

Министерство образования и науки Российской Федерации

Амурский государственный университет

ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИЯ ТЕКСТА

Учебное пособие

Составители Т.Ю. Ма, Н.М. Залесова

Благовещенск

Издательство АмГУ

2012

ББК 81.2 Англ-923

М12

*Рекомендовано
учебно-методическим советом университета*

Рецензенты:

*Т.А. Комова, профессор кафедры английского языкознания МГУ, д-р филол. наук;
Кафедра английского языка и методики его преподавания БГПУ.*

Ма, Т.Ю., Залесова, Н.М. (составители)

М12 Интерпретация текста. Учебное пособие / сост. Т.Ю. Ма, Н.М. Залесова. – Благовещенск: Изд-во АмГУ, 2012. – 144 с.

Учебное пособие предназначено для студентов старших курсов филологического факультета, обучающихся по направлению 031100.62 «Лингвистика», оно ставит своей целью ознакомить их с различными способами интерпретации художественного текста.

ББК 81.2 Англ-923

ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Цель настоящего пособия – научить студентов умению глубоко проникать в художественный текст, раскрывать содержание произведения во всей полноте его семантического, прагматического и эстетического потенциала.

Пособие состоит из двух частей. Первая включает выдержки из трудов известных авторов, предлагающих свой способ понимания текста, что позволяет наглядно продемонстрировать разные подходы ученых к работе с художественным произведением и предоставляет студентам возможность выбора той методики, которая кажется им наиболее приемлемой.

Вторая часть пособия включает рассказы англоязычных авторов XX века, представляющих разные жанры и индивидуальные стили короткой прозы США и Великобритании.

Всем рассказам предшествует небольшое вступление, в котором содержатся биографические и библиографические сведения о писателе, а также указания читателю-интерпретатору, направляющие его внимание на наиболее важные, текстовые элементы, формирующие концепт (идею) произведения, свидетельствующие об авторской позиции и передающие, помимо основной, дополнительную информацию разных типов.

Собственно интерпретацию данных произведений проводят сами студенты, а преподаватель корректирует возможные смещения. Приведенные после текстов вопросы позволяют максимально верно понять сюжетную линию рассказов, раскрыть замысел автора и провести правильное толкование.

Основное требование, которое должно быть поставлено во главу угла при обучении интерпретации текста, сводится к неукоснительному и скрупулезному вниманию к тексту как материальной первооснове любой интерпретации, ибо именно в нем заложены все сигналы, помогающие наиболее адекватно раскрыть авторский замысел.

В приложении размещены рассказы, интерпретация которых приведена в качестве образца в первой части хрестоматии.

ЧАСТЬ 1

ТЕОРЕТИЧЕСКИЕ ОСНОВЫ ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИИ ТЕКСТА

СИСТЕМА ТЕХНИК ПОНИМАНИЯ ТЕКСТА

Богин Г.И. Методологическое пособие по интерпретации художественного текста (для занимающихся иностранной филологией) (рукопись) // http://window.edu.ru/window_catalog/files/r42096/index.html – дата обращения – 14.12.2011

Интерпретация есть рефлексия над пониманием, а понимание есть одна из организованностей рефлексии. Как уже сказано, эти конструкты деятельности взаимодействуют, помогая друг другу. Очевидно, чем раньше мы выходим к глубокому пониманию, тем богаче будет рефлексия в виде интерпретации. Чем раньше мы выходим к глубокой интерпретации, тем богаче понимание. Очевидно, и то и другое надо делать по возможности хорошо. Отсюда – концепция техник понимания. Техники понимания рефлексивны, то есть в каждую из них заложена интерпретативная компонента.

Техники понимания, обращенного на тексты культуры, – это совокупность приемов системомыследеятельности, превращающих непонимание в понимание, а в оптимальных случаях превращающих понимание в мастерство. Владение техниками понимания – это «мастерство ума», и этому мастерству надо учиться и надо учить. Это учение – один из аспектов научения рефлексии. Научение рефлексии, включающее научение техникам понимания, позволяет человеку понимать самому, а не повторять чье-то «готовое понимание». Поэтому вопрос о техниках понимания – важная грань проблемы свободы и проблемы творчества. На это редко обращают внимание.

В настоящее время (сентябрь 2000 г.) нам известны шесть групп техник понимания текста. Общее число техник пока неизвестно: мы не знаем, какими техниками пользуются многие люди, особенно хорошо понимающие тексты

культуры. Поэтому техники понимания буквально «улавливаются» в ходе наблюдения и самонаблюдения над деятельностью понимающего субъекта. По мере таких наблюдений мы постепенно узнаём о всё большем числе техник, но пока нет никакой процедуры, которая помогла бы нам сказать, сколько техник остаются неописанными. Попутно надо отметить, что некоторые из техник описывались ранее различными авторами, но описывались не в качестве техник, а в ходе разработки каких-то других процессов, конструктов или категорий. Так, проблема распредмечивания разрабатывалась еще Св.Фомой Аквинским, далее – Гегелем, Марксом и Кюльпе в связи с проблемой бытования идеального (последнее опредмечивается в текстовых средствах). Техника интендирования разрабатывалась Св. Ансельмом Кентерберийским в связи с проблемой существования Бога. Есть и еще подобные примеры. Очевидно, герменевтическое изучение техник понимания – это использование всего духовного опыта человечества, «нащупывавшего» разные способы освоения мира: в самом общем виде техники понимания текстов культуры – это тоже способы освоения мира, но освоения не через накопление знаний, а через усовершенствование способов обращения рефлексии на мир.

Следует иметь в виду, что использование той или иной техники понимания требует от понимающего субъекта «что-то с собой сделать», то есть либо дискурсивно построить вопросы к себе, либо недискурсивным образом «оказаться стоящим перед вопросом, который кто-то как бы задает» этому субъекту. Здесь мы не будем подробно описывать эти субъективные усилия, ограничимся лишь конспективным описанием того, что происходит при реализации первой из названных техник – при использовании техники интендирования.

А. Техники усмотрения и построения смыслов

1. Интендирование – создание направленности рефлексии для указания на «топосы духа» – отправные точки вовне-идущего луча рефлексии. Усилие в связи с использованием техники может выглядеть следующим образом. Человек читает зачин «Белой гвардии» М.А.Булгакова: «Велик был год и страшен по Рождестве Христовом одна тысяча девятьсот восемнадцатый». Первое впечат-

ление: рядовое начало романа о гражданской войне в России, – однако ... а нет ли тут чего-то, относящегося к главным смыслам бытия – к [экзистенциальным] смыслам `жизнь`, `смерть`, `любовь`, `истина`, `красота`, `Бог`, `добро`, `свобода` и немногим другим? ... Да, действительно, синтаксис показывает, что это – о страдании, но сказано так, что пробуждается рефлексия над опытом слушания церковной речи... Страдания – это и страдания Христа, и страдания людей в 1918 году... Равновеликость страданий Христа, и страданий этих людей – вот куда выводит техника интендирования как техника указания на экзистенциальные смыслы, почти одинаковые у всех представителей рода людского. Не случайно именно техника интендирования обеспечивает усмотрение других менталитетов (национальных или индивидуальных) на основе фронтальной мобилизации всех средств рефлексивной реальности («души») как отстойника опыта.

2. Растягивание смыслов – их категоризация, переход от собственно смыслов к метасмыслам и метаметасмыслам (включая художественные идеи).

3. Понимание по схемам действия. Вертикальный срез всех одновременно растягивающихся смысловых нитей дает субъекту понимания схему действия, схему дальнейшего растягивания смысловых нитей. Эта техника была впервые изучена И.Кантом.

4. Нарращивание предикаций (работа с содержаниями; содержания соотнесенны не со смыслами, а со значениями – окультуренными и при этом вторичными перевыражениями смыслов). Также категоризация предикаций.

5. Индивидуация – усмотрение и предвидение способа дальнейшего действия с текстом. Одна из форм индивидуации – жанроопределение.

6. Экспектация – регулируемые ожидания смыслов в предвидимом действии с текстом.

7. Герменевтический круг – одновременная фиксация рефлексии во всех поясах системомыследеятельности (по известной схеме Г.П. Щедровицкого). Понимание выступает как одно из инобытий (организованностей) рефлексии. В

первоначальном виде герменевтический круг был описан в 1819 году Ф. Шлейермахером.

8. «Достраивание» фиксаций рефлексии в условиях, когда продуцент не сумел, забыл или не захотел запрограммировать эти фиксации. Эта техника понимания фактически разрабатывалась в клинической работе З.Фрейда.

9. Актуализация знаний (поиск их в рефлексивной реальности как «отстойнике опыта») для связывания знания с тем, что понимается.

10. Разрыв круга – в случаях, когда обыденная рефлексия, фиксируемая по ходу герменевтического круга, нуждается в замене осознанным и дискурсивным знанием. Применение этой техники фактически многократно описано Ю. М. Лотманом.

11. Проблематизация (обнаружение субъектом своего непонимания).

12. Декодирование – пропедевтика распрямления в условиях простой семантизации или чисто когнитивного понимания (при работе с текстами, построенными не по смыслу, а по содержанию).

13. Распрямление – восстановление реципиентом ситуации мыслительного действия продуцента. Это достигается через усмотрение смыслов, восстанавливаемых на основании формы средств текстопостроения.

14. Переопределение – нахождение смысла, «параллельного» искомому и презентация его «параллельными» же текстообразующими средствами. Техника выявлена О. Ф. Васильевой.

15. Феноменологическая редукция – «уход в альтернативный мир» текста. Техника подробно описана Э. Гуссерлем.

16. Значащее переживание усмотренного смысла (нередко в форме переживания типа «Это происходит со мной»). Духовная значимость этого явления при освоении мира изучена В. Дильтеем.

17. Интериоризация контекста понимаемого (контекстная догадка). Это явление изучено П. Я. Гальпериным.

18. Замена эпифеноменальности процессуальностью, преодоление эпифеноменальности. Значимость этого требования к пониманию рассмотрена К. Марксом.

19. Реактивация прошлого опыта значащих переживаний, намеренное припоминание того, как именно нечто переживалось раньше. Эта техника достаточно широко используется в повествовательной прозе при характеристике персонажей.

Б. Использование «рефлективного мостика», возникающего при появлении в тексте средств, пробуждающих рефлексию над онтологическими картинками, не связанными непосредственно с осваиваемым гносеологическим образом. При этом используются в качестве «рефлективного мостика».

20. Метафоризации (на основе собственно метафоры и всех других тропов). Пробуждение рефлексии метафорой при понимании текстов изучено Н.Ф.Крюковой. Здесь могут быть использованы любые другие средства текстопостроения, попавшие в риторическую программу продуцента с теми же целями, с которыми делаются метафоризации. Здесь важнейшим средством планомерного самопробуждения рефлексии является описанный Ю.М. Скребневым закон универсальной субститутивности в языке, благодаря которому любой выбор средств выражения может трактоваться как орудие пробуждения рефлексии над тем или иным опытом действия в поясе мысликоммуникации.

21. Актуализации фонетические, интонационные, грамматические, лексические, словосочетательные и др. Эта техника фактически была выявлена Я. Мукаржовским.

22. Экспликационность и импликационность. Это бинарное противопоставление текстообразующих средств введено в науку Ю. М. Скребневым.

23. Средства прямой отсылки к отдаленной онтологической картине (аллюзия, цитация, пародирование и т.п.); интертекстуальность. Также: усмотрение или переживание партитурной организации речевой цепи.

24. Ирония – средство пробуждения рефлексии над противоположным тому (или принципиально несходным с тем), что непосредственно представлено в тексте по содержанию или даже по смыслу. Также: юмор.

25. Симметрия (повтор, рифма, метрическая организация). Ритмические средства текстопостроения, используемые в качестве средств пробуждения рефлексии над всем опытом смыслопостроения, опредмеченного ритмико-интонационными средствами. Пробуждение рефлексии средствами такого рода изучено Е. З. Имаевой. Любые другие средства текстопостроения, попавшие в риторическую программу продуцента с теми же целями, с которыми делаются метафоризации. Здесь важнейшим средством планомерного самопробуждения рефлексии является описанный Ю. М. Скребневым закон универсальной субститутивности в языке, благодаря которому любой выбор средств выражения может трактоваться как орудие пробуждения рефлексии над тем или иным опытом действия в поясе мысли-коммуникации.

В. Техники «расклеивания» смешиваемых конструкторов. При этом «расклеиваются»:

26. Значение и смысл. Противоположность этих конструкторов впервые установил Г. Фреге.

27. Значение и понятие.

28. Понятие и представление. Противопоставление обосновано Г. В. Ф. Гегелем, а в рамках философии образования – В. В. Давыдовым.

29. Содержание и смысл.

30. Эмоция и собственно человеческое чувство.

31. Ассоциация и рефлексия.

32. Разные позиции деятельности (или действия) при понимании. Известны позиции практическая, рефлексивная, исследовательская, режиссерская,

педагогическая. Зависимость процесса понимания от избранной позиции субъекта в деятельности выявлена Г. П. Щедровицким.

33. Смысл, получаемый из ноэм, и смысл, уже наличный в онтологической конструкции (в топосах духа).

34. Понимание семантизирующее, понимание когнитивное, понимание распрепредмечивающее.

35. Действия и процедуры как противоположные основания понимания. Принципиальная противоположность этих конструктов выявлена Г. П. Щедровицким.

36. Понимание субстанциальное, процессуальное, эпифеноменальное.

37. Понимание на основе рефлексии либо онтологической, либо гносеологической, либо методологической. Эта исторически обусловленная противопоставленность типов рефлексии была выявлена Э. Г. Юдиным.

Г. Техники интерпретационного типа

38. Восстановление смысла по значению (в условиях выбора субституентов).

39. То же в других условиях (при действиях с полисемантической единицей, с двусмысленностью и пр.).

40. То же при разного рода наблюдениях реципиента над текстом (над этимологией и т.п.).

41. Самоопределение в мире усмотренных смыслов. Выход в рефлексивную позицию. Постановка себя перед вопросом «Я понял, но что же я понял?»

42. Усмотрение и определение альтернативного смыслового мира. Эта мысль разрабатывалась Р. Карнапом.

43. Самоопределение в том или ином альтернативном смысловом мире.

44. Движение типа: ОТ ПОНИМАНИЯ – К ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИИ – К ДАЛЬНЕЙШЕМУ ПОНИМАНИЮ (и далее).

45. Оценка собственного понимания на основе самоопределения в инвентаре типов понимания (семантизирующее, когнитивное, распрепредмечивающее).

46. Оценка собственного понимания в связи с определением пояса, где фиксирована рефлексия.

47. Оценка собственного понимания в связи с определением типологического места рефлексивного акта, обеспечившего смыслообразование (различение исторических типов рефлексиионтологизма, гносеологизма, методологизма).

48. Оценка собственного понимания в связи с определением средств текста, обеспечивших пробуждение рефлексии (собственно интерпретационная работа в европейской традиции – М. Риффатер и многие другие). Оценка средств текстообразования как силы, движущей процесс понимания.

49. Определение грани понимаемого и самоопределение среди граней понимаемого – техника конфигурирования, разработанная Г.П. Щедровицким.

50. Осознанный или неосознанный выбор конфигурационной грани понимаемого.

51. Осознание субъектом причин своей свободы или несвободы при выборе конфигурационной грани понимаемого. Рефлексия над своим собственным отношением к балансу свободы и культуры (нормативности) при акте выбора грани понимаемого.

52. Самоопределение выбирающего грань: «Мой выбор – действие? процедура?» Эти конструкты были противопоставлены Г. П. Щедровицким.

53. Оценка онтологических картин, задействованных в акте понимания, самоопределение «обладателя» онтологических картин, ответ на вопросы типа «Я понял, но почему Я так понял?». Техника разработана Г.П. Щедровицким.

Д. Техники перехода и замены (реципиент самостоятельно осуществляет этот переход; разделительный знак показывает, как названное слева превращается в названное справа.)

54. Смысл>значение (например, в социально значимой работе лексикографа).

55. Значение>смысл.

56. Значение>понятие.

57. Понятие>значение (например, при составлении энциклопедии).
58. Представление>понятие (обычно для научной работы).
59. Понятие>представление (обычно в работе режиссера и других людей искусства).
60. Содержание>смысл.
61. Смысл>содержание.
62. Процедура>действие (вытеснение процедур действиями).
63. Действие>процедура (планомерная замена действия процедурой в ситуации, требующей автоматизации акта).
64. Понимание семантизирующее>когнитивное (при переходе от «просто слушания» или «просто чтения» к слушанию или чтению для научной работы).
65. Понимание когнитивное>семантизирующее (этимологизация).
66. Понимание распредмечивающее>семантизирующее (при изучении языка).
67. Понимание семантизирующее>распредмечивающее (переход к пониманию ради овладения культурой некоторого сообщества).
68. Понимание когнитивное>распредмечивающее (та же цель).
69. Понимание распредмечивающее>когнитивное (переход от художественного к научному освоению).
70. Ассоциирование>рефлектирование (для избежания искажений в понимании).
71. Рефлектирование>ассоциирование (в ситуациях, когда рефлексия существует «в снятом виде» и процесс освоения течет автоматически).
72. Рефлексия онтологическая>гносеологическая.
73. Рефлексия онтологическая>методологическая.
74. Рефлексия гносеологическая>методологическая.
75. Рефлексия обыденная>дискурсивная. Также: рефлексия дискурсивная>обыденная, то есть переход от осознанности (в ситуации интерпретации) к «интуиции» в ходе непосредственного исполнения текущей работы понимания текста, ситуации, человека и пр.

76. Понимание>знание.

77. Эмоция>собственно человеческое чувство.

78. Собственно человеческое чувство>эмоция (для перехода от рефлексии к поступку).

79. Усмотрение смысла ожидавшегося>усмотрение смысла не ожидавшегося.

Е. Выход (по воле субъекта) из ситуации фиксации рефлексии в духовное состояние, являющееся объективацией рефлексии (ее инобытием, ее ипостасью). Важнейшие среди этих состояний:

80. Выход к пониманию как осознанному усмотрению и/или построению смысла (в том числе эзотеричного), метасмысла, художественной идеи.

81. Выход к усмотрению и осознанию красоты. Усмотрение меры художественности – оптимума пробуждения рефлексии.

82. Выход к переживанию и/или усмотрению гармонии.

83. Выход к категориальному суждению о прошлом, о настоящем, о предстоящем, вообще о мире.

84. Выход к принятию чего-то за факт, за истину. Вера, доверие.

85. Выход к способу определения истинности, перебор способов усмотрения истинности (в том числе и в рефлексивном романе, где надо социально адекватно установить действительное соотношение заданных писателем конструкторов).

86. Выход к формулированию идеи (научной, художественной). Построение соответствующего метатекста.

87. Выход к пополнению концептуальной системы субъекта, добавка к мировоззрению.

88. Выход к одному из собственно человеческих чувств.

89. Выход к пополнению системы чувств, добавка к мирочувствию. Появление эмпатии.

90. Знание, его изменение и рост. Выход к системным представлениям в сфере знания.

91. Выход к решению. Изменение решения.
92. Выход к мнению. Изменение мнения.
93. Выход к оценке усмотренного.
94. Выход к оценке прошедшего. Рефлексия над всем опытом. Оценочная рефлексия над фактами истории и выход к соответствующему пониманию.
95. Усмотрение образа автора (также – образа рассказчика). Переживание статичности/динамичности при движении образа автора.
96. Выход к отношению, изменение отношения.
97. Выход к действительному душевному состоянию субъекта. Создание настроения как комплекса, включающего и чувства, и собственно эмоции.
98. Выход к целеполаганию, также формирование и/или формулирование установки. Сопоставление своей цели (установки) с целью (установкой) автора.
99. Усмотрение модальности всей ситуации.
100. Переживание модальности.
101. Выход к усмотрению и/или переживанию потребности, к осознанию желания.
102. Выход к воспоминанию, припоминанию, ассоциированию.
103. Ассоциирование, недискурсивное (или отчасти и дискурсивное) нахождение и/или установление связей.
104. Выход к инновации, придумыванию, изобретению.
105. Отстранение известного (например, субъект видит, что можно отнестись с юмором к тому, к чему относились только глубокомысленно; или он видит, что к данному когнитивному материалу возможно подойти не когнитивно, а эстетически). Данная техника разработана В. Шкловским и Б. Брехтом. Техники могут сочетаться самым разнообразным способом, образуя сложнейшую мозаику. Каждую конфигурацию мозаики тоже следовало бы считать за особую технику понимания. Однако изучение этого вопроса скорее всего преждевременно: ведь в приведенном инвентаре – лишь малая часть фактически существующих техник, для описания которых нужно находить какие-то пока еще не известные методологические средства. Все эти проблемы заслуживают серьез-

езной разработки. Эта разработка существенна и с собственно герменевтической точки зрения, и с точки зрения использования герменевтических знаний в развитии риторики. Существуют и многие другие техники понимания, которыми люди пользуются, никак этих техник еще не научившись называть. Эта проблема нуждается в дальнейшем исследовании.

Ориентировочная схема интерпретации отрывка художественной прозы в докладах студентов

При интерпретации дроби текста студент сначала выполняет интерпретацию систематизированно. Системы изложения могут быть разные. Ниже предлагается одна из них.

А. Содержательность и опредмечивающая ее композиция

1. Художественная реальность и художественная идея отрывка.
2. Определяющие смыслы и средства текста, подвергнутые автором категоризации, приводящей к появлению метасмыслов и метаметасмыслов. Растягиваемые смыслы и метасмыслы. Рекуррентные средства и метасредства.
3. Обязательно наличные метасмыслы – конфликты смыслов, перевыражения смыслов, оценочное отношение, нравственная позиция и/или тенденция.
4. Категоризованные метасвязки (единства смыслов и средств) – тональность, своеобразие, метафоризованность, ироничность и др.
5. Художественность текста (=оптимум пробуждения рефлексии и средства построения этого оптимума).
6. Композиция отрывка как средство опредмечивания всей смысловой конструкции.
7. Деление отрывка на композиционные части. Композиционные части в их отношении к развертыванию сюжетной линии. Распределение и расположение центральных и кульминационных микроконтекстов.
8. Расположение композиционных частей как средство развития главного метаметасмысла (=художественной идеи).

9. Характер и средства индивидуации (косвенного указания на способ дальнейшего чтения) – в рамках как абзаца, так и композиционной части или даже всей дроби текста.

Б. Монографическое рассмотрение одной композиционной части (по выбору студента)

1. Идеино-художественная значимость данной композиционной части в целой текстовой дроби.

2. Отличие данной композиционной части от других частей по критериям: а) избранные виды словесности; б) преобладающий субъязык, специфика смещения субъязыков; в) глубина партитурной организации речевой цепи; г) особенности места и перемещений образа автора, мера отдаления и приближения образа автора к представленным в тексте вещам и персонажам, слияние образа автора с представленными вещами и персонажами, подвижность образа автора как носителя точки зрения и точки обзора; д) «голоса» персонажей, данные прямыми и косвенными средствами, наличие неявных источников «голосов»; е) синтаксические и иные средства представления человеческой речи (включая и интериоризованную речь); ж) другие наблюдения студента над формой и смыслом; з) идеино-художественная роль всего того, что рассматривается в пунктах (а) - (ж).

3. Особенности данной композиционной части по критериям лингвистики текста. Предпочтение тех или иных субституентов из потенциального их набора и идеино-художественная мотивация этих предпочтений в следующих областях: а) ритмика и другие фонетические и просодические средства; б) лексика (выбор по признакам: этимологическому, статистическому, тематическому, эвфоническому, словопроизводному, словосочетательному) и фразеология (по признакам: устойчивость, метафоризованность и др.); в) синтаксис (значащая длина предложений, характер грамматической связи, сложное синтаксическое целое, мера сложного подчинения и пр.); г) морфология (предпочтение личных/неличных форм глагола и т.п.). д) соотношение текстообразующих тенденций: экспликационность / импликационность, актуализация / автоматизация (в

трактовке

Я. Мукаржовского), избыточность / экономность, дистантность / контактность, полифоничность / монофоничность и др.; е) мера метафоризации, используемые фигуры; ж) направленность рефлексии при метафоризациях (характер рефлексивного мостика при метафоризациях).

В. Любые обобщения и новые суждения, исходящие от студента.

ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИЯ ТЕКСТА КАК УСТАНОВЛЕНИЕ ИЕРАРХИИ ЕГО ЧАСТЕЙ

Арнольд И. В. Семантика. Стилистика. Интертекстуальность / Науч. ред. П. Е. Бухаркин. Изд. 2-е. – М.: Книжный дом «ЛИБЕРКОМ», 2010. – С. 193-202.

Задачей данной работы является обзор некоторых важных принципов интерпретации текста, принятых в стилистике декодирования под общим термином «**выдвижение**», и рассмотрение роли этих принципов в установлении иерархии, т.е. относительной значимости, смыслов в тексте. Все приемы выдвижения порознь были описаны в литературе. Наша задача состоит в том, чтобы привести их в систему и показать их роль в толковании текста. Объектом толкования будя известный рассказ Э. Хемингуэя «Убийцы».

В зачине всякой работы теперь принято говорить о существовании множества противоречивых и даже противоположных точек зрения на предмет исследования. Мы поступим наоборот, и, памятуя, что наука развивается не только за счет дифференциации, но и за счет интеграции, начнем с утверждения, что при всем разнообразии существующих направлений стилистики и поэтики мы можем теперь наблюдать все возрастающее единство мнений по некоторым кардинальным вопросам. Разумеется, утверждать, что такое единство достигнуто окончательно или полностью, нельзя, но тенденция такая достаточно ощутима.

Таковыми общими тезисами являются:

1. Признание взаимосвязанности и взаимообусловленности всех элементов художественного текста и необходимости рассматривать текст в его целостности как единую структуру.

2. Признание множественности смыслов художественного произведения. Множественность толкований, однако, не безгранична. Пределы вариативности

зависят от инвариантных смыслов всей структуры и ее элементов в их взаимодействии.

3. Признание того, что процесс восприятия литературного произведения требует активности и подготовленности читателя. Глубина и адекватность восприятия зависят от жизненного, социального, культурного и специфически читательского опыта.

4. Признание целесообразности использовать при интерпретации текста понятия «код».

Достигнутое в этих четырех пунктах относительное единство позволяет рассматривать их как некоторую аксиоматику и опираться на них в дальнейших рассуждениях.

Поскольку объектом рассмотрения для стилистики декодирования является текст, а не его создатель, и текст интересует нас как направленное читателю сообщение, воздействующая на него информация, нас будет интересовать содержание рассказа, а не характерные черты творчества его автора. Индивидуальные особенности стиля Э. Хемингуэя уже подробно изучались многими. См. многочисленные работы И. Кашкина и В. А. Кухаренко. Мы же попытаемся показать организацию и собственную норму этого рассказа, иерархию его частей, т.е. упорядоченность, указывающую на самое важное в нем.

С этой целью изложим сначала наше понимание выдвижения и его типов, полученное путем систематизации предложенных разными авторами и под разными названиями видов упорядоченности текста, придающих тексту структурность. Упорядоченность текста не только указывает иерархию, она создает эстетический эффект, облегчает восприятие и запоминание, способствует помехоустойчивости и эффективности связи, т.е. передаче максимума сигнала в минимум времени.

В общем плане мы определяем **выдвижение** как наличие в тексте формальных признаков, фокусирующих внимание читателя на некоторых частях смысла сообщения и устанавливающих смысловые связи между соположенными

ми или дистантными элементами одного или разных уровней. Под общим названием «выдвижение» объединяются такие подтипы его как конвергенция, обманутое ожидание, сцепление, выдающаяся особенность, сильная позиция и некоторые другие.

Предположенное определение выдвижения коренным образом отличается от его понимания у многих других авторов (например, П. Гарвина, Л. Долежела, Цв. Тодорова и др.). Выдвижение, как понятие стилистики, известно уже давно, но начиная с русских формалистов 20-х годов и далее в Пражском лингвистическом кружке выдвижение рассматривалось как средство переключения внимания с содержания на форму. Мы, напротив, видим в различных видах выдвижения подчеркивание и выделение наиболее важных сторон содержания. Задерживая внимание читателя на тех или иных участках текста, выдвижение помогает заметить существующие в сообщении связи, относительную значимость отдельных идей, образов, или событий для смысла целого, т.е. относительную ценность информации.

Перечисленные выше подтипы выдвижения не являются взаимоисключающими. Они могут встречаться в тексте, как порознь, так и вместе, распространяясь на весь текст или охватывая только части его. Если признать существование уровня стилистических приемов и уровня текста, то выдвижение можно было бы рассматривать, как единицу текстового уровня, надстраивающегося над уровнем стилистических приемов.

Поясним приведенные выше термины.

Понятие конвергенции связано с именем Майкла Риффатера. Так называется пучок стилистических приемов, объединенных общностью передаваемого смысла и стилистической функции. Конвергенция указывает на что-нибудь важное для текста в целом, но занимает небольшой его отрезок. Сцеплением называется появление сходных элементов в сходных позициях. Явление подробно описано применительно к поэзии С. Левиным. Обманутым ожиданием называется внезапное нарушение упорядоченности, т.е. появление элементов низкой предсказуемости на фоне предшествующего увеличения предсказуемости других элементов. Выдающаяся особенность или чер-

та может быть обнаружена на любом уровне: это могут быть повторы слов, фраз, синтаксических структур, образов или сем, какие-нибудь редкие слова или авторские неологизмы, полуотмеченные структуры и т.д. Заметив подобную особенность, читатель, осознанно или неосознанно, ищет ей объяснения на других уровнях. У него появляется догадка, которая в дальнейшем чтении подтверждается или, оказавшись ошибочной, заменяется другой. Такой круг понимания преодолевает в процессе декодирования линейность материала, а также включает возможность последовательного понимания по отдельным уровням. Еще не получило и литературе освещения выдвижение при помощи сильной позиции, т.е. важная информация в заглавии, эпиграфе, в самом начале или в конце текста.

Исследование различных видов выдвижения представляется нам перспективным для установления относительной значимости элементов для целого текста. Часто встречающееся при толковании нарушение иерархии элементов может привести к непониманию так же, как подмена одного смысла другим.

Такого рода искажения содержатся в толковании многими авторами рассказа «Убийцы». Так, некоторые интерпретаторы обращают внимание только на первую часть рассказа. В бар входят двое, это – наемные убийцы. Они устраивают засаду и ждут боксера Оле Андерсена, который должен придти сюда обедать в шесть часов. При толковании делается упор на то, что им безразлично, кого и за что убивать, и подчеркивается высокий профессионализм их действий. Все комментаторы останавливаются и на изображении жертвы насилия. Оле обречен уже потому, что внутренне сломлен.

Искажение дает, как мне кажется, и толкование рассказа «Убийцы» на основе структурной теории содержания в соответствии с техникой анализа, восходящей к работам Б. В.Томашевского, В. Шкловского, В. Проппа, Л. Долежелы, которое проводит разложение рассказа на динамические мотивы. Мотивом называется при этом минимальная единица тематического материала. Например: «Вошли двое», «Раскольников убил старуху». Первый пример определяется как мотив текстуальный, второй – как мотив-парафраз, поскольку в тексте у Достоевского такой фразы нет.

С помощью разложения на динамические мотивы Долежел получает для рассказа «Убийцы» стройную симметричную схему. В начале и конце рассказа действие происходит в баре-закусочной. Из бара Ник идет по улице предупредить боксера Оле Андерсена, что за ним охотятся наемные убийцы. Нику открывает женщина. Ник говорит с этой незнакомой женщиной. Войдя в комнату Оле, застаёт его лежащим на кровати, совершенно одетым. Оле уже знает, что его хотят убить, но говорит Нику, что пытаться спастись бесполезно, он даже не может заставить себя выйти из комнаты. Уходя, Ник оборачивается, опять смотрит на отвернувшегося к стене Андерсена, опять говорит с той же женщиной, опять идет по тем же улицам, опять говорит в закусочной с Джорджем и Сэмом. Все это в рассказе действительно есть и симметричность, благодаря которой (и по ряду других причин) сцена в комнате Андерсена оказывается кульминационной. Было бы несправедливо утверждать, что подобный анализ по мотивам не раскрывает содержания. Однако относительная значимость смыслов остается невыясненной, а почему рассказ называется «Убийцы», остается непонятным. Пользуясь сложной и трудоемкой процедурой, совершенно оторванной от самого процесса восприятия, исследователь узнает только то, что он уже и так знал, если читал другие произведения этого писателя, а именно убеждается в том, что Хемингуэя постоянно интересует поведение перед лицом смерти, проблемы мужества и слабости. Совершенно в тени остается другая тема – тема отношения к насилию, а именно она является, как мы постараемся показать, важнейшей в этом рассказе. И те интерпретаторы, которые пренебрегают большой второй частью рассказа, и Долежел, который в угоду симметричности отбрасывает сцену засады, нарушают целостность, рассматривают часть в отрыве от целого. Толкование оказывается неполным.

Более полная интерпретация может быть получена, если учесть созданную выдвиганием упорядоченность.

Слова и фразы в сильных позициях, т.е. заглавие, начало и конец рассказа заставляют нас задуматься над тем, как связано название «Убийцы» с композицией в целом. Убийцы-гангстеры находятся, так сказать, в кадре только в первой части рассказа. Более того, убийства в рассказе не происходит. Другая

сильная позиция – конец рассказа. Здесь слова Ника о том, что для него мысль об Оле, как он один в своей комнате ждет смерти, невыносима, и здесь же ответная реплика Джорджа, который предпочитает не тревожить себя подобными мыслями. Возникает гипотеза, что главное в рассказе не убийство, а отношение к нему и его носители. Это заставляет читателя припомнить, что говорили по этому поводу другие персонажи.

Здесь на помощь приходит сцепление – эквивалентные смыслы (отношение к преступлению) в эквивалентных позициях (высказываниях и сентенциях персонажей). Формулировка отношения к готовящемуся убийству обнаруживается в высказываниях каждого персонажа. Это сцепление охватывает весь текст. Бандиты говорят, что им безразлично, кого и за что убивать. Андерсена они даже никогда не видели. Им просто кто-то приказал убить его или нанял их для этого: “We’re killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend”. Это очень важное высказывание подчеркнуто конвергенцией (повтор, оксюморон). Сэм советует в это дело не вмешиваться и держаться в стороне, а в конце заявляет, что и слушать об этом не хочет. Его слова тоже усилены многочисленными повторами. Джордж понимает, что Оле нужно предупредить, но идет не сам, а предлагает Нику, а в конце рассказа, как уже говорилось, советует больше об этом не думать. Только в словах и поступках Ника – сопротивление насилию. Мальчик активно старается помешать преступлению, предупредив Андерсена. Самый важный компонент этого сцепления – реакция самого боксера. Большое значение сцены в комнате этого человека замечает любой читатель. Фокусом рассказа ее делают не только конвергенция разных стилистических приемов, но и объединение разных типов выдвижения. Но ее нельзя рассматривать в отрыве от других компонентов основного сцепления, т.е. реакции других персонажей. Читателю предстоит решить, следует ли считать убийцами только бандитов (они на протяжении рассказа никого собственно не убивали) или всех, кто не мешает насилию.

В речи Оле особенно бросаются в глаза повторы отрицательных конструкций. Они выдают состояние безнадежности и обреченности. Оле или вооб-

ще Нику не отвечает, или отвечает отрывочными отрицательными предложениями: “There isn’t anything I can do about it”, “I don’t want to know what they were like”, “No, that wouldn’t do any good”, “No. There ain’t anything to do”, “No. It ain’t just a bluff”, “I just can't make my mind to go out”.

На все попытки Ника что-нибудь посоветовать и предложение бежать из этого города Оле отвечает безнадежно: “There ain’t anything to do now”. Такое выдвигание мы назвали выше выдающейся особенностью. Средоточием отрицательных конструкций подчеркивает особую значимость отношения самого Андерсена к готовящемуся убийству.

В общее сцепление, охватывающее весь текст, здесь включено еще частное сцепление по типу рамки. Сцена обрамлена двумя во многом сходными абзацами. Входя в комнату и выходя из нее, Ник смотрит на Оле, который лежит одетый на кровати. Различие между начальным и конечным элементами сцепления-рамки очень важно. В предваряющем диалог абзаце, читая, что Оле когда-то был боксером тяжелого веса и что он такой большой, что кровать коротка для него, читатель вместе с Ником надеется, что могучий великан справится с двумя тщедушными гангстерами. Но короткий разговор показывает, что воля этого физически сильного человека парализована и что он не в состоянии оказать сопротивление. Абзац после диалога подчеркивает важное различие. Ник видит теперь, что Оле лежит отвернувшись, упершись глазами в стену. Сцепление, связывая элементы в одно целое, показывает различное в сходном.

В короткой сцене сочетаются конвергенция, сцепление и бросающаяся в глаза особенность. Конвергенция здесь создана несколькими разного типа повторами. Отметим только один, а именно повтор слова «стена». В английском языке, как известно, существует несколько устойчивых сочетаний со словом wall, ассоциирующихся с поражением и безысходностью. Логично поэтому утверждать, что здесь «стена» является символом безысходности, тупика, в котором Оле себя ощущает.

Наша гипотеза о том, что главной в произведении является тема отношения к насилию подтверждается и другими типами выдвигания. Например, об-

манутым ожиданием. В первой части все указывает на готовящееся преступление: и название рассказа, и странное неприятное поведение двух вошедших мужчин. Встревоженность передается повторными вопросами. Прием ретардации нагнетает напряжение. Очень важно упоминание о перчатках. Даже если читатель не обратит внимания на то, что вошедшие не снимают перчаток в помещении, то того, что они едят в перчатках он уже не пропустит. Если Ник, с точки зрения которого идет в этот момент повествование, видит это, то это означает, что он понял – они не хотят оставлять отпечатков пальцев, следовательно именно сейчас и здесь должно совершиться какое-то преступление. Наконец, бандиты и сами нагло заявляют, что пришли убить высокого боксера, шведа Андерсена, который обычно приходит сюда в шесть часов обедать. Дальше напряженность ожидания усиливается постоянными упоминаниями о времени. Бандиты все время смотрят на часы. Они приходят в пять. Все время отмечают время. Ждут его. Не дождавшись уходят в десять минут восьмого. Ожидание читателя обмануто – убийства не произошло, но внимание на нем сосредоточено: его не было сейчас и здесь, но оно может случиться потом. Читатель начинает надеяться, что Оле удастся спастись, но это ожидание тоже обмануто. Помешавшая преступникам случайность не поможет тому, у кого нет мужества бороться с насилием.

Интерпретируя рассказ Хемингуэя «Убийцы», мы показали, что хотя элементы рассказа расположены в линейной последовательности, толкование должно происходить с многочисленными возвращениями, с учетом связи между элементами разных уровней, далеко отстоящими друг от друга. Внешне всякий текст располагается как линейная последовательность знаков, но восприятие линейным процессом быть не может. Наряду с аддитивным восприятием имеют место многочисленные противопоставления и сопоставления элементов. Горизонтальная развертка по месту в тексте сочетается с вертикальной разбивкой по уровням, что соответствует перекодировкам с графического уровня на лексический, на грамматический и далее на уровень образов. Интерпретация текста не может ограничиваться каким-нибудь отдельным уровнем и не может

происходить в строгой последовательности: сначала все, что можно, выявляется на одном уровне, после чего происходит переход на другой. В действительности и вертикальный охват уровней тоже требует многочисленных возвращений – круга понимания. Строительным материалом для построения единиц каждого следующего уровня служат единицы предшествующих уровней, но эффект их может этим и не ограничиваться.

Факультативно они могут передавать различные коннотации, эмоциональные, оценочные или экспрессивные. Чем важнее для текста тот или иной смысл, тем больше уровней может быть втянуто таким косвенным образом в его выражение. Рассматривая встречающиеся в тексте рассказа «Убийцы» конвергенции, сцепления, сильные позиции и т.д., мы убедились в том, что главной темой его является отношение к насилию, преодоление страха перед лицом опасности и мысль о том, что нет ничего хуже паралича воли, который может наступить даже у сильного человека и погубить его.

В установлении иерархии частей текста мы исходили из того, что заключено в самом тексте. Это отнюдь не отрицает полезности толкований литературоведческого характера, основанных на внетекстовых данных.

ВЕРТИКАЛЬНЫЙ КОНТЕКСТ И ЛИНГВОСТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ПРОИЗВЕДЕНИЯ

Гюббенет И.В. Основы филологической интерпретации литературно-художественного текста. Изд.2, доп.2010. – 208 с.

Для того чтобы наглядно продемонстрировать, каким образом анализ текста, осуществляемый с позиций вертикального контекста, соотносится с анализом лингвостилистическим, следует обратиться к конкретному примеру. В качестве такового нами был избран рассказ П. Г. Вудхауса «By Advice of Counsel», приведенный (вместе с рекомендациями, касающимися его интерпретации) в книге В. А. Кухаренко «Интерпретация текста». Наличие в данном случае лингвостилистического комментария приводит к мысли о необходимости предварительного выявления и объяснения всех фактов, составляющих вертикальный контекст данного произведения.

В задачи исследователя вертикального контекста не входит анализ средств создания комического эффекта, соотношения автор-персонаж и т. д. Основной его целью является обеспечить понимание текста, обнаружив в нем все то, что могло бы представить сложность для недостаточно осведомленного читателя или просто оказаться им незамеченным.

Прежде всего следует заметить, что данный рассказ никак нельзя отнести к лучшим созданиям этого в высшей степени талантливой автора. Особенность его творчества состоит в том, что сами по себе сюжеты его произведений едва ли могут вызвать большой интерес, особенно у современного читателя. Постоянно повторяющиеся стереотипные ситуации, в которых действуют одни и те же типы персонажей, вряд ли заслуживали бы внимания, если бы не сама ткань произведений, язык, которым они написаны. П. Г. Вудхауса можно отнести к числу крупных писателей именно потому, что он мастерски владеет словом, его упражнения с языком доставляют наслаждение. Важно понимать значение каж-

дого слова, особенности его употребления, те оттенки, которые придаются ему автором, поскольку все это входит в состав вертикального контекста.

Информация, содержащаяся в рассказе «By Advice of Counsel», имеет некоторые особенности. Во-первых, это все, что относится к характеристике персонажей, официанта, от имени которого ведется «рассказ в рассказе», и его друга Джентльмена Бейли. Во-вторых, особого внимания заслуживают собственные имена, географические названия, цитаты и литературные аллюзии. Подробности играют как бы второстепенную роль по сравнению с описанием внешности персонажа, его манеры говорить и т. д., но тем не менее от правильной их оценки во многом зависит наше понимание рассказа в целом.

Итак, что известно читателю о главном действующем лице – рассказчике? Прежде всего мы узнаем, что он работает официантом не в фешенебельном ресторане, а в заведении весьма невысокого класса (хотя и называет его “restaurant”), о чем свидетельствует не только само описание помещения (dingy room), не только меню (бифштекс и пиво), но и тот факт, что официант в нем позволяет себе вступать в шумные пререкания с клиентами.

Каждая деталь в описании внешности рассказчика имеет большое значение. Сама внешность персонажа говорит не в его пользу. Он совершенно лишен какого бы то ни было внешнего лоска, неизменно приобретаемого профессиональными официантами, в особенности после долгих лет работы. Ясно, что и в этом «ресторане» он человек случайный. Он не отличается выправкой (he gave the impression of having no spine) и не следит за собой (a day’s growth of red stubble on his chin). Сама наружность его непривлекательна с точки зрения принятых в Англии канонов. У него неопределенного цвета волосы (sandy hair) и близко поставленные глаза – особенность, как правило, характеризующая в произведениях английской литературы людей малосимпатичных, не вызывающих расположения или доверия. Само по себе описание weak eyes в данном контексте также представляется неопределенным: weak eyes может означать «бесцветные» (weakcoloured), «слабые глаза» человека с плохим зрением, а

также глаза человека слабого, бесхарактерного, безвольного (the eyes of a weak man). Общее впечатление, таким образом, создается неблагоприятное.

Обращает на себя внимание речь персонажа, которая в рекомендациях по лингвостилистическому анализу В. А. Кухаренко характеризуется малокультурной и проявляется в постоянном нарушении орфоэпических и грамматических норм. Использование универсальной формы слова для разных частей речи, aitch-dropping, употребление формы 3-го лица для всех лиц и чисел, неправильное употребление предлогов (в частности, злоупотребление предлогом of: outside of Reigate, of an evening), употребление причастия прошедшего времени вместо формы простого прошедшего то и дело имеют место. Подобные явления чрезвычайно многообразны, разнородны и заслуживают особого рассмотрения. Особенности речи персонажа позволяют охарактеризовать ее как субстандартный вариант, типичный для столицы Англии. Однако, несмотря на низкую культуру речи персонажа, у него есть дар прирожденного оратора. Он прекрасно использует риторический прием, заключающийся в реорганизации говорящим своей речи, в варьировании синтаксических построений, способствующих созданию своеобразного ритма речи: "If people spoke distinct, there wouldn't be half the trouble there is in the world. Not half the trouble there wouldn't be". Такая манера говорить напоминает Альфреда Дулитла – героя «Пигмалиона» Б. Шоу. Его пышная риторика сменяется короткими рублеными фразами, когда он переходит непосредственно к «сути дела», тому, что его особенно занимает: "Had a 'ouse just outside of Reigate. Has it still. Money of his dwn. Left him by his pa". Несомненно, умение рассказать хорошую историю и рассказать ее убедительно, так, чтобы произвести впечатление на слушателей, умение, усовершенствованное многолетней практикой, должно было не раз сослужить службу герою П.Г. Вудхауса в том роде деятельности, который он себе избрал.

Каков же род этой деятельности и каков вообще образ жизни персонажа? Судя по всему и в том числе по его собственным высказываниям, он человек без определенных занятий и без определенного места жительства, т.е., попросту говоря, – бродяга (both being on the tramp together). В своих странствиях по всей

стране (не случайно его друг Джентльмен Бейли в своих рассуждениях употребляет выражение *from John o'Groat's to land's End*, что означает «из конца в конец») он и его друзья находят средства к существованию в основном за счет доверчивых простаков вроде Джерри Мура или еще какими-нибудь более неблагоприятными путями. Недаром в дом Джерри Мура они попадают случайно (*he come up just as we was sidling to the back door*). Места, где оказываются персонажи в ходе своих странствий, очень выгодны для их деятельности: Райгит в графстве Сарри – вполне уважаемый район, населенный обеспеченными людьми, рэмсгит – фешенебельный курорт на юго-западном побережье, одним из первых связанный с Лондоном железнодорожным сообщением. При внимательном прочтении текста можно найти большое количество слов и словосочетаний, которые можно услышать только в суде, где рассказчику и его друзьям часто случалось появляться. Само название рассказа «*By Advice of Counsel*» является одним из тех клише, которые часто употребляются в судебной практике. Ассоциации с полицейским протоколом или судебным следствием вызывают также и такие выражения, как *we caught him with the goods; if I had been asked my address at that moment on oath* и др. Не обременяя себя какими-либо обязанностями и избегая чего бы то ни было, напоминающего полезный труд (*there wasn't a thing east, west, north or south, that looked like work*), он в то же время не отличается и большой требовательностью. Его идеал – благополучие в представлении низших классов: *lying on me back, plenty of tobacco, something cool in a jug*. Уже тот факт, что пиво он покупает разливное, достаточно характеризует его социальные амбиции. Предел жизненного благополучия воплощен для него в образе жизни Джерри Мура – *had a 'ouse just outside of Reigate. Money of his own* – Джерри Мур, имея доставшийся ему по наследству капитал, может жить на проценты и может не зарабатывать себе на жизнь.

Образ жизни, интересы и склонности определяют словарь рассказчика. Очевидно, что он человек необразованный, так как знание библейских текстов, которое он демонстрирует, еще не предполагает образованности. Тем не менее ему не чужды некоторые культурные интересы. Вполне можно допустить, что

любимый род его чтения – дешевые сенсационные романы и мелодрамы. Его словарь изобилует клише, почерпнутыми из этих источников: *a blushing bride; little feet pattering about the house; love's young dream; cold hard world; cosy home, etc.*

При общем впечатлении неправильности его речи она тем не менее насыщена большим количеством литературных книжных слов и словосочетаний, хотя в отдельных случаях он не совсем уверен в их правильном произношении: *to reach the concluding stages, to relate the proceedings, to promote an easy flow of conversation, to languish, to muse, affable, imbroglia, etc.*

Речь рассказчика, представляя собой смесь книжных слов, просторечий и вульгаризмов, изобилует клише, характеризующими речь низших классов: *No. I, Easy Street, as sure as I was standing there on one leg* и т. д. Его также отличает способность сочетать подобные коллоквиализмы с напыщенной риторикой и высокопарным или сентиментальным стилем дешевых романов: “He may dream of little feet pattering about the house, but they aren't ours. Look alive, Gentleman, and think out some plan, or we might as well be padding the hoof now”.

Рассказчик, как и его друг, неоднократно прибегает к литературным аллюзиям и пользуется цитатами. Прежде всего следует упомянуть его обращение к Библии. Свой разговор с клиентом он начинает с библейской цитаты: “You wouldn't think, to look at me, would you now, that I was once like the lily of the field? What I mean to say is, I didn't toil, neither did I spin” [“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these” I St. Matthew, VL28].

Сначала он пытается облечь цитату в правильную грамматическую форму, но тут же возвращается к подлинному тексту: “neither did I spin”. Как видно, и в своем знании Библии рассказчик не очень тверд, – возвращаясь еще раз к тому же тексту, он искажает его: “dressed like Moses in all his glory”.

Дважды на протяжении рассказа он обращается к шекспировским образам, неизменно вульгаризируя шекспировские аллюзии тривиальностью ситуа-

ций и самим выражением, в которое он облакает эти аллюзии: “enough to have given Romeo the jumps; E and the King of Denmark would have been great pals”.

Несколько раз рассказчик цитирует свои излюбленные сентиментальные романы: “the hero in his duel with the Grand Duke; she wants Reckless Rudolf”. В основном это эпизоды, рассказывающие о приключениях героя или героини на континенте, в которых дуэли с герцогами занимали немалое место. Само имя Rudolf создает своеобразный «восточноевропейский» фон.

В своем повествовании герой упоминает и популярную песню того времени. Рисуя неприглядные стороны семейной жизни, он говорит: “She’d make him spend his nights wondering how to get back the blankets without waking he”, имея в виду песенку “When I married Maria”, где есть следующие слова: “Once I slept with sheets and blankets, now I ended up on the floor”.

Временами речь рассказчика приобретает образный, картинный характер: “This wasn’t one of them languishing sort what sits about in cosy corners and reads story books and don’t care what’s happening in the home as long as they find out what became of the hero in his duel with the Grand Duke”. Наряду с обычными традиционными сравнениями вроде *pleased as Punch* он употребляет и свои собственные: “We’ve got about as much chance, if Jerry marries that girl as a couple of helpless chocolate creams at a school-girl picnic”. Поговорки рассказчик часто по-своему варьирует: “there was a silence you could have scooped with a spoon” (в обычном употреблении это выражение звучит как *a silence you could cut with a knife*).

У него есть свои любимые слова, как, например, *crisp*, которое он употребляет четыре раза на протяжении рассказа:

1. Well, Gentleman did what he could. In his evening discourses he started to give it to Woman all he knew. *My, he was crisp.*

2. He’d have liked to have slipped away secret, but *we was keeping him under espionage too crisp for that.*

3. That’s how we all felt when Jerry outs with them *crisp words.*

4. Oh – about that? *Isn’t that crisp?*

В первых трех случаях прилагательное *crisp* имеет значение, близкое к *quick, precise and decided; showing no doubts or hesitation* (Hornby), хотя только в третьем это значение можно определить с достаточной точностью. В четвертом примере у *crisp* развивается значение, входящее в слэнг, характерный для описываемого периода: *new, interesting*. Таким образом, рассказчик пользуется полюбившимся ему словом для передачи разнообразных смыслов без четкого представления о его значении.

Нарушение нормы в употреблении литературных, книжных слов проявляется не в искажении их самих, но в построении словосочетаний, в которые эти слова обычно входят. Например, рассказчик пытается вспомнить слово, услышанное им в какой-то мелодраме. Он вспоминает его по буквам, как оно звучит. Нельзя в данном случае согласиться, что он воспринимает его как «имя злодея из мелодрамы», как говорится в комментарии. Он вполне понимает его значение, что видно из того, как он его употребляет: “We was keeping him under espionage”. Но если обычный человек скажет: “He is watching her; he is spying on her; he is keeping a watch”, то персонаж мелодрамы, чьему примеру пытается следовать рассказчик, вероятнее всего сказал бы: “he is maintaining espionage”.

Рассказчику свойственно, как уже говорилось, употреблять слова и словосочетания, не типичные для человека его происхождения, образования и уровня жизни. Примером такого словоупотребления может служить глагол *to permeate*: “I told you about that fat yellow dog that permeated the Tuxton's house didn't I?”. Не говоря уже о том, что глагол *to permeate* не должен был бы входить в словарь человека его социального положения, было бы более естественно, если бы он употребил его в его прямом значении, например: “the smell of the dog permeated the house”. Манера употребления этого слова больше напоминает стиль Верти Вустера, нежели бродяги.

Находясь под влиянием своего приятеля Джентльмена Бейли – человека в известной мере образованного, рассказчик часто цитирует его, а также и общего их знакомого Джерри Мура, но еще чаще он «переводит» их речь на свой собственный язык, сохраняя понравившиеся ему фразы и обороты: “Bauley, he

says, and you Mr. Roach, I expect you both seen how it is with me. I love Miss Jane Tuxton, and you seen for yourselves what transpires. She don't value me, not turpence”.

Говоря о двух приятелях, нельзя не упомянуть об их именах. Если имя рассказчика Роуч (Roach) может только вызывать некоторые неопределенные ассоциации с *roam* и *lurch*, что вполне соответствует образу жизни и привычкам персонажа, то имя его компаньона более значительно. «Джентльмен» до некоторой степени определяет его социальный статус, который, несомненно, выше, чем статус его спутника. «Бейли» же вызывает вполне отчетливые ассоциации с *Old Bailey* (суд и тюрьма), что опять подчеркивает характер отношений персонажей с законом. Следует также упомянуть, что в английских романах прозвище «Джентльмен» очень часто дается всякого рода сомнительным личностям и даже преступникам – выходцам из привилегированных классов. То, что Джентльмен Бейли является представителем этих классов, подтверждается характеристикой, данной ему компаньоном (“He was one of these broken-down Eton or Arger fellers, folks said”), а также тем, что Бейли обучался в одной из наиболее привилегированных школ. Однако какая-то причина, вероятнее всего разорение семьи, не дала ему возможность продолжить образование в университете и привела в конечном счете к нынешнему его положению.

Характеризуя персонажей и их взаимоотношения, следует также сказать несколько слов об именах и формах обращения в рассказе. Главные действующие лица, рассказчик и его друг, называют друг друга соответственно Джентльменом и Джеком, что свидетельствует об известном уважении рассказчика к Джентльмену Бейли; он не называет его по имени, но употребляет прозвище, некоторым образом отдавая Должное его статусу. Джерри Мур, с которым Джентльмен Бейли так сказать «на равных», называет его Бейди, а друга его, менее ему знакомого, – мистер Роуч, тогда как оба приятеля называют Джерри Мура в лицо и за глаза просто Джерри. Такое употребление форм обращения говорит о том, что, в то время как Джерри Мур придерживается конвенциональной для его социального круга формы обращения, Джентльмен Бейли и его

друг менее склонны соблюдать условности и вообще имеют снисходительно-презрительное отношение к своему гостеприимному хозяину. Несколько фамильярную форму обращения, хотя и в третьем лице, оба они употребляют по отношению к девушке, в которую влюблен Джерри Мур, называя ее мисс Джейн. По отношению ко всем остальным членам ее семьи рассказчик употребляет формы, типичные для низших классов (“old Pa Tuxton, big brother”). Обычно говоря о них, рассказчик называет их именами родства, принятыми среди членов семьи (uncle Dick), что отражает как собственный социальный уровень говорящего, так и его отношение к предмету разговора – небрежно-фамильярное.

Если возведение в степень личного родства может свидетельствовать о недостаточно уважительном отношении говорящего к обсуждаемому или упоминаемому лицу, то возведение его в аристократический ранг говорит уже о прямой насмешке. Так, рассказчик отзывается о привередливом клиенте: “Now Lord Percy gets all peevish”. Возводя клиента в ранг титулованной особы и надевая его к тому же аристократическим именем (Percy – уменьшительное от Percival), официант, произнося эту фразу в соответствующей манере (высокая интенсивность и присутствие некоторой степени назализации – своего рода пародия на аристократический тембр), издевается над клиентом.

Говоря об остальных персонажах – мужчинах, рассказчик без различия возраста и положения называет всех, в том числе себя, *feller*: “Nice feller. Simple sort of feller. Why didn't he say ‘lamb’, so’s a feller could hear him?”.

Джентльмен Бейли, говоря о рассказчике и о себе, представляет себя и своего друга как *partners*, тут же добавляя: *partners in misfortune*. Сам рассказчик несколькими строчками выше, характеризуя свои отношения с компаньоном, употребляет слово *partnership*, которое напоминает прежде всего какое-то коммерческое предприятие или фирму адвокатов. Читатель сам может заключить, какого рода «предприятие» объединяет персонажей.

Еще одно имя, упомянутое в рассказе, может вызвать недоумение – “Willie”: “She wants to feel that she's the only one that's got the sense to see the hidden

good in Willie”. В данном случае это просто прозвище, которое давалось молодому человеку, ухаживающему за молодой девушкой.

Что касается роли самого автора, то в рассказе она сводится практически к ремаркам (типа авторских ремарок в пьесе), описывающим место действия, передвижения персонажей, отдельные их жесты и манеру поведения (“the waiter came over to the traveller’s table, he laughed bitterly, he sighed once more”, etc.). В одном только случае дается более или менее развернутое описание главного действующего лица – рассказчика. Это описание представляет особый интерес с точки зрения вертикального контекста, поскольку в нем мы обнаруживаем характерное для П. Г. Вудхауса явление, заключающееся в деформации цитаты. Прежде чем говорить о сравнении официанта с нежным цветком (как это делается в комментарии), следует уяснить, что никакого цветка не существует и что сама по себе часть библейской цитаты “lily of the field: в идиоматическом ее употреблении не имеет никакого отношения к цветку, но употребляется для обозначения человека праздного, у которого нет необходимости зарабатывать себе на жизнь, которому все блага жизни достаются без малейшего усилия с его стороны. Что же делает здесь П. Г. Вудхаус? Он не только переосмысляет цитату, создавая образ цветка, но и вплетает в основанное на деформации цитаты сравнение элемент еще одного банального сравнения: “drooping like a tired flower”.

Таким образом, П. Г. Вудхаус наполняет небольшой рассказ, не представляющий особого интереса с точки зрения содержания, подробностями, которые сами по себе чрезвычайно интересны. С их помощью он успешно создает очень определенные социальные типы. Двое бродяг без дома, без определенных занятий, живущие обманом доверчивых простаков, оказываются в то же время не лишены своеобразного достоинства, чувства юмора и понятий о приличиях. Стоит только вспомнить, как шокируют рассказчика грубые выходки Джерри Мура за столом у его будущих родственников, хотя ничто не может устраивать рассказчика больше, чем разрыв между Джерри и родственниками его невесты.

СЕМИОТИКА И ПОНИМАНИЕ ПРОИЗВЕДЕНИЯ СЛОВЕСНО- ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТВОРЧЕСТВА

Назарова, Т. Б. Филология и семиотика. Современный английский язык: Учеб. Пособие / Т. Б. Назарова. – 2-е изд., испр. – М.: Высш. шк., 2003. – С. 135-139.

Невозможно испытывать подлинное воздействие художественного произведения без адекватного понимания текста. В связи с этим необходимо более подробно остановиться на таких понятиях, как чтение и понимание, которые слишком часто рассматриваются как само собой разумеющиеся. Чтение в филологическом смысле неразрывно связано с пониманием художественного текста. При этом понимание следует отличать от объяснения и описания. В предыдущих главах было показано, что, анализируя художественный текст, исследователи не касались проблемы понимания художественного произведения, а ограничивались описанием того или иного текста с использованием определенной терминологической системы. Описание служило основой для объяснения некоторых сторон исследуемого объекта. В общеметодологическом плане объяснение и описание тесно связаны друг с другом. Как известно, без описания фактов невозможно их объяснение; с другой стороны, описание без объяснения остается «чистым описанием фактов». Понимание отличается от объяснения и описания. Понимание первично: «... нельзя думать, что ты «понимаешь» нечто, если ты не можешь рассказать другим, что именно ты понимаешь». Понимание – присущая сознанию форма освоения действительности, означающая раскрытие и воспроизведение смыслового содержания предмета. Когда мы говорим о чтении в филологическом смысле, мы имеем в виду прежде всего понимание текста, т.е. раскрытие и воспроизведение смыслового содержания предмета. Восприятие художественного текста таким, каким он задуман, создан, задан автором, и есть филологическое чтение. Приведем в связи со сказанным слова известного литературоведа Дей-вида Лоджа: “We can judge any sentence or even

word by the work it does or fails to do. The effect must precede the judgement on the effect. The same is true of a whole work. Ideally, we must finish it first and then evaluate it. Otherwise, we have nothing to evaluate”.

Существенной особенностью понимания художественного текста является также и то, что читаемый нами текст должен отражаться в нашей внутренней речи со всей совокупностью присущих ему смыслов (содержаний-намерений). Напомним слова Л. В. Щербы о том, что «...многое в тексте можно произносить, а следовательно, и понимать по-разному, и необходима большая опытность, литературная начитанность и тонкое знание языка для того, чтобы правильно произносить, или, что то же самое, правильно угадывать замысел автора».

Понимать автора («правильно угадывать замысел») значит видеть за расположенными на странице словами те содержания, которые задуманы художником слова. Иначе говоря, чтение литературного произведения – это процесс общения, диалога писателя и читателя. Создавая художественное произведение, подбирая слова и объединяя их в соответствующем синтагматическом измерении, автор заключает в них определенный смысл, определенное содержание, которое не лежит на поверхности и не сводится к простой сумме составляющих произведение слов и значений. Содержание-намерение художественного произведения не поддается однозначному определению. Его истолкование лишено формальной четкости точных наук. Вникая в художественный текст, мы не просто разбираем и рассматриваем его как объект, но одновременно позволяем его создателю апеллировать к нам и становиться партнером нашей духовной работы. Художественный текст нельзя «дешифровать» простым усилием рассудка, в него надо «вжиться»; он должен быть «понят, как то, что он есть, и лишь благодаря этому он берется как то, что он обозначает».

Иначе говоря, чтение художественной литературы не должно мыслиться как простое и непротиворечивое упражнение в установлении семантических свойств составляющих текст единиц. Это сложная многоплановая операция «декодирования» эстетически организованного целого, созданного творческим

воображением автора: воспринимая данный в опыте художественный текст и расчлняя его на те или иные части, читающий должен уметь отвлекаться, освободиться от непосредственных языковых значений слов в тексте и постигать («угадывать» – Л. В. Щерба) тот смысл, то содержание-намерение, носителем которого (по замыслу автора) является тот или иной отрезок речи. По существу в этом заключается метод филологической герменевтики, направленный на комплексное исследование языка художественного произведения, которое способствовало бы пониманию художественного текста. Термин «герменевтика» происходит от греческого “hermeneuo” (разъясняю, растолковываю, сообщаю, делаю понятным, довожу до понимания) и первоначально использовался в теологии в следующем значении «учение о правильном истолковании священных текстов» (экзегетика). Применительно к художественной литературе термин «герменевтика» означает искусство правильной интерпретации, адекватного понимания художественного текста и восприятия той эмоционально-эстетической информации, которая заложена в нем автором: “...by understanding we mean not merely being able to make out letters and recognize words, but “doing full justice to the text”, understanding it in terms of philological hermeneutics, that is trying to see the purport of the complete utterance, penetrate into the author's intention, and appreciate the aesthetic impact of a work of Fiction”.

В решении проблем, связанных с изучением словесно-художественного творчества, отечественная филологическая традиция принципиально отличалась от западной. В русской филологии настойчиво подчеркивалась необходимость понимания текста и обучения чтению художественной литературы. Причем этот подход никогда не носил абстрактно-теоретического характера и тем более не принимал форму общих рассуждений о «множественности прочтений текста» или о его «абсолютной непознаваемости». Отечественные филологи – Л. В. Щерба, В. В. Виноградов, О. С. Ахманова, Р. А. Будагов и многие другие последовательно обосновывали практические методы обучения медленному, вдумчивому, филологическому чтению и пониманию. Именно труды ведущих

русских филологов легли в основу лингвостилистического и лингвопоэтического методов в обучении восприятию словесно-художественного творчества.

Лингвостилистический анализ представляет собой совокупность эвристических приемов, позволяющих изучать конкретный языковой материал, из которого «сделан» текст. Лингвостилистический анализ предполагает внимательное и скрупулезное изучение текста и составляющих его слов как таковых, лексико-семантически, с точки зрения присущих им языковых значений. Наряду с анализом всех возможных языковых аспектов данного текста (лексика, морфология, синтаксис), лингвостилистика также занимается описанием приобретаемых словами и словосочетаниями коннотаций — дополнительных экспрессивно-эмоционально-оценочных значений. На семантическом уровне выделяются различные группы слов, определяются свойственные им значения и ингерентные коннотации; словосочетания подробно анализируются с точки зрения таких категорий, как коннотативность, клишированность, идиоматичность, концептуальная полноценность, социальная обусловленность. На уровне предложения семантический анализ предусматривает определение длины, типа и структуры предложения. Принимается во внимание характер деления текста на абзацы и его ритмическое строение (число синтагм, число слогов в синтагме, их соотношение и т.д.). Ритмико-синтаксический анализ включает подробное описание звуковой организации высказывания.

От лингвостилистического анализа принципиально отличается **лингвопоэтический анализ**, который направлен на разъяснение эмоционально-эстетического воздействия, оказываемого художественным произведением. Лингвопоэтический анализ выявляет совокупность тех языковых средств, при помощи которых писатель обеспечивает эстетическое воздействие, необходимое ему для воплощения его идейно-художественного замысла, и определяет, как то или иное средство языка вовлекается автором в процесс словесно-художественного творчества. Иначе говоря, суть лингвопоэтического анализа состоит в установлении того, в какой мере употребление того или иного средства языка в художественном тексте обусловлено идейным замыслом автора.

Методика лингвопоэтического анализа, получившая название “the method of slicing and splicing”, состоит в следующем: на первом этапе художественное произведение как бы «препарируется» исследователем (slicing), который выбирает отрывки, однородные по содержанию (например, все, что относится к характеристике того или иного персонажа). В дальнейшем отобранные таким образом отрывки, в сжатом виде представляющие тот или иной аспект художественного произведения, подвергаются детальному филологическому анализу и дополняются комментариями и разъяснениями, что придает материалу вид законченного связного текста (splicing).

Следуя принятой в настоящей работе методологии и рассматривая художественное произведение объемно, в неразрывном единстве его граней, мы должны отметить, что филологическое чтение художественной литературы основывается на диалектике **семантики**, **метасемиотики** и **семиотики**. В творческом создании художественного текста писатель стремится к тому, чтобы имеющиеся в языке значения в единстве с присущими им звучаниями стали совокупно (в целом) выражением для новых метасодержаний. Вместе с тем, воспринимая различные лексические значения и метасемиотические содержания, читающий стремится ко все более новым и многоплановым обобщениям, что выводит его, на определенном этапе гносеологического восприятия художественной действительности, за пределы семантического и метасемиотического уровней. Читая литературный текст и адекватно отражая его во внутренней речи, филолог также воспринимает какие-то более общие («инвариантные») содержания, не ограничивающиеся каким-либо одним, конкретным выражением, а опирающиеся на целую систему способов выражения, включенных в соответствии с авторским замыслом в развернутое произведение речи. Передача этих наиболее общих «содержаний» происходит по семиотическому принципу, т.е. «при помощи вполне условного (конвенционального) средства, ...такого, в материальной природе или строении которого нет никакой естественной связи с обозначаемым предметом или реальной (физической) природой передаваемой информации». Принципиально важно в этом плане понимать, что соотношение

содержания и выражения (означаемого и означающего) в данном случае носит не семантический, а семиотический характер, так как семантико-стилистический смысл, передаваемый художником слова, не закреплен за некоторым природным («фюсей»), исторически сложившимся единством содержания и материального, социально-исторически обусловленного выражения. Соотношение означаемое – означающее обусловлено конкретным художественным намерением и возникает «по установлению» автора художественного произведения. Понимание в филологическом значении этого термина предполагает в читающем способность «раскрывать и воспроизводить смысловое содержание предмета», т.е. устанавливать те семантико-стилистические содержания, которые закрепляются художником слова за тем или иным соотношением содержания и выражения.

К сказанному следует добавить, что в определенном смысле семиотика художественного текста зависит от способности читающего отвлекать от воспринимаемого им произведения, с опорой на знание языка («соответствующей техники выражения» – Г. О. Винокур) и совокупности всех литературных, художественных и культурных представлений, моральных, этических и эстетических ценностей, составляющих творчество писателя, такие способы языкового выражения, которые являются указаниями на то, что лежит за пределами текста и тесно связано с его пониманием. Весьма существенное значение при этом имеет тот факт, что произведение словесно-художественного творчества представляет собой сложное, самобытное, неповторимое, эстетически организованное целое, несущее (в соответствии с намерением писателя) различные эмоционально-оценочные содержания, направленные на оказание эстетического воздействия.

РАССКАЗ “A ROSE FOR EMILY” КАК ПРЕДМЕТ ФИЛОЛОГИЧЕСКОГО ЧТЕНИЯ

Назарова, Т. Б. Филология и семиотика. Современный английский язык: Учеб. Пособие / Т. Б. Назарова. – 2-е изд., испр. – М.: Высш. шк., 2003. – С. 148 – 158.

<...> Рассказ "A Rose for Emily" – один из самых известных рассказов Фолкнера. Обратимся к материалу и постараемся показать, как семиотический метод связан с филологическим пониманием этого художественного произведения. Понимание эстетически организованного единства – это движение от «предварительного» понимания, задающего смысл предмета понимания как целого, к анализу его частей и достижению более глубокого и полного понимания, в котором смысл целого подтверждается смыслом частей, а смысл частей – смыслом целого. Для обозначения тех эстетически значимых частей, на которые нам приходится членить текст и которые имеют существенное значение для филологического понимания развернутого произведения речи, мы используем термин «опорная ситуация», соответствующий англоязычным терминам *fulcrum* и *boundaried space*.

Начнем с заглавия “A Rose for Emily”. Предполагается, что с самых первых шагов в чтении рассказа мы должны осуществить «когнитивное манипулирование» уже имеющимися значениями с целью синтеза нового содержания. В противном случае мы оказываемся не в состоянии «снять» противоречие между в целом положительным значением названия («Роза для Эмили») и противоположным этому, на первый взгляд, содержанием рассказа. Фолкнер сам не отрицал аллегоричности названия: «... перед нами — трагедия женщины..., мне жалко эту женщину, и названием рассказа я как бы приветствую ее, подобно тому, как отдают честь рукой; женщинам в таких случаях преподносят розу...». Таким образом, «отвлечение» от непосредственного (семантического, предметно-

вещественного, лексического) значения составляющих заглавие слов помогает нам увидеть в словосочетании “A Rose for Emily” знак авторского отношения к персонажу, специфический семантико-стилистический смысл, служащий ключом к пониманию всего рассказа.

Так же, как и в случае названия, мы приходим к пониманию развернутого произведения речи путем «смещения» отдельных его частей и постепенного «отвлечения» от «рассказа ужасов», который мы находим на семантическом уровне, когда ограничиваем себя сюжетом и действием, описанным Фолкнером. «Освободив» заглавие от предметно-вещественного значения, мы начинаем движение по тексту, разные части которого характеризуются разной степенью «отвлеченности» («смещения»).

Первый абзац текста на семантическом уровне представляет собой описание похорон Эмили, куда собрался весь город:

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old manservant – a combined gardener and cook – had seen in at least ten years.

Мужчин привело «смешанное чувство уважения и симпатии к рухнувшему монументу», «женщин – любопытство и желание проникнуть в дом, куда уже по меньшей мере лет десять не ступала нога человека». Семантически – это констатация факта. Вдумываясь в текст и «читая между строк», мы на каком-то этапе воспринимаем более общее содержание, стоящее за этим фрагментом текста: чрезвычайно важное для авторского намерения противопоставление Эмили – ее окружение («человек в конфликте с собой, с себе подобными, с окружением» – У. Фолкнер). С лингвопоэтической точки зрения этот семантико-стилистический смысл передается различными коннотативными словосочетаниями, например: “a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument”.

Не менее интересен в этом плане следующий абзац, который так же, как и предыдущий, представляет собой эстетически значимый отрезок текста – описание дома, в котором проживает Эмили Грирсон:

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps – an eyesore among eyesores.

Адекватное понимание этого отрывка текста требует от читателя метонимического «смещения»: семантическому описанию дома («Большой квадратный каркасный дом со следами давней побелки, построенный в легкомысленном духе семидесятых годов, с куполами, шпилями, балконами с завитушками...») «сообщается переносный смысл» (У. Фолкнер). Слова автора о том, что «старомодный дом Грирсонов по-прежнему горделиво и упрямо возвышался над фургонами с хлопком и бензозаправочными станциями, словно отвечая вызовом на брошенный вызов» (“... only Miss Emily’s house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps – an eyesore among eyesores”), являются еще одной вариацией на тему противопоставления Эмили – ее окружение, о котором говорилось выше. Эмили – типично «южный» мотив: «еще одна из хорошо знакомых читателям Фолкнера попыток любыми средствами удержать неостановимо текущее время, повернуть не зависящий от человека ход событий вспять, уверить самого себя, что происходившее не происходило, что «этого» никогда не было».

Продолжение второго абзаца убеждает нас в том, что Эмили Грирсон удастся «повернуть не зависящий от человека ход событий вспять»:

And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names that lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Эмили нет в живых, но она занимает свое место в городском пантеоне среди солдат федеральной армии и конфедератов, павших в битве при Джефферсоне. Эмили выстояла, она «торжествует», она становится частью истории Джефферсона.

По существу в заглавии и в первых двух абзацах автор вводит то наиболее существенное семантико-стилистическое содержание, вокруг которого построен весь рассказ. В дальнейшем изложении осуществляется лингвопоэтическая вариация на тему эстетически значимого противопоставления Эмили – ее окружение. Описанная в рассказе старая женщина упрямо сопротивляется духу перемен в столице Йокнапатофы Джефферсоне: во всем, до мелочей, до запрета прибить к своей калитке почтовый ящик, до нежелания уплачивать налоги, поддерживать какой-либо контакт с внешним миром. За всеми этими детально описанными в рассказе моментами – фолкнеровский герой «в конфликте с собой, с себе подобными, с окружением», «стремление человека бороться со своей природой, со своей совестью».

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor – he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron – remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

В лингвопоэтическом плане рассматриваемый отрывок основывается на синонимической конденсации – сближении по смыслу сопологаемых в речи слов: “a tradition, a duty, and a care”; особого внимания заслуживает эмоционально-оценочное словосочетание “a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town”.

В рассказе описывается несколько ситуаций, связанных с налоговой декларацией (“tax notice”):

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later

the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse – a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their things, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

Эмили категорически отказывается от уплаты налогов (“The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.”). Очень показательна в этом отношении ее речевая характеристика:

Her voice was dry and cold. “I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves.”

“But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?”

“I received a paper, yes,” Miss Emily said. “Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff. ... I have no taxes in Jefferson.”

“But there is nothing in the books to show that, you see. We must go by the –”

“See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson.” “But, Miss Emily –”

“See Colonel Sartoris.” (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) “I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!” The Negro appeared. “Show these gentlemen out.”

Как следует из приведенного материала, в лингвопоэтическом плане речевой портрет Эмили создается короткими, категоричными, повторяющимися

предложениями, включающими весьма ограниченный набор слов. Она не желает поддерживать контакт с окружающим ее миром.

Количество невероятных ситуаций, создаваемых творческим воображением автора, требует от читателя умения увидеть за многообразием проявлений конфликта Эмили с окружающей ее действительностью и разнообразием вполне конкретных способов лингвопоэтического выражения фолкнеровский семантико-стилистический смысл: «человек в конфликте с собой, с себе подобными, с окружением».

Фолкнер идет к воплощению этого семантико-стилистического содержания по восходящей, постепенно и планомерно: от ситуаций, связанных с налоговой декларацией и почтовым ящиком, к более сложным обстоятельствам, в которых Эмили Грирсон также проявляет неслыханное упорство, настойчивость и сопротивление. Примером постепенного движения автора к высшей точке своего повествования служит диалог Эмили с аптекарем:

“I want some poison,” she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eyesockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. “I want some poison,” she said.

“Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom – ”

“I want the best you have. I don't care what kind.”

The druggist named several. “They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is – ”

“Arsenic,” Miss Emily said. “Is it a good one?”

“Is ... arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want – ”

“I want arsenic.”

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. “Why, of course,” the druggist said. “If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for.”

Следующее за диалогом описание Эмили и того, как она воздействует на собеседника, дополняет и развивает наши представления об особенностях характера героини рассказа:

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look at him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats".

Другим примером бескомпромиссности Эмили служит настойчивость, с которой она нарушает "кодекс чести" (*noblesse oblige*), «принимая всерьез северянина, да к тому же еще и поденщика» («настоящая леди даже в несчастье не должна забывать о кодексе чести»): мисс Эмили стали видеть по воскресеньям на прогулке с Гомером Бэрроном – настоящим янки, «темноволосым, крупным, жадным до работы мужчиной с зычным голосом и совсем светлыми на загорелом лице глазами»:

When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked – he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elk's Club – that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily," behind the jealousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister – Miss Emily's people were Episcopal – to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

She carried her head high enough – even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last

Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperiousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say “Poor Emily” and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

В лингвопоэтическом плане особого внимания заслуживает деталь, которая настойчиво подчеркивается автором – «мисс Эмили с гордо поднятой головой»: “Miss Emily with her head high”, “She carried her head high enough”.

В рассматриваемом развернутом произведении речи развиваются, как бы параллельно, две семантико-стилистические линии: противопоставление Эмили окружающим ее людям, сопротивление объективным обстоятельствам, с одной стороны, и авторская вера в то, что она выстоит, восторжествует («Я убежден, что человек не только выстоит, он восторжествует»), с другой стороны. Эти два семиотических плана накладываются один на другой в начале рассказа (см. второй абзац). В дальнейшем повествовании два плана развиваются в определенном смысле самостоятельно: первый опирается на описание различных конкретных ситуаций (“tax notice”, “the smell”, “the poison”) и требует от читателя способности «отвлекать» это весьма существенное семантико-стилистическое содержание от разных отрезков непосредственно данного ему художественного текста; второй план воплощается в некоторых высказываниях самого автора в адрес Эмили, например описание Эмили, принимающее форму сравнения:

She was sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows – sort of tragic and serene.

As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol.

Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows – she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house – like the carved torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation – dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

Во всех трех эстетически значимых отрезках (boundaried spaces) проявляется авторское понимание, сочувствие и сострадание по отношению к героине.

Особое значение в семиотическом плане приобретает заключительная часть рассказа. Характерный для Фолкнера лингвопоэтический прием «вариации на тему» достигает в этой части рассказа своей высшей точки. Представляется целесообразным выделить три опорные семантико-стилистические ситуации, соответствующие в синтагматическом построении текста трем отрывкам:

The Negro met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glance, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men – some in their brushed Confederate uniforms – on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road, but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottleneck of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

Первая из трех выделенных нами опорных семиотических ситуаций требует ретроспективного взгляда на предыдущие части повествования:

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old manservant – a combined gardener and cook – had seen in at least ten years.

They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse – a close, том, что человек не только выстоит, он восторжествует. Действительно, об Эмили вспоминают с теплотой и нежностью, она – неотъемлемая часть истории города: “... and the very old men – some in their brushed Confederate uniforms – on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road, but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottleneck of the most recent decade of years.”

Третий отрывок начинается словами “Already we knew that there was one room...”; он завершает повествование; в нем «отвлечение» от «рассказа ужасов» должно достигнуть кульминационной точки. Неожиданный и, на первый взгляд, пугающий финал рассказа – кости мертвеца, сорок лет пролежавшие на

кровати в комнате, куда никто не входил, а рядом седая прядь волос Эмили Грирсон, хранящаяся в изголовье давно скончавшегося возлюбленного:

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

У. Фолкнер так комментирует конец рассказа, намеренно не открывая того «высокого переносного смысла», который сообщается им читателю в иноказательной форме: «... она (Эмили – Т. Н.) встретила мужчину, но, вероятно, потому, что она плохо разбиралась в людях, выбор Эмили оказался неудачным – избранник решил ее бросить. Ее утрата означала для нее конец всего, ибо на ее долю не оставалось ничего – только старость и одиночество; и, пока у нее все же «что-то» было, она стремилась удержать это «что-то» любой ценой».

Противопоставление Эмили – ее окружение снимается к концу рассказа в пользу Эмили, которая занимает свое место в городском пантеоне среди солдат федеральной армии и конфедератов, павших в битве при Джефферсоне. Эмили выстояла, она «торжествует», она становится частью истории Джефферсона.

В лингвопоэтическом плане этот семантико-стилистический смысл передается заключительной строкой рассказа: “and leaning forward ... we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair”.

Анализируя рассказ “A Rose for Emily”, мы преследовали несколько целей. Прежде всего хотелось показать, как можно достичь понимания текста, опираясь на наши фоновые знания и представления об авторе и его творчестве. Необходимым условием процесса понимания был лингвопоэтический анализ различных отрезков текста. Диалектика глобальности и расчлененности служила основой отвлечения от текста тех наиболее общих содержаний, которые в самом произведении и в контексте всего творчества У. Фолкнера могут связываться с различными способами лингвистического выражения. Мы считаем вполне целесообразным использование в этом случае термина «семиотика», так как отвлекаемые нами от текста рассказа обобщенные типы «содержаний» не связаны с каким-то одним языковым выражением повторяющейся закономер-

ной связью. Их онтология носит семиотический характер: обобщенные «значения» обладают способностью связываться по воле автора с самыми разными отрезками текста. Отвлечение этих «значений» – планомерный процесс, основывающийся на детальном лингвопоэтическом анализе текста. Начиная с семантики, раскрывая мета-семиотическую нагруженность тех или иных способов выражения и их реальное участие в передаче эстетически организованного содержания, мы на завершающем этапе восприятия художественного произведения можем вполне обоснованно представить его смысл в виде обобщенных «содержаний», отвлеченных нами от данного конкретного текста с учетом известных нам элементов глобального вертикального контекста и результатов лингвопоэтического анализа. Автору учебного пособия представляется, что «семиотика» рассказа “A Rose for Emily” есть конечный итог всех наших исследовательских и читательских усилий: наиболее общая картина воспринятых нами обобщенных типов содержания, не сводимых к сумме значений составляющих текст слов и метасемиотических коннотаций, приобретаемых ими в речи; наиболее обобщенный перечень «тем» (противопоставлений, смыслов), отвлекаемых нами от данного конкретного текста и связанных со всем творчеством У. Фолкнера. Инвариантные содержания, предлагаемые на завершающем этапе анализа рассказа, не носят универсального характера. Они также не могут мыслиться в качестве ограниченного перечня имманентных тем. Как уже подчеркивалось выше, понимание художественного произведения – сложный непрерывный процесс, обусловленный не только личностью писателя, но и личностью воспринимающего его читателя.

ОПИСАНИЕ ОБРАЗА ГЛАВНОГО ГЕРОЯ ЧЕРЕЗ ИНТЕРПРЕТАЦИЮ ЕГО ПОВЕДЕНИЯ И ВНЕШНИХ ХАРАКТЕРИСТИК

Залесова Н.М. Образ джентльмена в произведении Н. Готорна “Feathertop: A Moralized Legend” // Язык. Культура. Коммуникация. Межвузовский сборник научных трудов. Вып. 2. – Благовещенск: Изд-во АмГУ, 2011. – 236 с.

В сказке Н. Готорна старая ведьма из Новой Англии своими руками и при помощи колдовства создает изящного джентльмена Хохолка (Feathertop), имя которого в переводе с английского дословно означает «с пером в шляпе». Ее творение оказывается столь удачным, что жители соседнего городка, ослепленные манерами и поведением чужестранца, принимают его за благородного джентльмена. Джентльмен столь совершенен, что сложно понять, поданным какой страны он является, и как к нему следует обращаться – шевалье или лорд:

«This gentleman» continued he, presenting the stranger, «is the Chevalier Feathertop, – nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop, – who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves».

Замешательство судьи Гукина, представляющего Хохолка своей дочери, могло быть обусловлено как безупречными манерами, характерными для изящных джентльменов обеих стран (Франции и Англии), так и тем, что гардероб чужестранца состоял из английских (an ancient plum-colored coat of London make) и французских (a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French governor of Louisburg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand) вещей. Не вызывало сомнений одно: данный джентльмен был благородного происхождения и высокого сана, и должен был быть принят в доме согласно традициям гостеприимства.

Вежливость играла большую роль в жизни джентльмена. В соответствии с тем, как ведет себя человек в обществе, можно было судить о его манерах и происхождении, что и представлено в тексте:

«This stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France».

Данные слова принадлежат одному из жителей, который делает предположение о том, что чужестранец, должно быть, является представителем французского дворянства, так как такой учтивостью и прекрасным воспитанием (*politeness and grace of manner*) могли обладать только те, кто находится при дворе.

Изящное поведение джентльмена, равно как и его «*well-ordered manners*», можно также наблюдать через соблюдение им всех принятых правил этикета (поклоны, приветствия, вежливые улыбки):

«...the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners, as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe...».

Манерам джентльмена присуща «вкрадчивая», тонкая элегантность (*insinuating elegance*), производящая неизгладимое впечатление на всех, кого он встречал на пути. Почтенный судья, которому приходилось встречать людей всех сортов и рангов, не мог не отметить, что каждый жест, каждое движение изящного джентльмена было безупречно:

«...a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art».

Метафорический перенос *человек* → *произведение искусства* подчеркивает непревзойденное совершенство Хохолка и в то же время его искусственность. Следование сложившейся системе условностей превратило его в механического исполнителя всех этикетных предписаний, что еще раз подчеркивается такими метафорами, как *a well-digested conventionalism* (to learn → to digest) и *incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance* (flesh/blood → substance).

Особую роль играли манеры джентльмена по отношению к слабому полу. Если изящный джентльмен желал обольстить девушку, он легко мог воспользоваться определенной моделью поведения:

«Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing-master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!»

Смелость в общении со слабым полом, вздохи, улыбки, танцевальные движения ног и положение руки в области сердца могли помочь достичь желаемой цели.

Джентльмен непременно должен был уметь не только правильно вести себя в обществе, но и изящно выражаться. Чтобы достичь этого, необходимо было выучить несколько сотен разных восклицательных фраз и междометий, уместных для выражения заинтересованности, любопытства, несогласия:

«Really! Indeed! Pray tell me! Is it possible! Upon my word! By no means! Oh! Ah! Hem!»

и уметь говорить на правильном английском языке:

«At your service, mother».

«Yes, kind mother, with all my heart!»

«Upon my honor, they (eyes) have quite dazzled me».

Интересно заметить, что грамотная и изысканная речь джентльменов в анализируемом произведении (Хохолок, судья Гукин) дана в противопоставлении с просторечным диалектом ведьмы, что свидетельствует о том, что речь в целом и соблюдение речевого этикета в частности выступали существенным критерием определения принадлежности человека к отдельному социальному классу.

Благопристойная речь джентльмена при этом не обязательно передавала определенный смысл. Автор от имени ведьмы иронично называет современное поколение джентльменов «братством пустоголовых» (the brotherhood of the empty skull). Метонимический перенос «empty skull → silly people» создает об-

раз джентльмена, который мог бесконечное число раз повторять не имеющие смысла фразы:

«Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing!»

Впечатление усиливается сравнением джентльменов с ветряными мельницами (*babble like a mill-stream*) и тыквенной головой (*a pumpkin head*):

«And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow».

Даже если речь джентльмена и не была содержательна, она в любом случае была приятна на слух.

Изящный джентльмен умел не только красиво изъясняться, но и одеваться:

«Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighboring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very **distinguished figure** was seen on the sidewalk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly-embroidered plum-colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet, magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke, so **daintily** powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat; which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat, set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an **airy grace**, peculiar to the **fine gentlemen** of the period; and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and **aristocratic** must be the hands which they half concealed».

Анализ фрагмента позволяет сделать вывод, что гардероб изящного джентльмена состоит из таких предметов одежды, как пальто, камзол, блуза, штаны, чулки, шляпа. Для того чтобы показать, что все, чем обладал джентльмен, было самого лучшего качества и сделано по последней моде, автор использует разные изобразительные приемы. К ним относим простые и сложные оценочные эпитеты: *distinguished* (выдающийся), *richly-embroidered* (с богатой

вышивкой), *of costly velvet* (из дорогого бархата), *magnificently adorned* (роскошно украшенный), *splendid* (великолепные), *the finest and glossiest* (самые тонкие и блестящие), *of a most ethereal delicacy* (*мончайшее*); эпитеты, основанные на метафорическом переносе: *a snowy feather* (белоснежное перо). Данные приемы призваны показать все изящество джентльмена и несут в себе высокую положительную оценку образа. Делается акцент на том, что одежда джентльмена была дорогой, отличного качества и подкупала своим великолепием.

Образ дополняется безупречно напудренным и причесанным (*daintily powdered and adjusted*) париком, яркой звездой, блистающей на его груди, и тростью с золотым набалдашником (*gold-headed*), с которой он обращался с легкой грацией (*with an airy grace*). Грация изящного джентльмена была не просто легкой, она была воздушной, неуловимой, как воздух, что передается при помощи метафорического переноса, лежащего в основе сочетания *airy grace*.

Гиперболическое употребление слова *sacrilege* (кощунство) во фразе «it would have been sacrilege to disorder it (a peruke) with a hat» подчеркивает совершенство и идеальную форму парика. Было бы чудовищно растрепать его.

Использование различных изобразительных средств выражения (эпитеты, метафора, гипербола) помогает автору воссоздать внешний вид джентльмена, приличествующий его положению. Изящному джентльмену важно было не просто иметь в своем гардеробе блузу или штаны. Данные предметы одежды должны были отличаться безупречной чистотой и качеством. Как отмечает сам автор, «*the clothes were to be the making of the man*».

Несомненно, джентльмен был высокого сана. На основании внешнего облика и поведения чужестранца о его благородном происхождении делают выводы местные жители:

«It is some great **nobleman**, beyond question».

«If he came among us in rags, **nobility** would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such **dignity** of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him».

Образное сравнение «если бы он появился среди нас даже в лохмотьях, то его благородство просвечивало бы и через дыру на локте», равно как и утвердительные сочетания «без всякого сомнения» (*beyond question*), «я ручаюсь» (*I warrant*) достаточно ярко демонстрирует уверенность случайных прохожих в принадлежности джентльмена к знатному роду.

О том, что джентльмен отличается прекрасной родословной, свидетельствуют и его внешние данные:

«He is a beautiful man! – **so** tall, **so** slender! **such** a fine, noble face, with **so** well-shaped a nose!»

В данном примере обращают на себя внимание эмфатические выражения *so* и *such*, при помощи которых автор передает восхищение жителей городка его высоким ростом, тонкой фигурой и изящной формой носа. Использование метонимического переноса *noble face* < *noble man*, *respectable face* < *respectable man* подчеркивает благородство джентльмена, которое отражается на его лице.

Утонченность натуры, обусловленная благородным происхождением, создается в тексте разнообразными эпитетами: *fine*, *aristocratic*, *noble*, *beautiful*, *picturesque*, *brilliant*, *insinuating*, *dainty*. Метонимический перенос, лежащий в основе выражения «idle and aristocratic hands», подразумевает высокое положение в обществе, позволяющее вести праздный образ жизни, характерный для истинного аристократа. Именно об этом свидетельствуют руки Хохолка, не привыкшего к труду.

В свою очередь отсутствие необходимости работать было обусловлено благородным происхождением. Богатые знатные родственники оставляли в наследство джентльмену целые состояния, обеспечивая его безбедное существование. В тексте богатство представлено посредством лексем «rich», «gold», «costly». Так, слово «rich» встречается в контекстах, описывающих одежду джентльмена: «this rich garment», «a richly-embroidered plum-colored coat»; «gold» используется в описании набалдашника для трости (*gold-headed cane*); «costly» указывает на дорогую ткань, из которой сшит жилет (*a waistcoat of costly velvet*).

На происхождение джентльмена также указывают его изящная походка (dainty stride), хорошие манеры (grace of manner), блеск и лоск, окружающий его (a gleam and polish over his whole presence), то спокойствие и уверенность, которыми он обладает:

«There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself».

Черты характера представлены в произведении весьма скупно. Автор описывает характер джентльмена только раз, в момент, когда тот пытается обольстить леди:

«The stranger it is true was evidently a thorough and practised man of the world, systematic and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of a person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple, young girl without due watchfulness for the result».

Такие эпитеты, как *thorough, practised, systematic, self-possessed* приобретают в тексте резко негативную окраску и формируют образ человека, непреклонного в своих действиях и готового пойти на все, чтобы добиться своей цели. Автор предостерегает молоденьких леди от общения с такими людьми наедине.

Следует отметить, что, несмотря на сатирический тон всего художественного произведения, в целом образ джентльмена получает положительную оценку, которая создается в тексте за счет мелиоративно окрашенных прилагательных, метафорических и метонимических переносов, сравнений и эмфатических конструкций. Осуждению со стороны автора подвергается характер джентльмена и пустые речи.

ЧАСТЬ 2

ТЕКСТЫ ДЛЯ ЧТЕНИЯ И АНАЛИЗА

ANN BEATTIE

(b. 1947)

Born in Wasington, D.C., to middle-class parents, Ann Beattie grew up and was educated there, receiving a degree in English literature from the American University. She has taught at Harvard and the University of Virginia.

In her novels and short stories she has come to be identified with the counter-culture of the 1960s and 1970s. Her writing, with its spare style, leans heavily toward minimalism. The tone is deeply pessimistic. Her characters come mainly from the middle and upper-middle classes and for the most part are unhappy and frustrated in love, work, and family.

Her short fiction includes the following anthologies: *Distortions* (1976), in which the characters experiment with drugs and sexual freedom, *Secrets* (1978), *The Burning House* (1982), and *Where You'll Find Me & Other Stories* (1986). She has also written several novels: *Chilly Scenes of Winter* (1976), *Falling in Place* (1980), *Love Always* (1985), and *Picturing Will* (1989).

SNOW

I remember the cold night you brought in a pile of logs and a chipmunk jumped off as you lowered your arms. “What do you think *you're* doing in here?” you said, as it ran through the living room. It went through the library and stopped at the front door as though it knew the house well. This would be difficult for anyone to believe, except perhaps as the subject of a poem. Our first week in the house was spent scraping, finding some of the house’s secrets, like wallpaper underneath wallpaper. In the kitchen, a pattern of white-gold trellises supported purple grapes as big and round as Ping-Pong balls. When we painted the walls yellow, I thought of the bits of grape that remained underneath and imagined the vine popping through, the way some plants can tenaciously push through anything. The day of the big snow, when you had to

shovel the walk and couldn't find your cap and asked me how to wind a towel so that it would stay on your head – you, in the white towel turban, like a crazy king of snow. People liked the idea of our being together, leaving the city for the country. So many people visited, and the fireplace made all of them want to tell amazing stories: the child who happened to be standing on the right corner when the door of the ice-cream truck came open and hundreds of Popsicles crashed out; the man standing on the beach, sand sparkling in the sun, one bit glinting more than the rest, stooping to find a diamond ring. Did they talk about amazing things because they thought we'd turn into one of them? Now I think they probably guessed it wouldn't work. It was as hopeless as giving a child a matched cup and saucer. Remember the night, out on the lawn, knee-deep in snow, chins pointed at the sky as the wind whirled down all that whiteness? It seemed that the world had been turned upside down, and we were looking into an enormous field of Queen Anne's lace. Later, headlights off, our car was the first to ride through the newly fallen snow. The world outside the car looked solarized.

You remember it differently. You remember that the cold settled in stages, that a small curve of light was shaved from the moon night after night, until you were no longer surprised the sky was black, that the chipmunk ran to hide in the dark, not simply to a door that led to its escape. Our visitors told the same stories people always tell. One night, giving me a lesson in storytelling, you said, "Any life will seem dramatic if you omit mention of most of it."

This, then, for drama: I drove back to that house not long ago. It was April, and Allen had died. In spite of all the visitors, Allen, next door, had been the good friend in bad times. I sat with his wife in their living room, looking out the glass doors to the backyard, and there was Allen's pool, still covered with black plastic that had been stretched across it for winter. It had rained, and as the rain fell, the cover collected more and more water until it finally spilled onto the concrete. When I left that day, I drove past what had been our house. Three or four crocuses were blooming in the front – just a few dots of white, no field of snow. I felt embarrassed for them. They couldn't compete.

This is a story, told the way you say stories should be told: Somebody grew up, fell in love, and spent a winter with her lover in the country. This, of course, is the barest outline, and futile to discuss. It's as pointless as throwing birdseed on the ground while snow still falls fast. Who expects small things to survive when even the largest get lost? People forget years and remember moments. Seconds and symbols are left to sum things up: the black shroud over the pool. Love, in its shortest form, becomes a word. What I remember about all that time is one winter. The snow. Even now, saying "snow", my lips move so that they kiss the air.

No mention has been made of the snowplow that seemed always to be there, scraping snow off our narrow road – an artery cleared, though neither of us could have said where the heart was.

FIRST READING

A. Thinking about the Story

Did you find yourself hoping the lovers would get together again? Were your responses to the story influenced by any love affairs you have had?

B. Understanding the Plot

1. Who is the narrator of the story?
2. Whom is the narrator addressing?
3. Why is the narrator telling the story?
4. What did the couple first do on moving into the house?
5. What did the friends' fireside stories have in common? How do the two lovers react to the stories?
6. Explain the sentence: "Now I think they probably guessed it wouldn't work." How does the comparison that follows that statement help to illustrate what the narrator is saying?
7. What does the man mean when he says: "Any life will seem dramatic if you omit mention of most of it"? What does this statement tell you about him?
8. Who is Allen? How did his friendship differ from the other friends who visited that winter?

9. In what seasons does the story take place? What important event in the narrator's life occurs in each season?

10. Think about what you have learned about the lovers. Make a list of adjectives to describe each person.

SECOND READING

A. Exploring Themes

You are now ready to reread "Snow." Look at how Beattie has created a kind of prose poem. The story is rich in atmosphere and imagery that help create the narrator's mood.

1. What is the importance of the chipmunk to the story?

2. What do the activities of scraping off the wallpaper at the beginning of the story and scraping off the snow at the end of the story have in common? How do these two activities relate to the central theme of the story?

3. What two elements are compared in the metaphor in the last lines of the story? Explain the metaphor as fully as possible.

4. With what is the vine at the beginning of the story linked later in the story? What do you think is the thematic point of the comparison?

5. What image does the black plastic covering Allen's pool evoke? How does this image reflect a theme of the story?

6. What part does memory play in the story?

7. Think of all the associations you have with the word *snow*, as well as the particular ways the author uses snow as metaphor and symbol. Explain as fully as possible the role of snow in the story.

ARTURO VIVANTE

(b. 1923)

Born in Italy, Arturo Vivante studied medicine in Rome and practiced there for eight years. He now lives in the United States where he has been a full-time writer for over thirty years. He has published two novels, *A Goodly Babe* (1951) and *Doctor Giovanni* (1969), as well as several volumes of short stories, such as *The French Girls of Killini* (1967) and *Run to the Waterfall* (1979), an autobiographical account of a half-Jewish family in Italy before and after World War II. Other works include *Writing Fiction* (1979), *Essays on Art and Ontology* (1980), and *Tales of Arturo Vivante* (1990). He has also translated into English the poems of Giacomo Leopardi, Italy's famous nineteenth-century lyric poet. Vivante is quoted as saying, "I write to know the mystery that even a small matter holds."

CAN-CAN

"I'm going to go for a drive, he said to his wife. "I'll be back in an hour or two."

He didn't often leave the house for more than the few minutes it took him to go to the post office or to a store, but spent his time hanging around, doing odds jobs – Mr. Fix-it, his wife called him – and also, though not nearly enough of it, painting – which he made his living from.

"All right," his wife said brightly, as though he were doing her a favor. As a matter of fact, she didn't really like him to leave; she felt safer with him at home, and he helped look after the children, especially the baby.

"You're glad to be rid of me, aren't you?" he said.

"Uh-huh," she said with a smile that suddenly made her look very pretty – someone to be missed.

She didn't ask him where he was going for his drive. She wasn't the least bit inquisitive, though jealous she was in silent, subtle ways.

As he put his coat on, he watched her. She was in the living room with their elder daughter. “Do the can-can, mother,” the child said, at which she held up her skirt and did the can-can, kicking her legs up high in his direction.

He wasn't simply going out for a drive, as he had said, but going to a cafe, to meet Sarah, whom his wife knew but did not suspect, and with her go to a house on a lake his wife knew nothing about – a summer cottage to which he had the key.

“Well, goodbye,” he said.

“Bye,” she called back, still dancing.

This wasn't the way a husband expected his wife – whom he was about to leave at home to go to another woman – to behave at all, he thought. He expected her to be sewing or washing, not doing the can-can, for God's sake. Yes, doing something uninteresting and unattractive, like darning children's clothes. She had no stockings on, no shoes, and her legs looked very white and smooth, secret, as though he had never touched them or come near them. Her feet, swinging up and down high in the air, seemed to be nodding to him. She held her skirt bunched up, attractively. Why was she doing that of all times *now*? He lingered. Her eyes had mockery in them, and she laughed. The child laughed with her as she danced. She was still dancing as he left the house.

He thought of the difficulties he had had arranging this *rendezvous* – going out to a call box; phoning Sarah at her office (she was married, too); her being out; his calling her again; the busy signal; the coin falling out of sight, his opening the door of the phone box in order to retrieve it; at last getting her on the line; her asking him to call again next week, finally setting a date.

Waiting for her at the cafe, he surprised himself hoping that she wouldn't come. The appointment was at three. It was now ten past. Well, she was often late. He looked at the clock, and at the picture window for her car. A car like hers, and yet not hers – no luggage rack on it. The smooth hardtop gave him a peculiar pleasure. Why? It was 3:15 now. Perhaps she wouldn't come. No, if she was going to come at all, this was the most likely time for her to arrive. Twenty past. Ah, now there was some hope. Hope? How strange he should be hoping for her absence. Why had he made the

appointment if he was hoping she would miss it? He didn't know why, but simpler, simpler if she didn't come. Because all he wanted now was to smoke that cigarette, drink that cup of coffee for the sake of them, and not to give himself something to do. And he wished he could go for a drive, free and easy, as he had said he would. But he waited, and at 3:30 she arrived. "I had almost given up hope," he said.

They drove to the house on the lake. As he held her in his arms he couldn't think of her; for the life of him he couldn't.

"What are you thinking about?" she said afterwards, sensing his detachment.

For a moment he didn't answer, then he said, "You really want to know what I was thinking of?"

"Yes," she said, a little anxiously.

He suppressed a laugh, as though what he was going to tell her was too absurd or silly. "I was thinking of someone doing the can-can."

"Oh," she said, reassured. "For a moment I was afraid you were thinking of your wife."

FIRST READING

A. Thinking about the Story

Now that you've read "Can-Can," consider how you would feel if your spouse cheated on you. Do you sympathize with any of the characters – the husband, the wife, or the mistress?

B. Understanding the Plot

1. What is the can-can?
2. What does the husband do for a living?
3. Is he a hard worker?
4. Whom is the husband going to meet?
5. Does the wife suspect her husband of adultery?
6. Why was it so difficult for the husband and Sarah to arrange a meeting?
7. What is the husband's state of mind as he sits waiting for his lover?

8. What happened when the husband and his lover reached their rendezvous?
9. What was the husband's lover concerned about?
10. Is she reassured by his answer to her question?

SECOND READING

A. Exploring Themes

You are now ready to reread “Can-Can.” Try to understand why the characters act as they do and what thoughts about life Arturo Vivante is attempting to convey in the story. Look carefully at the way he uses language to express his ideas.

1. What is the significance of the can-can in the story?
2. Does the wife do the can-can for her child or her husband? Explain your answer.
3. What effect does the dance have on her husband?
4. What do the couple expect from each other in marriage? Does each fulfill the other's expectations?

GRACE PALEY

(B. 1922)

Born in New York City to Russian Jewish immigrants, Grace Paley heard English, Russian, and Yiddish spoken at home in the Bronx. As a result, she developed an acute ear for reproducing dialect, and her stories are full of Jewish, Black, Irish, and other ethnic accents. Paley currently teaches in the English Department at Dartmouth College. In addition to her writing and academic career, she has also led a politically active life, taking a vocal position against the Vietnam War and fighting for women's rights and pacifism, among other social and political causes.

Paley's stories often employ first-person narrators and are peopled with vulnerable ordinary characters who endure the ups and downs in their lives with love, humor, and patience. She has published three collections of short stories: *The Little Disturbances of Man: Stories of Men and Women in Love* (1959), *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* (1976), and *Later the Same Day* (1985). She has also published a volume of poetry, *Leaning Forward* (1986).

MOTHER

One day I was listening to the AM radio. I heard a song: "Oh, I Long to See My Mother in the Doorway." By God! I said, I understand that song. I have often longed to see my mother in the doorway. As a matter of fact, she did stand frequently in various doorways looking at me. She stood one day, just so, at the front door, the darkness of the hallway behind her. It was New Year's Day. She said sadly, If you come home at 4 a.m. when you're seventeen, what time will you come home when you're twenty? She asked this question without humor or meanness. She had begun her worried preparations for death. She would not be present, she thought, when I was twenty. So she wondered.

Another time she stood in the doorway of my room. I had just issued a political manifesto attacking the family's position on the Soviet Union. She said, Go to sleep

for godsakes, you damn fool, you and your Communist ideas. We saw them already, Papa and me, in 1905. We guessed it all.

At the door of the kitchen she said, You never finish your lunch. You run around senselessly. What will become of you?

Then she died.

Naturally for the rest of my life I longed to see her, not only in doorways, in a great number of places – in the dining room with my aunts, at the window looking up and down the block, in the country garden among zinnias and marigolds, in the living room with my father.

They sat in comfortable leather chairs. They were listening to Mozart. They looked at one another amazed. It seemed to them that they'd just come over on the boat. They'd just learned the first English words. It seemed to them that he had just proudly handed in a 100 percent correct exam to the American anatomy professor. It seemed as though she'd just quit the shop for the kitchen.

I wish I could see her in the doorway of the living room.

She stood there a minute. Then she sat beside him. They owned an expensive record player. They were listening to Bach. She said to him, Talk to me a little. We don't talk so much anymore.

I'm tired, he said. Can't you see? I saw maybe thirty people today. All sick, all talk talk talk talk. Listen to the music, he said. I believe you once had perfect pitch. I'm tired, he said.

Then she died.

FIRST READING

A. Thinking about the story

Were you drawn into universal aspects of the mother-child relationship depicted in the story?

B. Understanding the Plot

1. Through whose eyes is the story told?
2. What was the narrator's mother major concern regarding her teenage child?

3. What country were the parents born in? How do we know?
4. What were the political beliefs of the narrator as a teenager?
5. What do you think the events of 1905 were that the narrator's mother referred to? (You may have to consult an encyclopedia to help answer this question).
6. What profession was the father studying for?
7. Why was the father particularly proud of his examination results?
8. Explain the expression: "She'd just quit the shop for the kitchen."
9. What was the father's attitude toward his work?
10. What leisure-time activity did the narrator's parents share? How does the mother's perfect pitch relate to this activity?

SECOND READING

A. Exploring Themes

You are now ready to reread "Mother." Look at how Paley has packed so much information and such a range of feeling and time into such a small space. This gives "Mother" the density of a poem.

1. How would you characterize the mother's relationship with her child?
2. How does the relationship between the parents change?
3. How did the economic circumstances of the family change? Give examples to illustrate your answer.
4. What does the narrator's mother imply happened to them in Russia in 1905?
5. In what ways have the adult narrator's feelings toward his or her mother altered?
6. What is the mood of the narrator?
7. What sentence is repeated in the story? Why?

NADINE GORDIMER

(b. 1923)

Born in South Africa, Nadine Gordimer has over the years established herself as the conscience of white South Africa. In her many novels and short stories she consistently portrays the tragic consequences of *apartheid*, or racial separation, as they affect both blacks and whites. Unlike many of her white literary compatriots, Gordimer has chosen to remain in South Africa.

Gordimer's novels include *The Lying Days* (1953), *A World of Strangers* (1958), *Occasion for Loving* (1963), *A Guest of Honour* (1970), *The Conservationist* (1974), *Burger's Daughter* (1979), *July's People* (1981), and *A Sport of Nature* (1987). In addition, she has written several volumes of short stories, among which are *The Soft Voice of the Serpent* (1952), *Six Feet of the Country* (1956), *Livingstone's Companions* (1971), and *Crimes of Conscience* (1991).

She has been showered with literary awards, receiving America's James Tait Black Memorial Prize in 1972, England's Booker Prize in 1974, and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1991.

IS THERE NOWHERE ELSE WHERE WE CAN MEET?

"To appreciate "Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet?" it is important to understand that until recently apartheid, or complete segregation of the races, was written into South African law. This meant that blacks and whites were kept apart in every sphere of life – residential areas, schools, restaurants, movie theaters, transportation, and so on, and it was virtually impossible to cross barriers.

It was a cool grey morning and the air was like smoke. In that reversal of the elements that sometimes takes place, the grey, soft, muffled sky moved like the sea on a silent day.

The coat collar pressed rough against her neck and her cheeks were softly cold as if they had been washed in ice water. She breathed gently with the air; on the left a

strip of veld fire curled silently, flameless. Overhead a dove purred. She went on over the flat straw grass, following the trees, now on, now off the path. Away ahead, over the scribble of twigs, the sloping lines of black and platinum grass – all merging, tones but no colour, like an etching – was the horizon, the shore at which cloud lapped.

Damp burnt grass puffed black, faint dust from beneath her feet. She could hear herself swallow.

A long way off she saw a figure with something red on its head, and she drew from it the sense of balance she had felt at the particular placing of the dot of a figure in a picture. She was here; someone was over there . . . Then the red dot was gone, lost in the curve of the trees. She changed her bag and parcel from one arm to the other and felt the morning, palpable, deeply cold and clinging against her eyes.

She came to the end of a direct stretch of path and turned with it round a dark-fringed pine and a shrub, now delicately boned, that she remembered hung with bunches of white flowers like crystals in the summer. There was a native in a red woollen cap standing at the next clump of trees, where the path crossed a ditch and was bordered by white-splashed stones. She had pulled a little sheath of pine needles, three in a twist of thin brown tissue, and as she walked she ran them against her thumb. Down; smooth and stiff. Up; catching in gentle resistance as the minute serrations snagged at the skin. He was standing with his back towards her, looking along the way he had come; she pricked the ball of her thumb with the needle-ends. His one trouser leg was torn off above the knee, and the back of the naked leg and half-turned heel showed the peculiarly dead, powdery black of cold. She was nearer to him now, but she knew he did not hear her coming over the damp dust of the path. She was level with him, passing him; and he turned slowly and looked beyond her, without a flicker of interest as a cow sees you go.

The eyes were red, as if he had not slept for a long time, and the strong smell of old sweat burned at her nostrils. Once past, she wanted to cough, but a pang of guilt at the red weary eyes stopped her. And he had only a filthy rag – part of an old shirt? – without sleeves and frayed away into a great gap from underarm to waist. It lifted in

the currents of cold as she passed. She had dropped the neat trio of pine needles somewhere, she did not know at what moment, so now, remembering something from childhood, she lifted her hand to her face and sniffed: yes, it was as she remembered, not as chemists pretend it in the bath salts, but a dusty green scent, vegetable rather than flower. It was clean, unhuman. Slightly sticky too; tacky on her fingers. She must wash them as soon as she got there. Unless her hands were quite clean, she could not lose consciousness of them, they obtruded upon her.

She felt a thudding through the ground like the sound of a hare running in fear and she was going to turn around and then he was there in front of her, so startling, so utterly unexpected, panting right into her face. He stood dead still and she stood dead still. Every vestige of control, of sense, of thought, went out of her as a room plunges into dark at the failure of power and she found herself whimpering like an idiot or a child. Animal sounds came out of her throat. She gibbered. For a moment it was Fear itself that had her by the arms, the legs, the throat; not fear of the man, of any single menace he might present, but Fear, absolute, abstract. If the earth had opened up in fire at her feet, if a wild beast had opened its terrible mouth to receive her, she could not have been reduced to less than she was now.

There was a chest heaving through the tear in front of her; a face panting; beneath the red hairy woollen cap the yellowish-red eyes holding her in distrust. One foot, cracked from exposure until it looked like broken wood, moved, only to restore balance in the dizziness that follows running, but any move seemed towards her and she tried to scream, and the awfulness of dreams came true and nothing would come out. She wanted to throw the handbag and the parcel at him, and as she fumbled crazily for them she heard him draw a deep, hoarse breath and he grabbed out at her and – ah! It came. His hand clutched her shoulder.

Now she fought with him and she trembled with strength as they struggled. The dust puffed round her shoes and his scuffling toes. The smell of him choked her – It was an old pajama jacket, not a shirt – His face 70 was sullen and there was a pink place where the skin had been grazed off. He sniffed desperately, out of breath. Her teeth chattered, wildly she battered him with her head, broke away, but he snatched at

the skirt of her coat and jerked her back. Her face swung up and she saw the waves of a grey sky and a crane breasting them, beautiful as the figurehead of a ship. She staggered for balance and the handbag and parcel fell. At once he was upon them, and she wheeled about; but as she was about to fall on her knees to get there first, a sudden relief, like a rush of tears, came to her and, instead, she ran. She ran and ran, stumbling wildly off through the stalks of dead grass, turning over her heels against hard winter tussocks, so blundering through trees and bushes. The young mimosas closed in, lowering a thicket of twigs right to the ground, but she tore herself through, feeling the dust in her eyes and the scaly twigs hooking at her hair. There was a ditch, knee-high in blackjacks; like pins responding to a magnet they fastened along her legs, but on the other side there was a fence and as the n the road . . . She clawed at the fence – her hands were capable of nothing – and tried to drag herself between the wires, but her coat got caught on a barb, and she was imprisoned there, bent in half, while waves of terror swept over her in heat and trembling. At last the wire tore through its hold on the cloth; wobbling, frantic, she climbed over the fence.

And she was out. She was out on the road. A little way on there were houses, with gardens, postboxes, a child's swing. A small dog sat at a gate. She could hear a faint hum, as of life, of talk somewhere, or perhaps telephone wires.

She was trembling so that she could not stand. She had to keep on walking, quickly, down the road. It was quiet and grey, like the morning. And cool. Now she could feel the cold air round her mouth and between her brows, where the skin stood out in sweat. And in the cold wetness that soaked down beneath her armpits and between her buttocks. Her heart thumped slowly and stiffly. Yes, the wind was cold; she was suddenly cold, clamp-cold, all through. She raised her hand, still fluttering uncontrollably, and smoothed her hair; it was wet at the hairline. She guided her hand into her pocket and found a handkerchief to blow her nose.

There was the gate of the first house, before her.

She thought of the woman coming to the door, of the explanations, of the woman's face, and the police. Why did I fight, she thought suddenly. What did I fight for? Why didn't I give him the money and let him go? His red eyes, and the smell and

those cracks in his feet, fissures, erosion. She shuddered. The cold of the morning flowed into her.

She turned away from the gate and went down the road slowly, like an invalid, beginning to pick the blackjacks from her stockings.

FIRST READING

A. Thinking about the Story

Were you surprised by the man's attack on the woman? Did you hope she would successfully repel his assault, or were you more sympathetic toward the man?

B. Understanding the Plot

1. How does the woman feel at the opening of the story? Pick out the expressions that describe her appearance and emotions.

2. Where does the story take place? Describe the woman's surroundings.

3. When she first sees the figure, how does the woman react?

4. Which senses of the woman are most affected by the man's appearance?

Give examples to illustrate your answer.

5. What does the woman do with the pine needles? What do the pine needles remind her of? Why does she feel the need to wash her hands?

6. At what point and in what way does the woman's mood change?

7. Why does the man attack her?

8. How is her fear portrayed?

9. Does the woman seek help when she can?

SECOND READING

A. Exploring Themes

You are now ready to reread "Is There Nowhere Else Where We Can Meet?" Try to follow the complex psychological responses of the woman, who cannot separate herself from the guilty consequences of being born white in a society where the color of a person's skin determines the level of privileges he or she can enjoy. Look

too at how Gordimer uses a dense mix of imagery to create the atmosphere, setting, characters, and themes of the story.

1. What are the underlying reasons that the woman does not immediately give up her parcel and handbag to her attacker? What, in your view, makes her unexpectedly decide to give up the fight?

2. By the end of the story, how has the woman changed?

3. What parallels does Gordimer draw between the woman and her attacker? What language conveys these parallels? What point do you think Gordimer is making by linking the characters so closely?

4. What does the veld represent? What is it contrasted with at the end of the story?

5. Why do you think the characters never speak to each other?

6. What is the political theme of the story?

7. How does the title relate to the political framework in which the story is set? How does the title help explain the ending?

8. The scene with the pine needles is symbolic. To understand the symbolism first look at the sentence: *Unless her hands were quite clean, she could not lose consciousness of them, they obtruded upon her.* In this sentence Gordimer suggests a double meaning of clean hands. Explain the double meaning. What do the pine needles and their lingering scent symbolize? How does this symbol relate to the story's political theme?

KATE CHOPIN

(1851-1904)

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Kate Chopin came of French-Creole parentage on her mother's side and Irish immigrants on her father's side. She grew up in a household dominated by generations of women, and it was from her great-grandmother that she heard the tales of the early French settlers to St. Louis that were later to influence many of her short stories with their colorful descriptions of Creole and Acadian life.

Much of Chopin's writing deals with women searching for freedom from male domination, and she is considered to be an early feminist writer. She wrote over a hundred short stories, many of which were published in two collections: *Bayou Folk* (1894) and *A Night in Acadia* (1897). Her two novels, *At Fault* (1890) and *The Awakening* (1899), deal with the controversial themes of divorce and adultery, respectively. Denounced as immoral, *The Awakening* caused a public uproar, which left Chopin deeply depressed and discouraged. As a result, she wrote very little in the last five years of her life.

STORY OF AN HOUR

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences, veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild aban-

donment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled above the other in the west facing her window. She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "Free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen

and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending her in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of

Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his gripsack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of joy that kills.

FIRST READING

A. Thinking about the story

Were you able to feel and sympathize with Mrs. Mallard's intense frustration with her life as a conventionally married woman?

B. Understanding the Plot

1. How does Josephine break the news of Brently Mallard's death to his wife?
2. Why does she do it in this way?
3. How was Brently Mallard supposed to have died?
4. Why did Richards want to be the one to bring the bad news?
5. What is unusual about Mrs. Mallard's first reaction to the news?
6. In what season does the story take place?
7. What do the descriptions of the people, animals, and nature that Mrs. Mallard sees and hears from her window have in common?
8. About how old do you think Mrs. Mallard is? Justify your answer.

SECOND READING

A. Exploring things

You are now ready to reread “Story of an Hour.” Think carefully about why Mrs. Mallard was so unhappy in her marriage. Remember that the story was written in 1894, when women had far less freedom and fewer choices than today.

1. What is the thematic importance of the season in “Story of an Hour”?
2. Are Mrs. Mallard’s feelings toward her husband totally negative? Justify your answer.
3. How would you describe the state of Mrs. Mallard’s mental health up until the time she heard the news of her husband’s death?
4. What does Mrs. Mallard’s struggle to repress her feelings of joy on hearing about her widowhood tell you about her state of mind at that moment?
5. How is the ending ironic?

HERBERT BATES

(1905-1974)

Born in Northamptonshire, England, Herbert Ernest Bates became one of England's most prolific authors, writing approximately a book a year for fifty years. At the age of twenty, he published his first novel, *The Two Sisters*. This was followed by thirty-five novels and novellas, the best known of which are *The Poacher* and *The Triple Echo*.

During the 1930s, he was recognized as a master short-story writer, frequently exploring the themes of freedom and repression. Over the years eight collections of his stories were published. In the 1940s, while serving in the British Air Force, under the name of "Flying Officer X" he wrote the collections of stories based on his war-time experiences. In addition, over the course of his life, Bates wrote plays, poems, reviews, essays, an autobiography, and a book on literary criticism. In recognition of his contributions to the literary world, he was created Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1973.

NEVER

It was afternoon: great clouds stumbled across the sky. In the drowsy, half-dark room the young girl sat in a heap near the window, scarcely moving herself, as if she expected a certain timed happening, such as a visit, sunset, a command. Slowly she would draw the fingers of one hand across the back of the other, in the little hollows between the guides, and move her lips in the same sad, vexed way in which her brows came together. And like this too, her eyes would shift about, from the near, shadowed fields, to the west hills, where the sun had dropped a strip of light, and to the woods between, looking like black scars one minute, and like friendly sanctuaries the next. It was all confused. There was the room, too. The white keys of the piano would now and then exercise a fascination over her which would keep her whole body perfectly still for perhaps a minute. But when this passed, full of hesitation, her

fingers would recommence the slow exploration of her hands, and the restlessness took her again.

It was all confused. She was going away: already she had said a hundred times during the afternoon – “I am going away, I am going away. I can’t stand it any longer.” But she had made no attempt to go. In this same position, hour after hour had passed her and all she could think was: “Today I’m going away. I’m tired here. I never do anything. It’s dead, rotten.”

She said, or thought it all without the slightest trace of exultation and was sometimes even methodical when she began to consider: “What shall I take? The blue dress with the rosette? Yes. What else? what else?” And then it would all begin again: “Today I’m going away. I never do anything.”

It was true: she never did anything. In the mornings she got up late, was slow over her breakfast, over everything – her reading, her mending, her eating, her playing the piano, cards in the evening, going to bed. It was all slow – purposely done, to fill up the day. And it was true, day succeeded day and she never did anything different.

But today something was about to happen: no more cards in the evening, every evening the same, with her father declaring: “I never have a decent hand, I thought the ace of trumps had gone! It’s too bad!!” and no more: “Nellie, it’s ten o’clock – Bed!” and the slow unimaginative climb of the stairs. Today she was going away: no one knew, but it was so. She was catching the evening train to London.

“I’m going away. What shall I take? The blue dress with the rosette? What else?”

She crept upstairs with difficulty, her body stiff after sitting. The years she must have sat, figuratively speaking, and grown stiff! And as if in order to secure some violent reaction against it all she threw herself into the packing of her things with a nervous vigour, throwing in the blue dress first and after it a score of things she had just remembered. She fastened her bag: it was not heavy. She counted her money a dozen times. It was all right! It was all right. She was going away!

She descended into the now dark room for the last time. In the dining-room someone was rattling tea-cups, an unbearable, horribly domestic sound! She wasn't hungry: she would be in London by eight – eating how meant making her sick. It was easy to wait. The train went at 6.18. She looked it up again: “Elden 6.13, Olde 6.18, London 7.53.”

She began to play a waltz. It was a slow, dreamy tune, ta-tum, tum, ta-tum, tum, ta-tum, tum, of which the notes slipped out in mournful, sentimental succession. The room was quite dark, she could scarcely see the keys, and into the tune itself kept insinuating “Elden 6.13, Olde 6.18,” impossible to mistake or forget.

As she played on she thought: “I’ll never play this waltz again. It has the atmosphere of this room. It’s the last time!” The waltz slid dreamily to an end: for a minute she sat in utter silence, the room dark and mysterious, the air of the waltz quite dead, then the tea-cups rattled again and the thought came back to her: “I’m going away!”

She rose and went out quietly. The grass on the roadside moved under the evening wind, sounding like many pairs of hands rubbed softly together. But there was no other sound, her feet were light, no one heard her and as she went down the road she told herself: “It’s going to happen! It’s come at last!”

“Elden 6.13. Olde 6.18.”

Should she go to Elden or Olde? At the crossroads she stood to consider, thinking that if she went to Elden no one would know her. But at Olde someone would doubtless notice her and prattle about it. To Elden, then, hot that it mattered. Nothing mattered now. She was going, was as good as gone!

Her breast, tremulously warm, began to rise and fall as her excitement increased. She tried to run over the things in her bag and could remember only “the blue dress with the rosette,” which she had thrown in first and had since covered over. But it didn’t matter. Her money was safe, everything was safe, and with that thought she dropped into a strange quietness, deepening as she went on, in which she had a hundred emotions and convictions. She was never going to strum that waltz

again, she had played cards for the last, horrible time, the loneliness, the slowness, the oppression were ended, all ended.

“I’m going away!”

She felt warm, her body tingled with a light delicious thrill that was like the caress of a soft night-wind. There were no fears now. A certain indignation, approaching fury even, sprang up instead, as she thought: “No one will believe I’ve gone. But it’s true – I’m going at last.”

Her bag grew heavy. Setting it down in the grass she sat on it for a brief while, in something like her attitude in the dark room during the afternoon, and indeed actually began to rub her gloved fingers over the backs of her hands. A phrase or two of the waltz came back to her. . . . That silly piano! Its bottom was flat, had always been flat! How ridiculous! She tried to conjure up some sort of vision of London, but it was difficult and in the end she gave way again to the old cry: “I’m going away.” And she was pleased more than ever deeply.

On the station a single lamp burned, radiating a fitful yellowness that only increased the gloom. And worse, she saw no one and in the cold emptiness traced and retraced her footsteps without the friendly assurance of another sound. In the black distance all the signals showed hard circles of red, looking as if they could never change. But she nevertheless told herself over and over again: “I’m going away – I’m going away.” And later: “I hate everyone. I’ve changed until I hardly know myself.”

Impatiently she looked for the train. It was strange. For the first time it occurred to her to know the time and she pulled back the sleeve of her coat. Nearly six-thirty! She felt cold. Up the line every signal displayed its red ring, mocking her. “Six-thirty, of course, of course.” She tried to be careless. “Of course, it’s late, the train is late,” but the coldness, in reality her fear, increased rapidly, until she could no longer believe those words...

Great clouds, lower and more than ever depressing, floated above her head as she walked back. The wind had a deep note that was sad too. These things had not troubled her before, now they, also, spoke failure and foretold misery and dejection. She had no spirit, it was cold, and she was too tired even to shudder.

In the absolutely dark, drowsy room she sat down, telling herself: “This isn’t the only day. Some day I shall go. Some day.”

She was silent. In the next room they were playing cards and her father suddenly moaned: “I thought the ace had gone.” Somebody laughed. Her father’s voice came again: “I never have a decent hand! I never have a decent hand! Never!”

It was too horrible! She couldn’t stand it! She must do something to stop it! It was too much. She began to play the waltz again and the dreamy, sentimental arrangement made her cry.

“This isn’t the only day,” she reassured herself. “I shall go. Some day!” And again and again as she played the waltz, bent her head and cried, she would tell herself that same thing: “Some day! Some day!”

FIRST READING

A. Thinking about the Story

1. Were you oppressed by the atmosphere of the story? Did you believe that the girl would succeed in her attempt to escape? Did you want her to?

B. Understanding the Plot

1. What is Nellie’s state of mind as the story opens? Give details to substantiate your answer.

2. What is Nellie’s daily routine?

3. Why does Nellie count her money “a dozen times”?

4. Why doesn’t Nellie like the waltz music she plays?

5. What does Nellie plan to do at Elden? Where is her ultimate destination?

6. At what point in the story does Nellie’s mood change significantly? How are her feelings expressed?

7. Did Nellie always feel so unhappy? Support your answer.

8. Is it likely Nellie will try to escape again? Say why or why not.

SECOND READING

A. Exploring Themes

You are now ready to reread “Never.” Be sensitive to the atmosphere of the story, and ask yourself whether Nellie ever really had a chance to catch the train to freedom.

1. How does Nellie’s view of the woods in paragraph one sum up her state of mind at that moment?
2. Why does Nellie’s bag change from feeling “not heavy” to “heavy”?
3. What can you infer about Nellie’s relationship with her father?
4. Why did Nellie not succeed in catching the train? Examine the psychological obstacles to her doing so?
5. How does the weather reflect what is happening in the story?

ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ

P. G. Wodehouse

BY ADVICE OF COUNSEL

The traveller champed meditatively at his steak. He paid no attention to the altercation which was in progress between the waiter and the man at the other end of the dingy room. The sounds of strife ceased. The waiter came over to the traveller's table and stood behind his chair. He was ruffled.

"If he meant lamb," he said, querulously, "why didn't he say "lamb", so's a feller could hear him? I thought he said "ham", so I brought ham. Now Lord Percy gets all peevish."

He laughed bitterly. The traveller made no reply.

"If people spoke distinct," said the waiter, "there wouldn't be half the trouble there is in the world. Not half the trouble there wouldn't be. I shouldn't be here, for one thing. In this restawrong, I mean." A sigh escaped him.

"I shouldn't," he said, "and that's the truth. I should be getting up when I pleased, eating and drinking all I wanted, and carrying on same as in the good old days. You wouldn't think, to look at me, would you now, that I was once like the lily of the field?"

The waiter was a tall, stringy man, who gave the impression of having no spine. In that he drooped, he might have been said to resemble a flower, but in no other respect. He had sandy hair, weak eyes set close together, and a day's growth of red stubble on his chin. One could not see him in the lily class.

"What I mean to say is, I didn't toil, neither did I spin. Ah, them was happy days! Lying on me back, plenty of tobacco, something cool in a jug –"

He sighed once more.

"Did you ever know a man of the name of Moore? Jerry Moore?"

The traveller applied himself to his steak in silence.

“Nice feller. Simple sort of feller. Big. Quiet. Bit deaf in one ear. Straw-coloured hair. Blue eyes. “Andsome, rather. Had a ‘ouse just outside of Reigate. Has it still. Money of his own. Left him by his pa. Simple sort of feller. Not much to say for himself. I used to know him well in them days. Used to live with him. Nice feller he was. Big. Bit hard of hearing. Got a sleepy kind of grin, like this – something.”

The traveller sipped his beer in thoughtful silence.

“I reckon you never met him,” said the waiter. “Maybe you never knew Gentleman Bailey, either? We always called him that. He was one of these broken-down Eton or ‘Arrer fellers, folks said. We struck up a partnership kind of casual, both being on the tramp together, and after a while we ‘appened to be round about Reigate. And the first house we come to was this Jerry Moore’s. He come up just as we was sliding to the back door, and grins that sleepy grin. Like this – something. “Ullo!” he says. Gentleman kind of gives a whoop, and hollers, “If it ain’t my old pal, Jerry Moore! Jack,” he says to me, “this is my old pal, Mr Jerry Moore, wot I met in ‘appier days down at Ramsgate one summer.”

“They shakes hands, and Jerry Moore says, “Is this a friend of yours, Bailey?” looking at me. Gentleman introduces me. “We are partners,” he says, “partners in misfortune. This is my friend, Mr Roach.”

“Come along in,” says Jerry.

“So we went in, and he makes us at home. He’s a bachelor, and lives all by himself in this desirable ‘ouse.

“Well, I seen pretty quick that Jerry thinks the world of Gentleman. All that evening he’s acting as if he’s as pleased as Punch to have him there. Couldn’t do enough for him. It was a bit of all right, I said to meself. It was, too.

“Next day we gets up late and has a good breakfast, and sits on the lawn and smokes. The sun was shining, the little birds was singing, and there wasn’t a thing, east, west, north, or south, that looked like work. If I had been asked my address at that moment, on oath, I wouldn’t have hesitated a second. I should have answered, “No. 1, Easy Street.” You see, Jerry Moore was one of these slow, simple fellers, and you could tell in a moment what a lot he thought of Gentleman. Gentleman, you see,

had a way with him. Not haughty, he wasn't. More affable, I should call it. He sort of made you feel that all men are born equal, but that it was awful good of him to be talking to you, and that he wouldn't do it for everybody. It went down proper with Jerry Moore. Jerry would sit and listen to him giving his views on things by the hour. By the end of the first day I was having visions of sitting in that garden a white-baked old man, and being laid out, when my time should come, in Jerry's front room."

He paused, his mind evidently in the past, among the cigars and big breakfasts. Presently he took up his tale.

"This here Jerry Moore was a simple sort of feller. Deafies are like that. Ever noticed? Not that Jerry was a real deafy. His hearing was a bit off, but he could foller you if you spoke to him nice and clear. Well, I was saying, he was kind of simple. Liked to put in his days pottering about the little garden he'd made for himself, looking after his flowers and his fowls, and sit of an evening listening to Gentleman 'olding forth on Life. He was a philosopher, Gentleman was. And Jerry took everything he said as gospel. He didn't want no proofs. 'E and the King of Denmark would have been great pals. He just sat by with his big blue eyes getting rounder every minute and lapped it up.

"Now you'd think a man like that could be counted on, wouldn't you? Would he want anything more? Not he, you'd say. You'd be wrong. Believe me, there isn't a man on earth that's fixed and contented but what a woman can't knock his old Paradise into 'ash with one punch.

It wasn't long before I begin to notice a change in Jerry. He never had been what you'd call a champion catch-as-catch-can talker, but now he was silenter than ever. And he got a habit of switching Gentleman off from his theories on Life in general to Woman in particular. This suited Gentleman just right. What he didn't know about Woman wasn't knowledge.

"Gentleman was too busy talking to have time to get suspicious, but I wasn't; and one day I draws Gentleman aside and puts it to him straight. "Gentleman," I says, "Jerry Moore is in love!"

“Well, this was a nasty knock, of course, for Gentleman. He knew as well as I did what it would mean if Jerry was to lead home a blushing bride through that front door. It would be outside into the cold, hard world for the bachelor friends. Gentleman sees that quick, and his jaw drops. I goes on. “All the time,” I says, “that you’re talking away of an evening, Jerry’s seeing visions of a little woman sitting in your chair. And you can bet we don’t enter into them visions. He may dream of little feet pattering about the house,” I says, “but they aren’t ours; and you can ‘ave something on that both ways. Look alive, Gentleman,” I says, “and think out some plan, or we might as well be padding the hoof now.”

“Well, Gentleman did what he could. In his evening discourses he started to give it to Woman all he knew. Began to talk about Delilahs and Jezebels and Fools-there-was and the rest of it, and what a mug a feller was to let a female into ‘is cosy home, who’d only make him spend his days hooking her up, and his nights wondering how to get back the blankets without waking her. My, he was crisp! Enough to have given Romeo the jumps, you’d have thought. But, lor! It’s no good talking to them when they’ve got it bad.

A few days later we caught him with the goods, talking in the road to a girl in a pink dress.

I couldn’t but admit that Jerry had picked one right from the top of the basket. This wasn’t one of them languishing sort wot sits about in cosy corners and reads story-books, and don’t care what’s happening in the home so long as they find out what became of the hero in his duel with the Grand Duke. She was a brown, slim, wiry-looking little thing. You know. Held her chin up and looked you up and down with eyes the colour of Scotch whisky, as much as to say, “Well, what about it?” You could tell without looking at her, just by the feel of the atmosphere when she was near, that she had as much snap and go in her as Jerry Moore hadn’t, which was a good bit. I knew, just as sure as I was standing there on one leg, that this was the sort of girl who would have me and Gentleman out of that house about three seconds after the clergyman had tied the knot.

Jerry says, "These are my friends, Miss Tuxton – Mr Bailey and Mr Roach. They are staying with me for a visit. This is Miss Jane Tuxton," he says to us. "I was just going to see Miss Tuxton home," he says, sort of wistful. "Excellent," says Gentleman. "We'll come too." And we all goes along. There wasn't much done in the way of conversation. Jerry never was one for pushing out the words; nor was I, when in the presence of the sect; and Miss Jane had her chin in the air, as if she thought me and Gentleman was not needed in any way whatsoever. The only talk before we turned her in at the garden gate was done by Gentleman, who told a pretty long story about a friend of his in Upper Sydenham who had been silly enough to marry, and had had trouble ever since.

That night, after we had went to bed, I said to Gentleman, "Gentleman," I says, "what's going to be done about this? We've got about as much chance, if Jerry marries that girl," I says, "as a couple of helpless chocolate creams at a school-girls' picnic." "If," says Gentleman. "He ain't married her yet. That is a girl of character, Jack. Trust me. Didn't she strike you as a girl who would like a man with a bit of devil in him, a man with some go in him, a you-be-darned kind of man? Does Jerry fill the bill? He's more like a doormat with "Welcome" written on it, than anything else."

"Well, we seen a good deal of Miss Jane in the next week or so. We keeps Jerry under – what's it the heroine says in the melodrama? "Oh, cruel, cruel, S.P. something." Espionage, that's it. We keeps Jerry under espionage, and whenever he goes trickling round after the girl, we goes trickling round after him.

"Things is running our way," says Gentleman to me, after one of these meetings. "That girl is getting cross with Jerry. She wants Reckless Rudolf, not a man who stands and grins when other men butt in on him and his girl. Mark my words, Jack. She'll get tired of Jerry, and go off and marry a soldier, and we'll live happy ever after." "Think so?" I says. "Sure of it," said Gentleman.

"It was the Sunday after this that Jerry Moore announces to us, wriggling, that he had an engagement to take supper with Jane and her folks. He'd have liked to have slipped away secret, but we was keeping him under espionage too crisp for that, so he has to tell us. "Excellent," said Gentleman. "It will be a great treat to Jack and myself

to meet the family. We will go along with you.” So off we all goes, and pushes our boots in sociable fashion under the Tuxton table. I looked at Miss Jane out of the corner of my eye; and, honest, that chin of hers was sticking out a foot, and Jerry didn't dare look at her. Love's young dream, I muses to myself, how swift it fades when a man has the nature and disposition of a lop-eared rabbit!

“The Tuxtons was four in number, not counting the parrot, and all male. There was Pa Tuxton, an old feller with a beard and glasses; a fat uncle; a big brother, who worked in a bank and was dressed like Moses in all his glory; and a little brother with a snub nose, that cheeky you'd have been surprised. And the parrot in its cage and a fat yellow dog. And they're all making themselves pleasant to Jerry, the wealthy future son-in-law, something awful. It's “How are the fowls, Mr Moore?” and “A little bit of this pie, Mr Moore; Jane made it,” and Jerry sitting there with a feeble grin, saying “Yes” and “No” and nothing much more, while Miss Jane's eyes are snapping like Fifth of November fireworks. I could feel Jerry's chances going back a mile a minute. I felt as happy as a little child that evening. I sang going back home.

Gentleman's pleased, too. “Jack,” he says to me when we're in bed, “this is too easy. In my most sanguinary dreams I hardly hoped for this. No girl of spirit's going to love a man who behaves that way to her parents. The way to win the heart of a certain type of girl,” he says, beginning on his theories, “the type to which Jane Tuxton belongs, is to be rude to her family. I've got Jane Tuxton sized up and labelled. Her kind wants her folks to dislike her young man. She wants to feel that she's the only one in the family that's got the sense to see the hidden good in Willie. She doesn't want to be one of a crowd hollering out what a nice young man he is. It takes some pluck in a man to stand up to a girl's family, and that's what Jane Tuxton is looking for in Jerry. Take it from one who has studied the sect,” says Gentleman, “from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and back again.”

Next day Jerry Moore's looking as if he'd only sixpence in the world and had swallowed it. “What's the matter, Jerry?” says Gentleman. Jerry heaves a sigh. “Bailey,” he says, “and you, Mr Roach, I expect you both seen how it is with me. I love Miss Jane Tuxton, and you seen for yourselves what transpires. She don't value me,

not tuppence.” “Say not so,” says Gentleman, sympathetic. “You’re doing fine. If you knew the sect as I do you wouldn’t go by mere superficial silences and chin-tiltings. I can read a girl’s heart, Jerry,” he says, patting him on the shoulder, “and I tell you you’re doing fine. All you want now is a little rapid work, and you win easy. To make the thing a cert,” he says, getting up, “all you have to do is to make a dead set at her folks.” He winks at me. “Don’t just sit there like you did last night. Show ‘em you’ve got something in you. You know what folks are: they think themselves the most important things on the map. Well, go to work. Consult them all you know. Every opportunity you get. There’s nothing like consulting a girl’s folks to put you in good with her.” And he pats Jerry on the shoulder again and goes indoors to find his pipe.

Jerry turns to me. “Do you think that’s really so?” he says. I says, “I do.” “He knows all about girls, I reckon,” says Jerry. “You can go by him every time,” I says. “Well, well,” says Jerry, sort of thoughtful.’

The waiter paused. His eye was sad and dreamy. Then he took up the burden of his tale.

First thing that happens is that Gentleman has a sore tooth on the next Sunday, so don't feel like coming along with us. He sits at home, dosing it with whisky, and Jerry and me goes off alone.

So Jerry and me pikes off, and once more we prepares to settle down around the board. I hadn't noticed Jerry particular, but just now I catches sight of his face in the light of the lamp. Ever see one of those fighters when he's sitting in his corner before a fight, waiting for the gong to go? Well, Jerry looks like that; and it surprises me.

I told you about the fat yellow dog that permeated the Tuxton's house, didn't I? The family thought a lot of that dog, though of all the ugly brutes I ever met he was the worst. Sniffing round and growling all the time. Well, this evening he comes up to Jerry just as he's going to sit down, and starts to growl. Old Pa Tuxton looks over his glasses and licks his tongue. “Rover! Rover!” he says, kind of mild. “Naughty Rover; he don't like strangers, I'm afraid.” Jerry looks at Pa Tuxton, and he looks at

the dog, and I'm just expecting him to say "No" or "Yes", same as the other night, when he lets out a nasty laugh – one of them bitter laughs. "Ho!" he says. "Ho! don't he? Then perhaps he'd better get further away from them." And he ups with his boot and – well, the dog hit the far wall.

Jerry sits down and pulls up his chair. "I don't approve," he says, fierce, "of folks keeping great, fat, ugly, bad-tempered yellow dogs that are a nuisance to all. I don't like it."

There was a silence you could have scooped out with a spoon. Have you ever had a rabbit turn round on you and growl? That's how we all felt when Jerry outs with them crisp words. They took our breath away.

While we were getting it back again the parrot, which was in its cage, let out a squawk. Honest, I jumped a foot in my chair.

Jerry gets up very deliberate, and walks over to the parrot. "Is this a menagerie?" he says. "Can't a man have supper in peace without an image like you starting to holler? Go to sleep."

We was all staring at him surprised, especially Uncle Dick Tuxton, whose particular pet the parrot was. He'd brought him home all the way from some foreign parts.

"Hello, Billy!" says the bird, shrugging his shoulders and puffing himself up. "R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r! 'lo, Billy! 'lo, 'lo, 'lo! R-r WAH!"

Jerry gives its cage a bang.

"Don't talk back at me," he says, "or I'll knock your head off. You think because you've got a green tail you're someone." And he stalks back to his chair and sits glaring at Uncle Dick.

Well, all this wasn't what you might call promoting an easy flow of conversation. Everyone's looking at Jerry, 'specially me, wondering what next, and trying to get their breath, and Jerry's frowning at the cold beef, and there's a sort of awkward pause. Miss Jane is the first to get busy. She bustles about and gets the food served out, and we begins to eat. But still there's not so much conversation that you'd notice

it. This goes on till we reaches the concluding stages, and then Uncle Dick comes up to the scratch.

“How is the fowls, Mr Moore?” he says.

“Gimme some more pie,” says Jerry. “What?”

Uncle Dick repeats his remark.

“Fowls?” says Jerry. “What do you know about fowls? Your notion of a fowl is an ugly bird with a green tail, a Wellington nose, and – gimme a bit of cheese.”

Uncle Dick’s fond of the parrot, so he speaks up for him. “Polly’s always been reckoned a handsome bird,” he says.

“He wants stuffing,” says Jerry.

And Uncle Dick drops out of the talk.

Up comes big brother, Ralph his name was. He’s the bank-clerk and a dude. He gives his cuffs a flick, and starts in to make things jolly all round by telling a story about a man he knows named Wotherspoon. Jerry fixes him with his eye, and, half-way through, interrupts.

“That waistcoat of yours is fierce,” he says.

“Pardon?” says Ralph.

“That waistcoat of yours,” says Jerry. “It hurts me eyes. It's like an electric sign.”

“Why, Jerry,” I says, but he just scowls at me and I stops.

Ralph is proud of his clothes, and he isn't going to stand this. He glares at Jerry and Jerry glares at him.

“Who do you think you are?” says Ralph, breathing hard.

“Button up your coat,” says Jerry.

“Look 'ere!” says Ralph.

“Cover it up, I tell you,” says Jerry. “Do you want to blind me?” Pa Tuxton interrupts.

“Why, Mr Moore,” he begins, sort of soothing; when the small brother, who’s been staring at Jerry, chips in. I told you he was cheeky.

He says, “Pa, what a funny nose Mr Moore’s got!”

And that did it. Jerry rises, very slow, and leans across the table and clips the kid brother one side of the ear-ole. And then there's a general imbroglio, everyone standing up and the kid hollering and the dog barking.

"If you'd brought him up better," says Jerry, severe, to Pa Tuxton, "this wouldn't ever have happened."

Pa Tuxton gives a sort of howl.

"Mr Moore," he yells, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour? You come here and strike me child –"

Jerry bangs on the table.

"Yes," he says, "and I'd strike him again. Listen to me," he says. "You think just because I'm quiet I ain't got no spirit. You think all I can do is to sit and smile. You think – Bah! You aren't on to the hidden depths in me character. I'm one of them still waters that runs deep. I'm – Here, you get out of it! Yes, all of you! Except Jane. Jane and me wants this room to have a private talk in. I've got a lot of things to say to Jane. Are you going?"

I turns to the crowd. I was awful disturbed. 'You mustn't take any notice,' I says. "He ain't well. He ain't himself." When just then the parrot cuts with another of them squawks. Jerry jumps at it.

"You first," he says, and flings the cage out of the window. "Now you," he says to the yellow dog, putting him out through the door. And then he folds his arms and scowls at us, and we all notice suddenly that he's very big. We look at one another, and we begins to edge towards the door. All except Jane, who's staring at Jerry as if he's a ghost.

"Mr Moore," says Pa Tuxton, dignified, "we'll leave you. You're drunk."

"I'm not drunk," says Jerry. "I'm in love."

"Jane," says Pa Tuxton, "come with me, and leave this ruffian to himself."

"Jane," says Jerry, "stop here, and come and lay your head on my shoulder."

"Jane," says Pa Tuxton, "do you hear me?"

"Jane," says Jerry, "I'm waiting."

She looks from one to the other for a spell, and then she moves to where Jerry's standing.

"I'll stop," she says, sort of quiet.

And we drifts out.

The waiter snorted.

"I got back home quick as I could," he said, "and relates the proceedings to Gentleman. Gentleman's rattled." "I don't believe it," he says. "Don't stand there and tell me Jerry Moore did them things. Why, it ain't in the man. Specially after what I said to him about the way he ought to behave. How could he have done so? Just then in comes Jerry, beaming all over. "Boys," he shouts, "congratulate me. It's all right. We've fixed it up. She says she hadn't known me properly before. She says she'd always reckoned me a sheep, while all the time I was one of them strong, silent men." He turns to Gentleman –

The man at the other end of the room was calling for his bill.

All right, all right, said the waiter. "Coming! He turns to Gentleman," he went on rapidly, and he says, "Bailey, I owe it all to you, because if you hadn't told me to insult her folks—"

He leaned on the traveller's table and fixed him with an eye that pleaded for sympathy.

"Ow about that?" he said. "Isn't that crisp?" "Insult her folks!" Them was his very words. "Insult her folks."

The traveller looked at him inquiringly.

"Can you beat it?" said the waiter.

"I don't know what you are saying," said the traveller. "If it is important, write it on a slip of paper. I am stone-deaf."

Ernest Hemingway

THE KILLERS

The door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver — "

“I’ll take ham and eggs,” the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

“Give me bacon and eggs,” said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

“Got anything to drink?” Al asked.

“Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale,” George said.

“I mean you got anything to drink?”

“Just those I said.”

“This is a hot town,” said the other. “What do they call it?”

“Summit.”

“Ever hear of it?” Al asked his friend.

“No,” said the friend.

“What do you do here nights?” Al asked.

“They eat the dinner,” his friend said. “They all come here and eat the big dinner.”

“That’s right,” George said.

“So you think that’s right?” Al asked George.

“Sure.”

“You’re a pretty bright boy, aren’t you?”

“Sure,” said George.

“Well, you’re not,” said the other little man. “Is he, Al?”

“He’s dumb,” said Al. He turned to Nick. “What’s your name?”

“Adams.”

“Another bright boy,” Al said. “Ain’t he a bright boy, Max?”

“The town’s full of bright boys,” Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

“Which is yours?” he asked Al.

“Don’t you remember?”

“Ham and eggs.”

“Just a bright boy,” Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs.

Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

“What are you looking at?” Max looked at George.

“Nothing.”

“The hell you were. You were looking at me.”

“Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max,” Al said.

George laughed.

“You don’t have to laugh,” Max said to him. “You don’t have to laugh at all, see?”

“All right,” said George.

“So he thinks it’s all right.” Max turned to Al. He thinks it’s all right. That’s a good one.”

“Oh, he’s a thinker,” Al said. They went on eating.

“What’s the bright boy’s name down the counter?” Al asked Max.

“Hey, bright boy,” Max said to Nick. “You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend.”

“What’s the idea?” Nick asked.

“There isn’t any idea.”

“You better go around, bright boy,” Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

“What’s the idea?” George asked.

“None of your damn business,” Al said. “Who’s out in the kitchen?”

“The nigger.”

“What do you mean the nigger?”

“The nigger that cooks.”

“Tell him to come in.”

“What’s the idea?”

“Tell him to come in.”

“Where do you think you are?”

“We know damn well where we are,” the man called Max said. “Do we look silly?”

“You talk silly,” Al said to him. “What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen,” he said to George, “tell the nigger to come out here.”

“What are you going to do to him?”

“Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?”

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. “Sam,” he called. “Come in here a minute.”

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. “What was it?” he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

“All right, nigger. You stand right there,” Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. “Yes, sir,” he said. Al got down from his stool.

“I’m going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy,” he said. “Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, Bright boy.” The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn’t look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry’s had been made over from a saloon into a lunch-counter.

“Well, bright boy,” Max said, looking into the mirror, “why don’t you say something?”

“What’s it all about?”

“Hey, Al,” Max called, “bright boy wants to know what’s all about.”

“Why don’t you tell him?” Al’s voice came from the kitchen.

“What do you think it’s all about?”

“I don’t know.”

“What do you think?”

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

“I wouldn’t say.”

“Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn’t what he thinks it’s all about.”

“I can hear you, all right,” Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. “Listen, bright boy,” he said from the kitchen to George. “Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max.” He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

“Talk to me, bright boy,” Max said. “What do you think’s going to happen?”

George did not say anything.

“I’ll tell you,” Max said. “We’re going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson?”

“Yes.”

“He comes here to eat every night, don’t he?”

“Sometimes he comes here.”

“He comes here at six o’clock, don’t he?”

“If he comes.”

“We know all that, bright boy,” Max said.

“Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?”

“Once in a while.”

“You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you.”

“What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for? What did he ever do to you?”

“He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us.”

“And he’s only going to see us once,” Al said from the kitchen.

“What are you going to kill him for, then?” George asked.

“We’re killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy.”

“Shut up,” said Al from the kitchen. You talk too goddam much.”

“Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don’t I, bright boy?”

“You talk too damn much,” Al said. “The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent.”

“I suppose you were in a convent?”

“You never know.”

“You were in a kosher convent. That’s where you were.”

George looked up at the clock.

“If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you’ll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?”

“All right,” George said. “What you going to do with us afterward?”

“That’s depend,” Max said. “That’s one of those things you never know at the time.”

George looked up the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A street-car motorman came in.

“Hello, George,” he said. “Can I get supper?”

“Sam’s gone out,” George said. “He’ll be back in about half an hour.”

“I’d better go up the street,” the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

“That was nice, bright boy,” Max said. “You’re a regular little gentleman.”

“He knew I’d blow his head off,” Al said from the kitchen.

“No,” said Max. “It ain’t that. Bright boy is nice. He’s a nice boy. I like him.”

At six-fifty-five George said: “He’s not coming.”

Two other people had been in the lunch-room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich “to go” that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

“Bright boy can do everything,” Max said. “He can cook and everything. You’d make some girl a nice wife, bright boy.”

“Yes?” George said. “Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn’t going to come.”

“We’ll give him ten minutes,” Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

"Why don't you get another cook?" the man asked.

"Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"The're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc-light and cross the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging-door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

“Ole Andreson?”

“Sure.”

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

“They all gone?” he asked.

“Yeah,” said George. “They’re gone now.”

“I don’t like it,” said the cook. “I don’t like any of it at all.”

“Listen,” George said to Nick. “You better go see Ole Andreson.”

“All right.”

“You better not have anything to do with it at all,” Sam, the cook, said. “You better stay way out of it.”

“Don’t go if you don’t want to,” George said.

“Mixing up in this ain’t going to get you anywhere,” the cook said. “You stay out of it.”

“I’ll go see him,” Nick said to George. “Where does he live?”

The cook turned away.

“Little boys always know what they want to do,” he said.

“He lives up at Hirsch’s rooming-house,” George said to Nick.

“I’ll go up there.”

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch’s rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

“Is Ole Andreson here?”

“Do you want to see him?”

“Yes, if he’s in.”

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

“Who is it?”

“It’s somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson,” the woman said.

“It’s Nick Adams.”

“Come in.”

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prize-fighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

“What was it?” he asked.

“I was up at Henry’s,” Nick said, “and two fellows came in and tied me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you.”

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

“George thought I better come and tell you about it.”

“There isn’t anything I can do about it,” Ole Andreson said.

“I’ll tell you what they were like.”

“I don’t want to know what they were like,” Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. “Thanks for coming to tell me about it.”

“That’s all right.”

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

“Don’t you want me to go and see the police?”

“No,” Ole Andreson said. “That wouldn’t do any good.”

“Isn’t there something I could do?”

“No. There ain’t anything to do.”

“Maybe it was just a bluff.”

“No. It ain’t just a bluff.”

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall, “I just can’t make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day.”

“Couldn’t you get out of town?”

“No,” Ole Andreson said. “I’m through with all that running around.”

He looked at the wall.

“There ain’t anything to do now.”

“Couldn’t you fix it up some way?”

“No. I got in wrong.” He talked in the same flat voice. “There ain’t anything to do. After a while I’ll make up my mind to go out.”

“I better go back and see George,” Nick said.

“So long,” said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. “Thanks for coming around.”

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

“He’s been in his room all day,” the landlady said downstairs. “I guess he don’t feel well. I said to him: ‘Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,’ but he didn’t feel like it.”

“He doesn’t want to go out.”

“I’m sorry he don’t feel well,” the woman said. “He’s an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know.”

“I know it.”

“You’d never know it except from the way his face is,” the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. “He’s just as gentle.”

“Well, good-night, Mrs. Hirsch,” Nick said.

“I’m not Mrs. Hirsch,” the woman said. “She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I’m Mrs. Bell.”

“Well, good-night, Mrs. Bell,” Nick said.

“Good-night,” the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry’s eating house. George was inside, back of the counter.

“Did you see Ole?”

“Yes,” said Nick. “He’s in his room and he won’t go out.”

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick’s voice.

“I don’t even listen to it,” he said and shut the door.

“Did you tell him about it?” George asked.

“Sure. I told him but he knows what it’s all about.”

“What’s he going to do?”

“Nothing.”

“They’ll kill him.”

“I guess they will.”

“He must have not mixed up in something in Chicago.”

“I guess so,” said Nick.

“It’s a hell of a thing.”

“It’s an awful thing,” Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

“I wonder what he did?” Nick said.

“Double-crossed somebody. That’s what they kill them for.”

“I’m going to get out of this town,” Nick said.

“Yes,” said George. “That’s a good thing to do.”

“I can’t stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he’s going to get it. It’s too damned awful.”

“Well,” said George, “you better not think about it.”

William Faulkner
A ROSE FOR EMILY

I

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant – a combined gardener and cook – had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps – an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor – he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron – remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later

the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse – a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered – a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff. . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see. We must go by the --"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily --"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

So she vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell. That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart -- the one we believed would marry her -- had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man -- a young man then -- going in and out with a market basket.

"Just as if a man -- any man -- could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law?"

"I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met--three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

“It’s simple enough,” he said. “Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don’t . . .”

“Dammit, sir,” Judge Stevens said, “will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?”

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not

dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will.

III

She was sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows—sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with riggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee – a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the riggers, and the riggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget *noblesse oblige* – without calling it *noblesse oblige*. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could

. . .” This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: “Poor Emily.”

She carried her head high enough – even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say “Poor Emily,” and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

“I want some poison,” she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eye-sockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper’s face ought to look. “I want some poison,” she said.

“Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom – ”

“I want the best you have. I don't care what kind.”

The druggist named several. “They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is –”

“Arsenic,” Miss Emily said. “Is that a good one?”

“Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want – ”

“I want arsenic.”

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. “Why, of course,” the druggist said. “If that’s what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for.”

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: “For rats.”

IV

So the next day we all said, “She will kill herself”; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, “She will marry him.” Then we said, “She will persuade him yet,” because Homer himself had remarked –he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks’ Club – that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, “Poor Emily” behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister – Miss Emily’s people were Episcopal – to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister’s wife wrote to Miss Emily’s relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler’s and ordered a man’s toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men’s clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, “They are married.” We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron – the streets had been finished some time since – was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily’s coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily’s allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows – she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house – like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not

looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation – dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro. He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

V

The Negro met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men – some in their brushed Confederate uniforms – on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the

monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Feathertop: A Moralized Legend

"Dickon," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth, where indeed there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe, and a whiff of smoke came from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came, and how brought thither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise) in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn-patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little, green, rolledup leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might, with very little trouble, have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humor, and was further dulcified by her pipe tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid, rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn-patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke; "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvellous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of every-day business just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout, though 't is true I'm a witch."

It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow. Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure.

The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick, on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby, before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the woodpile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporosity of the scarecrow, with the exception of its head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shrivelled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-colored knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-colored coat of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket-flaps, and button-holes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered

with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these small-clothes to an Indian powwow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco and then take him out to the corn-patch."

While filling her pipe the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance, or skill, or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape, bedizened with its tattered finery; and as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin--a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken, than, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavor her pipe with a coal of fire from the par-

ticular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney corner might be, or who brought the coal from it,--further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon,--I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch, frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street corner!" continued she. "Well; I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day, further than the lighting of my pipe, but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words, Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends on it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shrivelled pumpkin for a head,--as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over, if we can only bring ourselves to believe that, as soon as the old dame bade him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure; but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye; and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely-glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on top of it, or in the pungently-aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort; for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm worked well. The shrivelled, yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it; sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, wornout worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow; but merely a spectral illusion, and a cunning effect of light and shade so colored and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety; and, at least, if the above explanation do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come, another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart, if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it! Well done, again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward--a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step--then tottered and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood, and musty straw, and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood, poor devil of a contrivance that it was!--with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification, the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters, composed of heterogeneous materials, used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head, peeping with a hiss out of her bosom), at this pusillanimous behavior of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou noth-

ing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life with the smoke! else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage kitchen became all vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window pane on the opposite wall. Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched towards the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose; for, with each successive whiff, the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty and glistened with the skilfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away. And, half revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clinched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle--perhaps untrue, or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain--that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacrum into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly. "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend hold the opin-

ion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak; but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quoth-a! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith) thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shall babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one," answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou speakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts--clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea foam, and chimney smoke. But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat as if thou really hadst one!"

So now, in high good humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres

of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air, and a chateau in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship, laden with salt of Cadiz, which she herself, by her necromantic arts, had caused to founder, ten years before, in the deepest part of mid-ocean. If the salt were not dissolved, and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage towards a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who stood at the head of society in the neighboring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee, when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgeting all through her system, with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it! I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing-

master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!"

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapory fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair) were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion: "Really! Indeed! Pray tell me! Is it possible! Upon my word! By no means! Oh! Ah! Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made, you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe, the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities, the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The very pipe, in which burned the spell of all this wonderwork, ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and became a meerschaum, with painted bowl and amber mouthpiece.

It might be apprehended, however, that as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapor of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again.

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco-box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe!"

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe-bowl; and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the

tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud; and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and (first filling thyself with smoke) cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and, 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother!" said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke, "I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"Oh, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said. If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow; and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here; take my staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call Feathertop,--so be Feathertop thy name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling, when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighboring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the sidewalk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly-embroidered plum-colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet, magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke, so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat; which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat, set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace, peculiar to the fine gentlemen of the period; and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accoutrement of this brilliant personage that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe, with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay; it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes; he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his lordship have voy-

aged or travelled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or one of your high Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff--he might call it a hitch and jerk--but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador, come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion; or, most likely, he is from the Havana, or from some port on the Spanish main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our government is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man!--so tall, so slender! such a fine, noble face, with so well-shaped a nose, and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me, how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames!"

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and a flourish of his pipe; for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honor, they have quite dazzled me."

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance, there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur, which, after snuffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's back yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child, who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs, and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop meanwhile pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled almost into clamor around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion-house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door, and knocked. In the interim, before his summons was answered, the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! Dim and faded did you call him? Why, as he turns about the star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is, indeed," said his companion; "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peeping at it out of the chamber window."

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile, if it might not better be called a grin or grimace, upon his visage; but, of all the throng that beheld

him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger except a little child and a cur dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair, rosy face, which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the glistening stranger while standing on the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlor, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass and practising pretty airs--now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former, kissing her hand likewise, tossing her head, and managing her fan; while within the mirror an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability rather than her will if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and, when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlor door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the Chevalier Feathertop,--nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop, --who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves."

After these few words of introduction, the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But, even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety, and

very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin, which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl, at the same time shaking his fist and stamping his gouty foot--an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears than on his good will. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had noticed that these painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely he became convinced that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand in hand, with gestures of diabolical merriment, round the circumference of the pipe bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage from his private room to the parlor, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marvelled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed, in his secret soul, the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners, as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe, and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapor of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street; but there was a constraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life, had given some pledge or other to the evil principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlor door was partly of glass, shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop that, after quitting the room, he could by no means refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain.

But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen; nothing--except the trifles previously noticed--to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger it is true was evidently a thorough and practised man of the world, systematic and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of a person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple, young girl without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind, could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop came in its proper place; nothing had been left rude or native in him; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that invested him with a species of ghastriness and awe. It is the effect of anything completely and consummately artificial, in human shape, that the person impresses us as an unreality and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant, and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room: Feathertop with his dainty stride and no less dainty grimace, the girl with a native maidenly grace, just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner, which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until, within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch), she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry; the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent that it melted her with its own warmth as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear; no matter what he did, his action was heroic to her eye. And by this time it is to be supposed there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth and a liquid softness in her glance; while the star kept coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered with more frantic merriment than ever about the circumference of his pipe bowl. O pretty Polly

Gookin, why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow! Is it so unusual a misfortune, so rare a triumph?

By and by Feathertop paused, and throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles glowed at that instant with unutterable splendor; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of coloring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance towards the full-length looking-glass in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates in the world and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop likewise had looked towards the mirror, and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair that went further than any of his previous manifestations towards vindicating his claims to be reckoned human, for perchance the only time since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch, "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop! His pipe was still alight; the star still flamed upon his breast; the embroidery still glowed upon his

garments; nor had he lost, in any degree or manner that could be estimated, the aspect that assimilated him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffling hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torment him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having!"

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feathertop; "the girl was half won; and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added, after a brief pause and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am! I'll exist no longer!"

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap, and a shrivelled pumpkin in the midst. The eyeholes were now lustreless; but the rudely-carved gap, that just before had been a mouth still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance. "My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world, made up of just such a jumble of wornout, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it?"

While thus muttering, the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance and send him forth again tomorrow. But no; his feelings are too tender, his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well! well! I'll make a scarecrow of him after all. 'Tis an innocent and useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and, if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 't would be the better for mankind; and as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips. "Dickon!" cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

Введение	3
Часть 1. Теоретические основы интерпретации текста	4
Система техник понимания текста	4
Интерпретация текста как установление иерархии его частей	18
Вертикальный контекст и лингвостилистический анализ художественного произведения	27
Семиотика и понимание произведения словесно-художественного творчества	37
Рассказ “A rose for Emily” как предмет филологического чтения	43
Описание образа главного героя через интерпретацию его поведения и внешних характеристик	55
Часть 2. Тексты для чтения и анализа	62
Приложение	90

Татьяна Юрьевна Ма,

доцент кафедры английской филологии и перевода АмГУ,

канд. филол. наук;

Наталья Михайловна Залесова,

доцент кафедры английской филологии и перевода АмГУ,

канд. филол. наук

Интерпретация текста. Учебное пособие.

Издательство АмГУ. Формат 60x84/16. Усл. печ. л. 8,37. Заказ 337.