friendship and was disappointed in the world of lies in which he found himself. Hoping to find Good in other countries he left England.

*Canto the First* describes Portugal and Spain. Byron shows his surprise at the contrast between the splendor of the land, where "fruits of fragrance blush on every tree", and the poverty of the people. In the Spanish scenes the poet shows the people's struggle against Napoleon's invasion which the poet witnessed during the stay in Spain in 1809-1810.

*Canto the Second* is devoted to Albania and Greece. Byron admires the Albanians for their kindness, generosity and hospitality. But when Harold comes to Greece he is disappointed. The miserable state of the Greek people under the yoke of the Turks arouses Byron's indignation and makes him recall the glorious past of Greece.

*Canto the Third* describes the beautiful scenery of Switzerland. Pictures of nature – now calm and serene, now stormy as the feelings of the poet himself, alternate with philosophical reflections.

*Canto the Fourth*, dealing with Italy, depicts people and events of ancient history. Byron calls Italy the "Mother of Art". Byron puts forth the idea that true glory is achieved through creative activity, and not by birth and power.

Childe Harold is a sensitive, disillusioned and generous wanderer. But he is merely a passive onlooker unlike Byron himself who tried to be an active fighter for freedom. By right of birth Byron was a member of the House of Lords. In February 1812 Byron made his first speech in the House of Lords. He spoke passionately in defence of the Luddites. He blamed the government for the unbearable conditions of workers' life. In his parliament speech Byron showed himself a staunch champion of the people's cause, and that made the reactionary circles hate him.

Byron achieved enormous fame and influence throughout Europe with works exploiting the violence and drama of their exotic and historical settings. However, despite the success of *Childe Harold* and other works, Byron was forced to leave England for good in 1816 and seek asylum on the Continent. Here he joined Percy Bysshe and Mary Shelley on the shores of Lake Geneva.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley** [ˈpɜːsi ˈbɪʃ ˈʃeli] is best known for poems such as *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Music, When Soft Voices Die*. Shelley was an atheist, a radical thinker and a marginal. He was expelled from Oxford. His close

circle of admirers, however, included the most progressive thinkers of the day. Shelley became an idol of the next three or four generations of poets. Shelley's influential poem *The Masque of Anarchy* (1819) calls for nonviolence in protest and political action. It is perhaps the first modern statement of the principle of nonviolent protest. Mahatma Gandhi's passive resistance was influenced and inspired by Shelley's verse, and Gandhi would often quote the poem to vast audiences.

### **Mary Shelley and her *Frankenstein***

Mary Shelley (1797–1851), Percy's wife, is remembered as the author of *Frankenstein* (1818). Mary met the famous young poet Percy Shelley when she was only sixteen, and they went to Europe together. In 1816 they met the exciting poet Lord Byron. They stayed at his villa in Switzerland to write. They all wrote frightening, supernatural tales which created the literary vampire genre.

Mary's story was *Frankenstein*. Mary was only eighteen when she wrote it. The plot of the story is said to have come from a nightmare she had, following a conversation about galvanism and the feasibility of returning a corpse or assembled body parts to life. Sitting around a log fire at Byron's villa, the company also amused themselves by reading German ghost stories. *Frankenstein* was about a lonely, unhappy monster. A young student called Frankenstein created this monster. The monster wanted the student to love him, but he couldn't. So the monster got furious and started to kill people.

Mary's life was unhappy, too. Her mother, sister, and her two children died young. Then Percy died in 1822, when Mary was only 24. She lived until she was 53.

### **Jane Austen (1775-1817)**



Jane Austen ['ɒstɪn] was born into a wealthy family in 1775. Austen was born in a small English village. Her family was typically large as was customary at that time in order to counter the possibility of early death by producing many offspring. She had six brothers and a sister.

Jane Austen's plots, though fundamentally comic, highlight the dependence of women on marriage to secure social standing and economic security.

Austen brings to light the hardships women faced, who usually did not inherit money, could not work and their only chance in life depended on the man they married. She reveals not only the difficulties a woman faced in her day, but also what was expected of men and of the careers they had to follow. This she does with wit and humour and with endings where all characters, good or bad, receive exactly what they deserve. Her work brought her little personal fame and only a few positive reviews during her lifetime, but the publication in 1869 of her nephew's *A Memoir of Jane Austen* introduced her to a wider public, and by the 1940s she had become accepted as a major writer. Austen's works include *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), *Sense and Sensibility* (1811), and *Emma*.

### Walter Scott



One of the most popular novelists during the Romantic period was Sir Walter Scott ['wɔ:tə 'skɒt] (1771–1832). He is often called the father of the English historical novel. He realized that it was the ordinary people who were the makers of history and the past was not cut off from the present but influenced it. This romantic love of the past made him create rich historical canvases with landscape and nature descriptions, as well as picturesque details of past ages. His descriptions of the life, customs and habits of the people are realistic. Scott's novel-writing career reached its peak with *Ivanhoe* ['aɪvənhoʊ]. His popularity in England and abroad did much to form the modern stereotype of Scottish culture.

At this time in America the prolific and popular novelist **James Fenimore Cooper** [ˈdʒeɪmz ˈfenɪmɔː ˈkuːpə] (1789–1851) began publishing his historical romances of Indian life, to create a unique form of American literature. Cooper is best remembered for his numerous sea-stories and the novel *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826).

### Questions and tasks on Lecture 6

1. What are the main reasons of the growth of the Romantic Movement in English Literature of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century?
2. What is Romanticism? What are the boundaries of this period? What are the main issues highlighted by the Romantic writers and poets?
3. Who is included into the group of Lake Poets?
4. What are Lake Poets' most prominent works?
5. What was the result of Byron's trip to Europe?
6. Why was Byron forced to leave England for good? Who became his best friends?
7. What is known about the author of *Frankenstein*? Dwell upon the plot of the novel.
8. What is Walter Scott appreciated for? What is Walter Scott's contribution to the English literature?
9. What does Jane Austen focus her attention on in her novels? What are some of her most prominent works called?

## **Lecture 7. The 19<sup>th</sup> century literature. Realism.**

1. The Victorian novel (1837–1901). Realism
2. Charles Dickens
3. William Makepeace Thackeray and his “Vanity Fair”
4. The Brontë sisters
5. Genre fiction

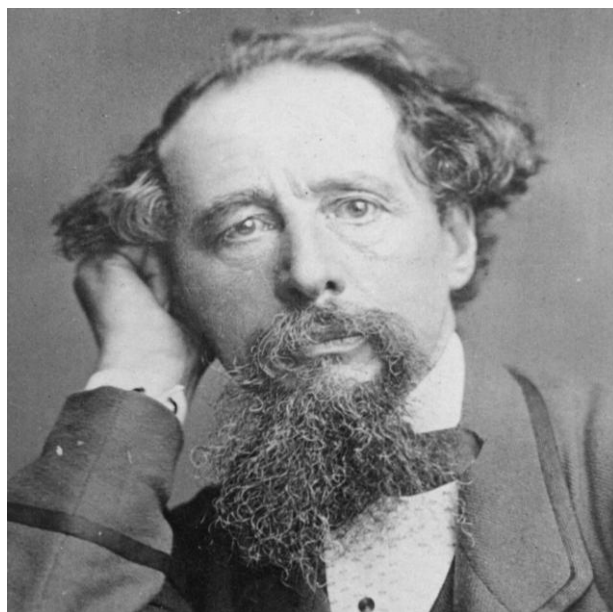
### ***1. The Victorian novel (1837–1901). Realism***

It was in the Victorian era (1837–1901) that the novel became the leading literary genre in English. Women played an important part in this rising popularity both as authors and as readers. Circulating libraries, that allowed books to be borrowed for an annual subscription, were a further factor in the rising popularity of the novel.

The 1830s and 1840s saw the rise of social novel. This was in many ways a reaction to rapid industrialization, and the social, political and economic issues associated with it, and was a means of commenting on abuses of government and industry and the suffering of the poor, who were not profiting from England's economic prosperity. Stories of the working class poor were directed toward middle class to help create sympathy and promote change.

The greatness of the novelists of this period lies not only in their truthful description of contemporary life, but also in their profound humanism. They believed in the good qualities of the human heart and expressed their hopes for a better future. The poorest, the most unprivileged sections of the population were described by Charles Dickens. He looked into the darkest corners of the large cities.

### ***2. Charles Dickens***



Charles Dickens [tʃa:lz 'dɪkɪnz] (1812–70) was born in a small town on the southern coast of England. His father was a clerk at the office of a large naval station there, and the family lived on his small salary. They belonged to the lower middle class and there was always talk between the parents about money, bills and debts.

Charles and his eldest sister didn't go to school for a long time. Their father lost his job and was imprisoned for debt. All the property the family had was sold, and the boy was put to work in a blacking factory. He worked hard washing bottles for shoe-polish and putting labels on them, while his father, mother, sisters and brothers all lived in debtors' prison. Many pictures were stored in his memory, and he later described this unhappy time in *David Copperfield* and *Little Dorrit*.

In about a year the Dickensses received a small sum of money after the death of a relative, so all the debts were paid. Charles got a chance to go to school again. But he left school when he was twelve. He had to continue his education by himself visiting regularly the British Museum reading-room. Then he first got a job as a newspaper reporter, then as a parliamentary reporter. He started writing funny street sketches. Thus he discovered his writing abilities almost accidentally.

Charles Dickens emerged on the literary scene in the late 1830s. One of his most popular works to this day is *A Christmas Carol* (1843). He is also admired for his later novels, such as *Dombey and Son* (1846–48), *Little Dorrit* (1855–57), *Great Expectations* (1860–61).

### *Literary Style*

Dickens loved the literary style of the 18th century Gothic romance. His literary style is a mixture of fantasy and realism. His writing style is florid and poetic, with a strong comic touch. His satires of British aristocratic snobbery are colourful and memorable. Comparing orphans to stocks and shares, people to tug boats, or dinner-party guests to furniture are just some of Dickens's acclaimed flights of fancy. Many of his characters' names provide the reader with a hint as to the roles played in advancing the storyline, such as Mr. Murdstone in the novel *David Copperfield*, which is clearly a combination of "murder" and stony coldness.

### *Characters*

As for Dickens's characters, one "character" vividly drawn throughout his novels is London itself. From the coaching inns on the outskirts of the city to the lower reaches of the Thames, all aspects of the capital are described in his work.

Dickens is famed for his depiction of the hardships of the working class, his intricate plots, and his sense of humour. But he is perhaps most famed for the characters he created, for his ability to capture the everyday man and thus create characters to whom readers could relate. Dickensian characters-especially their typically whimsical names-are among the most memorable in English literature. The likes of Ebenezer Scrooge, Tiny Tim, Jacob Marley, Oliver Twist, The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, Pip, Miss Havisham, David Copperfield, Samuel Pickwick, and

many others are so well known and can be believed to be living a life outside the novels that their stories have been continued by other authors.

Often these characters were based on people he knew. In a few instances Dickens based the character too closely on the original, as in the case of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*, based on Leigh Hunt, and Miss Mowcher in *David Copperfield*, based on his wife's dwarf chiropodist.

### *Autobiographical elements*

All authors might be said to incorporate autobiographical elements in their fiction, but with Dickens this is very noticeable, even though he took pains to mask what he considered his shameful, lowly past. *David Copperfield* is one of the most clearly autobiographical. The scenes from *Bleak House* of court cases and legal arguments are drawn from the author's brief career as a court reporter. Dickens's own father had been sent to prison for debt, and this became a common theme in many of his books (e.g. *Little Dorrit*). Dickens may have drawn on his childhood experiences, but he was also ashamed of them. Very few knew the details of his early life until six years after his death when John Forster published a biography on which Dickens had collaborated.

### *Episodic writing*

Most of Dickens's major novels were first written in monthly or weekly installments in journals and only later were reprinted in book form. These installments made the stories cheap, accessible and each new episode was widely anticipated. Part of Dickens's great talent was to incorporate this episodic writing style but still end up with a coherent novel at the end.

Dickens could alter the story depending on the public reactions. Thus his episodic writing style resulted from his exposure to the opinions of his readers. Since Dickens did not write the chapters very far ahead of their publication, he was allowed to witness the public reaction and develop the plot according to it.

### *Social commentary*

Dickens's novels were, among other things, works of social commentary. He was a fierce critic of the poverty and social stratification of Victorian society. Dickens's second novel, *Oliver Twist* (1839), shocked readers with its images of poverty and crime and was responsible for the clearing of the actual London slum, Jacob's Island that was the basis of the story. In addition, with the character of the tragic prostitute, Nancy, Dickens "humanised" such women for the reading public; women who were regarded as "unfortunates", inherently immoral casualties of the Victorian economic system.



### 3. *William Makepeace Thackeray*



A rival to Dickens was William Makepeace Thackeray ['wɪljəm 'meɪkpɪ:s 'θækəri] (1811–63), who is known for *Vanity Fair* (1847). It features his most memorable character, the engagingly roguish Becky Sharp.

Thackeray presents a strong contrast with Dickens, both as man and as a writer. Thackeray, the son of an East India Company official, was born at Calcutta in 1811. His father died while he was a child and he was taken to England for his education; he was a student at Cambridge. Next, on the Continent, he studied drawing, and though his unmethodical and somewhat idle habits prevented him from ever really mastering the technique of the art, his real knack for it enabled him later on to illustrate his own books in a semi-grotesque but effective fashion. His study of the law was interrupted when he came of age by the inheritance of a comfortable fortune, which he managed to lose within a year or two by gambling, speculations, and an unsuccessful effort at carrying on a newspaper.

Real application to newspaper and magazine writing secured him after four years a place on 'Eraser's Magazine,' and he was married. Not long after, his wife became insane, but his warm affection for his daughters gave him throughout his life genuine domestic happiness.

For ten years Thackeray's production was mainly in the line of satirical humorous and picaresque fiction, none of it of the first rank. During this period he chiefly attacked current vices, snobbishness, and sentimentality. The appearance of his masterpiece, 'Vanity Fair', in 1847 (the year before Dickens' 'David Copperfield') brought him sudden fame and made him a social lion. Within the next ten years he produced his other important novels, of which the best are 'Pendennis,' 'Henry Esmond,' and 'The Newcomes'. All his novels except were published serially, and he generally delayed composing each installment until the latest possible moment, working reluctantly except under the stress of immediate compulsion. He died in 1863 at the age of fifty-two, of heart failure.

The great contrast between Dickens and Thackeray results chiefly from the predominance in Thackeray of the critical intellectual quality and of the somewhat fastidious instinct of the man of society and of the world which Dickens so conspicuously lacked. As a man Thackeray was at home and at ease only among people of formal good breeding; he shrank from direct contact with the common people; in spite of his assaults on the frivolity and vice of fashionable society, he was fond of it; his spirit was very keenly analytical; and he would have been chagrined by nothing more than by seeming to allow his emotion to get the better of his judgment.

His novels seem to many readers cynical, because he scrutinizes almost every character and every group with impartial vigor, dragging forth every fault and every weakness into the light. On the title page of 'Vanity Fair' he proclaims that it is a novel without a hero; and here most of the characters are either altogether bad or worthless and the others very largely weak or absurd, so that the impression of human life which the reader apparently ought to carry away is that of a hopeless chaos of selfishness, hypocrisy, and futility. One word, which has often been applied to Thackeray, best expresses his attitude—disillusionment. The last sentences of 'Vanity Fair' are characteristic: 'Oh! Vanitas Vanitatum! which, of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.'

Yet in reality Thackeray is not a cynic and the permanent impression left by his books is not pessimistic. Beneath his somewhat ostentatious manner of the man of the world were hidden a heart and a human sympathy as warm as ever belonged to any man. However he may ridicule his heroes and his heroines (and there really are a hero and heroine in 'Vanity Fair'), he really feels deeply for them, and he is repeatedly unable to refrain from the expression of his feeling.

In his books as clearly as in those of the most explicit moralizer the reader finds the lessons that simple courage, honesty, kindness, and unselfishness are far better than external show, and that in spite of all its brilliant interest a career of unprincipled self-seeking like that of Becky Sharp is morally squalid.

#### *4. The Brontë sisters*

**The Brontë** ['brɒnti] **sisters, Emily, Charlotte and Anne**, were other significant novelists in the 1840s and 1850s. They were the daughters of the rector of a small and bleak Yorkshire village, Haworth, where they were brought up in poverty. Their novels strikingly express the stern, defiant will that characterized all the members of the family. They were a product and embodiment of the strictest religious sense of duty, somewhat tempered by the liberalizing tendency of the time. Their lives were pitifully bare, hard, scarcely varied or enlivened.

All three Brontë sisters introduced an unusual central female character into the novel and complex relationships and problems this character was involved in. With unusual courage and directness, together they changed the way the novel could present women characters: after the Brontës, female characters became more

realistic, less idealized and their struggles became the subject of a great many novels later in the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

### Charlotte Brontë ['ʃa:lət 'brɒnti]



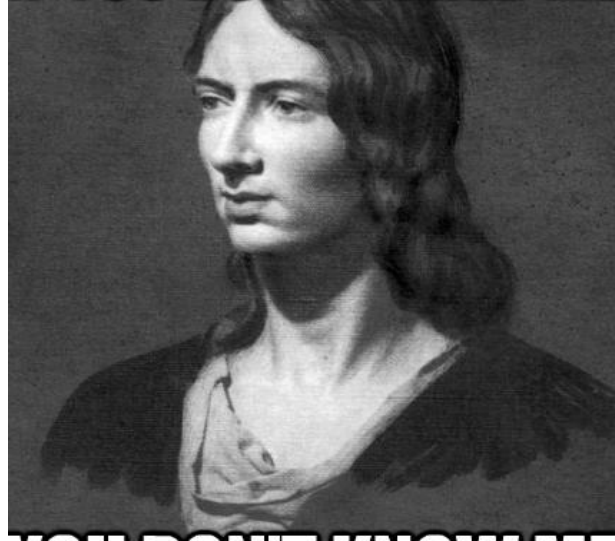
Their novels caused a sensation when they were first published but were subsequently accepted as classics. They wrote from early childhood, and in 1847 the three sisters each published a novel. Charlotte Brontë's (1816–1855) work was *Jane Eyre* ['dʒeɪn 'eə], which is written in an innovative style that combines naturalism with gothic melodrama, and broke new ground in being written from an intensely first-person female perspective. One of its two main theses is the assertion of the supreme authority of religious duty, but it vehemently insists also on the right of the individual conscience to judge of duty for itself, in spite of conventional opinion. So it was denounced at the time as irreligious. The Romanticism appears further in the volcanic but sometimes melodramatic power of the love story, where the heroine is a somewhat idealized double of the authoress.

In 1854 **Charlotte Brontë** was married to one of her father's curates, Mr. Nicholls, a sincere but narrow-minded man. She was happy in the marriage, but died within a few months, worn out by the unremitting physical and moral strain of forty years.

**Emily Brontë's** (1818–1848) novel was *Wuthering Heights*. The vivid sexual passion and power of its language and imagery impressed, bewildered and appalled reviewers, and led the Victorian public and many early reviewers to think that it had been written by a man. When it first came out, it was often condemned for its portrayal of amoral passion; the book subsequently became an English literary classic.

## Emily Brontë

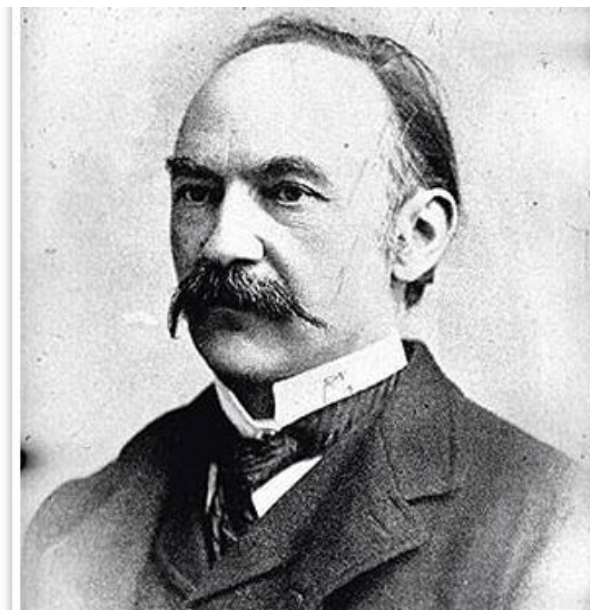
**IF YOU DON'T BELIEB ME**



*Wuthering Heights* can be called an early psychological study of passion and violent characters. Emily Brontë's characters are unique, and their violent emotions are connected with the Yorkshire moors where the action takes place. The moors are varying to suit the changing moods of the story, and they are beautifully described in all seasons.

The central characters, Cathy and Heathcliff live out their passion in the windy, rough countryside of Yorkshire, and the landscape is as wild as their relationship. To achieve her artistic purpose – to study her heroes' psychology and moral conflicts - the author of the book makes no difference between the supernatural and natural, both work together. On the one had the plot is full of mystery. On the other hand, the novel is very concrete: the time of the action, the landscape, geography and climate are realistic.

## Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)



Thomas Hardy ['tɒməs 'hɑ:di] is a great representative of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century realism in England. He was the son of an architect. He attended grammar school and studied architecture. But from architecture Hardy early turned to literature and for his setting chose his native place in southern England, the ancient Wessex. It is the scene of all his novels. Country people with their patriarchal mode of life are his main characters. He chiefly preferred to describe small people: farmers, schoolteachers, petty tradesmen, etc., because he felt that in their experiences the real facts of life stand out most truly. For such people Hardy showed warm affection and sympathy. Hardy's characters, particularly women, and their fates are unforgettable. Their tragic lives express the author's fatalism and pessimism about life.

He conveys the idea that people cannot be happy in the environment where true love and sincere friendship are ruined by the prejudices of narrow-minded people. Man is a victim of a blind chance and a mysterious, all-powerful fate. People have no control over environment, so man's longing for happiness is doomed to disappointment. Hardy's theory is a *sheer fatalism*—that human character and action are the inevitable result of laws of heredity and environment.

In his works he portrays all the evils of his contemporary society – poverty, exploitation, injustice and misery.

Hardy focused more on a declining rural society and the changing social and economic situation of the countryside. The illustrations of his rural interests are such novels as *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1895).

*Tess of the d'Urbervilles* ['dɜ:bəvɪlz] is Hardy's masterpiece. In this novel he attempts to create modern work in the genre of tragedy that is modeled on the Greek drama. A poor girl struggles for happiness, but all the forces of her social environment are arranged against her. Tess, the daughter of poor parents and a descendant of a proud and ancient family, is seduced by a young man Alec d'Urberville. Some years later when Tess is working as a milkmaid on a large dairy farm, she falls in love with a clergyman's son Angel Clare ['eɪndʒəl kleə], who learns farming from her employer. On their wedding night Tess tells Angel about her past, and thereupon her husband leaves her.

After a brave fight against poverty and other evils, she is forced by the needs of her family into the protection of d'Urberville. When Angel Clare returns from Canada, he finds her living with Alec. In order to be free to join her husband Tess murders Alec. After a time she is arrested, tried and hanged. The society proclaims her a "fallen" woman but Thomas Hardy makes the reader believe that it is not Tess who is guilty of the crime, but the society itself.

The rough and cruel judgement of society, acting on her through other people, drives her to misery and crime. Her husband, Angel Clare regards Tess as hopelessly spoiled which is the result of his false idea of purity.

On the contrary, in the title page the author calls Tess a pure woman. Whatever happens to her, her spirit and love for Clare remain pure and unspoiled. Tess's faith and devotion, her strength in love, her sweetness make the reader share the author's pity for her sorrows.

Other outstanding Victorian novelists are **Elizabeth Gaskell** [ˈɪlɪzəbəθ ˈgæskəl] (1810–1865), **Anthony Trollope** (1815–1882), **George Eliot** (**Mary Ann Evans** (1819–1880)).

### 5. Genre Fiction

The 19<sup>th</sup> century saw the rise of the following genres: fantasy, detective, science fiction, horror and ghost stories, gothic and vampire literature, the lost world genre and literature for children.

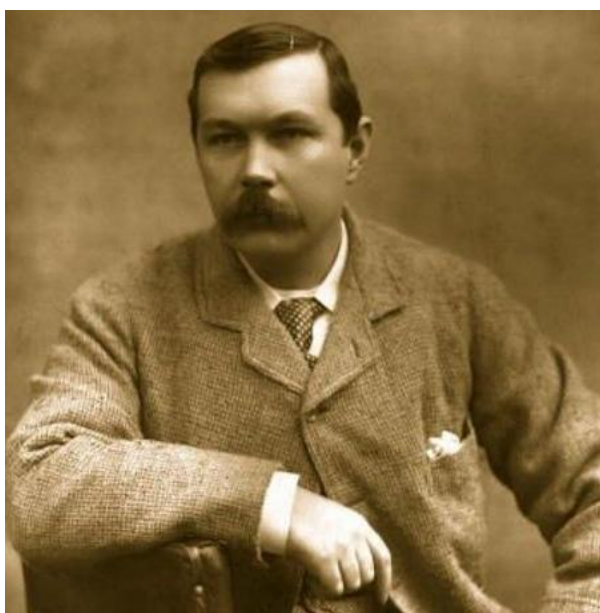
The history of the modern fantasy genre begins with **George MacDonald**, the influential author of *The Princess and the Goblin and Phantastes* (1858). **Wilkie Collins'** novel *The Moonstone* (1868), is generally considered the first detective novel in the English language, while *The Woman in White* is regarded as one of the finest sensation novels.

**H. G. Wells's** (1866–1946) writing career began in the 1890s with science fiction novels like **The Time Machine** (1895), and **The War of the Worlds** (1898) which describes an invasion of late Victorian England by Martians, and Wells is seen, along with Frenchman Jules Verne (1828–1905), as a major figure in the development of the science fiction genre.

The premier ghost story writer of the 19th century was **Sheridan Le Fanu**. His works include the macabre mystery novel *Uncle Silas* (1865), and his Gothic novella *Carmilla* (1872), tells the story of a young woman's susceptibility to the attentions of a female vampire. **Bram Stoker's** horror story *Dracula* (1897), belongs to a number of literary genres, including vampire literature, horror fiction, gothic novel and invasion literature.

The Lost World literary genre was inspired by real stories of archaeological discoveries by imperial adventurers. **H. Rider Haggard** wrote one of the earliest examples, *King Solomon's Mines*, in 1885.

### Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930)



Detective stories are widely associated with the name of Arthur Conan Doyle. He was born in Scotland of Irish parents but his Sherlock Holmes stories have made a fog-filled London familiar to readers worldwide.

Arthur Conan Doyle's **Sherlock Holmes** is a brilliant London-based "consulting detective", famous for his intellectual prowess. Conan Doyle wrote four novels and fifty-six short stories featuring Holmes, from 1880 up to 1907, with a final case in 1914. All but four Conan Doyle stories are narrated by Holmes' friend, assistant, and biographer, Dr. Watson.

Literature for children developed as a separate genre. **Beatrix Potter** was an author and illustrator, best known for her children's books, which featured animal characters. Potter published the highly successful children's book *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* in 1902.

Some works become internationally known, such as those of **Lewis Carroll's** *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) and its sequel *Through the Looking-Glass*.

### **Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)**



The real name of Lewis Carroll ['lu:is 'kærəl] was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He graduated in Mathematics at Oxford University and became a lecturer there and, as he never married, lived the rather secluded life of a bachelor. But he corresponded widely and had many friends in the literary and academic world. Fascinated by logarithms and mathematical problems as a child, many of the riddles and unsolvable problems in *Wonderland* reflect his scientific interests.

Carroll always loved children. The Dean of his College Liddell had several children and Carroll took them on many outings that they apparently enjoyed. And it all happened by chance. The sunny, placid afternoon of 4 July 1862 is firmly fixed as the date when Carroll told the story that became *Alice's Adventures in*

*Wonderland* to Alice Liddell during a boat ride. On the night following the boat ride Carroll actually began putting the story down.

Before anything else, the book is fun. It is full of delicious nonsense. The story is absurd and plays on the absurdity of language and people. Nothing is certain in *Wonderland* except that nothing is what it seems to be. As Alice moves through this odd landscape, the reader becomes aware of the malign character of the world, where cruelty and uncertainty exist everywhere, and only Alice recognizes the absurdity of it all. Lewis Carroll plays with reality, language and logic in ways that are both comic and frightening.

One of the peculiarities of Carroll's writing style is the emphasis on the writing syntax. He frequently uses italics and capitalization for emphasis. This technique is incredibly effective. It makes words stand out and puts emphasis in the correct places. He uses capital letters to display what is on signs or labels. The childish whimsical feel of the book would be partially lost without this peculiar use of syntax. Carroll also employs an odd usage of parentheses. Again, this adds to the childish feel of the book. He often puts what Alice is feeling in parentheses by the side of a general sentence.

The style is very clever, as the author plays on words, homophone confusion, puns, and making metaphors as literal embellishment, which add richness to his writing. In addition, the author also uses poetic language like parodying songs and nursery rhymes.

At the time when the first Alice book arrived, nothing like it had ever been seen before. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was an audacious and thoroughly imaginative fairy tale without fairies. It makes bold references to the practices and politics of the day, and mentions specific friends and acquaintances of the author—not always in a complimentary fashion. Theophilus Carter, who ran a furniture shop in Oxford at the time the story was written, likely appears as the Mad Hatter.

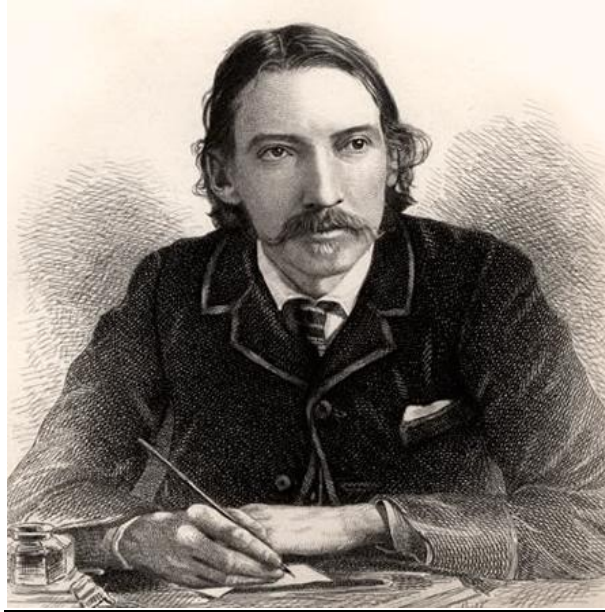
*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was a story told to privileged little girls. Alice demonstrates her sense of etiquette through her monologue about curtsying to the inhabitants she will meet at the bottom of the rabbit hole. While in *Wonderland*, she never once makes a complaint about being hungry or without adequate clothing in her waking life.

The sequel, eventually titled *Through the Looking-Glass, And What Alice Found There* was published in 1871 and was perhaps even more inventive than the first book.

Both of the Alice tales give voice to the Victorian desire to overcome restrictive environments, demonstrated to some degree through Carroll's use of parody. The quest for freedom is one of the primary themes of the two works. They seem to invite readers of all ages and from all times to revel with Carroll in places and with people and creatures who are not bound by the usual rules and regulations.



## Robert Louis Stevenson



Adventure novels, such as those of **Robert Louis Stevenson** ['lu:is 'sti:vnsn] (1850–1894), are generally classified as for children as his *Treasure Island* (1883) is the classic pirate adventure.

Stevenson's life was a heroic struggle with a lung disease, and he spent much time abroad. His last years of life passed in Samoa [sə'məʊə]. When he died, he was carried to his grave by the natives who mourned for him as their friend and protector.

Robert Louis Stevenson is generally referred to as a neo-romanticist. Neo-Romanticism was a trend in literature which came into being at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The writers of this trend turned to the past or described exotic travels and adventures.

Stevenson was attracted to the romance of adventure and exotic countries. He idealized the strong and brave men who went down to these lands in ships. In his novels Stevenson told his readers about life full of novelty, about high passions and thrilling sensations. Stevenson considered art superior to life for art could create a new and better reality.

Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886) depicts the dual personality of a kind and intelligent physician who turns into a psychopathic monster after imbibing a drug intended to separate good from evil in a personality.

By the mid-19th century, the pre-eminence of literature from the British Isles began to be challenged by writers from the former American colonies. This included one of the creators of the new genre of the short story, and inventor of the detective story **Edgar Allan Poe** (1809–49). Among the significant American novelists were **Nathaniel Hawthorne** (1804–64) with *The Scarlet Letter*, **Herman Melville** (1819–91) with *Moby Dick*, and **Mark Twain** (1835–1910) with *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

## Questions on Lecture 7

1. What were the most important factors in the rising popularity of the Victorian novel?
2. What were the reasons of the rise of the social novel in the 1830s?
3. Who are the characters of Dickens' novels? What are his most important works?
4. Speak about Charles Dickens' life. What are peculiarities of his literary style?
5. Why is Thackeray opposed to Dickens? What is known about Thackeray's life?
6. What makes Becky Sharp one of the most memorable characters of English literature?
7. Why are the Brontë sisters' lives considered to be hard and bare?
8. What was Thomas Hardy most interested in? What did he describe in his novels? What are his most famous works?
9. What other genres also saw the rise in the Victorian period? Who are their representatives?

### **Films recommended:**

1. Vanity Fair
2. Pride and Prejudice
3. Sense and Sensibility
4. Ivanhoe
5. King Solomon's Mines
6. Dracula
7. Frankenstein
8. Alice in Wonderland
9. Tess of the d'Urbervilles
10. Wuthering Heights
11. Jane Eyre

## Lecture 8. English and American literature since 1901. Realism.

1. The 20<sup>th</sup> century realists
2. John Galsworthy
3. Rudyard Kipling
4. American Literature in the 20<sup>th</sup> century
5. Theodore Dreiser
6. Ernest Hemingway
7. F. Scott Fitzgerald

### *1. The 20<sup>th</sup> century realists*

At the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century modernism became an important literary movement. But there were many prominent writers who were not modernists, e.g:

- ✓ Thomas Hardy(1840–1928);
- ✓ Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936);
- ✓ H. G. Wells (1866–1946);
- ✓ John Galsworthy (1867–1933),
- ✓ Arnold Bennett (1867–1931)
- ✓ G. K. Chesterton (1874–1936);
- ✓ E.M. Forster (1879–1970).

### **H. G. Wells**



H. G. Wells was a prolific author who is now best known for his science fiction novels. His most notable science fiction works include *The War of the Worlds*, *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man* and *The Island of Doctor Moreau*.

Irish playwrights **George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950)** and **J.M. Synge (1871–1909)** were influential in British drama.

### **George Bernard Shaw**

George Bernard Shaw turned the theatre into an arena for debate about important political and social issues, like marriage, class, "the morality of armaments and war" and the rights of women.

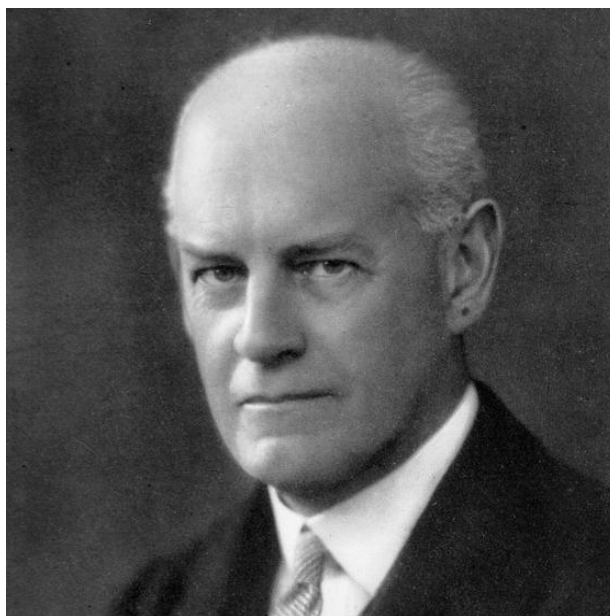
### **J.M. Synge**

Synge's most famous play, *The Playboy of the Western World*, "caused outrage and riots when it was first performed" in Dublin in 1907.

### **G. K. Chesterton**

G. K. Chesterton was a prolific and hugely influential writer with a diverse output. His best-known character is the priest-detective Father Brown, who appeared only in short stories.

## **2. John Galsworthy**



John Galsworthy ['dʒɒn 'gɔ:lzwɜ:ði] won a Nobel Prize in Literature in 1932. His works include a sequence of novels called *The Forsyte Saga (1906-21)*.

The entire collection of these novels is an example of social criticism which exposes the upper-middle class of England as suffering some sort of decline, both moral and spiritual, as represented by the Forsyte family. They are so blind to anything outside of their own frame of reference that they are unaware of how society is changing.

With the brilliant combination of intelligent irony, symbolic characters and deep insight into problems the author tells a reader about four generations of the Forsyte family. One of the major problems connected with the family is that the Forsytes conduct their family lives, love, and appreciate art under the ideal of "property first". The character of Aunt Ann, who is a beautiful and respected old

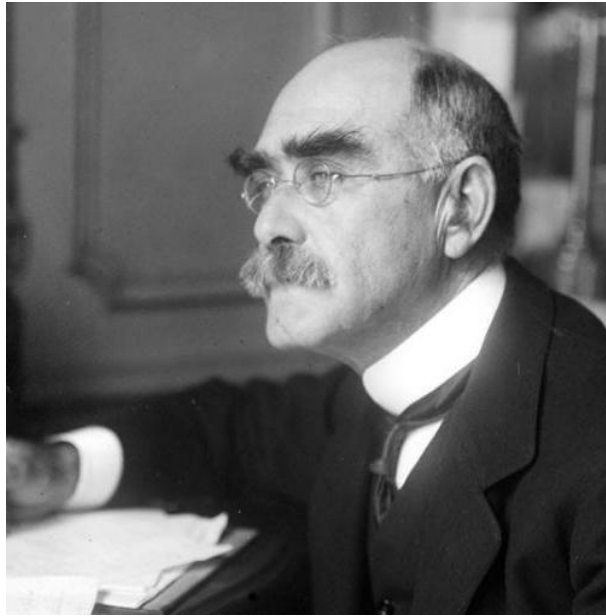
lady, performs the role of symbolizing the Forsytes' concept of family life with a banal "good or bad" scale. On the one hand, Aunt Ann loves the Forsyte's family and the subfamilies, which constitute the world of Forsytes. "It was her world, this family, and she knew no other, had never perhaps known any other." But on the other hand, the author interprets her love in a surprising to a reader way. This interpretation identifies a serious problem within the Forsyte's conception of family life. Old and kind Aunt Ann looks at the members of the family through the prism of property instinct. "All their little secrets, illnesses, engagements, and marriages, how they were getting on, and whether they were making money," the author writes, "All this was her property." This approach to family life is very controversial. Aunt Ann, as well as the majority of the Forsytes, do love and care about their families. But still, their love and care resemble a deep concern an owner has in highly valuable property.

In a similar manner beautiful and rebellious Irene, Soames' wife, becomes for her husband a mere "investment", which is highly valuable for him. But despite the attitude Soames and his close relatives demonstrate to Irene, her character is crucial for the novel. Her identity represents the concept of romantic and altruistic love, which is in conflict with the concept of love shared by the Forsytes. Of course, Soames has passion for Irene. "He's fond of her, I know, 'thought James. "Look at the way he's always giving her things." These words of James, Soames' father, serve as a good definition of the Forsytean concept of love. But as the time goes by and Irene alienates from her husband both physically and emotionally to the extent of abhorrence, Soames looks at his past feelings in a different way. Using the change in attitudes of Soames, Galsworthy develops a more elaborate definition of the Forsytean concept of love and passion. Soames does not understand how his property, Irene, in whom he invested so much love and passion, can be confiscated from him. He fights for his property. But after Soames realizes that he lost Irene, he attempts to get rid of her, as stockbrokers get rid of defaulted bonds. Irene knows that a Forsyte's heart will never understand her concept of love, unless she speaks in the "language of property". That is why when James rebukes her for not being a good wife to Soames, she quietly replies, "I can't give him something I do not have."

The sense of property is also the obstacle, which prevents Forsytes from appreciating art for the sake of art and enjoying beauty for the sake of beauty. The defining symbol of the Forsytean conception of art and beauty is the collection of paintings, which Soames gathers throughout his life. On one hand, Soames loves his paintings and spends hours contemplating them. But then Soames sells the paintings, which fall in price, without any regret. And the dominant criteria for him in deciding to buy a painting is the probability that the price of the painting will increase in the future, not the beauty of this piece of art.

The art of John Galsworthy has had a great impact on the evolution of world literature as it gives a masterful example of thorough and original analysis of the history and culture of Britain of his epoch.

### 3. Rudyard Kipling



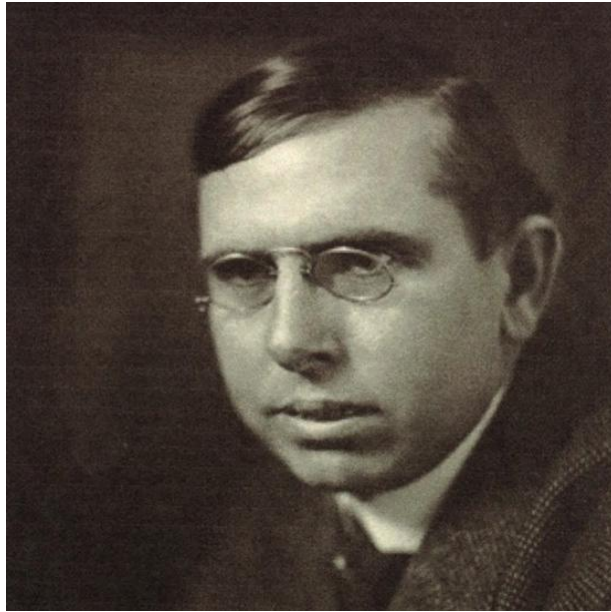
Rudyard Kipling [ˈrʌdjəd ˈkipliŋ] was born in 1865, in Bombay, India. For Kipling, India was a wondrous place. He explored the local markets with his nanny. He learned the language, and in this bustling city of Anglos, Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists and Jews, Kipling fell in love with the country and its culture. Then he was educated in England. After school he travelled to the USA with his best friend whose sister he married. The newly married Kiplings settled down in Vermont, in the USA. Rudyard Kipling wrote *The Jungle Book* (1894) and *Gunga Din* there. They had three children and lived happily. Kipling was delighted to be around children—a characteristic that was apparent in his writing. His tales enchanted boys and girls all over the English-speaking world. By the age of 32, Kipling was the highest-paid writer in the world. He was the youngest ever recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907. But after the family tragedies when their daughter and their son died, the Kiplings cherished isolation and lived on a quiet villa in England. He died in 1936. Kipling's ashes were buried in Westminster Abbey in Poets' Corner next to the graves of Thomas Hardy and Charles Dickens.

His inspirational poem "If—" (1895) devoted to his son is a national favourite.

### 4. American Literature in the 20<sup>th</sup> century

Though many American writers of the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century supported modernism, such novelists as **Theodore Dreiser** [ˈθi:ədɔ: ˈdraizə], **Ernest Hemingway** [ˈɜ:nəst ˈhemiŋwei], **Francis Scott Fitzgerald** [ˈfrɑ:nsɪs ˈskɒt ˌfɪtsˈdʒerəld] (*The Great Gatsby* 1925), and **John Steinbeck** preserved their loyalty to realism.

## 5. Theodore Dreiser



The American exponent of Naturalism Theodore Dreiser's (1871–1945) *Sister Carrie* was published in 1900. Theodor Dreiser is an American author, outstanding representative of naturalism, whose novels depict real-life subjects in a harsh light. Dreiser's novels were held to be amoral, and he battled throughout his career against censorship and popular taste. This started with *Sister Carrie* (1900). It was not until 1981 that the work was published in its original form. Dreiser's principal concern was with the conflict between human needs and the demands of society for material success.

*"A woman should some day write the complete philosophy of clothes. No matter how young, it is one of the things she wholly comprehends. There is an indescribably faint line in the matter of man's apparel which somehow divides for her those who are worth glancing at and those who are not. Once an individual has passed this faint line on the way downward he will get no glance from her. There is another line at which the dress of a man will cause her to study her own."* (from *Sister Carrie*)

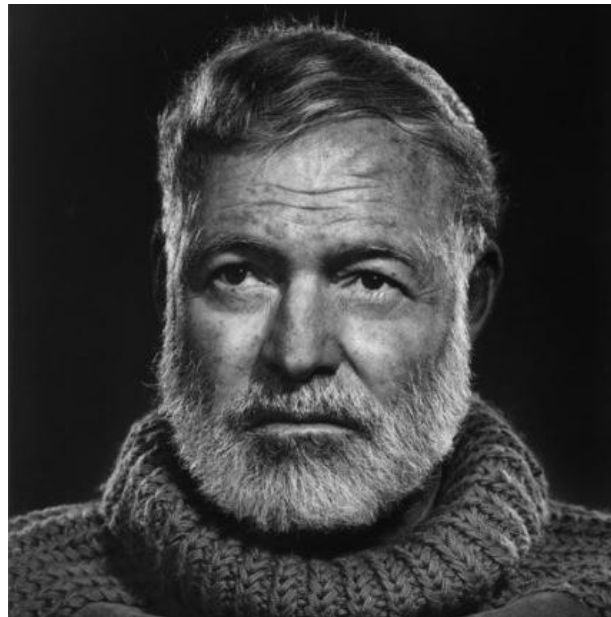
*Sister Carrie* was Dreiser's debut as a novelist. It is a powerful account of a young working girl's rise to success and her slow decline. The story was partly based on the life of his sister. "She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth". The 500 sold copies of his first novel and family troubles drove Dreiser to the verge of suicide. He worked at a variety of literary jobs.

Dreiser's commercially most successful novel was *An American Tragedy* (1925), which was adapted for screen for the first time in 1931. Dreiser had objected strongly to the version because it portrayed his youthful killer as a sex-starved idle loafer. *An American Tragedy* tells the story of a bellboy, Clyde Griffiths, indecisive like Hamlet, who sets out to gain success and fame. After an automobile accident, Clyde is employed by a distant relative, owner of a collar

factory. He seduces Roberta Alden, an employee at the factory, but falls in love with Sondra Finchley, a girl of the local aristocracy. Roberta, now pregnant, demands that Clyde marry her. He takes Roberta rowing on an isolated lake and in this dreamlike sequence 'accidentally' murders her. Clyde's trial, conviction, and execution occupy the remainder of the book. Dreiser points out that materialistic society is as much to blame as the murderer himself. Dreiser based his study on the actual case of Chester Gillette, who murdered Grace Brown – he hit her with a tennis racket and pushed her overboard at Big Moose Lake in 1906.

Dreiser died in Hollywood, California, in 1945.

## 6. *Ernest Hemingway*



He was born in 1899, in Illinois, the second of six children. His family was strict and very religious. His father taught his children a love of nature and the outdoor life. Ernest caught his first fish at the age of three, and was given a shotgun for his twelfth birthday. His mother taught him a love of music and art. He didn't go to college after school. He went to Kansas City and worked as a journalist for the *Star* newspaper. He learned a lot, but left after only six months to go to war.

Hemingway was fascinated by war. He had wanted to become a soldier, but couldn't because he had poor eyesight. Instead, in the First World War, he became an ambulance driver and was sent to Italy, where he was wounded in 1918. In the 1930s, he became a war correspondent in the Spanish Civil War and World War II. Many of his books were about war. His most successful book, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, was written in 1940 and is about the Spanish Civil War. Another novel, *A Farewell to Arms*, is about the futility of war. Hemingway's success in writing was not mirrored by similar success in his personal life. He married four times but all marriages ended in a divorce. He lived in Florida where he enjoyed hunting, fishing, and drinking, but he also suffered from depression. Hemingway's health was not good and he had many accidents. When all his marriages failed and his



father committed suicide, he began to drink heavily. In 1954, he survived two plane crashes. In October, 1954 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature for his story "The Old Man and the Sea".

His final years were taken up with health problems and alcohol. He began to lose his memory and he couldn't write any more. In 1961 Hemingway killed himself with a shotgun, just like his father had done before him.

Hemingway's greatest contribution to the world of literature is his unique style called "*The theory of iceberg*". "Iceberg Theory" deals with the basic principle that "less is more." Instead of stating the obvious, Hemingway attempts to use dialogue and subtext to convey his themes. For Hemingway's works inner dialogues are typical. He seldom speaks of the feelings of his characters, much is left unsaid, but he manages to make the reader feel what his hero feels. Needless repetition and irrelevant information should be avoided. Hemingway likens this style to an iceberg since only a fraction of it lies visible above water; the rest – the greater mass – is unseen below. An attentive reader will uncover the missing parts if the story's message is delivered in a short but succinct manner.

One more peculiarity of Hemingway's style is the use of weather as an accompaniment to the emotional tones of different scenes. The background of every tragic episode in a Farewell to Arms is rain.

In his novels the author proves that private happiness is impossible in the restless world of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Seeing misery around him, Hemingway's hero cannot be happy.

The primary origin of Hemingway's peculiar style lies in his career as a reporter. Journalistic writing, particularly for newspapers, focuses only on events being reported, omitting superfluous matter. When he became a writer of short stories, he retained this minimalistic style, focusing on surface elements without explicitly discussing the underlying themes.

## *7. Scott Fitzgerald*



F. Scott Fitzgerald ['frɑːnsɪs 'skɒt ,fɪts'dʒerəld] was one of the most famous authors of the Jazz Age, best known for his novel "The Great Gatsby" ['gætsbi]. He was born in 1896, in St. Paul, Minnesota. His first novel's success made him famous and let him marry the woman he loved, but he later descended into drinking and his wife had a mental breakdown. Then Fitzgerald moved to Hollywood and became a scriptwriter. He died of a heart attack in 1940, at the age of 44.

Published in 1925, *The Great Gatsby* is narrated by Nick Carraway, a Midwesterner who moves into the town of West Egg on Long Island, next door to a mansion owned by the wealthy and mysterious Jay Gatsby. The novel follows Nick and Gatsby's strange friendship and Gatsby's pursuit of a married woman named Daisy, ultimately leading to his exposure as a bootlegger and his death.

With its beautiful lyricism, the perfect portrayal of the Jazz Age, and searching critiques of materialism, love and the American Dream, *The Great Gatsby* is considered Fitzgerald's finest work. Although the book was well-received when it was published, it was not until the 1950s and '60s, long after Fitzgerald's death, that it achieved its stature as the definite portrait of the "Roaring Twenties," as well as one of the greatest American novels ever written.

F. Scott Fitzgerald died believing himself a failure. None of his works received anything more than modest commercial or critical success during his lifetime. However, since his death, Fitzgerald has gained a reputation as one of the pre-eminent authors in the history of American literature due almost entirely to the enormous posthumous success of *The Great Gatsby*. This novel became required reading for every American high school student, and has had a great effect on generation after generation of readers.

### Questions on Lecture 8

1. Who is considered to be a representative of realism in the English literature of the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century?
2. Speak on the main topics and characters of the *The Forsyte Saga*.
3. What is known about R. Kipling's life and work? What tragic events made him live in isolation?
4. Enumerate American realistic writers.
5. What are Theodore Dreiser's major works?
6. What is Hemingway's greatest contribution to the world of literature?
7. Speak about Hemingway's life.
8. Why did Scott Fitzgerald die believing himself a failure?
9. What period of American history is depicted in the novel *The Great Gatsby*?

## Lecture 9. Modernism

1. Modernism and its main features
2. English literature modernism. The stream of consciousness
3. James Joyce
4. William Golding's life
5. Golding's "Lord of the Flies"
6. Aldous Huxley's novel "Brave New World"

### *1. Modernism and its main features*

Modernism represents a "a deliberate and radical break with the traditional bases both of Western culture and of Western art" (Virginia Woolf)

There are controversies concerning the beginning of modernism. Still Virginia Woolf states that modernism began in 1910, the date of the first post-Impressionist exhibition in London.

There are established *features* that define modernism thematically and historically. From a literary perspective, the main characteristics of modernism include:

- 1) the need to escape from the certainties of the nineteenth century;
- 2) a challenge to realism, search for alternative ways of representing reality; not focusing on the external reality, moving the idea of reality to the inner world.
- 3) an emphasis on impressionism and subjectivity in writing; an emphasis on HOW seeing or perception takes place, rather than on WHAT is perceived;
- 4) new kinds of tools, such as the stream of consciousness, interior monologue
- 5) representing consciousness, perception, emotion, the relation of the individual with the society;
- 6) a rejection of the objectivity, fixed points of view, and clear-cut moral positions;
- 7) narrations from different points of view and perspectives;
- 8) spontaneity and discovery in creation.

### **Causes of Modernism**

All the mentioned features are a kind of response to the great changes brought about by the new century:

- industrialization
- urban society
- war

-the new philosophical ideas (the ideas of Charles Darwin (1809–82) (On Origin of Species) (1859), Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900), James G. Frazer (1854–1941), Karl Marx (1818–83) (Das Kapital, 1867), and the psychoanalytic theories of Sigmund Freud (1856–1939))

- search for instruments in art with which authors, artists and musicians attempted to throw off the burden of realism (the continental art movements of Impressionism, and later Cubism, were important inspirations for modernist writers).

## ***2. English literature modernism. The stream of consciousness***

English literature modernism developed out of a general sense of disillusionment with Victorian era attitudes of certainty, conservatism, and belief in the idea of objective truth.

Representatives of modernism in literature written in English are:

- Henry James (1843–1916), an American-born British novelist;
- Joseph Conrad (1857–1924), a Polish-born novelist;
- Dorothy Richardson (1873–1957), whose novel *Pointed Roof* (1915), is one of the earliest examples of the stream of consciousness technique.
- D. H. Lawrence (1885–1930) published *The Rainbow* in 1915;
- James Joyce;
- Virginia Woolf (1882–1941);
- Aldous Huxley (1894–1963) published his famous dystopia *The Brave New World* in 1932.

### ***The stream of consciousness technique***

Stream of Consciousness is a literary style in which the author follows visual, auditory, tactile, associative impressions and expresses them using "interior monologue" of characters either as a writing technique or as a writing style that mingles thoughts and impressions in an illogical order, and violates grammar norms.

The phrase "stream of consciousness" was first used in 1890 by William James in "Principles of Psychology". In literature it records character's feelings and thoughts through stream of consciousness in attempt to capture all the external and internal forces that influence their psychology at a single moment.

#### **Main characteristics:**

- Recording thoughts and feelings
- Exploring external and internal forces that influence individual's psychology
- Disregard of the narrative sequence
- Absence of the logical argument
- Disassociated leaps in syntax and punctuation
- Prose difficult to follow

### 3. James Joyce



In 1922 Irishman **James Joyce's** novel *Ulysses* [ju:'lisiz] appeared. The novel is one of the greatest masterpieces of modernist literature. With its depth and complexities, *Ulysses* completely changed our understanding of literature and language. *Ulysses* is endlessly inventive; it is like a maze in its construction. The novel is both a mythical adventure of the everyday and a stunning portrait of internal psychological processes. Brilliant and sparkling, the novel is difficult to read.

In it Joyce creates parallels with Homer's epic poem the *Odyssey*.

*Ulysses* records events in the lives of two central characters – Leopold Bloom and Stephen Daedalus ['sti:vɪn 'dedələs] – on a single day in Dublin. The action takes place in 1904. Leopold Bloom is a middle aged Jewish man. Stephen Daedalus is a young intellectual. Bloom goes through his day with the full awareness that his wife, Molly, is probably receiving her lover at their home (as part of an ongoing affair). He buys some liver, attends a funeral and, watches a young girl on a beach.

Daedalus passes from a newspaper office, expounds a theory of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in a public library and visits a maternity ward – where his journey becomes intertwined with Bloom's, as he invites Bloom to go along with some of his companions on a drunken spree. They end up at a notorious brothel, where Daedalus suddenly becomes angry because he believes the ghost of his mother is visiting him.

He uses his cane to knock out a light, and gets into a fight--only to be knocked out himself. Bloom revives him and takes him back to his house, where they sit and talk, drinking coffee. In the final chapter, Bloom slips back into bed with his wife, Molly. We get a final monologue from her point of view. The string of words is famous, as it is entirely devoid of any punctuation. The words just flow as one long, full thought.

Of course, the summary doesn't reflect a whole lot about what the book is really all about. The greatest strength of *Ulysses* is the manner in which it is told.

Joyce's startling stream-of-consciousness offers a unique perspective on the events of the day; we see the occurrences from the interior perspective of Bloom, Daedalus and Molly.

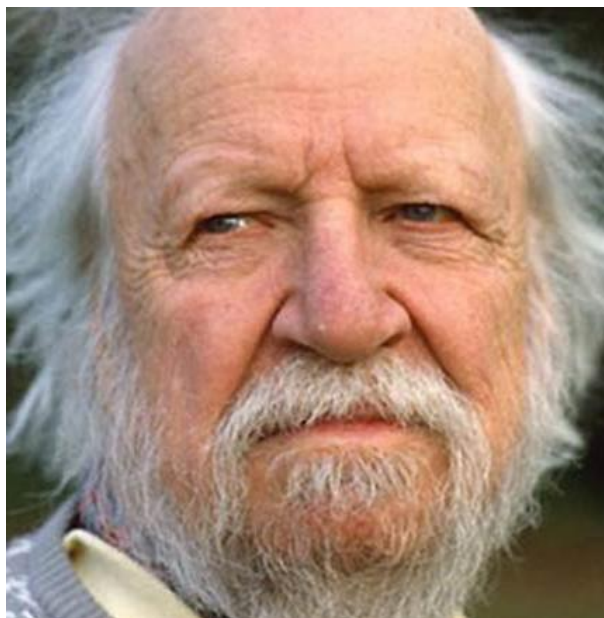
This work is an experiment, where Joyce widely and wildly plays with narrative techniques. Some chapters concentrate on a phonic representation of its events; some are mock-historical; one chapter is told in epigrammatic form; another is laid out like a drama. In these flights of style, Joyce directs the story from numerous linguistic as well as psychological points of view.

The literary experimentation is also wedded to a formal structure that is consciously linked to the mythical journey recounted in Homer's *Odyssey* (Ulysses is the Roman name of that poem's central character). *Ulysses* is often published with a table of parallels between the novel and the classical poem; and, the scheme also offers insight into Joyce's experimental use of the literary form, as well as some understanding of how much planning and concentration went into the construction of *Ulysses*.

**Virginia Woolf (1882–1941)** was an influential feminist, and a major stylistic innovator associated with the stream-of-consciousness technique in novels like *Mrs Dalloway (1925)* and *To the Lighthouse (1927)*.

The modernist movement continued through the 1920s and 1930s and beyond.

#### ***4. William Golding's Life***



British novelist William Golding wrote the critically acclaimed classic *Lord of the Flies*.

William Golding was born in 1911 in England. A frustrated child, he found an outlet in bullying his peers. Later in life, William would describe his childhood self as a brat, even going so far as to say, "I enjoyed hurting people." His father was a schoolmaster and eventually, William decided to follow his father's

footsteps. In 1935 Golding took a position teaching English and philosophy at a school. Golding's experience teaching unruly young boys would later serve as inspiration for his novel *Lord of the Flies*.

Although passionate about teaching from day one, in 1940 Golding abandoned the profession to join the Royal Navy and fight in World War II. Golding spent the better part of the next six years on a boat. While in the Royal Navy, Golding developed a lifelong romance with sailing and the sea. Like his teaching experience, Golding's participation in the war would prove to be fruitful material for his fiction. In 1945, after World War II had ended, Golding went back to teaching and writing.

In 1954, after 21 rejections, Golding published his first and most acclaimed novel, *Lord of the Flies*. Riddled with symbolism, the book set the tone for Golding's future work, in which he continued to examine man's internal struggle between good and evil.

In a film adaptation of the critically acclaimed novel was made. Two decades later, at the age of 73, Golding was awarded the 1983 Nobel Prize for Literature. In 1990 a new film version of the *Lord of the Flies* was released, bringing the book to the attention of a new generation of readers.

Golding spent the last few years of his life quietly living with his wife at their house in Cornwall, where he continued to toil at his writing.

In 1993 Golding died of a heart attack.

### 5. Golding's "*Lord of the Flies*"

*Lord of the Flies* tells the story of a group of English schoolboys. They are the only survivors of a plane crash during a war, and they find themselves on a deserted island. The boys soon realize that they need a leader so they elect Ralph. As a leader, Ralph selects Jack to be responsible for hunting. After an exploration of the island, Simon comes up with the idea that they should light a fire to draw the attention of the passing ships. Unfortunately the unmonitored fire engulfs the forest.

At first, the boys enjoy their life without adults, and spend most of their time playing. But after a while they split in two groups; some work together to maintain the order, while the others rebel, they descent into savagery seeking for violence.

*Lord of the Flies* is a novel which from its publication was interpreted in many different ways. Some critics claim that the novel is a modernist one, while others strongly disapprove this idea stating that *Lord of the Flies* is undoubtedly a postmodernist novel. Its modernistic features are:

1) Embracing history. History is not rejected in Golding's novel. The English boys find themselves during a war. Their plane has crashed apparently because an atomic bomb. Their rupture with the English civilization is a symbol of Nietzsche's need to awaken from the "nightmare of history." Here, on the deserted island, the young boys create a world of their own, a new world, which in fact is not very different from the one they already knew. Golding's experience with the war let

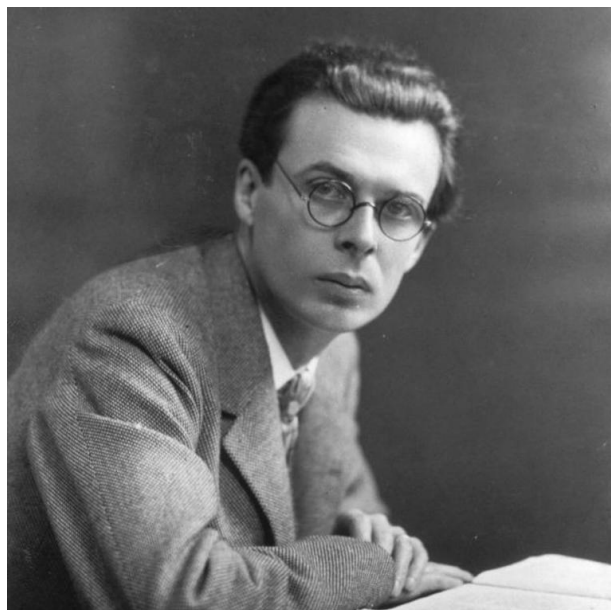
him know the very different ways in which people respond to stress, change and tension.

2) Another important aspect of modernism which is present in Golding's novel is the search for the answer to the questions like “What is there to be known? Who knows it? How can I know this world?” When the children get on the island they are eager to know everything about it and therefore these questions emerge in their minds. Slowly every one of them gets the answer to these questions. The children are not the only ones who are left with these questions, the reader also.

3) An important trait that differentiates modernism from postmodernism is the chrono-topical contextualization. While modernism tries to avoid, and sometimes even reject it totally, postmodernist authors foreground it. Therefore in Golding's novel there are no exact dates or names of places, everything is vague. The reader only gets to know that the boys find themselves during a war, they are the only survivors and they are on a deserted island. What we know exactly is that they are British and that the action takes place at the dawn of the next world war. We can only assume that this is the Cold War, since the book was written in the 1950's.

4) As for rejecting realism, Golding tries to present the inner life of the boys, their feelings, their ideas. He manages to do this magnificently because of his own experience with the war.

## 6. Aldous Huxley's novel “*Brave New World*”



Aldous Huxley [ˈɔːldəs ˈhʌksli] was a British writer. He was born in 1894 and died in 1963. He became most known to the public for his novels, and especially *Brave New World* published in 1932. Aldous Huxley came to be known mostly as a novelist and essayist but he would also write some short stories, poetry, travelogues and even film scripts. In his novels and essays Aldous Huxley always played the role of a critical observer of accepted traditions, customs, social norms and ideals. Importantly, he would be concerned in his writings with the potentially harmful applications of so-called scientific progress to mankind.



At the age of 14 Aldous Huxley lost his mother and he himself subsequently became ill with a disease that left him virtually blind. Aldous Huxley turned to literature because of his poor eyesight he couldn't do the scientific research that had attracted him earlier. It is important to note that in spite of a partial remission, his eyesight would remain poor for the rest of his life. This would not, however prevent him from obtaining a degree in English literature with high praises.

While continuing his education at Oxford University in England, Aldous Huxley was no longer financially supported by his father, which would make him earn a living. As result, his need for money made him apply his literary talents. Aldous Huxley finished his first novel, which he would never publish, at the age of seventeen, and he decisively turned to writing at the age of twenty. At that point he became a journalist and art critic.

Aldous Huxley was to be deeply concerned about the important changes occurring at the time in Western civilization. They would prompt him to write great novels in the 1930s about the serious threats posed by the combination of power and technical progress, as well as about what he identified as a drift in parapsychology: behaviorism (as in his *Brave New World*). Aldous Huxley wrote his best novel, *Brave New World*, in only four months. It is important to note that at that time Adolf Hitler (1889 - 1945) was not yet in power in Germany. The reality of that time didn't hint at the dictatorial future Huxley had the foresight to write about before it had happened. Indeed here Aldous Huxley imagined a society that would use genetics and cloning in order to condition and control individuals. In this future society all children are conceived in test tubes. They are genetically conditioned to belong to one of the five categories of populations, from the most intelligent to the stupidest.

*Brave New World* depicts what the perfect dictatorship would look like. It would have the appearance of a democracy, but would basically be a prison without walls in which the prisoners would not even dream of escaping. It would essentially be, as Aldous Huxley tells us, a system of slavery where, through entertainment and consumption the slaves "would love their servitude". The title of the book comes from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* Act 5 Scene 1. Aldous Huxley's novel was eventually made into a film in 1998. Although this one contains many elements from the book, the film however portrays a rather different storyline.

He would explore some of the same themes in his essays in 1937:

"A democracy which makes or even effectively prepares for modern, scientific war must necessarily cease to be democratic. No country can be really well prepared for modern war unless it is governed by a tyrant, at the head of a highly trained and perfectly obedient bureaucracy."

In 1937, the writer moved to California and became a screenwriter for Hollywood. Aldous Huxley would also be the author of an essay on the environment that would greatly inspire future ecological movements.

In the 1950s he became addictive with drugs, especially LSD and mescaline, from which he wrote the collection of essays *The Doors of Perception* (1954), which would become a narrative worshipped by hippies. Aldous Huxley himself had found the title of the book in William Blake's (1757 - 1827) *The Marriage of*

*Heaven and Hell*: “If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.”

Considered one of the greatest English writers having written 47 books, Aldous Huxley died at the age of 69 in Los Angeles in 1963, the same day as President John F. Kennedy’s assassination. Aldous Huxley would be cremated and his ashes would be buried in the family vault in the U.K.

### **Questions on Lecture 9**

1. What are main features of modernism?
2. Who are its main representatives?
3. Dwell upon the stream of consciousness technique.
4. What is the plot of *Ulysses*?
5. Who are its main characters?
6. What is Joyce’s contribution into the world of literature?
7. What is known about w. Golding’s life?
8. What is the message of his novel “*The Lord of the Flies*”?
9. What society is depicted in Aldous Huxley’s novel “*Brave New World*”

## Lecture 10. Postmodernism

1. Postmodernism and its main features
2. Ian McEwan and postmodernism
3. Kurt Vonnegut's biography
4. Postmodernism features in Kurt Vonnegut's works

### *1 Postmodernism and its main features*

*Postmodernism literature* is hard to define and there is little agreement on the exact characteristics, scope, and importance of postmodern literature. However, unifying features are as follows:

- 1) Instead of the modernist quest for meaning in a chaotic world, the postmodern author avoids the possibility of meaning, and the postmodern novel is often a parody of this quest.
- 2) Postmodern writers often celebrate chance over craft and employ metafiction.
- 3) Postmodern novels deal with an inner reality which is constantly at change according to the experiences of the characters. While in modern novels the relation to reality, the attitudes toward it are seen as an experimental reflexion of the inner reality, in postmodern novels this relation represents a refraction of commodified, mass-reproduced discourse and also a return to pleasure and to plot.

Foreign scholars differentiate modernism from postmodernism in the following way:

-modernist fiction foregrounds questions like: What is there to be known? Who knows it? How can I know this world of which I am a part? What are the limits of the knowable? And so on.

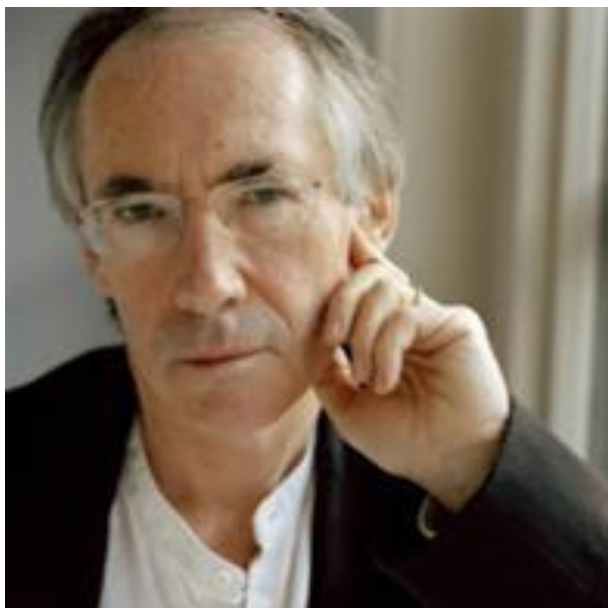
-postmodernism foregrounds questions like: Which world is this? What is to be done? Which of my selves is going to do it?

*This is a shift from problems of knowing to problems of being.*

### *Divergent attitudes of modernism and postmodernism*

<i>modernism</i>	<i>postmodernism</i>
Cultural progress is celebrated	Cultural progress is cynically resisted and radically doubted
The truth is sought	The truth is constructed
History is embraced	History is diversified
The plot is rejected	The plot is foregrounded
Crono-topical contextualization is rejected	Crono-topical contextualization is foregrounded

## 2. *Ian McEwan* ['iən mək'juən] *and postmodernism*



McEwan was born in Hampshire in 1948. He was educated at the University of Sussex, receiving his degree in English literature in 1970. Considered as a great innovator of British literature, McEwan published for the first time in 1975 a collection of short stories entitled *First Love Last Rites*. But his best writing came in 2001. *Atonement* is a novel that was named by the *Times Magazine* the best book of 2002, and which was shortlisted for the Booker Prize.

*Atonement* is a book written in three major parts, with a final denouement from the author. Part one tells the story of one day and night in 1935 at the Tallis family estate north of London, England. It focuses on Briony Tallis, the thirteen-year-old youngest daughter of three, who aspires to be a writer. Briony witnesses a scene between her older sister Cecilia and the son of the family charwoman Robbie Turner. What is an innocent act is greatly misunderstood by the young imagination, and this sets off a series of events with eternal consequences. Part Two takes place five years later. It follows Robbie Turner as he retreats through France as a soldier during the war. The reader has learned he served three years in prison for his crime and is now able to exonerate himself by serving in the army. Part Three picks up the eighteen-year-old Briony who has signed up as a nurse in London. Suffering from guilt for her crime as girl, Briony hopes nursing will act as a penance for her sin. The final section, London, 1999, is a letter from the author to the reader. It is revealed here that the author of the novel is Briony herself.

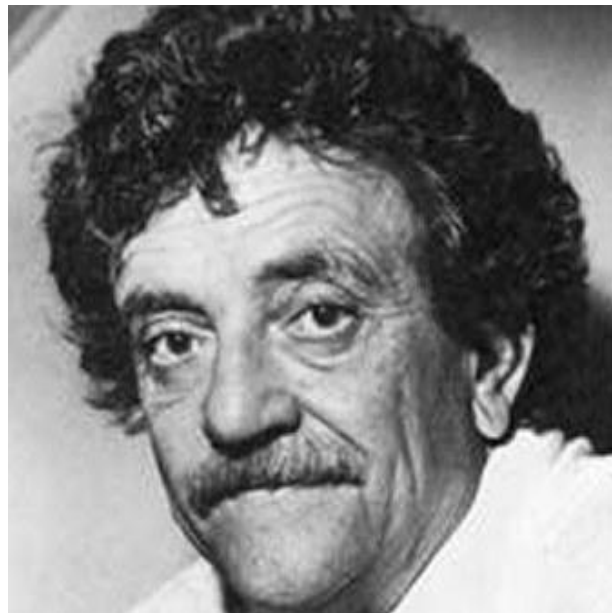
In *Atonement* the author decides what really happened. That is what fiction is. Fiction doesn't offer certainty, or absolute answers. It is nothing like factual, literal truth. In other words, the truth in *Atonement* is constructed by Briony with the help of the author. This is a postmodern characteristic by definition.

Another postmodern trait in the novel is the presence of history. If in the modern novels history is embraced and treated as such, in postmodern novels it is diversified; it becomes histories, herstory. In McEwan's novel we are faced with

herstory, Briony's. She presents us her life, the crime she committed, but also the story of Cecilia's and Robbie's lives.

The story of Briony's life is full of questions concerning herself and others. She is questioning most of all the validity of what she has seen the night when her cousin was raped. The question she's asking herself is What is to be done? She alone decides that she has to accuse Robbie of raping Lola. This thing is ruining two lives, Cecilia's and Robbie's. Later on in the novel, in order to make the things right she decides she has to do something, so she gets a job as a nurse in a hospital, just like her sister. There she begins to write, what becomes by the end of the novel *Atonement*. But will she be forgiven by her family and by her readers? These are questions that remain unanswered.

### 3. *Kurt Vonnegut's biography*



Kurt Vonnegut ['kɜ:t 'vɒnigət] was born in Indianapolis, USA, in 1922. Vonnegut emerged as a novelist and essayist in the 1960s. His classics are *Cat's Cradle*, *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Breakfast of Champions*. He is known for his satirical literary style, as well as the science-fiction elements in much of his work. He blended the absurd with pointed social commentary. Vonnegut created his own unique world in each of his novels and filled them with unusual characters, such as the alien race known as the Tralfamadorians in *Slaughterhouse-Five* (1969).

After studying at Cornell University from 1940 to 1942, Kurt Vonnegut enlisted in the U.S. Army. He was sent by the Army to what is now Carnegie Mellon University to study engineering in 1943. The next year, he served in Europe and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. After this battle, Vonnegut was captured and became a prisoner of war. He was in Dresden, Germany, during the

Allied firebombing of the city and saw the complete devastation caused by it. Vonnegut himself escaped harm only because he, along with other POWs, was working in an underground meat locker making vitamin supplements.

Soon after his return from the war, Kurt Vonnegut married his high school girlfriend, Jane Marie Cox. The couple had three children. He worked several jobs before his writing career took off, including newspaper reporter, teacher, and public relations employee for General Electric. The Vonneguts also adopted his sister's three children after her death in 1958.

Showing Vonnegut's talent for satire, his first novel, *Player Piano*, took on corporate culture and was published in 1952. More novels followed, war remaining a recurring element in his work. One of his best-known works, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, draws some of its dramatic power from his own experiences. The narrator, Billy Pilgrim, is a young soldier who becomes a prisoner of war and works in an underground meat locker, not unlike Vonnegut.

Emerging as a new literary voice, Kurt Vonnegut became known for his unusual writing style—long sentences and little punctuation—as well as his humanist point of view. He continued writing short stories and novels, including *Breakfast of Champions* (1973), *Jailbird* (1979) and *Deadeye Dick* (1982).

Despite his success, Kurt Vonnegut wrestled with his own personal demons. Having struggled with depression on and off for years, he attempted to take his own life in 1984. Whatever challenges he faced personally, Vonnegut became a literary icon with a devoted following.

His last novel was *Timequake* (1997), which became a best seller despite receiving mixed reviews. Kurt Vonnegut chose to spend his later years working on nonfiction. His last book was *A Man Without a Country*, a collection of biographical essays. In it, he expressed his views on politics and art, and shed more light on his own life. Kurt Vonnegut died in 2007, at the age of 84, in New York city.

#### 4. Characteristic features of postmodernism in Vonnegut's works

Most Vonnegut's works are brilliant examples of the postmodernism trend in literature and they certainly reflect its particular features.

First of all, the characteristic peculiar to postmodernism is sense of **disjunction and desolation**. It appears to this or that extent in all Vonnegut's stories. For example, members of the Fords' family in the story "A big trip up yonder" are all close relatives. But they are in a constant fight for sleeping places in the flat. They are all rivals in the competition for the fortune.

The second feature is "**cool apathy**". It can be observed throughout most stories. His characters aren't concerned about anything and don't show any enthusiasm in anything. Such as the painter in the story "2BRO2B". He is an aloof observer who doesn't want to interfere with anything.

Postmodernism is also marked by **intertextuality**. It implies explicit allusions and references to other sources, works. Intertextuality serves as an aspect of the awareness about history and works of art. We can find in his texts mentioning of various titles of literature works, historical events and the Bible. For example, the very title of the story “2BRO2B” is a reference to the famous Hamlet’s monologue by W. Shakespeare. One of the main characters of the same story also mentions “the invisible man” which reminds the reader of Herbert Wells’ novel of the same name.

What is also inherent in works of postmodernism is **playfulness**. It deals with meanings, words, signs, quotations etc. The author plays with the text and involves the reader in this “game”. Purpose of it is to give the reader an opportunity to take part in understanding of the text, to guess what is going on and to assume the developing events. Thus, in the story “2BRO2B” there are several samples that illustrate the wordplay in the text (“My name is Duncan” “And you dunk people?”).

We cannot leave out **irony**. It becomes one of the most important stylistic devices in Vonnegut’s stories. Thus Wehling in the mentioned above story “2BRO2B” has to choose only one of his triplets to stay alive. So answering the remark that he doesn’t sound very happy he says with sad irony: “What man in my shoes wouldn’t be happy? All I have to do is pick out which of the triplets is going to live, then deliver my maternal grandfather to the Happy Hooligan, and come back here with a receipt”.

Postmodernism works coolly and ironically expose the **constructedness**. And K. Vonnegut’s stories prove it. Constructedness implies the distinct organization of structures. Postmodernism works refuse it and rather support fragmentation, inconsistency and spontaneity. The author puts here constructedness on the foreground. In the story “2BRO2B” this fact finds its realization in the description of the garden “Never, never never had a garden been more formal, been better tended. Every plant had all the loam, light, water, air and nourishment it could use”. The whole story ridicules the perfectly constructed and organized society where there were no prisons, no slums, no insane asylums, no cripples, no poverty, no wars, where all diseases as well as old age were conquered. But in such a society people can’t perform their main function - to multiply and replenish.

Excessive organization and preciseness are also shown in the way of the character’s life in the story “A big trip up yonder”. Their life sticks to the same routine for decades: “At six o'clock, they arose again, for it was time for their generation to eat breakfast in the kitchenette. They had twenty minutes in which to eat, but their reflexes were so dulled by the bad night that they had hardly

swallowed two mouthfuls of egg-type processed seaweed before it was time to surrender their places to their son's generation”.

In conclusion, it is worth mentioning that unlike modernist works, Vonnegut's postmodernist stories are not orderly ended, their denouement is quick and unexpected. Vonnegut's stories combine many characteristics of postmodern literature that appear on the level of content, composition, form, usage of artistic devices and relationship between the author and the reader. They allow us to observe the distinctive features that show the border between postmodernism and earlier movements.

*The main representatives of post-modernism are:*

Kurt Vonnegut  
Isaac Asimov  
Roald Dahl  
Zadie Smith  
Julian Barnes  
Muriel Spark  
Margaret Atwood  
Doris Lessing  
Terry Pratchett

**Questions on Lecture 10**

1. What are main features of postmodernism?
2. Who are its representatives?
3. What do you know about Kurt Vonnegut's life?
4. What characteristics of postmodernism can be found in Kurt Vonnegut's literary works?
5. What is the plot of Ian McEwan's novel "Atonement"?



### *Appendix 1*

#### **TASKS FOR SELF CONTROL. Do the matching**

E. Hemingway	Brave New World
Al. Huxley	Doctor Faustus
W. Scott	Dombey and Son
Chr. Marlowe	Ivanhoe
Ch. Dickens	A Farewell to Arms
W. Golding	The Great Gatsby
F.S. Fitzgerald	Slaughterhouse Five
J. Joyce	The Picture of Dorian Gray
K. Vonnegut	Lord of the Flies
O. Wilde	Ulysses

Robert Burns	All's well that ends well
Bernard Shaw	For whom the bell tolls
J.F. Cooper	Canterbury Tales
Mary Shelley	Childe Harolds's Pilgrimage
W. Shakespeare	Pygmalion
G. Chaucer	Frankenstein
Lord Byron	My heart's in the Highlands
K. Vonnegut	Tender is the night
F. S. Fitzgerald	The last of the Mohicans
E. Hemingway	Cat's Cradle

*Do the matching*

E. Hemingway	King Solomon's Mines
J. Swift	Three Men in a Boat
Jerome K. Jerome	Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Ch. Dickens	Jane Eyre
Th. Dreiser	The Old Man and the Sea
D. Defoe	An American Tragedy
Ch. Brontë	Robinson Crusoe
Robert Louis Stevenson	David Copperfield
Lewis Carroll	Gulliver's Travels
H.R. Haggard	Treasure Island

Jane Austen	Wuthering Heights
W.M. Thackeray	The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
H.G.Wells	A Christmas Carol
Bram Stoker	The Forsyte Saga
Mark Twain	Dracula
John Galsworthy	Sense and Sensibility
Th. Dreiser	Vanity Fair
Ch. Dickens	Daffodils
E. Brontë	The Time Machine
W. Wordsworth	Sister Carrie



10. Christopher Marlowe was  
a) W. Shakespeare's contemporary   b) T. Dreiser's contemporary   c) J. Joyce's contemporary

***Complete the statements:***

1. Romanticism is a literary movement which appeared as a reaction to ...
2. Modernism in English literature was caused by ...
3. The philosophy of the Renaissance was ...
4. The main representatives of modernism are ..., ..., ...
5. The main representatives of post-modernism are ..., ..., ....
6. Constructedness implies ...
7. Intertextuality implies explicit ...
8. Diversified history (presenting history from different points of view) is a feature of ... trend in literature.
9. The main features of the stream of consciousness technique are ...
10. According to his "theory of iceberg", instead of stating the obvious, Hemingway attempts to use ... to convey his themes.

***Answer the questions:***

1. What literary movements reject constructedness and support fragmentation, inconsistency and spontaneity? Which of these movements ironically exposes constructedness and which rejects it completely? Give examples of works and authors.
2. Intertextuality serves as an aspect of awareness about history and works of art. What authors use intertextuality abundantly?
3. What is K. Vonnegut's attitude to cultural and technical progress? How is it expressed in his novels and stories?
4. What novel depicts the perfect dictatorship? How is it connected with democracy? How are genetics and cloning exposed in the novel?
5. What literary trends focus on the inner world of the main characters, their ideas and impressions rather than objective presentation of reality? What writing techniques and tools are used in these trends? Name the authors and works.
6. Why is "Ulysses" a mythical adventure of the everyday and a stunning portrait of internal psychological processes? How are psychological processes depicted?
7. How did Golding's experience teaching unruly young boys serve as inspiration for his literary work?
8. Why does "Beowulf" have a great social and historical significance?
9. Representatives of what literary trend believed that "Vice is due to ignorance"? What did they fight for?
10. How does Jane Austen depict an average middle-class English family at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup>, at the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century? What hardships did women face in her time and how did she reveal them in her novels?

## **Appendix 2**

### **Exam Questions**

1. The Germanic invasion of Great Britain: *What Germanic tribes invaded Britain in the 5-7<sup>th</sup> centuries? What was their influence on the culture of Great Britain? What signs of their invasion can still be traced in the Modern English language? How did Germanic legends, stories and poems spread? Who wrote them down?*
  
2. Beowulf: *Why is it the most famous poem in Old English? Who are the main characters? When was it written? Who is its author? What is its plot? When and where does the action take place? What was the lifestyle in that period like? What were the occupations of people of that time? Why does this poem have a great social and historical significance? What's the main feature of the language of "Beowulf"?*
  
3. The Norman Invasion: *What was the name of the Norman Duke who was at the head of the Norman Conquest? What language did the invaders speak? When did the battle at Hastings take place? What was its result? What languages were spoken in Britain in the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries? How did the Norman Conquest influence the English language?*
  
4. G. Chaucer: *What is known about the life of Chaucer? Why was he so well aware about the life of different layers of the society? What are the three periods of Chaucer's writings? What's the plot of «Canterbury Tales»? Why is Chaucer so much appreciated by the English people? What is his contribution to the English language and the English Literature?*
  
5. English folklore genres: romances, fables and fabliau: *Why was folklore developing more rapidly than classic literature? What were the most common genres? Why were romances so popular? What are they about? What's the difference between the fable and the fabliau?*
  
6. English ballads: *What's the origin of the word "ballad"? What are medieval English and Scottish ballads characterized by? What's the plot of the ballads of Robin Hood? Was he an imaginary or real person? What groups are ballads divided into? Why are the origins of most ballads controversial? Why are there many versions of the same ballad? Why is death a common theme of folk songs and ballads? What was the attitude to death? What are the functions of a refrain and a repetition in a ballad?*
  
7. The Renaissance: *When did the English Renaissance take place? What are its main features? What English monarchs reigned during the Renaissance period in England? How did they influence the cultural life of that time? What's the title of the earliest revenge tragedy? What are its main features? Speak on the origin of the word "renaissance". Speak on the philosophy of the Renaissance. What outstanding representatives of the Renaissance appeared in science, art and*

*literature in different European countries? What are the two periods of the Renaissance characterized by?*

8. William Shakespeare: *When did William Shakespeare live? What is known about his early life and education? What are the three periods of Shakespeare's writings? What are some of the most famous Shakespeare's comedies? What are their characteristic elements? What are the names of Shakespeare's most significant tragedies? What are their plots based on? What plays did Shakespeare write in his final period? How do they differ from the earlier ones? What are the themes of Shakespeare's sonnets? What groups are they divided into? Why do sonnets occupy a unique place in Shakespeare's heritage? What ambiguous facts about Shakespeare's life and personality do you know?*

9. The Enlightenment: *What are the main ideas of the Enlightenment? What problems were raised by the writers? What forms of literature flourished during this period? Give a definition of an essay as a literary form. What are the main features of novels of the Enlightenment?*

10. D. Defoe: *What is known about D. Defoe's parents, early life, activities apart from writing? What was Defoe inspired by when he started writing "Robinson Crusoe"? How does Robinson's personality change from beginning to end of the book? What are Robinson's personal qualities that make him an interesting literature character? How does Defoe's novel reflect the philosophy of the Enlightenment?*

11. Jonathan Swift: *Speak on Jonathan Swift's biography. What's the plot of "Gulliver's Travels"? How many voyages does it describe? Characterize Gulliver's first and second voyages. What do Gulliver's third and fourth voyages depict?*

12. Romanticism: *What are the main reasons of the growth of the Romantic Movement in English Literature of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century? What is Romanticism? What are the boundaries of this period? What are the main issues highlighted by the Romantic writers and poets? Who is included into the group of Lake Poets? What are Lake Poets' most prominent works? What was the result of Byron's trip to Europe? Why was Byron forced to leave England for good? Who became his best friends?*

13. Charles Dickens and W. Thackeray: *What were the most important factors in the rising popularity of the Victorian novel? Who are the characters of Dickens' novels? What are his most important works? Speak about Charles Dickens' life. Why is Thackeray opposed to Dickens? What is known about Thackeray's life? What makes Becky Sharp one of the most memorable characters of English literature?*

14. Victorian period in English literature: *Why are the Brontë sisters' lives considered to be hard and bare? What was Thomas Hardy most interested in? What did he describe in his novels? What are his most famous works? What other genres also saw the rise in the Victorian period? Who are their representatives?*
15. John Galsworthy and R. Kipling: *Speak on the main topics and characters of the *The Forsyte Saga*. What is known about R. Kipling's life and work? What tragic events made him live in isolation?*
16. American writers of the 20<sup>th</sup> century: *Enumerate American realistic writers. What are Theodore Dreiser's major works? What is Hemingway's greatest contribution to the world of literature? Speak about Hemingway's life. Why did Scott Fitzgerald die believing himself a failure? What period of American history is depicted in the novel *The Great Gatsby*?*
17. Modernism: *What are main features of modernism? Who are its main representatives? Dwell upon the stream of consciousness technique.*
18. James Joyce and William Golding: *What is the plot of *Ulysses*? Who are its main characters? What is Joyce's contribution into the world of literature? What is known about W. Golding's life? What is the message of his novel "*The Lord of the Flies*"?*
19. Postmodernism: *What are main features of postmodernism? Who are its representatives? What characteristics of postmodernism can be found in Kurt Vonnegut's literary works? What is the plot of Ian McEwan's novel "*Atonement*"?*

## Appendix 3

### *Extracts from the novels and abridged short stories*

#### *H. Rider Haggard* *HUNTER QUATERMAIN'S STORY*

Sir Henry Curtis is one of the most hospitable men on earth. It was in the course of the enjoyment of his hospitality at his place in Yorkshire the other day that I heard the hunting story which I am now about to transcribe.

"Ladies and gentlemen, said Sir Henry, gleefully, let me introduce you to one of the oldest hunters and the very best shot in Africa, who has killed more elephants and lions than any other man alive."

Everybody turned and stared politely at the curious-looking little lame man, and though his size was insignificant, he was quite worth staring at. He had short grizzled hair, which stood about an inch above his head like the bristles of a brush, gentle brown eyes that seemed to notice everything, and a withered face, tanned to the colour of mahogany from exposure to the weather. We were dining in an oak-paneled vestibule, and on the wall opposite to me was fixed a pair of buffalo horns, very rough and knotted, showing that they came off an old bull, and having the tip of one horn split and chipped. I noticed that Hunter Quatermain's eyes kept glancing at these trophies, and took an occasion to ask him if he knew anything about them. The little man began:

"About ten years ago I was hunting up in the far interior of Africa, I had with me four native servants. I found a fine piece of healthy, park-like country, where the grass was very good; and here I made a little camp or head-quarter settlement, from whence I went expeditions on all sides in search of game, especially elephant. My luck, however, was bad; I got but little ivory. I was therefore very glad when some natives brought me news that a large herd of elephants were feeding in a valley about thirty miles away. So I determined to leave the waggon in the charge of the two servants, and to start on a trip into the thorn country, accompanied only by the other two: Hottentot Hans and Mashune.

On the evening of the next day reached the spot where the elephants were reported to be. But here again we were met by ill luck. That the elephants had been there was evident enough, for their spoor was plentiful, there was only one thing to do, and that was to move after them, which we did, and a pretty hunt they led us. For a fortnight or more we dodged about after those elephants, coming up with them on two occasions, and a splendid herd they were – only, however, to lose them again. It was useless to try and follow them. After this I gave it up in disgust, and we made the best of our way back to the camp, not in the sweetest of tempers.

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day of our tramp that we reached the spot where the waggon stood, and looked in the direction where the friendly white tent of the waggon should be, but there was no waggon, only a black burnt plain stretching away as far as the eye could reach. I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and



made out on the spot of the camp, not my waggon, but some charred beams of wood. My worst suspicions were confirmed. The waggon and all its contents, including my spare guns and ammunition, had been destroyed by a grass fire. As for the driver and leader, I know not what became of them: probably fearing my anger, they bolted, taking the oxen with them. I have never seen them from that hour to this.

I sat down on the black veldt by the spring, and gazed at the charred axles and disselboom of my waggon, and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I felt inclined to weep. As for Mashune and Hans they cursed away vigorously, one in Zulu and the other in Dutch. Ours was a pretty position. We were nearly 300 miles away from Bamangwato, the capital of Khama's country, which was the nearest spot where we could get any help, and our ammunition, spare guns, clothing, food, and everything else, were all totally destroyed. I had just what I stood in, which was a flannel shirt, a pair of 'veldt-schoons,' or shoes of raw hide, my eight-bore rifle, and a few cartridges. Hans and Mashune had also each a Martini rifle and some cartridges, not many. And it was with this equipment that we had to undertake a journey of 300 miles through a desolate and almost uninhabited region. I can assure you that I have rarely been in a worse position, and I have been in some queer ones. However, these things are the natural incidents of a hunter's life, and the only thing to do was to make the best of them.

We started next morning on our long journey towards civilization. We had been travelling for about a month, living and getting along as best we could, when one evening we camped some forty miles from Bamangwato. By this time we were indeed in a melancholy plight, footsore, half starved, and utterly worn out; and, in addition, I was suffering from a sharp attack of fever, which half blinded me and made me weak as a babe. Our ammunition, too, was exhausted; I had only one cartridge left for my eight-bore rifle, and Hans and Mashune, had three between them. It was about an hour from sundown when we halted and lit a fire--for luckily we had still a few matches. It was a charming spot to camp, I remember. Just off the game track we were following was a little hollow, fringed about with flat-crowned mimosa trees, and at the bottom of the hollow, a spring of clear water welled up out of the earth, and formed a pool, round the edges of which grew an abundance of watercresses of an exactly similar kind to those which were handed round the table just now. Now we had no food of any kind left, having that morning devoured the last remains of a little oribé antelope, which I had shot two days previously. Accordingly Hans, who was a better shot than Mashune, took two of the three remaining Martini cartridges, and started out to see if he could not kill a buck for supper. I was too weak to go myself.

Meanwhile Mashune employed himself in dragging together some dead boughs from the mimosa trees to make a sort of 'skerm,' or shelter for us to sleep in, about forty yards from the edge of the pool of water. Just as we had finished the skerm, Mashune and I heard a shot apparently fired about a mile away. Shortly after that the sun sank in his red splendour, and there fell upon earth and sky the great hush of the African wilderness. The lions were not up as yet, the birds and beasts were all at rest. I cannot describe the intensity of the quiet of the night: to

me in my weak state, and fretting as I was over the non-return of the Hottentot Hans, it seemed almost ominous – as though Nature were brooding over some tragedy which was being enacted in her sight. It was quiet – quiet as death, and lonely as the grave.

'Mashune,' I said at last, 'where is Hans? my heart is heavy for him.'

'Nay, my father, I know not; mayhap he is weary, and sleeps, or mayhap he has lost his way.'

'Mashune, art thou a boy to talk folly to me?' I answered. 'Tell me, in all the years thou hast hunted by my side, didst thou ever know a Hottentot to lose his path or to sleep upon the way to camp?'

'Nay, Macumazahn' (that, ladies, is my native name, and means the man who 'gets up by night,' or who 'is always awake'), 'I know not where he is.' But though we talked thus, we neither of us liked to hint at what was in both our minds, namely, that misfortunate had overtaken the poor Hottentot.

At last, however, I fell into an uneasy sleep as full of bad dreams as a prickly pear is of points. I passed the rest of that night in a profound slumber. By the time we had woken up the sun was getting up, and after a drink of water and a wash at the pool, we started to try and find Hans. Both Mashune and myself were, by constant practice, pretty good hands at tracking, and we had not much difficulty in following the Hottentot's spoor, faint as it was. We had gone on in this way for half-an-hour or so, and were, perhaps, a mile or more from the site of our camping-place, when we discovered the spoor of a solitary bull buffalo mixed up with the spoor of Hans, and were able, from various indications, to make out that he had been tracking the buffalo.

'See, Macumazahn! see!' said Mashune, excitedly; 'the buffalo has charged him. Look, here he stood to fire at him; see how firmly he planted his feet upon the earth; there is the mark of his crooked toe (Hans had one bent toe). Look! here the bull came like a boulder down the hill, his hoofs turning up the earth like a hoe. Hans had hit him: he bled as he came; there are the blood spots. It is all written down there, my father--there upon the earth.'

'Yes,' I said; 'yes; but where is Hans?' Even as I said it Mashune clutched my arm, and pointed to the stunted thorn just by us. Even now, gentlemen, it makes me feel sick when I think of what I saw. For fixed in a stout fork of the tree some eight feet from the ground was Hans himself, or rather his dead body, evidently tossed there by the furious buffalo. One leg was twisted round the fork, probably in a dying convulsion. In the side, just beneath the ribs, was a great hole, from which the entrails protruded.

We stood aghast under the tree, and stared and stared at this awful sight, when suddenly our cogitations were interrupted in a painful manner. The thick bush about fifteen paces off burst asunder with a crashing sound, and uttering a series of ferocious pig-like grunts, the bull buffalo himself came charging out straight at us.

On he came, his head well up; those great black horns--as I look at them before me, gentlemen, I seem to see them come charging at me as I did ten years ago, silhouetted against the green bush behind. With a shout Mashune bolted off

sideways towards the bush. I had instinctively lifted my eight-bore, which I had in my hand. It would have been useless to fire at the buffalo's head, for the dense horns must have turned the bullet; but as Mashune bolted, the bull slewed a little, with the momentary idea of following him, and as this gave me a ghost of a chance, I let drive my only cartridge at his shoulder. The bullet struck the shoulder-blade and smashed it up, and then travelled on under the skin into his flank; but it did not stop him, though for a second he staggered.

Throwing myself on to the ground with the energy of despair, I rolled under the shelter of the projecting root of the thorn, crushing myself as far into the mouth of the ant-bear hole as I could. In a single instant the buffalo was after me. Kneeling down on his uninjured knee --for one leg, that of which I had broken the shoulder, was swinging helplessly to and fro--he set to work to try and hook me out of the hole with his crooked horn. At first he struck at me furiously, and it was one of the blows against the base of the tree which splintered the tip of the horn in the way that you see. Then he grew more cunning, and pushed his head as far under the root as possible, made long semicircular sweeps at me, grunting furiously, and blowing saliva and hot steamy breath all over me. I was just out of reach of the horn, though every stroke, by widening the hole and making more room for his head, brought it closer to me, but every now and again I received heavy blows in the ribs from his muzzle. Feeling that I was being knocked silly, I made an effort and seizing his rough tongue, which was hanging from his jaws, I twisted it with all my force. The great brute bellowed with pain and fury, and jerked himself backwards so strongly, that he dragged me some inches further from the mouth of the hole, and again made a sweep at me, catching me this time round the shoulder-joint in the hook of his horn.

I felt that it was all up now, and began to holloa.

'He has got me!' I shouted in mortal terror. 'Gwasa, Mashune, gwasa' ('Stab, Mashune, stab!').

One hoist of the great head, and out of the hole I came like a periwinkle out of his shell. But even as I did so, I caught sight of Mashune's stalwart form advancing with his 'bangwan,' or broad stabbing assegai, raised above his head. In another quarter of a second I had fallen from the horn, and heard the blow of the spear, followed by the indescribable sound of steel shearing its way through flesh. I had fallen on my back, and, looking up, I saw that the gallant Mashune had driven the assegai a foot or more into the carcass of the buffalo, and was turning to fly.

Alas! it was too late. Bellowing madly, and spouting blood from mouth and nostrils, the devilish brute was on him, and had thrown him up like a feather, and then gored him twice as he lay. I struggled up with some wild idea of affording help, but before I had gone a step the buffalo gave one long sighing bellow, and rolled over dead by the side of his victim.

Mashune was still living, but a single glance at him told me that his hour had come. The buffalo's horn had driven a great hole in his right lung, and inflicted other injuries. I knelt down beside him in the uttermost distress, and took his hand.

'Is he dead, Macumazahn?' he whispered. 'My eyes are blind; I cannot see.'

'Yes, he is dead.'

'Did the black devil hurt thee, Macumazahn?'

'No, my poor fellow, I am not much hurt.'

'Ow! I am glad.'

Then came a long silence, broken only by the sound of the air whistling through the hole in his lung as he breathed.

'Macumazahn, art thou there? I cannot feel thee.'

'I am here, Mashune.'

'I die, Macumazahn – the world flies round and round. I go – I go out into the dark! Surely, my father, at times in days to come--thou wilt think of Mashune who stood by thy side--when thou killest elephants, as we used – as we used –'

They were his last words, his brave spirit passed with him. I dragged his body to the hole under the tree, and pushed it in, placing his broad assegai by him, according to the custom of his people, that he might not go defenceless on his long journey; and then, ladies--I am not ashamed to confess--I stood alone there before it, and wept like a woman."

*Oscar Wilde*

### ***THE SPHINX WITHOUT A SECRET***

One afternoon I was sitting outside the Café, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, when I heard someone call my name. I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we had been at college together, so I was delighted to come across him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely; he was so handsome, so high-spirited, and so honourable. But now he looked anxious and puzzled and seemed to be in doubt about something. I felt it could not be modern skepticism, for Murchison was the stoutest of Tories; so I concluded that it was a woman, and asked him if he was married yet. "I don't understand women well enough," he answered. "My dear Gerald, "I said, "women are meant to be loved, not to be understood." "I cannot love where I cannot trust," he replied. "I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald," I exclaimed; "tell me about it."

He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. Inside there was the photograph of a woman. She was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair. She was wrapped in rich furs. "What do you think of that face?" he said; "is it truthful?" I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of someone, who had a secret, but whether that secret was good or evil I could not say. The faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet. "She is the *Giaconda* in *sable*," I answered. "Let me know all about her."

"One evening," he said, "I was walking down Bond Street at about five o'clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham. As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. It fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. After a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail. The servant threw open door, and

announced Lady Alroy. It was the woman I had been thinking about. She came in very slowly, looking like a moonbeam in grey lace, and I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down, I remarked quite innocently, "I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy." She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, "Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard." I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was afraid of someone listening. I fell passionately, stupid in love, and the indefinable atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her excited my most ardent curiosity. When she was going away, which she did very soon after dinner, I asked her if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment, glanced round to see if anyone was near us, and then said, "Yes; tomorrow at a quarter to five."

"I begged Madame de Rastail to tell me about her; but all that I could learn was that she was a widow with a beautiful house in Park Lane."

"The next day I arrived at Park Lane punctual to the moment, but was told by the butler that lady Alroy had just gone out, I went down to the club quite unhappy and very much puzzled, and after long consideration wrote her a letter, asking if I might be allowed to try my chance some other afternoon. I had no answer for several days, but at last I got a little note saying she would be at home on Sunday at four and with this extraordinary postscript: "Please do not write to me here again; I will explain when I see you " On Sunday she received me, and was perfectly charming; but when I was going away she begged of me, if I ever had occasion to write to her again, to address my letter to "Mrs. Knox, care of Whittaker's Library, Green Street. "There are reasons," she said, "why I cannot receive letter in my own house."

"All through the season I saw a great deal of her and the atmosphere of mystery never left her. Sometimes I thought that she was in the power of some man, but she looked so unapproachable, that I could not believe it. At last I determined to ask her to be my wife; I was sick and tired of the incessant secrecy that she imposed on all my visits, and on the few letters I sent her. I wrote to her at the library to ask her if she could see me the following Monday at six. She answered yes, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight though the mystery troubled me, maddened me. Why did chance put me in its track?"

"You discovered it, then?" I cried. "I fear so," he answered." "When Monday came round I went to lunch with my uncle, and about four o'clock found myself in Piccadilly, and took a short cut through a lot of shabby little streets. Suddenly I saw in front of me Lady Alroy, deeply veiled and walking very fast. On coming to the last house in the street, she went up the steps, tool out a latch-key, and let herself in. "Here is the mystery," I said to myself; and I hurried on and examined the house. It seemed a sort of place for letting lodgings. On the doorstep lay her handkerchief, which she had dropped. I picked it up in my pocket. Then I began to consider what I should do. I came to the conclusion that I had no right to spy on her, and drove down to the club. At six I called to see her. She was lying on a sofa, in a tea gown of silver tissue looped up by some strange moonstones that she always wore. She was looking quite lovely. "I am so glad to see you," she said; "I

have been out all day.” I stared at her in amazement, and pulling the handkerchief out of my pocket, handed it to her. “You dropped this in Cumnor Street this afternoon, Lady Alroy,” I said very calmly. She looked at me in terror but made no attempt to take the handkerchief. “What were you doing there?” I asked. “What rights have you to question me?” she answered. “The right of a man who loves you,” I replied; “I came here to ask you to be my wife.” She hid her face in her hands, and burst into floods of tears. “You must tell me,” I continued. She stood up, and, looking me straight in the face, said, “Lord Murchison, there is nothing to tell you.” “You went to meet someone,” I cried; “this is your mystery.” She grew dreadfully white, and said, “I went to meet no one.” “Can’t you tell the truth?” I exclaimed. “I have told it,” she replied.

I was mad, fanatic; I don’t know what I said, but I said terrible things to her. Finally I rushed out of the house. She wrote me a letter the next day; I sent it back unopened, and started for Norway. After a month I came back, and the first thing I saw in the Morning Post was the death of Lady Alroy. She had caught a chill at the Opera, and had died in five days of congestion of the lungs. I shut myself up and saw no one. I had loved her so much; I had loved her so madly. Good God! How I had loved that woman!” “You went to the street, to the house in it?” I said. “Yes,” he answered. One day I went to Curmnor Street. I could not help it; I was tortured with doubt. I knocked at the door, and a respectable looking woman opened it to me. I asked her if she had any rooms to let. She said that the rooms had been occupied by a lady but she had not seen the lady for three months, and as rent is owing on them, I could have them. “Is this the lady” I said, showing the photograph.”

“That’s her, sure enough,” she exclaimed;” and when is she coming back, sir?” “The lady is dead,” I replied. ”Oh sir, I hope not!” said the woman;” she was my best lodger. She paid me three guineas a week merely to sit in my drawing-rooms now and then.” “She met someone here?” I said; but the woman assured me that it was not so, that she always came alone, and saw no one. ”What on earth did she do here?” I cried. “She simply sat in the drawing-room, sir, reading books, and sometimes had tea,” the woman answered. I did not know what to say, so I gave her a sovereign and went away. Now, what do you think it all meant? You don’t believe the woman was telling the truth?” “I do.” “Then why did Lady Alroy go there?”

“My dear Gerald,” I answered, “Lady Alroy was simply a woman with mania for mystery. She took these rooms for the pleasure of going there with her veil down and imaging she was a heroine. She had a passion for secrecy, but she herself was merely a Sphinx without a secret.” “Do you really think so?” “I am sure of it,” I replied.

*James Joyce*  
**DUBLINERS**

She was fast asleep.

Gabriel, leaning on his elbow, looked for a few moments unresentfully on her tangled hair and half-open mouth, listening to her deep-drawn breath. So she had had that romance in her life: a man had died for her sake. It hardly pained him now to think how poor a part he, her husband, had played in her life. He watched her while she slept as though he and she had never lived together as man and wife. His curious eyes rested long upon her face and on her hair: and, as he thought of what she must have been then, in that time of her first girlish beauty, a strange friendly piety for her entered his soul. He did not like to say even to himself that her face was no longer beautiful but he knew that it was no longer the face for which Michael Furey had braved death.

Perhaps she had not told him all the story. His eyes moved to the chair over which she had thrown some of her clothes. A petticoat string dangled to the floor. One boot stood upright, its limp upper fallen down: the fellow of it lay upon its side. He wondered at his riot of emotions of an hour before. From what had it proceeded? From his aunt's supper, from his own foolish speech, from the wine and dancing, the merrymaking when saying good-night in the hall, the pleasure of the walk along the river in the snow. Poor Aunt Julia! She, too, would soon be a shade with the shade of Patrick Morkan and his horse. He had caught that haggard look upon her face for a moment when she was singing *Arrayed for the Bridal*. Soon, perhaps, he would be sitting in that small drawing-room, dressed in black, his silk hat on his knees. The blinds would be drawn down and Aunt Kate would be sitting beside him, crying and blowing her nose and telling him how Julia had died. He would cast about in his mind for some words that might console her, and would find only lame and useless ones. Yes, yes: that would happen very soon.

The air of the room chilled his shoulders. He stretched himself cautiously along under the sheets and lay down beside his wife. One by one they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age. He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself which these dead had one time reared and lived in was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey

westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

*W. Saroyan*  
**THE PIANO**

- I get excited every time I see a piano, - Ben said.

- Is that so? - Emma said. - Why?

- I don't know, - Ben said. - Do you mind if we go into this store and try the little one in the corner?

- Can you play? - Emma said.

- If you call what I do playing, - Ben said.

They went into the store, to the small piano in the corner. Emma noticed him smiling and wondered if she'd ever know anything about him. He stood over the piano, looking down at it. What she imagined was that he had probably heard good piano playing and loved that kind of music and every time he saw a keyboard and the shape of a piano he remembered the music and imagined he had something to do with it.

- Can you play? - said Emma. Ben looked around. The clerks seemed to be busy.

- I can't play, - Ben said. She saw his hands go quietly to the white and black keys, like a real pianist's, and it seemed very unusual because of what she felt when that happened. She felt that he was someone who would be a long time finding out about himself, and someone somebody else would be much longer finding out about. He should be somebody who could play a piano Ben made a few quiet chords. Nobody came over to try to sell him anything, so, still standing, he began to do what he'd told her wasn't playing. Well, all she knew was that it was wonderful. He played half a minute only. Then he looked at her and said: It sounds good.

- I think it's wonderful, - Emma said.

- I don't mean what I did, - Ben said. - I mean the piano. I mean the piano itself. It has a fine tone, especially for a little piano.

A middle-aged clerk came over and said: How do you do? It's a very popular instrument. Especially fine for apartments. We sell a good many of them.

- How much is it? - Ben said.

- Two hundred forty-nine fifty, - the clerk said. - You can have terms, of course. - The clerk noticed Ben wanting to try it out some more. - Go ahead, - he said. - Try it some more. I heard you play well.



- That's not playing, - Ben said. - I can't read a note.  
- Sounded good to me, - Emma said.  
- How much is the first payment.  
- Forty or fifty dollars, - the clerk said. - Go ahead. I'd like to hear you play some more. Nobody'll mind.

- If this was the right kind of room, Ben said, I could sit down at the piano for hours.

The clerk pushed up the bench and Ben sat down and began to do what he said wasn't playing. He fooled around fifteen or twenty seconds and then found something like a melody and stayed with it two minutes. Before he was through the music became quiet and sorrowful and Ben himself became more and more pleased with the piano. While he was letting the melody grow, he talked to the clerk about the piano. Then he stopped playing and stood up.

- Thanks, he said. - Wish I could buy it.

Ben and Emma walked out of the store. In the street Emma said:

- I didn't know about that, Ben.

- About what?

- About you.

- This is my lunch hour, - Ben said. They went into a little restaurant and sat at the counter and ordered sandwiches and coffee.

- Where did you learn to play? - Emma said.

- I've never learned, Ben said. - Any place I find a piano, I try it out. I've been doing that ever since I was a kid. Not having money does that. - He looked at her and smiled. He smiled the way he did when he stood over the piano looking down at the keyboard. Emma felt very flattered.

- Never having money, - Ben said, - keeps a man away from lots of things he figures he ought to have by rights.

- I guess it does, - Emma said.

- In a way, - Ben said, - it's a good thing, and then again it's not so good. In fact, it's terrible. - He looked at her again, the same way, and she smiled back at him the way he was smiling at her. She understood. It was like the piano. He could stay near it for hours. She felt very flattered. They left the restaurant and walked two blocks to The Emporium where she worked.

- Well, so long, - he said.

- So long, Ben, - Emma said.

He went on down the street and she went on into the store. Somehow or other she knew he'd get a piano some day, and everything else, too.

*O'Henry*  
*A SERVICE OF LOVE*

*WHEN ONE LOVES ONE'S ART no service seems too hard.*

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works pictures, Waldteufel, wall-paper, Chopin, and Oolong. Joe and Delia became enamoured one of the other, and in a short time were married – for when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. And they were happy; for they had their Art and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be – sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor – janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister – you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light – his highlights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock – you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys. They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every – but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocket-books would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage. But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat – the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cosy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions – ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable – mutual help and inspiration; and – overlook my artlessness – stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11p.m.

But after awhile Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling. For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated. 'Joe, dear,' she said gleefully, 'I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General – General A. B. Pinckney's daughter, Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing – dressed always in white, and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! \$5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper.' 'That's all right for you, Delia,' said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, 'but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.' Delia came and hung about his neck. 'Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as

millionaires on \$15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister.' 'All right,' said Joe. 'Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park,' said Joe. 'And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them.' 'I'm sure you will,' said Delia sweetly. 'And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this veal roast.' During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised, and kissed at seven o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times seven o'clock when he returned in the evening. At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar. 'Sometimes,' she said, a little wearily, 'Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practice enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred.'

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one - all legal tender notes - and laid them beside Delia's earnings. 'Sold that watercolour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,' he announced overwhelmingly. 'Don't joke with me,' said Delia - 'not from Peoria!' I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window and thought it was a windmill at first. He ordered another to take back with him.'

'Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters to-night.' 'And filet mignon with champignons,' said Joe. 'Where is the olive fork?'

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his \$18 on the parlour table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands. Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages. 'How is this?' asked Joe after the usual greetings. Delia laughed, but not very joyously. 'Clementina,' she explained, 'insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry!'

'What's this?' asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages. 'It's something soft,' said Delia, 'that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?' She had seen the money on the table. 'Did I?' said Joe. 'What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?' 'Five o'clock, I think,' said Dele plaintively. 'The iron - I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when —'. 'Sit down here a moment, Dele,' said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat beside her and put his arm across her shoulders. 'What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?' he asked.

Down went her head and out came the truth and tears. 'I couldn't get any pupils,' she confessed. 'And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the

laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry, are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria. How clever you are, Joe and - kiss me, Joe - and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina?' 'I didn't,' said Joe, 'until to-night. And I wouldn't have then, only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engineroom this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks. My purchaser from Peoria,' said Joe, 'and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art - but you wouldn't call it either painting or music.' And then they both laughed, and Joe began: 'When one loves one's Art no service seems -' But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. 'No,' she said - 'just "When one loves."

*H. G. Wells*  
**THE CONE**

The night was hot and overcast, the sky red, rimmed with the lingering sunset of mid-summer. They sat at the open window, trying to fancy the air was fresher there. The man and woman spoke to one another in low tones.

"He does not suspect?" said the man, a little nervously.

"Not he," she said peevishly, as though that too irritated her. "He thinks of nothing but the works and the prices of fuel. He has no imagination, no poetry."

"None of these men of iron have," he said sententiously. "They have no hearts."

"This country was all fresh and beautiful once," he said; "and now--it is Gehenna. Down that way--nothing but pot-banks and chimneys belching fire and dust into the face of heaven . . . Dear!" he said, putting his hand on hers.

She turned with a start, and their eyes searched one another's. Hers softened to his gaze. "My dear one!" she said, and then: "It seems so strange--that you should have come into my life like this--to open--" She paused.

"To open?" he said.

"All this wonderful world--" she hesitated, and spoke still more softly--"this world of love to me."

Then suddenly the door clicked and closed. They turned their heads, and he started violently back. In the shadow of the room stood a great shadowy figure--silent. They saw the face dimly in the half-light, with unexpressive dark patches under the penthouse brows. Every muscle in Raut's body suddenly became tense. When could the door have opened? What had he heard? Had he heard all? What had he seen? A tumult of questions.

The new-comer's voice came at last, after a pause that seemed interminable.

"I was afraid I had missed you, Horrocks," said the man at the window, gripping the window-ledge with his hand. His voice was unsteady.

The clumsy figure of Horrocks came forward out of the shadow. He made no answer to Raut's remark. For a moment he stood above them.

The woman's heart was cold within her. "I told Mr. Raut it was just possible you might come back," she said, in a voice that never quivered.

Horrocks, still silent, sat down abruptly in the chair by her little work-table. His big hands were clenched; one saw now the fire of his eyes under the shadow of his brows. He was trying to get his breath. His eyes went from the woman he had trusted to the friend he had trusted, and then back to the woman. By this time and for the moment all three half understood one another. Yet none dared say a word to ease the pent-up things that choked them. It was the husband's voice that broke the silence at last.

"You wanted to see me?" he said to Raut.

Raut started as he spoke. "I came to see you," he said, resolved to lie to the last.

"You promised to show me some fine effects of moonlight and smoke."

There was another pause. Did the man mean to take the thing coolly? Did he after all know? How long had he been in the room? Yet even at the moment when they heard the door, their attitudes. . . . Horrocks glanced at the profile of the woman, shadowy pallid in the half-light. "Of course," he said, "I promised to show you the works under their proper dramatic conditions. It's odd how I could have forgotten."

"Have you been telling Mr. Raut of all these contrasts of flame and shadow you think so splendid?" said the woman, turning now to her husband for the first time, her confidence creeping back again, her voice just one half-note too high. "That dreadful theory of yours that machinery is beautiful, and everything else in the world ugly. I thought he would not spare you, Mr. Raut. It's his great theory, his one discovery in art."

"I am slow to make discoveries," said Horrocks grimly, damping her suddenly. "But what I discover . . . ." He stopped. "I promised to show you the works," he said to Raut, and put his big, clumsy hand on his friend's shoulder. "And you are ready to go?"

"Quite," said Raut, and stood up also. There was another pause. Raut half fancied still that the incident was trivial after all. But Mrs. Horrocks knew her husband better, knew that grim quiet in his voice, and the confusion in her mind took a vague shape of physical evil. She had an impulse to warn Raut in an undertone, but she could not frame a word. "Don't go!" and "Beware of him!" struggled in her mind, and the swift moment passed.

She stood motionless while Raut's light footfall and her husband's heavy tread, like bass and treble, passed down the passage together. The front door slammed heavily. She went to the window, moving slowly, and stood watching – leaning forward. Then she sank down into a crouching attitude in the big arm-chair, her eyes wide open and staring out at the red lights from the furnaces that flickered in the sky. An hour after she was still there, her attitude scarcely changed.

The oppressive stillness of the evening weighed heavily upon Raut. They went side by side down the road in silence, and in silence turned into the cinder-made by-way that presently opened out the prospect of the valley.

Horrock's arm twisted into Raut's with benumbing tightness. He had come striding down the black path towards the railway as though he was possessed. Raut had not spoken a word, had simply hung back against Horrocks' pull with all his strength.

"I say," he said now, laughing nervously, but with an undertone of snarl in his voice, "why on earth are you nipping my arm off, Horrocks, and dragging me along like this?"

At length Horrocks released him. His manner changed again. "Nipping your arm off?" he said. "Sorry. But it's you taught me the trick of walking in that friendly way."

"You haven't learnt the refinements of it yet then," said Raut, laughing artificially again. "By Jove! I'm black and blue." Horrocks offered no apology. "Fine effects," said Horrocks, waving his arm. "Here comes a train. The puffs of smoke, the orange glare, the round eye of light in front of it, the melodious rattle. Fine effects! But these furnaces of mine used to be finer, before we shoved cones in their throats, and saved the gas."

"How?" said Raut. "Cones?"

"Cones, my man, cones. I'll show you one nearer. The flames used to flare out of the open throats, great--what is it?--pillars of cloud by day, red and black smoke, and pillars of fire by night. Now we run it off in pipes, and burn it to heat the blast, and the top is shut by a cone. You'll be interested in that cone."

"But every now and then," said Raut, "you get a burst of fire and smoke up there."

"The cone's not fixed, it's hung by a chain from a lever, and balanced by an equipoise. You shall see it nearer. Else, of course, there'd be no way of getting fuel into the thing. Every now and then the cone dips, and out comes the flare."

"Come along," said Horrocks abruptly, gripping his shoulder again, and moving him suddenly towards the railway crossing.

Horrocks pointed to the canal close before them now: a weird-looking place it seemed, in the blood-red reflections of the furnaces.

"Here it is red," said Horrocks, "blood-red vapour as red and hot as sin; but yonder there, where the moonlight falls on it, and it drives across the clinker-heaps, it is as white as death."

Raut turned his head for a moment, and then came back hastily to his watch on Horrocks. "Come along to the rolling-mills," said Horrocks. The threatening hold was not so evident that time, and Raut felt a little reassured. But all the same, what on earth did Horrocks mean about "white as death" and "red as sin?" Coincidence, perhaps?

And out upon the narrow rail that overhung the furnace, Raut's doubts came upon him again. Was it wise to be here? If Horrocks did know--everything! Do what he would, he could not resist a violent trembling. Right under foot was a sheer depth of seventy feet. It was a dangerous place. The steaming canal ran away from below them under an indistinct bridge, and vanished into the dim haze of the flat fields.

"That's the cone I've been telling you of," shouted Horrocks; "and, below that, sixty feet of fire and molten metal, with the air of the blast frothing through it like gas in soda-water."

Raut gripped the hand-rail tightly, and stared down at the cone. The heat was intense. The boiling of the iron and the tumult of the blast made a thunderous accompaniment to Horrocks' voice. But the thing had to be gone through now. Perhaps, after all . . .

"In the middle," bawled Horrocks, "temperature near a thousand degrees. If you were dropped into it . . . flash into flame like a pinch of gunpowder in a candle. Put your hand out and feel the heat of his breath. Why, even up here I've seen the rain-water boiling off the trucks. And that cone there. It's a damned sight too hot for roasting cakes. The top side of it's three hundred degrees."

"Three hundred degrees!" said Raut.

"Three hundred centigrade, mind!" said Horrocks. "It will boil the blood out of you in no time."

"Eigh?" said Raut, and turned.

"Boil the blood out of you in . . . No, you don't!"

"Let me go!" screamed Raut. "Let go my arm!" With one hand he clutched at the hand-rail, then with both. For a moment the two men stood swaying. Then suddenly, with a violent jerk, Horrocks had twisted him from his hold. He clutched at Horrocks and missed, his foot went back into empty air; in mid-air he twisted himself, and then cheek and shoulder and knee struck the hot cone together.

He clutched the chain by which the cone hung, and the thing sank an infinitesimal amount as he struck it. A circle of glowing red appeared about him, and a tongue of flame, released from the chaos within, flickered up towards him. An intense pain assailed him at the knees, and he could smell the singeing of his hands. He raised himself to his feet, and tried to climb up the chain, and then something struck his head. Black and shining with the moonlight, the throat of the furnace rose about him.

Horrocks, he saw, stood above him by one of the trucks of fuel on the rail. The gesticulating figure was bright and white in the moonlight, and shouting, "Fizzle, you fool! Fizzle, you hunter of women! You hot-blooded hound! Boil! boil! boil!"

Suddenly he caught up a handful of coal out of the truck, and flung it deliberately, lump after lump, at Raut. "Horrocks!" cried Raut. "Horrocks!"

His human likeness departed from him. When the momentary red had passed, Horrocks saw a charred, blackened figure, its head streaked with blood, still clutching and fumbling with the chain, and writhing in agony--a cindery animal, an inhuman, monstrous creature that began a sobbing intermittent shriek.

Abruptly, at the sight, the ironmaster's anger passed. A deadly sickness came upon him. The heavy odour of burning flesh came drifting up to his nostrils. His sanity returned to him.

"God have mercy upon me!" he cried. "O God! what have I done?"

He knew the thing below him, save that it still moved and felt, was already a dead man--that the blood of the poor wretch must be boiling in his veins. An

intense realisation of that agony came to his mind, and overcame every other feeling. For a moment he stood irresolute, and then, turning to the truck, he hastily tilted its contents upon the struggling thing that had once been a man. The mass fell with a thud, and went radiating over the cone. With the thud the shriek ended, and a boiling confusion of smoke, dust, and flame came rushing up towards him. As it passed, he saw the cone clear again.

Then he staggered back, and stood trembling, clinging to the rail with both hands. His lips moved, but no words came to them.

Down below was the sound of voices and running steps. The clangour of rolling in the shed ceased abruptly.

*Ernest Hemingway*  
**IN ANOTHER COUNTRY**

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it anymore. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds flew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains. We were all at the hospital every afternoon. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered through a gate and walked across a courtyard and out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference. The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practice a sport?" I said: "Yes, football." "Good," he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever." My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: "That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps than bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: "And will I too play football, captain-doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy. The doctor went to his office in the back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as the major's, before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. "A wound?" He asked. "An industrial accident," the doctor said. "You have confidence?" "No," said the major.



There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Café. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. We all knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more. We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. We were all a little detached, we had lived a very long time with death, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. We all liked the Cova cafe, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls – and I believed they are still patriotic. The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in a very beautiful language and full of fratellanza and abnegazione, but which really said that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it; everything was so easy to say. “Ah, yes,” the major said. “Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?” So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such a different language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind. The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, “a theory, like another.” I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumped up and down with his fingers in them.

“What will you do when the war is over if it is over?” he asked me. “Speak grammatically!” “I will go to the States.” “Are you married?” “No, but I hope to

be.” “The more of a fool you are,” he said. He seemed very angry. “A man must not marry.” “Why, Signor Maggiore?” “Don’t call me ‘Signor Maggiore’.” “Why must not a man marry?” “He cannot marry. He cannot marry,” he said angrily. “If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose.” He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked. “But why should he necessarily lose it?” “He’ll lose it,” the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. “He’ll lose it,” he almost shouted. “Don’t argue with me!” Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines. “Come and turn this damned thing off.” He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door.

When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He was wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder. “I am so sorry,” he said and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. “I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me.” “Oh –” I said, feeling sick for him. “I am so sorry.” He stood there biting his lower lip. “It is very difficult,” he said. He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. “I am utterly unable to resign myself,” he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door. The doctor told me that the major’s wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour, wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.

*Grahame Greene*

### ***THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE***

It was the strangest murder trial I ever attended. They named it the Peckham murder in the headlines, though Northwood Street, where the old woman was found battered to death, was not strictly speaking in Peckham. This was not one of those cases of circumstantial evidence in which you feel the jurymen's anxiety because mistakes have been made - like domes of silence muting the court. No, this murderer was all but found with the body: no one present when the Crown counsel outlined his case believed that the man in the dock stood any chance at all.

He was a heavy stout man with bulging bloodshot eyes. All his muscles seemed to be in his thighs. Yes, an ugly customer, one you wouldn't forget in a hurry - and that was an important point because the Crown proposed to call four witnesses who hadn't forgotten him, who had seen him hurrying away from the little red villa in Northwood Street. The clock had just struck two in the morning.

Mrs Salmon in 15 Northwood Street had been unable to sleep: she heard a door click shut and thought it was her own gate. So she went to the window and saw Adams (that was his name) on the steps of Mrs Parker's house. He had just come out and he was wearing gloves. He had a hammer in his hand and she saw him drop it into the laurel bushes by the front gate. But before he moved away, he had looked up - at her window. The fatal instinct that tells a man when he is watched exposed him in the light of a streetlamp to her gaze - his eyes suffused with horrifying and brutal fear, like an animal's when you raise a whip. I talked afterwards to Mrs Salmon, who naturally after the astonishing verdict went in fear herself. As I imagine did all the witnesses Henry MacDougall, who had been driving home from Benfleet late and nearly ran Adams down at the corner of Northwood Street. Adams was walking in the middle of the road looking dazed. And old Mr Wheeler, who lived next door to Mrs Parker, at No. 12, and was wakened by a noise - like a chair falling - through the thin-as-paper villa wall, and got up and looked out of the window, just as Mrs Salmon had done, saw Adams's back and, as he turned, those bulging eyes. In Laurel Avenue he had been seen by yet another witness - his luck was badly out; he might as well have committed the crime in broad daylight.

'I understand,' counsel said, 'that the defence proposes to plead mistaken identity. Adams's wife will tell you that he was with her at two in the morning on February 14, but after you have heard the witnesses for the Crown and examined carefully the features of the prisoner, I do not think you will be prepared to admit the possibility of a mistake.'

It was all over, you would have said, but the hanging.

After the formal evidence had been given by the policeman who had found the body and the surgeon who examined it, Mrs Salmon was called. She was the ideal witness, with her slight Scotch accent and her expression of honesty, care and kindness.

The counsel for the Crown brought the story gently out. She spoke very firmly. There was no malice in her, and no sense of importance at standing there in the Central Criminal Court with a judge in scarlet hanging on her words and the reporters writing them down. Yes, she said, and then she had gone downstairs and rung up the police station.

'And do you see the man here in court?'

She looked straight at the big man in the dock, who stared hard at her with his Pekingese eyes without emotion. 'Yes,' she said, 'there he is.'

'You are quite certain?'

She said simply, 'I couldn't be mistaken, sir.'

It was all as easy as that.

`Thank you, Mrs Salmon.' Counsel for the defence rose to cross-examine. If you had reported as many murder trials as I have, you would have known beforehand what line he would take. And I was right, up to a point.

`Now, Mrs Salmon, you must remember that a man's life may depend on your evidence.'

`I do remember it, sir.'

`Is your eyesight good?'

`I have never had to wear spectacles, sir.'

`You are a woman of fifty-five?'

`Fifty-six, sir.'

`And the man you saw was on the other side of the road?'

`Yes, sir.'

`And it was two o'clock in the morning. You must have remarkable eyes, Mrs Salmon?'

`No, sir. There was moonlight, and when the man looked up, he had the lamplight on his face.'

`And you have no doubt whatever that the man you saw is the prisoner?'

I couldn't make out what he was at. He couldn't have expected any other answer than the one he got.

`None whatever, sir. It isn't a face one forgets.'

Counsel took a look round the court for a moment. Then he said, `Do you mind, Mrs Salmon, examining again the people in court? No, not the prisoner. Stand up, please, Mr Adams,' and there at the back of the court with thick stout body and muscular legs and a pair of bulging eyes, was the exact image of the man in the dock. He was even dressed the same - tight blue suit and striped tie.

`Now think very carefully, Mrs Salmon. Can you still swear that the man you saw drop the hammer in Mrs Parker's garden was the prisoner - and not this man, who is his twin brother?'

Of course she couldn't. She looked from one to the other and didn't say a word.

There the big brute sat in the dock with his legs crossed, and there he stood too at the back of the court and they both stared at Mrs Salmon. She shook her head.

What we saw then was the end of the case. There wasn't a witness prepared to swear that it was the prisoner he'd seen. And the brother? He had his alibi, too; he was with his wife.

And so the man was acquitted for lack of evidence. But whether - if he did the murder and not his brother - he was punished or not, I don't know. That extraordinary day had an extraordinary end. I followed Mrs Salmon out of court and we got wedged in the crowd who were waiting, of course, for the twins. The police tried to drive the crowd away, but all they could do was keep the road-way clear for traffic. I learned later that they tried to get the twins to leave by a back way, but they wouldn't. One of them - no one knew which - said, `I've been acquitted, haven't I?' and they walked bang out of the front entrance. Then it

happened. I don't know how, though I was only six feet away. The crowd moved and somehow one of the twins got pushed on to the road right in front of a bus.

He gave a squeal like a rabbit and that was all; he was dead, his skull smashed just as Mrs Parker's had been. Divine vengeance? I wish I knew. There was the other Adams getting on his feet from beside the body and looking straight over at Mrs Salmon. He was crying, but whether he was the murderer or the innocent man nobody will ever be able to tell. But if you were Mrs Salmon, could you sleep at night?

*Kurt Vonnegut*  
**THE NO-TALENT KID**

It was autumn, and the leaves outside Lincoln High School were tuning the same rusty color as the bare brick walls in the band rehearsal room. George M. Helmholtz, head of the music department and director of the band, was ringed by folding chairs and instrument cases, and on each chair sat a very young man, nervously prepared to blow through something or, in the case of the percussion section, to hit something, the instant Mr. Helmholtz lowered his white baton.

Mr. Helmholtz, a man of forty, who believed that his great belly was a sign of health, strength, and dignity, smiled angelically, as though he were about to release the most exquisite sounds ever heard by human beings. Down carne his baton.

Bloooooomp! went the big saxophones.

Blat! Blat! echoed the French horns, and the plodding, shrieking, querulous waltz was begun.

The football team lost half its games and the basketball team lost two thirds of theirs, but the band, in the ten years Mr. Helmholtz had been running it, had been second to none until the past June. It had been the first in the state to use flag twirlers, the first to use choral as well as instrumental numbers, the first to use triple-tonguing extensively, and the first to put a light in its bass drum. Lincoln High School awarded letter sweaters to the members of the Band, and the sweaters were deeply respected, and properly so. The band had won every statewide high School band competition for ten years – save the showdown in June, when Johnstown High School had won with a secret weapon, a bass drum seven feet in diameter. The judges, who were not musicians but politicians, had had eyes and ears for nothing but this Eighth Wonder of the World and since then Mr. Helmholtz had thought of little else. But the School budget was already lopsided with band expenses.

Two members of the Band were playing now, a clarinetist and a snare drummer, both playing loudly, proudly, confidently, and all wrong. Mr. Helmholtz, coming out of his wistful dream of a bass drum bigger than the one that had beaten him, administered the coup de grâce to the waltz by clattering his stick against his music stand. "All righty, all righty," he said cheerily, and he nodded his congratulations to the two who had persevered to the bitter end.

Walter Plummer, the clarinetist, responded gravely, like a concert-soloist receiving an ovation led by the director of a symphony orchestra. He was small, but with a thick chest developed in summers spent at the bottom of swimming pools, and he could hold a note longer than anyone in the Band, much longer, but that was all he could do. He drew back his tired, reddened lips, showing the two large front teeth that gave him the look of a squirrel, adjusted his reed, limbered his fingers, and awaited the next challenge to his virtuosity.

Mr. Helmholtz had tried to tell Plummer how misplaced his ambitions were, to recommend other fields for his great lungs and enthusiasm, where pitch would be unimportant. But Plummer was in love, not with music, but with the letter sweaters. Being as tone-deaf as boiled cabbage, he could detect nothing in his own playing about which to be discouraged.

After the rehearsal the bandmaster called up Plummer. "Have you got a moment? It's time we had a talk, my boy. Cod made all kinds of people: some who can run fast, some who can write wonderful stories, some who can paint pictures, some who can sell anything, some who can make beautiful music. But He didn't make anybody who could do everything well. Part of the growing-up process is finding out what we can do well and what we can't do well." He patted Plummer's shoulder. "The last part, finding out what we can't do, is what hurts most about growing up. But everybody has to face it, and then go in search of his true self." Plummer's head was sinking lower and lower on his chest. "Plummer," said Mr. Helmholtz, "I have been trying to tell you this as kindly as possible, but the only way to get it across to you is to tell it to you straight."

"I'm probably ruining my chances for getting into the Band by speaking out like this, Mr. Helmholtz," said Plummer, standing, "but frankly, it's incidents like what happened to me that lost you the band competition last June."

"It was a seven-foot bass drum!"

"Well, get one for Lincoln High and see how you make out then."

"I'd give my right arm for one!" said Mr. Helmholtz, forgetting the point at issue and remembering his all-consuming dream. Plummer paused on the threshold. "One like the Knights of Kandahar use in their parades?"

"That's the ticket!" Mr. Helmholtz imagined the Knights of Kandahar's huge drum, the showpiece of every local parade. When the bandmaster returned to earth, Plummer was astride his bicycle. He was quickly off and away.

Mr. Helmholtz sat down to enjoy his paper, to read that the treasurer of the Knights of Kandahar, a respected citizen, had disappeared with the organization's funds, leaving behind and unpaid the Knights' bills for the past year and a half. "We'll pay a hundred cents on the dollar, if we sell everything," the Sublime Chamberlain of the Inner Shrine had said.

Mr. Helmholtz looked up a number in the phone book and dialed. "Zum-zum-zum-zum," went the busy signal in his ear. He dialed again and again, and always got the busy signal.

For years, Mr. Helmholtz had managed to smile and keep his wits about him in the Band practice sessions. But on the day after his fruitless efforts to find out anything about the Knights of Kandahar's bass drum, the bandsmen, a sensitive,

high-strung lot, knew immediately that their director was on edge about something, and the rehearsal went badly. Mr. Helmholtz stopped a march in the middle because somebody outside was shaking the large double doors at one end of the rehearsal room.

Then the wooden doors opened with a shriek of rusty hinges. A snappy autumn gust showered the band with leaves. Plummer stood in the great opening, winded and perspiring, harnessed to a drum as big as a harvest moon! He walked in with splendid dignity, the huge apparatus grumbling along behind him.

Mr. Helmholtz rushed to meet him. He crushed Plummer's right hand between both of his. "Plummer, boy! You got it for us. Good boy! I'll pay you whatever you paid for it," he cried, and in his joy he added rashly, "And a nice little profit besides. Good boy!"

"See it?" said Plummer. "I'll give it to you when I graduate. All I want to do is play it in the Band as long as I'm here."

"But Plummer," said Mr. Helmholtz, "you don't know anything about drums."

"I'll practice hard," said Plummer.

"Now, just a minute," said Mr. Helmholtz, "There's more to drum playing than just lambasting the thing whenever you take a notion to, you know. It takes years to be a drummer."

"How long?" Plummer asked. Mr. Helmholtz's skin began to itch all over as Plummer stared at him coldly. "Until hell freezes over?" Plummer said at last.

Mr. Helmholtz sighed. "I'm afraid that's about right." He shook his head. "You're a fine boy, Plummer, but you'll never be a musician – not in a million years. The only thing to do is what we all have to do now and then: smile, shrug, and say, 'Well, that's just one of those things that's not for me.'"

Tears formed on the rims of Plummer's eyes. He walked slowly toward the doorway, with the drum tagging after him. He smiled feebly and shrugged. "Some people have eight-foot drums," he said, "and others don't, and that's just the way life is. You're a fine man, Mr. Helmholtz, but you'll never get this drum in a million years, because I'm going to give it to my mother for a coffee table."

"Plummer!" cried Mr. Helmholtz and ran after him. He caught him and seized his arm. "We've got to have that drum," he panted. "How much do you want?"

"Smile," said Plummer. "Shrug! That's what I did." Plummer did it again. "See? So I can't get into the Band, so you can't have the drum. Who cares? All part of the growing-up process."

"The situations aren't the same!" said Mr. Helmholtz. "Not at all the same!"

"You're right," said Plummer. "I'm growing up, and you're not."

Mr. Helmholtz had to run after him again. "Plummer," he wheedled, "you'll never be able to play it well."

"Rub it in," said Plummer.

"But look at what a swell job you're doing of pulling it," said Mr. Helmholtz.

"Rub it in," Plummer repeated.

"No, no, no," said Mr. Helmholtz. "Not at all. If the school gets that drum, whoever's pulling it will be a crucial and valued member of the Band.

"He'd win a band letter?" said Plummer.

And Mr. Helmholtz said this: "I don't see why not."

*Kurt Vonnegut*

**2 B R 2 B**

*Got a problem? Just pick up the phone.*

*It solved them all--and all the same way!*

Everything was perfectly swell. There were no prisons, no slums, no insane asylums, no cripples, no poverty, no wars. All diseases were conquered. So was old age. Death, barring accidents, was an adventure for volunteers. The population of the United States was stabilized at forty-million souls.

One bright morning in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital, a man named Edward K. Wehling, Jr., waited for his wife to give birth. He was the only man waiting. Not many people were born a day any more.

Wehling was fifty-six, a mere stripling in a population whose average age was one hundred and twenty-nine.

X-rays had revealed that his wife was going to have triplets. The children would be his first. Young Wehling was hunched in his chair, his head in his hand. The room was being redecorated. It was being redecorated as a memorial to a man who had volunteered to die. The floor was paved with spattered dropcloths.

A sardonic old man, about two hundred years old, sat on a stepladder, painting a mural he did not like. The mural depicted a very neat garden. Men and women in white, doctors and nurses, turned the soil, planted seedlings, sprayed bugs, spread fertilizer. Men and women in purple uniforms pulled up weeds, cut down plants that were old and sickly, raked leaves, carried refuse to trash-burners. Never, never, never--not even in medieval Holland nor old Japan--had a garden been more formal, been better tended. Every plant had all the loam, light, water, air and nourishment it could use.

A coarse, formidable woman strode into the waiting room on spike heels. Her shoes, stockings, trench coat, bag and overseas cap were all purple, the purple the painter called "the color of grapes on Judgment Day."

The medallion on her purple musette bag was the seal of the Service Division of the Federal Bureau of Termination, an eagle perched on a turnstile. The Federal Bureau of Termination was an institution whose fanciful sobriquets included: "Automat," "Birdland," "Cannery," "Catbox," "De-louser," "Easy-go," "Good-by, Mother," "Happy Hooligan," "Kiss-me-quick," "Lucky Pierre," "Sheepdip," "Waring Blendor," "Weep-no-more" and "Why Worry?"

"2 B R 0 2 B" ("To be or not to be") was the telephone number of the municipal gas chambers of the Federal Bureau of Termination. The zero in the telephone number was pronounced "naught."

"Is this where I'm supposed to come?" she said to the painter.



"A lot would depend on what your business was," he said. "You aren't about to have a baby, are you?"

"They told me I was supposed to pose for some picture," she said. "My name's Leora Duncan." She waited.

"And you dunk people," he said.

"What?" she said.

"Skip it," he said.

"That sure is a beautiful picture," she said. "Looks just like heaven or something."

"Or something," said the painter. He took a list of names from his smock pocket. "Duncan, Duncan, Duncan," he said, scanning the list. "Yes--here you are. You're entitled to be immortalized. See any faceless body here you'd like me to stick your head on? We've got a few choice ones left." He meant that the faces of many of the figures in the mural were still blank. All blanks were to be filled with portraits of important people on either the hospital staff or from the Chicago Office of the Federal Bureau of Termination.

She studied the mural bleakly. "Gee," she said, "they're all the same to me. I don't know anything about art."

The painter pointed to a figure in purple who was sawing a dead branch from an apple tree. "How about her?" he said. "You like her at all?"

"Gosh--" she said, and she blushed and became humble--"that--that puts me right next to Dr. Hitz."

"That upsets you?" he said.

"Good gravy, no!" she said. "It's--it's just such an honor."

"Ah, You admire him, eh?" he said.

"Who doesn't admire him?" she said. "He was responsible for setting up the very first gas chamber in Chicago, the hospital's Chief Obstetrician."

"Nothing would please me more," said the painter, "than to put you next to him for all time. Sawing off a limb--that strikes you as appropriate?"

"That is kind of like what I do," she said. She was demure about what she did. What she did was make people comfortable while she killed them.

And, while Leora Duncan was posing for her portrait, into the waiting room bounded Dr. Hitz himself. He was seven feet tall, tanned, white-haired, omnipotent Zeus and he boomed with importance, accomplishments, and the joy of living.

"Well, Miss Duncan! Miss Duncan!" he said, and he made a joke. "What are you doing here?" he said. "This isn't where the people leave. This is where they come in! Guess what was just born," he said. "Triplets!"

"Triplets!" she said. She was exclaiming over the legal implications of triplets.

The law said that no newborn child could survive unless the parents of the child could find someone who would volunteer to die. Triplets, if they were all to live, called for three volunteers.

"Do the parents have three volunteers?" said Leora Duncan.

"Last I heard," said Dr. Hitz, "they had one, and were trying to scrape another two up."

"I don't think they made it," she said. "What's the name?"

"Wehling," said the waiting father, sitting up, red-eyed and frowzy. "Edward K. Wehling, Jr., is the name of the happy father-to-be."

He raised his right hand, looked at a spot on the wall, gave a hoarsely wretched chuckle. "Present," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Wehling," said Dr. Hitz, "I didn't see you."

"The invisible man," said Wehling.

"They just phoned me that your triplets have been born," said Dr. Hitz. "They're all fine, and so is the mother. I'm on my way in to see them now."

"Hooray," said Wehling emptily.

"You don't sound very happy," said Dr. Hitz.

"What man in my shoes wouldn't be happy?" said Wehling. He gestured with his hands to symbolize care-free simplicity. "All I have to do is pick out which one of the triplets is going to live, then deliver my maternal grandfather to the Happy Hooligan, and come back here with a receipt."

Dr. Hitz became rather severe with Wehling, towered over him. "You don't believe in population control, Mr. Wehling?" he said.

"I want those kids," said Wehling quietly. "I want all three of them."

"Of course you do," said Dr. Hitz. "That's only human."

"I don't want my grandfather to die, either," said Wehling.

"Nobody's really happy about taking a close relative to the Catbox," said Dr. Hitz gently, sympathetically.

"I wish people wouldn't call it 'the Catbox,' and things like that," she said.

"You're absolutely right," said Dr. Hitz. "Forgive me." He corrected himself, gave the municipal gas chambers their official title, a title no one ever used in conversation. "I should have said, 'Ethical Suicide Studios,'" he said.

"This child of yours--whichever one you decide to keep, Mr. Wehling," said Dr. Hitz. "He or she is going to live on a happy, roomy, clean, rich planet, thanks to population control. In a garden like that mural there." He shook his head. "Two centuries ago, when I was a young man, it was a hell that nobody thought could last another twenty years. Now centuries of peace and plenty stretch before us as far as the imagination cares to travel."

He smiled luminously.

The smile faded as he saw that Wehling had just drawn a revolver. Wehling shot Dr. Hitz dead.

"There's room for one--a great big one," he said. And then he shot Leora Duncan.

"It's only death," he said to her as she fell. "There! Room for two."

And then he shot himself, making room for all three of his children. Nobody came running. Nobody, seemingly, heard the shots. The painter sat on the top of his stepladder, looking down reflectively on the sorry scene.

The painter pondered the mournful puzzle of life demanding to be born and, once born, demanding to be fruitful ... to multiply and to live as long as possible--to do all that on a very small planet that would have to last forever.

And then the painter decided he had had about enough of life in the Happy Garden of Life, too, and he came slowly down from the ladder. He took Wehling's pistol, really intending to shoot himself. But he didn't have the nerve.

And then he saw the telephone booth in the corner of the room. He went to it, dialed the well-remembered number: "2 B R 0 2 B."

"Federal Bureau of Termination," said the very warm voice of a hostess.

"How soon could I get an appointment?" he asked, speaking very carefully.

"We could probably fit you in late this afternoon, sir," she said. "It might even be earlier, if we get a cancellation."

"All right," said the painter, "fit me in, if you please." And he gave her his name, spelling it out.

"Thank you, sir," said the hostess. "Your city thanks you; your country thanks you; your planet thanks you. But the deepest thanks of all is from future generations."

*Kurt Vonnegut*

### ***THE BIG TRIP UP YONDER***

Gramps Ford, his chin resting on his hands, his hands on the crook of his cane, was staring irascibly at the five-foot television screen that dominated the room. On the screen, a news commentator was summarizing the day's happenings. Every thirty seconds or so, Gramps would jab the floor with his cane-tip and shout, "Hell, we did that a hundred years ago!"

Emerald and Lou, coming in from the balcony, where they had been seeking that 2185 A.D. rarity--privacy--were obliged to take seats in the back row, behind Lou's father and mother, brother and sister-in-law, son and daughter-in-law, grandson and wife, granddaughter and husband, great-grandson and wife, nephew and wife, grandnephew and wife, great-grandniece and husband, great-grandnephew and wife--and, of course, Gramps, who was in front of everybody. All save Gramps, who was somewhat withered and bent, seemed, by pre-anti-gerasone standards, to be about the same age--somewhere in their late twenties or early thirties. Gramps looked older because he had already reached 70 when anti-gerasone was invented. He had not aged in the 102 years since.

"In Chicago tonight," the commentator was saying, "a special celebration is taking place in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital. The guest of honor is Lowell W. Hitz, age zero. Hitz, born this morning, is the twenty-five-millionth child to be born in the hospital." The commentator faded, and was replaced on the screen by young Hitz, who squalled furiously.

"Hell!" whispered Lou to Emerald. "We said that a hundred years ago."

"I heard that!" shouted Gramps. He snapped off the television set and his petrified descendants stared silently at the screen. "You, there, boy--"

"I didn't mean anything by it, sir," said Lou, aged 103.

"Next one shoots off his big bazoo while the TV's on is gonna find himself cut off without a dollar--" his voice suddenly softened and sweetened--"when they wave that checkered flag at the Indianapolis Speedway, and old Gramps gets ready

for the Big Trip Up Yonder. Get me my will. You know where it is. You kids *all* know where it is. Fetch, boy!" Gramps snapped his gnarled fingers sharply.

Lou nodded dully and found himself going down the hall, picking his way over bedding to Gramps' room, the only private room in the Ford apartment. The other rooms were the bathroom, the living room and the wide windowless hallway, which was originally intended to serve as a dining area, and which had a kitchenette in one end. Six mattresses and four sleeping bags were dispersed in the hallway and living room, and the daybed, in the living room, accommodated the eleventh couple, the favorites of the moment.

On Gramps' bureau was his will, smeared, dog-eared, perforated and blotched with hundreds of additions, deletions, accusations, conditions, warnings, advice and homely philosophy. The document was, Lou reflected, a fifty-year diary, all jammed onto two sheets--a garbled, illegible log of day after day of strife. This day, Lou would be disinherited for the eleventh time, and it would take him perhaps six months of impeccable behavior to regain the promise of a share in the estate. To say nothing of the daybed in the living room for Em and himself.

"Boy!" called Gramps.

"Coming, sir." Lou hurried back into the living room and handed Gramps the will.

"Pen!" said Gramps.

He was instantly offered eleven pens, one from each couple.

"Not *that* leaky thing," he said, brushing Lou's pen aside. "Ah, *there's* a nice one. Good boy, Willy." He accepted Willy's pen. That was the tip they had all been waiting for. Willy, then--Lou's father--was the new favorite.

Willy, who looked almost as young as Lou, though he was 142, did a poor job of concealing his pleasure. He glanced shyly at the daybed, which would become his, and from which Lou and Emerald would have to move back into the hall, back to the worst spot of all by the bathroom door.

Gramps missed none of the high drama he had authored and he gave his own familiar role everything he had. Frowning and running his finger along each line, as though he were seeing the will for the first time, he read aloud in a deep portentous monotone, like a bass note on a cathedral organ.

"I, Harold D. Ford, residing in Building 257 of Alden Village, New York City, Connecticut, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, revoking any and all former wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made." He blew his nose importantly and went on, not missing a word, and repeating many for emphasis--repeating in particular his ever-more-elaborate specifications for a funeral.

At the end of these specifications, Gramps was so choked with emotion that Lou thought he might have forgotten why he'd brought out the will in the first place. But Gramps heroically brought his powerful emotions under control and, after erasing for a full minute, began to write and speak at the same time. Lou could have spoken his lines for him, he had heard them so often.

"I have had many heartbreaks ere leaving this vale of tears for a better land," Gramps said and wrote. "But the deepest hurt of all has been dealt me by--" He looked around the group, trying to remember who the malefactor was.

Everyone looked helpfully at Lou, who held up his hand resignedly.

Gramps nodded, remembering, and completed the sentence--"my great-grandson, Louis J. Ford."

"Grandson, sir," said Lou.

"Don't quibble. You're in deep enough now, young man," said Gramps, but he made the change. And, from there, he went without a misstep through the phrasing of the disinheritance, causes for which were disrespectfulness and quibbling.

In the paragraph following, the paragraph that had belonged to everyone in the room at one time or another, Lou's name was scratched out and Willy's substituted as heir to the apartment and, the biggest plum of all, the double bed in the private bedroom.

"So!" said Gramps, beaming. He erased the date at the foot of the will and substituted a new one, including the time of day. "Well--time to watch the McGarvey Family." The McGarvey Family was a television serial that Gramps had been following since he was 60, or for a total of 112 years. "I can't wait to see what's going to happen next," he said.

Lou detached himself from the group and lay down on his bed of pain by the bathroom door. Wishing Em would join him, he wondered where she was.

He dozed for a few moments, until he was disturbed by someone stepping over him to get into the bathroom. A moment later, he heard a faint gurgling sound, as though something were being poured down the washbasin drain. Suddenly, it entered his mind that Em had cracked up, that she was in there doing something drastic about Gramps.

"Em?" he whispered through the panel. There was no reply, and Lou pressed against the door. The worn lock, whose bolt barely engaged its socket, held for a second, then let the door swing inward.

"Morty!" gasped Lou.

Lou's great-grandnephew, Mortimer, who had just married and brought his wife home to the Ford menage, looked at Lou with consternation and surprise. Morty kicked the door shut, but not before Lou had glimpsed what was in his hand--Gramps' enormous economy-size bottle of anti-gerasone, which had apparently been half-emptied, and which Morty was refilling with tap water.

A moment later, Morty came out, glared defiantly at Lou and brushed past him wordlessly to rejoin his pretty bride.

Shocked, Lou didn't know what to do. He couldn't let Gramps take the mousetrapped anti-gerasone--but, if he warned Gramps about it, Gramps would certainly make life in the apartment, which was merely insufferable now, harrowing.

Lou glanced into the living room and saw that the Fords, Emerald among them, were momentarily at rest, relishing the botches that the McGarveys had made of *their* lives. Stealthily, he went into the bathroom, locked the door as well

as he could and began to pour the contents of Gramps' bottle down the drain. He was going to refill it with full-strength anti-gerasone from the 22 smaller bottles on the shelf.

The bottle contained a half-gallon, and its neck was small, so it seemed to Lou that the emptying would take forever. And the almost imperceptible smell of anti-gerasone, like Worcestershire sauce, now seemed to Lou, in his nervousness, to be pouring out into the rest of the apartment, through the keyhole and under the door.

The bottle gurgled monotonously. Suddenly, up came the sound of music from the living room and there were murmurs and the scraping of chair-legs on the floor. "Thus ends," said the television announcer, "the 29,121st chapter in the life of your neighbors and mine, the McGarveys." Footsteps were coming down the hall. There was a knock on the bathroom door.

"Just a sec," Lou cheerily called out. Desperately, he shook the big bottle, trying to speed up the flow. His palms slipped on the wet glass, and the heavy bottle smashed on the tile floor.

The door was pushed open, and Gramps, dumbfounded, stared at the incriminating mess.

Lou grinned engagingly through his nausea and, for want of anything remotely resembling a thought, waited for Gramps to speak.

"Well, boy," said Gramps at last, "looks like you've got a little tidying up to do."

And that was all he said. He turned around, elbowed his way through the crowd and locked himself in his bedroom.

Lou and Emerald stayed fearfully awake almost all night, waiting to see what Gramps was going to do. But not a sound came from the sacred bedroom. Two hours before dawn, they finally dropped off to sleep.

At six o'clock, they arose again, for it was time for their generation to eat breakfast in the kitchenette. No one spoke to them. They had twenty minutes in which to eat, but their reflexes were so dulled by the bad night that they had hardly swallowed two mouthfuls of egg-type processed seaweed before it was time to surrender their places to their son's generation.

Then, as was the custom for whoever had been most recently disinherited, they began preparing Gramps' breakfast, which would presently be served to him in bed, on a tray. They tried to be cheerful about it. The toughest part of the job was having to handle the honest-to-God eggs and bacon and oleomargarine, on which Gramps spent so much of the income from his fortune.

"Well," said Emerald, "I'm not going to get all panicky until I'm sure there's something to be panicky about."

He shrugged. "Let's have the tray, Em."

Walking slowly, smiling bravely, Lou and Em found a large semi-circle of long-faced Fords standing around the bedroom door.

Em knocked. "Gramps," she called brightly, "*break-fast is rea-dy.*"

There was no reply and she knocked again, harder.

The door swung open before her fist. In the middle of the room, the soft, deep, wide, canopied bed, the symbol of the sweet by-and-by to every Ford, was empty.

A sense of death, as unfamiliar to the Fords as Zoroastrianism or the causes of the Sepoy Mutiny, stilled every voice, slowed every heart. Awed, the heirs began to search gingerly, under the furniture and behind the drapes, for all that was mortal of Gramps, father of the clan.

But Gramps had left not his Earthly husk but a note, which Lou finally found on the dresser, under a paperweight which was a treasured souvenir from the World's Fair of 2000. Unsteadily, Lou read it aloud:

'Somebody who I have sheltered and protected and taught the best I know how all these years last night turned on me like a mad dog and diluted my anti-gerasone, or tried to. I am no longer a young man. I can no longer bear the crushing burden of life as I once could. So, after last night's bitter experience, I say good-by. The cares of this world will soon drop away like a cloak of thorns and I shall know peace. By the time you find this, I will be gone.'

"There's more," said Lou, 'I, Harold D. Ford, etc., do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, revoking any and all former wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made.'

"No!" cried Willy. "Not another one!"

"I do stipulate," read Lou, "that all of my property, of whatsoever kind and nature, not be divided, but do devise and bequeath it to be held in common by my issue, without regard for generation, equally, share and share alike."

"Issue?" said Emerald.

Lou included the multitude in a sweep of his hand. "It means we all own the whole damn shootin' match."

"How about letting somebody who's never had *any* privacy get a little crack at it?" Eddie demanded hotly. "Hell, you old people had plenty of privacy back when you were kids. I was born and raised in the middle of that goddamn barracks in the hall! How about--"

"Yeah?" challenged Morty. "Sure, you've all had it pretty tough, and my heart bleeds for you. But try honeymooning in the hall for a real kick."

Each eye turned instantly to the bed.

In the next moment, a free-for-all was under way, with each couple battling to eject every other couple from the room. Fighting coalitions formed and dissolved with the lightning changes of the tactical situation. Em and Lou were thrown into the hall, where they organized others in the same situation, and stormed back into the room.

After two hours of struggle, with nothing like a decision in sight, the cops broke in, followed by television cameramen from mobile units.

For the next half-hour, patrol wagons and ambulances hauled away Fords, and then the apartment was still and spacious.

An hour later, films of the last stages of the riot were being televised to 500,000,000 delighted viewers on the Eastern Seaboard.

The battle also appeared on the screen of the television set in the police station, where the Fords and their captors watched with professional interest.

Em and Lou, in adjacent four-by-eight cells, were stretched out peacefully on their cots.

"Em," called Lou through the partition, "you got a washbasin all your own, too?"

"Sure. Washbasin, bed, light--the works. And we thought *Gramps'* room was something. How long has this been going on?" She held out her hand. "For the first time in forty years, hon, I haven't got the shakes--look at me!"

"All right, pipe down," said the turnkey, "or I'll toss the whole kit and caboodle of you right out. And first one who lets on to anybody outside how good jail is ain't never getting back in!"

The prisoners instantly fell silent.

The living room of the three-room Ford apartment on the 76th floor of Building 257 darkened for a moment as the riot scenes faded on the television screen, and then the face of the announcer appeared, like the Sun coming from behind a cloud. "And now, friends," he said, "I have a special message from the makers of anti-gerasone, a message for all you folks over 150. Are you hampered socially by wrinkles, by stiffness of joints and discoloration or loss of hair, all because these things came upon you before anti-gerasone was developed? Well, if you are, you need no longer suffer, need no longer feel different and out of things.

"After years of research, medical science has now developed *Super*-anti-gerasone! In weeks--yes, weeks--you can look, feel and act as young as your great-great-grandchildren! Wouldn't you pay \$5,000 to be indistinguishable from everybody else? Well, you don't have to. Safe, tested *Super*-anti-gerasone costs you only a few dollars a day.

Underlining the announcer's words was the scratching of Gramps' pen; the one Willy had given him the night before. He had come in, a few minutes earlier, from the Idle Hour Tavern, which commanded a view of Building 257 from across the square of asphalt known as the Alden Village Green. He had called a cleaning woman to come straighten the place up, and then had hired the best lawyer in town to get his descendants a conviction, a genius who had never gotten a client less than a year and a day. Gramps had then moved the daybed before the television screen, so that he could watch from a reclining position. It was something he'd dreamed of doing for years.

Life was good. He could hardly wait to see what was going to happen next.



*Roald Dahl*  
**THE HITCHHIKER**

I had a new car. It was an exciting toy, a big BMW 3.3 Li, which means 3.3 litre, long wheelbase, fuel injection. It had a top speed of 129 mph and terrific acceleration. The body was pale blue. The seats inside were darker blue and they were made of leather, genuine soft leather of the finest quality. The powerful engine growled and grunted impatiently at slow speeds, but at sixty miles an hour the growling stopped and the motor began to purr with pleasure. I was driving up to London by myself whispering along at 70 mph, leaning back comfortably in my seat.

Ahead of me I saw a man thumbing a lift. I touched the brake and brought the car to a stop beside him. I always stopped for hitchhikers.

He was a small ratty-faced man with grey teeth. His eyes were dark and quick and clever, like rat's eyes, and his ears were slightly pointed at the top. He had a cloth cap on his head and he was wearing a greyish-coloured jacket with enormous pockets. The grey jacket, together with the quick eyes and the pointed ears, made him look more than anything like some sort of a huge human rat.

"What part of London are you headed for?" I asked him.

"I'm goin' to Epsom, for the races. It's Derby Day today." "So it is," I said. "I wish I were going with you. I love betting on horses."

"I never bet on horses," he said. "I don't even watch 'em run. That's a stupid silly business."

"Then why do you go?" I asked. He didn't seem to like that question. His little ratty face went absolutely blank and he sat there staring straight ahead at the road, saying nothing.

There was a long silence. I decided not to question him any more. "I'm sorry," I said "It's none of my business what you do. The trouble is I'm a writer, and most writers are terribly nosy." "You write books?" he asked "Yes." "Writing books is okay," he said. "It's what I call a skilled trade. I'm in a skilled trade too. The folks I despise is them that spend all their lives doin' crummy old routine jobs with no skill in 'em at all. You see what I mean?" "Yes." "The secret of life," he said "is to become very very good at somethin' that's very very 'ard to do." "Like you, I said "Exactly. You and me both".

"What makes you think that I'm any good at my job?" I asked. "There's an awful lot of bad writers around" "You wouldn't be drivin' about in a car like this if you weren't no good at it," he answered "It must've cost a tidy packet, this little job." "It wasn't cheap." "What can she do flat out?" he asked "One hundred and twenty-nine miles an hour," I told him.

"I'll bet she won't do it." "I'll bet she will."

"All car-makers is liars," he said. "You can buy any car you like and it'll never do what the makers say it will in the ads." "This one will." "Open 'er up then and prove it," he said. "Go on, gov'nor, and let's see what she'll do." I pressed my foot hard down on the accelerator. The big car leaped forward as though she'd been stung. In ten seconds or so, we were doing ninety.

"A hundred and twenty!" my passenger shouted, jumping up and down. "Go on! Go on! Get 'er up to one-two-nine!" At that moment, I heard the scream of a police siren. Then a cop on a motorcycle loomed up alongside us on the inside lane and went past us and raised a hand for us to stop.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" I said. "That's torn it!" The cop must have been doing about a hundred and thirty when he passed us, and he took plenty of time slowing down. I pulled in behind him. "I didn't know police motorcycles could go as fast as that," I said rather lamely.

The cop got off his motorcycle. Then he took off his gloves and placed them carefully on the seat. He was in no hurry now. He had us where he wanted us and he knew it. Like an executioner approaching his victim, the cop came strolling slowly toward us. He was a big meaty man with a belly, and his blue breeches were skin-tight around his enormous thighs. The cop came around to my open window and placed one meaty hand on the sill. "What's the hurry?" he said.

"No hurry, officer," I answered.

"Perhaps there's a woman in the back having a baby and you're rushing her to hospital? Is that it?" "No, officer." "Or perhaps your house is on fire and you're dashing home to rescue the family from upstairs?" His voice was dangerously soft and mocking.

"My house isn't on fire, officer." "In that case," he said, "you've got yourself into a nasty mess, haven't you? Do you know what the speed limit is in this country?" "Seventy," I said.

When he spoke next, he raised his voice so loud that I jumped. "One hundred and twenty miles per hour!" he barked. "That's fifty miles an hour over the limit!" He turned his head and spat out a big gob of spit. It landed on the wing of my car and started sliding down over my beautiful blue paint. Then he turned back again and stared hard at my passenger. "And who are you?" he asked sharply.

"He's a hitchhiker," I said. "I'm giving him a lift." "Have I done something wrong?" my passenger asked. His voice was soft and oily as haircream.

"That's more than likely," the cop answered. "Anyway, you're a witness. I'll deal with you in a minute. Driver's license," he snapped, holding out his hand. I gave him my driver's license. Carefully, he copied the name and address from my license. Then he gave it back to me. Finally, he replaced the book in his breast pocket and fastened the button.

"Now you," he said to my passenger, and from the other breast pocket he produced a small black notebook. "Name?" he snapped.

"Michael Fish," my passenger said.

"Address?" "Fourteen, Windsor Lane, Luton." "Show me something to prove this is your real name and address," the policeman said.

My passenger fished in his pockets and came out with a driver's license of his own. The policeman checked the name and address and handed it back to him.

"What's your job?" he asked sharply.

"I'm an 'od carrier."

"A *what*?"

"An 'odcarrier."

"Spell it." "H-o-d c-a-

"That'll do. And what's a hod carrier, may I ask?" "An 'od carrier, officer, is a person who carries the cement up the ladder to the bricklayer." "Who's your employer?" "Don't 'ave one. I'm unemployed." The cop wrote all this down in the black notebook. Then he returned the book to its pocket and did up the button. "When I get back to the station I'm going to do a little checking up on you," he said to my passenger.

"Me? What've I done wrong?" the rat-faced man asked.

"I don't like your face. That's all," the cop said. "And we just might have a picture of it somewhere in our files." He strolled round the car and returned to my window. "I suppose you know you're in serious trouble." he said to me.

"Yes, officer".

"You won't be driving this fancy car of yours again for a very long time, not after we've finished with you. You won't be driving any car again, come to that, for several years. And a good thing, too. I hope they lock you up for a spell into the bargain." "You mean prison?" I asked alarmed.

"Absolutely," he said, smacking his lips. "In the clink. Behind the bars. I'll see you in court, both of you. You'll be getting a summons to appear." He turned away and walked over to his motorcycle.

"We was caught," my passenger said. "We was caught good and proper..."

"I was caught you mean..."

"That's right," he said. "What you goin' to do now, guv'nor?" "I'm going straight up to London to talk to my solicitor," I said. I started the car and drove on.

"You mustn't believe what 'ee said to you about goin' to prison," my passenger said. "They don't put nobody in the clink just for speedin'."

"Are you sure of that?" I asked.

"I'm positive," he answered. "They can take your license away and they can give you a whoppin' big fine, but that'll be the end of it." I felt tremendously relieved.

"By the way," I said, "why did you lie to him?" "Who, me?" he said. "What makes you think I lied?" "You told him you were an unemployed hod carrier. But you told me you were in a highly skilled trade." "So I am," he said. "But it don't pay to tell everythin' to a copper." "So what do you do?" I asked him.

"Ah," he said slyly. "That'll be tellin', wouldn't it?" "Is it something you're ashamed of?" "Ashamed?" he cried. "Me, ashamed of my job? I'm about as proud of it as anybody could be in the entire world!" "Then why won't you tell me?" "You writers really is nosy parkers, aren't you?" he said. "And you ain't goin' to be 'appy, I don't think, until you've found out exactly what the answer is?"

"I don't really care one way or the other," I told him, lying. He gave me a crafty little ratty look out of the sides of his eyes. "I think you do care," he said. "I can see it on your face that you think I'm in some kind of a very peculiar trade and you're just achin' to know what it is.

I didn't like the way he read my thoughts. I kept quiet and stared at the road ahead.

"You'd be right, too," he went on. "I am in a very peculiar trade. I'm in the queerest peculiar trade of 'em all." I waited for him to go on. "I've got fantastic fingers. These fingers of mine," he said, holding up both hands high in front of him, "are quicker and cleverer than the fingers of the best piano player in the world!" "Are you a piano player?" "Don't be daft." he said. "Do I look like a piano player?" I glanced at his fingers. They were so beautifully shaped, so slim and long and elegant, they didn't seem to belong to the rest of him at all. They looked more like the fingers of a brain surgeon or a watchmaker.

"My job," he went on, "is a hundred times more difficult than playin' the piano. Any twerp can learn to do that. There's titchy little kids learnin' to play the piano in almost any 'ouse you go into these days. That's right, ain't it?"

"More or less," I said.

"Of course it's right. But there's not one person in ten million can learn to do what I do. Not one in ten million! 'Ow about that?"

"Amazing," I said. "I think I know what you do;" I said. "You do conjuring tricks. You're a conjuror."

"Me?" he snorted. "A conjuror? Can you picture me goin' round crummy kids' parties makin' rabbits come out of top 'ats?" "Then you're a card player. You get people into card games and you deal yourself marvellous hands." "Me! A rotten cardsharper!" he cried. "That's a miserable racket if ever there was one." "All right. I give up." I was taking the car along slowly now, at no more than forty miles an hour, to make quite sure I wasn't stopped again. Suddenly, my passenger was holding up a black leather belt in his hand. "Ever seen this before?" he asked. The belt had a brass buckle of unusual design.

"Hey!" I said. "That's mine, isn't it? It is mine! Where did you get it?" He grinned and waved the belt gently from side to side. "Where d'you think I got it?" he said. "Off the top of your trousers, of course." I reached down and felt for my belt. It was gone.

"You mean you took it off me while we've been driving along?" I asked flabbergasted.

He nodded, watching me all the time with those little black ratty eyes.

"That's impossible," I said. "You'd have had to undo the buckle and slide the whole thing out through the loops all the way round. I'd have seen you doing it. And even if I hadn't seen you, I'd have felt it."

"Ah, but you didn't, did you?" he said, triumphant. He dropped the belt on his lap, and now all at once there was a brown shoelace dangling from his fingers.

"And what about this, then?" he exclaimed, waving the shoelace.

"What about it?" I said.

"Anyone around 'ere missin' a shoelace?" he asked, grinning. I glanced down at my shoes. The lace of one of them was missing. "Good grief!" I said. "How did you do that? I never saw you bending down."

"You never saw nothin'," he said proudly. "You never even saw me move an inch. And you know why?" "Yes," I said. "Because you've got fantastic fingers."

He knew he had impressed me greatly with those two tricks, and this made him very happy. "I wouldn't nick anything from you, guv'nor," he said. "You're my pal. You're givin' me a lift."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said.

"All I'm doin' is answerin' your question," he went on. "You asked me what I did for a livin' and I'm showin' you." "What else have you got of mine?" He smiled again, and now he started to take from the pocket of his jacket one thing after another that belonged to me, my driver's license, a key ring with four keys on it, some pound notes, a few coins, a letter from my publishers, my diary, a stubby old pencil, a cigarette lighter, and last of all, a beautiful old sapphire ring with pearls around it belonging to my wife.

"So you're a pickpocket," I said.

"I don't like that word," he answered. "It's a coarse, and vulgar word. Pickpockets is coarse and vulgar people who only do easy little amateur jobs. They lift money from blind old ladies." "What do you call yourself, then?"

"Me? I'm a fingersmith. I'm a professional fingersmith." He spoke the words solemnly and proudly, as though he were telling me he was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"I've never heard that word before," I said. "Did you invent it?"

"Of course I didn't invent it," he replied. "It's the name given to them who's risen to the very top of the profession. You've 'eard of a goldsmith and a silversmith, for instance. They're experts with gold and silver. I'm an expert with my fingers, so I'm a fingersmith." "It must be an interesting job."

"It's a marvellous job," he answered. "It's lovely."

"And that's why you go to the races?" "Race meetings is easy meat," he said. "You just stand around after the race, watchin' for the lucky ones to queue up and draw their money. And when you see someone collectin' a big bundle of notes, you simply follows after 'im and 'elps yourself. But don't get me wrong, guv'nor. I never takes nothin' from a loser. Nor from poor people neither. I only go after them as can afford it, the winners and the rich." "That's very thoughtful of you, I said." "How often do you get caught?" "Caught?" he cried, disgusted. "Me get caught! It's only pickpockets get caught. Fingersmiths never. Listen, I could take the false teeth out of your mouth if I wanted to and you wouldn't even catch me!"

"I don't have false teeth," I said.

"I know you don't," he answered. "Otherwise I'd 'ave 'ad 'em out long ago!" I believed him. Those long slim fingers of his seemed able to do anything. We drove on for a while without talking.

"That policeman's going to check up on you pretty thoroughly," I said. "Doesn't that worry you a bit?" "Nobody's checkin' up on me," he said.

"Of course they are. He's got your name and address written down most carefully in his black book." The man gave me another of his sly ratty little smiles.

"Ah," he said. "So 'ee 'as. But I'll bet 'eeain't got it all written down in 'is memory as well. I've never known a copper yet with a decent memory. Some of 'em can't even remember their own names." "What's memory got to do with it?" I asked. "It's written down in his book, isn't it?" "Yes, guv'nor, it is. But the trouble

is, 'ee's lost the book. 'He's lost both books, the one with my name in it and the one with yours." In the long delicate fingers of his right hand, the man was holding up in triumph the two books he had taken from the policeman's pockets. "Easiest job I ever done," he announced proudly.

I nearly swerved the car into a milk truck, I was so excited. "That copper's got nothin' on either of us now," he said.

"You're a genius!" I cried.

"'Ee's got no names, no addresses, no car number, no nothin'," he said.

"You're brilliant!" "I think you'd better pull off this main road as soon as possible," he said. "Then we'd better build a little bonfire and burn these books." "You're a fantastic fellow!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you, gov'nor," he said. "It's always nice to be appreciated."

*Roald Dahl*  
**THE WAY UP TO HEAVEN**

All her life, Mrs Foster had had an almost pathological fear of missing a train, a plane, a boat, or even a theatre curtain. In other respects, she was not a particularly nervous woman, but the mere thought of being late on occasions like these would throw her into such a state of nerves that she would begin to twitch. It was nothing much - just a tiny vellicating muscle in the corner of the left eye, like a secret wink - but the annoying thing was that it refused to disappear until an hour or so after the train or plane or whatever it was had been safely caught.

It was really extraordinary how in certain people a simple apprehension about a thing like catching a train can grow into a serious obsession. At least half an hour before it was time to leave the house for the station, Mrs Foster would step out of the elevator all ready to go, with hat and coat and gloves, and then, being quite unable to sit down, she would flutter and fidget about from room to room until her husband, who must have been well aware of her state, finally emerged from his privacy and suggested in a cool dry voice that perhaps they had better be going now, had they not?

Mr Foster may possibly have had a right to be irritated by this foolishness of his wife's, but he could have had no excuse for increasing her misery by keeping her waiting unnecessarily. Mind you, it is by no means certain that this is what he did, yet whenever they were to go somewhere, his timing was so accurate - just a minute or two late, you understand - and his manner so bland that it was hard to believe he wasn't purposely inflicting a nasty private little torture of his own on the unhappy lady. And one thing he must have known - that she would never dare to call out and tell him to hurry. He had disciplined her too well for that. He must also have known that if he was prepared to wait even beyond the last moment of safety, he could drive her nearly into hysterics. On one or two special occasions in the later years of their married life, it seemed almost as though he had wanted to miss the train simply in order to intensify the poor woman's suffering. Assuming (though one cannot be sure) that the husband was guilty, what made his attitude

doubly unreasonable was the fact that, with the exception of this one small irrepressible foible, Mrs Foster was and always had been a good and loving wife. For over thirty years, she had served him loyally and well. There was no doubt about this. Even she, a very modest woman, was aware of it, and although she had for years refused to let herself believe that Mr Foster would ever consciously torment her, there had been times recently when she had caught herself beginning to wonder.

Mr Eugene Foster, who was nearly seventy years old, lived with his wife in a large six storey house in New York City, on East Sixty-second Street, and they had four servants. It was a gloomy place, and few people came to visit them.

On this particular morning in January, Mrs Foster, in an old-fashioned fur coat and with a black hat on the top of her head, was flying from room to room. She was thinking of nothing at all except that she was going to miss her plane if her husband didn't come out of his study soon and get ready.

She began walking up and down the hall. This, she kept telling herself, was the one plane she must not miss. It had taken months to persuade her husband to allow her to go. If she missed it, he might easily decide that she should cancel the whole thing. And the trouble was that he insisted on coming to the airport to see her off.

'Dear God,' she said aloud, 'I'm going to miss it. I know, I know, I know I'm going to miss it.' The little muscle beside the left eye was twitching madly now. The eyes themselves were very close to tears.

This was an important journey for Mrs Foster. She was going all alone to Paris to visit her daughter, her only child, who was married to a Frenchman. Mrs Foster didn't care much for the Frenchman, but she was fond of her daughter, and, more than that, she had developed a great yearning to set eyes on her three grandchildren. She knew them only from the many photographs that she had received and that she kept putting up all over the house. They were beautiful, these children. She doted on them, and each time a new picture arrived she would carry it away and sit with it for a long time, staring at it lovingly and searching the small faces for signs of that old satisfying blood likeness that meant so much. And now, lately, she had come more and more to feel that she did not really wish to live out her days in a place where she could not be near these children, and have them visit her, and take them out for walks, and buy them presents, and watch them grow. She knew, of course, that it was wrong and in a way disloyal to have thoughts like these while her husband was still alive. She knew also that although he was no longer active in his many enterprises, he would never consent to leave New York and live in Paris. It was a miracle that he had ever agreed to let her fly over there alone for six weeks to visit them. But, oh, how she wished she could live there always, and be close to them!

A door opened and Mr Foster came into the hall. He stood for a moment, looking intently at his wife, and she looked back at him - at this diminutive but still quite dapper old man with the huge bearded face that bore such an astonishing resemblance to those old photographs of Andrew Carnegie.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘I suppose perhaps we’d better get going fairly soon if you want to catch that plane.’

‘Yes, dear - yes! Everything’s ready. The car’s waiting.’

With his head over to one side, he was watching her closely. He had a peculiar way of cocking the head and then moving it in a series of small, rapid jerks. Because of this and because he was clasping his hands up high in front of him, near the chest, he was somehow like a squirrel standing there - a quick clever old squirrel from the Park.

‘That’s good,’ he said. ‘I’ll be with you in a moment,’ he said. ‘I’m just going to wash my hands.’

Then Mr Foster appeared again.

‘I arranged everything with the servants,’ Mr Foster said. ‘They’re all going off today. I gave them half-pay for six weeks. I’ll move into the club tonight. It’ll be a nice change staying at the club. I’ll call in at the house occasionally to see that everything’s all right and to pick up the mail. Did you make any coffee?’ he asked.

‘No, dear. I thought you’d get a nice breakfast at the club. The car is here. It’s been waiting. I’m all ready to go.’ They were standing in the hall - they always seemed to be meeting in the hall nowadays - she with her hat and coat and purse, he in a curiously cut Edwardian jacket with high lapels.

‘I’m just going to get a few cigars. I’ll be right with you. You get in the car.’

Mr Foster came out five minutes later. He walked down the steps of the house slowly, pausing halfway to observe the sky and to sniff the cold morning air. Watching him, she noticed that his legs were like goat’s legs in those narrow stovepipe trousers that he wore.

‘It looks a bit foggy,’ he said as he sat down beside her in the car. ‘And it’s always worse out there at the airport. I shouldn’t be surprised if the flight’s cancelled already.’

‘Don’t say that, dear - please.’

‘Hurry, please,’ she said to the chauffeur. ‘Please get going. I’m late.’

‘Just a moment!’ Mr Foster said suddenly. ‘Hold it a moment, chauffeur, will you?’

‘What is it, dear?’ She saw him searching the pockets of his overcoat.

‘I had a little present I wanted you to take to Ellen,’ he said. ‘Now, where on earth is it? I’m sure I had it in my hand as I came down.’

‘I never saw you carrying anything. What sort of present?’

‘A little box wrapped up in white paper. I forgot to give it to you yesterday. I don’t want to forget it today.’

‘A little box!’ Mrs Foster cried. ‘I never saw any little box!’ She began hunting frantically in the back of the car.

Her husband continued searching through the pockets of his coat. Then he unbuttoned the coat and felt around in his jacket. ‘Confound it,’ he said, ‘I must’ve left it in my bedroom. I won’t be a moment.’

‘Oh, please!’ she cried. ‘We haven’t got time! Please leave it! You can mail it. It’s only one of those silly combs anyway. You’re always giving her combs.’



`And what's wrong with combs, may I ask?' he said, furious that she should have forgotten herself for once.

`Nothing, dear, I'm sure. But . . .

`Stay here!' he commanded. I'm going to get it.'

`Oh dear!' cried Mrs Foster. I'm sure I'm going to miss it now! What time is it?'

'Stop fussing,' the old man said. `It doesn't matter anyway. It's bound to be cancelled now. They never fly in this sort of weather. I don't know why you bothered to come out.'

She couldn't be sure, but it seemed to her that there was suddenly a new note in his voice, and she turned to look at him. It was difficult to observe any change in his expression under all that hair. The mouth was what counted. She wished, as she had so often before, that she could see the mouth clearly. The eyes never showed anything except when he was in a rage.

`Be quick, dear! Oh, please be quick!' She sat still, waiting and waiting.

`Chauffeur, what time is it?'

The man had a wristwatch, which he consulted. `I make it nearly nine-thirty.'

`Can we get to the airport in an hour?'

`Just about.'

At this point, Mrs Foster suddenly spotted a corner of something white wedged down in the crack of the seat on the side where her husband had been sitting. She reached over and pulled out a small paper-wrapped box, and at the same time she couldn't help noticing that it was wedged down firm and deep, as though with the help of a pushing hand.

`Here it is!' she cried. `I've found it! Oh dear, and now he'll be up there for ever searching for it! Chauffeur, quickly - run in and call him down, will you please?' No - I'll go myself. It'll be quicker. I know where he'll be.'

She hurried out of the car and up the steps to the front door. She slid the key into the keyhole and was about to turn it - and then she stopped. Her head came up, and she stood there absolutely motionless, her whole body arrested right in the middle of all this hurry to turn the key and get into the house, and she waited - five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten seconds, she waited. The way she was standing there, with her head in the air and the body so tense, it seemed as though she were listening for the repetition of some sound that she had heard a moment before from a place far away inside the house. Yes - quite obviously she was listening. Her whole attitude was a listening one. She appeared actually to be moving one of her ears closer and closer to the door. Now it was right up against the door, and for still another few seconds she remained in that position, head up, ear to door, hand on key, about to enter but not entering, trying instead, or so it seemed, to hear and to analyze these sounds that were coming faintly from this place deep within the house.

Then, all at once, she sprang to life again. She withdrew the key from the door and came running back down the steps.

`It's too late!' she cried to the chauffeur. `I can't wait for him, I simply can't. I'll miss the plane. Hurry now, driver, hurry! To the airport!'

The chauffeur, had he been watching her closely, might have noticed that her face had turned absolutely white and that the whole expression had suddenly altered. There was no longer that rather soft and silly look. A peculiar hardness had settled itself upon the features. The little mouth, usually so flabby, was now tight and thin, the eyes were bright, and the voice, when she spoke, carried a new note of authority.

‘Hurry, driver, hurry!’

‘Isn't your husband travelling with you?’ the man asked, astonished.

‘Certainly not! I was only going to drop him at the club. It won't matter. He'll understand. He'll get a cab. Don't sit there talking, man. Get going! I've got a plane to catch for Paris!’

With Mrs Foster urging him from the back seat, the man drove fast all the way, and she caught her plane with a few minutes to spare. Soon she was high up over the Atlantic, reclining comfortably in her aeroplane chair, listening to the hum of the motors, heading for Paris at last. The new mood was still with her. She felt remarkably strong and, in a queer sort of way, wonderful. She was a trifle breathless with it all, but this was more from pure astonishment at what she had done than anything else, and as the plane flew farther and farther away from New York and East Sixty-second Street, a great sense of calmness began to settle upon her. By the time she reached Paris, she was just as strong and cool and calm as she could wish.

She met her grandchildren, and they were even more beautiful in the flesh than in their photographs. They were like angels, she told herself, so beautiful they were. And every day she took them for walks, and fed them cakes, and bought them presents, and told them charming stories.

Once a week, on Tuesdays, she wrote a letter to her husband a nice, chatty letter - full of news and gossip, which always ended with the words Now be sure to take your meals regularly, dear, although this is something I'm afraid you may not be doing when I'm not with you.'

When the six weeks were up, everybody was sad that she had to return to America, to her husband. Everybody, that is, except her. Surprisingly, she didn't seem to mind as much as one might have expected, and when she kissed them all good-bye, there was something in her manner and in the things she said that appeared to hint at the possibility of a return in the not too distant future.

However, like the faithful wife she was, she did not overstay her time. Exactly six weeks after she had arrived, she sent a cable to her husband and caught the plane back to New York.

Arriving at Idlewild, Mrs Foster was interested to observe that there was no car to meet her. It is possible that she might even have been a little amused. But she was extremely calm.

The taxi drew up before the house on Sixty-second Street, and Mrs Foster persuaded the driver to carry her two large cases to the top of the steps. Then she paid him off and rang the bell. She waited, but there was no answer. Just to make sure, she rang again, and she could hear it tinkling shrilly far away in the pantry, at the back of the house. But still no one came.

So she took out her own key and opened the door herself. The first thing she saw as she entered was a great pile of mail lying on the floor where it had fallen after being slipped through the letter box. The place was dark and cold. A dust sheet was still draped over the grandfather clock. In spite of the cold, the atmosphere was peculiarly oppressive, and there was a faint and curious odour in the air that she had never smelled before.

She walked quickly across the hall and disappeared for a moment around the corner to the left, at the back. There was something deliberate and purposeful about this action; she had the air of a woman who is off to investigate a rumour or to confirm a suspicion. And when she returned a few seconds later, there was a little glimmer of satisfaction on her face.

She paused in the centre of the hall, as though wondering what to do next. Then, suddenly, she turned and went across into her husband's study. On the desk she found his address book, and after hunting through it for a while she picked up the phone and dialled a number.

'Hello,' she said. 'Listen - this is Nine East Sixty-second Street . . . . Yes, that's right. Could you send someone round as soon as possible, do you think? Yes, it seems to be stuck between the second and third floors. At least, that's where the indicator's pointing. . . Right away? Oh, that's very kind of you. You see, my legs aren't any too good for walking up a lot of stairs. Thank you so much. Good-bye.'

She replaced the receiver and sat there at her husband's desk, patiently waiting for the man who would be coming soon to repair the lift.

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