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ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Пособие является частью материалов учебной дисциплины «История литературы страны первого изучаемого языка», которая читается студентам филологического факультета, обучающимся по специальности «Перевод и переводоведение». Предназначено для студентов филологического факультета, обучающихся по специальности «Перевод и переводоведение». Учитывает требования государственного образовательного стандарта и может использоваться при обучении студентов-бакалавров по направлению «Лингвистика».

Пособие охватывает творчество «потерянного поколения» – влиятельной группы американских авторов периода между Первой и Второй мировыми войнами. К ним относятся Э. Хемингуэй, Ф.С. Фитцджеральд, Дж. Дос Пассос, Э.Э. Каммингс и многие другие. Произведения этих авторов оказали значительное влияние на все последующее развитие американской литературы и вошли в золотой фонд мировой культуры. В пособии представлена система заданий, которые предназначены для самостоятельной работы студентов и для работы на семинарских занятиях. Каждый из четырех разделов пособия имеет следующую структуру:

- 1) план лекций и семинарских занятий по изучаемой теме;
- 2) художественные произведения или отрывки из них, а также литературно-критические работы;
- 3) предтекстовые задания, задания к предложенным художественным произведениям или литературно-критическим работам;
- 4) лингво-страноведческий комментарий и краткие биографии писателей;
- 5) интерактивные задания для обсуждения в группах из 3-4-х студентов;
- 6) итоговые письменные творческие задания по пройденным темам;
- 7) задания для самопроверки по пройденной теме.

Представленные в пособии задания были успешно апробированы на филологическом факультете АмГУ в 2005 – 2009 учебном годах.

LITERATURE OF THE LOST GENERATION

in post World War I America

(1914-1920)

Lost Generation is the name applied to the disillusioned intellectuals and aesthetes of the years following World War I, who rebelled against former ideals and values but could replace them only by despair or a cynical hedonism. In the American literature Lost Generation is a name to call a group of U.S. writers who came of age during World War I and established their reputations in the 1920s; more broadly, the entire post – World War I American generation.

The writers' inherited values could not operate in the postwar world and they felt spiritually alienated. The term embraces Francis Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos. Others usually included are: Sherwood Anderson, Edward Estlin Cummings, Hart Crane, Archibald MacLeish, Ezra Pound.

The impact of the war on the group of writers in the Lost Generation is aptly demonstrated by a passage from Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise* (1920): “*here was a new generation... grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken*”.

Ernest Hemingway was the Lost Generation's leader in the adaptation of the naturalistic technique in the novel. John Dos Passos, having seen the brutality of the war, questioned the meaning of contemporary life, showing its hopeless futility in an American city. F. Scott Fitzgerald is remembered as the portrayer of the spirit of the Jazz age. Edward E. Cummings struggled for introducing innovations in poetry, relying on the aesthetics of cubism.

The Lost Generation writers all gained prominence in XX th century literature. Their innovations challenged assumptions about writing and expression, and paved the way for subsequent generations of writers.

Lecture plan:

- 1) Post World War I disillusionment and alienation. The Lost generation literature in the US of the 1920-ies. The atmosphere and morals of the Jazz Age.
- 2) *Stoicism* and *grace under pressure* in E. Hemingway's novels, novella and collections of short stories: *The Sun Also Rises (Fiesta); A Farewell to Arms; To*

Have and Have Not; For Whom the Bell Tolls; A Moveable Feast; The Old Man and the Sea; The Isles in the Stream (published posthumously); *In Our Time; Men without Women*.

- 3) Symbolic reflection of the values of the Jazz Age in the novels and short stories by F.S. Fitzgerald. Ambivalent attitude towards the American idea of inherent goodness of wealth. : *This Side of Paradise; The Great Gatsby; Tender is the Night; The Last Tycoon*. Collections of short stories: *Flappers and Philosophers; Tales of the Jazz Age; All the Sad Young Men*.
- 4) Post World War I search for new forms in art. American literature of the Lost generation in the works by John Dos Passos and E.E. Cummings.
 - Modernist techniques in *the canvas-novels* by John Dos Passos.
 - Modernist innovations in the poems by Edward Estlin Cummings (e.e. cummings).

Seminar plan:

- 1) Alienation in postwar and post Depression American society. Rethinking of values. Call for experimentation with form and molding *modern* literature capable of reflecting the changed reality.
- 2) The theme of loneliness and isolation as well as ability to sustain under pressure in E. Hemingway's short stories *A Day's Wait, The End of Something, Clean and Well -Lighted Place, Soldier's Home, A Canary for One, The Killers, The Cat Under the Rain*. Employing iceberg-story-telling technique to convey the message.
- 3) F.S. Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* as a *symbolist tragedy* of the post WWI generation. *Diamond as Big as the Ritz* by F.S. Fitzgerald. What is money - a blessing or a curse? The American North versus American South in *The Ice Palace*.
- 4) Experiments with form in the prosaic work of Dos Passos: *The 42nd Parallel; U.S.A.*. Employing such supplement devices as *non-linear narrative, stream of consciousness, camera-eye, newsreel*, biographical sketches. Novels: *One Man's Initiation, 1917; Three Soldiers; Manhattan Transfer; U.S.A. – The 42-nd Parallel, 1919, The Big Money*.
- 5) E.E. Cummings. Applying visual arts principles to verse. Influence of cubist aesthetics on poetic presentation: *r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r; my sweet old etcetera; In Just – ; The Sky Was Can Dy; l (a*.

~ SECTION I ~

ERNEST HEMINGWAY (1898-1961)

Ernest M. Hemingway (July 21, 1899 — July 2, 1961) was an American novelist, short-story writer, and journalist, whose works are read all over the world.

Hemingway once stated that his goal as a writer was to create "one true sentence." The characteristic pared-down style he developed influenced a number of subsequent authors. Known for his emotionally recalcitrant characters, Hemingway created stories of men proving themselves in physically demanding conditions and trying to come to grips with a world that after the horror of World War I seemed largely out of their control.

Born and raised in a Chicago suburb, Hemingway was one of six children. His father was a doctor and his mother a schoolteacher. Following graduation from high school, Hemingway worked as a reporter for the Kansas City Star, but remained there only a few months. The eighteen-year-old Hemingway intended to join the army when the United States entered World War I in 1917, but a problem with his eye disqualified him. Instead, he became a volunteer ambulance driver in Italy and later served in the Italian infantry. He was wounded by shrapnel not long after and carried a fellow soldier to safety despite his own serious injury. This event profoundly influenced his future thinking about himself and his place in the world; brushes with death and the idea of wounds, both physical and psychological, would haunt his later fiction. As the first American wounded in Italy, Hemingway became known as a hero, which also became part of the persona he adopted in ensuing years. After only six months abroad, he returned to the United States, feeling that he had changed significantly while America had not. He became a correspondent for the Toronto Star and in 1920 married Hadley Richardson. The couple moved to Paris, where Hemingway met many significant literary figures, including Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. Stein especially encouraged his literary efforts. Sherwood Anderson and F.

Scott Fitzgerald read his work, gave him advice, and helped secure the publication of *In Our Time*, a collection of his stories.

The novel that established his reputation as a literary figure, however, was *The Sun Also Rises*, published in 1926. Written in what would become known as the "Hemingway style", the novel's terse prose and dialogue would pave the way for a new style of fiction writing, stripped-down and spare in comparison to the novels that preceded it. *Men without Women*, another collection of short stories, was published in 1927. *A Farewell to Arms*, about an American officer's romance with a British nurse, appeared in 1929. Hemingway's interest in politics heightened in the 1930s; between 1936 and 1939 he served as a newspaper correspondent in Spain, covering the Spanish Civil War, the setting of his novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). During World War II he again served as a correspondent, and following the war he settled in Cuba. His marriage to Hadley broke up in 1927; he married three more times.

While traveling in Africa in 1953, Hemingway survived a plane crash, which injured him badly. His health was never fully restored, and in the 1950s, despite winning the 1953 Pulitzer Prize for *The Old Man and the Sea* and the Nobel Prize for literature in 1954, Hemingway suffered from recurrent bouts of depression and on the morning of July 2, 1961, some three weeks short of his 62nd birthday, he died at his home in Ketchum, Idaho, the result of a self-inflicted shotgun wound to the head.

Hemingway's life was an adventurous one in which he challenged nature and the dangers of war. He fought in the Spanish Civil War, was a correspondent in World War II, and ran with the bulls in Pamplona. He was an amateur boxer, avid hunter, and record-holding deep sea fisherman.

Hemingway was part of the 1920s expatriate community in Paris, and one of the veterans of World War I later known as "the Lost Generation". He received the Pulitzer Prize in 1953 for *The Old Man and the Sea* and the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954. Hemingway's distinctive writing style is characterized by economy and understatement, and had a significant influence on the development of twentieth-century fiction writing.

Works by E. Hemingway

Novels/Novella: *The Torrents of Spring* (1925); *The Sun Also Rises* (1926); *A Farewell to Arms* (1929); *To Have and Have Not* (1937); *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940); *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950); *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952); *Adventures of a Young Man* (1962); *Islands in the Stream* (1970); *The Garden of Eden* (1986); *The Torrents of Spring* (1925); *The Sun Also Rises* (1926); *A Farewell to Arms* (1929); *To Have and Have Not* (1937); *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940); *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950); *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952); *Adventures of a Young Man* (posthumous - 1962); *Islands in the Stream* (posthumous - 1970); *The Garden of Eden* (posthumous - 1986).

Nonfiction: *Death in the Afternoon* (1932); *Green Hills of Africa* (1935); *The Dangerous Summer* (1960); *A Moveable Feast* (posthumous - 1964).

Short Story Collections: *Three Stories and Ten Poems* (1923); *In Our Time* (1925); *Men Without Women* (1927); *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (1932); *Winner Take Nothing* (1933); *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* (1938); *The Essential Hemingway* (1947); *The Hemingway Reader* (1953); *The Nick Adams Stories* (posthumous - 1972); *Three Stories and Ten Poems* (1923); *In Our Time* (1925); *Men Without Women* (1927); *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (1932); *Winner Take Nothing* (1933); *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* (1938).

ASSIGNMENT 1: The End of Something

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the story:

- 1) What do you know about Hemingway's teenage years, his favorite sports and pastimes?
- 2) What are the most common children's fears?
- 3) Who, in your opinion, is more sensitive to children's needs and fears – mothers or fathers?
- 4) Do parents have fears about their children?
- 5) Do mothers and fathers manifest such fears differently?

Read the story and answer the questions that follow the text

The End of Something

(1925)

In the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. The lumber schooners came into the bay and were loaded with the cut of the mill that stood stacked in the yard. All the piles of lumber were carried away. The big mill building had all its machinery that was removable taken

out and hoisted on board one of the schooners by the men who had worked in the mill. The schooner moved out of the bay toward the open lake carrying the two great saws, the traveling carriage that hurled the logs against the revolving, circular saws and all the rollers, wheels, belts and iron piled on a hull deep load of lumber. Its open hold covered with canvas and lashed tight, the sails of the schooner filled and it moved out into the open lake, carrying with it everything that had made the mill a mill and Hortons Bay a town.

The one-story bunk houses, the eating-house, the company store, the mill offices, and the big mill itself stood deserted in the acres of sawdust that covered the meadow by the shore of the bay.

Ten years later there was nothing of the mill left except the broken white limestone of its foundations showing through the second growth as Nick and Marjorie rowed along the shore. They were trolling along the edge of the channel-bank where the bottom dropped off suddenly from sandy shallows to twelve feet of dark water. They were trolling on their way to the point to set night lines for rainbow trout.

"There's our old ruin, Nick," Marjorie said.

Nick, rowing, looked at the white stone in the green trees.

"There it is," he said.

"Can you remember when it was a mill?" Marjorie asked.

"I can just remember," Nick said.

"It seems more like a castle," Marjorie said.

Nick said nothing. They rowed on out of sight of the mill, following the shore line. Then Nick cut across the bay.

"They aren't striking," he said.

"No," Marjorie said. She was intent on the rod all the time they trolled, even when she talked. She loved to fish. She loved to fish with Nick.

Close beside the boat a big trout broke the surface of the water. Nick pulled hard on one oar so the boat would turn and the bait spinning far behind would pass where the trout was feeding. As the trout's back came up out of the water the

minnows jumped wildly. They sprinkled the surface like a handful of shot thrown into the water. Another trout broke water, feeding on the other side of the boat.

"They' e feeding," Marjorie said.

"But they won' strike," Nick said.

He rowed the boat around to troll past both the feeding fish, then headed it for the point. Marjorie did not reel in until the boat touched the shore.

They pulled the boat up the beach and Nick lifted out a pail of live perch.

The perch swam in the water in the pail. Nick caught three of them with his hands and cut their heads off and skinned them while Marjorie chased with her hands in the bucket, finally caught a perch, cut its head off and skinned it. Nick looked at her fish.

"You don' want to take the ventral fin out," he said. "It'll be all right for bait but it's better with the ventral fin in."

He hooked each of the skinned perch through the tail. There were two hooks attached to a leader on each rod. Then Marjorie rowed the boat out over the channel-bank, holding the line in her teeth, and looking toward Nick, who stood on the shore holding the rod and letting the line run out from the reel.

"That's about right," he called.

"Should I let it drop?" Marjorie called back, holding the line in her hand.

"Sure. Let it go." Marjorie dropped the line overboard and watched the baits go down through the water.

She came in with the boat and ran the second line out the same way. Each time Nick set a heavy plate of driftwood across the butt of the rod to hold it solid and propped it up at an angle with a small plate. He reeled in the slack line so the line ran out to where the bait rested on the sandy floor of the channel and set the click on the reel. When a trout, feeding on the bottom, took the bait it would run with it, taking line out of the reel in a rush and making the reel sing with the click on.

Marjorie rowed up the point a little way so she would not disturb the line. She pulled hard on the oars and the boat went way up the beach. Little waves came in with it. Marjorie stepped out of the boat and Nick pulled the boat high up the beach.

"What's the matter, Nick?" Marjorie asked.

"I don' know," Nick said, getting wood for a fire.

They made a fire with driftwood. Marjorie went to the boat and brought a blanket. The evening breeze blew the smoke toward the point, so Marjorie spread the blanket out between the fire and the lake.

Marjorie sat on the blanket with her back to the fire and waited for Nick. He came over and sat down beside her on the blanket. In back of them was the close second-growth timber of the point and in front was the bay with the mouth of Hortons Creek. It was not quite dark. The firelight went as far as the water. They could both see the two steel rods at an angle over the dark water. The fire glinted on the reels.

Marjorie unpacked the basket of supper.

"I don' feel like eating," said Nick.

"Come on and eat, Nick."

"All right."

They ate without talking, and watched the two rods and the firelight in the water.

"There's going to be a moon tonight," said Nick. He looked across the bay to the hills that were beginning to sharpen against the sky. Beyond the hills he knew the moon was coming up.

"I know it," Marjorie said happily.

"You know everything," Nick said.

"Oh, Nick, please cut it out! Please, please don' be that way!"

"I can' help it," Nick said. "You do. You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do."

Marjorie did not say anything.

"I've taught you everything. You know you do. What don' you know, anyway?"

"Oh, shut up," Marjorie said. "There comes the moon."

They sat on the blanket without touching each other and watched the moon rise.

"You don' have to talk silly," Marjorie said; "what's really the matter?"

"I don' know."

"Of course you know."

"No I don't,"

"Go on and say it."

Nick looked on at the moon, coming up over the hills.

"It isn't fun any more."

He was afraid to look at Marjorie. Then he looked at her. She sat there with her back toward him.

He looked at her back. "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it."

She didn't say anything. He went on. "I feel as though everything was gone to hell inside of me. I don' know, Marge. I don' know what to say."

He looked on at her back.

"Isn't love any fun?" Marjorie said.

"No," Nick said. Marjorie stood up. Nick sat there, his head in his hands.

"I'm going to take the boat," Marjorie called to him. "You can walk back around the point."

"All right," Nick said. "I'll push the boat off for you."

"You don' need to," she said. She was afloat in the boat on the water with the moonlight on it. Nick went back and lay down with his face in the blanket by the fire. He could hear Marjorie rowing on the water.

He lay there for a long time. He lay there while he heard Bill come into the clearing, walking around through the woods. He felt Bill coming up to the fire. Bill didn't touch him, either.

"Did she go all right?" Bill said.

"Oh, yes." Nick said, lying, his face on the blanket.

"Have a scene?"

"No, there wasn't any scene."

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, go away, Bill! Go away for a while."

Bill selected a sandwich from the lunch basket and walked over to have a look at the rods.

Questions to the story:

- 1) What atmosphere do the opening paragraphs, in which the old mill is described, create? Reading this passage, pay attention to the key-words, especially verbs and adjectives. Which of the two prevail in the abstract? What effect do they create?
- 2) If we assume that in E. Hemingway's works the outer world is a metaphor for the spiritual world of the characters, then what can the old ruin of the mill stand for on the symbolic level?
- 3) What for is the scene of fishing introduced in the story? Does it seem to be the activity that unites the young people? Do they talk a lot while fishing? Pay special attention to the sentence structure of the discourse. Sentences of what communicative types prevail in Nick's and Marjorie's speech? Does it seem meaningful to you in terms of reflecting the protagonists' relationship? Pay attention to the way the author describes their actions - what verbs does he use and what is the effect they produce? Would you call this fishing trip successful?
- 4) What in your opinion is the culmination of the story? What are the prevailing colors in the color-scheme of this scene - dark or bright? How does the color add to the atmosphere and symbolism of the story?
- 5) Summing everything up, how is the theme of the end developed in the story?
- 6) What do you think can the word *something* in the title mean?
- 7) How would you describe the general tone of the story and the style the author employs? What is behind the rough surface of the story?

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- Judging by your experience, is the author's description of the feelings of the young psychologically accurate and convincing in *The End of Something*? What is it - love or just infatuation of youth?

- What makes you believe that the protagonists of *The End of Something* are young?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the message of the story.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

ASSIGNMENT 2: A Day's Wait

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the story:

- 1) What do you know about Hemingway's teenage years, his favorite sports and pastimes?
- 2) What are the most common children's fears?
- 3) Who, in your opinion, is more sensitive to children's needs and fears – mothers or fathers?
- 4) Do parents have fears about their children?
- 5) Do mothers and fathers manifest such fears differently?

Read the story and answer the questions that follow the text

A Day's Wait

(1927)

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

'What's the matter, Schatz?'

'I've got a headache.'

'You better go back to bed.'

'No, I'm all right.'

'You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed.'

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

'You go up to bed,' I said, 'you're sick.'

'I'm all right,' he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

'What is it?' I asked him.

'One hundred and two.'

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different colored capsules with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down the fever, another - a purgative, the third to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

'Do you want me to read to you?'

'All right. If you want to,' said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read aloud from Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates; but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

'How do you feel, Schatz?' I asked him.

'Just the same, so far,' he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I

looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely. 'Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine.'

'I'd rather stay awake.'

After a while he said to me, 'You don't have to stay here with me, Papa, if it bothers you.'

'It doesn't bother me.'

'No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you.'

I thought perhaps he was a little light-headed and after giving him the prescribed capsule at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit the trees, but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the icy, springy brush they made difficult shooting and killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room. 'You can't come in,' he said. 'You mustn't get what I have.'

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

'What is it?'

'Something like a hundred,' I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

'It was a hundred and two,' he said.

'Who said so?'

'The doctor.'

'Your temperature is all right,' I said. 'It's nothing to worry about.'

'I don't worry,' he said, 'but I can't keep from thinking.'

'Don't think,' I said. 'Just take it easy.'

'I'm taking it easy,' he said and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

'Take this with water.'

'Do you think it will do any good?'

'Of course it will.'

I sat down and opened the Pirate book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

'About what time do you think I'm going to die?' he asked.

'What?'

'About how long will it be before I die?'

'You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?'

Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two.'

'People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk.'

'I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two.'

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning. 'You poor Schatz,' I said. 'Poor old Schatz. It's like miles and kilometers. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight.'

'Are you sure?'

'Absolutely,' I said. 'It's like miles and kilometers. You know, like how many kilometers we make when we do seventy in the car?'

'Oh,' he said.

But his gaze at the foot of his bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

Questions to the story:

- 1) What is the relationship between the boy and the father like? Is there a mother in this family?
- 2) What scares the boy? Does he show his fear? Why does not he allow anyone to see him in his bedroom? What does he think of in the first place when his father enters the room?
- 3) What is the boy waiting for? Would you describe the boy's behavior as stoic? Do you think it is natural for a boy of his age to show so much stoicism? Why does the boy cry easily the following day?
- 4) How does the father sense the boy's fear? How does he react? Does he stay with his son?
- 5) Do you think it is natural for parents to leave their children alone when they are sick or / and scared? What would a mother do in such a situation?
- 6) What is the scene of hunting introduced for? What was Hemingway's idea of a typical *tough-guy's* life style? What qualities are required of a hunter?
- 7) How much time passes from the opening to the final scene?
- 8) Do you find out about the relationship in the family and the boy's emotions directly from the text? Can this story be classified as an *iceberg-type* story? Pay attention to the syntax and the choice of words in the story. How would you describe the author's style?
- 9) Comment on the title of the story.



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Read the information and then go back to the post-reading questions.

One hundred and two – in Europe they measure temperature in Celsius, while in the USA they use Fahrenheit scale: one hundred and two degrees Fahrenheit equals 38.89 degrees Celsius.

Der Schatz (German) – my little friend.

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) Would you leave your child alone if s/he were ill or upset as the father in *A Day's Wait* by E. Hemingway does? Why does he do this?
- 2) Is it possible, in your opinion, to describe the boy's behavior as stoical?
- 3) Do you think it is appropriate to demand that a young child should always be restrained and self-controlled?

ASSIGNMENT 3: A Clean, Well-lighted Place

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the story:

- 1) What kind of public places would you call clean and well-lighted?
- 2) What is light associated with in most cultures?
- 3) Why are most people afraid of the darkness? What are common associations with the dark time of the day?
- 4) How do people usually fight with their fears? What are your ways of dealing with fears and phobias?
- 5) Does faith help people beat their fears down?

Read the story and answer the questions that follow the text:

A Clean, Well-lighted Place

(1933)

It was very late and everyone had left the cafe except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the cafe knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a

good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the cafe and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the cafe and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. "Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the cafe. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know."

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His niece."

"Why did they do it?"

"Fear for his soul."

"How much money has he got?" "He's got plenty."

"He must be eighty years old."

"Anyway I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

"He had a wife once too."

"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down."

"I know." "I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

"Another brandy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip. The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two." "I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, **hombre**, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am of those who like to stay late at the cafe," the older waiter said.

"With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the cafe."

"Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant cafe. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself, It was the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not a fear or dread, it was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was a nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew *it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee.* He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

"What's yours?" asked the barman.

"**Nada.**"

"**Otro loco mas,**" said the barman and turned away.

"A little cup," said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

"The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished," the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

"You want another **copita**?" the barman asked.

"No, thank you," said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted cafe was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it's probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

Questions to the story:

- 1) What is the setting of the story like? When is the scene laid? Are any signs of historical time in the exposition?
- 2) Why does the old man keep coming to the cafe?
- 3) Why does the older waiter say: "*We are of two different kinds*"? Does he mean the age gap?
- 4) Why does the older waiter like staying late at work instead of going home?
- 5) What does *Nada* mean in the final scene of the story? What is "the prayer" about? Can you call it a prayer? Compare the "prayer" in the story with the original *The Our Father prayer* in the *Information to Read & Consider* section. Does this comparison give any keys?
- 6) Does the older waiter suffer from insomnia? Could it be something else that he suffers from?

- 7) Are the characters of the story, including the protagonist, given names? Why are they not?
- 8) Does light have any symbolic meaning in the story?
- 9) Comment on the title of the story.

INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Read the information and then go back to the post-reading questions.

Nada (Spanish) – nothingness.

Nada y pues nada (Spanish) – nothing and only nothing.

Hombre (Spanish) – a friendly form of address: *lad, chap*, etc.

Copita (Spanish) – a small glass of whisky.

Otro loco mas (Spanish) – one more crazy man.

The Lord's Prayer, also known as the ***Our Father*** or *Pater Noster*, is perhaps the best-known prayer in Christianity. Although many theological differences and various modes and manners of worship divide Christians, according to Fuller Seminary professor Clayton Schmit "there is a sense of solidarity in knowing that Christians around the globe are praying together..., and these words always unite us."

The Our Father prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and for ever. Amen."

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) What do you think makes the old waiter in ***A Clean, Well-Lighted Place*** by E. Hemingway so desperate? Is it just because of his old age?
- 2) Have you ever had the feeling of *Nada*? What can it be evoked or triggered by?
- 3) Is there anything about this story that enables a reader to associate it with the literature of the Lost generation?
- 4) Can you classify this story as an *iceberg-type* story? Give your reasons.

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, individually write down a few lines about the message of the story.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

WRITING: Section I

Choose one among the following topics for writing and write a one-page essay:

- 1) Comment on the symbolism of the title of the story *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place* by E. Hemingway.
- 2) Describe the way masculine code of behavior and stoicism are revealed in E. Hemingway's short story *A Day's Wait*.
- 3) In *The End of Something* by E. Hemingway, what was the relationship between the young people like before the fishing-trip? Do you think it was love?

~ SECTION II ~

FRANCIS SCOTT FITZGERALD (1896-1940)

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was a Jazz Age novelist and short story writer who is considered to be among the greatest twentieth-century American writers. Born on September 24, 1896, he was the only son of an aristocratic father and a provincial, working-class mother. The 1920's, also known as the Jazz Age, were wild times, and Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was its king. Although he lead one of the most wild and luxurious lifestyles of anyone during the decade, Fitzgerald was known more for his prominent works of literature, which have gained a permanent place among the American classics.

F. Scott Fitzgerald was born in St Paul, Minnesota of mixed Southern and Irish descent. His father, Edward Fitzgerald, was a salesman, a Southern gentleman, whose furniture business had failed. Mary McQuillan, his mother, was the daughter of a successful wholesale grocer, and devoted to her only son. The family moved regularly, but settled finally in 1918 in St. Paul. Fitzgerald started to write at St. Paul Academy and, later, at Princeton University (1913). He left his studies in 1917 because of his poor academic records, and took up a commission in the US Army.

His experiences during World War I were more peaceful than Hemingway's - he never saw action. Demobilized in 1919, Fitzgerald worked briefly in New York for an advertising agency. His first story, 'Babes in the Wood,' was published in *The Smart Set*.

The turning point in his life was when he met in 1918 Zelda Sayre, herself an aspiring writer, and married her in 1920. In the same year appeared Fitzgerald's first novel, *This Side of Paradise*. The book gained success, and doors opened for Fitzgerald into literary magazines, such as *Scribner's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, which published his stories, among them *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*. *The Beautiful and Damned*, Fitzgerald's second novel, was less well received, and in 1924 Fitzgerald moved to Europe. There he associated with such writers as Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway. A new novel *The Great Gatsby* received excellent reviews but the book did not make the money Fitzgerald expected. During the next five years the Fitzgeralds travelled between Europe and America several times. To support his expensive life style with Zelda, he frequently interrupted his work on his novels to write short stories and brought high fees from the popular magazines. For a few months in 1927 to 1932, Fitzgerald worked in Hollywood as a screenwriter. Between *Tender is the Night* (1934) and *The Crack-Up* (1936) Fitzgerald wrote little. In the middle thirties he had lost his illusions and believed he had not produced first-rate books. He returned to Hollywood in 1937, where he worked on various screenplays, but completed only one, *Three Comrades* (1938) based on Erich Maria Remarque's novel. In 1939 Fitzgerald began a novel about Hollywood, *The Last Tycoon*, but on December 21, 1940 Fitzgerald died before the book was finished. Eight years later Zelda Sayre died in a hospital fire.

Several of Fitzgerald's stories have been filmed: *The Great Gatsby* (1926, 1974), *The Last Time I Saw Paris* based on the short story *Babylon Revised* (1954), *Tender is the Night* (1962), *The Last Tycoon* (1976), *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* (2008).

Works by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Novels: *This Side of Paradise* (1920); *The Beautiful and Damned* (1920); *The Great Gatsby* (1925); *Tender Is The Night* (1934); *The Last Tycoon* (posthumous - 1941).

Short story collections: *Flappers and Philosophers* (1920); *Tales of the Jazz Age* (1922); *All the Sad Young Men* (1926); *Taps at Reveille* (1935); *The Pat Hobby Stories* (posthumous - 1962).

Short stories (1920-1940): *The Offshore Pirate*, *The Ice Palace*, *Head and Shoulders*, *The Cut-Glass Bowl*, *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*, *Benediction*, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*, *Winter Dreams*, *Babylon Revisited*.

ASSIGNMENT 1: *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the story:

- 1) What do you know about the Ritz hotel? What kinds of people stay there?
- 2) What life style do people usually associate with diamonds?
- 3) Does the title sound realistic to you? Can a diamond be as big as a huge hotel?
What associations does this image evoke?
- 4) What do you know about Fitzgerald's background? What did his parents do?
What was his view of money and wealth?

Read the story and answer the questions that follow the text

The Diamond as Big as the Ritz

(1922)

I

John T. Unger came from a family that had been well known in **Hades** - a small town on the Mississippi River - for several generations.

John's father had held the amateur golf championship through many a heated contest; Mrs. Unger was known "from hot-box to hot-bed," as the local phrase went, for her political addresses; and young John T. Unger, who had just turned sixteen, had danced all the latest dances from New York before he put on long trousers. And now, for a certain time, he was to be away from home. That respect for a New England education which is the bane of all provincial places, which drains them yearly of their most promising young men, had seized upon his parents. Nothing would suit them but that he should go to **St. Midas' School** near Boston - Hades was too small to hold their darling and gifted son. Now in Hades-as you know if you ever have been there--the names of the more fashionable preparatory schools and colleges mean very little.

The inhabitants have been so long out of the world that, though they make a show of keeping up to date in dress and manners and literature, they depend to a great extent on hearsay, and a function that in Hades would be considered elaborate would doubtless be hailed by a **Chicago beef-princess** as "perhaps a little tacky."

John T. Unger was on the eve of departure. Mrs. Unger, with maternal fatuity, packed his trunks full of linen suits and electric fans, and Mr. Unger presented his son with an asbestos pocket-book stuffed with money.

"Remember, you are always welcome here," he said. "You can be sure boy that we'll keep the home fires burning."

"I know," answered John huskily.

"Don't forget who you are and where you come from," continued his father proudly, "and you can do nothing to harm you. You are an Unger-from Hades."

So the old man and the young shook hands and John walked away with tears streaming from his eyes. Ten minutes later he had passed outside the city limits, and he stopped to glance back for the last time. Over the gates the old-fashioned Victorian motto seemed strangely attractive to him. His father had tried time and time again to have it changed to something with a little more push and verve about it, such as "**Hades-Your Opportunity**," or else a plain "**Welcome**" sign set over a hearty handshake pricked out in electric lights. The old motto was a little depressing, Mr. Unger had thought - but now....

So John took his look and then set his face resolutely toward his destination. And, as he turned away, the lights of Hades against the sky seemed full of a warm and passionate beauty. St. Midas' School is half an hour from Boston in a Rolls-Pierce motorcar. The actual distance will never be known, for no one, except John T. Unger, had ever arrived there save in a Rolls-Pierce and probably no one ever will again. St. Midas' is the most expensive and the most exclusive boys' preparatory school in the world.

John's first two years there passed pleasantly. The fathers of all the boys were money-kings and John spent his summers visiting at fashionable resorts. While he

was very fond of all the boys he visited, their fathers struck him as being much of a piece, and in his boyish way he often wondered at their exceeding sameness.

When he told them where his home was they would ask jovially, "Pretty hot down there?" and John would muster a faint smile and answer, "It certainly is." His response would have been heartier had they not all made this joke - at best varying it with, "Is it hot enough for you down there?" which he hated just as much.

In the middle of his second year at school, a quiet, handsome boy named Percy Washington had been put in John's form. The newcomer was pleasant in his manner and exceedingly well dressed even for St. Midas', but for some reason he kept aloof from the other boys. The only person with whom he was intimate was John T. Unger, but even to John he was entirely uncommunicative concerning his home or his family. That he was wealthy went without saying, but beyond a few such deductions John knew little of his friend, so it promised rich confectionery for his curiosity when Percy invited him to spend the summer at his home "in the West." He accepted, without hesitation. It was only when they were in the train that Percy became, for the first time, rather communicative. One day while they were eating lunch in the dining-car and discussing the imperfect characters of several of the boys at school, Percy suddenly changed his tone and made an abrupt remark.

"My father," he said, "is by far the richest man in the world." "Oh," said John, politely. He could think of no answer to make to this confidence. He considered "That's very nice," but it sounded hollow and was on the point of saying, "Really?" but refrained since it would seem to question Percy's statement. And such an astounding statement could scarcely be questioned.

"By far the richest," repeated Percy. "I was reading in the World Almanac," began John, "that there was one man in America with an income of over five million a year and four men with incomes of over three million a year, and-" "Oh, they're nothing." Percy's mouth was a half-moon of scorn. "Catch penny capitalists, financial small-fry, petty merchants and money-lenders. My father could buy them out and not know he'd done it." "But how does he -". "Why haven't they put down his income tax? Because he doesn't pay any. At least he pays a little one - but

he doesn't pay any on his real income." "He must be very rich," said John simply. "I'm glad. I like very rich people. "The richer a fella is, the better I like him." There was a look of passionate frankness upon his dark face. "I visited the Schnlitzer-Murphys last Easter. Vivian Schnlitzer-Murphy had rubies as big as hen's eggs, and sapphires that were like globes with lights inside them-"

"I love jewels," agreed Percy enthusiastically. "Of course I wouldn't want any one at school to know about it, but I've got quite a collection myself I used to collect them instead of stamps."

"And diamonds," continued John eagerly. "The Schnlitzer-Murphys had diamonds as big as walnuts-"

"That's nothing." Percy had leaned forward and dropped his voice to a low whisper. "That's nothing at all. My father has a diamond bigger than **the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.**"

II

The Montana sunset lay between two mountains like a gigantic bruise from which dark arteries spread themselves over a poisoned sky. An immense distance under the sky crouched the village of Fish, minute, dismal, and forgotten. There were twelve men, so it was said, in the village of Fish, twelve somber and inexplicable souls who sucked lean milk from the almost literally bare rock upon which a mysterious populatory force had begotten them. They had become a race apart, these twelve men of Fish, like some species developed by an early whim of nature, which on second thought had abandoned them to struggle and extermination.

Out of the blue-black bruise in the distance crept a long line of moving lights upon the desolation of the land, and the twelve men of Fish gathered like ghosts at the shanty depot to watch the passing of the seven o'clock train, the Transcontinental Express from Chicago. Six times or so a year the Transcontinental Express, through some inconceivable jurisdiction, stopped at the village of Fish, and when this occurred a figure or so would disembark, mount into a buggy that always appeared from out of the dusk, and drive off toward the bruised sunset. The observation of this pointless and preposterous phenomenon had become a sort of cult among the men of

Fish. To observe, that was all; there remained in them none of the vital quality of illusion which would make them wonder or speculate, else a religion might have grown up around these mysterious visitations. But the men of Fish were beyond all religion - the barest and most savage tenets of even Christianity could gain no foothold on that barren rock--so there was no altar, no priest, no sacrifice; only each night at seven the silent concourse by the shanty depot, a congregation who lifted up a prayer of dim, anaemic wonder. On this June night, the Great Brakeman, whom, had they deified any one, they might well have chosen as their celestial protagonist, had ordained that the seven o'clock train should leave its human (or inhuman) deposit at Fish. At two minutes after seven Percy Washington and John T. Unger disembarked, hurried past the spellbound, the agape, the fearsome eyes of the twelve men of Fish, mounted into a buggy which had obviously appeared from nowhere, and drove away. After half an hour, when the twilight had coagulated into dark, the silent negro who was driving the buggy hailed an opaque body somewhere ahead of them in the gloom. In response to his cry, it turned upon them a luminous disk which regarded them like a malignant eye out of the unfathomable night. As they came closer, John saw that it was the tail-light of an immense automobile, larger and more magnificent than any he had ever seen. Its body was of gleaming metal richer than nickel and lighter than silver, and the hubs of the wheels were studded with iridescent geometric figures of green and yellow - John did not dare to guess whether they were glass or jewel.

Two negroes, dressed in glittering livery such as one sees in pictures of royal processions in London, were standing at attention beside the car and as the two young men dismounted from the buggy they were greeted in some language which the guest could not understand, but which seemed to be an extreme form of the Southern negro's dialect.

"Get in," said Percy to his friend, as their trunks were tossed to the ebony roof of the limousine. "Sorry we had to bring you this far in that buggy, but of course it wouldn't do for the people on the train or those Godforsaken fellas in Fish to see this automobile."

"Gosh! What a car!" This ejaculation was provoked by its interior. John saw that the upholstery consisted of a thousand minute and exquisite tapestries of silk, woven with jewels and embroideries, and set upon a background of cloth of gold. He saw two armchair seats in which the boys luxuriated were covered with stuff that resembled duvetyn, but seemed woven in numberless colors of the ends of ostrich feathers.

"What a car!" cried John again, in amazement.

"This thing?" Percy laughed. "Why, it's just an old junk we use for a station wagon."

By this time they were gliding along through the darkness toward the break between the two mountains. "We'll be there in an hour and a half," said Percy, looking at the clock. "I may as well tell you it's not going to be like anything you ever saw before." If the car was any indication of what John would see, he was prepared to be astonished indeed. The simple piety prevalent in Hades has the earnest worship of and respect for riches as the first article of its creed - had John felt otherwise than radiantly humble before them, his parents would have turned away in horror at the blasphemy.

They had now reached and were entering the break between the two mountains and almost immediately the way became much rougher.

"If the moon shone down here, you'd see that we're in a big gulch," said Percy, trying to peer out of the window. He spoke a few words into the mouthpiece and immediately the footman turned on a search-light and swept the hillsides with an immense beam.

"Rocky, you see. An ordinary car would be knocked to pieces in half an hour. In fact, it'd take a tank to navigate it unless you knew the way. You notice we're going uphill now."

They were obviously ascending, and within a few minutes the car was crossing a high rise, where they caught a glimpse of a pale moon newly risen in the distance. The car stopped suddenly and several figures took shape out of the dark beside it - these were negroes also. Again the two young men were saluted in the same dimly

recognizable dialect; then the negroes set to work and four immense cables dangling from overhead were attached with hooks to the hubs of the great jeweled wheels. At a resounding "Hey-yah!" John felt the car being lifted slowly from the ground - up and up - clear of the tallest rocks on both sides - then higher, until he could see a wavy, moonlit valley stretched out before him in sharp contrast to the quagmire of rocks that they had just left.

Only on one side was there still rock - and then suddenly there was no rock beside them or anywhere around.

It was apparent that they had surmounted some immense knife-blade of stone, projecting perpendicularly into the air. In a moment they were going down again, and finally with a soft bump they were landed upon the smooth earth.

"The worst is over," said Percy, squinting out the window. "It's only five miles from here, and our own road-tapestry brick - all the way. This belongs to us. This is where the United States ends, father says."

"Are we in Canada?"

"We are not. We're in the middle of the Montana Rockies. But you are now on the only five square miles of land in the country that's never been surveyed."

"Why hasn't it? Did they forget it?"

"No," said Percy, grinning, "they tried to do it three times. The first time my grandfather corrupted a whole department of the State survey; the second time he had the official maps of the United States tinkered with - that held them for fifteen years. The last time was harder. My father fixed it so that their compasses were in the strongest magnetic field ever artificially set up. He had a whole set of surveying instruments made with a slight defection that would allow for this territory not to appear, and he substituted them for the ones that were to be used. Then he had a river deflected and he had what looked like a village built up on its banks - so that they'd see it, and think it was a town ten miles farther up the valley. There's only one thing my father's afraid of," he concluded, "only one thing in the world that could be used to find us out."

"What's that?"

Percy sank his voice to a whisper.

"Aeroplanes," he breathed. "We've got half a dozen anti-aircraft guns and we've arranged it so far - but there've been a few deaths and a great many prisoners. Not that we mind that, you know, father and I, but it upsets mother and the girls, and there's always the chance that some time we won't be able to arrange it."

Shreds and tatters of chinchilla, courtesy clouds in the green moon's heaven, were passing the green moon like precious Eastern stuffs paraded for the inspection of some **Tartar Khan**. It seemed to John that it was day, and that he was looking at some lads sailing above him in the air, showering down tracts and patent medicine circulars, with their messages of hope for despairing, rockbound hamlets. It seemed to him that he could see them look down out of the clouds and stare - and stare at whatever there was to stare at in this place whither he was bound - What then? Were they induced to land by some insidious device there to be immured far from patent medicines and from tracts until the judgment day -or, should they fail to fall into the trap, did a quick puff of smoke and the sharp round of a splitting shell bring them drooping to earth - and "upset" Percy's mother and sisters. John shook his head and the wraith of a hollow laugh issued silently from his parted lips. What desperate transaction lay hidden here? What a moral expedient of a bizarre **Croesus**? What terrible and golden mystery?

The chinchilla clouds had drifted past now and outside the Montana night was bright as day. The tapestry brick of the road was smooth to the tread of the great tires as they rounded a still, moonlit lake; they passed into darkness for a moment, a pine grove, pungent and cool, then they came out into a broad avenue of lawn and John's exclamation of pleasure was simultaneous with Percy's taciturn "We're home."

Full in the light of the stars, an exquisite chateau rose from the borders of the lake, climbed in marble radiance half the height of an adjoining mountain, then melted in grace, in perfect symmetry, in translucent feminine languor, into the massed darkness of a forest of pine. The many towers, the slender tracery of the sloping parapets, the chiselled wonder of a thousand yellow windows with their oblongs and hectagons and triangles of golden light, the shattered softness of the

intersecting planes of star-shine and blue shade, all trembled on John's spirit like a chord of music. On one of the towers, the tallest, the blackest at its base, an arrangement of exterior lights at the top made a sort of floating fairyland - and as John gazed up in warm enchantment the faint **acciaccare** sound of violins drifted down in a rococo harmony that was like nothing he had ever heard before. Then in a moment the car stopped before wide, high marble steps around which the night air was fragrant with a host of flowers. At the top of the steps two great doors swung silently open and amber light flooded out upon the darkness, silhouetting the figure of an exquisite lady with black, high-piled hair, who held out her arms toward them.

"Mother," Percy was saying, "this is my friend, John Unger, from Hades." Afterward John remembered that first night as a daze of many colors, of quick sensory impressions, of music soft as a voice in love, and of the beauty of things, lights and shadows, and motions and faces. There was a white haired man who stood drinking a many-hued cordial from a crystal thimble set on a golden stem. There was a girl with a flowery face, dressed like **Titania** with braided sapphires in her hair. There was a room where the solid, soft gold of the walls yielded to the pressure of his hand, and a room that was like a platonic conception of the ultimate prism - ceiling, floor, and all, it was lined with an unbroken mass of diamonds, diamonds of every size and shape, until, lit with tall violet lamps in the corners, it dazzled the eyes with a whiteness that could be compared only with itself, beyond human wish or dream.

Through a maze of these rooms the two boys wandered. Sometimes the floor under their feet would flame in brilliant patterns from lighting below, patterns of barbaric clashing colors, of pastel delicacy, of sheer whiteness, or of subtle and intricate mosaic, surely from some mosque on the Adriatic Sea. Sometimes beneath layers of thick crystal he would see blue or green water swirling, inhabited by vivid fish and growths of rainbow foliage. Then they would be treading on furs of every texture and color or along corridors of palest ivory, unbroken as though carved complete from the gigantic tusks of dinosaurs extinct before the age of man.

Then a hazily remembered transition, and they were at dinner - where each plate was of two almost imperceptible layers of solid diamond between which was

curiously worked a filigree of emerald design, a shaving sliced from green air. Music, plangent and unobtrusive, drifted down through far corridors - his chair, feathered and curved insidiously to his back, seemed to engulf and overpower him as he drank his first glass of port. He tried drowsily to answer a question that had been asked him, but the honeyed luxury that clasped his body added to the illusion of sleep - jewels, fabrics, wines, and metals blurred before his eyes into a sweet mist. . . .

"Yes," he replied with a polite effort, "it certainly is hot enough for me down there." He managed to add a ghostly laugh; then, without movement, without resistance, he seemed to float off and away, leaving an iced dessert that was pink as a dream. . . . He fell asleep.

When he awoke he knew that several hours had passed. He was in a great quiet room with ebony walls and a dull illumination that was too faint, too subtle, to be called a light. His young host was standing over him.

"You fell asleep at dinner," Percy was saying. "I nearly did, too - it was such a treat to be comfortable again after this year of school. Servants undressed and bathed you while you were sleeping."

"Is this a bed or a cloud?" sighed John. "Percy, Percy - before you go, I want to apologize."

"For what?"

"For doubting you when you said you had a diamond as big as the Ritz-Carlton Hotel."

Percy smiled.

"I thought you didn't believe me. It's that mountain, you know."

"What mountain?"

"The mountain the chateau rests on. It's not very big, for a mountain. But except about fifty feet of sod and gravel on top it's solid diamond. One diamond, one cubic mile without a flaw. Aren't you listening? Say...."

But John T. Unger had again fallen asleep.

III

Morning. As he awoke he perceived drowsily that the room had at the same moment become dense with sunlight. The ebony panels of one wall had slid aside on a sort of track, leaving his chamber half open to the day. A large negro in a white uniform stood beside his bed.

"Good-evening," muttered John, summoning his brains from the wild places. "Good- morning, sir. Are you ready for your bath, sir? Oh, don't get up - I'll put you in, if you'll just unbutton your pajamas - there. Thank you, sir."

John lay quietly as his pajamas were removed--he was amused and delighted; he expected to be lifted like a child by this black **Gargantua** who was tending him, but nothing of the sort happened; instead he felt the bed tilt up slowly on its side - he began to roll, startled at first, in the direction of the wall, but when he reached the wall its drapery gave way, and sliding two yards farther down a fleecy incline he plumped gently into water the same temperature as his body.

He looked about him. The runway or rollway on which he had arrived had folded gently back into place. He had been projected into another chamber and was sitting in a sunken bath with his head just above the level of the floor. All about him, lining the walls of the room and the sides and bottom of the bath itself, was a blue aquarium, and gazing through the crystal surface on which he sat, he could see fish swimming among amber lights and even gliding without curiosity past his outstretched toes, which were separated from them only by the thickness of the crystal. From overhead, sunlight came down through sea-green glass.

"I suppose, sir, that you'd like hot rosewater and soapsuds this morning sir - and perhaps cold salt water to finish." The negro was standing beside him.

"Yes," agreed John, smiling inanely, "as you please." Any idea of ordering this bath according to his own meager standards of living would have been priggish and not a little wicked.

The negro pressed a button and a warm rain began to fall, apparently from overhead, but really, so John discovered after a moment, from a fountain arrangement near by. The water turned to a pale rose color and jets of liquid soap spurted into it from four miniature walrus heads at the corners of the bath.

In a moment a dozen little paddle-wheels, fixed to the sides, had churned the mixture into a radiant rainbow of pink foam which enveloped him softly with its delicious lightness, and burst in shining, rosy bubbles here and there about him.

"Shall I turn on the moving-picture machine, sir?" suggested the negro deferentially. "There's a good one-reel comedy in this machine to-day, or can put in a serious piece in a moment, if you prefer it."

"No, thanks," answered John, politely but firmly. He was enjoying his at too much to desire any distraction. But distraction came. In a moment he was listening intently to the sound of flutes from just outside, flutes ripping a melody that was like a waterfall, cool and green as the room itself, accompanying a frothy piccolo, in play more fragile than the lace of u s that covered and charmed him.

After a cold salt-water bracer and a cold fresh finish, he stepped out and into a fleecy robe, and upon a couch covered with the same material he was rubbed with oil, alcohol, and spice. Later he sat in a voluptuous chair while he was shaved and his hair was trimmed. "Mr. Percy is waiting in your sitting-room," said the negro, when these operations were finished. "My name is Gygsum, Mr. Unger, sir. I am to see to Mr. Unger every morning."

John walked out into the brisk sunshine of his living-room, where he found breakfast waiting for him and Percy, gorgeous in white kid knickerbockers, smoking in an easy chair.

IV

This is a story of the Washington family as Percy sketched it for John during breakfast.

The father of the present Mr. Washington had been a Virginian, a direct descendant of George Washington, and Lord Baltimore. At the close of the Civil War he was a twenty-five-year-old Colonel with a played-out plantation and about a thousand dollars in gold.

Fitz-Norman Culpepper Washington, for that was the young Colonel's name, decided to present the Virginia estate to his younger brother and go West. He selected two dozen of the most faithful blacks, who, of course, worshipped him, and bought

twenty-five tickets to the West, where he intended to take out land in their names and start a sheep and cattle ranch. When he had been in Montana for less than a month and things were going very poorly indeed, he stumbled on his great discovery. He had lost his way when riding in the hills, and after a day without food he began to grow hungry. As he was without his rifle, he was forced to pursue a squirrel, and in the course of the pursuit he noticed that it was carrying something shiny in its mouth. Just before it vanished into its hole - for **Providence** did not intend that this squirrel should alleviate his hunger - it dropped its burden. Sitting down to consider the situation Fitz-Norman's eye was caught by a gleam in the grass beside him. In ten seconds he had completely lost his appetite and gained one hundred thousand dollars. The squirrel, which had refused with annoying persistence to become food, had made him a present of a large and perfect diamond.

Late that night he found his way to camp and twelve hours later all the males among his darkies were back by the squirrel hole digging furiously at the side of the mountain. He told them he had discovered a rhinestone mine, and, as only one or two of them had ever seen even a small diamond before, they believed him, without question. When the magnitude of his discovery became apparent to him, he found himself in a quandary. The mountain was a diamond - it was literally nothing else but solid diamond. He filled four saddle bags full of glittering samples and started on horseback for St. Paul. There he managed to dispose of half a dozen small stones - when he tried a larger one a storekeeper fainted and Fitz-Norman was arrested as a public disturber. He escaped from jail and caught the train for New York, where he sold a few medium-sized diamonds and received in exchange about two hundred thousand dollars in gold. But he did not dare to produce any exceptional gems - in fact, he left New York just in time. Tremendous excitement had been created in jewelry circles, not so much by the size of his diamonds as by their appearance in the city from mysterious sources. Wild rumors became current that a diamond mine had been discovered in the Catskills, on the Jersey coast, on Long Island, beneath Washington Square. Excursion trains, packed with men carrying picks and shovels,

began to leave New York hourly, bound for various neighboring **El Dorados**. But by that time young Fitz-Norman was on his way back to Montana.

By the end of a fortnight he had estimated that the diamond in the mountain was approximately equal in quantity to all the rest of the diamonds known to exist in the world. There was no valuing it by any regular computation, however, for it was one solid diamond - and if it were offered for sale not only would the bottom fall out of the market, but also, if the value should vary with its size in the usual arithmetical progression, there would not be enough gold in the world to buy a tenth part of it. And what could any one do with a diamond that size? It was an amazing predicament. He was, in one sense, the richest man that ever lived - and yet was he worth anything at all? If his secret should transpire there was no telling to what measures the Government might resort in order to prevent a panic, in gold as well as in jewels. They might take over the claim immediately and institute a monopoly.

There was no alternative - he must market his mountain in secret. He sent South for his younger brother and put him in charge of his colored following - darkies who had never realized that slavery was abolished. To make sure of this, he read them a proclamation that he had composed, which announced that General Forrest had reorganized the shattered Southern armies and defeated the North in one pitched battle. The negroes believed him implicitly. They passed a vote declaring it a good thing and held revival services immediately. Fitz-Norman himself set out for foreign parts with one hundred thousand dollars and two trunks filled with rough diamonds of all sizes. He sailed for Russia in a Chinese junk and six months after his departure from Montana he was in St. Petersburg. He took obscure lodgings and called immediately upon the court jeweller, announcing that he had a diamond for the Czar. He remained in St. Petersburg for two weeks, in constant danger of being murdered, living from lodging to lodging, and afraid to visit his trunks more than three or four times during the whole fortnight.

On his promise to return in a year with larger and finer stones, he was allowed to leave for India. Before he left, however, the **Court Treasurers** had deposited to

his credit, in American banks, the sum of fifteen million dollars - under four different aliases.

He returned to America in 1868, having been gone a little over two years. He had visited the capitals of twenty-two countries and talked with five emperors, eleven kings, three princes, a shah, a khan, and a sultan. At that time Fitz-Norman estimated his own wealth at one billion dollars. One fact worked consistently against the disclosure of his secret. No one of his larger diamonds remained in the public eye for a week before being invested with a history of enough fatalities, amours, revolutions, and wars to have occupied it from the days of the first **Babylonian Empire**.

From 1870 until his death in 1900, the history of Fitz-Norman Washington was a long epic in gold. There were side issues, of course - he evaded the surveys, he married a Virginia lady, by whom he had a single son, and he was compelled, due to a series of unfortunate complications, to murder his brother, whose unfortunate habit of drinking himself into an indiscreet stupor had several times endangered their safety. But very few other murders stained these happy years of progress and expansion.

Just before he died he changed his policy, and with all but a few million dollars of his outside wealth bought up rare minerals in bulk, which he deposited in the safety vaults of banks all over the world, marked as bric-brac. His son, Braddock Tarleton Washington, followed this policy on an even more tensive scale. The minerals were converted into the rarest of all elements – radium - so that the equivalent of a billion dollars in gold could be placed in a receptacle no bigger than a cigar box.

When Fitz-Norman had been dead three years his son, Braddock, decided that the business had gone far enough. The amount of wealth that he and his father had taken out of the mountain was beyond all exact computation. He kept a note-book in cipher in which he set down the approximate quantity of radium in each of the thousand banks he patronized, and recorded the alias under which it was held. Then he did a very simple thing -he sealed up the mine.

He sealed up the mine. What had been taken out of it would support all the Washingtons yet to be born in unparalleled luxury for generations. His one care must be the protection of his secret, lest in the possible panic attendant on its discovery he should be reduced with all the property-holders in the world to utter poverty.

This was the family among whom John T. Unger was staying. This was the story he heard in his silver-walled living-room the morning after his arrival.

V

After breakfast, John found his way out the great marble entrance and looked curiously at the scene before him. The whole valley, from the diamond mountain to the steep granite cliff five miles away, still gave off a breath of golden haze which hovered idly above the fine sweep of lawns and lakes and gardens. Here and there clusters of elms made delicate groves of shade, contrasting strangely with the tough masses of pine forest that held the hills in a grip of dark-blue green. Even as John looked he saw three fawns in single file patter out from one clump about a half mile away and disappear with awkward gayety into the black-ribbed half-light of another. John would not have been surprised to see a goat-foot piping his way among the trees or to catch a glimpse of pink nymph-skin and flying yellow hair between the greenest of the green leaves. In some such cool hope he descended the marble steps, disturbing faintly the sleep of two silky Russian wolfhounds at the bottom, and set off along a walk of white and blue brick that seemed to lead in no particular direction. He was enjoying himself as much as he was able. It is youth's felicity as well as its insufficiency that it can never live in the present, but must always be measuring up the day against its own radiantly imagined future - flowers and gold, girls and stars, they are only prefigurations and prophecies of that incomparable, unattainable young dream.

John rounded a soft corner where the massed rose-bushes filled the air with heavy scent, and struck off across a park toward a patch of moss under some trees. He had never lain upon moss, and he wanted to see whether it was really soft enough to justify the use of its name as an adjective. Then he saw a girl coming toward him over the grass. She was the most beautiful person he had ever seen. She was dressed

in a white little gown that came just below her knees, and a wreath of mignonettes clasped with blue slices of sapphire bound up her hair. Her pink bare feet scattered the dew before them as she came. She was younger than John--not more than sixteen.

"Hello," she cried softly, "I'm Kismine." She was much more than that to John already. He advanced toward her, scarcely moving as he drew near lest he should tread on her bare toes.

"You haven't met me," said her soft voice. Her blue eyes added, "Oh, but you've missed a great deal!" . . . "You met my sister, Jasmine, last night. I was sick with lettuce poisoning," went on her soft voice, and her eyes continued, "and when I'm sick I'm sweet - and when I'm well."

"You have made an enormous impression on me," said John's eyes, "and I'm not so slow myself" - "How do you do?" said his voice. "I hope you're better this morning." - "You darling," added his eyes tremulously. John observed that they had been walking along the path. On her suggestion they sat down together upon the moss, the softness of which he failed to determine. He was critical about women. A single defect - a thick ankle, a hoarse voice, a glass eye -was enough to make him utterly indifferent. And here for the first time in his life he was beside a girl who seemed to him the incarnation of physical perfection.

"Are you from the East?" asked Kismine with charming interest. "No," answered John simply. "I'm from Hades."

Either she had never heard of Hades, or she could think of no pleasant comment to make upon it, for she did not discuss it further.

"I'm going East to school this fall," she said. "D'you think I'll like it? I'm going to New York to Miss Bulge's. It's very strict, but you see over the weekends I'm going to live at home with the family in our New York house, because father heard that the girls had to go walking two by two."

"Your father wants you to be proud," observed John.

"We are," she answered, her eyes shining with dignity. "None of us has ever been punished. Father said we never should be. Once when my sister Jasmine was a little girl she pushed him down-stairs and he just got up and limped away. "Mother

was - well, a little startled," continued Kismine, "when she heard that you were from - from where you are from, you know. She said that when she was a young girl - but then, you see, she's a Spaniard and old-fashioned."

"Do you spend much time out here?" asked John, to conceal the fact that he was somewhat hurt by this remark. It seemed an unkind allusion to his provincialism. "Percy and Jasmine and I are here every summer, but next summer Jasmine is going to Newport. She's coming out in London a year from this fall. She'll be presented at court."

"Do you know," began John hesitantly, "you're much more sophisticated than I thought you were when I first saw you?"

"Oh, no, I'm not," she exclaimed hurriedly. "Oh, I wouldn't think of being. I think that sophisticated young people are terribly common, don't you? I'm not at all, really. If you say I am, I'm going to cry." She was so distressed that her lip was trembling. John was impelled to protest: I didn't mean that; I only said it to tease you." "Because I wouldn't mind if I were," she persisted. "but I'm not. I'm very innocent and girlish. I never smoke, or drink, or read anything except poetry. I know scarcely any mathematics or chemistry. I dress very simply - in fact, I scarcely dress at all. I think sophisticated is the last thing you can say about me. I believe that girls ought to enjoy their youths in a wholesome way."

"I do, too," said John heartily. Kismine was cheerful again. She smiled at him, and a still-born tear dripped from the corner of one blue eye. "I like you," she whispered, intimately. "Are you going to spend all your time with Percy while you're here, or will you be nice to me? Just think - I'm absolutely fresh ground. I've never had a boy in love with me in all my life. I've never been allowed even to see boys alone - except Percy. I came all the way out here into this grove hoping to run into you, where the family wouldn't be around. Deeply flattered, John bowed from the hips as he had been taught at dancing school in Hades.

"We'd better go now," said Kismine sweetly. "I have to be with mother at eleven. You haven't asked me to kiss you once. I thought boys always did that nowadays."

John drew himself up proudly. "Some of them do," he answered, "but not me. Girls don't do that sort of thing - in Hades." Side by side they walked back toward the house.

VI

John stood facing Mr. Braddock Washington in the full sunlight. The elder man was about forty with a proud, vacuous face, intelligent eyes, and a robust figure. In the mornings he smelt of horses - the best horses. He carried a plain walking-stick of gray birch with a single large opal for a grip. He and Percy were showing John around. "The slaves' quarters are there." His walking-stick indicated a cloister of marble on their left that ran in graceful Gothic along the side of the mountain. "In my youth I was distracted for a while from the business of life by a period of absurd idealism. During that time they lived in luxury. For instance, I equipped every one of their rooms with a tile bath."

"I suppose," ventured John, with an ingratiating laugh, "that they used the bathtubs to keep coal in. Mr. Schnlitzer-Murphy told me that once he..."

"The opinions of Mr. Schnlitzer-Murphy are of little importance, I should imagine," interrupted Braddock Washington, coldly. "My slaves did not keep coal in their bathtubs. They had orders to bathe every day, and they did. If they hadn't I might have ordered a sulphuric acid shampoo. I discontinued the baths for quite another reason. Several of them caught cold and died. Water is not good for certain races--except as a beverage." John laughed, and then decided to nod his head in sober agreement. Braddock Washington made him uncomfortable. "All these negroes are descendants of the ones my father brought North with him. There are about two hundred and fifty now. You notice that they've lived so long apart from the world that their original dialect has become an almost indistinguishable patois. We bring a few of them up to speak English--my secretary and two or three of the house servants. "This is the golf course," he continued, as they strolled along the velvet winter grass. "It's all a green, you see - no fairway, no rough, no hazards." He smiled pleasantly at John. "Many men in the cage, father?" asked Percy suddenly.

Braddock Washington stumbled, and let forth an involuntary curse. "One less than there should be," he ejaculated darkly - and then added after a moment, "We've had difficulties."

"Mother was telling me," exclaimed Percy, "that Italian teacher..." "A ghastly error," said Braddock Washington angrily. "But of course there's a good chance that we may have got him. Perhaps he fell somewhere in the woods or stumbled over a cliff. And then there's always the probability that if he did get away his story wouldn't be believed. Nevertheless, I've had two dozen men looking for him in different towns around here." "And no luck?"

"Some. Fourteen of them reported to my agent that they'd each killed a man answering to that description, but of course it was probably only the reward they were after..."

He broke off. They had come to a large cavity in the earth about the circumference of a merry-go-round and covered by a strong iron grating. Braddock Washington beckoned to John, and pointed his cane down through the grating. John stepped to the edge and gazed. Immediately his ears were assailed by a wild clamor from below. "Come on down to Hell!"

"Hello, kiddo, how's the air up there?"

"Hey! Throw us a rope!"

"Got an old doughnut, Buddy, or a couple of second-hand sandwiches?"

"Say, fella, if you'll push down that guy you're with, we'll show you a quick disappearance scene."

"Paste him one for me, will you?"

It was too dark to see clearly into the pit below, but John could tell from the coarse optimism and rugged vitality of the remarks and voices that they proceeded from middle-class Americans of the more spirited type. Then Mr. Washington put out his cane and touched a button in the grass, and the scene below sprang into light. "These are some adventurous mariners who had the misfortune to discover El Dorado," he remarked.

Below them there had appeared a large hollow in the earth shaped like the interior of a bowl. The sides were steep and apparently of polished glass, and on its slightly concave surface stood about two dozen men clad in the half costume, half uniform, of aviators. Their upturned faces, lit with wrath with malice, with despair, with cynical humor, were covered by long growths of beard, but with the exception of a few who had pined perceptibly away, they seemed to be a well-fed, healthy lot. Braddock Washington drew a garden chair to the edge of the pit and sat down. "Well, how are you, boys?" he inquired genially. A chorus of execration in which all joined except a few too dispirited to cry out, rose up into the sunny air, but Braddock Washington heard it with unruffled composure. When its last echo had died away he spoke again.

"Have you thought up a way out of your difficulty?"

From here and there among them a remark floated up.

"We decided to stay here for love!"

"Bring us up there and we'll find us a way!"

Braddock Washington waited until they were again quiet. Then he said: "I've told you the situation. I don't want you here. I wish to heaven I'd never seen you. Your own curiosity got you here, and any time that you can think of a way out which protects me and my interests I'll be glad to consider it. But so long as you confine your efforts to digging tunnels--yes, I know about the new one you've started--you won't get very far. This isn't as hard on you as you make it out, with all your howling for the loved ones at home. If you were the type who worried much about the loved ones at home, you'd never have taken up aviation."

A tall man moved apart from the others, and held up his hand to call his captor's attention to what he was about to say.

"Let me ask you a few questions!" he cried. "You pretend to be a fair-minded man."

"How absurd. How could a man of my position be fair-minded toward you? You might as well speak of a Spaniard being fair-minded toward a piece of steak."

At this harsh observation the faces of the two dozen men fell, but the tall man continued: "All right!" he cried. "We've argued this out before. You're not a

humanitarian and you're not fair-minded, but you're human - at least you say you are - and you ought to be able to put yourself in our place for long enough to think how...how...how...

"How what?" demanded Washington, coldly.

"...how unnecessary..."

"Not to me."

"Well,...how cruel..." "We've covered that. Cruelty doesn't exist where self-preservation is involved. You've been soldiers; you know that. Try another."

"Well, then, how stupid." "There," admitted Washington, "I grant you that. But try to think of an alternative. I've offered to have all or any of you painlessly executed if you wish. I've offered to have your wives, sweethearts, children, and mothers kidnapped and brought out here. I'll enlarge your place down there and feed and clothe you the rest of your lives. If there was some method of producing permanent amnesia I'd have all of you operated on and released immediately, somewhere outside of my preserves. But that's as far as my ideas go." "How about trusting us not to peach on you?" cried some one.

"You don't proffer that suggestion seriously," said Washington, with an expression of scorn. "I did take out one man to teach my daughter Italian. Last week he got away."

A wild yell of jubilation went up suddenly from two dozen throats and a pandemonium of joy ensued. The prisoners clog-danced and cheered and yodled and wrestled with one another in a sudden uprush of animal spirits. They even ran up the glass sides of the bowl as far as they could, and slid back to the bottom upon the natural cushions of their bodies. The tall man started a song in which they all joined... "oh, we'll hang the Kaiser on a sour apple tree..." Braddock Washington sat in inscrutable silence until the song was over. "You see," he remarked, when he could gain a modicum of attention. "I bear you no ill-will. I like to see you enjoying yourselves. That's why I didn't tell you the whole story at once. The man - what was his name? Critchtichiello? - was shot by some of my agents in fourteen different places."

Not guessing that the places referred to were cities, the tumult of rejoicing subsided immediately. "Nevertheless," cried Washington with a touch of anger, "he tried to run away. Do you expect me to take chances with any of you after an experience like that?"

Again a series of ejaculations went up.

"Sure!"

"Would your daughter like to learn Chinese?"

"Hey, I can speak Italian! My mother was a wop."

"Maybe she'd like t'learn a speak N'Yawk!"

"If she's the little one with the big blue eyes I can teach her a lot of things better than Italian."

"I know some Irish songs - and I could hammer brass once't."

Mr. Washington reached forward suddenly with his cane and pushed the button in the grass so that the picture below went out instantly, and there remained only that great dark mouth covered dismally with the black teeth of the grating. "Hey!" called a single voice from below, "you ain't goin' away without givin' us your blessing?" But Mr. Washington, followed by the two boys, was already strolling on toward the ninth hole of the golf course, as though the pit and its contents were no more than a hazard over which his facile iron had triumphed with ease.

VII

July under the lee of the diamond mountain was a month of blanket nights and of warm, glowing days. John and Kismine were in love. He did not know that the little gold football (inscribed with the legend **Pro deo et patria et St. Midas**) which he had given her rested on a platinum chain next to her bosom. But it did. And she for her part was not aware that a large sapphire which had dropped one day from her simple coiffure was stowed away tenderly in John's jewel box.

Late one afternoon when the ruby and ermine music room was quiet, they spent an hour there together. He held her hand and she gave him such a look that he whispered her name aloud. She bent toward him - then hesitated.

"Did you say 'Kismine'?" she asked softly, "or..."

She had wanted to be sure. She thought she might have misunderstood. Neither of them had ever kissed before, but in the course of an hour it seemed to make little difference. The afternoon drifted away. That night when a last breath of music drifted down from the highest tower, they each lay awake, happily dreaming over the separate minutes of the day. They had decided to be married as soon as possible.

VIII

Every day Mr. Washington and the two young men went hunting or fishing in the deep forests or played golf around the somnolent course--games which John diplomatically allowed his host to win--or swam in the mountain coolness of the lake. John found Mr. Washington a somewhat exacting personality - utterly uninterested in any ideas or opinions except his own. Mrs. Washington was aloof and reserved at all times. She was apparently indifferent to her two daughters, and entirely absorbed in her son Percy, with whom she held interminable conversations in rapid Spanish at dinner. Jasmine, the elder daughter, resembled Kismine in appearance - except that she was somewhat bow-legged, and terminated in large hands and feet - but was utterly unlike her in temperament. Her favorite books had to do with poor girls who kept house for widowed fathers. John learned from Kismine that Jasmine had never recovered from the shock and disappointment caused her by the termination of the World War, just as she was about to start for Europe as a canteen expert. She had even pined away for a time, and Braddock Washington had taken steps to promote a new war in the Balkan - but she had seen a photograph of some wounded Serbian soldiers and lost interest in the whole proceedings. But Percy and Kismine seemed to have inherited the arrogant attitude in all its harsh magnificence from their father. A chaste and consistent selfishness ran like a pattern through their every idea. John was enchanted by the wonders of the chateau and the valley. Braddock Washington, so Percy told him, had caused to be kidnapped a landscape gardener, an architect, a designer of state settings, and a French decadent poet left over from the last century. He had put his entire force of negroes at their disposal, guaranteed to supply them with any materials that the world could offer, and left them to work out some ideas of their own. But one by one they had shown their uselessness. The decadent poet had at

once begun bewailing his separation from the boulevards in spring - he made some vague remarks about spices, apes, and ivories, but said nothing that was of any practical value. The stage designer on his part wanted to make the whole valley a series of tricks and sensational effects - a state of things that the Washingtons would soon have grown tired of. And as for the architect and the landscape gardener, they thought only in terms of convention. They must make this like this and that like that. But they had, at least, solved the problem of what was to be done with them- they all went mad early one morning after spending the night in a single room trying to agree upon the location of a fountain, and were now confined comfortably in an insane asylum at Westport, Connecticut. "But," inquired John curiously, "who did plan all your wonderful reception rooms and halls, and approaches and bathrooms...? "

"Well," answered Percy, "I blush to tell you, but it was a moving-picture fella. He was the only man we found who was used to playing with an unlimited amount of money, though he did tuck his napkin in his collar and couldn't read or write."

As August drew to a close John began to regret that he must soon go back to school. He and Kismine had decided to elope the following June.

"It would be nicer to be married here," Kismine confessed, "but of course I could never get father's permission to marry you at all. Next to that I'd rather elope. It's terrible for wealthy people to be married in America at present--they always have to send out bulletins to the press saying that they're going to be married in remnants, when what they mean is just a peck of old second-hand pearls and some used lace worn once by the **Empress Eugenie**."

"I know," agreed John fervently. "When I was visiting the Schnlitzer-Murphys, the eldest daughter, Gwendolyn, married a man whose father owns half of West Virginia. She wrote home saying what a tough struggle she was carrying on his salary as a bank clerk - and then she ended up by saying that 'Thank God, I have four good maids anyhow, and that helps a little.'"

"It's absurd," commented Kismine. "Think of the millions and millions of people One afternoon late in August a chance remark of Kismine's changed the face of the entire situation, and threw John into a state of terror."

They were in their favorite grove, and between kisses John was indulging in some romantic forebodings which he fancied added poignancy to their relations. "Sometimes I think we'll never marry," he said sadly. "You're too wealthy, too magnificent. No one as rich as you are can be like other girls. I should marry the daughter of some well-to-do wholesale hardware man from **Omaha** or **Sioux City**, and be content with her half-million."

"I knew the daughter of a wholesale hardware man once," remarked Kismine. "I don't think you'd have been contented with her. She was a friend of my sister's. She visited here."

"Oh, then you've had other guests?" exclaimed John in surprise.

Kismine seemed to regret her words.

"Oh, yes," she said hurriedly, "we've had a few."

"But aren't you--wasn't your father afraid they'd talk outside?"

"Oh, to some extent, to some extent," she answered. "Let's talk about something pleasanter."

But John's curiosity was aroused.

"Something pleasanter!" he demanded. "What's unpleasant about that? Weren't they nice girls?"

To his great surprise Kismine began to weep. "Yes- th - that's the - the whole t- trouble. I grew qu-quite attached to some of them. So did Jasmine, but she kept inviting them anyway. I couldn't understand it." A dark suspicion was born in John's heart.

"Do you mean that they told, and your father had them - removed?"

"Worse than that," she muttered brokenly. "Father took no chances - and Jasmine kept writing them to come, and they had such a good time!"

She was overcome by a paroxysm of grief. Stunned with the horror of this revelation, John sat there open-mouthed, feeling the nerves of his body twitter like so many sparrows perched upon his spinal column.

"Now, I've told you, and I shouldn't have," she said, calming suddenly and drying her dark blue eyes.

"Do you mean to say that your father had them murdered before they left?"

She nodded. "In August usually - or early in September. It's only natural for us to get all the pleasure out of them that we can first."

"How *abdominable!* How- why, I must be going crazy! Did you really admit that -"

"I did," interrupted Kismine, shrugging her shoulders. "We can't very well imprison them like those aviators, where they'd be a continual reproach to us every day. And it's always been made easier for Jasmine and me because father had it done sooner than we expected. In that way we avoided any farewell scene..."

"So you murdered them! Uh!" cried John.

"It was done very nicely. They were drugged while they were asleep - and their families were always told that they died of scarlet fever in Butte."

"But - I fail to understand why you kept on inviting them!" "I didn't," burst out Kismine. "I never invited one. Jasmine did. And they always had a very good time. She'd give them the nicest presents toward the last. I shall probably have visitors too - I'll harden up to it. We can't let such an inevitable thing as death stand in the way of enjoying life while we have it. Think how lonesome it'd be out here if we never had any one. Why, father and mother have sacrificed some of their best friends just as we have." love to you and pretending to return it, and talking about marriage, all the time knowing perfectly well that I'd never get out of here alive -"

"No," she protested passionately. "Not any more. I did at first. You were here. I couldn't help that, and I thought your last days might as well be pleasant for both of us. But then I fell in love with you, and--and I'm honestly sorry you're going to -going to be put away--though I'd rather you'd be put away than ever kiss another girl." "Oh, you would, would you?" cried John ferociously. "Much rather. Besides, I've always heard that a girl can have more fun with a man whom she knows she can never marry. Oh, why did I tell you? I've probably spoiled your whole good time now, and we were really enjoying things when you didn't know it. I knew it would make things sort of depressing for you."

"Oh, you did, did you?" John's voice trembled with anger. "I've heard about enough of this. If you haven't any more pride and decency than to have an affair with a fellow that you know isn't much better than a corpse, I don't want to have any more to do with you!"

"You're not a corpse!" she protested in horror. "You're not a corpse! I won't have you saying that I kissed a corpse!"

"I said nothing of the sort!"

"You did! You said I kissed a corpse!"

"I didn't!"

Their voices had risen, but upon a sudden interruption they both subsided into immediate silence. Footsteps were coming along the path in their direction, and a moment later the rose bushes were parted displaying Braddock Washington, whose intelligent eyes set in his good-looking vacuous face were peering in at them.

"Who kissed a corpse?" he demanded in obvious disapproval.

"Nobody," answered Kismine quickly. "We were just joking."

"What are you two doing here, anyhow?" he demanded gruffly. "Kismine, you ought to be--to be reading or playing golf with your sister. Go read! Go play golf!

Don't let me find you here when I come back!"

Then he bowed at John and went up the path.

"See?" said Kismine crossly, when he was out of hearing. "You've spoiled it all. We can never meet any more. He won't let me meet you. He'd have you poisoned if he thought we were in love."

"We're not, any more!" cried John fiercely, "so he can set his mind at rest upon that. Moreover, don't fool yourself that I'm going to stay around here. Inside of six hours I'll be over those mountains, if I have to gnaw a passage through them, and on my way East."

They had both got to their feet, and at this remark Kismine came close and put her arm through his.

"I'm going, too."

"You must be crazy..."

"Of course I'm going," she interrupted impatiently.

"You most certainly are not. You..."

"Very well," she said quietly, "we'll catch up with father now and talk it over with him."

Defeated, John mustered a sickly smile.

"Very well, dearest," he agreed, with pale and unconvincing affection, "we'll go together."

His love for her returned and settled placidly on his heart. She was his - she would go with him to share his dangers. He put his arms about her and kissed her fervently. After all she loved him; she had saved him, in fact. Discussing the matter, they walked slowly back toward the chateau. They decided that since Braddock Washington had seen them together they had best depart the next night. Nevertheless, John's lips were unusually dry at dinner, and he nervously emptied a great spoonful of peacock soup into his left lung. He had to be carried into the turquoise and sable card-room and pounded on the back by one of the under-butlers, which Percy considered a great joke.

IX

Long after midnight John's body gave a nervous jerk, and he sat suddenly upright, staring into the veils of somnolence that draped the room. Through the squares of blue darkness that were his open windows, he had heard a faint far-away sound that died upon a bed of wind before identifying itself on his memory, clouded with uneasy dreams. But the sharp noise that had succeeded it was nearer, was just outside the room - the click of a turned knob, a footstep, a whisper, he could not tell; a hard lump gathered in the pit of his stomach, and his whole body ached in the moment that he strained agonizingly to hear. Then one of the veils seemed to dissolve, and he saw a vague figure standing by the door, a figure only faintly limned and blocked in upon the darkness, mingled so with the folds of the drapery as to seem distorted, like a reflection seen in a dirty pane of glass. With a sudden movement of fright or resolution John pressed the button by his bedside, and the next moment he

was sitting in the green sunken bath of the adjoining room, waked into alertness by the shock of the cold water which half filled it.

He sprang out, and, his wet pajamas scattering a heavy trickle of water behind him, ran for the aquamarine door which he knew led out onto the ivory landing of the second floor. The door opened noiselessly. A single crimson lamp burning in a great dome above lit the magnificent sweep of the carved stairways with a poignant beauty. For a moment John hesitated, appalled by the silent splendor massed about him, seeming to envelop in its gigantic folds and contours the solitary drenched little figure shivering upon the ivory landing. Then simultaneously two things happened. The door of his own sitting-room swung open, precipitating three naked negroes into the hall - and, as John swayed in wild terror toward the stairway, another door slid back in the wall on the other side of the corridor, and John saw Braddock Washington standing in the lighted lift, wearing a fur coat and a pair of riding boots which reached to his knees and displayed, above, the glow of his rose-colored pajamas. On the instant the three negroes - John had never seen any of them before, and it flashed through his mind that they must be the professional executioner - paused in their movement toward John, and turned expectantly to the man in the lift, who burst out with an imperious command: "Get in here! All three of you! Quick as hell!"

Then, within the instant, the three negroes darted into the cage, the oblong of light was blotted out as the lift door slid shut, and John was again alone in the hall. He slumped weakly down against an ivory stair. It was apparent that something portentous had occurred, something which, for the moment at least, had postponed his own petty disaster. What was it? Had the negroes risen in revolt? Had the aviators forced aside the iron bars of the grating? Or had the men of Fish stumbled blindly through the hills and gazed with bleak, joyless eyes upon the gaudy valley? John did not know. He heard a faint whir of air as the lift whizzed up again, and then, a moment later, as it descended. It was probable that Percy was hurrying to his father's assistance, and it occurred to John that this was his opportunity to join Kismine and plan an immediate escape. He waited until the lift had been silent for several minutes; shivering a little with the night cool that whipped in through his wet pajamas, he

returned to his room and dressed himself quickly. Then he mounted a long flight of stairs and turned down the corridor carpeted with Russian sable which led to Kismine's suite. The door of her sitting-room was open and the lamps were lighted. Kismine, in an angora kimono, stood near the window of the room in a listening attitude, and as John entered noiselessly she turned toward him.

"Oh, it's you!" she whispered, crossing the room to him. "Did you hear them?"

"I heard your father's slaves in my..."

"No," she interrupted excitedly. "Aeroplanes!"

"Aeroplanes? Perhaps that was the sound that woke me."

"There're at least a dozen. I saw one a few moments ago dead against the moon. The guard back by the cliff fired his rifle and that's what roused father. We're going to open on them right away."

"Are they here on purpose?"

"Yes - it's that Italian who got away..." Simultaneously with her last word, a succession of sharp cracks tumbled in through the open window. Kismine uttered a little cry, took a penny with fumbling fingers from a box on her dresser, and ran to one of the electric lights. In an instant the entire chateau was in darkness - she had blown out the fuse.

"Come on!" she cried to him. "We'll go up to the roof garden, and watch it from there!"

Drawing a cape about her, she took his hand, and they found their way out the door. It was only a step to the tower lift, and as she pressed the button that shot them upward he put his arms around her in the darkness and kissed her mouth. Romance had come to John Unger at last. A minute later they had stepped out upon the star-white platform. Above, under the misty moon, sliding in and out of the patches of cloud that eddied below it, floated a dozen dark-winged bodies in a constant circling course. From here and there in the valley flashes of fire leaped toward them, followed by sharp detonations. Kismine clapped her hands with pleasure, which, a moment later, turned to dismay as the aeroplanes at some prearranged signal, began to release their bombs and the whole of the valley became a panorama of deep reverberate

sound and lurid light. Before long the aim of the attackers became concentrated upon the points where the anti-aircraft guns were situated, and one of them was almost immediately reduced to a giant cinder to lie smouldering in a park of rose bushes.

"Kismine," begged John, "you'll be glad when I tell you that this attack came on the eve of my murder. If I hadn't heard that guard shoot off his gun back by the pass I should now be stone dead..." "I can't hear you!" cried Kismine, intent on the scene before her. "You'll have to talk louder!"

"I simply said," shouted John, "that we'd better get out before they begin to shell the chateau!" Suddenly the whole portico of the negro quarters cracked asunder, a geyser of flame shot up from under the colonnades, and great fragments of jagged marble were hurled as far as the borders of the lake.

"There go fifty thousand dollars' worth of slaves," cried Kismine, "at prewar prices. So few Americans have any respect for property."

John renewed his efforts to compel her to leave. The aim of the aeroplanes was becoming more precise minute by minute, and only two of the anti-aircraft guns were still retaliating. It was obvious that the garrison, encircled with fire, could not hold out much longer.

"Come on!" cried John, pulling Kismine's arm, "we've got to go. Do you realize that those aviators will kill you without question if they find you?" She consented reluctantly. "We'll have to wake Jasmine!" she said, as they hurried toward the lift. Then she added in a sort of childish delight: "We'll be poor, won't we? Like people in books. And I'll be an orphan and utterly free. Free and poor! What fun!" She stopped and raised her lips to him in a delighted kiss.

"It's impossible to be both together," said John grimly. "People have found that out. And I should choose to be free as preferable of the two. As an extra caution you'd better dump the contents of your jewel box into your pockets."

Ten minutes later the two girls met John in the dark corridor and they descended to the main floor of the chateau. Passing for the last time through the magnificence of the splendid halls, they stood for a moment out on the terrace, watching the burning negro quarters and the flaming embers of two planes which had

fallen on the other side of the lake. A solitary gun was still keeping up a sturdy popping, and the attackers seemed timorous about descending lower, but sent their thunderous fireworks in a circle around it, until any chance shot might annihilate its Ethiopian crew. John and the two sisters passed down the marble steps, turned sharply to the left, and began to ascend a narrow path that wound like a garter about the diamond mountain. Kismine knew a heavily wooded spot half-way up where they could lie concealed and yet be able to observe the wild night in the valley - finally to make an escape, when it should be necessary, along a secret path laid in a rocky gully.

X

It was three o'clock when they attained their destination. The obliging and phlegmatic Jasmine fell off to sleep immediately, leaning against the trunk of a large tree, while John and Kismine sat, his arm around her, and watched the desperate ebb and flow of the dying battle among the ruins of a vista that had been a garden spot that morning. Shortly after four o'clock the last remaining gun gave out a clanging sound and went out of action in a swift tongue of red smoke. Though the moon was down, they saw that the flying bodies were circling closer to the earth. When the planes had made certain that the beleaguered possessed no further resources, they would land and the dark and glittering reign of the Washingtons would be over. With the cessation of the firing the valley grew quiet. The embers of the two aeroplanes glowed like the eyes of some monster crouching in the grass. The chateau stood dark and silent, beautiful without light as it had been beautiful in the sun, while the woody rattles of Nemesis filled the air above with a growing and receding complaint. Then John perceived that Kismine, like her sister, had fallen sound asleep. It was long after four when he became aware of footsteps along the path they had lately followed, and he waited in breathless silence until the persons to whom they belonged had passed the vantage-point he occupied. There was a faint stir in the air now that was not of human origin, and the dew was cold; he knew that the dawn would break soon. John waited until the steps had gone a safe distance up the mountain and were inaudible. Then he followed. About half-way to the steep summit the trees fell away and a hard

saddle of rock spread itself over the diamond beneath. Just before he reached this point he slowed down his pace, warned by an animal sense that there was life just ahead of him. Coming to a high boulder, he lifted his head gradually above its edge. His curiosity was rewarded; this is what he saw: Braddock Washington was standing there motionless, silhouetted against the gray sky without sound or sign of life. As the dawn came up out of the east, lending a cold green color to the earth, it brought the solitary figure into insignificant contrast with the new day. While John watched, his host remained for a few moments absorbed in some inscrutable contemplation; then he signalled to the two negroes who crouched at his feet to lift the burden which lay between them. As they struggled upright, the first yellow beam of the sun struck through the innumerable prisms of an immense and exquisitely chiselled diamond - and a white radiance was kindled that glowed upon the air like a fragment of the morning star. The bearers staggered beneath its weight for a moment - then their rippling muscles caught and hardened under the wet shine of the skins and the three figures were again motionless in their defiant impotency before the heavens. After a while the white man lifted his head and slowly raised his arms in a gesture of attention, as one who would call a great crowd to hear - but there was no crowd, only the vast silence of the mountain and the sky, broken by faint bird voices down among the trees. The figure on the saddle of rock began to speak ponderously and with an inextinguishable pride.

"You out there..." he cried in a trembling voice. "You... there...!" He paused, his arms still uplifted, his head held attentively as though he were expecting an answer. John strained his eyes to see whether there might be men coming down the mountain, but the mountain was bare of human life. There was only sky and a mocking flute of wind along the tree-tops. Could Washington be praying? For a moment John wondered. Then the illusion passed - there was something in the man's whole attitude antithetical to prayer.

"Oh, you above there!"

The voice was become strong and confident. This was no forlorn supplication. If anything, there was in it a quality of monstrous condescension.

"You there..."

Words, too quickly uttered to be understood, flowing one into the other. . . . John listened breathlessly, catching a phrase here and there, while the voice broke off, resumed, broke off again - now strong and argumentative, now colored with a slow, puzzled impatience. Then a conviction commenced to dawn on the single listener, and as realization crept over him a spray of quick blood rushed through his arteries. Braddock Washington was offering a bribe to God!

That was it - there was no doubt. The diamond in the arms of his slaves was some advance sample, a promise of more to follow. That, John perceived after a time, was the thread running through his sentences. **Prometheus Enriched** was calling to witness forgotten sacrifices, forgotten rituals, prayers obsolete before the birth of Christ. For a while his discourse took the form of reminding God of this gift or that which Divinity had deigned to accept from men - great churches if he would rescue cities from the plague, gifts of myrrh and gold, of human lives and beautiful women and captive armies, of children and queens, of beasts of the forest and field, sheep and goats, harvests and cities, whole conquered lands that had been offered up in lust or blood for His appeal, buying a meed's worth of alleviation from the Divine wrath--and now he, Braddock Washington, Emperor of Diamonds, king and priest of the age of gold, arbiter of splendor and luxury, would offer up a treasure such as princes before him had never dreamed of, offer it up not in suppliance, but in pride.

He would give to God, he continued, getting down to specifications, the greatest diamond in the world. This diamond would be cut with many more thousand facets than there were leaves on a tree, and yet the whole diamond would be shaped with the perfection of a stone no bigger than a fly. Many men would work upon it for many years. It would be set in a great dome of beaten gold, wonderfully carved and equipped with gates of opal and crusted sapphire. In the middle would be hollowed out a chapel presided over by an altar of iridescent, decomposing, ever-changing radium which would burn out the eyes of any worshipper who lifted up his head from prayer - and on this altar there would be slain for the amusement of **the Divine Benefactor** any victim He should choose, even though it should be the greatest and

most powerful man alive. In return he asked only a simple thing, a thing that for God would be absurdly easy - only that matters should be as they were yesterday at this hour and that they should so remain. So very simple! Let but the heavens open, swallowing these men and their aeroplanes - and then close again. Let him have his slaves once more, restored to life and well. There was no one else with whom he had ever needed to treat or bargain.

He doubted only whether he had made his bribe big enough. God had His price, of course. God was made in man's image, so it had been said: He must have His price.

And the price would be rare--no cathedral whose building consumed many years, no pyramid constructed by ten thousand workmen, would be like this cathedral, this pyramid. He paused here. That was his proposition. Everything would be up to specifications and there was nothing vulgar in his assertion that it would be cheap at the price. He implied that Providence could take it or leave it. As he approached the end his sentences became broken, became short and uncertain, and his body seemed tense, seemed strained to catch the slightest pressure or whisper of life in the spaces around him. His hair had turned gradually white as he talked, and now he lifted his head high to the heavens like a prophet of old - magnificently mad.

Then, as John stared in giddy fascination, it seemed to him that a curious phenomenon took place somewhere around him. It was as though the sky had darkened for an instant, as though there had been a sudden murmur in a gust of wind, a sound of far-away trumpets, a sighing like the rustle of a great silken robe - for a time the whole of nature round about partook of this darkness; the birds' song ceased; the trees were still, and far over the mountain there was a mutter of dull, menacing thunder. That was all. The wind died along the tall grasses of the valley. The dawn and the day resumed their place in a time, and the risen sun sent hot waves of yellow mist that made its path bright before it. The leaves laughed in the sun, and their laughter shook the trees until each bough was like a girl's school in fairyland. God had refused to accept the bribe. For another moment John watched the triumph of the day. Then, turning he saw a flutter of brown down by the lake, then another flutter,

then another, like the dance of golden angels alighting from the clouds. The aeroplanes had come to earth. John slid off the boulder and ran down the side of the mountain to the clump of trees, where the two girls were awake and waiting for him. Kismine sprang to her feet, the jewels in her pockets jingling, a question on her parted lips, but instinct told John that there was no time for words. They must get off the mountain without losing a moment. He seized a hand of each and in silence they threaded the tree-trunks, washed with light now and with the rising mist. Behind them from the valley came no sound at all, except the complaint of the peacocks far away and the pleasant undertone of morning.

When they had gone about half a mile, they avoided the park land and entered a narrow path that led over the next rise of ground. At the highest point of this they paused and turned around. Their eyes rested upon the mountainside they had just left-oppressed by some dark sense of tragic impendency. Clear against the sky a broken, white-haired man was slowly descending the steep slope, followed by two gigantic and emotionless negroes, who carried a burden between them which still flashed and glittered in the sun. Half-way down two other figures joined them -John could see that they were Mrs. Washington and her son, upon whose arm she leaned. The aviators had clambered from their machines to the sweeping lawn in front of the chateau, and with rifles in hand were starting up the diamond mountain in skirmishing formation. But the little group of five which had formed farther up and was engrossing all the watchers' attention had stopped upon a ledge of rock. The negroes stooped and pulled up what appeared to be a trap-door in the side of the mountain. Into this they all disappeared, the white-haired man first, then his wife and son, finally the two negroes, the glittering tips of whose jeweled head-dresses caught the sun for a moment before the trap-door descended and engulfed them all.

Kismine clutched John's arm.

"Oh," she cried wildly, "where are they going? What are they going to do?"

"It must be some underground way of escape."

A little scream from the two girls interrupted his sentence.

"Don't you see?" sobbed Kismine hysterically. "The mountain is wired!"

Even as she spoke John put up his hands to shield his sight. Before their eyes the whole surface of the mountain had changed suddenly to a dazzling burning yellow, which showed up through the jacket of turf as light shows through a human hand. For a moment the intolerable glow continued, and then like an extinguished filament it disappeared, revealing a black waste from which blue smoke arose slowly, carrying off with it what remained of vegetation and of human flesh. Of the aviators there was left neither blood, nor bone - they were consumed as completely as the five souls who had gone inside.

Simultaneously, and with an immense concussion, the chateau literally threw itself into the air, bursting into flaming fragments as it rose, and then tumbling back upon itself in a smoking pile that lay projecting half into the water of the lake. There was no fire--what smoke there was drifted off mingling with the sunshine, and for a few minutes longer a powdery dust of marble drifted from the great featureless pile that had once been the house of jewels. There was no more sound and the three people were alone in the valley.

XI

At sunset John and his two companions reached the high cliff which had marked the boundaries of the Washingtons' dominion, and looking back found the valley tranquil and lovely in the dusk. They sat down to finish the food which Jasmine had brought with her in a basket.

"There!" she said, as she spread the table-cloth and put the sandwiches in a neat pile upon it. "Don't they look tempting? I always think that food tastes better outdoors."

"With that remark," remarked Kismine, "Jasmine enters the middle class." "Now," said John eagerly, "turn out your pocket and let's see what jewels you brought along. If you made a good selection we three ought to live comfortably all the rest of our lives."

Obediently Kismine put her hand in her pocket and tossed two handfuls of glittering stones before him.

"Not so bad," cried John, enthusiastically. "They aren't very big, but-- Hello!" His expression changed as he held one of them up to the declining sun. "Why, these aren't diamonds! There's something the matter!"

"By golly!" exclaimed Kismine, with a startled look. "What an idiot I am!"

"Why, these are rhinestones!" cried John.

"I know." She broke into a laugh. "I opened the wrong drawer. They belonged on the dress of a girl who visited Jasmine. I got her to give them to me in exchange for diamonds. I'd never seen anything but precious stones before."

"And this is what you brought?"

"I'm afraid so." She fingered the brilliants wistfully. "I think I like these better. I'm a little tired of diamonds."

"Very well," said John gloomily. "We'll have to live in Hades. And you will grow old telling incredulous women that you got the wrong drawer. Unfortunately your father's bank-books were consumed with him."

"Well, what's the matter with Hades?"

"If I come home with a wife at my age my father is just as liable as not to cut me off with a hot coal, as they say down there."

Jasmine spoke up.

"I love washing," she said quietly. "I have always washed my own handkerchiefs. I'll take in laundry and support you both." "Do they have washwomen in Hades?" asked Kismine innocently.

"Of course," answered John. "It's just like anywhere else."

"I thought - perhaps it was too hot to wear any clothes." John laughed.

"Just try it!" he suggested. "They'll run you out before you're half started."

"Will father be there?" she asked.

John turned to her in astonishment.

"Your father is dead," he replied somberly. "Why should he go to Hades? You have it confused with another place that was abolished long ago."

After supper they folded up the table-cloth and spread their blankets for the night.

"What a dream it was," Kismine sighed, gazing up at the stars. "How strange it seems to be here with one dress and a penniless fiance!"

"Under the stars," she repeated. "I never noticed the stars before. I always thought of them as great big diamonds that belonged to someone. Now they frighten me. They make me feel that it was all a dream, all my youth." "It was a dream," said John quietly. "Everybody's youth is a dream, a form of chemical madness." "How pleasant then to be insane!"

"So I'm told," said John gloomily. "I don't know any longer. At any rate, let us love for a while, for a year or so, you and me. That's a form of divine drunkenness that we can all try. There are only diamonds in the whole world, diamonds and perhaps the shabby gift of disillusion. Well, I have that last and I will make the usual nothing of it." He shivered. "Turn up your coat collar, little girl, the night's full of chill and you'll get pneumonia. His was a great sin who first invented consciousness. Let us lose it for a few hours."

So wrapping himself in his blanket he fell off to sleep.

Read the story and answer the following questions/ do the assignments:

- 1) Where is the scene laid in the opening paragraphs of Chapters I and II?
- 2) What is the town where John Unger grew up like? What were the values he was taught in the family? (Ch. I, II). In ***Information to Read*** section find out about the meaning of the word *Hades*. Why do mottoes over the gates of the city "*Hades-Your Opportunity*" or "*Welcome*" sound ironical and "a little depressing"? Why did John hate the remarks about his native town so much?
- 3) Is it of any significance that the school John Unger goes to is called *St. Midas*? Read the ***Information to Read*** section to find out what the ancient myth about Midas tells. How does the legend relate to St. Midas school?
- 4) Read the dialogue between John and Percy. What did boys in St. Midas' boast of?
- 5) Why does Fitzgerald introduce the lengthy description of the limousine that picked the boys up at the station (Ch. II)?

- 6) Account for the author's choice of words to describe the view of the sky and earth in Montana mountains: *chinchilla clouds, tapestry brick of the road, etc.* From whose perspective are the events depicted? Is the point of view significant here?
- 7) Pay attention to the description of the chateau and its interior and bathroom in Ch. II, III. What effect is achieved?
- 8) What is the story of the Washingtons' fabulous wealth? In the closing paragraphs of Ch. IV find words the author uses to describe the family's wealth.
- 9) Why do you think the scene of John's first meeting with Kismine in Ch.III is followed by the scene of the slaves' quarters in Ch.IV? What is the effect created due to this juxtaposition? Why were the pilots kept prisoners?
- 10) What was the fate of all the friends that had been invited to stay with the Washingtons? What was John's reaction to the news (Ch.VIII)?
- 11) Comment on the following: "*For a moment John hesitated, appalled by the silent splendor massed about him, seeming to envelop in its gigantic folds and contours the solitary drenched little figure shivering upon the ivory landing*" (Ch.IX). What message do you think the author is trying to convey?
- 12) Study carefully Chapter X. Who was Washington Braddock talking to when John saw him? What were the exact words he used? What did he offer and what did he want in return?
- 13) In ***Information to Read & Consider*** section find out about Prometheus. The traditional collocations with this name are *Prometheus Bound* (a Greek tragedy by Aeschylus) and *Prometheus Unbound* (a philosophical play by P.B. Shelly). Explain the irony of the word combination *Prometheus Enriched* referred to Washington Braddock. What other words does the author use to define this character?
- 14) Why do you think Braddock's hair grew white as he approached the end of his speech addressed to God? How do we learn that God refused to accept the bribe? Explain the words "the triumph of the day".
- 15) Comment on John's words in the closing paragraph of the story: "*There are only diamonds in the whole world, diamonds and perhaps the shabby gift of*

disillusion. Well, I have that last and I will make the usual nothing of it". Do you think John, too, was infected by the diamond-obsession of Washington Braddock?

16) Does F.S. Fitzgerald condemn the corrupting influence of money or does he admire the high life of the rich?



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Read the information and then go back to the post-reading questions (namely, questions 2, 3, 15). Explain how these myths relate to the images in the story.

The Ritz/ The Ritz-Carlton Hotel - The Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company is the parent company to the luxury hotel chain, Ritz-Carlton Hotels. Today, there are 63 properties in major cities and exclusive resort destinations in over 21 countries worldwide that operate under the Ritz-Carlton flag.

Hades - In Christian theology, the term "hades" refers to the abode of the dead or Sheol (also Hell), where the dead await Judgement Day either at peace or in torment.

Midas - King Midas, the king of Pessinus, a city of Phrygia, is popularly remembered for his ability to turn everything he touched into gold, hence the expression "the Midas touch".

Prometheus - Zeus had given Prometheus and his brother, Epimetheus, the task of repopulating the earth with animals and people. Since all good gifts were lavished upon animals, there were few of the gifts left for people. So Prometheus went to Zeus and asked for some sacred fire for his poor creatures. As Zeus denied him the fire, Prometheus stole the fire. In fury, Zeus ordered to chain Prometheus to the top of the Caucasus Mountains and sent an eagle to eat his liver.

Chicago beef-(princess) - In the 1860s, Chicago's pork and beef industry represented the first global industry. By 1862 Chicago had become a "Porkopolis". Hence there appeared "pork tycoons", whose offsprings became a part of the "golden youth".

Tartar Khan - *Khan* is a title used by supreme rulers of Tartar, Turkish, and Mongol tribes. *Tartar Khan* here might mean *Genghis Khan* (1162–1227). He came to power by uniting many of the nomadic tribes of northeast Asia into the Mongol Empire.

Acciaccare - in music the term means a broken and unexpected way of striking a chord.

Croesus - was the king of Lydia from 560 to 546 BC until his defeat by the Persians. Croesus was renowned for his wealth, which is why in Greek and Persian cultures the name of Croesus became a synonym for a wealthy man. In English, expression "rich as Croesus" is used to indicate great wealth.

Titania - is the name of a character in William Shakespeare's play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In Shakespeare's play, Titania is the queen of the fairies.

Gargantua - *The Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel* is a connected series of five novels written in the 16th century by a French author François Rabelais. It is the story of two giants, a father (Gargantua) and his son (Pantagruel) and their adventures, written in an amusing, extravagant, satirical vein.

Providence - (literary) A force which is believed by some people to control what happens in our lives and to protect us.

Divine Benefactor - a synonym to *God*.

El Dorado - a place of very great wealth, especially a place that people travel a long way to find, or an imaginary place that does not really exist. El Dorado comes from the ancient story of the king of a South American tribe who covered himself in gold dust and dived into a lake. Some people believed that the king's city, El Dorado, really existed and tried to find it.

Court Treasurer - a treasury is any place where the currency or items of high monetary value (rubies, diamonds, etc.) are kept. The head of a Treasury is typically known as a Treasurer. **Babylonian Empire** - Babylonia was a civilization in Lower Mesopotamia (central and southern Iraq), with Babylon as its capital. During the first centuries of what is called the "Amorite period", one of Amorite dynasties was established in the city-state of Babylon, which would ultimately take over the others and form the first Babylonian empire.

Pro deo et patria et St. Midas - Slogan: "For Fatherland and Saint Midas."

Empress Eugenie - Eugénie de Montijo was the last Empress consort of the French from 1853 to 1871 as the wife of Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

Omaha - a city in western Nebraska on the Missouri River. The largest city in the state, Omaha was settled in 1854 and named after an Indian tribe.

Sioux - is a common name for the Dakota people, a tribe of Native Americans inhabiting the Northern Great Plains in the XIX-th century. Today about 50,000 Sioux live on reservations in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Montana.

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) Which of the events or facts, in your opinion, reveals the corrupt nature of the Washington's wealth the most effectively?
- 2) Why did the Washington, except for Jasmine and Kismine, descend underground?
Do you think they knew that the diamond mountain was wired?
- 3) Do you personally believe in *the natural goodness* of money?
- 4) Would you like to live in such a place as the Washington's residence?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the message of the story.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

WRITING: Section II

Choose one of the topics below to write an essay:

- 1) Write a character sketch of one of the characters of the story ***Diamond as Big as the Ritz*** by F.S. Fitzgerald.
- 2) Write on the irony in the story.
- 3) Write about John's attitude towards the rich and wealth. Is it ambivalent like that of the author?
- 4) How is the general mood as well as typical values of the Jazz Age reflected in the story?

~ SECTION III ~

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)

Edward Estlin Cummings (October 14, 1894 – September 3, 1962), popularly known as E. E. Cummings, with the abbreviated form e. e. cummings, was an American poet, painter, essayist, author, and playwright. His body of work encompasses approximately 2,900 poems, an autobiographical novel, four plays and several essays, as well as numerous drawings and paintings. He is remembered as a preeminent voice of XXth century poetry, as well as one of the most popular.

His studies in Harvard introduced him to avant garde writers, such as Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. In 1917, Cummings' first published poems appeared in the anthology *Eight Harvard Poets*. The same year, Cummings left the United States for France as a volunteer ambulance driver in World War I. Five months after his assignment, however, he and a friend were interned in a prison camp by the French authorities on suspicion of espionage (an experience recounted in his novel, *The Enormous Room*) for his outspoken anti-war convictions. After the war, he settled into a life divided between houses in rural Connecticut and Greenwich Village, with frequent visits to Paris. He also traveled throughout Europe, meeting poets and artists, including Pablo Picasso, whose work he particularly admired.

In his work, Cummings experimented radically with form, punctuation, spelling and syntax, abandoning traditional techniques and structures to create a new, highly idiosyncratic means of poetic expression. Cummings, who was also a painter, understood the importance of presentation, and used typography to "paint a picture" with some of his poems.

During his lifetime, Cummings received a number of honors, including an Academy of American Poets Fellowship, two Guggenheim Fellowships, the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship at Harvard, the Bollingen Prize in Poetry in 1958, and a Ford Foundation grant. At the time of his death, September 3, 1962, he was the second most widely read poet in the United States, after Robert Frost. He died on September 3, 1962, at the age of 67 in North Conway, New Hampshire of a stroke. He is buried in Forest Hills Cemetery in Boston, Massachusetts.

Works by E.E. Cummings

Novel: *The Enormous Room* (1922).

Play: *HIM* (1927).

Collections of poems: *Tulips and Chimneys* (1923); *&* (1925); *XLI Poems* (1925); *is 5* (1926); *ViVa* (1931); *Eimi* (1933); *No Thanks* (1935); *Collected Poems* (1960); *50 Poems* (1940); *1 × 1* (1944); *XAIPE: Seventy-One Poems* (1950); *i—six nonlectures* (1953); *1923-1954* (1954); *95 Poems* (1958); *73 Poems* (posthumous - 1963).

ASSIGNMENT 1: r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r

- 1) What is the conventional meaning of the abbreviation e.t.c. (etcetera)? Where is this abbreviation usually used?
- 2) What do people usually do in the rear in time of war to help their national army survive?
- 3) What kind of slogans does war propaganda usually disseminate?
- 4) In your opinion, what things do people usually hold dear in the time of national disaster and turmoil?

Read the poem and answer the questions that follow

my sweet old etcetera

my sweet old etcetera
 aunt lucy during the recent
 war could and what
 is more did tell you just
 what everybody was fighting
 for,
 my sister
 isabel created hundreds
 (and
 hundreds) of socks not to
 mention shirts fleaproof earwarmers
 etcetera wristers etcetera, my
 mother hoped that
 i would die etcetera
 bravely of course my father used
 to become hoarse talking about how it was
 a privilege and if only he
 could meanwhile my
 self etcetera lay quietly in the deep mud et
 cetera
 (dreaming,
 et
 cetera, of

Your smile
eyes knees and of your Etcetera)

Questions to the poem:

- 1) Does the author use the word “etcetera” conventionally? Study carefully the lines “my mother hoped that...” What effect do you think the poet aims at?
- 2) Where would you put a punctuation mark here and why: “*a privilege and if only he could meanwhile my self etcetera lay quietly...*”? Do you think the author avoids using punctuation marks on purpose? What for?
- 3) How does the repeated “etcetera” changes its grammatical role and meaning as the poem progresses?
- 4) What is the poet’s attitude towards the “family”? What does this family embody?
- 5) Who can “Your smile” refer to? Why do you think the word “Your” is capitalized here? Why is the word “Etcetera” capitalized in the last line of the poem?
- 6) What two parts does the poem distinctly fall into? How does the author underline the contrast between the two parts? What kind of conflict is this division meant to underline?
- 7) Is this poem historically bound? In your opinion, can this poem be classified as a sample of the literature of the Lost generation? Give your reasons. In what way does the message of the poem extend beyond the boundaries of the historical time?
- 8) Do typography and punctuation add to the message of the poem?



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Fleaproof earwarmers – knitted ware to protect head from cold and fleas (biting parasite insects).

Wristers – knitted ware to protect hands from cold.

Study the wartime posters and photographs (World War I) and relate them to the content and images of the poem:

World War I propaganda posters

Trenches and routes of World War I



Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) Does the author/ lyrical hero sound patriotic? Where is the boarder-line between patriotic and pseudo-patriotic?
- 2) How would you describe the general tenor of the poem: patriotic, lyrical or ironic/ satirical? Explain your choice.
- 3) Cummings considered those living without heart and soul “unman” and their world he called “unworld”. According to the poem *my sweet old etcetera*, who/ what can be called “unman” and why? Think of the synonyms to the term coined by Cummings.

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates’ answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the message of the poem.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

ASSIGNMENT 3: In Just –

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the poem:

- 1) What games and activities are associated with spring time?
- 2) What games did you use to play in the open air as a child?
- 3) What associations does the word “spring” bring about? Does it symbolically relate to any particular age in the life of an individual?

Read the poem and answer the questions that follow

In Just – (1923)

in Just—
spring when the world is mud-luscious the little
lame balloonman
whistles far and wee
and eddieandbill come running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring
when the world is puddle-wonderful
the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing
from hop-sotch and jump-rope and
it's
spring and
the
goat-footed
balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

Questions to the poem:

- 1) In this poem Cummings coins a number of words which he uses to modify other words. What for does the author coin “mud” and “luscious”? What is the effect produced upon a reader? Identify other coinages, and explain their function in the poem. What other, more conventional words could be used in their place?
- 2) Why does the author choose not to capitalize proper names?
- 3) Who could the figure of the “little lame balloonman” symbolically refer to? Find the instances where this character is mentioned. What epithets does the author use

to describe him? Study the commentary in *Information to Read & Consider* section. Why does Cummings introduce this figure in his poem?

- 4) What are the paraphernalia of spring in the poem? How do the associations change in the course of the poem? What is this change meant to indicate?
- 5) Pay attention to the refrain of the poem -“*far and wee*”. Why does Cummings arrange these words differently each time he uses them, changing their arrangement and spacing? Is it of any importance for the message?



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Marbles and piracies; Hop-scotch and jump-rope – games played by children. As the boys play marbles and act out pirate scenes, the girls play hopscotch and jump rope.

Goat-footed balloon man - Pan, in Greek religion and mythology, is the companion of the nymphs, god of shepherds and flocks, of mountain wilds, hunting and rustic music. He has the hindquarters, legs, and horns of a goat. In Roman mythology, Pan's counterpart was Faunus, a nature spirit who was the father of Fauna. In Roman mythology, **fauns** are place-spirits (genii) of untamed woodland.

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3–4:

- 1) What for is the image of the old balloon man introduced? Does it contribute to the message?
- 2) What Modernist techniques are observed in the poem? How do they highlight the author's idea?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the message of the poem.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

ASSIGNMENT 4: The Sky Was Can Dy

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the poem:

What colors do you associate spring with? Can one, in your opinion, think about spring in terms of tastes? Compare your list with that of your partner. What kinds of sensations prevail in your lists? What visual images occur to you when you think about spring?

Read the poem and answer the questions that follow

The Sky Was Can Dy (1925)

the
 sky
 was
 can dy lu
minous
 edible
 spry
 pinks shy
 lemons
green coo l choc
 olate
s.

 un der,
 a lo
co
 mo
 tive s pout
 ing
 vi
 o
 lets

Questions to the poem:

- 1) Does the poem describe a particular season of the year? Which exactly? Find proofs in the text of the poem.
- 2) In what terms does the author describe this season? What senses are involved in the author's perception/ description of this season – hearing, smell, touch, taste, sight?
- 3) Do you find graphic arrangement of the text suggestive? How does it add to the atmosphere of the poem?
- 4) Do you think the authors professional interest in painting is observed in the poem?

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) In what ways does graphic arrangement of the text add to the atmosphere of the poem? What image does the arrangement prompt?
- 2) Do you agree that the author is trying to “force poetry toward a closer kinship with painting and the plastic arts, and away from its kinship with music”? Explain your opinion.

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the message of the poem.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

ASSIGNMENT 5: 1 (a

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the poem:

- 1) What season of the year does the image of falling leaves suggest?
- 2) What feelings does this season evoke?
- 3) Think of some examples of highlighting author's ideas through graphic alignment of a poem.

- 4) What for is parenthesis used in written speech?
- 5) What do vertical and horizontal lines suggest symbolically?

Read the poem and answer the questions that follow

I (a (1923)

l (a

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s)

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l

iness

Questions to the poem:

- 1) Try and write the poem horizontally, observing punctuation. How much significant is vertical arrangement of the text in a reader's perception of the poem? Would horizontal arrangement change your perception as a reader?
- 2) Why do you think the author uses parenthesis? Could the author do without parenthesis?

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) What does the graphic delineation of the text of the poem remind you?
- 2) What feelings does the poem evoke? Was it designed just for producing a certain impression of the season?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the message of the poem.
- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your ideas about the message.

WRITING: Section III

Write an essay on one of the following topics:

- 1) Can the poem *my sweet old etcetera* be classified as a sample of the literature of the "lost generation"? Give your reasons.
- 2) Write on the symbolism of the balloon man in the poem *In Just -*.
- 3) Comment upon kinship of Cumming's poems with painting and the plastic arts.

~ SECTION IV ~

JOHN DOS PASSOS (1896-1970)

John Dos Passos is one of the most overtly political authors of the "lost generation". Involved in many radical political movements, Dos Passos saw the expansion of consumer capitalism in the first decades of the XXth century as a dangerous threat to the health of the nation.

The son of unmarried Portuguese American parents, Dos Passos grew up in Chicago. He attended prestigious East Coast school and in 1916 graduated from Harvard and

joined the war effort before the United States entered World War I, serving in the American medical corps.

Following the war he became a freelance journalist, while also working on fiction, poetry, essays, and plays. Dos Passos drew upon his experiences as a volunteer ambulance driver serving near Verdun in writing *One Man's Initiation: 1917* (1920), in which an idealistic young American learns of the fear, uncertainty, and camaraderie of war through his encounters with French soldiers and civilians. He also wrote a novel *Three Soldiers* (1921), drawing on the war's psychological impact upon an increasingly fractured civilization. His 1925 novel *Manhattan Transfer* established Dos Passos as a serious fiction writer and displayed many techniques that writers who followed him would emulate.

Political reform underwrote much of Dos Passos' fiction, and in 1926 he joined the board of *The New Masses*, a Communist magazine. Dos Passos was active in the campaign against the growth of fascism in Europe. He joined other literary figures such as Lillian Hellman and Ernest Hemingway in supporting the Republicans during the Spanish Civil War. However, he participated in Communist activities only until 1934, since he gradually became disillusioned with left-wing politics and this is reflected in his novels, *The Adventures of a Young Man* (1939) and *Number One* (1943).

From 1930 to 1936, Dos Passos published three biting satirical novels about contemporary American life - *U.S.A.* Unique among American books for its epic scope and panoramic social sweep, *U.S.A.* has long been acknowledged as a monument of modern fiction. In the novels that make up the trilogy - *The 42nd Parallel, 1919*, and *The Big Money* - Dos Passos creates an unforgettable collective portrait of America, shot through with sardonic comedy and brilliant social observation. A startling range of experimental devices captures the textures and background noises of XXth-century life.

In 1947, Dos Passos was seriously injured in an auto accident that also claimed the life of his first wife. He remarried and spent most of his remaining years on his Virginia farm. In 1961 he published the novel *Midcentury*, similar in theme and

technique to the *U.S.A.* trilogy, but which reflected the subsequent decades and Dos Passos' increasingly conservative political views. John Dos Passos died in 1970. His early works are regarded highly in the field of American literature, and The John Dos Passos Prize is an annual award made by Longwood University to the best yet generally overlooked American authors of our time.

Works by J. D. Passos

One Man's Initiation: 1917 (1920); *Three Soldiers* (1921); *A Pushcart at the Curb* (1922); *Rosinante to the Road Again* (1922); *Streets of Night* (1923); *Manhattan Transfer* (1925); *Facing the Chair* (1927); *Orient Express* (1927); *U.S.A.* (1938) - three-volume set includes *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), *Nineteen Nineteen* (1932), *The Big Money* (1936). *The Ground we Stand on* (1949); *District of Columbia* (1952) - three-volume set includes *Adventures of a Young Man* (1939), *Number One* (1943), *The Grand Design* (1949). *Chosen Country* (1951); *Most Likely to Succeed* (1954); *The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson* (1954); *The Men Who Made the Nation* (1957); *The Great Days* (1958); *Prospects of a Golden Age* (1959); *Midcentury* (1961); *Mr. Wilson's War* (1962); *Brazil on the Move* (1963); *The Best Times: An Informal Memoir* (1966); *The Shackles of Power* (1966); *The Portugal Story* (1969); *Century's Ebb: The Thirteenth Chronicle* (1970); *Easter Island: Island of Enigmas* (1970); *Lettres à Germaine Lucas Championnière* (posthumously in 2007).

ASSIGNMENT 1: Three Soldiers

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the extract:

- 1) How, in your opinion, would young people your age feel being thrown into the midst of a war battle – proud and patriotic or scared and shocked?
- 2) Is social stratification of any importance in the armed forces in the war time?
- 3) For whom, do you think, is it easier to adjust to hard conditions in the armed forces – pampered youths of the upper-middle class or “hardies” of lower social status?

Three soldiers

(1921)

(extract)

Three Soldiers is one of the greatest American fictional responses to World War I is this account of the experiences of three American doughboys, who become disillusioned in different ways. The novel depicts the experiences of Fuselli, a store clerk from San Francisco pathetically eager to win promotion; Chrisfield, an Indiana farmer who comes to hate army discipline; and Andrews – a Harvard graduate, an introspective aspiring composer from New York, as they fight in the final

battles of the war and then confront a world in which an illusory peace offers little respite from the dehumanizing servility and regimentation of militarized life.

PART ONE: MAKING THE MOULD

The company stood at attention, each man looking straight before him at the empty parade ground, where the cinder piles showed purple with evening. On the wind that smelt of barracks and disinfectant there was a faint greasiness of food cooking. At the other side of the wide field long lines of men shuffled slowly into the narrow wooden shanty that was the mess hall. Chins down, chests out, legs twitching and tired from the afternoon's drilling, the company stood at attention. Each man stared straight in front of him, some vacantly with resignation, some trying to amuse themselves by noting minutely every object in their field of vision,—the cinder piles, the long shadows of the barracks and mess halls where they could see men standing about, spitting, smoking, leaning against clapboard walls. Some of the men in line could hear their watches ticking in their pockets.

Someone moved, his feet making a crunching noise in the cinders.

The sergeant's voice snarled out: "You men are at attention. Quit yer wrigglin' there, you!"

The men nearest the offender looked at him out of the corners of their eyes.

Two officers, far out on the parade ground, were coming towards them. By their gestures and the way they walked, the men at attention could see that they were chatting about something that amused them. One of the officers laughed boyishly, turned away and walked slowly back across the parade ground. The other, who was the lieutenant, came towards them smiling. As he approached his company, the smile left his lips and he advanced his chin, walking with heavy precise steps.

"Sergeant, you may dismiss the company." The lieutenant's voice was pitched in a hard **staccato**.

The sergeant's hand snapped up to salute like a block signal.

"Companee dis...missed," he rang out.

The row of men in khaki became a crowd of various individuals with dusty boots and dusty faces. Ten minutes later they lined up and marched in a column of

fours to mess. A few red filaments of electric lights gave a dusty glow in the brownish obscurity where the long tables and benches and the board floors had a faint smell of garbage mingled with the smell of the disinfectant the tables had been washed off with after the last meal. The men, holding their oval mess kits in front of them, filed by the great tin buckets at the door, out of which meat and potatoes were splashed into each plate by a sweating **K.P.** in blue denims.

"Don't look so bad tonight," said Fuselli to the man opposite him as he hitched his sleeves up at the wrists and leaned over his steaming food. He was sturdy, with curly hair and full vigorous lips that he smacked hungrily as he ate.

"It ain't," said the pink flaxen-haired youth opposite him, who wore his broad-brimmed hat on the side of his head with a certain jauntiness:

"I got a pass tonight," said Fuselli, tilting his head vainly.

"Goin' to tear things up?"

"Man...I got a girl at home back in Frisco. She's a good kid."

"Yer right not to go with any of the girls in this goddam town.... They ain't clean, none of 'em.... That is if ye want to go overseas."

The flaxen-haired youth leaned across the table earnestly.

"I'm goin' to git some more **chow**: Wait for me, will yer?" said Fuselli.

"What yer going to do down town?" asked the flaxen-haired youth when Fuselli came back.

"Dunno,—run round a bit an' go to the movies," he answered, filling his mouth with potato.

"Gawd, it's time fer retreat." They overheard a voice behind them.

Fuselli stuffed his mouth as full as he could and emptied the rest of his meal reluctantly into the garbage pail.

A few moments later he stood stiffly at attention in a khaki row that was one of hundreds of other khaki rows, identical, that filled all sides of the parade ground, while the **bugle** blew somewhere at the other end where the flag-pole was. Somehow it made him think of the man behind the desk in the office of the draft board who had said, handing him the papers sending him to camp, "I wish I was going with you,"

and had held out a white bony hand that Fuselli, after a moment's hesitation, had taken in his own stubby brown hand. The man had added fervently, **"It must be grand, just grand, to feel the danger, the chance of being potted any minute. Good luck, young feller.... Good luck."** Fuselli remembered unpleasantly his paper-white face and the greenish look of his bald head; but the words had made him stride out of the office sticking out his chest, brushing truculently past a group of men in the door. **Even now the memory of it, mixing with the strains of the national anthem made him feel important, truculent.**

"Squads right!" came an order. Crunch, crunch, crunch in the gravel. The companies were going back to their barracks. He wanted to smile but he didn't dare. He wanted to smile because he had a pass till midnight, because in ten minutes he'd be outside the gates, outside the green fence and the sentries and the strands of barbed wire. Crunch, crunch, crunch; oh, they were so slow in getting back to the barracks and he was losing time, precious free minutes. "Hep, hep, hep," cried the sergeant, glaring down the ranks, with his aggressive bulldog expression, to where someone had fallen out of step.

The company stood at attention in the dusk. Fuselli was biting the inside of his lips with impatience. Minutes at last, as if reluctantly, the sergeant sang out: "Dis...missed."

Fuselli hurried towards the gate, brandishing his pass with an important swagger.

Once out on the asphalt of the street, he looked down the long row of lawns and porches where violet arc lamps already contested the faint afterglow, drooping from their iron stalks far above the recently planted saplings of the avenue. He stood at the corner slouched against a telegraph pole, with the camp fence, surmounted by three strands of barbed wire, behind him, wondering which way he would go. This was a hell of a town anyway. And he used to think he wanted to travel round and see places.—"Home'll be good enough for me after this," he muttered. Walking down the long street towards the centre of town, where was the moving-picture show, he

thought of his home, of the dark apartment on the ground floor of a seven- storey house where his aunt lived. "Gee, she used to cook swell," he murmured regretfully.

On a warm evening like this he would have stood round at the corner where the drugstore was, talking to fellows he knew, giggling when the girls who lived in the street, walking arm and arm, twined in couples or trios, passed by affecting ignorance of the glances that followed them. Or perhaps he would have gone walking with Al, who worked in the same optical-goods store, down through the glaring streets of the theatre and restaurant quarter, or along the wharves and ferry slips, where they would have sat smoking and looking out over the dark purple harbor, with its winking lights and its moving ferries spilling swaying reflections in the water out of their square reddish-glowing windows. If they had been lucky, they would have seen a liner come in through the **Golden Gate**, growing from a blur of light to a huge moving brilliance, like the front of a high-class theatre that towered above the ferry boats. You could often hear the thump of the screw and the swish of the bow cutting the calm bay water, and the sound of a band playing, that came alternately faint and loud. "When I git rich," Fuselli had liked to say to Al, "I'm going to take a trip on one of them liners."

"Yer dad come over from the old country in one, didn't he?" Al would ask.

"Oh, he came steerage. I'd stay at home if I had to do that. Man, first class for me, a cabin de lux, when I git rich."

But here he was in this town in the East, where he didn't know anybody and where there was no place to go but the movies.

"Lo, buddy," came a voice beside him. The tall youth who had sat opposite at mess was just catching up to him. "Goin' to the movies?"

"Yare, nauthin' else to do."

"Here's a **rookie**. Just got to camp this mornin'," said the tall youth, jerking his head in the direction of the man beside him.

"You'll like it. Ain't so bad as it seems at first," said Fuselli encouragingly.

"I was just telling him," said the other, "to be careful as hell not to get in wrong. If ye once get in wrong in this damn army...it's hell."

"You bet yer life...so they sent ye over to our company, did they, rookie? Ain't so bad. The sergeant's sort o' decent if yo're in right with him, but the lieutenant's a stinker.... Where you from?"

"New York," said the rookie, a little man of thirty with an ash-colored face and a shiny Jewish nose. "I'm in the clothing business there. I oughtn't to be drafted at all. It's an outrage. I'm **consumptive**." He spluttered in a feeble squeaky voice.

"They'll fix ye up, don't you fear," said the tall youth. "They'll make you so goddam well ye won't know yerself. Yer mother won't know ye, when you get home, rookie.... But you're in luck."

"Why?"

"Bein' from New York. The **corporal**, Tim Sidis, is from New York, an' all the New York fellers in the company **got a graft with** him."

"What kind of cigarettes d'ye smoke?" asked the tall youth.

"I don't smoke."

"Ye'd better learn. The corporal likes fancy ciggies and so does the sergeant; you jus' slip 'em each a butt now and then. May help ye to get in right with 'em."

"Don't do no good," said Fuselli.... "It's juss luck. But keep neat-like and smilin' and you'll get on all right. And if they start to ride ye, show fight. Ye've got to be hard boiled to git on in this army."

"Ye're goddam right," said the tall youth. "Don't let 'em ride yer.... What's yer name, rookie?"

"Eisenstein."

"This feller's name's Powers.... Bill Powers. Mine's Fuselli....

Goin' to the movies, Mr. Eisenstein?"

"No, I'm trying **to find a skirt**." The little man leered wanly.

"Glad to have got ackwainted."

"Goddam **kike!**" said Powers as Eisenstein walked off up a side street, planted, like the avenue, with saplings on which the sickly leaves rustled in the faint breeze that smelt of factories and coal dust.

"Kikes ain't so bad," said Fuselli, "I got a good friend who's a kike."

They were coming out of the movies in a stream of people in which the blackish clothes of factory-hands predominated.

"I came near bawlin' at the picture of the feller leavin' his girl to go off to the war," said Fuselli.

"Did yer?"

"It was just like it was with me. Ever been in Frisco, Powers?"

The tall youth shook his head. Then he took off his broad-brimmed hat and ran his fingers over his stubby tow-head.

"Gee, it was some hot in there," he muttered.

"Well, it's like this," said Fuselli. "You have to cross the ferry to **Oakland**. My aunt...ye know I ain't got any mother, so I always live at my aunt's.... My aunt an' her sister-in-law an' Mabe... Mabe's my girl...they all came over on the ferry-boat, 'spite of my tellin' 'em I didn't want 'em. An' Mabe said she was mad at me, 'cause she'd seen the letter I wrote Georgine Slater. She was a toughie, lived in our street, I used to write mash notes to. An' I kep' tellin' Mabe I'd done it juss for the hell of it, an' that I didn't mean nawthin' by it. An' Mabe said she wouldn't never forgive me, an' then I said maybe I'd be killed an' she'd never see me again, an' then we all began to bawl. **Gawd!** it was a mess.... "

"It's hell sayin' good-by to girls," said Powers, understandingly. "Cuts a feller all up."

◇... Along the rows of cots, when Fuselli got back to the barracks, men were talking excitedly.

"There's hell to pay, somebody's broke out of the jug."

"How?"

"Damned if I know."

"Sergeant Timmons said he made a rope of his blankets."

"No, the feller on guard helped him to get away."

"Like hell he did. It was like this. I was walking by the guardhouse when they found out about it."

"What company did he belong ter?"

"Dunno."

"What's his name?"

"Some guy on trial for insubordination. Punched an officer in the jaw."

"I'd a liked to have seen that."

"Anyhow he's fixed himself this time."

"You're goddam right."

"Will you fellers quit talkin'? **It's after taps,**" thundered the sergeant, who sat reading the paper at a little board desk at the door of the barracks under the feeble light of one small bulb, carefully screened. "You'll have the **O.D.** down on us."

Fuselli wrapped the blanket round his head and prepared to sleep. Snuggled down into the blankets on the narrow cot, he felt sheltered from the sergeant's thundering voice and from the cold glare of officers' eyes. He felt cosy and happy like he had felt in bed at home, when he had been a little kid. For a moment he pictured to himself the other man, the man who had punched an officer's jaw, dressed like he was, maybe only nineteen, the same age like he was, with a girl like Mabe waiting for him somewhere. How cold and frightful it must feel to be out of the camp with the guard looking for you! He pictured himself running breathless down a long street pursued by a company with guns, by officers whose eyes glinted cruelly like the pointed tips of bullets. He pulled the blanket closer round his head, enjoying the warmth and softness of the wool against his cheek. He must remember to smile at the sergeant when he passed him off duty. Somebody had said there'd be promotions soon. Oh, he wanted so hard to be promoted. It'd be so swell if he could write back to Mabe and tell her to address her letters Corporal Dan Fuselli. He must be more careful not to do anything that would get him in wrong with anybody. He must never miss an opportunity to show them what a clever kid he was. "Oh, when we're ordered overseas, I'll show them," he thought ardently, and picturing to himself long movie reels of heroism he went off to sleep.

A sharp voice beside his cot woke him with a jerk.

"Get up, you."

The white beam of a pocket searchlight was glaring in the face of the man next to him.

"The O.D." said Fuselli to himself.

"Get up, you," came the sharp voice again.

"What's your name?"

The man looked up, blinking, too dazed to speak. "Don't know your own name, eh?" said the officer, glaring at the man savagely, using his curt voice like a whip.— "Quick, take off yer shirt and pants and get back to bed."

The Officer of the Day moved on, flashing his light to one side and the other in his midnight inspection of the barracks. Intense blackness again, and the sound of men breathing deeply in sleep, of men snoring. As he went to sleep Fuselli could hear the man beside him swearing, monotonously, in an even whisper, pausing now and then to think of new filth, of new combinations of words, swearing away his helpless anger, soothing himself to sleep by the monotonous reiteration of his swearing.

A little later Fuselli woke with a choked nightmare cry. He had dreamed that he had smashed the O. D. in the jaw and had broken out of the jug and was running, breathless, stumbling, falling, while the company on guard chased him down an avenue lined with little dried-up saplings, gaining on him, while with voices metallic as the clicking of rifle triggers officers shouted orders, so that he was certain to be caught, certain to be shot. He shook himself all over, shaking off the nightmare as a dog shakes off water, and went back to sleep again, snuggling into his blankets.

Read the extract and answer the following questions/ do the assignments:

- 1) Find in the text the examples of diversity of dialects. Does the language the three soldiers use reveal their social status, ethnicity, and education?
- 2) What was the soldiers' idea of war and army before they were enrolled? How did life in the military turn out in reality?
- 3) What are the topics of the young soldiers' conversations?
- 4) What do they dream about?

- 5) Find the instances where contrast between the youngsters' expectations and reality is observed.
- 6) Do the young men always sound patriotic?
- 7) Do all of them feel the same about militarized life?



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Staccato – (musical term) to be played with each successive note clear and detached.

A Corporal - (US armed forces) a non-commissioned officer (below a sergeant).

It's after taps – (US armed forces) after the last signal of the day (by drum or bugle) for lights to be put out.

Bugle – (US armed forces) a musical instrument in the armed forces used for signals.

O. D. - (US armed forces) Officer of the Day.

K. P. - (US armed forces) Kitchen Patrol.

Chow – (slang) food.

Golden Gate - the Golden Gate Bridge is a suspension bridge spanning the Golden Gate, the opening of the San Francisco Bay into the Pacific Ocean.

Rookie – someone who has just started doing a job and has little experience.

Consumptive – (old-fashioned) someone with tuberculosis.

Graft – profit making through illegal or unethical means.

To find a skirt – (slang) to meet a girl.

Kike - (taboo) a very offensive word for someone who is Jewish. Do not use the word.

Oakland – Oakland is the eighth-largest city in the U.S. state of California and a major West Coast port city, located on San Francisco Bay about eight miles east of the City of San Francisco.

Gawd! – (exclamation) = Oh God!

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) Does this text thematically and emphatically relate to the poem *my sweet old etcetera* by E.E. Cummings?
- 2) Does the style of the abstract look realistic or modernistic to you?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the themes tackled in the extract and general impression it produces.

ASSIGNMENT 2: Manhattan Transfer

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the extract:

- 1) What is Manhattan?
- 2) What are the distinctive signs of an urban area?
- 3) How does ethnic diversity show in a big American city – in its realia and language?
- 4) What for do people emigrate?

Manhattan Transfer

(1925)

(extract)

Manhattan Transfer is Dos Passos's first attempt at an experimental collective novel, which interweaves the stories of multiple characters in a series of montage-like episodes to replicate the vibrant, interconnected texture of New York City life. Sinclair Lewis declared that the novel “may be the foundation of a whole new school of fiction.” *Manhattan Transfer* is a story about New York City from the turn of the 19th to the 20th century up to the start of The Great Depression. While humanity lives its history, New York City becomes a metropolis. It transforms from a thriving 19th century city to a gigantic place with skyscrapers, subways and automobiles. Individual lives ebb and flow like corpuscles in the city's lifeblood stream, and the city accepts or rejects them without emotion.

...With a long slow stride, limping a little from his blistered feet, Bud walked down Broadway, past empty lots where tin cans glittered among grass and sumach bushes and ragweed, between ranks of billboards and **Bull Durham signs**, past shanties and abandoned **squatters**’ shacks, past gulches heaped with wheels carried rubbish piles where dumpcarts were dumping ashes and clinkers, past knobs of gray outcrop where steam drills continually tapped and nibbled, past excavations out of which wagons full of rock and clay toiled up plank roads to the street, until he was walking on new sidewalks along a row of yellow brick apartment houses, looking in

the windows of grocery stores, Chinese laundries, lunchrooms, flower and vegetable shops, **tailorsâ**, delicatessens <>.....

...<> **Pursuit of happiness, unalienable pursuit...** right to life liberty and...
A black moonless night; Jimmy Herf is walking alone up South Street. Behind the wharf houses ships raise shadowy skeletons against the night. "By Jesus I admit I'm stumped," he says aloud. All these April nights combing the streets alone a skyscraper has obsessed him, a grooved building jutting up with uncountable bright windows falling onto him out of a scudding sky. Typewriters rain continual nickel plated confetti in his ears.

And he walks round blocks and blocks looking for the door of the humming tinsel windowed skyscraper, round blocks and blocks and still no door. Every time he closes his eyes the dream has hold of him, every time he stops arguing audibly with himself in pompous reasonable phrases the dream has hold of him. Young man to save your sanity you've got to do one of two things... Please mister where's the door to the building? Round the block? Just round the block... one of two unalienable alternatives: go away in a dirty soft shirt or stay in a clean. Arrow collar. But what's the use of spending your whole life fleeing the City of Destruction? What about your unalienable right, Thirteen Provinces? His mind unreeling phrases, he walks on doggedly. There's nowhere in particular he wants to go. If only I still had faith in words <>...

...<> Before the ferry leaves a horse and wagon comes aboard, a broken down spring wagon loaded with flowers, driven by a little brown man with high cheekbones. Jimmy Herf walks around it; behind the drooping horse with haunches like a hat rack the little warped wagon is unexpectedly merry, stacked with pots of scarlet and pink geraniums, carnations, alyssum, forced roses, blue lobelia. A rich smell of may time earth comes from it, of wet flowerpots and greenhouses. The driver sits hunched with his hat over his eyes. Jimmy has an impulse to ask him where he is going with all of those flowers, but he stifles it.

He is walking up an incline. There are tracks below him and the slow clatter of a freight, the hiss of an engine. At the top of a hill he stops to look back. He can see

nothing but fog spaced with a file of blurred arch lights. Then he walks on, taking pleasure in breathing, in the beat of his blood, in the tread of his feet on the pavement, between rows of otherworldly frame houses. Gradually the fog thins, a morning pearliness is seeping in from somewhere. Sunrise finds him walking along a cement road between dumping grounds full of smoking rubbish piles. The sun shines redly through the mist on rusty donkey-engines, skeleton trucks, wishbones of Fords, shapeless masses of corroding metal. Jimmy walks fast to get out of the smell. He is hungry; his shoes are beginning to raise blisters on his big toes. At a cross-road where the warning light still winks and winks, is a gasoline station, opposite it the Lightning Bug lunch wagon. Carefully he spends his last quarter on breakfast. That leaves him three cents for good luck, or bad luck for that matter. A huge furniture truck, shiny and yellow, has drawn up outside.

"Say will you give me a lift?" he asks the red haired man at the wheel.

"How fur ye goin?"

"I dunno. . . . Pretty far."

Read the extract and answer the following questions/ do the assignments:

- 1) Is the extract rich in action?
- 2) What constitutes the text?
- 3) Find instances of inner monologue. What do we learn from these monologues about the protagonist?
- 4) Does the young man produce an impression of a busy person?
- 5) What, in your opinion, does he make his living by?
- 6) What is the general impression of the text? How does the author create this impression?
- 7) What period of New York City life is reflected in the abstract?



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

Bull Durham – a famous tobacco brand.

Squatters – *squatter* is an illegal immigrant. Pay attention to the specific ending of the word.

Tailors – *tailor* is the one who makes clothes. Pay attention to the specific ending of the word.

Pursuit of happiness, unalienable pursuit... - "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is one of the most famous phrases in the United States Declaration of Independence, and considered by some as part of one of the most well crafted, influential sentences in the history of the English language. These three aspects are listed among the "unalienable rights" of man.

Sharing Ideas

- 1) What modernist techniques can be observed in the extract? What effect are they aimed at?
- 2) How does the author create "local color" effect?
- 3) What for is the Declaration of Independence quoted here?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates' answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the protagonist and the problems he is facing.

ASSIGNMENT 3: The 42nd Parallel (the first book of the U. S. A. trilogy)

*** THINK BEFORE YOU READ**

Answer the following questions before you read the extract:

- 1) Why, do you think, is the novel – a part of the *USA* trilogy – titled *The 42nd Parallel*?

The 42nd Parallel

(1930)

The plot of *U.S.A.* is history, the central character is the United States of America. The trilogy is Dos Passos's masterwork, a panoramic portrait of the first three decades of the twentieth century in America. The trilogy spans the years from the opening of the twentieth century through the dawn of the Great Depression and expresses D. Passos's view of the ill effects of capitalism on the American people. *42-nd Parallel* is the first volume of the *U.S.A.* trilogy, which interweaves the stories of five characters along the west-to-east storm track of the forty-second parallel. *The 42nd*

Parallel features bright young people making their way, following their short-term desires. Although we see very little of the war, the war still feels like a turnaround.

(extract 1)

The young man walks fast by himself through the crowd that thins into the night streets; feet are tired from hours of walking; eyes greedy for warm curve of faces, answering flicker of eyes, the set of a head, the lift of a shoulder, the way hands spread and clench; blood tingles with wants; mind is a beehive of hopes buzzing and stinging; muscles ache for the knowledge of jobs, for the road mender's pick and shovel work, the fisherman's knack with a hook when he hauls on the slithery net from the rail of the lurching trawler, the swing of the bridge man's arm as he slings down the white hot rivet, the engineer's slow grip wise on the throttle, the dirt farmer's use of his whole body when, whoaing the mules, he yanks the plow from the furrow. The young man walks by himself searching through the crowd with greedy eyes, greedy ears taut to hear, by himself, alone.

The streets are empty. People have packed into subways, climbed into streetcars and buses, in the stations they've scampered for suburban trains; they've filtered into lodgings and tenements, gone up in elevators into apartment houses. In a show window two sallow window dressers in their shirtsleeves are bringing out a dummy girl in a red evening dress, at a corner welders in masks lean into sheets of blue flame repairing a car track, a few drunk bums shamble along, a sad streetwalker fidgets under an arc light. From the river comes the deep rumbling whistle of a steamboat leaving dock. A tug hoots far away.

The young man walks by himself, fast but not fast enough, far but not far enough (faces slide out of sight, talk trails into tattered scraps, footsteps tap fainter in alleys); he must catch the last subway, the streetcar, the bus, run up the gangplanks of all the steamboats, register at all the hotels, work in the cities, answer the wan tads, learn the trades, take up the jobs, live in all the boardinghouses, sleep in all the beds. One bed is not enough, one job is not enough, one life is not enough. At night, head swimming with wants, he walks by himself alone. No job, no woman, no house, no city.

Only the ears busy to catch the speech are not alone; the ears are caught tight, linked tight by the tendrils of phrased words, the turn of a joke, the sing-song fade of a story, the gruff fall of a sentence; linking tendrils of speech twine through the city blocks, spread over pavements, grow out along broad parked avenues, speed with the trucks leaving on their long night runs over roaring highways, whisper down sandy byroads past worn out farms, joining up cities and filling stations, roundhouses, team boats, planes groping along airways; words call out on mountain pastures, drift slow down rivers widening to the sea and the hushed beaches.

It was not in the long walks through jostling crowds at night that he was less alone, or in the training camp at Allentown, or in the day on the docks at Seattle, or in the empty reek of Washington City hot boyhood summer nights, or in the meal on Market Street, or in the swim off the red rocks at San Diego, or in the bed full of fleas in New Orleans, or in the cold razor wind off the lake, or in the gray faces trembling in the grind of gears in the street under Michigan Avenue, or in the smokers of limited express trains, or walking across country, or riding up the dry mountain canyons, or the night without a sleeping bag among frozen bear tracks in the Yellowstone, or canoeing Sundays on the Quinnipiac; but in his mother's words telling about long ago, in his father's telling about when I was a boy, in the kidding stories of uncles, in the lies the kids told at school, the hired man's yarns, the tall tales the **dough-boys** told after taps; it was the speech that clung to the ears, the link that tingled in the blood; U. S. A.

U. S. A. is the slice of a continent. U. S. A. is a group of holding companies, some aggregations of trade unions, a set of laws bound in calf, a radio network, a chain of moving picture theatres, a column of stock- quotations rubbed out and written in by a Western Union boy on a blackboard, a public library full of old newspapers and dog eared history books with protests scrawled on the margins in pencil. U. S. A. is the world's greatest river valley fringed with mountains and hills, U. S. A. is a set of bigmouthed officials with too many bank accounts. U. S. A. is a lot of men buried in their uniforms in Arlington Cemetery. U. S. A. is the letters at the

end of an address when you are away from home. But mostly U. S. A. is the speech of the people.

(extract2)

Come on and hear

Come on and hear

Come on and hear

In his address to the Michigan State Legislature the retiring governor, Hazen S. Pingree, said in part: I make the prediction that unless those in charge and in whose hands legislation is reposed do not change the present system of inequality, there will be a bloody revolution in less than a quarter of a century in this great country of ours.

CARNEGIE TALKS OF HIS EPITAPH

Alexander's Ragtime Band

It is the best

It is the best

the luncheon which was served in the physical laboratory was replete with novel features. A miniature **blastfurnace** four feet high was on the banquet table and a narrow-gauge railroad forty feet long ran round the edge of the table. Instead of molten metal the blastfurnace poured hot punch into small cars on the railroad. Icecream was served in the shape of railroad ties and bread took the shape of locomotives.

Mr. Carnegie, while extolling the advantages of higher education in every branch of learning, came at last to this conclusion: Manual labor has been found to be the best foundation for the greatest work of the brain.

Come on and hear

Alexander's Ragtime Band

It is the best

It is the best

brother of **Jesse James** declares play picturing him as bandit train-robber and outlaw is demoralizing district battle ends with polygamy, according to an investigation by **Salt Lake** ministers, still practiced by **Mormons** clubwomen gasp

It is the best band in the land

say circus animals only eat Chicago horsemeat **Taxsale** of Indiana lots marks finale of World's Fair boom uses flag as ragbag killed on cannibal isle keeper falls into water and sealions attack him.

The launch then came alongside the halfdeflated balloon of the aerostat which threatened at any moment to smother **Santos-Dumont**. The latter was half pulled and half clambered over the gunwale into the boat.

The Prince of Monaco urged him to allow himself to be taken on board the yacht to dry himself and change his clothes. Santos-Dumont would not leave the launch until everything that could be saved had been taken ashore, then, wet but smiling and unconcerned, he landed amid the frenzied cheers of the crowd.

(extract 3)

O qu'il a des beaux yeux, said the lady in the seat opposite but She said that was no way to talk to children and the little boy felt all hot and sticky but it was dusk and the lamp shaped like half a melon was coming on dim red and the train rumbled and suddenly I've been asleep and it's black dark and the blue tassel bobs on the edge of the dark shade shaped like a melon and everywhere there are pointed curved shadows (the first time He came He brought a melon and the sun was coming in through the tall lace window curtains and when we cut it the smell of melons filled the whole room). No don't eat the seeds deary they give you appendicitis but you're peeking out of the window into the black rumbling dark suddenly ranked with squat chimneys and you're scared of the black smoke and the puffs of flame that flare and fade out of the squat chimneys Potteries dearie they work there all night Who works there all night? Workingmen and people like that laborers **travailleurs** greasers you were scared

but now the dark was all black again the lamp in the train and the sky and everything had a blueblack shade on it and She was telling a story about

Longago Beforetheworldsfair Beforeyouwereborn and they went to Mexico on a private car on the new international line and the men shot antelope off the back of the train and big rabbits jackasses they called them and once one night Longago Beforetheworldsfair Beforeyouwereborn one night Mother was so frightened on account of all the riflshots but it was all right turned out to be nothing but a little shooting they'd been only shooting a greaser that was all

that was in the early days

Read the extracts and answer the following questions:

- 1) Is extract 1 rich in action? What constitutes the text?
- 2) Find instances of inner monologue. What do we learn from these monologues about the protagonist?
- 3) Does the young protagonist in extract 1 produce an impression of a busy person? What, in your opinion, does he make his living by?
- 4) What period of New York City life is reflected in the extract?
- 5) What is the general impression of extract 1? How does the author create this impression? What kind of “supplement” device is used here?
- 6) What kinds of texts does the writer use in extract 2? How do they contribute to overall message? What kind of “supplement” device is it?
- 7) Does this extract complement or contrast the content of extract 1?
- 8) Identify “supplement devices” the author uses in extract 3. What modernist techniques does the author employ in the extract? What effect does he achieve?
- 9) What types of “supplement” devices are missing in the selection?



INFORMATION TO READ & CONSIDER

The 42nd Parallel - was known as the major storm path across North America.

Doughboy - is an obsolete slang term for a United States Army infantryman, best known from its use in World War I. The most often cited explanation is that it arose during the Mexican–American War, after observers noticed U.S. infantry forces were constantly covered with chalky dust from marching through the dry terrain of northern Mexico, giving the men the appearance of unbaked

dough. Soon the term extended to the entire American contingent. During World War II the term was gradually replaced by the appellations “G.I”, “Troop”, or “Dogface”.

A blast furnace - is a type of metallurgical furnace used for smelting to produce industrial metals, generally iron. The end products are usually molten metal and slag phases tapped from the bottom, and flue gases exiting from the top of the furnace.

Mr. Carnegie - Andrew Carnegie (1835—1919), an American steel-industry king; known for the large endowments which he made to different educational institutions.

Taxsale - a sales tax is a consumption tax charged at the point of purchase for certain goods and services. The tax amount is usually calculated by applying a percentage rate to the taxable price of a sale.

Jesse James (1847—1882) — leader of the most notorious band of robbers in US history. After his death was endowed with romantic features and became the hero of some popular songs, dime novels and a play.

Mormons — members of a religious community founded in 1830. Their teaching sanctioned polygamy (from 1843 to 1896).

Salt Lake - Salt Lake City is the capital and the most populous city of the U.S. state of Utah. Today, Salt Lake City is still home to the headquarters of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS, also known as the Mormon Church).

Santos-Dumont - Alberto Santos-Dumont (1873—1932) — Brazilian aeronaut, constructor of air planes and balloons

O qu'il a des beaux yeux (French) — “What beautiful eyes he has got”.

Travailleurs (French) – workers.

Sharing Ideas

Discuss the following questions in groups of 3 –4:

- 1) Does extract 1 resemble to you the previous extract from *Manhattan Transfer*?
If it does, then in what way?
- 2) What for does the writer use chants, slogans, newspaper headings (extract 2)?
What impact do they produce on a reader?

SUMMING UP

- Considering your/ your group mates’ answers to the above questions, write down a few lines about the importance of the techniques the author employs.

- In groups of 3 or 4 discuss your answers.

WRITING: Section IV

Write an essay on one of the following topics:

- 1) Comment upon the highlighted closing paragraph of extract 1. Do you agree with the author that "...mostly U. S. A. is the speech of the people"?
- 2) Write about the variety and artistic function of modernist techniques in the works by J. Dos Passos.
- 3) In what way does J. Dos Passos reflect the general feeling of the "lost generation"?

TEST YOURSELF: Sections I – IV

Answer the following questions:

1. Who was the term "the lost generation" introduced by?
2. What American authors represented the literature of the "lost generation" in poetry?
3. What general mood was the literature of the "lost generation" marked by?
4. Name the author whose short story is compared to an iceberg.
5. In whose work are modernist innovations observed? What artistic techniques did these authors employ in their work?
6. What period of American history did this literary trend spring up in?
7. What atmosphere was this period marked by?
8. Which of the following authors did not belong to the literature of the "*lost generation*"?
a). M. Twain; b) J. Dos Passos; c) F. S. Fitzgerald
9. Who of the representatives of the literature of the "lost generation" is considered to be the "laureate of the Jazz Age"?

10. Who of the authors of the “lost generation” extensively used graphic means in his poems?

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