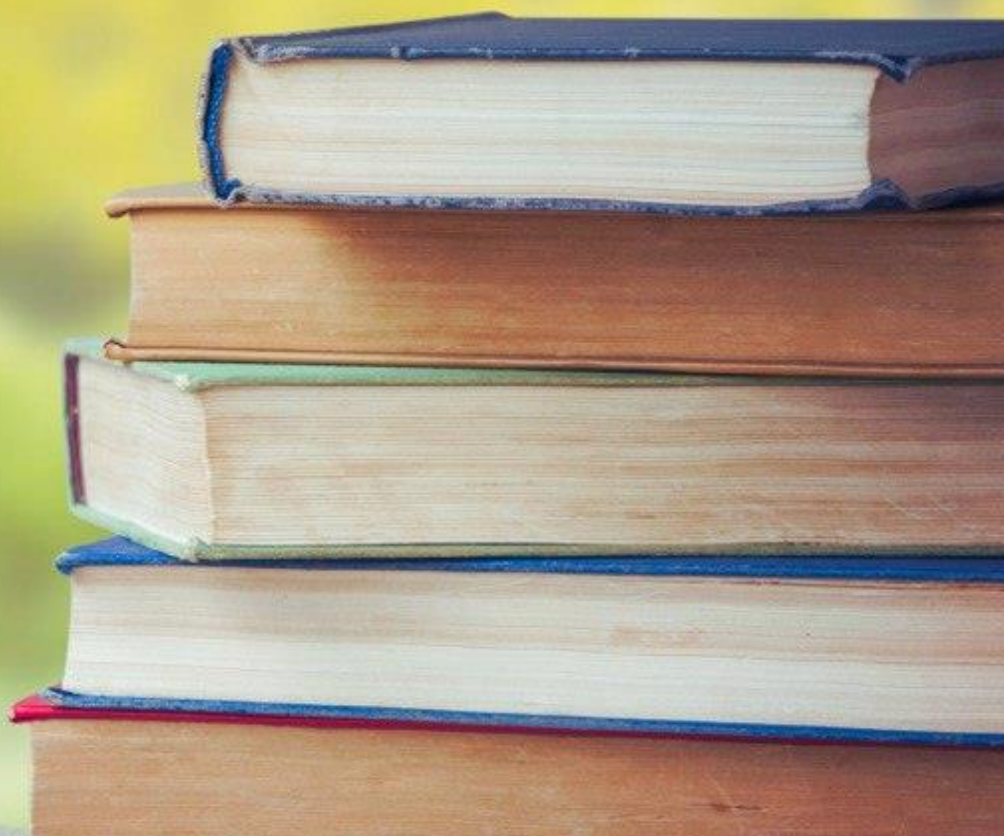


НОО "ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНАЯ НАУКА"

ОСНОВЫ
ЛИНГВОФИЛОЛОГИЧЕСКОГО
АНАЛИЗА ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО
ТЕКСТА

УЧЕБНОЕ ПОСОБИЕ

И. Ж. ТОЛМАЧЕВА



МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
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И. Ж. Толмачева

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В пособии представлены задания, направленные на обогащение словарного запаса обучающихся, развитие навыков понимания оригинального текста и совершенствование навыков говорения. Наиболее эффективным типом упражнений в этом пособии являются задания, которые рассчитаны помочь студентам обсудить основные проблемы произведения, интересные эпизоды, поступки и размышления персонажей, излюбленные стилистические приемы автора и т.п.

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CONTENTS

PART I. FOCUS ON STYLISTIC ANALYSIS	5
Language as The Medium of Literature.....	5
A Word and its Semantic Structure	6
Stylistic Differentiation of the Vocabulary.....	7
Macro Components of Poetic Structure	10
Revision of the macro components of poetic structure	17
Micro components of poetic structure: tropes and figures of speech...	19
A Glossary of Rhetorical Terms with Examples	22
Revision of micro components of poetic structure.....	25
Active Vocabulary in Writing on Literature	26
Texts for stylistic analysis and study questions.....	28
PART II. FOCUS ON STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS	54
The pattern of structural analysis	59
PART III. EXAMPLES OF ANALYSES WRITTEN BY STUDENTS	62
LIST OF REFERENCES	85

PART I. FOCUS ON STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

Language as The Medium of Literature

Each art has its own medium, i.e. its own material substance. It is language that is the material substance of literature. Language is capable of transmitting practically any kind of information. It has names for all things, phenomena and relations of objective reality. Language bears within itself national idiosyncrasy known as idiomaticity.

It is necessary to learn what the language can offer to serve the innumerable communicative tasks and purposes of language users; how various elements of the language participate in storing and transferring information; which of them carries which type of information, etc.

The best way to find answers to most of these and similar questions is to investigate informational values and possibilities of language units, following the structural hierarchy of language levels - from the level of the phoneme through the levels of the morpheme and the word to that of the sentence.

The resources of each language level become evident in action, i.e., in speech, so the attention of the learners is drawn to the behaviour of each language element in functioning, to its aptitude to convey various kinds of information.

The ability of a verbal element to obtain extra significance, to say more in a definite context was called by Prague linguists *foregrounding*.

A contextually foregrounded element carries more information than when taken in isolation, so it is possible to say that in context it is loaded with basic information inherently belonging to it, plus the acquired, adherent, additional information. It is this latter that is mainly responsible for the well-known fact that a sentence always means more than the sum total of the meanings of its component-words, or a text means more than the sum of its sentences.

So, stylistic analysis involves rather subtle procedures of finding the foregrounded element and indicating the chemistry of its contextual changes, brought about by the intentional, planned operations of the addresser, i.e. affected by the conscious stylistic use of the language.

For foreign language students stylistic analysis holds particular difficulties: linguistic intuition of a native speaker, which is very helpful in all philological activities, does not work in the case of foreign learners. Besides, difficulties may arise because of the inadequate language command and the ensuing gaps in grasping the basic, denotational information. Starting stylistic analysis, thus, one should bear in mind that the understanding of each separate component of the message is an indispensable condition of satisfactory work with the message as a whole, of getting down to the core and essence of its meaning.

Stylistic analysis not only broadens the theoretical horizons of a language learner but it also teaches the latter the skill of competent reading, on the one hand, and proprieties of situational language usage, on the other.

A Word and its Semantic Structure

The forthcoming chapter is devoted to a linguistic unit of major significance — the word, which names, qualifies and evaluates the micro-and macrocosm of the surrounding world.

The most essential feature of a word is that it expresses the concept of a thing, process, phenomenon, naming (denoting) them. Concept is a logical category, its linguistic counterpart is meaning. Meaning, as the outstanding scholar L. Vygotsky put it, is the unity of generalization, communication and thinking.

An entity of extreme complexity, the meaning of a word is liable to historical changes, of which *you* know from the course of lexicology and which are responsible for the formation of an expanded semantic structure of a word. This structure is constituted of various types of lexical meanings, the major one being *denotational*, which informs of the *subject* of communication; and also including *connotational*, which informs about *the participants* and *conditions* of communication.

The list and specifications of connotational meanings vary with different linguistic schools and individual scholars and include such entries as:

pragmatic (directed at the perlocutionary effect of utterance),

associative (connected, through individual psychological or linguistic associations, with related and nonrelated notions),

ideological, or *conceptual* (revealing political, social, ideological preferences of the user),

evaluative (stating the value of the indicated notion),

emotive (revealing the emotional layer of cognition and perception),

expressive (aiming at creating the image of the object in question),

stylistic (indicating “the register”, or the situation of the communication).

The above-mentioned meanings are classified as connotational not only because they supply additional (and not the logical/denotational) information, but also because, for the most part, they are observed not all at once and not in all words either. Some of them are more important for the act of communication than the others. Very often they overlap.

So, all words possessing an emotive meaning are also evaluative (e.g., “rascal”, “ducky”), though this rule is not reversed, as we can find non-emotive, intellectual evaluation (e.g. “good”, “bad”). Again, all emotive words (or practically all, for that matter) are also expressive, while there are hundreds of expressive words which cannot be treated as emotive (take, for example the so-called expressive verbs, which not only denote some action or process but also create their image, as in “to gulp” = to swallow in big lumps, in a hurry; or “to sprint” = to run fast).

The number, importance and the overlapping character of connotational meanings, incorporated into the semantic structure of a word, are brought forth by the context, i.e., a concrete speech act that identifies and actualizes each one. More than that: each context does not only specify the existing semantic (both denotational and connotational)

possibilities of a word, but also is capable of adding new ones, or deviating rather considerably from what is registered in the dictionary. Because of that, all contextual meanings of a word can never be exhausted or comprehensively enumerated.

In the semantic actualization of a word the context plays a dual role: on one hand, it cuts off all meanings irrelevant for the given communicative situation. On the other, it foregrounds one of the meaningful options of a word, focusing the communicators' attention on one of the denotational or connotational components of its semantic structure.

The significance of the context is comparatively small in the field of stylistic connotations, because the word is labelled stylistically before it enters some context, i.e., in the dictionary: recollect the well-known contractions *-vulg.*, *arch.*, *sl.*, etc., which make an indispensable part of a dictionary entry. Therefore, there is sense to start the survey of connotational meanings with the stylistic differentiation of the vocabulary.

Stylistic Differentiation of the Vocabulary

The word-stock of any given language can be roughly divided into three uneven groups, differing from each other by the sphere of its possible use. The biggest division is made up of *neutral* words, possessing no stylistic connotation and suitable for any communicative situation; two smaller ones are *literary* and *colloquial* strata respectively.

Literary words serve to satisfy communicative demands of official, scientific, poetic messages, while the colloquial ones are employed in non-official everyday communication. Though there is no immediate correlation between the written and the oral forms of speech on one hand, and the literary and colloquial words, on the other, yet, for the most part, the first ones are mainly observed in the written form, as most literary messages appear in writing. And vice versa: though there are many examples of colloquialisms in writing (informal letters, diaries, certain passages of memoirs, etc.), their usage is associated with the oral form of communication.

Consequently, taking for analysis printed materials we shall find literary words in authorial speech, descriptions, considerations, while colloquialisms will be observed in the types of discourse, simulating (copying) everyday oral communication — i.e., in the dialogue (or interior monologue) of a prose work.

When we classify some speech (text) fragment as literary or colloquial it does not mean that all the words constituting it have a corresponding stylistic meaning. More than that: words with a pronounced stylistic connotation are few in any type of discourse, the overwhelming majority of its lexis being neutral. As our famous philologist L.V. Shcherba once said — a stylistically coloured word is like a drop of paint added to a glass of pure water and colouring the whole of it.

Neither of the two named groups of words, possessing a stylistic meaning, is homogeneous as to the quality of the meaning, frequency of use, sphere of application, or the number and character of potential users. This is why each one is further divided into the *general*, i.e., known to and used by most native speakers in generalized literary (formal) or

colloquial (informal) communication, and *special* bulks. The latter ones, in their turn, are subdivided into subgroups, each one serving a rather narrow; specified communicative purpose.

So, among **special literary** words, as a rule, at least two major subgroups are mentioned. They are:

1. *Terms*, i.e., words denoting objects, processes, phenomena of science, humanities, technique.

2. *Archaisms*, i.e., words,

a) denoting historical phenomena which are no more in use (such as “yeoman”, “vassal”, “falconet”). These are *historical words*.

b) used in poetry in the XVII-XIX cc. (such as “steed” for “horse”; “quoth” for “said”; “woe” for “sorrow”). These are *poetic words*.

c) in the course of language history ousted by newer synonymic words (such as “whereof = of which; “to deem” = to think; “repast” = meal; “nay” = no) or forms (“maketh” = makes; “thou wilt” = you will; “brethren” = brothers). These are called *archaic words* (archaic forms) *proper*.

Literary words, both general (also called *learned, bookish, high-flown*) and special, contribute to the message the tone of solemnity, sophistication, seriousness, gravity, learnedness. They are used in official papers and documents, in scientific communication, in high poetry, in authorial speech of creative prose.

Colloquial words, on the contrary, mark the message as informal, non-official, conversational. Apart from general colloquial words, widely used by all speakers of the language in their everyday communication (e.g., “dad”, “kid”, “crony”, “fan”, “to pop”, “folks”), such special subgroups may be mentioned:

1. *Slang* forms the biggest one. Slang words, used by most speakers in very informal communication, are highly emotive and expressive and as such, lose their originality rather fast and are replaced by newer formations. This tendency to synonymic expansion results in long chains of synonyms of various degrees of expressiveness, denoting one and the same concept. So, the idea of a “pretty girl” is worded by more than one hundred ways in slang.

In only one novel by S. Lewis there are close to a dozen synonyms used by Babbitt, the central character, in reference to a girl: “cookie”, “tomato”, “Jane”, “sugar”, “bird”, “cutie”, etc.

The substandard status of slang words and phrases, through universal usage, can be raised to the standard colloquial: “pal”, “chum,” “crony” for “friend”; “heavies”, “woolies” for “thick panties”; “booze” for “liquor”; “dough” for “money”; “how’s tricks” for “how’s life”; “beat it” for “go away” and many more — are examples of such a transition.

2. *Jargonisms* stand close to slang, also being substandard, expressive and emotive, but, unlike slang they are used by limited groups of people, united either professionally (in this case we deal with professional jargonisms, or *professionalisms*), or socially (here we deal with *jargonisms proper*). In distinction from slang, jargonisms of both types cover a narrow semantic field: in the first case it is that, connected with the technical side of some

profession. So, in oil industry, e.g., for the terminological “driller” (буровщик) there exist “borer”, “digger”, “wrencher”, “hogger”, “brake weight”; for “pipeliner” (трубопроводчик) — “swabber”, “bender”, “cat”, “old cat”, “collar-pecker”, “hammerman”; for “geologist” — “smeller”, “pebble pup”, “rock hound”, “witcher”, etc. From all the examples at least two points are evident: professionalisms are formed according to the existing word-building patterns or present existing words in new meanings, and, covering the field of special professional knowledge, which is semantically limited, they offer a vast variety of synonymic choices for naming one and the same professional item.

Jargonisms proper are characterized by similar linguistic features, but differ in function and sphere of application. They originated from the thieves’ jargon (Argo, cant) and served to conceal the actual significance of the utterance from the uninitiated. Their major function thus was to be cryptic, secretive. This is why among them there are cases of conscious deformation of the existing words. The so-called *back jargon* (or *back slang*) can serve as an example: in their effort to conceal the machinations of dishonest card-playing, gamblers used numerals in their reversed form: “ano” for “one”, “owt” for “two”, “erth” for “three”.

3. *Vulgarisms* are coarse words with a strong emotive meaning, mostly derogatory, normally avoided in polite conversation. History of vulgarisms reflects the history of social ethics. So, in Shakespearian times people were much more linguistically frank in their communication than in the age of Enlightenment or the Victorian era, famous for its prudish and reserved manners. Nowadays words which were labelled vulgar in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are considered such no more. In fact, at present we are faced with the reverse of the problem: there are practically no words banned from use by the modern permissive society. Such intensifiers as “bloody”, “damned”, “cursed”, “hell of”, formerly deleted from literature and not allowed in conversation, are not only welcomed in both written and oral speech, but, due to constant repetition, have lost much of their emotive impact and substandard quality. One of the best-known American editors and critics Maxwell Perkins, working with the serialized 1929 magazine edition of Hemingway’s novel *A Farewell to Arms* found that the publishers deleted close to a dozen words which they considered vulgar for the publication. Preparing the hard-cover edition Perkins allowed half of them back (“son of a bitch”, “whore”, “whorehound,” etc.). Starting from the late fifties no publishing house objected to any coarse or obscene expressions. Consequently, in contemporary West European and American prose all words, formerly considered vulgar for public use (including the four-letter words), are accepted by the existing moral and ethical standards of society and censorship.

4. *Dialectal words* are normative and devoid of any stylistic meaning in regional dialects, but used outside of them, carry a strong flavour of the locality where they belong. In Great Britain four major dialects are distinguished: Lowland Scotch, Northern, Midland (Central) and Southern. In the USA three major dialectal varieties are distinguished: New England, Southern and Midwestern (Central, Midland). These classifications do not include many minor local variations. Dialects markedly differ on the phonemic level: one and the same

phoneme is differently pronounced in each of them. They differ also on the lexical level, having their own names for locally existing phenomena and also supplying locally circulating synonyms for the words, accepted by the language in general. Some of them have entered the general vocabulary and lost their dialectal status (“lad”, “pet”, “squash”, “plaid”).

Each of the above-mentioned four groups justifies its label of special colloquial words as each one, due to varying reasons, has application limited to a certain group of people or to certain communicative situations.

Now, after you had learnt the basic questions connected with language as medium of literature, we can study macro- and micro components of poetic structure.

Macro Components of Poetic Structure

Poetic structure of the literary work involves such entities as image, theme, idea, character, composition and plot.

Literary image

The world of a literary work is the world of its characters, situations, events, etc, similar to those of real life. Literature cognizes and interprets life by recreating life in the form of images inspired by life and in accordance with the author’s vision.

Literary image is thus the language of literature, the form of its existence.

The term “image” refers not only to the whole of the literary work or to such of its main elements as characters but to any of its meaningful units such as detail, phrase, etc. All images in the literary work constitute a hierarchical interrelation. The top of this hierarchy is the macro image, the literary work itself, understood as an image of life visioned and depicted by the author. Within the literary work the image of the character is the top of the hierarchy of images. At the bottom of the hierarchy there is the word-image: simile, epithet, metaphor, etc. They together with other elements build up character-images, event-images, landscape-images, etc.

Theme and idea

The theme of a literary work is the represented aspect of life. As literary works commonly have human characters for their subject of depiction, the theme may be understood to be an interaction of human characters under certain circumstances, such as social and/or psychological conflict (war and peace, race discrimination, a clash of ideologies and the like).

The theme of a literary work can be easily understood from the plot of the work: it allows of a schematic formulation, e.g., “this is a story of race discrimination in the USA” and the like.

The idea of a literary work are the underlying thought and emotional attitude transmitted to the reader by the whole poetic structure of the literary text.

The idea is not the issue, or problem, or subject with which the work deals, but rather the comment or statement the author makes about that issue, problem or subject. It is the

author's way of communicating and sharing his/her perceptions and feelings with his/her readers or, as is so often the case, of probing and exploring with them the puzzling questions of human existence, most of which do not yield neat, tidy, or universally acceptable answers.

The idea does not exist as an intellectual abstraction that an author imposes on the work like icing on a cake. Rather, the idea necessarily and inevitably emerges from the interplay of the various elements of the work and is organically and necessarily related to the work's total structure and texture.

Identifying the theme and the idea

There is no one correct approach to identifying theme and idea, as it is absolutely possible that readers will differ, even radically, on just what the idea of a given work is. Differences of opinion are perfectly acceptable as long as the interpretation being offered is plausibly rooted in the facts of the story. Still, the following suggestions may be helpful:

1) It is important to avoid confusing a work's theme (subject or situation) with its idea (generalized statement or comment that the work makes about a concrete subject or situation);

2) One should take into account the fact that some ideas are topical in nature (that is, they involve ideas that are valid only in relation to a specific time and place, or to a specific set of circumstances) and others are universal in their application.

3) On some occasions the theme and idea may be explicitly stated by one of the characters (who serves as a spokesman for the author) or even by the author himself/herself as an omniscient narrator. Even though such explicit statements must be taken seriously into account, a degree of caution is also necessary – for characters and narrators alike can be unreliable and misleading. In many cases, however, idea is usually not stated but implied by the work's total rendering of experience; it is only gradually revealed through the treatment of character and incident and by the development of the literary work.

4) The title an author gives the work often suggests a particular focus or emphasis for the reader's attention. The title of a work may provide clues both about theme and idea. For example, Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" refers not only to Africa, the 'dark' continent, but to the capacity for evil and corruption that exists in the human heart, thus the title is relevant to both the theme (the plot situation) and the idea of Conrad's story.

ANALYZING IDEA AND THEME

1. Read the work closely and carefully. Think of the work as speaking to you: What is it telling you? Asking you? Trying to make you feel?

2. Does the work have an overall theme? If so, how do details of the plot in the work serve to illuminate this theme?

3. Does the work have an idea? Is it stated or implied?

4. What generalizations or statements about life or human experience does the work make? What insight does it give about people and life?

5. What elements of the work contribute most heavily to the formulation of the idea?
6. Does the idea emerge organically and naturally, or does the author seem to force it upon the work?
7. What is the value or significance of the work's idea? Is it topical or universal in its application?

Character

For most readers of fiction, the primary attraction lies in the characters, in the endlessly fascinating collection of men and women whose experiences and adventures in life form the basis of the plots of the stories and the novels in which they appear.

When we speak of character in literary analysis, we are concerned essentially with three separate, but closely connected, activities:

- 1) First of all, we are concerned with being able to establish the personalities of the characters themselves and to identify their intellectual, emotional and moral qualities;
- 2) Second, we are concerned with the techniques an author uses to create, develop and present characters to the reader;
- 3) Third, we are concerned with whether the characters so presented are credible and convincing.

In evaluating the success of characterization, the 3rd issue is a particularly crucial one.

The term *character* applies to any individual in a literary work. For the purpose of analysis, characters in fiction are described by their relationship to plot, by the degree of development they are given by the author, and by whether or not they undergo significant character change.

The major or central character of the plot is *protagonist*; his or her opponent, the character against whom the protagonist struggles is the *antagonist*. The terms *protagonist* and *antagonist* do not (unlike the terms *hero* or *villain*) imply a judgment about moral worth. Many protagonists embody a complex mixture of both positive and negative qualities, very much in the way their real life counterparts do. The protagonist is usually very easy to identify; he or she is the essential character without whom there would be no plot. It is the protagonist's fate on which the attention of the reader is focused. Often the title of the work identifies the protagonist: "The Death of Ivan Ilyich", "A Rose for Emily", etc. The antagonist can be somewhat more difficult to identify, especially if he is not a human being, as is the case with the marlin that challenges the courage and endurance of the old fisherman Santiago in Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea". In fact, the antagonist may not be a living creature at all, but rather the hostile social or natural environment with which the protagonist is forced to contend.

Critics usually distinguish between *flat* and *round* characters.

Flat characters are those who embody or represent a single characteristic, trait or idea or a very limited number of such qualities. Flat characters are also referred to as *type*

characters, as one-dimensional characters or, when they are distorted to create humor, as caricatures. Flat characters usually play a minor role in the stories.

Round characters are just the opposite. They embody a number of qualities and traits, and are complex multidimensional characters of considerable intellectual and emotional depth who have the capacity to grow and change. Major characters in fiction are usually the round characters.

The terms *flat* and *round* do not automatically imply value judgments. Even when they are minor characters, flat characters often are convenient devices to draw out and help us to understand the personalities of characters who are more fully realized. Finally, round characters are not necessarily more alive or more convincing than flat ones. If they are, it is because the author has succeeded in making them so.

Characters in fiction can also be distinguished on the basis of whether they demonstrate the capacity to develop or change as the result of their experiences. *Dynamic characters* exhibit a capacity to change, *static characters* do not. Change in character may come slowly over many pages, or it may take place with a dramatic suddenness that surprises and even overwhelms the character.

Methods of characterization.

There are two main methods or techniques of revealing character: direct and indirect.

Direct methods of characterization include the following:

1. *Characterization through the use of names.*

Some characters are given names that suggest their dominant traits. Other characters are given names that reinforce their physical appearance. Names can also contain literary or historical allusions that aid in characterization by means of association. One must also be alert to names used ironically that characterize through inversion. Such is the case with the foolish Fortunato of Poe's "The Case of Amontillado", who surely must rank with the most unfortunate of men.

2. *Characterization through appearance.*

In real life appearances are often deceiving. In the world of fiction, however, details of appearance often provide essential clues to character. Details of physical appearance can help to identify a character's age and the general state of his physical and emotional health and well-being: whether the character is strong or weak, happy or sad, calm or agitated.

3. *Characterization by the author.*

In the most customary form of telling, the author interrupts the narrative and reveals directly, through a series of editorial comments, the nature and personality of the characters, including the thoughts and feelings that enter and pass through the characters' minds. By so doing the author asserts and retains full control over characterization. The author not only directs the reader's attention to a given character, but tells us exactly what our attitude toward the character ought to be.

Indirect methods of characterization include the following:

1. *Characterization through dialogue.*

It is a rare work of fiction whose author does not employ dialogue in some way to reveal, establish and reinforce character. Some characters are careful and guarded in what they say, they speak only indirectly, and we must infer from their words what they actually mean. Others are open and candid: they tell us, or appear to tell us, exactly what is on their minds.

A reader must be prepared to analyze the dialogue in a number of different ways: 1) the identity of the speaker, 2) the occasion, 3) what is being said, 4) the identity of the person the speaker is addressing, 5) the quality of exchange, 6) the speaker's tone of voice, stress, dialect and vocabulary.

2. *Characterization through action.*

To understand character on the basis of action, it is necessary to scrutinize the several events of the plot for what they seem to reveal about the characters, about their unconscious emotional and psychological states, as well as about their conscious attitudes and values. Some actions, of course, are more meaningful in this respect than others. A gesture or a facial expression usually carries with it less significance than some larger act. But this is not always the case. Very often a small and involuntary action tells us more about a character's inner life than a larger, premeditated act reflecting decision and choice.

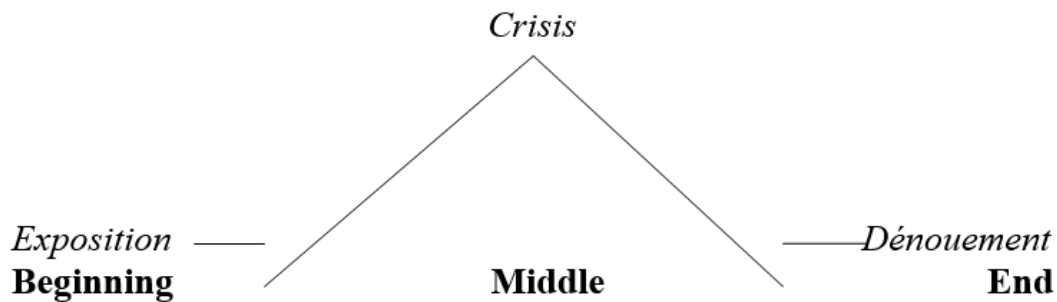
ANALYZING CHARACTER

1. Who is the protagonist of the work and who (or what) is the antagonist?
2. What is the function of minor characters?
3. Identify the characters in terms of whether they are flat or round, dynamic or static.
4. What methods does the author employ to establish and reveal the characters?
5. Are the actions of the characters properly motivated and consistent?
6. What seems to motivate the central characters?
7. Do any characters change significantly? If so, what – if anything – have they learned from their experiences?
8. Do sharp contrasts between characters highlight important themes?
9. Are the characters credible and interesting?

Plot

Plot is the deliberately arranged sequence of interrelated events in which the characters are involved, the theme and the idea revealed. Most plots have an identifiable beginning, middle, and end. In other terms, we can say that the plot consists of the following elements: *exposition*, *story*, *climax* and *dénouement*.

In XIX century a German critic H. Freitag suggested to consider the plot in form of pyramid:



The *exposition* is the beginning section in which the author provides the necessary background information, sets the scene, establishes the situation, and dates the action. It usually introduces the characters and the conflict, or at least the potential for conflict.

The *story* is that part of the plot which represents the beginning of the collision and the collision itself. It may have

- a) *complication* which is sometimes referred to as rising action (it develops and intensifies the conflict);
- b) *climax* (crisis) is that moment at which the plot reaches its point of greatest emotional intensity; it is the turning point of the plot, directly precipitating its resolution;
- c) *falling action* – once the crisis has been reached, the tension subsides and the plot moves toward its resolution.

The *dénouement* (resolution) is the final section of the plot; it records the outcome of the conflict and establishes some new equilibrium. It is the event or events that bring the action to an end.

A work of narrative prose that has all the elements mentioned above as clearly discernable parts is said to have *closed plot structure*. This type of writing was cultivated by such writers as A.P. Chekhov, E. Poe, H. James, O’Henry, W. Irving and others.

A literary work in which the action is represented without an obvious culmination, which does not contain all the above mentioned elements, understood in their conventional sense, is said to have an *open plot structure*, e.g., well-known stories with so called open ending (when the reader is left to decide himself/herself what resolution could be in the given situation) or stories which open in the midst of things, in *medias res* (as if the reader is already familiar with the setting and characters). This type of plot structure was especially favoured by E. Hemingway.

There are *two types of short stories*:

1. A plot (action) short story. This type has a closed plot structure, its plot being built upon one collision. The action dramatically develops only to explode at the very end.
2. A psychological (character) short story. It generally shows the drama of a character’s inner world. The structure in such story is usually open, the traditional elements of the plot are not clearly discernable and the action is less dynamic as compared to that of the plot short story. (e.g. “Cat in the rain” by E. Hemingway).

The more usual is the so-called mixed type.

Most plots originate in some kind of significant *conflict*. The conflict may be either *external*, when the main character is pitted against some object or force outside himself, or *internal*, in which case the issue to be resolved is one within the character's own self.

External conflict may take the form of a basic opposition between man or woman and nature ("To Build a Fire" by J. London or "The Old man and the Sea" by E. Hemingway); between an individual and society ("Daisy Miller" by H. James); between two individuals (Sherlock Holmes and a criminal).

Some conflicts, in fact, are never made explicit and must be inferred by the reader from what the characters do or say as the plot unfolds ("Hills Like White Elephants" E. Hemingway).

Avoiding simple plot summary in your writing

When you write about literary work that has a plot (a short story, a novel, a play, a film, etc), you are expected to give more than just a plot summary. In academic writing you should try to resist temptation to rely heavily on plot summary and suggest more interpretation by paying special attention to the way you present your feelings and thoughts and idea. The following common troubles and solutions may be helpful:

trouble	solution
<p>You assume that your audience may not have read the work and either needs to hear the plot or wants to hear it. Or you enjoyed the story and want to share it with readers. As a result, you are just summarizing the plot in too detailed way. e.g., rough-draft topic sentence which gives a plot summary and lacks interpretation may sound as follows: <i>As they drift the river on a raft, Huck and the runaway slave Jim have many philosophical discussions.</i></p>	<p>Unless you have been told otherwise, in academic writing you should assume that your readers have read the work. Your job is to share with them not the work itself but your own interpretation of it. e.g., the revised topic sentence will announce an interpretation if it sounds as follows: <i>The theme of dawning moral awareness is reinforced by the many philosophical discussions between Huck and Jim, the runaway slave, as they drift down the river on a raft.</i></p>
<p>Time words such as <i>when</i> and <i>after</i>, which are useful and natural transitions in literature papers, tempt you to shift to a mere plot summary.</p>	<p>Continue to use these important and natural transitions, but catch yourself if 2 or 3 sentences in a row move away from interpretation. Sometimes you can open a sentence with a subordinate clause beginning with a time word and put the interpretation in the main clause, like this: <i>When Sister says that the entire family has turned against her, she seems to be right, even though many of this narrator's other perceptions are not to be trusted</i></p>
<p>Plot summaries appeal to you because you find a chronological organization of your paper easier to manage than other kinds of organizations.</p>	<p>Although time order is indeed one of the easiest methods of organization, be aware that the easiest strategy is not always the best one.</p>
<p>Referring to characters or events you may give them names in the way convenient for you or as you just remembered.</p>	<p>It is important to remember how the character is referred to in the work by the author and remain the same name in your writing, e.g., be sure that you write <i>'Lady Macbeth'</i> – not <i>'Mrs. Macbeth'</i></p>
<p>Referring to parts of work you may abuse such phrases as <i>'the part where'</i></p>	<p>Instead give specific references using the appropriate descriptive terms: <i>the final stanza, the scene in which Hamlet confronts his mother, the passage that refers to Jane Austen</i>, and so on.</p>
<p>Because you can't think of an interpretation, you turn to a plot summary.</p>	<p>Admittedly, interpretations are not always easy to come up with, but a variety of strategies may help. First, read the work more than once and pose questions that might lead to an interpretation (see the possible questions suggested in <i>Analyzing Plot</i> below this chart). Second, discuss the work with classmates or friends. Third, take a look at sample papers (available in this manual on page 66). Finally, consider making an appointment with your instructor.</p>

ANALYZING PLOT

1. What is the conflict on which the plot turns? Is it external, internal, or some combination of the two?
2. Why are events revealed in a particular order?
3. Describe the plot in terms of its exposition, complication, climax, falling action and dénouement.
4. What is the setting (time and place) of the plot? Is the setting important? If so, what is its function? Does the setting create an atmosphere, give an insight into a character, suggest symbolic meanings, or hint at the idea of the work? Does the author want the reader to see *or* feel the setting; or does the author want the reader to both see *and* feel it?
5. What are the chief episodes or incidents that make up the plot? Is its development strictly chronological, or is the chronology rearranged in some way? Are there any flashbacks? If yes, what is their function?
6. Compare the plot's beginning and end. What essential changes have taken place?
7. Is the plot unified? Do the individual episodes logically relate to one another?
8. Is the ending appropriate to and consistent with the rest of the plot?
9. Is the plot plausible? What role, if any, do chance and coincidence play?

Revision of the macro components of poetic structure

I. Read questions and choose the answer:

1. The medium of literature is
 - a) Image
 - b) language
 - c) communication
 - d) text
2. What type of meaning informs of the subject of communication?
 - a) denotational
 - b) connotational
 - c) grammatical
3. What type of meaning informs of the participants and conditions of communication?
 - b) denotational
 - b) connotational
 - c) grammatical
4. What component of meaning is **not** contained in connotation?
 - a) stylistic
 - b) evaluative
 - c) logical
 - d) expressive
 - e) emotive
5. What subgroup does **not** belong to the literary layer?
 - a) terms
 - b) archaisms
 - c) professionalisms
6. What subgroup does **not** belong to the colloquial layer?
 - b) jargonisms
 - b) dialectal words
 - c) poetic words
7. The majority of words in any text (speech) is usually ...
 - a) bookish
 - b) informal
 - c) neutral
8. The idea of a literary work can be easily understood from the plot of the work
 - a) true
 - b) false
9. The idea of a literary work can be understood as

a) the author's way of communicating and sharing his/her perceptions and feelings with a reader

b) an interaction of human characters under certain circumstances, such as social and/or psychological conflict (e.g. race discrimination)

10. The term 'protagonist' refers to the essential character without whom there would be no plot

a) true b) false

11. The antagonist

a) is necessarily a human being with whom the protagonist has to struggle

b) can be not only a living creature, but rather the hostile social or natural environment with which the protagonist is forced to contend

12. What characters embody or represent a number of qualities and traits?

a) round b) flat c) secondary

13. Characterization through dialogue and action is

a) a direct method of character-drawing b) an indirect method of character-drawing

14. Characterization through appearance is

a) a direct method of character-drawing b) an indirect method of character-drawing

15. What components are not obligatory elements of the plot and flexible?

a) beginning, middle, end b) exposition, climax, dénouement

16. The conflict is external if

a) the main character is put against some object or force outside himself

b) the issue to be resolved is one within the character's own self

II. Read the given fragment from the book "Three men a boat" by Jerome. K. Jerome (Chapter XIV):

We got out at Sonning, and went for a walk round the village. It is the most fairy-like little nook on the whole river. It is more like a stage village than one built of bricks and mortar. Every house is smothered in roses, and now, in early June, they were bursting forth in clouds of dainty splendour. If you stop at Sonning, put up at the "Bull," behind the church. It is a veritable picture of an old country inn, with green, square courtyard in front, where, on seats beneath the trees, the old men group of an evening to drink their ale and gossip over village politics; with low, quaint rooms and latticed windows, and awkward stairs and winding passages.

We roamed about sweet Sonning for an hour or so, and then, it being too late to push on past Reading, we decided to go back to one of the Shiplake islands, and put up there for the night. It was still early when we got settled, and George said that, as we had plenty of time, it would be a splendid opportunity to try a good, slap-up supper. He said he would show us what could be done up the river in the way of cooking, and suggested that, with the vegetables and the remains of the cold beef and general odds and ends, we should make an Irish stew.

Now study two possible variants of writing/speaking on the macro-components of the given fragment and say what variant is more appropriate? Why?

Variant 1

At the beginning of the text, we are introduced to the main characters. They are three friends who decided to put up at some country inn. Then the author describes in detail the village. And we understand that the narrator and his friends find the place quite beautiful and that's why they make up their minds to do some cooking on the bank of the river. George says that it would be a good opportunity to try a good supper. The text, as we see, is going to be a kind of recipe of the Irish stew

Variant 2

The opening paragraphs can be regarded as the exposition of the story as it conforms to the following traditional parameters:

- 1) *It indicates the time (in early June)*
- 2) *It describes the setting (the village)*
- 3) *It introduces the main characters (the narrator)*
- 4) *More importantly, it supplies a certain potential for the conflict of the story (the idea to start cooking in open air)*

The exposition in itself is also a good example of indirect method of character-drawing. The narrator's personal traits of character are implicitly portrayed through the description of the village. I think only romantic person can create such a lyrical picture of an ordinary village (one should note the use of metaphors - "houses smothered in roses", "they (roses) were bursting forth in clouds of dainty splendor", personification - "awkward stairs", simile - "fairy-like nook"). George is shown to us as a person who can function as a leader. Through his speech ("he said he would show us what could be done up the river in the way of cooking") and actions (the initiative to organize a picnic) we immediately see him as a man who is ready to give orders and who is quite confident of his leadership skills.

Micro components of poetic structure: tropes and figures of speech

Most of the terms used in this chapter to denote different stylistic devices and expressive means go back to ancient rhetoric. The role of metalanguage (tropes and figures of speech) in writing on literature cannot be overestimated. Actually, when we analyze the intricacies of stylistic functioning of language units of different linguistic levels, we are trying to see how they enhance and strengthen the given information and — still more important — create the new, additional meaning of the message.

When discussing literature, we usually analyze the language on the phonological, graphical, lexical and syntactical level.

Devoid of denotational or connotational meaning, *a phoneme*, according to recent studies, has a strong associative and sound-instrumenting power. Well-known are numerous

cases of *onomatopoeia*—the use of words whose sounds imitate those of the signified object or action, such as “hiss”, “bowwow”, “murmur”, “bump”, “grumble”, “sizzle” and many more.

Imitating the sounds of nature, man, inanimate objects, the acoustic form of the word foregrounds the latter, inevitably emphasizing its meaning too. Thus the phonemic structure of the word proves to be important for the creation of expressive and emotive connotations. A message, containing an onomatopoeic word is not limited to transmitting the logical information only, but also supplies the vivid portrayal of the situation described.

Poetry abounds in some specific types of sound-instrumenting, the leading role belonging to *alliteration*—the repetition of consonants, usually-in the beginning of words, and *assonance*—the repetition of similar vowels, usually in stressed syllables. They both may produce the effect of *euphony* (a sense of ease and comfort in pronouncing or hearing) or *cacophony* (a sense of strain and discomfort in pronouncing or hearing).

To create additional information in a prose discourse sound-instrumenting is seldom used. In contemporary advertising, mass media and, above all, imaginative prose sound is foregrounded mainly through the change of its accepted graphical representation. This intentional violation of the graphical shape of a word (or word combination) used to reflect its authentic pronunciation is called *graphon*.

Graphons, indicating irregularities or carelessness of pronunciation were occasionally introduced into English novels and journalism as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century and since then have acquired an ever-growing frequency of usage, popularity among writers, journalists, advertisers, and a continuously widening scope of functions.

Graphon, individualizing the character’s speech, adds to his plausibility, vividness, memorability. At the same time, graphon is very good at conveying the atmosphere of authentic live communication, of the informality of the speech act. Some amalgamated forms, which are the result of strong assimilation, became cliches in contemporary prose dialogue: “gimme” (give me), “lemme” (let me), “gonna” (going to), “gotta” (got to), “coupla” (couple of), “mighta” (might have), “willya” (will you), etc.

According to the frequency of usage, variability of functions, the first place among graphical means of foregrounding is occupied by *italics*. Besides italicizing words, to add to their logical or emotive significance, separate syllables and morphemes may also be emphasized by italics (which is highly characteristic of D. Salinger or T. Capote). Intensity of speech (often in commands) is transmitted through the *multiplication* of a grapheme or *capitalization* of the word, as in Babbitt’s shriek “Alllll aboarrrrrd”, or in the desperate appeal in A. Huxley’s *Brave New World*—“Help. Help. HELP.” Hyphenation of a word suggests the rhymed or clipped manner in which it is uttered as in the humiliating comment from Fl. O’Connor’s story—“grinning like a chim-pan-zee”.

You know by now that among multiple functions of the word the main one is to denote, denotational meaning thus being the major semantic characteristic of the word. Most of tropes are based on the foregrounding of this particular function, i.e., with such types of

denoting phenomena that create additional expressive, evaluative, subjective connotations. We deal in fact with the substitution of the existing names approved by long usage and fixed in dictionaries by new, occasional, individual ones, prompted by the speaker's subjective original view and evaluation of things. This act of name-exchange, of substitution is traditionally referred to as *transference*, for, indeed, the name of one object is transferred onto another, proceeding from their similarity (of shape, colour, function, etc.), or closeness (of material existence, cause/ effect, instrument/result, part/whole relations, etc.).

Each type of intended substitution results in a *stylistic device (SD)* called also a *trope*.

When we analyze the language on the level of syntax we start with the study of the length and the structure of a sentence. It appears, the length of any language unit is a very important factor in information exchange, for the human brain can receive and transmit information only if the latter is punctuated by pauses.

Theoretically speaking a sentence can be of any length, as there are no linguistic limitations for its growth, so even monstrous constructions of several hundred words each, technically should be viewed as sentences.

Unable to specify the upper limit of sentence length we definitely know its lower mark to be one word. *One-word sentences* possess a very strong emphatic impact, for their only word obtains both the word-and the sentence-stress. The word constituting a sentence also obtains its own sentence-intonation which, too, helps to foreground the content.

Abrupt changes from short sentences to long ones and then back again, create a very strong effect of tension and suspense for they serve to arrange a nervous, uneven, ragged rhythm of the utterance.

There is no direct or immediate correlation between the length and the structure of a sentence: short sentences may be structurally complicated, while the long ones, on the contrary, may have only one subject-predicate pair.

At the same time, very short sentences may boast of two and more clauses, i.e., may be complex.

Not only the clarity and understandability of the sentence but also its expressiveness depend on the position of clauses, constituting it. So, if a sentence opens with the main clause, which is followed by dependent units, such a structure is called *loose*, is less emphatic and is highly characteristic of informal writing and conversation. *Periodic* sentences, on the contrary, open with subordinate clauses, absolute and participial constructions, the main clause being withheld until the end. Such structures are known for their emphasis and are used mainly in creative prose. Similar structuring of the beginning of the sentence and its end produces *balanced* sentences known for stressing the logic and reasoning of the content and thus preferred in publicist writing.

Punctuation is very important. *Points of exclamation* and *of interrogation*, *dots*, *dashes* help to specify the meaning of the written sentence which in oral speech would be conveyed by the intonation. It is not only the *emphatic types of punctuation* listed above that may serve as an additional source of information, but also more conventional *commas*, *semicolons* and *full stops*. E.g.: "What's your name?" "John Lewis." "Mine's Liza. Watkin."

(K.K.) The full stop between the name and the surname shows there was a pause between them and the surname came as a response to the reaction (surprise, amusement, roused interest) of John Lewis at such an informal self-introduction.

Below you may see the chart with main terms which are often used when discussing literature, each term is accompanied by definition and example. When you start analyzing a literary work from stylistic point of view, it is strongly recommended that you should pay more attention on interpretation of function of the given trope or figure of speech. Try to avoid a simple identification, like this – *here the author used a metaphor/simile/litotes*, etc. Instead, you should write – *the author resorted to a metaphor in order to give a deep psychological insight into the character's inner world at the given moment/ the employed SD clearly renders the subjective emotional attitude of the author to his/her character/ the image is developed through the use of several SDs*, etc.

A Glossary of Rhetorical Terms with Examples

Tropes and figures of speech	Definition	Example
Allusion	A reference to literary characters or historical events, mythological images that by some association have come to stand for a certain thing or idea	It seemed that his route to the Island was not to be an <i>epicurean</i> one (O'Henry)
Anadiplosis	Repetition of the end of a line or clause at the next beginning	And everywhere were <i>people</i> . <i>People</i> going into gates and coming out of gates (P. Abrahams)
Anaphora	Repetition of a word at the beginning of a clause, line, or sentence	<i>We shall</i> not flag or fail. <i>We shall</i> go on to the end. <i>We shall fight</i> in France, <i>we shall fight</i> on the seas and oceans, <i>we shall fight</i> with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, <i>we shall</i> defend our island, whatever the cost may be, <i>we shall fight</i> on the beaches, <i>we shall fight</i> on the landing grounds, <i>we shall fight</i> in the fields and in the streets, <i>we shall fight</i> in the hills. <i>We shall</i> never surrender. Churchill.
Anticlimax	A figure of speech which destroys the effect achieved by climax	I feasted like a king, like 4 kings, like a boy in the 4 th form (Coppard)
Antithesis	Opposition, or contrast of ideas or words in a balanced or parallel construction.	Youth is lovely, age is lonely; Youth is fiery, age is frosty (Longfellow)
Antonomasia	The use of proper name for a common one to denote a different person who possesses some qualities of the primary owner of the name	He is the Napoleon of crime

Tropes and figures of speech	Definition	Example
Aposiopesis	A form of ellipsis by which a speaker comes to an abrupt halt, seemingly overcome by passion (fear, excitement, etc.) or modesty. It is a sudden break in the narrative for rhetorical effect	Good intentions but... You just come home or I'll...
Asyndeton	Lack of conjunctions between coordinate phrases, clauses, or words.	We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardships, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty. J. F. Kennedy, Inaugural speech
Chiasmus	Reversal of grammatical structures or ideas in successive phrases or clauses, which do not necessarily involve a repetition of words	In the days of old <i>men made manners</i> ; <i>Manners now make men</i> (Byron)
Climax	Arrangement of words, phrases, or clauses in an order of ascending power. Often the last emphatic word in one phrase or clause is repeated as the first emphatic word of the next.	More snow, more cold, more sickness, more death
Ellipsis	An intentional omission from an utterance of one or more words	Hungry?
Epiphora	Repetition of a word at the end of a clause, line, or sentence	If you are cold tea <i>will warm you</i> , if you are heated <i>it will cool you</i> , if you are depressed <i>it will cheer you</i> , if you are excited <i>it will calm you</i> (Gladstone)
Epithet	Attributive emotional characterization of a person, thing or phenomenon	The glow of an angry sunset (Dickens)
Euphemism	Substitution of an agreeable or at least non-offensive expression for one whose plainer meaning might be harsh or unpleasant.	The mosquito <i>made a satisfactory hiss in the flame</i> (instead of saying 'it was killed in the flame')
Framing repetition	The beginning of the sentence is repeated at the end	<i>Killer</i> defends <i>killer</i> (R.N.Patterson)
Hyperbole	An exaggerated or extravagant statement used to make a strong impression, but not intended to be taken literally	The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in and the sun and the moon were made to give them light (Dickens)
Irony	Expressing a meaning directly contrary to that suggested by the words; Expression of something which is contrary to the intended meaning; the words say one thing but mean another.	It must be <i>delightful</i> to find oneself in a foreign country <i>without a penny in one's pocket</i> .
Litotes	Use of double negation, one –through the negative particle <i>nor</i> or <i>not</i> , and another – through word with a negative affix or word with negative meaning	He is <i>not a coward</i> . He had <i>not</i> been <i>unhappy</i> all day

Tropes and figures of speech	Definition	Example
<p>Metaphor</p> <p>Personification</p>	<p>Implied comparison achieved through a figurative use of words; the word is used not in its literal sense, but in one analogous to it.</p> <p>Likeness between animate and inanimate objects (the latter is presented as a human being)</p>	<p>dfd Old Jolyon was <i>in the sunset of his days</i> (Galsworthy)</p> <p>Dear <i>Nature</i> is the <i>kindest Mother</i> still (Byron)</p>
<p>Metonymy</p>	<p>A noun is substituted for a noun in such a way that we substitute the cause of the thing of which we are speaking for the thing itself; this might be done in several ways: substituting the inventor for his invention, the container for the thing contained or vice versa, an author for his work, the sign for the thing signified, the cause for the effect or vice versa</p>	<p>I have read the whole <i>Dickens</i>. He married <i>a sack of money</i>. Would you like another <i>cup</i>?</p>
<p>Oxymoron</p>	<p>Apparent paradox achieved by the juxtaposition of words which seem to contradict one another</p>	<p>Doomed to liberty (O'Henry) Oh, sweetness of the pain (Keats)</p>
<p>Paradox</p>	<p>An assertion seemingly opposed to common sense, but that may yet have some truth in it.</p>	<p>What a pity that youth must be wasted on the young. (G.B. Shaw)</p>
<p>Parallelism</p>	<p>A recurrence of syntactically identical sequences which lexically are completely or partially different</p>	<p>She was a good servant, she walked softly; she was a determined woman, she walked precisely (G. Greene)</p>
<p>Paronomasia</p>	<p>Use of homonyms or polysemantic words; often etymological word-play</p>	<p>May's mother always <i>stood on</i> her gentility; and Dot's mother never <i>stood on</i> anything but her active little feet (Dickens)</p>
<p>Periphrasis</p>	<p>The replacement of a single word by several which together have the same meaning</p>	<p>The ship of the desert (camel) The fair sex (women)</p>
<p>Polysyndeton</p>	<p>The repetition of conjunctions in a series of coordinate words, phrases, or clauses.</p>	<p>I said, "Who killed him?" and he said, "I don't know who killed him but he's dead all right," <i>and</i> it was dark <i>and</i> there was water standing in the street <i>and</i> no lights and windows broke <i>and</i> boats all up in the town <i>and</i> trees blown down <i>and</i> everything all blown <i>and</i> I got a skiff <i>and</i> went out <i>and</i> found my boat where I had her inside Mango Bay <i>and</i> she was all right only she was full of water. (Hemingway, After the Storm)</p>

Tropes and figures of speech	Definition	Example
Simile	An explicit comparison between two things (belonging to different classes of objects) using connectives 'like' or 'as'.	Her mother <i>like Judas</i> betrayed her.
Suspense	A deliberate delay in the completion of the expressed thought	Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend was obliged enough to read and explain to me, for the first 7000 ages ate their meat (Lamb)
Synecdoche	Substitution of part for whole, genus for species, or vice versa	<i>Two heads</i> are better than one
Zeugma	Two different words linked to a verb or an adjective which is strictly appropriate to only one of them.	They took their books and seats

Revision of micro components of poetic structure

Study the following sentences and identify stylistic devices:

- 1) *He swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin.*
- 2) *She and the kids have filled his sister's house and their welcome is wearing thinner and thinner.*
- 3) *When I am dead, I hope it may be said: "His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."*
- 4) *There is only one brand of tobacco allowed here – "Three nuns". None today, none tomorrow, and none the day after.*
- 5) *Dorothy, at my statement, had clapped her hand over mouth to hold down laughter and chewing gum.*
- 6) *With all the expressiveness of a stone Welsh stared at him another twenty seconds apparently hoping to see him gag.*
- 7) *A stout middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting on the edge of a great table. I turned to him.*
- 8) *"Don't ask me," said Mr. Owl Eyes washing his hands of the whole matter.*
- 9) *The little woman, for she was of pocket size, crossed her hands solemnly on her middle.*
- 10) *The rain had thickened, fish could have swum through the air.*
- 11) *He caught a ride to the crowded loneliness of the barracks.*
- 12) *A very likeable young man with a pleasantly ugly face.*
- 13) *Constantinople is noisy, hot, hilly, dirty and beautiful. It is packed with uniforms and rumors.*
- 14) *And a great desire for peace, peace of no matter what kind swept through her.*

15) *He ran away from the battle. He was an ordinary human being that didn't want to kill or to be killed. So he ran away from the battle.*

16) *And everywhere were people. People going into gates and coming of gates. People staggering and falling. People fighting and cursing.*

17) *Of all my old association, of all my old pursuits and hopes, of all the living and the dead world, this one poor soul alone comes natural to me.*

18) *"Listen I'll talk to the butler over that phone and he'll know my voice. Will that pas me in or do I have to ride on your back?"*

19) *"I just work here", he said softly. "If I didn't - " he let the rest hang in the air, and kept on smiling.*

20) *By the time he had got all the bottles and dishes and knives and forks and glasses and plates and spoons and things piled up on big trays, he was getting very hot, and red in the face, and annoyed.*

21) *"Is it a shark?" said Brody. The possibility that he at last was going to confront the fish – the beast, the monster, the nightmare – made Brody's heart pound.*

22) *Like a well, like a vault, like a tomb, the prison had no knowledge of the brightness outside.*

23) *He ached from head to foot, all zones of pain seemingly interdependent. He was rather like a Christmas tree whose lights wired in series; must all go out if even one bulb is defective.*

24) *I took my obedient feet away from him.*

25) *She was still fat after childbirth; the destroyer of her figure sat at the head of the table.*

26) *For a single instant, Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger, and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office.*

27) *Jane set her bathing-suited self to washing the lunch dishes.*

28) *The topic of the Younger generation spread through the company like a yawn.*

Active Vocabulary in Writing on Literature

1. *As the story unfolds ...*
2. *The plot logically falls into/ can be logically divided into/ consists of the following parts.*
3. *To create an effect of ...*
4. *To bring up questions ...*
5. *To suggest answers ...*
6. *Directly or by way of implication*
7. *To signify*
8. *To be ambiguous*

9. *One can observe an interesting metaphor/simile/hyperbole/etc in description of/in the paragraph/in characterization*
10. *To impose (the author doesn't impose his point of view but we feel his subjective attitude to...)*
11. *To be both intellectually and emotionally engaged*
12. *To imply (the contrast implies)*
13. *To set up an atmosphere of ...*
14. *To hint at ...*
15. *To reflect ...*
16. *To review ...*
17. *To be intriguing*
18. *To take into account ...*
19. *The idea is supported by...*
20. *To interpret ...*
21. *Moving step by step ...*
22. *At the outset of ...*
23. *To deal with ...*
24. *To back up one's idea ...*
25. *A piece of literature*
26. *A close study of the story for the purpose of examining its style involves a careful observation and a detailed description of the language.*
27. *One should note the frequent use of ...*
28. *The author resorts to graphic means to render the effect of character's intonation also to stress the emotional coloring of the utterance.*
29. *The most striking feature which is easily observed is the repetition/parallelism/antithesis/etc.*
30. *The author gives an insight into the situation and the character through the speech of characters/detailed description of the setting/emotional narration about.../etc.*
31. *Among the stylistic devices used to depict the main character the most striking are...*
32. *Stylistic devices employed to characterize ... contribute to our evaluation of it / to general atmosphere and tone of the story.*
33. *The text of the story is not homogeneous: the author's narration is interrupted by dialogues and inner thoughts of characters.*
34. *The analysis of the vocabulary of the story clearly shows that the author employs common words in his narration and a restricted number of colloquial words in the dialogue and represented speech.*
35. *The effect of implication and suspense is brought about in various ways.*
36. *The metaphor is sustained through the whole passage.*
37. *His / her character is revealed through...*
38. *The image is developed through the use of synonyms.*

39. *The choice of epithets employed by the author reveal his ironic attitude to ...*
40. *These stylistic devices add much to the impact created by...*
41. *The opening paragraph introduces...*
42. *The idea is not expressed in a straight-forward manner.*
43. *By drawing a concrete image of...the author makes his thought clear and vivid.*
44. *Paragraph logically develops the description of...*
45. *All other sentences of the paragraph explain or clarify the main idea.*
46. *The ironical treatment of the subject is seen from the very first lines.*
47. *This effect is achieved by the use of...*
48. *Note the peculiarity of stylistic devices used to describe...*

Texts for stylistic analysis and study questions

Shirley Jackson

The Lottery

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th. But in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran,

laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office. And sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up--of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people

remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you. Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I m drawing for m'mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson.... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark.... Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt.... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted, "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and

acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?," "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?" Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed and then they were upon her.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Analyze the plot in terms of symbolic meaning created by the compositional antithesis of tonality at the beginning and at the end of the story.
2. Does the setting of the story give any insight into the characters and does it give any hint at the idea?
3. Pay attention to characterization through action. How does it reveal the emotional and psychological states of the personages?
4. What is the conflict on which the plot turns?
5. How do the attitudes toward ritual and tradition of Mr. Summers, Old Man Warner, and the Adams differ? What do their attitudes have in common? What comments about tradition and ritual does the author herself seem to be making?
6. In retrospection consider the title of the story again, what is the denotational meaning of the word «lottery»? How does it change within the macro context of the story?
7. According to many critics the story seems to depict a grotesque picture of society. Do you agree or disagree with this statement? Why?

W. Somerset Maugham

Mr. Know All

I was prepared to dislike Max Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just finished and the passenger traffic in the ocean-going liners was heavy. Accommodation was very hard to get and you had to put up with whatever the agents chose to offer you. You could not hope for a cabin to yourself and I was thankful to be given one in which there were only two berths. But when I was told the name of my companion my heart sank. It suggested closed portholes and the night air rigidly excluded. It was bad enough to share a cabin for fourteen days with anyone (I was going from San Francisco to Yokohama, but I should have looked upon it with less dismay if my fellow passenger's name had been Smith or Brown.

When I went on board I found Mr. Kelada's luggage already below. I did not like the look of it; there were too many labels on the suit-cases, and the wardrobe trunk was too big. He had unpacked his toilet things, and I observed that he was a patron of the excellent Monsieur Coty; for I saw on the washing-stand his scent, his hair-wash and his brilliantine. Mr. Kelada's brushes, ebony with his monogram in gold, would have been all the better for a scrub. I did not at all like Mr. Kelada. I made my way into the smoking-room. I called for a pack of cards and began to play patience. I had scarcely started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right in thinking my name was so and so.

"I am Mr. Kelada," he added, with a smile that showed a row of flashing teeth, and sat down.

"Oh, yes, we're sharing a cabin, I think."

"Bit of luck, I call it. You never know who you're going to be put in with. I was jolly glad when I heard you were English. I'm all for us English slicking together when we're abroad, if you understand what I mean."

I blinked.

"Are you English?" I asked, perhaps tactlessly.

"Rather. You don't think I look like an American, do you? British to the backbone, that's what I am."

To prove it, Mr. Kelada took out of his pocket a passport and airily waved it under my nose.

King George has many strange subjects. Mr. Kelada was short and of a sturdy build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned, with a fleshy hooked nose and very large, lustrous and liquid eyes. His long black hair was sleek and curly. He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and his gestures were exuberant. I felt pretty sure that a closer inspection of that British passport would have betrayed the fact that Mr. Kelada was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England.

"What will you have?" he asked me.

I looked at him doubtfully. Prohibition was in force and to all appearance the ship was bone-dry. When I am not thirsty, I do not know which I dislike more, ginger ale or lemon squash. But Mr. Kelada flashed an oriental smile at me.

"Whisky and soda or a dry martini, you have only to say the word."

From each of his hip pockets he fished a flask and laid it on the table before me. I chose the martini, and calling the steward he ordered a tumbler of ice and a couple of glasses.

"A very good cocktail," I said.

"Well, there are plenty more where that came from, and if you've got any friends on board, you tell them you've got a pal who's got all the liquor in the world."

Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and politics. He was patriotic. The Union Jack is an impressive piece of drapery, but when it is nourished by a gentleman from Alexandria or Beirut, I cannot but feel that it loses somewhat in dignity. Mr. Kelada was familiar." I do not wish to put on airs, but I cannot help feeling that it is seemly in a total stranger to put "mister" before my name when he addresses me. Mr. Kelada, doubtless to set me at my ease, used no such formality. I did not like Mr. Kelada. I had put aside the cards when he sat down, but now, thinking that for this first occasion our conversation had lasted long enough, I went on with my game.

"The three on the four," said Mr. Kelada.

There is nothing more exasperating when you are playing patience than to be told where to put the card you have turned up before you have had a chance to look for yourself.

"It's coming out, it's coming out," he cried. "The ten on the knave."

With rage and hatred in my heart I finished.

Then he seized the pack.

"Do you like card tricks?"

"No, I hate card tricks," I answered.

"Well, I'll just show you this one."

He showed me three. Then I said I would go down to the dining-room and get my seat at table.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I've already taken a seat for you. I thought that as we were in the same state-room we might just as well sit at the same table."

I did not like Mr. Kelada.

I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I could not walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face without the suspicion dawning on him that he was not a welcome visitor. He was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He managed the sweeps, conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, got up quoit and golf matches, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best hated man in the ship. We called him Mr. Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at mealtimes that he was most intolerable. For the better part of an hour then he had us at his mercy. He was hearty, jovial, loquacious and argumentative. He knew everything better than anybody else, and it was an affront to his overweening vanity that you should disagree with him. He would not

drop a subject, however unimportant, till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him. He was the chap who knew. We sat at the doctor's table. Mr. Kelada would certainly have had it all his own way, for the doctor was lazy and I was frigidly indifferent, except for a man called Ramsay who sat there also. He was as dogmatic as Mr. Kelada and resented bitterly the Levantine's cocksureness. The discussions they had were acrimonious and interminable.

Ramsay was in the American Consular Service and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow from the Middle West, with loose fat under a tight skin, and he bulged out of this really-made clothes. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to retell his wife who had been spending a year at home. Mrs. Ramsay was a very pretty little thing, with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. The Consular Service is ill-paid, and she was dressed always very simply; but she knew how to wear her clothes. She achieved an effect of quiet distinction. I should not have paid any particular attention to her but that she possessed a quality that may be common enough in women, but nowadays is not obvious in their demeanor. You could not look at her without being struck by her modesty. It shone in her like a flower on a coat.

One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There had been in the papers a good deal of talk about the culture pearls which the cunning Japanese were making, and the doctor remarked that they must inevitably diminish the value of real ones. They were very good already; they would soon be perfect. Mr. Kelada, as was his habit, rushed the new topic. He told us all that was to be known about pearls. I do not believe Ramsay knew anything about them at all, but he could not resist the opportunity to have a fling at the Levantine, and in five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I had seen Mr. Kelada vehement and voluble before, but never so voluble and vehement as now. At last something that Ramsay said stung him, for he thumped the table and shouted:

"Well, I ought to know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade and there's not a man in it who won't tell you that what I say about pearls goes. I know all the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing."

Here was news for us, for Mr. Kelada, with all his loquacity, had never told anyone what his business was. We only knew vaguely that he was going to Japan on some commercial errand. He looked round the table triumphantly.

"They'll never be able to get a culture pearl that an expert like me can't tell with half an eye." He pointed to a chain that Mrs. Ramsay wore. "You take my word for it, Mrs Ramsay, that chain you're wearing will never be worth a cent less than it is now."

Mrs. Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped the chain inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile flickered in his eyes.

"That's a pretty chain of Mrs. Ramsay's, isn't it?"

"I noticed it at once," answered Mr. Kelada. "Gee, I said to myself, those are pearls all right."

"I didn't buy it myself, of course. I'd be interested to know how much you think it cost."

"Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue shouldn't be surprised to hear that anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it."

Ramsay smiled grimly.

"You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ramsay bought that siring at a department store the day before we left New York, for eighteen dollars."

Mr. Kelada flushed.

"Rot. It's not only real, but it's as fine a siring for its size as I've ever seen."

"Will you bet on it? I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation."

"Done."

"Oh, Elmer, you can't bet on a certainty," said Mrs. Ramsay.

She had a little smile on her lips and her tone was gently deprecating.

"Can't I? If I get a chance of easy money like that I should be all sorts of a fool not to take it."

"But how can it be proved?" she continued. "It's only my word against Mr. Kelada's."

"Let me look at the chain, and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr. Kelada.

"Take it off, dear. Let the gentleman look at it as much as he wants."

Mrs. Ramsay hesitated a moment. She put her hands to the clasp.

"I can't undo it," she said. "Mr. Kelada will just have to take my word for it."

I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to occur, but I could think of nothing to say.

Ramsay jumped up.

"I'll undo it."

He handed the chain to Mr. Kelada. The Levantine took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his smooth and swarthy face. He handed back the chain. He was about to speak. Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs. Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as though she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. They held a desperate appeal; it was so clear that I wondered why her husband did not see it.

Mr. Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself.

"I was mistaken," he said. "It's a very good imitation, but of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw that it wasn't real. I think eighteen dollars is just about as much as the damned thing's worth."

He took out his pocket book and from it a hundred-dollar bill. He handed it to Ramsay without a word.

"Perhaps that'll teach you not to be so cocksure another time, my young friend," said Ramsay as he took the note.

I noticed that Mr. Kelada's hands were trembling.

The story spread over the ship as stories do, and he had to put up with a good deal of chaff that evening. It was a fine joke that Mr. Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs. Ramsay retired to her state-room with a headache.

Next morning I got up and began to shave. Mr. Kelada lay on his bed smoking a cigarette. Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Max Kelada. The name was written in block letters. I handed it to him.

"Who's this from?" He opened it. "Oh!"

He took out of the envelope, not a letter, but a hundred-dollar bill. He looked at me and again he reddened. He tore the envelope into little bits and gave them to me.

"Do you mind just throwing them out of the porthole?" I did as he asked, and then I looked at him with a smile.

"No one likes being made to look a perfect damned fool," he said.

"Were the pearls real?"

"If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe," said he.

At that moment I did not entirely dislike Mr. Kelada. He reached out for his pocket book and carefully put in it the hundred-dollar note.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What does the title of the story immediately say to you? What stylistic device is employed here? How does it foreshadow the prospection category of the text, or in other words, what image of a character does it create at the very beginning of reading the story?

2. Who is the protagonist of the story – the narrator or Mr. Know All? Is the antagonist represented by a concrete person or society in general?

3. Is Mr. Kelada a flat or a round character? Why? In this respect, the narrator can be regarded as a character who changes from a flat to a round character. Can you trace the events or reasons of this change?

4. Considering the methods of characterization which one is more dominant? Why?

5. What seems to motivate the noble action of Mr. Kelada?

6. What type of conflict is represented in the story?

7. What stylistic devices and expressive means contribute to our evaluation of the characters, the plot and the idea?

Pay attention to the stylistic device of litotes at the end of the story. What implication is brought about by it?

8. What are the theme and the idea of the story? What stereotype and prejudice are highlighted by the author?

James Thurber

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

"We're going through!" The Commander's voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. "We can't make it, sir. It's spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me." "I'm not asking you, Lieutenant Berg," said the Commander. "Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8,500! We're going through!" The pounding of the cylinders increased: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-*pocketa-pocketa-pocketa*. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" he shouted. "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" repeated Lieutenant Berg. "Full strength in No. 3 turret!" shouted the Commander. "Full strength in No. 3 turret!" The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. "The old man will get us through" they said to one another. "The Old Man ain't afraid of Hell!"

"Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" said Mrs. Mitty. "What are you driving so fast for?"

"Hmm?" said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. "You were up to fifty-five," she said. "You know I don't like to go more than forty. You were up to fifty-five." Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind.

"You're tensed up again," said Mrs. Mitty. "It's one of your days. I wish you'd let Dr. Renshaw look you over."

Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done. "Remember to get those overshoes while I'm having my hair done," she said. "I don't need overshoes," said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. "We've been all through that," she said, getting out of the car. "You're not a young man any longer." He raced the engine a little. "Why don't you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?" Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven on to a red light, he took them off again. "Pick it up, brother!" snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

. . . "It's the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan," said the pretty nurse. "Yes?" said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. "Who has the case?" "Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Mr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over." A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. "Hello, Mitty," he said. "We're having

the devil's own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you'd take a look at him." "Glad to," said Mitty.

In the operating room there were whispered introductions: "Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Mr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty." "I've read your book on streptothricosis," said Pritchard-Mitford, shaking hands. "A brilliant performance, sir." "Thank you," said Walter Mitty. "Didn't know you were in the States, Mitty," grumbled Remington. "Coals to Newcastle, bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary." "You are very kind," said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. "The new anesthetizer is giving way!" shouted an intern. "There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!" "Quiet, man!" said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. "Give me a fountain pen!" he snapped. Someone handed him a fountain pen. He pulled a faulty piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place. "That will hold for ten minutes," he said. "Get on with the operation." A nurse hurried over and whispered to Renshaw, and Mitty saw the man turn pale. "Coreopsis has set in," said Renshaw nervously. "If you would take over, Mitty?" Mitty looked at him and at the craven figure of Benbow, who drank, and at the grave, uncertain faces of the two great specialists. "If you wish," he said. They slipped a white gown on him; he adjusted a mask and drew on thin gloves; nurses handed him shining.

"Back it up, Mac! Look out for that Buick!" Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. "Wrong lane, Mac," said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. "Gee. Yeh," muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Exit Only." "Leave her sit there," said the attendant. "I'll put her away." Mitty got out of the car. "Hey, better leave the key." "Oh," said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up with insolent skill, and put it where it belonged.

They're so damn cocky, thought Walter Mitty, walking along Main Street; they think they know everything. Once he had tried to take his chains off, outside New Milford, and he had got them wound around the axles. A man had had to come out in a wrecking car and unwind them, a young, grinning garage man. Since then Mrs. Mitty always made him drive to the garage to have the chains taken off. The next time, he thought, I'll wear my right arm in a sling; they won't grin at me then. I'll have my right arm in a sling and they'll see I couldn't possibly take the chains off myself. He kicked at the slush on the sidewalk. "Overshoes," he said to himself, and he began looking for a shoe store.

When he came out into the street again, with the overshoes in a box under his arm, Walter Mitty began to wonder what the other thing was his wife had told him to get. She had told him, twice, before they set out from their house for Waterbury. In a way he hated these weekly trips to town-he was always getting something wrong. Kleenex, he thought, Squibb's, razor blades? No. Toothpaste, toothbrush, bicarbonate, cardorundum, initiative and referendum? He gave it up. But she would remember it. "Where's the what's-its-name," she

would ask. "Don't tell me you forgot the what's-its-name." A newsboy went by shouting something about the Waterbury trial.

"Perhaps this will refresh your memory." The District Attorney suddenly thrust a heavy automatic at the quiet figure on the witness stand. "Have you ever seen this before?" Walter Mitty took the gun and examined it expertly. "This is my Webley-Vickers 50.80," he said calmly. An excited buzz ran around the courtroom. The Judge rapped for order. "You are a crack shot with any sort of firearms, I believe?" said the District Attorney, insinuatingly. "Objection!" shouted Mitty's attorney. "We have shown that the defendant could not have fired the shot. We have shown that he wore his right arm in a sling on the night of the fourteenth of July." Walter Mitty raised his hand briefly and the bickering attorneys were stilled. "With any known make of gun," he said evenly, "I could have killed Gregory Fitzhust at three hundred feet with my left hand." Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom. A woman's scream rose above the bedlam and suddenly a lovely, dark-haired girl was in Walter Mitty's arms. The District Attorney struck at her savagely. Without rising from his chair, Mitty let the man have it on the point of the chin. "You miserable cur!"

"Puppy biscuit," said Walter Mitty. He stopped walking and the buildings of Waterbury rose up out of the misty courtroom and surrounded him again. A woman who was passing laughed. "He said 'Puppy biscuit'," she said to her companion. "That man said 'Puppy biscuit' to himself." Walter Mitty hurried on. He went into an A&P, not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. "I want some biscuit for small, young dogs," he said to the clerk. "Any special brand, sir?" The greatest pistol shot in the world thought a moment. "It says 'Puppies Bark for It' on the box," said Walter Mitty.

His wife would be through at the hairdresser's in fifteen minutes, Mitty saw in looking at his watch, unless they had trouble drying it; sometimes they had trouble drying it. She didn't like to get to the hotel first; she would want him to be there waiting for her as usual. He found a big leather chair in the lobby, facing a window, and he put the overshoes and the puppy biscuit on the floor beside it. He picked up an old copy of *Liberty* and sank down into the chair. "Can Germany Conquer the World Through the Air?" Walter Mitty looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined streets.

"The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir," said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through tousled hair. "Get him to bed," he said wearily. "With the others. I'll fly alone." "But you can't, sir," said the sergeant anxiously. "It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman's circus is between here and Saulier." "Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, Sergeant," said Mitty with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your

pardon, sir." Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Après de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said.

Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?" "Things close in," said Walter Mitty vaguely. "What?" Mrs. Mitty said. "Did you get the what's-its-name? The puppy biscuit? What's in that box?" "Overshoes," said Mitty. "Couldn't you have put them on in the store?" "I was thinking," said Walter Mitty. "Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes thinking?" She looked at him. "I'm going to take your temperature when I get you home," she said.

They went out through the revolving doors that made a faintly derisive whistling sound when you pushed them. It was two blocks to the parking lot. At the drugstore on the corner she said, "Wait here for me. I forgot something. I won't be a minute." She was more than a minute. Walter Mitty lighted a cigarette. It began to rain, rain with sleet in it. He stood up against the wall of the drugstore, smoking . . . He put his shoulders back and his heels together. "To hell with the handkerchief," said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Considering the composition of the story, pay attention to the fact that some episodes seem to be based on real experience of the main character and some events seem to be his hallucinations. What language clues are there to help to differentiate between the real and the imaginary? To answer this question one should pay attention to stylistic differentiation of vocabulary in the speech of the main character?
2. Why are events revealed in a particular order?
3. What methods of characterization does the author employ to reveal the contrast between Walter Mitty in real life and Walter Mitty in his hallucinations/recollections?
4. Discuss the ways in which point of view plot, setting and style each contribute to the story's effectiveness? Which of these elements are most highly developed and which are least developed? Why?
5. What generalizations about life and human experience does the story make?
6. Is the idea of the story expressed explicitly or one should go behind the lines?

Ernest Hemingway

Hills Like White Elephants

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

'What should we drink?' the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

'It's pretty hot,' the man said.

'Let's drink beer.'

'Dos cervezas,' the man said into the curtain.

'Big ones?' a woman asked from the doorway.

'Yes. Two big ones.'

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

'They look like white elephants,' she said.

'I've never seen one,' the man drank his beer.

'No, you wouldn't have.'

'I might have,' the man said. 'Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything.'

The girl looked at the bead curtain. 'They've painted something on it,' she said. 'What does it say?'

'Anis del Toro. It's a drink.'

'Could we try it?'

The man called 'Listen' through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

'Four reales.' 'We want two Anis del Toro.'

'With water?'

'Do you want it with water?'

'I don't know,' the girl said. 'Is it good with water?'

'It's all right.'

'You want them with water?' asked the woman.

'Yes, with water.'

'It tastes like liquorice,' the girl said and put the glass down.

'That's the way with everything.'

'Yes,' said the girl. 'Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you've waited so

long for, like absinthe.'

'Oh, cut it out.'

'You started it,' the girl said. 'I was being amused. I was having a fine time.'

'Well, let's try and have a fine time.'

'All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?'

'That was bright.'

'I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it - look at things and try new drinks?'

'I guess so.'

The girl looked across at the hills.

'They're lovely hills,' she said. 'They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees.'

'Should we have another drink?'

'All right.'

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

'The beer's nice and cool,' the man said.

'It's lovely,' the girl said.

'It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig,' the man said. 'It's not really an operation at all.'

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

'I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in.'

The girl did not say anything.

'I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural.'

'Then what will we do afterwards?'

'We'll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.'

'What makes you think so?'

'That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy.'

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

'And you think then we'll be all right and be happy.'

'I know we will. You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it.'

'So have I,' said the girl. 'And afterwards they were all so happy.'

'Well,' the man said, 'if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple.'

'And you really want to?'

'I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to.'

'And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?'

'I love you now. You know I love you.'

'I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?'

'I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry.'

'If I do it you won't ever worry?'

'I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple.'

'Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me.'

'What do you mean?'

'I don't care about me.'

'Well, I care about you.'

'Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine.'

'I don't want you to do it if you feel that way.'

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

'And we could have all this,' she said. 'And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.'

'What did you say?'

'I said we could have everything.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can have the whole world.'

'No, we can't.'

'We can go everywhere.'

'No, we can't. It isn't ours any more.'

'It's ours.'

'No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back.'

'But they haven't taken it away.'

'We'll wait and see.'

'Come on back in the shade,' he said. 'You mustn't feel that way.'

'I don't feel any way,' the girl said. 'I just know things.'

'I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do -'

'Nor that isn't good for me,' she said. 'I know. Could we have another beer?'

'All right. But you've got to realize -'

'I realize,' the girl said. 'Can't we maybe stop talking?'

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

'You've got to realize,' he said, 'that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you.'

'Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along.'

'Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I know it's perfectly simple.'

'Yes, you know it's perfectly simple.'

'It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it.'

'Would you do something for me now?'

'I'd do anything for you.'

'Would you please please please please please please stop talking?'

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

'But I don't want you to,' he said, 'I don't care anything about it.'

'I'll scream,' the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. 'The train comes in five minutes,' she said.

'What did she say?' asked the girl.

'That the train is coming in five minutes.'

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

'I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station,' the man said. She smiled at him.

'All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer.'

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

'Do you feel better?' he asked.

'I feel fine,' she said. 'There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine.'

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What is the relationship between the man and the girl? What is the conflict between them? How does the author hint at the fact that the conflict between the characters emerged long time ago?

2. How does the author, employing unemotional language and seemingly dry tone of the narration, manage to depict a tense psychological state of the characters?

3. Pay attention to the title of the story and consult the dictionary to see the meaning of the idiom «white elephant». What significance does this idiom acquire due to the subtext.

4. Is the setting important? Why? Pay attention to the indication of time at the beginning and at the end of the story. Why is it highlighted?

5. How does Hemingway's style contribute to evaluation of the characters? What character evokes sympathy and why?
6. What kind of resolution does the story offer?
7. What idea about life and human nature is implied?

O. Henry

The Cop and the Anthem

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If

not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering cafe, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing--with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running

around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now, get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for you," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's readymade tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?" The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos.

Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

"'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a

swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said, sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man--"that is--well, you know how these mistakes occur--I--if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me--I picked it up this morning in a restaurant--If you recognise it as yours, why--I hope you'll--"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves--for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would—

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the Island," said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. O'Henry is known as the unsurpassed master of short stories with unexpected ending. Nevertheless, an attentive reader may detect the points of the plot which hint at the possible denouement. Can you say what events or moments are helpful in getting the idea about the resolution of the plot of the story?

2. Soapy is obviously a dynamic, multidimensional character who demonstrated the capacity to change throughout the sequence of events of the story. Discuss the methods of characterization.

3. What is the setting of the plot? Is it important that action takes place in a big city and not, for example, in a village or some remote quiet town? Why?

4. What is the conflict of the story?

5. How would you define the type of the story – an action short story, a psychological short story or mixed type? Why?

6. Consider the stylistic devices and expressive means employed by the author to give a deep insight into a complicated human nature?

PART II. FOCUS ON STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS

A linguo-philological analysis of a literary work presupposes not only a detailed interpretation of the plot, characterization and careful observation of the language means but also analysis of such textual categories as cohesion and coherence without which adequate comprehension of literature is hardly possible. First of all, one should consider the way by which sentences in the text are interconnected, secondly, we focus on paragraph patterns and principles of text division into super-phrasal units, thirdly, it is necessary to observe theme-rheme division of a sentence, and, finally, we analyze lexical-thematic network.

One of the most prominent features that characterize text is **supra-sentential cohesion**.

Sentences in the text are knit together by various types of cross-reference.

Types of sentence cohesion should be first of all divided into either explicit (expressed by means of language) or implicit (purely logical):

- a) *Bob did not attend the meeting. He was ill. (implicit type)*
- b) *Bob did not attend the meeting. Because he was ill. (explicit type)*

The explicit type falls into two large categories of substitutes and correlative elements.

Typical examples of substitution and correlation are:

- 1) Pronominal substitution:

e.g. *Mary was happy. She had got a letter from her boyfriend*

- 2) Lexical repetition:

The house they sought was about 5 minutes walk from the wharf. It was a frame house of two storeys with broad verandahs.

Textual connection signals

Lexical connection signals in the text include:

- 1) Repetitions or substitutions accompanied by a change of the grammatical form and function of the word: e.g., *life – live, house – its size*
- 2) Synonymic repetition: e.g., *chimpanzee – ape*
- 3) Periphrastic repetition which often expresses an imaginative characterization of the object described: e.g., *pianist – disturber of the piano keys*
- 4) Generalization with the help of the demonstrative pronoun + generalizing e.g. *this happened; ... This episode was soon forgotten*

Grammatical connection signals include:

- 1) Word order (often accompanied by a change of article):
e.g., *A Frenchman named Maelzel built a mechanical man. Inside the mechanical man was a smart midget who was a good chess-player.*
- 2) Use of degrees of comparison:

e.g., *Then a man came along and invented the miniature vacuum tube. Computers got smaller. Then another man invented the transistor. Computers got still smaller.*

3) Uniformity of tense, aspect and mood forms of the verb throughout a passage.

4) Connection by means of conjunctions, connectives and parenthesis.

e.g., *A commodity is, in the first place, a thing that satisfies a human want. In the second place, it is a thing that can be exchanged for another thing.*

Stylistic means of textual connection signals consist in repetition of various expressions, sentences or parts of sentences and also of all kinds of structural parallelism:

e.g., *“While the scanty meal was being prepared, the mother went to the sick child’s bed side, taking up another long night’s vigil quite as a matter of course. While the supper was being eaten, Sebastien offered a suggestion and his larger experience in social and commercial matters made his preposition worth considering”. (Cronin)*

Semantic interdependence between the sentences of the text involves repetition of a certain ungrammatical meaning. The following are the main cases of semantic correlation between words and phrases in the text.

1) Associations between dictionary synonyms:

e.g., *reply – answer.*

Here too belongs a group of allonyms understood as periphrastic variants for geographical names, characters etc.

e.g., *England – Albion*

2) Occasional (textual) synonyms:

e.g., *A thin cable snaked through the port of the ship - ... ran through ...*

3) Juxtaposition expressed by antonyms:

e.g., *Some of the robots are simple ones. Others are complex.*

4) Root-related words (derivatives):

e.g., *Movement is heat. Heated tungsten begins to glow.*

5) Generic-specific relations or vice versa:

e.g., *All scientists – all biologists.*

Bird – crow

6) Synechdochal relations when a part is put for the whole or the whole for a part:

e.g., *Engine – cylinder, proton – atom.*

A special case of such kind of relations is a hyponym:

e.g., *Car – Ford*

7) Relations within a group of words associated on the principle of degree of a certain quality or intensity of action expressed:

e.g., *warm – hot – scorching.*

8) Cohesion based on the principle of the associative transference of meaning according to the following categories:

a) Cause – effect: e.g., *Fission - release of energy. Explosion – sinking of the ship.*

b) Object – material – quality: e.g., *statue – stone – heavy*

c) Action – object – doer: e.g., *to write – a book – author*

d) Connection based on any affinity of connotations: e.g., *Patient – doctor, rain – umbrella – mackintosh, spade – to dig, dog – to bark.*

Cross-referential links may be divided into three main types:

- 1) Contact links (connecting 2 adjacent sentences)
- 2) Medium – range links (operating within a paragraph or a couple of adjacent paragraphs)
- 3) Long – range (distant) links which may be found to connect quite distant parts of the text.

Principles of paragraphing

Division of the text into paragraphs is individual and mainly based on logical principles.

However, in belles-lettres style the paragraph building is definitely of subjective character, as it is connected with a personal taste and individual manner of the author. In other words, division into paragraphs depends on what moment an author wants to be foregrounded or emphasized.

It should be known that there is a unit of the text which is different from the paragraph. It is called super-phrasal unit (SPU).

SPU is a combination of sentences presenting a structural and semantic unity. Structural interdependence of the sentences in SPU is represented by means of pronouns, connectives, tense forms. Semantic unity implies the development of one definite thought.

The most important requirement for singling out of SPU is its semantic independence. Any SPU can be extracted from the context without losing its relative semantic independence. And paragraph does not necessarily render independent microtopic, which can be spread to the next paragraphs.

SPU can be of any length. It can be smaller or larger than a paragraph. Also, it can coincide with the paragraph.

There is one more unit of text which is larger than SPU. It is subtext.

Subtext is a block of text developing one of textual main themes and generalizing themes of several SPUs which it consists of.

Subtext is an intermediate unit that is always superior to the paragraph and inferior to the whole text.

Subtext patterns may be of the following patterns:

- 1) Deductive – generalizing sentence at the top, it sums up the meaning of all constituent paragraphs.
- 2) Inductive – the final paragraph or the last sentence gives conclusion of the content of the whole subtexts.
- 3) Framed – repetition of words and sentences at the beginning and at the end of subtext.

Structural paragraph patterns

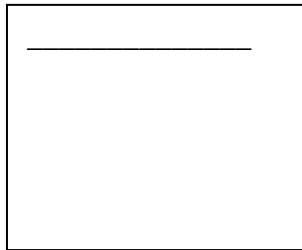
Each paragraph deals with a theme and develops an idea. Conventionally paragraphs consist of two parts:

1) The thesis (principle idea) which is usually contained in the sentence called “key” or “topic sentence”.

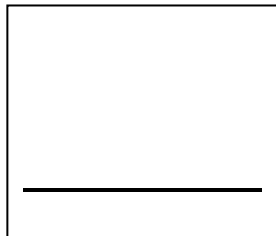
2) The supporting details which revolve around this idea by the means of group of sentences that repeat, explain, contrast or justify the thought (the body of the paragraph).

The structural patterns of paragraph largely vary. The topic sentence may be located in different parts of paragraph.

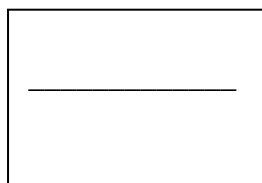
The most common pattern is *deductive*, in which the key sentence comes at the top.



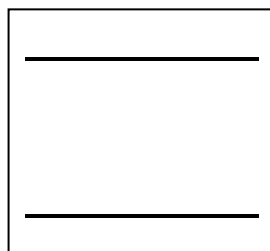
An *inductive structure* – the generalizing sentence occurs at the bottom of the paragraph.



An *inductive – deductive* pattern is a logical structure in which the key thought occupies a medial position.



A *deductive – inductive* structure is formed by two key sentences which frame the paragraph.



There are paragraphs devoid of any generalization, in other words there are no key sentences to be found in them. All these sentences are of equal semantic value as the main thought underlines the paragraph of this kind cannot be borrowed (ready made from the text)

we propose that the pattern devoid of key sentence is termed *an implicit type*. The main idea of the text can be formulated by the reader rather easily.

Types of information structure

Theme – the communicative basis (we know it from the verbal or situational context).

Rheme – the communicative nucleus (for sake of it the whole utterance is produced).

e.g., *The girl was ignorant of simple things.* T (*the girl*) – R (*was ignorant of...*)

A sentence may contain 2 themes and 2 rhemes.

e.g., *I am ready for him to come.* T (*I*) – R (*am ready*)

T (*for him*)

R (*to come*)

Complicated rheme:

e.g., *The wall would remain smooth and white.*

T - R R1 + R2

Rheme may start sentence after constructions: “there is\are”, “it is ... who (that)”:

There are 2 boys in the room. R - T

It was he who suggested this idea. R - T

There are three main types of information structure:

- 1) Parallel structure – it is pattern in which the theme of each successive sentence remains unchanged. In every next sentence it is complemented by a new rheme.
- 2) Chain connection – the rheme of every preceding sentence becomes the theme of the following one.
- 3) Mixed type.

The textual thematic chains

The theme of any text as well as of a portion of a text is expressed by a series of thematic elements. The leading role among thematic words and phrases is performed by nominal elements. They form a lexical thematic chain (LTC) throughout the piece of writing that deals with a certain topic.

The chain is often headed by word or phrase with a generalized meaning. It is termed as a *dominant word or phrase* (it may figure in the title).

One can speak on the given LTC in the following way:

- 1) *The topic of ... is represented by 10 members*
- 2) *The thematic chain ... embraces 7 items*
- 3) *The topic about ... is developed in 5 phrases*
- 4) *The topic ... is traced throughout 3 groups*

A passage of text may contain 2 or 3 lexical chains which either intercross or branch off from one another. In this case, they form a so-called lexical thematic network (LTN).

LTN of a text may be presented in the form of a graph:

	SPU 1			SPU 2			SPU 3		
	LTC 1	LTC 2	LTC 3	LTC 1	LTC 2	LTC 3	LTC 1	LTC 2	LTC 3
LTC components									

The LTN method allows a quantitative criterion used of appreciating the importance of themes. A thematic chain including a greater number of items is always a leading one.

The graph of LTN provides an opportunity of seeing the crossing of themes. Some word combinations may join together different topics.

The LTN approach makes it possible to bring out the hierarchical character of the text. Semantic hierarchy of the text consists in the fact that its main theme is detailed into further particulars.

The analysis of the LTN of a paragraph results in revolving its either mono- or polythematic structure, e.g. the paragraph may be one-theme paragraph or deal with two or more topics.

Textual themes may either explicit or implicit. We call a theme explicit when it is introduced by a dominant word, word combination or a key sentence.

In the passage with implicit theme there is no dominant word and it can be found by asking such a question: what is discussed in each of the sentences of the extract?

e.g., *We pass the evening with music (not by music). We shake with fear, we are down with influenza, we remain silent with shame; but we do things by accident, we kiss by favour, we act by right, and we are English by name. We must say: "I came by train (or by bus or train)" and we must not say: "I came with the train", and we have to say: "people are admitted by ticket" and not "People are admitted with a ticket".*

The principal thought of the passage may be summed up with the help of the words "idiomatic", "use", "prepositions". None of these words however figures in the text.

The pattern of structural analysis

I. Focus on the plot

You may consider the plot in one of the given ways:

a) in terms of compositional elements only (exposition, story, climax and dénouement) – here you're supposed to give short retelling of the gist of the story paying special attention to compositional design/plot structure (open/closed). Make sure that you mentioned conflict/collision of the story if it is present; complication and falling action are also worth being commented on.

Vocabulary:

The plot logically falls into.../it can be logically divided into.../it consists of...

In exposition the scene is set up/ main characters are introduced/ we come to know the place where action takes place (sometimes it may be rather essential and significant for

understanding of the message)/the author gives a hint at the essence of collision/speculates on problem of/ immediately gives an insight into the situation

In complication of the story the author introduces the conflict or potential for conflict/the collision is developed and intensified/this part of the story represents the beginning of the collision or the collision itself

The episode when....can be regarded as climax of the story as it is the turning point of the plot/the moment at which the plot reaches its point of greatest emotional intensity occurs in the description of...in the statement about...in the development of the ... event.

Falling action of the story: once the crisis has been reached, the tension subsides and the plot moves toward its conclusion.

Dénouement or resolution records the outcome of the conflict/brings the action to an end.

If you choose this variant of considering the plot, which is traditional, then you may pass to structural analysis indicating it in discernible way.

e.g. From structural point of view the story can be divided into 4/5/6 supra-phrasal units /As far as structural point is concerned the plot can be said to have 3/4/5 supra-phrasal units.

b) in terms of plot elements + supra-phrasal units (SPUs).

e.g. the exposition of the story can be regarded as one SPU, for it develops one microtopic/touches upon a microtopic concerning the problem of.../dealing with...../having reference to... Thus, we may entitle this unity as.../this SPU can be conventionally entitled as...

The story itself is built on several SPUs/embraces 2 or 3 (or whatever number) SPUs.

The textual fragment supplying information about ... is SPU 2/3/4

The description of the clash between ... (the conflict/the author's arguments about/the narrator's speculations/comments on) forms another SPU

the dialogue between... develops SPU 1/2/3 which deals with the topic of...

Part of complication of the story (collision/falling action) which explains and clarifies the problem of...(the idea of.../the narrator's attitude to...)builds up a SPU under the title "..."

If you choose this way of considering the plot, mind that SPU doesn't necessarily coincide with some element of the plot. In other words, one SPU may embrace exposition and the story itself, or exposition may consist of more than one SPU.

It is recommended that you should mention subthemes or LTCs of every SPU. It is up to you whether to enumerate all the components making up a LTC or to give just a general idea of semantic unity (*e.g. the microtopic of this SPU is developed through/is revealed in the following LTCs*).

Besides that, speaking on SPUs should involve consideration of information structure – deductive, inductive types, etc. Here do not forget to make comment on dominating/prevaling/predominant type of information structure and how it contributes to the logical development of events or to the flow of thoughts of the author or to general rhythm of the narration.

II. Focus on the lexical-thematic network

Now that we considered the plot in terms of SPUs, we can observe the LTN. Here you should analyze at least two moments:

1) Textual connection signals/cross-referential links which serve to maintain the textual category of coherence

SPUs intercross with each other rather tightly being subjected to the revealing of the main idea.

LTC components branch off from each other on the basis of the following links/connection signals...

Cross-referential links are represented by the following lexical, grammatical, semantic, stylistic ties: ...

As we see these connection signals join together distant parts/fragments of the text, which contributes not only to cohesion but also to overall comprehension of piece of literature.

Here it would be fine to mention as well the title of the story in terms of its correlation with the text.

2) Semantic hierarchy of the text which shows the development of the main theme and idea.

Rigorous analysis of the LTN clearly shows that there are 2/3/4 (whatever number) main topics or leitmotifs.

The topic/leitmotif "...” begins in the SPU 1 and is developed throughout all other SPUs/is present almost in every SPU.

The author refers to this topic in SPU 1 / SPU 2 by means of the following phrases... which are knit/connected being textual/dictionary synonyms/antonyms.

In the SPU 1 the author touches upon the problem of "...” only in general giving his own opinion. In SPU 2 and 3 the author links this problem with definite people/with another problem.

The topic of "...” is directly connected with the topic of "...” by means of

The leitmotif "...” is developed in the following phrases/is traced throughout the following components/is represented by the following lexical units.

Thus, having observed the LTN we may come to the following conclusion: the dominating type of semantic ties is cause-effect relations/affinity of connotation/repetition/employment of SD of simile throughout the whole text, etc. Besides that, LTN approach allows us to observe the structure of gradual /dynamic development of the main idea, which is...

N.B. It is up to you when to make a focus on the type of narration, method of characterization and on the tropes and figures of speech. Anyway, it's best of all to sum up your analysis with giving your interpretation of the message of the story.

Mind that we say: Supra-phrasal unity One or Two but not the 1st or 2nd SPU.

PART III. EXAMPLES OF ANALYSES WRITTEN BY STUDENTS

In this chapter you are welcome to read the essays written by students of our department. The spelling and punctuation of the authors are preserved. Pay attention to such criteria as logical coherence of the text, composition of an essay, focus on stylistic and structural elements of linguophilological analysis.

At first, read the short story "Miss Brill" by Katherine Mansfield.

Katherine Mansfield

Miss Brill

Although it was so brilliantly fine - the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques - Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting - from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! ... But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind - a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came - when it was absolutely necessary ... Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad - no, not sad, exactly - something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little "flutey" bit - very pretty! - a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything - gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down "flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and - Miss Brill had often noticed - there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even - even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in grey met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him - delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been - everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming - didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? ... But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do?

What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen some one else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theatre" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week - so as not to be late for the performance - and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress - are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently; "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill - a something, what was it? - not sadness - no, not sadness - a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches - they would come in with a kind of accompaniment - something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful - moving ... And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought - though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all - who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

"It's her fu-ur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chere-"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet."

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey-cake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present - a surprise - something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But to-day she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room - her room like a cupboard - and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

Now you can see four different analyses of this story. After reading, answer the following questions:

- 1) Which of these works seems as more persuasive to you? Why?
- 2) Which of these analyses is more appealing to your emotions?

Analysis of the story "Miss Brill" by Alyona Ageenko

How many people do you know who love their life and really enjoy it? Who likes things, which he or she do every day and who has such day in a week, when this person can create his or her personal a little holyday, where he or she has a good opportunity to make an unusual ritual, so to say, for example, play basketball, meet with friends or parents, or even go for a walk in the park and look at different people, enjoying the moment?

One of the great short story writers of the early 20th century Katherine Mansfield wrote about person like this and named her Miss Brill very interesting and true to life story. Katherine Mansfield, remembered as one of the finest writers of English short stories, enjoys enduring fame and a somewhat awesome literary status with her short stories. The story about Miss Brill is one of her representative pieces and has open beginning. For the first time we don't know about the age of this woman, has she family or not, why she wears her fur and where is she going, but step by step a whole picture opens in front of our eyes.

When the author describes the fur, which Miss Brill puts on, we can observe the personification of some animal's fur, which actually has no life. By the way, which animal does this fur belong to? May be it is fur of bunny, mink or fox? The readers can guess that this is about fox fur with the help of this sentence: «Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown!», because as we know only a fox has a red eiderdown.

This is a good example of the macrocontext that determines the meaning of some words and suggests their implication in Mansfield's story, and therefore should not be underestimated.

It is simply an inanimate object that Miss Brill has given life to in her imagination. Using words such as "dear" and "little rogue" to describe the fur illustrates that she genuinely treats her fur as if it were a pet to her or may be even her best friend almost. The way that Miss Brill talks to her coat suggests to the reader that she might be not like other people. This lady is stuck between the illusion of the real and fantasy world.

Next step, which opens to reader one more piece of the picture, is a day, when Miss Brill goes to the park. It is Sunday. 'Sunday' is derived from Old English and means "Sun's day". It derived its root from Latin dies solis, ("Day of the Sun").

Miss Brill starts to view everything she observes on Sundays in the form of a beautifully theatrical performance in which everything, included herself, plays a role. This is a place where she feels as though she "belongs". And now, making a rigorous analysis of Miss Brill's behavior, one can easy to understand that every Sunday was really sun day for her.

We see everything through the eyes of Miss Brill, and through dramatic irony, we often see situations differently and more accurately than she does.

Throughout the story, Miss Brill envisions the lives people around her based on their attire. By doing this, Miss Brill then characterizes them on what they ought to be rather than actually knowing the individuals.

"She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon."

This phrase has a double meaning. Perhaps this people would go home soon or would go for a walk soon, and may be they would leave this life soon and Miss Brill would never see them again on her stage.

The author creates the story with the narration in third-person, this fact allows the reader not only observe how Miss Brill views these characters, but also how her imagination doesn't allow her to relate other characters to herself.

The principle of repetition, which reveals itself in the use of the established syntactical analogy and semantic distance in the SD of cumulation, brings about the effect of implication and hints at the real relations of the characters.

"They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even-even cupboards!"

A metaphor "as though they'd just come from... cupboards," compares them to people, who leave without communication. Mansfield uses this to add irony later on in the story. The interesting thing to note is that Miss Brill essentially describes herself and her living arrangements when observing these people. How she sees these other people in the park is how others view her. What is also struck our attention in the story is that fact that Miss Brill doesn't speak with any of the other characters (except fur), she just observes her surroundings.

Now examine the most dramatic and expressive passage, which presents the crucial, point the story.

The climax of the story is the revelation to Miss Brill of how others see her, changes her. The repetition of the word “cupboard” demonstrates that Miss Brill now sees herself as the boy and girl see her, as just another people in the stands, as “odd, silent, old”.

Author’s scrupulous attention to minute details adds to the matter-of-fact and logical tone of the story.

In reality, Miss Brill is lonely and the world where she lives does not see old lonely woman as an attractive companion. Something deep within her is already crying due to a feeling of brokenness, but to the world outside her, she is a cheerful old woman with bright tales in her head. The story talks about human emotions and the generation gap that generally old people experience in their life, many of them are left alone by their children and have no one to talk or spend time with. In this way, they live in a world that is filled with imagination.

Katherine Mansfield underlines the title of her story. A reader already guessed that the character of Miss Brill is an old woman, especially towards the end when the young couple refers to her as a “stupid old thing”, but why is she “Miss Brill” but not a “Missis Brill”? This fact opens another piece of picture for us. It means that her status as never being married plus her age allows a reader to feel sympathetic or even pity, for Miss Brill for never sharing her happiness with her husband or her children.

The statement that is literally intended to convince the reader that the event dealt with is true to fact produces just the opposite effect: it makes the reader doubt the fact, or, to put it mildly, suspect something, calling a person’s attention to somethings that needs no proof is sometimes on the same level as making the reader seek for the reason of the expression of a self-evident fact.

Miss Brill’s fur coat, which she wears in the park, may be characterizes her own life. It is old, like Miss Brill, has been taken out of a box, out of a dark place, which is similar to Miss Brill’s own home, a small dark room, a cupboard, and just as the fur is returned to its box at the end of the story, Miss Brill too returns to her own loneliness.

The park is symbolic to life, while in the park she encounters many people from different age groups each of them telling a different story. They depict various relational stages in life from small children to old couple.

The bakery is symbolic to a pleasure retreat and the discovery of an almond in her honey-cake is like magic to her. It makes her happy and she always looks forward to enjoying the small pleasures in life. But today Miss Brill doesn’t feel happy, she realized all things, which she tried to hide and didn’t want to understand for many years.

The SD of metonymical description makes the reader supply what is missing and creates the effect of implication.

*“But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.”
She tried to hold back her tears, but her soul cried instead of her.*

We may say that idea of the story, or rather intention of the writer is to convince that Miss Brill was alone all her life, and she realized it only when other people said it about her.

The language of the story is easy to read and understand. The author creates a one word in his head and then gives one peace in the head of the main character - Miss Brill, and another peace in her lines of the story, for readers, which will open it by their imagination.

Analysis of the story "Miss Brill" by Lena Okhlopkova

Sometimes we all depend on other people's opinion. Sometimes we need this opinion to be good for others.

One of the defining characteristics of the short stories of Katherine Mansfield's is the consistent manner in which she is able take one small detail of a person's life and endow it with a universality of meaning. Miss Brill" is hardly the only example of Mansfield's short fiction in which a simple item of the most prosaic utility is transformed through language into an icon suggestive not only of that person's place within the social hierarchy, but also that person's psychological position within that hierarchy.

Along with the iconic item that provides insight into the character, Mansfield's stories are also defined by a sense of ironic alienation from the routine world in which it takes places.

The story is 3rd person narration. The action takes place in park of unnamed city in France. The text can be divided into 5 logical parts: exposition, rising action, climax, falling action and denouement.

The story begins with Miss Brill's good set. She is glad that she decided to go to the park. The story's opening line combines metaphor with a simile to pack a great deal of meaning into a very efficient economy of words. "Although it was so brilliantly fine..... she had decided on her fur." The precision of detail of the metaphorical powdering of the sky and light compared to the color of wine sets the stage for the great wealth of equally meticulous imagery that will be used to convey meaning rather than omniscient description of what Miss Brill thinks or believes. The fact that these details indicate very strongly that the climate is not exactly ideal for wearing fur hints strongly at the meaning Miss Brill attaches to that item. The day is described a fine with figurative descriptions calling upon gold and white wine to symbolize just how fine an afternoon it appears to be as Miss Brill sets off for the park with her fur. The sadly ironic truth is that it is not going to be a fine day at all and by the time it is over, bland and colorless fried fish will have replaced gold and white wine as the dominant symbolic metaphor. There is irony in her very name. The day is not just described as fine; it is "brilliantly" fine. The story takes place in France and "briller" in French means to shine, gleam or sparkle. This, the author intentionally chose a deeply ironic name for a character who sees herself as a gleaming fixture on her park bench who absence would certainly be noticed were she to suddenly not be at her regular spot every Sunday. The young girl that compares her shabby fur to a piece of boring fried white fish unintentionally, unknowingly, but with malice aforethought points out the irony of Miss Brill's utter lack of sparkle in the eyes of others. Should there be any doubt of the extent to which the fur is something truly

special to this woman, Miss Brill's breathing metaphorical life into the fashion accessory through personification should do the trick. The reference to the eyes that ask what has been happening to it as sad also foreshadows the recurring temptation of Miss Brill to unconsciously project unspoken feelings about herself outward and into others..

The next part of the story is rising action. Here we see that Miss Brill is sitting near old men. They seemed to her that they just came from dark little room of cupboards. They were odd, very silent and spoke nothing. One should note the frequent use of such stylistic device as parallelism in the sentence – “Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace.” One particular simile is one of the less imaginative comparisons Miss Brill makes through figurative imagery, but that of atypical precision in her detail is telling. “The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch.” Comparing inanimate humans to statues certainly lacks the reach of her descriptions of the woman with the fur toque or the children playing in the park, but Miss Brill is a fan of action. Preferring the dramatic tension of the stage, she expresses little patience or use for fine arts like sculpting. Or, then again, maybe she sees too much of herself in these old people behaving like sculpture and prefers not to look inward by looking outward at those like herself. An extended metaphor becomes the driving force behind what little plot or convention notions of action rising to a climax the story contains. Once she arrives at the park, Miss Brill settles into her habit of transforming her imagination into a metaphorical theater where other visitors to the park become actors taking on roles she has invented for them. As long as these characters and the real lives of the people she has playing them do not intersect, everything remains harmless. On this particular Sunday, however, metaphorical characters are about to collide with the literal character of the people making up her cast and the result is total disaster.

Moving gradually we see the climax of the story. The climax occurs as Miss Brill notices the full extent to which those around her are acting out their roles. A young pair comes and Miss Brill is ready to listen them. Clothing also plays a part in the young couple becoming symbolically significant. Miss Brill is given to casting the other people in the park into roles in little imaginary plays taking place inside her mind. Because they are nicely dressed, they naturally get cast as romantic heroes in Miss Brill's imagination, but in reality they are anything but heroic. In fact, exhibit a cruelty that has the effect of transforming Miss Brill's entire world. By doing so, they become the symbol of the disconnect between Miss Brill's perception of the world and how the world actually is.

In falling action, the story begins to slow down. The actual dialogue of the characters do not jibe with her own narrative, however. They are scornfully making fun of her fur and her age and wondering why she insists on regularly appearing in public when it is obvious she is so dreadfully out of place. The young woman even dares to compare Miss Brill's beloved fur to a dead fish. They are dressed in fine clothes so in her mind that equates with a fine character. The wisdom of that assumption is proved cruelly misplaced when the girl mocks Miss Brill's beloved fur by saying it looks like a dull piece of fried fish; a comparison

that directly undermines her previously stated conviction that since she'd been coming to the park and sitting on the same bench for so long now, her absence would be noted if she ever failed to show up. The girl's particular choice of a "fried whiting" as point of comparison to Miss Brill's fur reveals power of observation to be every bit as keen as Miss Brill. The comparison is one is neither noticeably impressive as Miss Brill sees it nor even interesting enough to qualify as being in noticeably pathetic condition. It is, instead, utterly unremarkable as if it were barely there. The fried whiting is a symbol not as immediately recognizable to most readers as those related to clothing and yet it, too, is charged with the significance of appearance. The cruelty of her supposed romantic heroes is underscored by the girl comparing her beloved fur to a common white fish that is almost always served fried and is remarkable for lacks of any remarkable characteristics. The implication is that the fur is not enough to make Miss Brill interesting by making her look especially foolish or pathetic. She might as well not even be there.

And the dénouement is very intense. Miss Brill makes the decision not to stop by the bakery she usually visits as part of her Sunday in the park ritual. Instead, she hastily returns to the small dark room of her home, sitting quietly for some time before finally removing her fur and placing it back inside the box from whence it was released earlier that morning. As she does this, Miss Brill imagines the sound of something crying. The sensitive and intuitive reader will feel genuinely taken aback by the cruelty directed toward her by the young lovers who ultimately are the cause of her moment of epiphany, which brings the tale to its wistful conclusion.

Miss Brill is a supremely alienated character. She is alienated from the world around her. She is alienated from the people in the park she sees. She even seems to suffer from self-alienation, as she does appear to be fully in touch with the reality of her own appearance or image that she presents to the world. Overriding all this concrete alienation is the pervasive philosophical conceptualization that Miss Brill is alienated from God or fate or whatever deity or being is supreme in handing out the destinies to puny human beings.

From this story, one can conclude that our perception of reality can often be misjudged due to personal circumstances. In addition, one can learn from this story the harsh reality that society is not as forgiving and caring, as we all desire it to be. There are many Miss Brill in this world and while they must learn to reach out and see reality, the people on the outside must appreciate that they do not know everyone's story and background. Those individuals must learn to be accepting of others regardless their circumstances. The true message of this story is that our own inner-selves are our toughest battle; if we are not comfortable with ourselves, we cannot be comfortable with our surroundings. This will, therefore, ultimately lead to an inability to differentiate perception and reality forcing one to learn the hard way what true reality is.

Analysis of the story “Miss Brill” by Maria Mishkina

I would like to tell you a few words about the story I had read. The title of the story is “Miss Brill” written by short story writer Katherine Mansfield. The story is one of her masterpieces. It gives a deep insight into human nature and contemporary social relations. I think we can feel that basis literary principle “iceberg principle” is masterfully realized in this story.

A close study of the story for purposes of examining its style involves a careful observation and a detailed description of the language phenomena at various levels. The text of the story is not homogeneous: the author’s narration is interrupted by the dialogue of the characters. A rigorous analysis of the vocabulary of the story clearly shows that the author employs common words in his narration and restricted number of colloquial words in the dialogue.

The text consists of the following parts: introduction, the story itself, the climax and the conclusion.

In the beginning of the story we make an acquaintance with the main character whose name is Miss Brill.

The story tells us about a lonely woman who was stuck between real life and imagination. We can feel that she was lonely because she was having a walk alone every weekend and spent her time in the park, glancing, sideways, at the other people expecting when they start to talk. We can also read that she imagines her life like it was a theatre and she imagines everything like it was a performance. I think it is because of her loneliness.

In the story itself we can see another character who plays special importance, but is not a human, it is fox fur boa. To my mind, it clearly shows that it was very particular for Miss Brill, because she imagines that this fox boa looks like luxury fur. She treats it very well; she talks to this fox as if it is alive. This strange behavior can be seen as reflecting her memory for a lost youth, when her fur was new and she was young. After reading this point, I remembered about Robinson Crusoe who talked to Friday and had thought that they have something in common. I am sure that they had a raft of imagination, which helped them to fight with their loneliness.

In addition, I think this story is true to life, because every person needs somebody to talk to. If you feel desolation from society, you probably will feel sad and you will be depressed or feel stress.

Now examine the most dramatic and expressive passage which presents the crucial point of the story. The climax shows that Miss Brill’s perfect and beautiful life was ruined. It was destroyed by a young couple. Our main character was smiling when they came and prepared to listen to them. Suddenly, they started talking about her and made fun of her. The couple started giggling and unfortunately, Miss Brill heard everything that they said. She was so shocked that her life was ruined upside down.

That day she went home without her Sunday treat that she usually had every week, and here comes a question – why? Why she passes her favorite bakery by? The answer is

very simple, it's because if person feels sad he/she loses his/her appetite and it means that person is totally sad.

That day she went home which was like cupboard, sat down on the red eiderdown for a long time and this point shows that she was disappointed and had a lot of thoughts, maybe she was analyzing her actions, or thought that her luxury fur, in fact, was just "silly old mug" as it was said by a young girl.

After long time Miss Brill decided to lay her fur quickly, quickly without looking inside the box like she had a nightmare. But when she put the lid on, she thought that she heard something crying, and it is the conclusion of our story.

As the story unfolds, one can feel the rapid change in the atmosphere of the story. Mood of the main character changes 180 degrees. As we read in the beginning, Miss Brill's was very happy that she had taken her fur out of the box and she enjoys the time spending in the park. At the end of the story, we see that she was very sad because of the young couple, and puts her fur into the box. As we can notice, the story begins with taking this fox fur out of the box and ends with putting it inside. Reason of her happiness changes into thing that she feels sadness.

A close study of the story for purposes of examining its style involves a careful observation and a detailed description of the language phenomena at various levels. So, let's observe some interesting moments.

One can observe a personification "the air was motionless" "what has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes." "little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear", "but when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying". etc. I think the author uses this SD to show the reader particular attitude of the main character to these things. As I noticed personification was used mostly to describe fox fur boa, it was presented as a human being. The fur, which Miss Brill wears, is heavily personified throughout the short story. This use of the SD is the most significant aspect of "Miss Brill," because the story begins and ends with references to the fur as I said before.

The most striking feature which is easily observed is simile which can be seen in following sentences: "the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques", "It was like someone playing with only the family to listen", "He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow", "It was like a play. It was exactly like a play." Simile, like any other stylistic devices, gives each piece a peculiarity, decoration and a deep understanding of the story.

One should note the frequent use of indirect method of characterization. We can read that the main character is very naive by her action. She was very happy that she had an opportunity to go for a walk every Sunday and she was sure that her fox fur boa was the most beautiful thing in her life and was very happy that she could wear it again, but the reality was very strict. The author doesn't impose his point of view but we feel his subjective attitude to Miss Brill, I think the narrator feels sorry for this old woman.

Taking everything into account, I can say that the problem of the story is loneliness, I think it is very sad that person stays alone at the end of his/her life and everybody need to

have a conversation or they will go crazy, they can become that one who can be easily offended if they don't have anybody who can protect and support them.

I think the idea of this text is to be more careful with old people who surround us and pay more attention to that we say and talk about in public places.

To draw the conclusion I would like to say that it is very important not to be lonely and have self-confident in order not to be made fun of. Every person must be strong and mustn't listen to what other people say about you. As I said before the iceberg principle is used in this text, and it can be seen in our main character, who looked happy outside but was sad inside, her happiness was the top of iceberg.

Analysis of the story "Miss Brill" by Elizaveta Ageenko

There are so many people in the world and we know that they are all different. Not only in appearance or character, and quality of life. But and on purpose in this world. Some call it fate. Yes, everyone has his own fate and I believe that it depends on each person, primarily on whether he thinks about his future, his actions, thoughts and goals in life.

I want to retell you one interesting, unusual story "Miss Brill" by Katherine Mansfield. This story is considered as one of the finest pieces of short fiction, it first published in 1920 in the literary magazine Athenaeum.

***The main character** in this story is Miss Brill – middle-aged English teacher. She is very lonely woman and her main interest in coming to the park each week. There, she imagines she is taking part in a grand play when in reality she is merely sitting alone on a bench observing the world around her. **The minor characters** are everyone in the park such as the old couple on the bench, the young women and the soldiers, the little kids running around.*

The story is written in third person narration. The author chooses inner represented speech. So, we know what is going on inside Miss Brill's mind and what she sees and hears, only from her. The internal monologue allows the reader access to Miss Brill's inner, fascinating world.

The plot tells us about an old lady, who spends her Sunday holiday in the park. One day she decided to put on her old fur and went to the park. She sat there, looking at the other people, listening to the music by the band, thinking about everything around her: parents and their children, different conversations, stories, nature. By the way, the author uses a number of stylistic devices in order to describe the nature, such epithets as «the blue sky powdered with gold; the air was motionless» and such similes as «a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip; great spots of light, like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publics». This description helps us better understand all atmosphere in the park. It's like a fairy-tale and imaginary reality. It feels like some kind of magic is going to happen.

As a character, Miss Brill lives in two distinct worlds. In reality, she is a schoolteacher who spends her spare time reading to invalids and tutoring French children in English. She goes to the public gardens on Sundays, enjoys the simple pleasures of life like almonds in

pastries, and seems content in her solitude. But her inward life is very different. She imagines that she is a great actress and dresses herself in fur, most likely a fox. She strokes and pets the fox's fur as if it were alive. Miss Brill begins to perceive her fantasies and reality differently. She, a people watcher, imagines the rich and diverse lives of those around her, observing them. Their lives are full and active while Miss Brill's remains stationary. Miss Brill mostly likes observing couples and perhaps she yearns to be loved but for her own reasons would rather watch rather than participate. But the statement of one of the heroes - men from a young couple, that no one wants Miss Brill at the public garden, is a smack in the face to the protagonist. She was so taken with her distorted reality that when truth presented itself, Miss Brill was emotionally unequipped to handle it.

Straddling the line between truth and fantasy, Miss Brill is content, even happy, living in the imaginary world she has created for herself. Is it her choice? The rude remark of the young hero opens Miss Brill's eyes to what others must think of her. The hero's comment may seem insignificant to readers but Mansfield cleverly demonstrates Miss Brill's fragile psyche.

Miss Brill mentions that she doesn't converse with the people in the park on Sundays, rather she simply listens to their conversations. This suggests that she isn't a very social person and that she tends to keep her thoughts inside. Also, the fact that she is called Miss Brill suggests that she is not married and, perhaps, never was. Therefore, one can assume that she is a reserved and rather lonely person, only feeding of others conversations and relationships for interacting in her life. Due to Miss Brill's loneliness, she has a tendency to create a fake and more exiting world, all the while ignoring the truth that lurks around her.

She conceives of life as all theater and playacting, and she herself as a participant - one of life's actors, no longer a mere eavesdropper and spectator.

The plot of the story is quite simple, and the problems that are raised in the text are not so new. What we need to pay attention is the way the author narrates the story and the language she employs in the whole of narration. The style of this text is sensitive, lyric and also ironic.

It is a remarkably rich work that incorporates most of Mansfield's defining themes: isolation, disillusionment and the gap between expectations and reality. It is about how the heroine, a woman by the name of Miss Brill, old, desolate, probably widowed, stubbornly defies a virtually inescapable fate, yet is finally compelled to concede defeat. It seems that throughout the story the author almost does not describe the predicament of the main character. Nevertheless, we can feel an air of discomfort there. Little is said about dirtiness of her "little", "dark" room, a room "like a cupboard". Only at the very end of the story do we see the whole picture of Miss Brill's miserable life. It is only at that moment that the "secret" is given away, and only at that moment we, together with the heroine herself, can see how to come to the bitter realization that she is nobody but an old woman, loneliness-stricken and poor.

However how distant she is from the other characters in the story can be seen when the young couple sit next to her on the bench. Miss Brill can hear the young man talking

about her. The fact that the man's comments are unfavorable may also be significant as it could suggest that there is a distance between the young and the old.

The ending of the story is also interesting. On her way home, Miss Brill doesn't treat herself to her usual slice of honey-cake. The fact that she doesn't follow her usual routine may be important as it could suggest that Miss Brill, though over hearing the young man's comments, has now fully realized how lonely her life is. No longer can she escape into her theatrical world she has rather she is forced to face the harsher things of her own life. How hard this feeling is for Miss Brill when she boxes up her beloved fox head stole, she is figuratively also laying to rest her inner dream world and her fantasies about being an actress. The soft cry Miss Brill imagines she hears from the box is representational of her own sorrow and her imagination's final death moan. It is quite possible that the author at the end of the story is suggesting that it is Miss Brill who is crying, now that she is aware of how lonely her life is.

This is The End. The reader has lived through the story within Miss Brill's mind.

Now let us read the short story "The Escape" written by W. S. Maugham which is followed by a student's analysis.

William Somerset Maugham

The Escape

I have always been convinced that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that; for once a friend of mine., seeing the inevitable loom menacingly before him, took ship from a certain port (with a toothbrush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year travelling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me), he landed at the selfsame port the first person he saw gaily waving to him from the quay was the little lady from whom he had fled. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had я gift (or should I call it a, quality?) that renders most men defenseless, and it was this that dispossessed Roger of his common sense, his prudence and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of ninepins. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear. If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the hazards of life and this helpless little thing, or, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness out of those big and lovely eyes! I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs.

Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a little lamb but it was sure to die.²

When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy.

"I hope you'll be good friends," he said. "She's a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you're callous.

"Upon my word I don't know why she should think that."

"You do like her, don't you?"

"Very much."

"She's had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so dreadfully sorry for her."

"Yes," I said.

I couldn't say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails.

The first time I met her we had played bridge together and when she was my partner she twice trumped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody's eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a cheque and never did, I could not but think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met.

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there, and everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was very happy. He was committing a good action and at the same time doing something he had very much a mind to. It is an uncommon situation and it is not surprising if he was a trifle more pleased with himself than was altogether becoming.

Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heart-strings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure.³ Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly.

Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither byword nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers and she in furnished

rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small, sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roger,

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

Ruth.

He sent back his reply by special messenger:

Ruth,

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

Roger.

Now, read the analysis of this story and answer the following questions:

- 1) The author of the analysis shares her opinion on the composition of the story in terms of supra-phrasal units. Do you agree with her? If you disagree, give arguments of how **you** would divide the text into supra-phrasal units.
- 2) How many leitmotifs in the lexical-thematic network would you single out? Why?

Analysis of the story "The Escape" by Tuyaara Spridonova

The text I am going to analyze is entitled "The escape" by Somerset Maugham. He was a famous English writer, he was born in 1874. He turned out a steady stream of plays and novels. "Lady Frederic" is the first novel which excited much attention, it was a comedy of manners, had bright and fashionable success. His other famous works are "Of human bondage", "Ashenden", "Moon and sixpence", "Cakes and ale" etc.

The type of narrative is narration with the elements of description. The narration is told in the third person, singular.

The plot logically can be divided into exposition, story itself, climax and denouement. Therefore, the story has a closed plot structure.

The exposition of the story can be regarded as one supra-phrasal unit (SPU) "Lovely couple". The opening passage of the story claims reader's attention, as if the author addresses us and some details which are given in the brackets are significant. They have an important role, "with a toothbrush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action". One can suppose this information is a social stereotype which is deeply rooted in public, what all men are afraid of marriage. And the only way to avoid marriage, as the author humorously suggests is to escape. Speaking about the title we can say that the word "escape" has some negative meaning and mainly is associated with prison. So one can understand that the author implicitly compares marriage with prison. One more phrase which is necessary to mention is also very informative "women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me". It is also generalization about women. There is such stereotype that all women are narrow-minded and frivolous.

So we can see that the author makes some contrast between men and women and gives deep insight into the conflict. The conflict is vital and disputable even nowadays. Speaking about the type of conflict, we can say that it is not only internal, but also external.

Having supposed sexes, the author makes us be involved into certain situation, as if he gives proof to given facts. In addition, he introduces us with the main characters, Ruth Barlow, who is representative of men. In order to describe what sort of woman she is, the author resorts to epithet "had splendid dark eyes", also one can notice metaphoric clichés "the world was too much for her", "her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear". One more interesting stylistic device (SD), which should be mentioned, is parallelism "If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank". All these SDs creates an image of a very touching, pathetic, fragile, helpless woman, but one the other hand the author's usage of clichés, has some negative attitude to her. Therefore, we notice the author makes use of indirect method of characterization. The author suddenly breaks off fragile image of her saying she was stupid, scheming and adhering to simile "as hard as nails" the narrator shows his negative attitude and also this feature represents her real face.

The story itself embraces 2 SPUs. SPU 2 can be entitled "Disillusion". Events, which are described in that episode, give us insight into Roger's character. The main SD employed in this SPU is trite metaphor "to wring his heart-strings". The author again makes use of trite metaphor; one can suppose that maybe the author resorting to this SD wants to show that Roger's feelings are not sincere. Also Roger is a man, who is afraid of losing his money, it became apparent from the author's usage of metaphor "assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure". One more thing that causes Roger's fear is to ruin reputation. He is afraid of public opinion and so that is why he decided to make Ruth Barlow abandon him, he made some plan. One can make a conclusion he also is tricky and skilled tactician.

Next SPU, which discloses plan of Roger can be entitled as "House-hunting". Due to the author's talent in writing the reader understands that plan is working and our attention is attracted by quite difficult structure which contained number of SDs antithesis, parallelism and anaphoric repetition "Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small, sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close, sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak". And even reading that long sentences due to monotonous structure one can become tired and through this structure tired condition of Ruth is traced. Ruth Barlow becomes losing her patience and temper this part of the story represents the beginning of the collision. The reader begins to feel some tension in relations of that couple.

The episode when Ruth finally loses her temper builds up a SPU under the title "Parting" and can be regarded as climax of the story. One can suppose Roger is success in his plan. They abandon each other and that scene is described in denouement. Maybe they are success together, for example, Roger saves his money and money. Ruth also saves her reputation it is very important for women not to be jilted by men and all women are afraid of it and finally she finds another man, who is anxious take care of her. It is interesting fact,

because if her feelings were serious and profound, she would not fond another man so quickly.

Now it is interesting to consider the text from the structural point of view. Supra-phrasal unities intercross with each other rather tightly being subjected to the revealing of the main idea.

As for lexical connection signals one can reveal pronominal substitution, Roger-he, Ruth-she. Also one note semantic connection signals occasional synonyms I-angel, lady-Ruth; synonyms mind-sense, aware-conscious, to look-to see-to view, to say-to tell, residence-house, house-lodging. Attention of the readers also should be paid to root-related words, i.e. derivatives: to marry-marriage, possession-dispossessed, happy-happiness, to live-life, suit-unsuitable; juxtaposition expressed by antonyms: to fall in love-to fall out of love, to send-to receive, man-woman, to arrive-to fled, to ask-to answer. Further one can reveal connections based on affinity of connotation: love-marriage-feelings-husband.

As we see, these connection signals join distant fragments of the text, which contributes not only to cohesion but to overall comprehension of the text.

Now that we have considered the plot in terms of SPUs, we can observe the lexical-thematic network.

Rigorous analysis of the LTN clearly shows that there are two main leitmotifs.

The leitmotif "Behavior of woman" begins in the SPU 1 and is developed throughout the whole text. In SPU 1 "Lovely couple" we see this leitmotif is represented by an interesting epithet "helpless little thing" and the author goes on to discuss this statement in SPU 4 "Parting" "I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I'm going to be married to him today." It is a well-known fact, that women are weak and helpless creatures and need somebody to take care of himself or herself.

As we mentioned above the author creates an image of very helpless, fragile woman, who is alone in such and big world. But suddenly the author gives an absolutely opposite characteristic feature by means of simile "as hard as nails". Further one can note Ruth Barlow assumes another feature, which is very important in making of her portrait by means of metaphor "she would assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure." We can make a conclusion that she is a woman who cares much about money or she wants financial stability. In SPU 3 "House-hunting" the leitmotif "Behavior of woman" is traced in the following phrase "Ruth began to grow peevish" and simile "Mrs. Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted." We see reaction of Ruth Barlow during tiring house-hunting, as the author says "There are limits to human endurance" and we are all human-beings and such reaction is expected if the house-hunting lasts two years.

Now let's discuss the leitmotif "Behavior of man", which begins in SPU1 and is developed all other SPUs. In SPU 1 this leitmotif is developed due to simile "He went down like a row of ninepins". He falls in love with Ruth and is happy. Absolutely another scene is described in SPU 2, leitmotif is traced in the sentence "It's always awkward for a man to jilt a woman". If the Ruth's first consideration is money, Roger's is his reputation. And none of them act for sake of love. They are hypocritical, dishonest and their marriage is something

which might have given them benefit separately. The idea of fearing public opinion and the decision of the problem continues in SPU “House-hunting” by sentence “Roger kept his own counsel”.

The leitmotif in SPU “Parting” is represented by metaphors “Your news shatters; shall never get over the blow”, here one can observe connection of SPU 4 and SPU 2, Roger continues to be hypocritical.

Leitmotifs intercross with each other for its discussing relations between man and woman. Every SPU gives an insight of developing their relations and we cannot consider them separately.

They are even much alike, they are hypocritical and are afraid of public opinion. This fact, maybe interpret as the main idea of the text. Public opinion dictates people what to do, people are so afraid of it and even can refuse their willing and dreams. It is most dangerous weapon in public hands. Nobody knows who dictates that rules to what people obey. To my mind public opinion has big influence on psychology of person. There are situations when people cannot resist to this psychological pressure and begin tired out.

Certainly, children and teenagers are very easily can be given way to it. Being judged by public opinion they become outsiders, in most cases the only way to be saved is to commit suicide fir them.

The text gives another case of influence of public opinion. Roger prefers to be dishonest than say everything to face. And first of all he thinks about what people will say if he abandons Ruth, he is afraid of being himself.

Finally, let us read one more analysis based on the short story by L. P. Hartley “W.S.”. You can read the story itself in Arakin’s textbook “Практический курс английского языка. 4 курс”.

After reading, answer the following questions:

- 1) What elements of structural analysis are missing in the given work?
- 2) Is general tone of the analysis formal or emotional? What would add to make it more aesthetically sound?

Analysis of the story “W.S.” by Valera Omukov

The fragment of emotive prose which has been chosen for a stylistic analysis is entitled “W.S.”. It comes from “The Complete Short Stories” by well-known British novelist and a fiction reviewer Leslie Poles Hartley. He was a highly skilled narrator and all his tales are admirably told.

Well, let’s begin the analysis by considering the aim of the text’s title as it comes to mind from the first uncritical reading. The first thing is to find out what the writer is driving at and is the title overshadowing the events going to be about in the text. So, I think that the title of the story prepares readers for something mysterious and intriguing. As we know initials like

“W.S.” are used in order to reduce the receiver to meditation, to hide his or herself and even to confuse somebody. After reading the text, I came to know that the title does not overshadow the events, because the text is built on the suspicious postcards, which were received by a novelist Walter Streeter. The reader is drawn into the mystery of the anonymous stranger who sent the letter, the mystery of how it is possible for that person to know so much about Walter Streeter's life, and the mystery of the stranger's initials.

The story is told from the point of view of a third person observer. We can identify the genre of the text as a psychological story because we find the study of the human mind and behavior in the text. We can also call “W.S” a detective story as we have mysterious postcards and until the very end reader does not know who is a sender of these postcards. The given extract is a bright example of internal conflict that is inner conflict of Walter Streeter.

The plot of the given story can be logically divided into the following parts: story itself and climax. There is no any exposition - the author involves readers straight into action from the very beginning, moreover, the reader does not know the time and the place where the action is set. As the text has not all the elements and clearly discernible parts one can say that the story has open plot structure.

So, in the story itself which consists of the first three super-phrasal units one can observe that Walter Streeter constantly receives postcards from anonymous sender from different geographical places. As for the structure of this part is concerned, we may conventionally call the first super-phrasal unit as “The first postcard”. At first, the main character is uninterested in received postcard and tore up the photograph of Forfar. However, this postcard pushes him to further thinking. Such stylistic device as antithesis “The Me and the Not Me” shows that Walter Streeter is reflecting on the characters he had created whether they are realistic or not and compare these character with his own personality. The most striking feature which is easily observed in this part is chiasmus “You have always been so interested in Scotland, and that is one reason why I am interested in you”. I think this stylistic device is aimed to emphasize that the sender of anonymous letter is a real person speaking directly to Walter Streeter and to the reader. The second super-phrasal unit, which is also a part of the story itself, is named as “A borderline case”. The second postcard made him feel more anxious. Walter wondered about the sender and felt, that these postcards offend his writing abilities, what is described with simile “...as though someone had taken hold of his personality and was pulling it apart”. Here it is possible to observe some features of the split personality of the main character. There is no direct mentioning of this fact, but readers are able to understand, that the change in the manner of Walter's writing reflects the change in his psychic state. The author employs such epithet as “the faint string of curiosity” to describe his state and to make the inner dialogue of the main character more vivid. The third super-phrasal unit, which is called “A lunatic”, brings Walter to idea, that he is probably writing those postcards to himself. The author employs parallelism “It was true that ... And it was also true that ...” in order to show that the sender of the letters is familiar to Walter Streeter and he knows him very well. Another parallel

construction emphasizes the struggle of doubts of Walter: "He tried to put the thought away from him; he tried to destroy postcard as he had the others". When he shows these postcards to his friend, the latter says that it is probably a woman who has fallen in love with him and wants to make interested in her. But Walter Streeter does not believe this version and in order to emphasize it the author uses such stylistic device as metaphor "a little mouth-like creature".

I think the episode when Walter Streeter receives his fourth postcard can be regarded as a climax as it is the turning point of the story. This part coincides with super-phrasal unity four which conventionally we may title as "A wave of panic". So, in this part we see that Walter Streeter is reduced to despair having received the last postcard. Using such stylistic device as epithet "A wave of panic" the author emphasizes Walter's state when he receives last postcard and when he comes to know that "each one came from a place geographically closer to him than the last".

As far as character revealing is concerned it is indirect, i.e. the reader come to know about main character Walter Streeter through his speech and inner thoughts. He also can be considered as a protagonist of the story without whom there would not be any plot. The character is round and dynamic, as we can observe changing of his behavior and attitude to the postcards in the text. One can notice the change of his psychological state from letter to letter, what is shown by means of extended gradation. I think Walter Streeter is well educated, broad minded and, as a writer, has rich fantasy, which helps him to create his own world writing the books. As for his personal traits, he is described as a very correct and conscientious one as he used to answer all the letters he gets. Such stylistic device as anaphora "he tried to put the thought away from him, he tried to destroy the postcard..." a number of rhetorical questions - "suppose I have been writing postcards to myself?" shows his uncertain and unstable character. In spite of his unselfconsciousness, we can find a sign of megalomania in his character, because he compares himself with great writers using such stylistic device as anaphora "they were Gilbert's, they were Maugham's, they were Shakespeare's..."

The text of the story is not homogeneous: the author's narration is interrupted by dialogues of characters, which makes the text more dramatic and close to real life. The analysis of the vocabulary of the story clearly shows that the author uses colloquial language, for example, "you should plump for one world or the other" and takes a neutral position letting the characters to be themselves. The text is full of different stylistic devices that I have mentioned above. In his narration the author skillfully uses pun "Have you ever been sent to Coventry?" in order to keep the reader in tension.

To illustrate how super-phrasal units are singled out let us take one as an example. I have chosen the 3rd super-phrasal unit because here one can observe how Walter is afraid of the sender of these letters: he shows them to his friend who suggests that these letters are probably sent by a woman. The leading principle of singling out any super-phrasal unity is the development of micro topic. So, in the given super-phrasal unit a micro topic touches upon the third postcard which shows a picture of another geographical place, of York

Minster. Now let us consider the upper and lower borderlines of the given super-phrasal unit. So, if we look at its first sentence which sounds like “The third postcard showed a picture of York Minster” in connection with previous passage, we will not fail to state that there is a change of topic and introduction of a new concept which is connected with cathedrals and parish churches. The previous passage deals with the second postcard which is sent from Berwick-on-Tweed. Exactly due to this postcard we come to know that the main character is probably has a split personality. That is why the opening sentence of the given super-phrasal unit signals the beginning of new topic. Besides it contains no element referring directly to the proceeding fragment it has an independent semantic and syntactical structure. The last sentence of the given super-phrasal unit sounds as “His being was strung up in expectation of the next postcard”. In the following passage one can see the change of the setting and also the verbal change of the topic. So, here the author passes to the real actions of the main character, one can notice that he stops thinking and then he decides to go to the police.

As far as information structure of super-phrasal unit is concerned the key sentence “People did such things, especially people with split personalities” occupies medieval position. So, one can say that it is inductive-deductive. There are two lexica-thematic chains – psychology and writing. The topic of psychology represented by eleven items – megalomania, case, ideas, fantasies, mind, split personalities, subordinate clauses, lunatic, psychic, subconscious mind and logic. The second lexica-thematic chain “writing” embraces also eleven items – postcard, writing, travel book, initials, style, semicolons, verbs, full stops, handwriting, papers and letters. After careful observation of these lexica-thematic chains one can say that they equally important and greatly contribute to development of the main idea according which one can understand that human’s mind is a huge strength which can involve a person in deep maze of his conscious.

Logical unity of sentences is supported by the following textual connection signals. So, lexical connection embraces synonymic repetition like church – cathedral, postcard – handwriting, lunatic – split personality. Grammatically it is connected with integrity of tense and aspect, here it is past simple. Also one can notice the integrity of mood which is represented by indicative. Sentence cohesion is reached explicitly by means of pronominal substitution and lexical correlation.

In conclusion I would like to say that is impressed me well because of its detective nature. To say honestly, I prefer adventure and fantasy, but this story is good in a way that it is connected with human psychology and it was interesting to follow the development of the plot.

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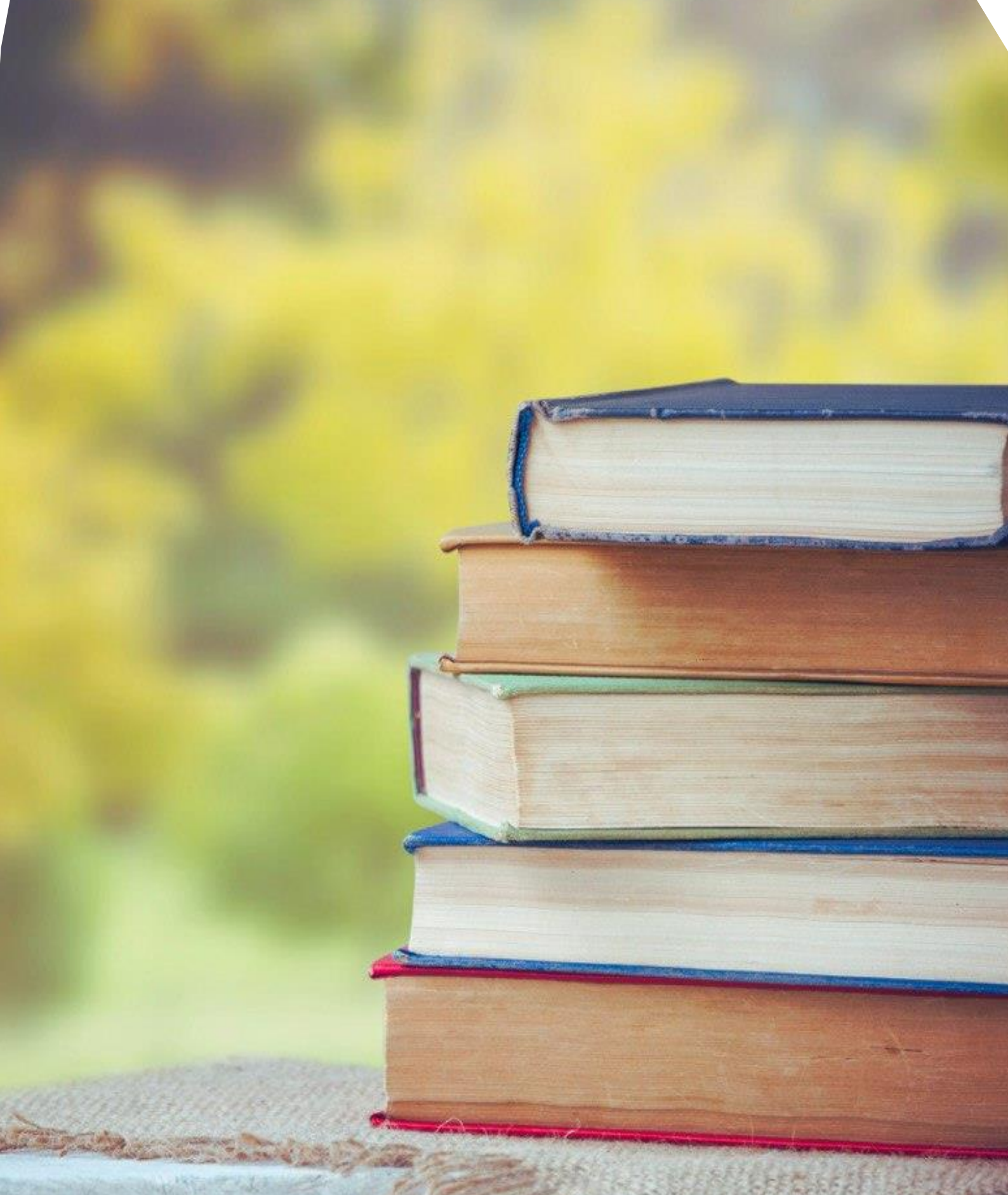
ОСНОВЫ ЛИНГВОФИЛОЛОГИЧЕСКОГО АНАЛИЗА ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

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