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Интерпретация и перевод английской литературы в контексте культур Великобритании

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CONTENTS

Предисловие

Как известно, обучение иностранному языку не может проходить в отрыве от культурного контекста страны изучаемого языка, неотъемлемой частью которого является художественная литература. К сожалению, чтение художественной литературы, даже на родном языке, не относится к числу приоритетов современных студентов. В то же время знакомство с литературным наследием страны изучаемого языка необходимо не только для развития общей филологической эрудиции, но и для решения узкоспециальных задач, например, задач подготовки переводчиков.

С этой целью в Удмуртском государственном университете на кафедре перевода и стилистики английского языка был разработан новый спецкурс «Интерпретация и перевод английской литературы в контексте культур Великобритании», адресованный, прежде всего, студентам старших курсов и магистрантам программы «Сопоставительное исследование языков и культур в переводческой коммуникации». Учебный план этой программы включает очень ограниченное количество часов на изучение курса зарубежной литературы. В результате, как показывает практика, будущие переводчики недостаточно хорошо знают этапы развития английской литературы, основные литературные направления, творчество многих писателей. Таким образом, с одной стороны, спецкурс решает общеобразовательные задачи, а, с другой стороны, позволяет ознакомить студентов с основными проблемами художественного перевода. Он подготавливает студентов к более глубокому анализу текстов – стилистическому, а затем и переводческому.

Программа курса предусматривает как лекционные, так и практические занятия. Основной целью каждого семинарского занятия является введение студентов в мир литературно-художественной культуры Великобритании, знакомство с классическими произведениями разных эпох и литературных направлений, их вкладом в национальные культуры

англоговорящих стран, а также с основами практического анализа структурных и семантических особенностей художественного текста. Знакомство с литературным наследием страны изучаемого языка позволяет одновременно расширить знания студентов в области истории и страноведения.

Предлагаемое учебное пособие призвано помочь студентам, осваивающим новый спецкурс. В то же время материалы пособия могут быть использованы для проведения практических занятий по теории и практике перевода, стилистике английского языка, а также для самостоятельной работы студентов.

Пособие состоит из семи разделов, которые, в соответствии с историко-литературным подходом, описывают основные этапы в развитии английской литературы XIX–XX веков. Каждый раздел включает краткую информационную справку, характеризующую определенное литературное направление или жанр, а также фрагменты художественных произведений, предлагаемые для анализа.

Принципиально, что в качестве объекта анализа выступает именно художественный текст, который, по справедливому замечанию авторов учебника по теории перевода В. В. Сдобникова и О. В. Петровой, в отличие от других типов текстов, характеризуется высокой степенью национально-культурной и временной обусловленности, т.е. «всегда отражает особенности того народа, представителем которого автор является и на языке которого он пишет, и того времени, в котором он живет»[1].

Основным критерием отбора художественных произведений для анализа было наличие проблематики, наиболее ярко отражающей основные культурные ценности британской нации. Творчество ведущих представителей английской литературы XIX–XX веков рассматривается в связи с историческим, социальным, политическим, культурным развитием страны. В рамках спецкурса изучаются самые важные составляющие

[1] Сдобников В.В., Петрова О.В. Теория перевода. Н. Новгород: Изд-во НГЛУ им. Н.А. Добролюбова, 2001. – С. 245.

национальной идентичности, культурообразующие концепты, такие как: «природа», «патриотизм», «собственность», «классовая принадлежность», «любовь», «брак» и т. д. Важно отметить, что, поскольку анализируемые произведения принадлежат разным эпохам, представляется возможным проследить, каким образом данные культурные концепты (и отношение к ним авторов литературных произведений) менялись с течением времени. Несмотря на то, что предлагаемый студентам список писателей не претендует на исчерпывающую полноту, все авторы, несомненно, являются знаковыми фигурами, оказавшими значительное влияние на развитие литературы Великобритании, а их произведения иллюстрируют разнообразие литературных направлений (классический реализм, модернизм, постмодернизм и т. д.) и жанров (семейный роман, короткий рассказ, антиутопия и т. д.).

Работа на занятии в целом направлена на то, чтобы научить студентов рассматривать исследование художественно-эстетического содержания литературного произведения, социально-исторических факторов, лежащих в его основе, и культурного контекста как необходимое условие успешного перевода.

Под руководством преподавателя студенты последовательно рассматривают различные категории художественного текста (название, хронотоп, тема и идея, структура, образы персонажей), анализируют основные культурные концепты, представленные в тексте. Помимо учебной проблемной дискуссии, программа практических занятий спецкурса предусматривает также работу с аудио- и видеоматериалами, подготовку и презентацию студентами докладов, сообщений с использованием традиционных и интернет-источников, позволяющих обогатить представления студентов о социальном, политическом, культурном контексте английской художественной литературы.

Следующим этапом работы является сопоставительный анализ оригиналов художественных произведений и их переводов на русский язык с тем, чтобы оценить адекватность

передачи культурологической информации при переводе. Если рассматривать перевод художественного текста с позиции концептуального подхода, прежде всего, он представляет собой вид интеллектуальной деятельности, которая заключается во взаимодействии двух концептуальных систем – автора оригинального текста и переводчика[2]. Сопоставительный анализ концептосферы оригинала и переводов позволяет проследить специфику этого взаимодействия. Эта деятельность направлена на то, чтобы студенты не только читали и понимали текст, но и работали с ним «по-переводчески», выделяя в тексте переводческие задачи и возможные пути их решения. Учебная дискуссия, таким образом, помимо традиционного обсуждения героев, сюжетных коллизий, особенностей индивидуального авторского стиля, предусматривает дискуссию о качестве перевода, о подходах, демонстрируемых переводчиком, обсуждение собственных вариантов решения переводческих проблем.

В целом, приходится констатировать, что многие опубликованные переводы произведений классиков английской литературы оставляют желать лучшего; в них зачастую имеет место искажение авторского замысла, вследствие чего читатель получает неверное представление о том или ином аспекте культуры Великобритании. Несоответствие языковых и концептуальных картин мира автора и переводчика приводит к межкультурной асимметрии, которая является одним из главных факторов, затрудняющих коммуникацию, что представляет собой важнейшую проблему в теории и практике перевода[3].

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[2] Александрович Н. В. Концептосфера художественного произведения в оригинале и переводе (на материале романа Ф. С. Фицджеральда «Великий Гэтсби»). Автореф. дис. …канд. филол. наук. Волгоград, 2010. – С. 8.

[3] Дзида Н. Н. Асимметрия концепта в свете когнитивно-деятельностного подхода в переводоведении (на материале романа М. А. Булгакова «Мастер и Маргарита» и его переводов на английский язык). Автореф. дис. …канд. филол. наук. Тюмень, 2010. – С. 10.

Помимо собственно переводческих, фактических ошибок, восприятие художественного произведения на языке перевода могут затруднять подходы и стратегии самих переводчиков. Например, Е. Л. Ланн, много переводивший и редактировавший произведения Ч. Диккенса, видел свою задачу в том, чтобы познакомить русскоязычного читателя с особенностями индивидуально-авторского стиля. Исповедуя принцип «технологической точности», переводчик пытался сохранить даже синтаксическую организацию оригинала. В результате, современные студенты характеризуют его переводы как чрезмерно «тяжелые», громоздкие, сложные для восприятия. И это говорится о писателе, которого, согласно наблюдениям известного английского литературоведа К. Хьюитт, на родине ценят, в первую очередь, за остроумие и тонкий юмор[4]. То же самое можно сказать о русских переводах произведений Дж. Остин. Вследствие этого, среди русскоязычных читателей, знакомых с английской литературой лишь по переводам, бытует мнение, что классические произведения XVIII–XIX века – это скучные книги, написанные архаичным языком и представляющие интерес лишь для теоретиков и историков литературы.

Значительное расхождение оригинального и переводного текста может быть также связано с различными социально-политическими причинами, в частности, с требованиями цензуры. Так, например, характерные для Д. Г. Лоуренса откровенные рассуждения о сексуальной стороне любви и взаимоотношениях между полами в романе «Сыновья и любовники» и особенно в скандальном «Любовнике леди Чаттерлей» предстают большей частью сглаженными и пуритански выхолощенными в переводах Р. Облонской, И. Багровой и М. Литвиновой. Многие произведения (например, пьесы О. Уайльда) при переводе значительно сокращались и в таком виде долгие годы публиковались сначала в СССР, а затем и в СНГ.

[4] Hewitt K. Understanding English Literature. Oxford, 1997. – P. 242.

Отдельную проблему при сопоставлении оригинального и переводного художественного текста составляет общее представление советского и впоследствии российского читателя (и соответственно переводчика) обо всем, что связано с понятием «Englishness». Например, классическим образцом английского джентльмена для русского читателя всегда являлся мистер Пиквик. К. Хьюитт развенчивает этот стереотип, убедительно доказывая, что мистер Пиквик, своим поведением, манерой речи, а также образом жизни, представляет собой пародию на образ джентльмена[5]. Следовательно, переводчик и интерпретатор художественного текста должен обладать значительными фоновыми знаниями для того, чтобы без потерь декодировать содержание подлинника.

Спецкурс завершается коллоквиумом, во время которого, на основе прочитанных художественных произведений и теоретической литературы, студенты рассматривают конкретные примеры удачных и неудачных переводов, извлекают из художественных текстов культурные концепты, которые являются основополагающими для национальной концептосферы Великобритании, сопоставляют их с базовыми концептами русской культуры. Большое значение придается обсуждению различных вариантов языковой репрезентации тех или иных культурных концептов в разных языках на основе опубликованных и собственных переводов.

В дальнейшем планируется расширить список предлагаемых для анализа произведений, дополнив его молодыми писателями XXI века.

Автор

[5] Hewitt K. Understanding English Literature. Oxford, 1997. – P. 254.

Unit 1. THE VICTORIAN NOVEL

In 1897 Mark Twain was visiting London during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations honoring the 60th anniversary of Queen Victoria's coming to the throne. "British history is two thousand years old", Twain observed, "and yet in a good many ways the world has moved farther ahead since the Queen was born than it moved in all the rest of the two thousand put together." Twain's comment captures the sense of dizzying change that characterized the Victorian period.

Perhaps most important was the shift away from a way of life based on ownership of land to a modern urban economy based on trade and manufacturing. By the beginning of the Victorian period, the Industrial Revolution, as this shift was called, had created profound economic a social changes, including a mass migration of workers to industrial towns, where they lived in anew urban slums. But the changes arising out of the Industrial Revolution were just one subset of the radical changes taking place in mid- and late 19th century Britain – among others were the democratization resulting from extension of the franchise; challenges to religious faith, in part based on the advances of scientific knowledge (particularly, of evolution); changes in the role of women – the so-called Woman Question.

The extension of the franchise by the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867 stimulated discussion of women's political rights. Though women in England did not get the vote until 1918; petitions to Parliament advocating women's suffrage were introduced as early as the 1840s. Equally important was the agitation to allow married women to own and handle their own property, which culminated in the passing of the Married Women's Property Acts (1870-1908).

All of these issues and the controversies attending them, informed Victorian literature. The Victorian novel, with its emphasis on the realistic portrayal of social life, represented many Victorian issues in the stories of its characters. The new kinds of labor and poverty that arose with the Industrial Revolution presented a challenge to traditional ideas of women's place: education, marriage, – which became topics of great importance in the Victorian novel.

From **Pride and Prejudice**

Jane Austen (1775–1817)

An English writer, who first gave the novel its modern character through the treatment of everyday life. She is usually considered the first great female novelist. The critics appreciate her works for precision, economy, faultless character drawing, a subtle way of portraying, wit, and truthfulness of observation. Although Austen was restricted to family matters, her wit and observant narrative touch have been inexhaustible delight to readers. Her novels were highly appreciated by Sir Walter Scott and Virginia Woolf. The plots depend little on coincidence or exciting events. Instead, the author shows how much meaning and drama can result from misunderstood feelings, the neglect of social obligations, and ordinary human weaknesses.

Chapter I

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not. "But it is," returned she, "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife, impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise-and-four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with

Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh, single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune—four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome? You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design? nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better; for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley may like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grownup daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them! Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account; for in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed, you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him, if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure

him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he. "They are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah, you do not know what I suffer!"

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty I will visit them all." Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick tarts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Гордость и предубеждение (пер. И. Маршака)

Глава 1

Все знают, что молодой человек, располагающий средствами, должен подыскивать себе жену.

Как бы мало ни были известны намерения и взгляды такого человека после того, как он поселился на новом месте, эта истина настолько прочно овладевает умами неподалеку живущих семейств, что на него тут же начинают смотреть как на законную добычу той или другой соседской дочки.

– Дорогой мистер Беннет, – сказала как-то раз миссис Беннет своему мужу, – слышали вы, что Незерфилд-парк наконец больше не будет пустовать? Мистер Беннет ответил, что он этого не слышал.

– Тем не менее это так, – продолжала она. – Только что заходила миссис Лонг и сообщила мне эту новость!

Мистер Беннет промолчал.

– А хотелось бы вам знать, кто будет нашим новым соседом? – с нетерпением спросила его жена.

– Готов вас выслушать, если вам очень хочется мне об этом сказать.

Большего от него не требовалось.

– Ну так слушайте, мой дорогой, – продолжала миссис Беннет. – Незерфилд, по словам миссис Лонг, снят очень богатым молодым человеком из Северной Англии. В понедельник он приезжал туда в карете, запряженной четверкой лошадей, осмотрел поместье и пришел в такой восторг, что тут же условился обо всем с мистером Моррисом. Он переезжает к Михайлову дню, и уже в конце будущей недели туда приедет кое-кто из его прислуги.

– А как его зовут?

– Бингли.

– Он женат или холост?

– Холост, дорогой, в том-то и дело, что холост! Молодой холостяк с доходом в четыре или пять тысяч в год! Не правда ли, удачный случай для наших девочек?

– Как так? Разве это имеет к ним отношение?

– Дорогой мистер Беннет, – ответила его жена, – сегодня вы просто невыносимы. Разумеется, вы понимаете, что я имею в виду его женитьбу на одной из них.

– Гм, таковы его планы?

– Планы! Боже мой, скажете же вы иной раз! Но ведь может вполне случиться, что он в одну из них влюбится. Поэтому, как только он приедет, вам необходимо будет нанести ему визит.

– Я, признаюсь, не вижу к тому достаточных оснований. Поезжайте-ка вы сами с девочками. Или пошлите их одних – это, возможно, будет еще лучше. Не то вдруг он вздумает влюбиться в вас – ведь вы ничуть не менее привлекательны, чем любая из наших дочек.

– Вы мне льстите, дорогой. Когда-то я и в самом деле была не лишена привлекательности. Но сейчас, увы, я уже не претендую на то, чтобы слыть красавицей. Женщине, у которой пять взрослых дочерей, не следует много думать о собственной красоте.

– В этих обстоятельствах у женщины не часто остается столько красоты, чтобы о ней приходилось особенно много думать.

– Но, мой друг, вам непременно следует навестить мистера Бингли, как только он появится.

– Едва ли я за это возьмусь.

– Но подумайте о наших девочках. Вы только представьте себе, как хорошо одна из них будет устроена. Вот увидите, сэр Уильям и леди Лукас сразу поспешат в Незерфилд. А ради чего, как вы думаете? Уж конечно, ради своей Шарлотты – вы же знаете, они не очень-то любят навещать незнакомых людей. Вы непременно должны поехать – ведь мы сами без этого никак не можем у него побывать.

– Вы чересчур щепетильны. Полагаю, мистер Бингли будет рад вас увидеть. Хотите, я дам вам для него записочку с обещанием выдать за него замуж любую из моих дочек, которая ему больше понравится? Пожалуй, надо будет только замолвить словечко в пользу моей крошки Лиззи.

– Надеюсь, вы этого не сделаете. Лиззи ничуть не лучше других ваших дочерей. Я уверена, что она и вполовину не так красива, как Джейн, и гораздо менее добродушна, чем Лидия. Но ей вы почему-то всегда оказываете предпочтение!

– Ни одна из моих дочек ничем особенно не примечательна, – ответил он. – Они столь же глупы и невежественны, как все другие девчонки в этом возрасте. Просто в Лиззи немножко больше толку, чем в ее сестрах.

– Мистер Беннет, как смеете вы так оскорблять ваших собственных детей? Вам доставляет удовольствие меня изводить. Конечно, вам нет никакого дела до моих истерзанных нервов.

– Вы ошибаетесь, моя дорогая. Я давно привык с ними считаться. Ведь они – мои старые друзья. Недаром вы мне толкуете о них не меньше двадцати лет.

– Ах, вы себе даже не представляете, как я страдаю.

– Надеюсь, вы все же доживете до того времени, когда в окрестностях появится множество молодых людей с доходом не менее четырех тысяч в год.

– Даже если их будет двадцать, какой в них прок, раз вы все равно отказываетесь к ним ездить?

– Ну, если их будет двадцать, моя дорогая, тогда я, конечно, соберусь да сразу и объеду их всех подряд.

В характере мистера Беннета так затейливо сочетались живость ума и склонность к иронии, замкнутость и взбалмошность, что за двадцать три года совместной жизни жена все еще не сумела к нему приноровиться. Разобраться в ее натуре было намного проще. Она была невежественной женщиной с недостаточной сообразительностью и неустойчивым настроением. Когда она бывала чем-нибудь недовольна, то считала, что у нее не в порядке нервы. Целью ее жизни было выдать дочерей замуж. Единственными ее развлечениями были визиты и новости.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Compare Austen's style in this novel with other author's works and pick out its characteristic stylistic features: the key-words, the contrast, ways to create an ironical effect, etc.
2. Talking to his wife, Mr. Bennet expresses his viewpoint on girls' virtues. Do you think it is his personal opinion or the general male ideas of those times?
3. Compare Mr. and Mrs. Bennet's manner of speaking. How does it help to reveal their characters?
4. Focus on love and marriage as described in the excerpt.
5. Compare the original title with the translation.
6. Compare the vocabulary in the original and translation. How do you account for the changes?
7. Compare syntactical structures in the original and translation, focusing on their functions.
8. By what linguistic means (emotional vocabulary) is the author's point of view revealed? How are these means rendered into Russian?
9. Which cultural concepts and values prevail in the text? Are they adequately recreated in translation?
10. Speak of omissions and additions employed by the translators.

From **Vanity Fair**

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863)

An English journalist (contributed to Morning Chronicle, The Times, Punch), novelist, famous for his novel Vanity Fair (1847 – 1848), a tale of two middle-class London families. Most of Thackeray's major novels were published as monthly serials. Thackeray studied in a satirical and moralistic light upper- and middle-class English life – he was once seen as the equal of his contemporary Dickens, or even as his superior.

Thackeray's realistic temperament enabled him to see and satirize inconsistencies in life. Thackeray said that he could not start a

novel until he knew every aspect of his characters. He called Victorian times "if not the most moral, certainly the most squeamish."

Thackeray wrote in a colorful, lively style, with a simple vocabulary and clearly structured sentences. These qualities, combined with his honest view of life, give him an important place in the history of realistic literature.

Before the Curtain

As the manager of the Performance sits before the curtain on the boards and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place. There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing and fiddling; there are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the look-out, quacks (OTHER quacks, plague take them!) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at the tinselled dancers and poor old rouged tumblers, while the light-fingered folk are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is VANITY FAIR; not a moral place certainly; nor a merry one, though very noisy. Look at the faces of the actors and buffoons when they come off from their business; and Tom Fool washing the paint off his cheeks before he sits down to dinner with his wife and the little Jack Puddings behind the canvas. The curtain will be up presently, and he will be turning over head and heels, and crying, "How are you?"

A man with a reflective turn of mind, walking through an exhibition of this sort, will not be oppressed, I take it, by his own or other people's hilarity. An episode of humour or kindness touches and amuses him here and there – a pretty child looking at a gingerbread stall; a pretty girl blushing whilst her lover talks to her and chooses her fairing; poor Tom Fool, yonder behind the waggon, mumbling his bone with the honest family which lives by his tumbling; but the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful. When you come home you sit down in a sober,

contemplative, not uncharitable frame of mind, and apply yourself to your books or your business.

I have no other moral than this to tag to the present story of "Vanity Fair." Some people consider Fairs immoral altogether, and eschew such, with their servants and families: very likely they are right. But persons who think otherwise, and are of a lazy, or a benevolent, or a sarcastic mood, may perhaps like to step in for half an hour, and look at the performances. There are scenes of allsorts; some dreadful combats, some grand and lofty horse-riding, some scenes of high life, and some of very middling indeed; some love-making for the sentimental, and some light comic business; the whole accompanied by appropriate scenery and brilliantly illuminated with the Author's own candles.

What more has the Manager of the Performance to say? – To acknowledge the kindness with which it has been received in all the principal towns of England through which the Show has passed, and where it has been most favourably noticed by the respected conductors of the public Press, and by the Nobility and Gentry. He is proud to think that his Puppets have given satisfaction to the very best company in this empire. The famous little Becky Puppet has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints, and lively on the wire; the Amelia Doll, though it has had a smaller circle of admirers, has yet been carved and dressed with the greatest care by the artist; the Dobbin Figure, though apparently clumsy, yet dances in a very amusing and natural manner; the Little Boys' Dance has been liked by some; and please to remark the richly dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end of this singular performance.

And with this, and a profound bow to his patrons, the Manager retires, and the curtain rises.

Перед занавесом (пер. М. Дьяконова)

Чувство глубокой грусти охватывает Кукольника, когда он сидит на подмостках и смотрит на Ярмарку, гомонящую вокруг. Здесь едят и пьют без всякой меры, влюбляются и изменяют, кто плачет, а кто радуется; здесь курят, плутуют, дерутся и пляшут под пиликанье скрипки; здесь шатаются буяны и забияки, повесы подмигивают проходящим, женщинам, жулье шныряет по карманам, полицейские глядят в оба, шарлатаны (не мы, а другие, – чума их задави) бойко зазывают публику; деревенские олухи таращатся, на мишурные наряды танцовщиц и на жалких, густо нарумяненных старикашек-клоунов, между тем как ловкие воришки, подкравшись сзади, очищают карманы зевак. Да, вот она, Ярмарка Тщеславия; место нельзя сказать чтобы, назидательное, даже не слишком веселое, несмотря на царящий вокруг шум и гам. А посмотрите вы на лица комедиантов и шутов, когда они не заняты делом, и Том-дурак, смыв со щек краску, садится полдничать со своей женой и маленьким глупышкой Джеком, укрывшись, за серой холстиной. Но скоро занавес поднимут, и вот уже Том опять кувыркается через голову и орет во всю глотку: «Наше вам почтение!»

Человек, склонный к раздумью, случись ему бродить по такому гульбищу, не будет, я полагаю, чересчур удручен ни своим, ни чужим весельем. Какой-нибудь смешной или трогательный эпизод, быть может, умилит его или позабавит: румяный мальчуган, заглядевшийся на лоток с пряниками; хорошенькая плутовка, краснеющая от любезностей своего кавалера, который выбирает ей ярмарочный подарок; или Том-дурак – прикорнувший позади фургона бедняга сосет обглоданную кость в кругу своей семьи, которая кормится его скоморошеством. Но все же общее впечатление скорее грустное, чем веселое. И, вернувшись домой, вы садитесь, все еще погруженный в глубокие думы, не чуждые сострадания к человеку, и беретесь за книгу или за прерванное дело.

Вот и вся мораль, какую я хотел бы предпослать своему рассказу о Ярмарке Тщеславия. Многие самого дурного мнения

о ярмарках и сторонятся их со своими чадами и домочадцами; быть может, они и правы. Но люди другого склада, обладающие умом ленивым, снисходительным или насмешливым, пожалуй, согласятся заглянуть к нам на полчаса и посмотреть на представление. Здесь они увидят зрелища самые разнообразные: кровопролитные сражения, величественные и пышные карусели, сцены из великосветской жизни, а также из жизни очень скромных людей, любовные эпизоды для чувствительных сердец, а также комические, в легком жанре, – и все это обставлено подходящими декорациями и щедро иллюминировано свечами за счет самого автора.

Что еще может сказать Кукольник? Разве лишь упомянуть о благосклонности, с какой представление было принято во всех главнейших английских городах, где оно побывало и где о нем весьма благоприятно отзывались уважаемые представители печати, а также местная знать и дворянство. Он гордится тем, что его марионетки доставили удовольствие самому лучшему обществу нашего государства. Знаменитая кукла Бекки проявила необычайную гибкость в суставах и оказалась весьма проворной на проволоке; кукла Эмилия, хоть и снискавшая куда более ограниченный круг поклонников, все же отделана художником и разодета с величайшим старанием; фигура Доббина, пусть и неуклюжая с виду, пляшет преестественно и презабавно; многим понравился танец мальчиков. А вот, обратите внимание на богато разодетую фигуру Нечестивого Вельможи, на которую мы не пожалели никаких издержек и которую в конце этого замечательного представления унесет черт.

Засим, отвесив глубокий поклон своим покровителям, Кукольник уходит, и занавес поднимается.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Dwell on the author's point of view.
2. What is the function of the prologue in the structure of the novel?
3. Read the passages, describing the Fair, closely. What characterizes the Fair only and what refers to the Victorian society (thus, being a metaphor)?
4. Pick out the words naming the author and his novel. What does the author do at the Fair? What is his attitude to his novel?
5. Comment on the phrase "OTHER quacks, plague take them!" Speak of the author's irony. Do you feel the ring of irony in translation?
6. Focus on the character of the reader who visits the Fair. What features does he possess? What social class does he belong to? Compare the characters of the author and the reader.
7. The second half of the prologue is written as an advertisement for the performance. Does the translation produce the same impression?
8. Dwell on the Puppets. What leading features of the protagonists are emphasized?
9. Do you agree that literary characters are the author's puppets?
10. What do you think of the quality of translation in general? Speak of its advantages and disadvantages.

From **The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club**

Charles Dickens (1812 – 1870)

English novelist, generally considered the greatest of the Victorian period. Critics describe Dickens as a writer of considerable depth and complexity, as a sensitive and philosophic observer of human struggles within social institutions (in this sense he is often associated with Herman Melville, Franz Kafka, and Fyodor Dostoevsky). Recent criticism has demonstrated that Dickens can no longer be regarded only as an entertainer, though his ability to entertain is probably the major reason for his popularity. Dickens ranks as a superbly inventive comic

artist. His characters have been compared to those of Shakespeare in their variety, color, energy, and life.

Dickens's works are characterized by attacks on social evils, injustice, and hypocrisy. He had also experienced in his youth oppression, when he was forced to end school in early teens and work in a factory. Dickens's good, bad, and comic characters, such as the cruel miser Scrooge, the aspiring novelist David Copperfield, or the trusting and innocent Mr. Pickwick, have fascinated generations of readers.

Chapter XVI. Too Full of Adventures to be Briefly Described

There is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet-smelling flowers – when the recollection of snow, and ice, and bleak winds, has faded from our minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth – and yet what a pleasant time it is! Orchards and cornfields ring with the hum of labour; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very wagon, whose slow motion across the well-reaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear.

As the coach rolls swiftly past the fields and orchards which skirt the road, groups of women and children, piling the fruit in sieves, or gathering the scattered ears of corn, pause for an instant from their labour, and shading the sun-burned face with a still browner hand, gaze upon the passengers with curious eyes, while some stout urchin, too small to work, but too mischievous to be left at home, scrambles over the side of the basket in which he has been deposited for security, and kicks and screams with delight. The

reaper stops in his work, and stands with folded arms, looking at the vehicle as it whirls past; and the rough cart-horses bestow a sleepy glance upon the smart coach team, which says as plainly as a horse's glance can, 'It's all very fine to look at, but slow going, over a heavy field, is better than warm work like that, upon a dusty road, after all.' You cast a look behind you, as you turn a corner of the road. The women and children have resumed their labour; the reaper once more stoops to his work; the cart-horses have moved on; and all are again in motion. The influence of a scene like this, was not lost upon the well-regulated mind of Mr. Pickwick. Intent upon the resolution he had formed, of exposing the real character of the nefarious Jingle, in any quarter in which he might be pursuing his fraudulent designs, he sat at first taciturn and contemplative, brooding over the means by which his purpose could be best attained. By degrees his attention grew more and more attracted by the objects around him; and at last he derived as much enjoyment from the ride, as if it had been undertaken for the pleasantest reason in the world.

'Delightful prospect, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Beats the chimbley-pots, Sir,' replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

'I suppose you have hardly seen anything but chimney-pots and bricks and mortar all your life, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, smiling.

'I worn't always a boots, sir,' said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. 'I wos a vaginer's boy, once.'

'When was that?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'When I wos first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles,' replied Sam. 'I wos a carrier's boy at startin'; then a vaginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'l'm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back-garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised for one.'

'You are quite a philosopher, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'It runs in the family, I b'lieve, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'My father's wery much in that line now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out, and gets another. Then she screams wery loud, and falls into

‘sterics; and he smokes wery comfortably till she comes to agin. That’s philosophy, Sir, ain’t it?’

‘A very good substitute for it, at all events,’ replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing. ‘It must have been of great service to you, in the course of your rambling life, Sam.’

‘Service, sir,’ exclaimed Sam. ‘You may say that. After I run away from the carrier, and afore I took up with the vaginer, I had unfurnished lodgin’s for a fortnight.’

‘Unfurnished lodgings?’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Yes – the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. Fine sleeping-place – within ten minutes’ walk of all the public offices – only if there is any objection to it, it is that the sitivation’s raythe too airy. I see some queer sights there.’

‘Ah, I suppose you did,’ said Mr. Pickwick, with an air of considerable interest.

‘Sights, sir,’ resumed Mr. Weller, ‘as ‘ud penetrate your benevolent heart, and come out on the other side. You don’t see the reg’lar wagrants there; trust ‘em, they knows better than that. Young beggars, male and female, as hasn’t made a rise in their profession, takes up their quarters there sometimes; but it’s generally the worn-out, starving, houseless creeturs as roll themselves in the dark corners o’ them lonesome places – poor creeturs as ain’t up to the twopenny rope.’

‘And pray, Sam, what is the twopenny rope?’ inquired Mr. Pickwick.

‘The twopenny rope, sir,’ replied Mr. Weller, ‘is just a cheap lodgin’ house, where the beds is twopence a night.’

‘What do they call a bed a rope for?’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Bless your innocence, sir, that ain’t it,’ replied Sam. ‘Ven the lady and gen’l’m’n as keeps the hotel first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldn’t do at no price, ‘cos instead o’ taking a moderate twopenn’orth o’ sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, ‘bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across ‘em.’

‘Well,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Well,’ said Mr. Weller, ‘the adwantage o’ the plan’s hobvious. At six o’clock every mornin’ they let’s go the ropes at one end, and down falls the lodgers. Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up wery quietly, and walk away!’

Глава XVI,
слишком изобилующая приключениями,
чтобы можно были кратко их изложить.
(пер. А. Кривцовой и Е. Ланна)

Нет такого месяца в году, когда бы лик природы был прекраснее, чем в августе. Много прелести есть у весны, и май – лучезарный месяц цветов, но чары этого времени года подчеркнуты контрастом с зимней порой. У августа нет такого преимущества. Он приходит, когда мы помним только о ясном небе, зеленых полях и душистых цветах, когда воспоминание о снеге, льде и холодных ветрах стерлось в памяти так же, как исчезли они с лица земли, – и все-таки какое это чудесное время! Во фруктовых садах и на нивах звенят голоса тружеников, деревья клонятся под тяжестью сочных плодов, пригибающих ветви к земле, а хлеба, красиво связанные в снопы или волнующиеся от малейшего дуновения ветерка, словно задабривающие серп, окрашивают пейзаж в золотистые тона. Как будто мягкая томность окутывает всю землю; и кажется, будто влияние этого времени года распространяется даже на телегу, – только глаз замечает замедленное ее движение по сжатому полю, но ни один резкий звук не касается слуха.

Когда карета быстро катится мимо полей и фруктовых садов, окаймляющих дорогу, группы женщин и детей, наполняющих решета плодами или подбирающих разбросанные колосья, на секунду отрываются от работы и, заслоняя смуглые лица загорелыми руками, смотрят с любопытством на путешественников, а какой-нибудь здоровый мальчуган – он слишком мал для работы, но такой проказник, что его нельзя оставить дома, – выкарабкивается из корзины, куда его посадили для безопасности, и барахтается и визжит от восторга. Жнец прерывает работу и стоит, сложа

руки, глядя на несущийся мимо экипаж; а рабочие лошади бросают на красивую упряжку сонный взгляд, который говорит так ясно, как только может быть ясен взгляд лошади: «Поглазеть на это очень приятно, но медленная ходьба по тучной земле в конце концов лучше, чем такая жаркая работа на пыльной дороге». На повороте дороги вы оглядываетесь.

Женщины и дети вернулись к работе; снова согнулась спина жнеца; плетутся клячи, и снова все пришло в движение.

Такое зрелище не могло не повлиять на прекрасно дисциплинированный ум мистера Пиквика. Сосредоточившись на решении разоблачать истинную природу гнусного Джингля везде, где бы тот ни осуществлял свои мошеннические замыслы, он сидел сначала молчаливый и задумчивый, измышляя наилучшие средства для достижения цели. Постепенно внимание его начали привлекать окружающие предметы; и, наконец, поездка стала доставлять ему такое удовольствие, словно он ее предпринял ради приятнейшей цели.

– Чудесный вид, Сэм, – сказал мистер Пиквик.

– Почище дымовых труб, сэр, – отвечал мистер Уэллер, притронувшись к шляпе.

– Пожалуй, вы за всю свою жизнь, Сэм, только и видели, что дымовые трубы, кирпичи да известку, – с улыбкой произнес мистер Пиквик.

– Я не всегда был коридорным, сэр, – покачав головой, возразил мистер Уэллер. – Когда-то я работал у ломовика.

– Давно это было? – полюбопытствовал мистер Пиквик.

– А вот как вышвырнуло меня вверх тормашками в мир поиграть в чехарду с его напастями, – ответил Сэм. – Поначалу я работал у разносчика, потом у ломовика, потом был рассыльным, потом коридорным. А теперь я – слуга джентльмена. Может быть, настанет когда-нибудь время, и сам буду джентльменом с трубкой во рту и беседкой в саду. Кто знает? Я бы не удивился.

– Да вы философ, Сэм, – сказал мистер Пиквик.

– Должно быть, это у нас в роду, сэр, – ответил мистер Уэллер. – Мой отец очень налегает теперь на это занятие.

Мачеха ругается, а он свистит. Она приходит в раж и ломает ему трубку, а он выходит и приносит другую. Она визжит во всю глотку и – в истерику, а он преспокойно курит, пока она не придет в себя. Это философия, сэр, не правда ли?

– Во всяком случае, очень недурная замена, – смеясь, ответил мистер Пиквик. – Должно быть, она вам сослужила службу, Сэм, в вашей беспокойной жизни?

– Сослужила, сэр! – воскликнул Сэм. – Что и говорить! Когда я удрал от разносчика, а к ломовику еще не нанялся, я две недели жил в немеблированных комнатах.

– В немеблированных комнатах? – переспросил мистер Пиквик.

– Да... под арками моста Ватерлоо. Прекрасное место, чтобы поспать... Десять минут ходьбы от всех общественных учреждений, а если и можно что-нибудь сказать против него, так только одно: ситивация чересчур воздушная. Диковинные вещи я там видел!

– Этому я охотно верю, – сказал мистер Пиквик, весьма заинтересованный.

– Такие вещи, сэр, – продолжал мистер Уэллер, – которые проникли бы в ваше доброе сердце и пронзили бы его насквозь. Регулярных бродяг вы там не увидите, будьте спокойны, они умеют устраивать свои дела. Нищие помоложе, мужчины и женщины, – те, что еще не продвинулись в своей профессии, – проживают там иногда; а обыкновенно в темные закоулки таких заброшенных мест забиваются умирающие с голоду, бездомные люди – жалкие люди, которым двухпенсовая веревка не по карману.

– Сэм, что это за двухпенсовая веревка? – осведомился мистер Пиквик.

– Двухпенсовая веревка, сэр, – ответил мистер Уэллер, – это попросту дешевая ночлежка, по два пенса за койку.

– Почему же постель называется – веревкой? – спросил мистер Пиквик.

– Да благословит бог вашу невинность, сэр, не в этом дело, – ответил Сэм. – Когда леди и джентльмены, которые содержат этот отель, только начинали дело, они делали постели на полу, но это,

знаете ли, невыгодно, потому что ночлежники валялись полдня, вместо того чтобы скромно выспаться на два пенса. Ну, а теперь хозяева протягивают во всю длину комнаты две веревки, футов шесть одна от другой и фута три от пола, а постели делаются из полотнищ грубой материи, натянутых на веревки.

– Вот как! – сказал мистер Пиквик.

– Именно так! – подтвердил мистер Уэллер. – Выдумка отменная. Утром в шесть часов веревки с одного конца отвязывают, и ночлежники валятся все на пол. Ну, значит, сразу просыпаются, очень спокойно встают и убираются!

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Is Mr. Pickwick a typical English gentleman or a parody? Prove your standpoint.
2. Where does Dickens's humor lie?
3. What is the significance of the nature description at the beginning of the chapter?
4. Compare Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller's speech characteristics.
5. Which elements of spoken vocabulary do you come across both in the speech of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Weller? Pay your attention to the syntactic structures. How are these features translated into Russian?
6. Try to make some grammar rules for Sam's speech. For instance, how is the verb conjugated? Does he always follow these rules?
7. Why does sometimes Mr. Pickwick repeat Sam's statements? Give examples of such episodes and comment on them.
8. Find the cases of understatement and irony in Sam's speech. Compare them with the translated text.
9. What do Mr. Pickwick and then Sam mean by "the philosopher"?
10. Speak of the quality of translation in general. Does it produce the impression equal to that of the original text?

Unit II. AESTHETICISM AND DECADENCE

The Aesthetic Movement embodied a philosophy of artistic freedom from conventional expectations of content and form with a belief in “art for art’s sake”; its emphasis was on sensory perception, the appreciation of beauty, the presentation of mood, and the perfection of technical expression, rather than an attempt to serve as a moral guide.

The basis of aesthetic and decadent fiction is an anti-Romantic belief in original sin and in fallen man and nature; omnipresence of evil and the grotesque; lack of health, balance, and innocence. The mood of literature is characterized by incompleteness, nostalgia, sense of loss, exile or isolation. The most popular imagery is

- trance and dream;
- life seen as drama, dance or puppet show;
- jewelry and instances of extreme artifice (ex. masks, cosmetics, etc.);
- the philosophy of dandyism;
- particularly ornate, perverse or “unnatural” examples of natural phenomena (ex. orchids and peacocks);
- instances of transience (ex. butterfly, sunset, autumn, flower, etc.).

The main theme of decadent literature is incomplete and unsuccessful attempts to escape the human condition by means of posing, artifice, and evil, all of which are conceived of as unnatural and, thus, better than nature.

From **An Ideal Husband**

Oscar Wilde (1854 – 1900)

Irish poet and dramatist whose reputation rests on his comic masterpieces Lady Wintermere's Fan and The Importance of Being Earnest. Among Wilde's other best-known works are his only novel The Picture of Dorian Gray. Wilde's fairy tales, written for his two sons, are also very popular.

Oscar Wilde's life went through different phases. From ridicule to adoration, from adoration to fame, from triumphant fame to scandalous fall, from fall to oblivion. Even as a student of Oxford, he expressed his preference for gaining his experiences from life rather than from anything else ('Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught'). Thanks to his conversational powers, he soon became well known in London society. He did everything possible to become the centre of attention, to impress others with his extraordinary wit ('I'll be famous and if not famous, I'll be notorious') and his philosophy of art for art's sake ('It's better to be beautiful than to be good, but it is better to be good than to be ugly'). He preached the importance of style in both life and art and attacked Victorian narrow-mindedness and complacency.

Act I

Mrs. Cheveley, a cunning adventuress, comes to Sir Robert Chiltern – a prominent public figure with a purpose of blackmailing him.

M r s . C h e v e l e y : Sir Robert, I will be quite frank with you. I want you to withdraw the report that you had intended to lay before the House, on the ground that you have reasons to believe that the Commisioners have been prejudiced or misinformed, or something. Then I want you to say a few words to the effect that the Government is going to reconsider the question, and that you have reason to believe that the Canal, if completed, wil1 be of great international value. You know the sort of things ministers say in cases of this kind.

A few ordinary platitudes will do. In modern life nothing produces such an effect as a good platitude. It makes the whole world kin. Will you do that for me?

Sir Robert Chiltern: Mrs. Cheveley, you cannot be serious in making me such a proposition!

Mrs. Cheveley: I am quite serious.

Sir Robert Chiltern (coldly): Pray allow me to believe that you are not.

Mrs. Cheveley (speaking with great deliberation and emphasis): Ah! but I am. And if you do what I ask you, I will pay you very handsomely!

Sir Robert Chiltern: Pay me!

Mrs. Cheveley: Yes.

Sir Robert Chiltern: I am afraid I don't quite understand what you mean.

Mrs. Cheveley (leaning back on the sofa and looking at him): How very disappointing! And I have come all the way from Vienna in order that you should thoroughly understand me.

Sir Robert Chiltern: I fear I don't.

Mrs. Cheveley (in her most nonchalant manner): My dear Sir Robert, you are a man of the world, and you have your price, I suppose. Everybody has nowadays. The drawback is that most people are so dreadfully expensive. I know I am. I hope you will be more reasonable in your terms.

Sir Robert Chiltern (rises indignantly): If you will allow me, I will call your carriage for you. You have lived so long abroad, Mrs. Cheveley, that you seem to be unable to realise that you are talking to an English gentleman.

Mrs. Cheveley (detains him by touching his arm with her fan, and keeping it there while she is talking): I realise that I am talking to a man who laid the foundation of his fortune by selling to a Stock Exchange speculator a Cabinet secret.

Sir Robert Chiltern (biting his lip): What do you mean?

Mrs. Cheveley (rising and facing him): I mean that I know the real origin of your wealth and your career, and I have got your letter, too.

Sir Robert Chiltern: What letter?

Mrs. Cheveley (contemptuously): The letter you wrote to Baron Arnheim, when you were Lord Radley's secretary, telling the Baron to buy Suez Canal shares – a letter written three days before the Government announced its own purchase.

Sir Robert Chiltern (hoarsely): It is not true.

Mrs. Cheveley: You thought that letter had been destroyed. How foolish of you! It is in my possession.

Sir Robert Chiltern: The affair to which you allude was no more than a speculation. The House of Commons had not yet passed the bill; it might have been rejected.

Mrs. Cheveley: It was a swindle, Sir Robert. Let us call things by their proper names. It makes everything simpler. And now I am going to sell you that letter, and the price I ask for it is your public support of the Argentine scheme. You made your own fortune out of one canal. You must help me and my friends to make our fortunes out of another!

Sir Robert Chiltern: It is infamous, what you propose – infamous!

Mrs. Cheveley: Oh, no! This is the game of life as we all have to play it, Sir Robert, sooner or later!

Sir Robert Chiltern: I cannot do what you ask me.

Mrs. Cheveley: You mean you cannot help doing it. You know you are standing on the edge of a precipice. And it is not for you to make terms. It is for you to accept them. Supposing you refuse –

Sir Robert Chiltern: What then?

Mrs. Cheveley: My dear Sir Robert, what then? You are ruined, that is all! Remember to what a point your Puritanism in England has brought you. In old days nobody pretended to be a bit better than his neighbours. In fact, to be a bit better than one's neighbour was considered excessively vulgar and middle-class. Nowadays, with our modern mania for morality, every one has to pose as a paragon of purity, incorruptibility, and all the other seven deadly virtues – and what is the result? You all go over like ninepins – one after the other. Not a year passes in England without somebody disappearing. Scandals used to lend charm, or at least interest, to a man – now they crush him. And

yours is a very nasty scandal. You couldn't survive it. If it were known that as a young man, secretary to a great and important minister, you sold a Cabinet secret for a large sum of money, and that was the origin of your wealth and career, you would be hounded out of public life, you would disappear completely. And after all, Sir Robert, why should you sacrifice your entire future rather than deal diplomatically with your enemy? For the moment I am your enemy. I admit it! And I am much stronger than you are. The big battalions are on my side. You have a splendid position, but it is your splendid position that makes you so vulnerable. You can't defend it! And I am in attack. Of course I have not talked morality to you. You must admit in fairness that I have spared you that. Years ago you did a clever, unscrupulous thing; it turned out a great success. You owe to it your fortune and position. And now you have to pay for it. Sooner or later we have all to pay for what we do. You have to pay now. Before I leave you to-night, you have got to promise me to suppress your report, and to speak in the House in favour of this scheme.

Sir Robert Chiltern: What you ask is impossible.

Mrs. Cheveley: You must make it possible. You are going to make it possible. Sir Robert, you know what your English newspapers are like. Suppose that when I leave this house I drive down to some newspaper office, and give them this scandal and the proofs of it! Think of their loathsome joy, of the delight they would have in dragging you down, of the mud and mire they would plunge you in. Think of the hypocrite with his greasy smile penning his leading article, and arranging the foulness of the public placard.

Sir Robert Chiltern: Stop! You want me to withdraw the report and to make a short speech stating that I believe there are possibilities in the scheme?

Mrs. Cheveley (sitting down on the sofa): Those are my terms.

Sir Robert Chiltern (in a low voice): I will give you any sum of money you want.

Mrs. Cheveley: Even you are not rich enough, Sir Robert, to buy back your past. No man is.

Идеальный муж (пер. О. Холмской)

Действие первое

Миссис Чивли. Хорошо, сэр Роберт, будем говорить начистоту. Я хочу, чтобы вы сняли свой доклад в парламенте – на том основании, что комиссия была плохо информирована или небеспристрастна в своих выводах или по каким хотите причинам. И чтобы вы сказали несколько слов о том, что правительство намерено пересмотреть этот вопрос и что Аргентинский канал, когда его закончат, будет иметь огромное международное значение. Ну, вы знаете, что в таких случаях говорят министры. Несколько общих мест. В наше время ничто не производит такого благоприятного впечатления на слушателей, как хорошее, совершенно затертое общее место. – Все вдруг ощущают некое родство душ. Вы сделаете это для меня, сэр Роберт?

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Миссис Чивли! Не может быть, чтобы вы всерьез делали мне такое предложение!

Миссис Чивли. И еще как всерьез!

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн (холодно). Разрешите мне все-таки думать, что это шутка.

Миссис Чивли (говорит очень веско и выразительно). Нет, это не шутка. И если вы исполните мою просьбу, я... хорошо вам заплачу.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Заплатите?.. Мне?..

Миссис Чивли. Вам.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Кажется, я вас все-таки не понимаю.

Миссис Чивли (откидывается на спинку диванчика и смотрит на сэра Роберта). Как жаль!.. А я-то приехала сюда из Вены – именно для того, чтобы вы меня поняли как следует.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Отказываюсь понимать.

Миссис Чивли (самым любезным тоном). Дорогой мой сэр Роберт, вы же деловой человек, и, стало быть, вас можно купить. В наши дни всякого можно купить. Только некоторые очень дороги. Я, например. Ну а вы, надеюсь, не будете слишком дорожиться.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн (встает в негодовании). Если позволите, я вызову вашу карету. Вы так долго жили за границей, миссис Чивли, – вы очевидно сейчас просто не понимаете, что говорите с английским джентльменом.

Миссис Чивли (останавливает его, прикоснувшись веером к его руке, и держит так веер, пока говорит). Я очень хорошо понимаю, что говорю с человеком, который заложил основу своих успехов тем, что продал государственную тайну биржевому спекулянту.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн (прикусив губу). Что это значит?..

Миссис Чивли (встав и глядя ему в лицо). Это значит, что мне известно истинное происхождение вашего богатства – и вашей карьеры – и что ваше письмо в моих руках.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Какое письмо?..

Миссис Чивли (презрительно). То, которое вы написали барону Арнгейму, когда были секретарем лорда Рэдли. То, в котором вы советуете барону покупать акции Суэцкого канала. А написано оно было за три дня до того, как правительство объявило о своем решении скупить акции.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн (хриплым голосом). Это ложь.

Миссис Чивли. Вы думали, письмо уничтожено! Какая наивность! Оно у меня.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Это была просто спекуляция. Билль еще не прошел в парламент. Его могли отвергнуть.

Миссис Чивли. Это было мошенничество, сэр Роберт. Будем называть вещи своими именами. Это упрощает дело. А теперь я хочу продать вам это письмо. И в оплату требую, чтобы вы публично поддержали аргентинский проект. Вы разбогатели на одном канале. Помогите мне и моим друзьям разбогатеть на другом.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Вы хотите, чтобы я... Но это же подлость... подлость!

Миссис Чивли. Нет. Игра. Та игра, сэр Роберт, в которую всем нам рано или поздно приходится играть.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Я не могу это сделать.

Миссис Чивли. То есть вы не можете этого не сделать. Вы отлично знаете, что стоите на краю пропасти. Не вам диктовать условия. Вам остается только их принять. Допустим, вы откажетесь...

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Что тогда?

Миссис Чивли. Да, дорогой сэр Роберт, что тогда? Тогда вы погибли, только и всего. Вспомните, до чего вы тут дошли, с вашим пуританством! В прежнее время никто не старался быть лучше своих ближних. Это даже считалось дурным тоном, мещанством. Но теперь вы все помешаны на морали. Каждый должен быть образцом чистоты, неподкупности и прочих семи смертных добродетелей. А результат? Вы все валитесь как кегли, один за другим. Года не проходит, чтобы кто-нибудь не исчез с горизонта. Раньше скандальная история придавала еще больший шарм человеку или хоть делала его интереснее, а теперь это гибель. А ваш скандальчик будет очень некрасивый. Вам после этого не уцелеть. Если станет известно, что вы в молодости, будучи секретарем такого важного и всеми уважаемого министра, за большие деньги продали государственную тайну, – ну, вас затравят! Носа никуда нельзя будет показать. А с какой стати вам жертвовать всем своим будущим, вместо того чтобы заключить дипломатическое соглашение с врагом? Потому что сейчас я ваш враг, это верно. И я гораздо сильнее вас. Большие батальоны на моей стороне. Вы, правда, занимаете высокое положение, но это-то и делает вас уязвимым. Трудно обороняться. А я атакую. И, заметьте, я не читаю вам мораль. Тут я вас пощадила, скажите мне за это спасибо. Ну так вот. Много лет тому назад вы совершили бесчестный, но очень выгодный для вас поступок. Получили все, чего хотели, – богатство, положение в обществе. А теперь надо за это платить. За все приходится платить, рано или поздно. Вам – вот сейчас. Прежде чем я уйду отсюда, вы должны мне пообещать, что снимете ваш доклад и выступите завтра в парламенте в защиту аргентинского проекта.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Вы требуете невозможного.

Миссис Чивли. А вы сделайте, чтобы оно стало возможным. Вам же ничего другого не остается. Сэр Роберт, вы знаете, что такое ваши английские газеты. Предположим, что я прямо отсюда поеду в редакцию какой-нибудь газеты. Все расскажу и представлю доказательства. Подумайте, как они возрадуются, с каким восторгом стащат вас в грязь и обольют помоями! Какой-нибудь жирный ханжа с самодовольной улыбкой будет писать о вас передовицу – как он все это размажет и заклеймит вас позором!

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн. Перестаньте!.. Вы хотите, чтобы я снял доклад и произнес короткую речь в палате о том, что этот проект, по-моему, имеет будущее?

Миссис Чивли (садясь на диван). Да, таковы мои условия.

Сэр Роберт Чилтерн (понизив голос). Я дам вам денег – любую сумму, какую вы назначите.

Миссис Чивли. Даже вы, сэр Роберт, недостаточно богаты, чтобы выкупить свое прошлое. Никто этого не может.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Analyze the structure of the extract. What elements does the dramatic text consist of?
2. What is the role of the stage directions? How are they rendered into Russian?
3. Dwell on the speech characterization. What elements of literary and colloquial vocabulary do you come across? Comment on their translation.
4. Pick out the epigrams in Mrs. Cheveley's speech and expand on them.
5. What does Sir Robert Chiltern mean by "the gentleman"?
6. In what meaning are the verbs "to buy", "to sell", "to pay" used in the text? Are they translated adequately?
7. How does Wilde characterize English society and press, making Mrs. Cheveley his mouthpiece?
8. Focus on the quality of translation in general. Speak of its advantages and disadvantages.

UNIT III. REALISM

World War I marks the beginning of the modern era; it was more than a military and political event that changed the map of Europe. Modern English literature took on pervasive tones of irony and intensity, and expressed moods of sobriety and pathos that writers believed were intrinsic to the human condition in the modern world. The increasing importance of these qualities in literature suggests the movement away from the relatively self-confident view of the world that was characteristic of the 19th century. The realism of the 19th century believed that novelists should concentrate on describing the physical, material details of life. Realism assumes that reality inheres in here and now, in the everyday. It therefore emphasizes accurate descriptions of specific setting, dress and character in ways that would have appeared totally inappropriate in earlier authors. Realism, which points out the ordinary (an ordinary person and an ordinary situation), tends to reject the heroic and the aristocratic and embrace the pedestrian, the comic and the middle class.

At the same time professor George Levine notes, "what is unconventional and most exciting about the English tradition of realism is its pleasure in abundance, in energy and the vivid engagement, through language, with the reality just beyond the reach of language".

However, possessing the features of the previous times, such as humanism, the anthropocentric and psychological approaches, and the idea that man is responsible for the past, the realism of the 20th century acquires a number of new characteristics. They are the following:

- humanism in action;
- man has to make his moral choice;
- truth, life, beauty, and good are closely related concepts.

The leading genre of realistic fiction – family novel (a kind of social and psychological novel) – glorifies family values in a shaken world.

From **The Man of Property**

John Galsworthy (1867 – 1933)

English novelist and playwright, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1932 ("for his distinguished art of narration which takes its highest form in The Forsyte Saga"). Galsworthy became known for his portrayal of the British upper middle class and for his social satire. His most famous work is THE FORSYTE SAGA (1906-1921). Galsworthy was a representative of the literary tradition which has regarded the novel as an instrument of social debate. He believed that it was the duty of an artist to examine a problem, but not to provide a solution.

He produced 20 novels, 27 plays, 3 collections of poetry, 173 short stories, 5 collections of essays, 700 letters, and many sketches and miscellaneous works. After his death his reputation declined. Galsworthy's work was attacked by D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf, who said in her essay 'Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown', that the Edwardian writers "developed a technique of novel-writing which suits their purpose. . . But those tools are not our tools, and that business is not our business." The younger generation of writers accused Galsworthy of being thoroughly embodied the values he was supposed to be criticizing. According to some biographers Galsworthy, a "decent chap" of his times, was dominated by his wife who was atrocious and hypochondriac. On the other hand, his influence is seen in the works of Thomas Mann, and he is widely read in France and in Russia.

III. Dinner at Swithin's

In Swithin's orange and light-blue dining-room, facing the Park, the round table was laid for twelve. A cut-glass chandelier filled with lighted candles hung like a giant stalactite above its centre, radiating over large gilt-framed mirrors, slabs of marble on the tops of side-tables, and heavy gold chairs with crewel worked seats. Everything betokened that love of beauty so deeply implanted

in each family which has had its own way to make into Society, out of the more vulgar heart of Nature. Swithin had indeed an impatience of simplicity, a love of ormolu, which had always stamped him amongst his associates as a man of great, if somewhat luxurious taste; and out of the knowledge that no one could possibly enter his rooms without perceiving him to be a man of wealth, he had derived a solid and prolonged happiness such as perhaps no other circumstance in life had afforded him.

Since his retirement from land agency, a profession deplorable in his estimation, especially as to its auctioneering department, he had abandoned himself to naturally aristocratic tastes.

The perfect luxury of his latter days had embedded him like a fly in sugar; and his mind, where very little took place from morning till night, was the junction of two curiously opposite emotions, a lingering and sturdy satisfaction that he had made his own way and his own fortune, and a sense that a man of his distinction should never have been allowed to soil his mind with work.

He stood at the sideboard in a white waistcoat with large gold and onyx buttons, watching his valet screw the necks of three champagne bottles deeper into ice-pails. Between the points of his stand-up collar, which – though it hurt him to move – he would on no account have had altered, the pale flesh of his under chin remained immovable. His eyes roved from bottle to bottle. He was debating, and he argued like this: Jolyon drinks a glass, perhaps two, he's so careful of himself. James, he can't take his wine nowadays. Nicholas – Fanny and he would swill water he shouldn't wonder! Soames didn't count; these young nephews – Soames was thirty-one – couldn't drink! But Bosinney?

Encountering in the name of this stranger something outside the range of his philosophy, Swithin paused. A misgiving arose within him! It was impossible to tell! June was only a girl, in love too! Emily (Mrs. James) liked a good glass of champagne. It was too dry for Juley, poor old soul, she had no palate. As to Hatty Chessman! The thought of this old friend caused a cloud of thought to obscure the perfect glassiness of his eyes: He shouldn't wonder if she drank half a bottle!

But in thinking of his remaining guest, an expression like that of a cat who is just going to purr stole over his old face: Mrs. Soames! She mightn't take much, but she would appreciate what she drank; it was a pleasure to give her good wine! A pretty woman – and sympathetic to him!

The thought of her was like champagne itself! A pleasure to give a good wine to a young woman who looked so well, who knew how to dress, with charming manners, quite distinguished – a pleasure to entertain her. Between the points of his collar he gave his head the first small, painful oscillation of the evening.

"Adolf!" he said. "Put in another bottle."

He himself might drink a good deal, for, thanks to that prescription of Blight's, he found himself extremely well, and he had been careful to take no lunch. He had not felt so well for weeks. Puffing out his lower lip, he gave his last instructions:

"Adolf, the least touch of the West India when you come to the ham."

Passing into the anteroom, he sat down on the edge of a chair, with his knees apart; and his tall, bulky form was wrapped at once in an expectant, strange, primeval immobility. He was ready to rise at a moment's notice. He had not given a dinner-party for months. This dinner in honour of June's engagement had seemed a bore at first (among Forsytes the custom of solemnizing engagements by feasts was religiously observed), but the labours of sending invitations and ordering the repast over, he felt pleasantly stimulated.

And thus sitting, a watch in his hand, fat, and smooth, and golden, like a flattened globe of butter, he thought of nothing.

A long man, with side whiskers, who had once been in Swithin's service, but was now a greengrocer, entered and proclaimed:

"Mrs. Chessman, Mrs. Septimus Small!"

Two ladies advanced. The one in front, habited entirely in red, had large, settled patches of the same colour in her cheeks, and a hard, dashing eye. She walked at Swithin, holding out a hand cased in a long, primrose-coloured glove:

"Well! Swithin," she said, "I haven't seen you for ages. How are you? Why, my dear boy, how stout you're getting!"

The fixity of Swithin's eye alone betrayed emotion. A dumb and grumbling anger swelled his bosom. It was vulgar to be stout, to talk of being stout; he had a chest, nothing more. Turning to his sister, he grasped her hand, and said in a tone of command:

"Well, Juley."

Mrs. Septimus Small was the tallest of the four sisters; her good, round old face had gone a little sour; an innumerable pout clung all over it, as if it had been encased in an iron wire mask up to that evening, which, being suddenly removed, left little rolls of mutinous flesh all over her countenance. Even her eyes were pouting. It was thus that she recorded her permanent resentment at the loss of Septimus Small.

She had quite a reputation for saying the wrong thing, and, tenacious like all her breed, she would hold to it when she had said it, and add to it another wrong thing, and so on. With the decease of her husband the family tenacity, the family matter-of-factness, had gone sterile within her. A great talker, when allowed, she would converse without the faintest animation for hours together, relating, with epic monotony, the innumerable occasions on which Fortune had misused her; nor did she ever perceive that her hearers sympathized with Fortune, for her heart was kind.

Having sat, poor soul, long by the bedside of Small (a man of poor constitution), she had acquired, the habit, and there were countless subsequent occasions when she had sat immense periods of time to amuse sick people, children, and other helpless persons, and she could never divest herself of the feeling that the world was the most ungrateful place anybody could live in. Sunday after Sunday she sat at the feet of that extremely witty preacher, the Rev. Thomas Scoles, who exercised a great influence over her; but she succeeded in convincing everybody that even this was a misfortune. She had passed into a proverb in the family, and when anybody was observed to be peculiarly distressing, he was known as a regular 'Juley.' The habit of her mind would have killed anybody but a Forsyte at forty; but she was seventy-two, and had never looked better. And one felt that there were capacities for enjoyment about her which might yet come out. She owned three canaries, the cat Tommy, and half a

parrot – in common with her sister Hester; – and these poor creatures (kept carefully out of Timothy's way – he was nervous about animals), unlike human beings, recognising that she could not help being blighted, attached themselves to her passionately.

She was sombrely magnificent this evening in black bombazine, with a mauve front cut in a shy triangle, and crowned with a black velvet ribbon round the base of her thin throat; black and mauve for evening wear was esteemed very chaste by nearly every Forsyte.

Pouting at Swithin, she said:

"Ann has been asking for you. You haven't been near us for an age!"

Swithin put his thumbs within the armholes of his waistcoat, and replied:

"Ann's getting very shaky; she ought to have a doctor!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Forsyte!"

Nicholas Forsyte, cocking his rectangular eyebrows, wore a smile. He had succeeded during the day in bringing to fruition a scheme for the employment of a tribe from Upper India in the gold-mines of Ceylon. A pet plan, carried at last in the teeth of great difficulties – he was justly pleased. It would double the output of his mines, and, as he had often forcibly argued, all experience tended to show that a man must die; and whether he died of a miserable old age in his own country, or prematurely of damp in the bottom of a foreign mine, was surely of little consequence, provided that by a change in his mode of life he benefited the British Empire.

His ability was undoubted. Raising his broken nose towards his listener, he would add:

"For want of a few hundred of these fellows we haven't paid a dividend for years, and look at the price of the shares. I can't get ten shillings for them."

He had been at Yarmouth, too, and had come back feeling that he had added at least ten years to his own life. He grasped Swithin's hand, exclaiming in a jocular voice:

"Well, so here we are again!"

Mrs. Nicholas, an effete woman, smiled a smile of frightened jollity behind his back.

"Mr. and Mrs. James Forsyte! Mr. and Mrs. Soames Forsyte!"

Swithin drew his heels together, his deportment ever admirable.

"Well, James, well Emily! How are you, Soames? How do you do?"

His hand enclosed Irene's, and his eyes swelled. She was a pretty woman – a little too pale, but her figure, her eyes, her teeth! Too good for that chap Soames!

The gods had given Irene dark brown eyes and golden hair, that strange combination, provocative of men's glances, which is said to be the mark of a weak character. And the full, soft pallor of her neck and shoulders, above a gold-coloured frock, gave to her personality an alluring strangeness.

Soames stood behind, his eyes fastened on his wife's neck. The hands of Swithin's watch, which he still held open in his hand, had left eight behind; it was half an hour beyond his dinner-time – he had had no lunch – and a strange primeval impatience surged up within him.

"It's not like Jolyon to be late!" he said to Irene, with uncontrollable vexation. "I suppose it'll be June keeping him!"

"People in love are always late," she answered.

Swithin stared at her; a dusky orange dyed his cheeks.

"They've no business to be. Some fashionable nonsense!"

And behind this outburst the inarticulate violence of primitive generations seemed to mutter and grumble.

"Tell me what you think of my new star, Uncle Swithin," said Irene softly.

Among the lace in the bosom of her dress was shining a five-pointed star, made of eleven diamonds. Swithin looked at the star. He had a pretty taste in stones; no question could have been more sympathetically devised to distract his attention.

"Who gave you that?" he asked.

"Soames."

There was no change in her face, but Swithin's pale eyes bulged as though he might suddenly have been afflicted with insight.

"I dare say you're dull at home," he said. "Any day you like to come and dine with me, I'll give you as good a bottle of wine as you'll get in London."

"Miss June Forsyte – Mr. Jolyon Forsyte!... Mr. Boswainey!..."

Swithin moved his arm, and said in a rumbling voice:

"Dinner, now – dinner!"

He took in Irene, on the ground that he had not entertained her since she was a bride. June was the portion of Bosinney, who was placed between Irene and his fiancee. On the other side of June was James with Mrs. Nicholas, then old Jolyon with Mrs. James, Nicholas with Hatty Chessman, Soames with Mrs. Small, completing, the circle to Swithin again.

Family dinners of the Forsytes observe certain traditions. There are, for instance, no *hors d'oeuvre*. The reason for this is unknown. Theory among the younger members traces it to the disgraceful price of oysters; it is more probably due to a desire to come to the point, to a good practical sense deciding at once that hors d'oeuvre are but poor things. The Jameses alone, unable to withstand a custom almost universal in Park Lane, are now and then unfaithful.

A silent, almost morose, inattention to each other succeeds to the subsidence into their seats, lasting till well into the first entree, but interspersed with remarks such as, "Tom's bad again; I can't tell what's the matter with him!" "I suppose Ann doesn't come down in the mornings?" – "What's the name of your doctor, Fanny?" "Stubbs?" "He's a quack!" – "Winifred? She's got too many children. Four, isn't it? She's as thin as a lath!" – "What d'you give for this sherry, Swithin? Too dry for me!"

With the second glass of champagne, a kind of hum makes itself heard, which, when divested of casual accessories and resolved into its primal element, is found to be James telling a story, and this goes on for a long time, encroaching sometimes even upon what must universally be recognised as the crowning point of a Forsyte feast – 'the saddle of mutton.'

No Forsyte has given a dinner without providing a saddle of mutton. There is something in its succulent solidity which makes it suitable to people 'of a certain position.' It is nourishing and tasty;

the sort of thing a man remembers eating. It has a past and a future, like a deposit paid into a bank; and it is something that can be argued about.

Each branch of the family tenaciously held to a particular locality – old Jolyon swearing by Dartmoor, James by Welsh, Swithin by Southdown, Nicholas maintaining that people might sneer, but there was nothing like New Zealand! As for Roger, the 'original' of the brothers, he had been obliged to invent a locality of his own, and with an ingenuity worthy of a man who had devised a new profession for his sons, he had discovered a shop where they sold German; on being remonstrated with, he had proved his point by producing a butcher's bill, which showed that he paid more than any of the others. It was on this occasion that old Jolyon, turning to June, had said in one of his bursts of philosophy:

"You may depend upon it, they're a cranky lot, the Forsytes – and you'll find it out, as you grow older!"

Timothy alone held apart, for though he ate saddle of mutton heartily, he was, he said, afraid of it.

To anyone interested psychologically in Forsytes, this great saddle-of-mutton trait is of prime importance; not only does it illustrate their tenacity, both collectively and as individuals, but it marks them as belonging in fibre and instincts to that great class which believes in nourishment and flavour, and yields to no sentimental craving for beauty.

Younger members of the family indeed would have done without a joint altogether, preferring guinea-fowl, or lobster salad – something which appealed to the imagination, and had less nourishment – but these were females; or, if not, had been corrupted by their wives, or by mothers, who having been forced to eat saddle of mutton throughout their married lives, had passed a secret hostility towards it into the fibre of their sons.

The great saddle-of-mutton controversy at an end, a Tewkesbury ham commenced, together with the least touch of West Indian – Swithin was so long over this course that he caused a block in the progress of the dinner. To devote himself to it with better heart, he paused in his conversation.

DISCUSSION OF THE TEXT

1. What characteristic features of the Forsytes can you find in the text?
2. What class of society do they belong to? Prove it by means of the text.
3. Are they snobs? If so, why? If not, why?
4. What is their attitude to business and work?
5. What is their attitude to foreigners?
6. What role do traditions play in their life?
7. What does the word "tenacity" mean? What is meant by "the family tenacity"?
8. Speak of their imperial views.
9. What is more important for the Forsytes: beauty or practicality?
10. What does the saddle of mutton have to do with the psychological portraiture of the Forsytes?
11. One of the issues John Galsworthy thinks over in his writings is what it is to be an Englishman. In *The White Monkey* (1924) he wrote: "He emerged still thinking about the English! Well! They were now one of the plainest and most distorted races of the world; and yet was there any race to compare with them for good temper and for 'guts'? And they needed those in their smoky towns, and their climate – remarkable instance of adaptation to environment, the modern English character! "I could pick out an Englishman anywhere", he thought, "and yet physically there's no general type now!" Astounding people!"

What conclusions concerning the English identity can you come to, summing up the information from the extract under study?

The Japanese Quince

As Mr. Nilson, well known in the city, opened the window of his dressing room on Campden Hill, he experienced a peculiar sweetish sensation in the back of his throat, and a feeling of emptiness just under his fifth rib. Hooking the window back, he noticed that a little tree in the Square Gardens had come out in blossom, and that the thermometer stood at sixty. "Perfect morning," he thought; "spring at last!"

Resuming some meditations on the price of Tintos, he took up an ivory-backed handglass and scrutinized his face. His firm, well-coloured cheeks, with their neat brown moustaches, and his round, well-opened, clear grey eyes, wore a reassuring appearance of good health. Putting on his black frock coat, he went, downstairs.

In the dining room his morning paper was laid out on the sideboard. Mr. Nilson had scarcely taken it in his hand when he again became aware of that queer feeling. Somewhat concerned, he went to the French window and descended the scrolled iron steps into the fresh air. A cuckoo clock struck eight.

"Half an hour to breakfast," he thought; "I'll take a turn in the Gardens."

He had them to himself, and proceeded to pace the circular path with his morning paper clasped behind him. He had scarcely made two revolutions, however, when it was borne in on him that, instead of going away in the fresh air, the feeling had increased. He drew several deep breaths, having heard deep breathing recommended by his wife's doctor; but they augmented rather than diminished the sensation – as of some sweetish liquor in course within him, together with a faint aching just above his heart. Running over what he had eaten the night before, he could recollect no unusual dish, and it occurred to him that it might possibly be some smell affecting him. But he could detect nothing except a faint sweet lemony scent, rather agreeable than otherwise, which evidently emanated from the bushes budding in the sunshine. He was on the point of resuming his promenade, when a blackbird close by burst into song, and, looking up, Mr. Nilson saw at a distance of perhaps five yards a little tree, in the heart of whose branches the bird

was perched. He stood staring curiously at this tree, recognizing it for that which he had noticed from his window. It was covered with young blossoms, pink and white, and little bright green leaves both round and spiky; and on all this blossom and these leaves the sunlight glistened. Mr. Nilson smiled; the little tree was so alive and pretty! And instead of passing on, he stayed there smiling at the tree.

"Morning like this!" he thought; "and here I am the only person in the Square who has the – to come out and – !" But he had no sooner conceived this thought than he saw quite near him a man with his hands behind him, who was also staring up and smiling at the little tree. Rather taken aback, Mr. Nilson ceased to smile, and looked furtively at the stranger. It was his next-door neighbour, Mr. Tandram, well known in the City, who had occupied the adjoining house for some five years. Mr. Nilson perceived at once the awkwardness of his position, for, being married, they had not yet had occasion to speak to one another. Doubtful as to his proper conduct, he decided at last to murmur: "Fine morning!" and was passing on, when Mr. Tandram answered: "Beautiful, for the time of year!" Detecting a slight nervousness in his neighbour's voice, Mr. Nilson was emboldened to regard him openly. He was of about Mr. Nilson's own height, with firm well-coloured cheeks, neat brown moustaches, clear grey eyes; and was wearing a frock coat. Mr. Nilson noticed that he had his morning paper clasped behind him as he looked up at the little tree. And, visited somehow by the feeling that he had been caught out, he said abruptly:

"Er – can you give me the name of that tree?"

Mr. Tandram answered:

"I was about to ask you that," and stepped towards it. Mr. Nilson also approached the tree.

"Sure to have its name on, I should think," he said. Mr. Tandram was the first to see the little label, close to where blackbird had been sitting. He read it out. "Japanese quince!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Nilson, "thought so. Early flowerers."

"Very," assented Mr. Tandram, and added: "Quite a feelin' in the air today."

Mr. Nilson nodded. "It was a blackbird singin'," he said.

“Blackbirds,” answered Mr. Tandram. “I prefer them to thrushes myself; more body in the note.” And he looked at Mr. Nilson in an almost friendly way.

“Quite,” murmured Mr. Nilson. “These exotics, they don’t bear fruit. Pretty blossom!” and he again glanced up at the blossom, thinking: “Nice fellow, this, I rather like him.”

Mr. Tandram also gazed at the blossom. And the little tree, as if appreciating their attention, quivered and glowed. From a distance the blackbird gave a loud, clear call. Mr. Nilson dropped his eyes. It struck him suddenly that Mr. Tandram looked a little foolish; and, as if he had seen himself, he said: “I must be going in. Good morning!”

A shade passed over Mr. Tandram’s face, as if he, too, had suddenly noticed something about Mr. Nilson.

“Good morning,” he replied, and clasping their journals to their backs they separated.

Mr. Nilson retraced his steps towards his garden window, walking slowly so as to avoid arriving at the same time as his neighbour. Having seen Mr. Tandram mount his scrolled iron steps, he ascended his own in turn. On the top step he paused.

With the slanting spring sunlight darting and quivering into it, the Japanese quince seemed more living than a tree. The blackbird had returned to it, and was chanting out his heart.

Mr. Nilson sighed; again he felt that queer sensation, that choky feeling in his throat. The sound of a cough or sigh attracted his attention. There, in the shadow of his French window, stood Mr. Tandram, also looking forth across the Gardens at the little quince tree.

Unaccountably upset, Mr. Nilson turned abruptly into the house, and opened his morning paper.

Японская айва (пер. Г. Журавлева)

Когда мистер Нилсон, джентльмен, хорошо известный в Сити, распахнул окно своей ванной в Кемпден Хилле, он ощутил какое-то сладкое волнение, комком подступившее к горлу, и странную пустоту под пятым ребром. Стоя у окна, он заметил, что небольшое деревце в парке Сквер-Гарден уже

в цвету и что термометр показывает шестьдесят градусов. «Чудесное утро, – подумал он, – наконец-то весна!»

Продолжая размышлять о ценах на картины Тинторетто, он взял ручное зеркало в оправе слоновой кости и стал внимательно рассматривать свое лицо. Лицо это с упругими розовыми щеками, аккуратно подстриженными темными усами и ясными серыми глазами говорило о завидном здоровье. Надев черный сюртук, он сошел вниз.

В столовой на буфете лежала утренняя газета. Не успел мистер Нилсон взять ее, как его опять охватило то же странное чувство. Несколько обеспокоенный, он вышел через стеклянную дверь и спустился по винтовой лестнице на улицу. Часы с кукушкой пробили восемь.

«До завтрака еще полчаса, – подумал он, – пройдусь по парку».

В парке было безлюдно, и он, держа газету за спиной, неторопливо шагал по круговой дорожке. Сделав по ней два рейса, он убедился, что на свежем воздухе странное ощущение не только не исчезло, но, наоборот, усилилось. Он вспомнил совет доктора, лечившего жену, и сделал несколько глубоких вздохов, но и это ничуть не помогло. Он ощущал легкое покалывание в сердце, и что-то сладостно бродило в крови, как после выпивки. Мысленно перебирая блюда, поданные накануне вечером, он не мог припомнить ничего необычного и подумал, что, возможно, на него так действует запах какого-нибудь растения. Но от залитых солнцем цветущих кустов до него доносился только нежный, сладковатый аромат лимона, скорее приятный, нежели раздражающий. Он уже собрался продолжать прогулку, но в эту минуту где-то поблизости запел черный дрозд. Посмотрев вверх, мистер Нилсон заметил его среди листвы небольшого дерева, ярдах в пяти от дорожки. Пристально и с удивлением вглядывался мистер Нилсон в деревце, то самое, которое он увидел из окна. Оно было покрыто ярко-зелеными листьями и белыми с розовым цветами, а на листве и на цветах ослепительно сияли солнечные блики. Мистер Нилсон улыбнулся: деревце было такое живое и прелестное.

Забыв о прогулке, он стоял и улыбался...

«Какое утро! – думал он. – И в парке я один... Только я один догадался выйти и...» Но не успел он это подумать, как увидел около себя человека, который так же стоял, держа руки за спиной, и с улыбкой смотрел на деревце. Застигнутый врасплох, мистер Нилсон перестал улыбаться и искоса взглянул на незнакомца. Это был его сосед, мистер Тандрам, хорошо известный в Сити. Он жил здесь уже пять лет. Мистер Нилсон сразу понял неловкость своего положения: оба они были женаты и до сих пор не имели случая оказаться вдвоем и заговорить друг с другом. Сомневаясь в правильности своего поведения, мистер Нилсон все же пробормотал: «Прекрасное утро!» Мистер Тандрам ответил: «О да, чудесное для этого времени года!» Уловив некоторое волнение в голосе соседа, мистер Нилсон отважился взглянуть на него прямо. Мистер Тандрам был примерно одного роста с мистером Нилсоном. У него были такие же упругие розовые щеки, аккуратно подстриженные темные усы и круглые ясные серые глаза. На нем также был черный сюртук. Мистер Нилсон заметил, что, любуясь деревцем, сосед держал за спиной утреннюю газету. И, чувствуя необходимость объяснить свое поведение, он спросил отрывисто:

– Э... Вы не скажете, что это за дерево?

Мистер Тандрам отозвался:

– Я как раз хотел спросить об этом у вас.

Он подошел к дереву. Мистер Нилсон тоже.

– На нем, должно быть, указано, – сказал мистер Нилсон.

Мистер Тандрам первый увидел табличку, близко от того места, где прежде сидел черный дрозд, и прочел вслух:

– Японская айва.

– А! – сказал мистер Нилсон. – Я так и думал. Рано же она зацветает!

– Да, очень рано, – согласился мистер Тандрам и добавил: – В воздухе сегодня словно носится что-то.

Мистер Нилсон кивнул.

– Это пел черный дрозд, – сказал он.

– Да, – подтвердил мистер Тандрам, – я предпочитаю их простым. В их пении звучности больше.

И он посмотрел на мистера Нилсона уже почти дружески.

– Совершенно верно, – пробормотал мистер Нилсон. – Эти экзотические деревья не приносят плодов, но цветы их прелестны! – И он снова взглянул на дерево, думая: «А сосед-то, кажется, славный малый, он мне нравится».

Мистер Тандрам тоже смотрел на цветущую айву. А деревце, как будто обрадованное их вниманием, трепетало, и цветы его пылали. Где-то вдали опять запел черный дрозд. Мистер Нилсон опустил глаза. Ему внезапно пришло в голову, что мистер Тандрам имеет несколько глупый вид; и, словно увидев в нем самого себя, он сказал:

– Ну, мне пора домой. Всего хорошего!

По лицу мистера Тандрама пробежала тень, как будто он тоже заметил вдруг что-то в мистере Нилсоне.

– До свидания, – ответил он, и они разошлись, держа газеты за спиной.

Мистер Нилсон медленно пошел к дому, стараясь отстать от соседа. Он видел, как мистер Тандрам, подойдя к своему дому, поднялся по железной винтовой лестнице. Мистер Нилсон стал подниматься по своей. На верхней ступеньке он остановился.

Косые лучи весеннего солнца, пронизывая цветущие ветви, словно превращали японскую айву в живое существо. Черный дрозд возвратился на старое место и теперь изливал душу в песне.

Мистер Нилсон вздохнул; он снова ощутил странное волнение, сжимавшее ему горло.

Какой-то звук – не то кашель, не то вздох – привлек его внимание. Там, за стеклянной дверью, стоял мистер Тандрам и тоже смотрел в сторону парка, на цветущую айву.

Безотчетно чем-то расстроенный, мистер Нилсон быстро вошел в комнату и раскрыл утреннюю газету.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Although we are given only a brief glimpse of Mr. Nilson's life, there are many clues as to what the whole of his life is like. What kind of house and district does he live in? To what social class does he belong? What kind of existence does he lead? What clues enable us to answer these questions?
2. Mr. Nilson at first thinks something is wrong with his health. What really is troubling him? How do the terms, in which his symptoms are described, help to define his "ailment"?
3. In what ways might Mr. Nilson's fragmentary sentence ("Morning like this!" he thought; "and here I am the only person in the Square who has the – to come out and – !") be completed? Why doesn't he complete it?
4. How are Mr. Nilson and Mr. Tandram alike in appearance, manner and situation? Of what significance are these similarities?
5. Is their meeting a coincidence? Prove your standpoint.
6. What does the tree symbolize? Are there any other symbols in the story?
7. The story provides little action, but a significant conflict. What are the opposed forces? How can the conflict be stated in terms of protagonist and antagonist? Is it external or internal? How is it resolved? Who wins?
8. What is the message of the story?
9. Prove that the tone of narration is ironical. How is the author's irony conveyed in the Russian translation?
10. Dwell on the semantic characteristics of the text. Pay your attention to the words "feeling" and "sensation" and to their translation.
11. How does the author create the contrast between the monotonous life of the protagonists and the beauty? Focus on colours and the layers of vocabulary.
12. Comment on the quality of translation. What problems did the translator have to solve? Was he a success?

Unit IV. MODERNISM

Some of the major issues to which twentieth century literature responded in ways generally known as "Modernism" are:

1) **a sense of the loss of ontological ground,** i.e., a loss of confidence that there exists a reliable, knowable ground of value and identity. A combination of factors contributed to this including:

- the challenges to 19th century science and its confidence in its ability to explain the universe;
- industrialization and the consequent displacement of persons from their previous physical and psychic groundings;
- the association of Christianity with capitalism, and with an oppressive often hypocritical moralism;
- the critical historical study of biblical texts and the consequent challenge to revelation;
- the popularization of evolutionary theory;
- a growing awareness of a variety of cultures which had differing but cogent world-views;
- changes in philosophical thought which suggested that 'reality' was an internal and changeable, not an externally validated, concept, and that what is considered 'real' is based on the desire for power, not on any objective warrant.

2) **a sense that our culture has lost its bearings,** that there is no center, no cogency, that there is a collapse of values or a bankruptcy of values.

3) this loss of faith in a moral center and moral direction is based both in the **general loss of a sense of sure ontological ground**, and in an equally important recognition that the traditional values have, after all, led only to a horrid war, industrial squalor, the breakdown of traditional rural society, exploitation of other cultures and races, and a society built on power and greed. World War I was a gruesome wake-up call.

4) **a shift in paradigms** [models of how the world works] from the closed, finite, measurable, cause-and-effect universe of 19th century science to an open, relativistic, changing, strange universe, and a (related) shift from an evolutionary, developmental model to a structural, surface/depth model: pretext becomes subtext. Einstein was a *modernist* thinker.

5) the locus of judgment moves from the traditional sites – consensus, social authority and textual authority – to individual judgment and phenomenological [lived experience] validation, hence to the locating of meaning (and, in a sense, 'truth') in individual experience.

6) the development of studies and ideas which have as their focus the **nature and functioning of the individual:** the discipline of psychology; psychotherapy; a growing democratization in politics; in aesthetics, movements such as impressionism and cubism which focus on the process of perception.

7) **a discovery that the forces governing behaviour,** and particularly the most powerful and formative ones, are hidden: this in the realms of psychology, economics, politics – Marx, Freud, Neitzsche, etc. This leads to the search for underlying, hidden structures, operational laws and so forth, which motivate behaviour and govern phenomena (structuralism).

8) a move to the mystical and the symbolic as ways of recovering **a sense of the holy in experience and of recreating a sustainable ontological ground** – Yeats and the development of symbolic thought, Jung and the concept of universal archetypes, Lawrence with his notions of the creative mystery and blood knowledge, Madame Blavatsky and the Society of the Golden Dawn, Underhill's *Mysticism*, Otto's explorations of the nature of the sacred, and so forth.

England, my England

David Herbert Lawrence (1885 – 1930)

English novelist, story writer, critic, poet and painter, one of the greatest figures in 20th-century English literature. Lawrence saw sex and intuition as a key to undistorted perception of reality and a way to respond to the inhumanity of the industrial culture. Lawrence's doctrines of sexual freedom arose obscenity trials, which had a deep effect on the relationship between literature and society. In 1912 he wrote: "What the blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true." Lawrence argued that instincts and intuitions are more important than the reason. "Instinct makes me run from little over-earnest ladies; instinct makes me sniff the lime blossom and reach for the darkest cherry. But it is intuition which makes me feel the uncanny glassiness of the lake this afternoon, the sulkiness of the mountains, the vividness of near green in thunder-sun, the young man in bright blue trousers lightly tossing the grass from the scythe, the elderly man in a boater stiffly shoving his scythe strokes, both of them sweating in the silence of the intense light." (from 'Insouciance', 1928) Lawrence's belief in the importance of instincts reflected the thought of Friedrich Nietzsche, whom Lawrence had read already in the 1910s.

He was working on the edge of the common, beyond the small brook that ran in the dip at the bottom of the garden, carrying the garden path in continuation from the plank bridge on to the common. He had cut the rough turf and bracken, leaving the grey, dryish soil bare. But he was worried because he could not get the path straight, there was a pleat between his brows. He had set up his sticks, and taken the sights between the big pine trees, but for some reason everything seemed wrong. He looked again, straining his keen blue eyes, that had a touch of the Viking in them, through the shadowy pine trees as through a doorway, at the green-grassed garden-path rising from the shadow of alders by the log bridge up to the sunlit flowers. Tall white and purple columbines, and the butt-end of the

old Hampshire cottage that crouched near the earth amid flowers, blossoming in the bit of shaggy wildness round about.

There was a sound of children's voices calling and talking: high, childish, girlish voices, slightly didactic and tinged with domineering: 'If you don't come quick, nurse, I shall run out there to where there are snakes.' And nobody had the *sangfroid* to reply: 'Run then, little fool.' It was always, 'No, darling. Very well, darling. In a moment, darling. Darling, you *must* be patient.'

His heart was hard with disillusion: a continual gnawing and resistance. But he worked on. What was there to do but submit!

The sunlight blazed down upon the earth, there was a vividness of flamy vegetation, of fierce seclusion amid the savage peace of the commons. Strange how the savage England lingers in patches: as here, amid these shaggy gorse commons, and marshy, snake infested places near the foot of the south downs. The spirit of place lingering on primeval, as when the Saxons came, so long ago.

Ah, how he had loved it! The green garden path, the tufts of flowers, purple and white columbines, and great oriental red poppies with their black chaps and mulleins tall and yellow, this flamy garden which had been a garden for a thousand years, scooped out in the little hollow among the snake-infested commons. He had made it flame with flowers, in a sun cup under its hedges and trees. So old, so old a place! And yet he had re-created it.

The timbered cottage with its sloping, cloak-like roof was old and forgotten. It belonged to the old England of hamlets and yeomen. Lost all alone on the edge of the common, at the end of a wide, grassy, briar-entangled lane shaded with oak, it had never known the world of today. Not till Egbert came with his bride. And he had come to fill it with flowers.

The house was ancient and very uncomfortable. But he did not want to alter it. Ah, marvellous to sit there in the wide, black, time-old chimney, at night when the wind roared overhead, and the wood which he had chopped himself sputtered on the hearth! Himself on one side the angle, and Winifred on the other.

Ah, how he had wanted her: Winifred! She was young and beautiful and strong with life, like a flame in sunshine. She moved

with a slow grace of energy like a blossoming, red-flowered bush in motion. She, too, seemed to come out of the old England, ruddy, strong, with a certain crude, passionate quiescence and a hawthorn robustness. And he, he was tall and slim and agile, like an English archer with his long supple legs and fine movements. Her hair was nut-brown and all in energic curls and tendrils. Her eyes were nut-brown, too, like a robin's for brightness. And he was white-skinned with fine, silky hair that had darkened from fair, and a slightly arched nose of an old country family. They were a beautiful couple.

The house was Winifred's. Her father was a man of energy, too. He had come from the north poor. Now he was moderately rich. He had bought this fair stretch of inexpensive land, down in Hampshire. Not far from the tiny church of the almost extinct hamlet stood his own house, a commodious old farmhouse standing back from the road across a bare grassed yard. On one side of this quadrangle was the long, long barn or shed which he had made into a cottage for his youngest daughter Priscilla. One saw little blue-and-white check curtains at the long windows, and inside, overhead, the grand old timbers of the high-pitched shed. This was Prissy's house. Fifty yards away was the pretty little new cottage which he had built for his daughter Magdalen, with the vegetable garden stretching away to the oak copse. And then away beyond the lawns and rose trees of the house-garden went the track across a shaggy, wild grass space, towards the ridge of tall black pines that grew on a dyke-bank, through the pines and above the sloping little bog, under the wide, desolate oak trees, till there was Winifred's cottage crouching unexpectedly in front, so much alone, and so primitive.

It was Winifred's own house, and the gardens and the bit of common and the boggy slope were hers: her tiny domain. She had married just at the time when her father had bought the estate, about ten years before the war, so she had been able to come to Egbert with this for a marriage portion. And who was more delighted, he or she, it would be hard to say. She was only twenty at the time, and he was only twenty-one. He had about a hundred and fifty pounds a year of his own – and nothing else but his very considerable personal attractions. He had no profession: he earned nothing. But he talked of

literature and music, he had a passion for old folk-music, collecting folk-songs and folk-dances, studying the Morris-dance and the old customs. Of course in time he would make money in these ways.

Meanwhile youth and health and passion and promise. Winifred's father was always generous: but still, he was a man from the north with a hard head and a hard skin too, having received a good many knocks. At home he kept the hard head out of sight, and played at poetry and romance with his literary wife and his sturdy, passionate girls. He was a man of courage, not given to complaining, bearing his burdens by himself. No, he did not let the world intrude far into his home. He had a delicate, sensitive wife whose poetry won some fame in the narrow world of letters. He himself, with his tough old barbarian fighting spirit, had an almost child-like delight in verse, in sweet poetry, and in the delightful game of a cultured home. His blood was strong even to coarseness. But that only made the home more vigorous, more robust and Christmassy. There was always a touch of Christmas about him, now he was well off. If there was poetry after dinner, there were also chocolates and nuts, and good little out-of-the-way things to be munching.

Well then, into this family came Egbert. He was made of quite a different paste. The girls and the father were strong-limbed, thick-blooded people, true English, as holly-trees and hawthorn are English. Their culture was grafted on to them, as one might perhaps graft a common pink rose on to a thornstem. It flowered oddly enough, but it did not alter their blood.

And Egbert was a born rose. The age-long breeding had left him with a delightful spontaneous passion. He was not clever, nor even 'literary'. No, but the intonation of his voice, and the movement of his supple, handsome body, and the fine texture of his flesh and his hair, the slight arch of his nose, the quickness of his blue eyes would easily take the place of poetry. Winifred loved him, loved him, this southerner, as a higher being. A *higher* being, mind you. Not a deeper. And as for him, he loved her in passion with every fibre of him. She was the very warm stuff of life to him.

Wonderful then, those days at Crockham Cottage, the first days, all alone save for the woman who came to work in the

mornings. Marvellous days, when she had all his tall, supple, fine-fleshed youth to herself, for herself, and he had her like a ruddy fire into which he could cast himself for rejuvenation. Ah, that it might never end, this passion, this marriage! The flame of their two bodies burnt again into that old cottage, that was haunted already by so much by-gone, physical desire. You could not be in the dark room for an hour without the influences coming over you. The hot blood-desire of by-gone yeomen, there in this old den where they had lusted and bred for so many generations. The silent house, dark, with thick, timbered walls and the big black chimney-place, and the sense of secrecy. Dark, with low, little windows, sunk into the earth. Dark, like a lair where strong beasts had lurked and mated, lonely at night and lonely by day, left to themselves and their own intensity for so many generations. It seemed to cast a spell on the two young people. They became different. There was a curious secret glow about them, a certain slumbering flame hard to understand, that enveloped them both. They too felt that they did not belong to the London world any more. Crockham had changed their blood: the sense of the snakes that lived and slept even in their own garden, in the sun, so that he, going forward with the spade, would see a curious coiled brownish pile on the black soil, which suddenly would start up, hiss, and dazzle rapidly away, hissing. One day Winifred heard the strangest scream from the flower-bed under the low window of the living room: ah, the strangest scream, like the very soul of the dark past crying aloud. She ran out, and saw a long brown snake on the flower-bed, and in its flat mouth the one hind leg of a frog was striving to escape, and screaming its strange, tiny, bellowing scream. She looked at the snake, and from its sullen flat head it looked at her, obstinately. She gave a cry, and it released the frog and slid angrily away.

That was Crockham. The spear of modern invention had not passed through it, and it lay there secret, primitive, savage as when the Saxons first came. And Egbert and she were caught there, caught out of the world.

He was not idle, nor was she. There were plenty of things to be done, the house to be put into final repair after the workmen had

gone, cushions and curtains to sew, the paths to make, the water to fetch and attend to, and then the slope of the deep-soiled, neglected garden to level, to terrace with little terraces and paths, and to fill with flowers. He worked away, in his shirt-sleeves, worked all day intermittently doing this thing and the other. And she, quiet and rich in herself, seeing him stooping and labouring away by himself, would come to help him, to be near him. He of course was an amateur – a born amateur. He worked so hard, and did so little, and nothing he ever did would hold together for long. If he terraced the garden, he held up the earth with a couple of long narrow planks that soon began to bend with the pressure from behind, and would not need many years to rot through and break and let the soil slither all down again in a heap towards the stream-bed. But there you are. He had not been brought up to come to grips with anything, and he thought it would do. Nay, he did not think there was anything else except little temporary contrivances possible, he who had such a passion for his old enduring cottage, and for the old enduring things of the bygone England. Curious that the sense of permanency in the past had such a hold over him, whilst in the present he was all amateurish and sketchy.

Winifred could not criticize him. Town-bred, everything seemed to her splendid, and the very digging and shovelling itself seemed romantic. But neither Egbert nor she yet realized the difference between work and romance.

Godfrey Marshall, her father, was at first perfectly pleased with the ménage down at Crockham Cottage. He thought Egbert was wonderful, the many things he accomplished, and he was gratified by the glow of physical passion between the two young people. To the man who in London still worked hard to keep steady his modest fortune, the thought of this young couple digging away and loving one another down at Crockham Cottage, buried deep among the commons and marshes, near the pale-showing bulk of the downs, was like a chapter of living romance. And they drew the sustenance for their fire of passion from him, from the old man. It was he who fed their flame. He triumphed secretly in the thought. And it was to her father that Winifred still turned, as the one source of all surety

and life and support. She loved Egbert with passion. But behind her was the power of her father. It was the power of her father she referred to, whenever she needed to refer. It never occurred to her to refer to Egbert, if she were in difficulty or doubt. No, in all the *serious* matters she depended on her father.

For Egbert had no intention of coming to grips with life. He had no ambition whatsoever. He came from a decent family, from a pleasant country home, from delightful surroundings. He should, of course, have had a profession. He should have studied law or entered business in some way. But no – that fatal three pounds a week would keep him from starving as long as he lived, and he did not want to give himself into bondage. It was not that he was idle. He was always doing something, in his amateurish way. But he had no desire to give himself to the world, and still less had he any desire to fight his way in the world. No, no, the world wasn't worth it. He wanted to ignore it, to go his own way apart, like a casual pilgrim down the forsaken sidetracks. He loved his wife, his cottage and garden. He would make his life there, as a sort of epicurean hermit. He loved the past, the old music and dances and customs of old England. He would try and live in the spirit of these, not in the spirit of the world of business.

But often Winifred's father called her to London: for he loved to have his children round him. So Egbert and she must have a tiny flat in town, and the young couple must transfer themselves from time to time from the country to the city. In town Egbert had plenty of friends, of the same ineffectual sort as himself, tampering with the arts, literature, painting, sculpture, music. He was not bored.

Three pounds a week, however, would not pay for all this. Winifred's father paid. He liked paying. He made her only a very small allowance, but he often gave her ten pounds – or gave Egbert ten pounds. So they both looked on the old man as the mainstay. Egbert didn't mind being patronized and paid for. Only when he felt the family was a little *too* condescending, on account of money, he began to get huffy.

Then of course children came: a lovely little blonde daughter with a head of thistle-down. Everybody adored the child. It was the

first exquisite blonde thing that had come into the family, a little mite with the white, slim, beautiful limbs of its father, and as it grew up the dancing, dainty movement of a wild little daisy-spirit. No wonder the Marshalls all loved the child: they called her Joyce. They themselves had their own grace, but it was slow, rather heavy. They had everyone of them strong, heavy limbs and darkish skins, and they were short in stature. And now they had for one of their own this light little cowslip child. She was like a little poem in herself.

But nevertheless, she brought a new difficulty. Winifred must have a nurse for her. Yes, yes, there must be a nurse. It was the family decree. Who was to pay for the nurse? The grandfather – seeing the father himself earned no money. Yes, the grandfather would pay, as he had paid all the lying-in expenses. There came a slight sense of money-strain. Egbert was living on his father-in-law.

After the child was born, it was never quite the same between him and Winifred. The difference was at first hardly perceptible. But it was there. In the first place Winifred had a new centre of interest. She was not going to adore her child. But she had what the modern mother so often has in the place of spontaneous love: a profound sense of duty towards her child. Winifred appreciated her darling little girl, and felt a deep sense of duty towards her. Strange, that this sense of duty should go deeper than the love for her husband. But so it was. And so it often is. The responsibility of motherhood was the prime responsibility in Winifred's heart: the responsibility of wifehood came a long way second.

Her child seemed to link her up again in a circuit with her own family. Her father and mother, herself, and her child, that was the human trinity for her. Her husband – ? Yes, she loved him still. But that was like play. She had an almost barbaric sense of duty and of family. Till she married, her first human duty had been towards her father: he was the pillar, the source of life, the everlasting support. Now another link was added to the chain of duty: her father, herself, and her child.

Egbert was out of it. Without anything happening, he was gradually, unconsciously excluded from the circle. His wife still loved him, physically. But, but – he was *almost* the unnecessary

party in the affair. He could not complain of Winifred. She still did her duty towards him. She still had a physical passion for him, that physical passion on which he had put all his life and soul. But – but –

It was for a long while an ever-recurring *but*. And then, after the second child, another blonde, winsome touching little thing, not so proud and flame-like as Joyce – after Annabel came, then Egbert began truly to realize how it was. His wife still loved him. But – and now the but had grown enormous – her physical love for him was of secondary importance to her. It became ever less important. After all, she had had it, this physical passion, for two years now. It was not this that one lived from. No, no – something sterner, realer.

She began to resent her own passion for Egbert – just a little she began to despise it. For after all there he was, he was charming, he was lovable, he was terribly desirable. But – but – oh, the awful looming cloud of that *but!* – he did not stand firm in the landscape of her life like a tower of strength, like a great pillar of significance. No, he was like a cat one has about the house, which will one day disappear and leave no trace. He was like a flower in the garden, trembling in the wind of life, and then gone, leaving nothing to show. As an adjunct, as an accessory, he was perfect. Many a woman would have adored to have him about her all her life, the most beautiful and desirable of all her possessions. But Winifred belonged to another school.

The years went by, and instead of coming more to grips with life, he relaxed more. He was of a subtle, sensitive, passionate nature. But he simply *would* not give himself to what Winifred called life, *Work*. No, he would not go into the world and work for money. No, he just would not. If Winifred liked to live beyond their small income – well, it was her look-out.

And Winifred did not really want him to go out into the world to work for money. Money became, alas, a word like a firebrand between them, setting them both aflame with anger. But that is because we must talk in symbols. Winifred did not really care about money. She did not care whether he earned or did not earn anything. Only she knew she was dependent on her father for three-fourths of

the money spent for herself and her children, that she let that be the *casus belli*, the drawn weapon between herself and Egbert.

What did she want – what did she want? Her mother once said to her, with that characteristic touch of irony: 'Well, dear, if it is your fate to consider the lilies, that toil not, neither do they spin, that is one destiny among many others, and perhaps not so unpleasant as most. Why do you take it amiss, my child?'

The mother was subtler than her children, they very rarely knew how to answer her. So Winifred was only more confused. It was not a question of lilies. At least, if it were a question of lilies, then her children were the little blossoms. They at least *grew*. Doesn't Jesus say: 'Consider the lilies *how they grow*.' Good then, she had her growing babies. But as for that other tall, handsome flower of a father of theirs, he was full grown already, so she did not want to spend her life considering him in the flower of his days.

No, it was not that he didn't earn money. It was not that he was idle. He was *not* idle. He was always doing something, always working away, down at Crockham, doing little jobs. But, oh dear, the little jobs – the garden paths – the gorgeous flowers – the chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!

It was that he stood for nothing. If he had done something unsuccessfully, and *lost* what money they had! If he had but striven with something. Nay, even if he had been wicked, a waster, she would have been more free. She would have had something to resist, at least. A waster stands for something, really. He says: 'No, I will not aid and abet society in this business of increase and hanging together, I will upset the apple-cart as much as I can, in my small way.' Or else he says: 'No, I will *not* bother about others. If I have lusts, they are my own, and I prefer them to other people's virtues.' So, a waster, a scamp, takes a sort of stand. He exposes himself to opposition and final castigation: at any rate in story-books.

But Egbert! What are you to do with a man like Egbert? He had no vices. He was really kind, nay generous. And he was not weak. If he had been weak Winifred could have been kind to him. But he did not even give her that consolation. He was not weak, and he did not want her consolation or her kindness. No, thank you.

He was of a fine passionate temper, and of a rarer steel than she. He knew it, and she knew it. Hence she was only the more baffled and maddened, poor thing. He, the higher, the finer, in his way the stronger, played with his garden, and his old folk-songs and Morris-dances, just played, and let her support the pillars of the future on her own heart.

And he began to get bitter, and a wicked look began to come on his face. He did not give in to her; not he. There were seven devils inside his long, slim, white body. He was healthy, full of restrained life. Yes, even he himself had to lock up his own vivid life inside himself, now she would not take it from him. Or rather, now that she only took it occasionally. For she had to yield at times. She loved him so, she desired him so, he was so exquisite to her, the fine creature that he was, finer than herself. Yes, with a groan she had to give in to her own unquenched passion for him. And he came to her then – ah, terrible, ah, wonderful, sometimes she wondered how either of them could live after the terror of the passion that swept between them. It was to her as if pure lightning, flash after flash, went through every fibre of her, till extinction came.

But it is the fate of human beings to live on. And it is the fate of clouds that seem nothing but bits of vapour slowly to pile up, to pile up and fill the heavens and blacken the sun entirely.

So it was. The love came back, the lightning of passion flashed tremendously between them. And there was blue sky and gorgeousness for a little while. And then, as inevitably, as inevitably, slowly the clouds began to edge up again above the horizon, slowly, slowly to lurk about the heavens, throwing an occasional cold and hateful shadow: slowly, slowly to congregate, to fill the empyrean space.

And as the years passed, the lightning cleared the sky more and more rarely, less and less the blue showed. Gradually the grey lid sank down upon them, as if it would be permanent.

Why didn't Egbert do something, then? Why didn't he come to grips with life? Why wasn't he like Winifred's father, a pillar of society, even if a slender, exquisite column? Why didn't he go into harness of some sort? Why didn't he take *some* direction?

Well, you can bring an ass to the water, but you cannot make him drink. The world was the water and Egbert was the ass. And he wasn't having any. He couldn't: he just couldn't. Since necessity did not force him to work for his bread and butter, he would not work for work's sake. You can't make the columbine flowers nod in January, nor make the cuckoo sing in England at Christmas. Why? It isn't his season. He doesn't want to. Nay, he *can't* want to.

And there it was with Egbert. He couldn't link up with the world's work, because the basic desire was absent from him. Nay, at the bottom of him he had an even stronger desire: to hold aloof. To hold aloof. To do nobody any damage. But to hold aloof. It was not his season.

Perhaps he should not have married and had children. But you can't stop the waters flowing.

Which held true for Winifred, too. She was not made to endure aloof. Her family tree was a robust vegetation that had to be stirring and believing. In one direction or another her life *had* to go. In her own home she had known nothing of this diffidence which she found in Egbert, and which she could not understand, and which threw her into such dismay. What was she to do, what was she to do, in face of this terrible diffidence?

It was all so different in her own home. Her father may have had his own misgivings, but he kept them to himself. Perhaps he had no very profound belief in this world of ours, this society which we have elaborated with so much effort, only to find ourselves elaborated to death at last. But Godfrey Marshall was of tough, rough fibre, not without a vein of healthy cunning through it all. It was for him a question of winning through, and leaving the rest to heaven. Without having many illusions to grace him, he still *did* believe in heaven. In a dark and unquestioning way, he had a sort of faith: an acrid faith like the sap of some not-to-be-exterminated tree. Just a blind acrid faith as sap is blind and acrid, and yet pushes on in growth and in faith. Perhaps he was unscrupulous, but only as a striving tree is unscrupulous, pushing its single way in a jungle of others.

In the end, it is only this robust, sap-like faith which keeps man going. He may live on for many generations inside the shelter of the social establishment which he has erected for himself, as pear-trees and currant bushes would go on bearing fruit for many seasons, inside a walled garden, even if the race of man were suddenly exterminated. But bit by bit the wall-fruit-trees would gradually pull down the very walls that sustained them. Bit by bit every establishment collapses, unless it is renewed or restored by living hands, all the while.

Egbert could not bring himself to any more of this restoring or renewing business. He was not aware of the fact: but awareness doesn't help much, anyhow. He just couldn't. He had the stoic and epicurean quality of his old, fine breeding. His father-in-law, however, though he was not one bit more of a fool than Egbert, realized that since we are here we may as well live. And so he applied himself to his own tiny section of the social work, and to doing the best for his family, and to leaving the rest to the ultimate will of heaven. A certain robustness of blood made him able to go on. But sometimes even from him spurted a sudden gall of bitterness against the world and its make-up. And yet—he had his own will-to-succeed, and this carried him through. He refused to ask himself what the success would amount to. It amounted to the estate down in Hampshire, and his children lacking for nothing, and himself of some importance in the world: and *basta! – Basta! Basta!*

Nevertheless do not let us imagine that he was a common pusher. He was not. He knew as well as Egbert what disillusion meant. Perhaps in his soul he had the same estimation of success. But he had a certain acrid courage, and a certain will-to-power. In his own small circle he would emanate power, the single power of his own blind self. With all his spoiling of his children, he was still the father of the old English type. He was too wise to make laws and to domineer in the abstract. But he had kept, and all honour to him, a certain primitive dominion over the souls of his children, the old, almost magic prestige of paternity. There it was, still burning in him, the old smoky torch or paternal godhead.

And in the sacred glare of this torch his children had been brought up. He had given the girls every liberty, at last. But he had never really let them go beyond his power. And they, venturing out into the hard white light of our fatherless world, learned to see with the eyes of the world. They learned to criticize their father, even, from some effulgence of worldly white light, to see him as inferior. But this was all very well in the head. The moment they forgot their tricks of criticism, the old red glow of his authority came over them again. He was not to be quenched.

Let the psycho-analyst talk about father complex. It is just a word invented. Here was a man who had kept alive the old red flame of fatherhood, fatherhood that had even the right to sacrifice the child to God, like Isaac. Fatherhood that had life-and-death authority over the children: a great natural power. And till his children could be brought under some other great authority as girls; or could arrive at manhood and become themselves centres of the same power, continuing the same male mystery as men; until such time, willy-nilly, Godfrey Marshall would keep his children.

It had seemed as if he might lose Winifred. Winifred had *adored* her husband, and looked up to him as to something wonderful. Perhaps she had expected in him another great authority, a male authority greater, finer than her father's. For having once known the glow of male power, she would not easily turn to the cold white light of feminine independence. She would hunger, hunger all her life for the warmth and shelter of true male strength.

And hunger she might, for Egbert's power lay in the abnegation of power. He was himself the living negative of power. Even of responsibility. For the negation of power at last means the negation of responsibility. As far as these things went, he would confine himself to himself. He would try to confine his own *influence* even to himself. He would try, as far as possible, to abstain from influencing his children by assuming any responsibility for them. 'A little child shall lead them – 'His child should lead, then. He would try not to make it go in any direction whatever. He would abstain from influencing it. Liberty! –

Poor Winifred was like a fish out of water in this liberty, gasping for the denser element which should contain her. Till her child came. And then she knew that she must be responsible for it, that she must have authority over it.

But here Egbert silently and negatively stepped in. Silently, negatively, but fatally he neutralized her authority over her children.

There was a third little girl born. And after this Winifred wanted no more children. Her soul was turning to salt.

So she had charge of the children, they were her responsibility. The money for them had come from her father. She would do her very best for them, and have command over their life and death. But no! Egbert would not take the responsibility. He would not even provide the money. But he would not let her have her way. Her dark, silent, passionate authority he would not allow. It was a battle between them, the battle between liberty and the old blood-power. And of course he won. The little girls loved him and adored him. 'Daddy! Daddy!' They could do as they liked with him. Their mother would have ruled them. She would have ruled them passionately, with indulgence, with the old dark magic of parental authority, something looming and unquestioned and, after all, divine: if we believe in divine authority. The Marshalls did, being Catholic.

And Egbert, he turned her old dark, Catholic blood-authority into a sort of tyranny. He would not leave her her children. He stole them from her, and yet without assuming responsibility for them. He stole them from her, in emotion and spirit, and left her only to command their behaviour. A thankless lot for a mother. And her children adored him, adored him, little knowing the empty bitterness they were preparing for themselves when they too grew up to have husbands: husbands such as Egbert, adorable and null.

Joyce, the eldest, was still his favourite. She was now a quicksilver little thing of six years old. Barbara, the youngest, was a toddler of two years. They spent most of their time down at Crockham, because he wanted to be there. And even Winifred loved the place really. But now, in her frustrated and blinded state, it was full of menace for her children. The adders, the poison-berries, the brook, the marsh, the water that might not be pure – one thing and

another. From mother and nurse it was a guerilla gunfire of commands, and blithe, quicksilver disobedience from the three blonde, never-still little girls. Behind the girls was the father, against mother and nurse. And so it was.

'If you don't come quick, nurse, I shall run out there to where there are snakes.'

'Joyce, you *must* be patient. I'm just changing Annabel.'

There you are. There it was: always the same. Working away on the common across the brook he heard it. And he worked on, just the same.

Suddenly he heard a shriek, and he flung the spade from him and started for the bridge, looking up like a startled deer. Ah, there was Winifred – Joyce had hurt herself. He went on up the garden.

'What is it?'

The child was still screaming – now it was – 'Daddy! Daddy! Oh – oh, Daddy!' And the mother was saying:

'Don't be frightened, darling. Let mother look.'

But the child only cried:

'Oh, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!'

She was terrified by the sight of the blood running from her own knee. Winifred crouched down, with her child of six in her lap, to examine the knee. Egbert bent over also.

'Don't make such a noise, Joyce,' he said irritably. 'How did she do it?'

'She fell on that sickle thing which you left lying about after cutting the grass,' said Winifred, looking into his face with bitter accusation as he bent near.

He had taken his handkerchief and tied it round the knee. Then he lifted the still sobbing child in his arms, and carried her into the house and upstairs to her bed. In his arms she became quiet. But his heart was burning with pain and with guilt. He had left the sickle there lying on the edge of the grass, and so his first-born child whom he loved so dearly had come to hurt. But then it was an accident – it was an accident. Why should he feel guilty? It would probably be nothing, better in two or three days. Why take it to heart, why worry? He put it aside.

The child lay on the bed in her little summer frock, her face very white now after the shock, Nurse had come carrying the youngest child: and little Annabel stood holding her skirt. Winifred, terribly serious and wooden-seeming, was bending over the knee, from which she had taken his blood-soaked handkerchief. Egbert bent forward, too, keeping more *sangfroid* in his face than in his heart. Winifred went all of a lump of seriousness, so he had to keep some reserve. The child moaned and whimpered.

The knee was still bleeding profusely – it was a deep cut right in the joint.

'You'd better go for the doctor, Egbert,' said Winifred bitterly.

'Oh, no! Oh, no!' cried Joyce in a panic.

'Joyce, my darling, don't cry!' said Winifred, suddenly catching the little girl to her breast in a strange tragic anguish, the *Mater Dolorata*. Even the child was frightened into silence. Egbert looked at the tragic figure of his wife with the child at her breast, and turned away. Only Annabel started suddenly to cry: 'Joycey, Joycey, don't have your leg bleeding!'

Egbert rode four miles to the village for the doctor. He could not help feeling that Winifred was laying it on rather. Surely the knee itself wasn't hurt! Surely not. It was only a surface cut.

The doctor was out. Egbert left the message and came cycling swiftly home, his heart pinched with anxiety. He dropped sweating off his bicycle and went into the house, looking rather small, like a man who is at fault. Winifred was upstairs sitting by Joyce, who was looking pale and important in bed, and was eating some tapioca pudding. The pale, small, scared face of his child went to Egbert's heart.

'Doctor Wing was out. He'll be here about half past two,' said Egbert.

'I don't want him to come,' whimpered Joyce.

'Joyce, dear, you must be patient and quiet,' said Winifred. 'He won't hurt you. But he will tell us what to do to make your knee better quickly. That is why he must come.'

Winifred always explained carefully to her little girls: and it always took the words off their lips for the moment.

‘Does it bleed yet?’ said Egbert.

Winifred moved the bedclothes carefully aside.

‘I think not,’ she said.

Egbert stooped also to look.

‘No, it doesn’t,’ she said. Then he stood up with a relieved look on his face. He turned to the child.

‘Eat your pudding, Joyce,’ he said. ‘It won’t be anything. You’ve only got to keep still for a few days.’

‘You haven’t had your dinner, have you, Daddy?’

‘Not yet.’

‘Nurse will give it to you,’ said Winifred.

‘You’ll be all right, Joyce,’ he said, smiling to the child and pushing the blonde hair off her brow. She smiled back winsomely into his face.

He went downstairs and ate his meal alone. Nurse served him. She liked waiting on him. All women liked him and liked to do things for him.

The doctor came – a fat country practitioner, pleasant and kind.

‘What, little girl, been tumbling down, have you? There’s a thing to be doing, for a smart little lady like you! What! And cutting your knee! Tut-tut-tut! That wasn’t clever of you, now was it? Never mind, never mind, soon be better. Let us look at it. Won’t hurt you. Not the least in life. Bring a bowl with a little warm water, nurse. Soon have it all right again, soon have it all right.’

Joyce smiled at him with a pale smile of faint superiority. This was not the way in which she was used to being talked to.

He bent down, carefully looking at the little, thin, wounded knee of the child. Egbert bent over him.

‘Oh, dear, oh, dear! Quite a deep little cut. Nasty little cut. Nasty little cut. But, never mind. Never mind, little lady. We’ll soon have it better. Soon have it better, little lady. What’s your name?’

‘My name is Joyce,’ said the child distinctly.

‘Oh, really!’ he replied. ‘Oh, really! Well, that’s a fine name too, in my opinion. Joyce, eh? – And how old might Miss Joyce be? Can she tell me that?’

‘I’m six,’ said the child, slightly amused and very condescending.

‘Six! There now. Add up and count as far as six, can you? Well, that’s a clever little girl, a clever little girl. And if she has to drink a spoonful of medicine, she won’t make a murmur, I’ll be bound. Not like some little girls. What? Eh?’

‘I take it if mother wishes me to,’ said Joyce.

‘Ah, there now! That’s the style! That’s what I like to hear from a little lady in bed because she’s cut her knee. That’s the style – ’

The comfortable and prolix doctor dressed and bandaged the knee and recommended bed and a light diet for the little lady. He thought a week or a fortnight would put it right. No bones or ligatures damaged – fortunately. Only a flesh cut. He would come again in a day or two.

So Joyce was reassured and stayed in bed and had all her toys up. Her father often played with her. The doctor came the third day. He was fairly pleased with the knee. It was healing. It was healing – yes – yes. Let the child continue in bed. He came again after a day or two. Winifred was a trifle uneasy. The wound seemed to be healing on the top, but it hurt the child too much. It didn’t look quite right. She said so to Egbert.

‘Egbert, I’m sure Joyce’s knee isn’t healing properly.’

‘I think it is,’ he said. ‘I think it’s all right.’

‘I’d rather Doctor Wing came again – I don’t feel satisfied.’

‘Aren’t you trying to imagine it worse than it really is?’

‘You would say so, of course. But I shall write a post-card to Doctor Wing now.’

The doctor came next day. He examined the knee. Yes, there was inflammation. Yes, there might be a little septic poisoning – there might. There might. Was the child feverish?

So a fortnight passed by, and the child was feverish, and the knee was more inflamed and grew worse and was painful, painful. She cried in the night, and her mother had to sit up with her. Egbert still insisted it was nothing, really – it would pass. But in his heart he was anxious.

Winifred wrote again to her father. On Saturday the elderly man appeared. And no sooner did Winifred see the thick, rather short figure in its grey suit than a great yearning came over her.

'Father, I'm not satisfied with Joyce. I'm not satisfied with Doctor Wing.'

'Well, Winnie, dear, if you're not satisfied we must have further advice, that is all.'

The sturdy, powerful, elderly man went upstairs, his voice sounding rather grating through the house, as if it cut upon the tense atmosphere.

'How are you, Joyce, darling?' he said to the child. 'Does your knee hurt you? Does it hurt you, dear?'

'It does sometimes.' The child was shy of him, cold towards him.

'Well, dear, I'm sorry for that. I hope you try to bear it, and not trouble mother too much.'

There was no answer. He looked at the knee. It was red and stiff.

'Of course,' he said, 'I think we must have another doctor's opinion. And if we're going to have it, we had better have it at once. Egbert, do you think you might cycle in to Bingham for Doctor Wayne? I found him very satisfactory for Winnie's mother.'

'I can go if you think it necessary,' said Egbert.

'Certainly I think it necessary. Even if there if nothing, we can have peace of mind. Certainly I think it necessary. I should like Doctor Wayne to come this evening if possible.'

So Egbert set off on his bicycle through the wind, like a boy sent on an errand, leaving his father-in-law a pillar of assurance, with Winifred.

Doctor Wayne came, and looked grave. Yes, the knee was certainly taking the wrong way. The child might be lame for life.

Up went the fire and fear and anger in every heart. Doctor Wayne came again the next day for a proper examination. And, yes, the knee had really taken bad ways. It should be X-rayed. It was very important.

Godfrey Marshall walked up and down the lane with the doctor, beside the standing motor-car: up and down, up and down in one of those consultations of which he had had so many in his life.

As a result he came indoors to Winifred.

'Well, Winnie, dear, the best thing to do is to take Joyce up to London, to a nursing home where she can have proper treatment. Of course this knee has been allowed to go wrong. And apparently there is a risk that the child may even lose her leg. What do you think, dear? You agree to our taking her up to town and putting her under the best care?'

'Oh, father, you know I would do anything on earth for her.'

'I know you would, Winnie darling. The pity is that there has been this unfortunate delay already. I can't think what Doctor Wing was doing. Apparently the child is in danger of losing her leg. Well then, if you will have everything ready, we will take her up to town tomorrow. I will order the large car from Denley's to be here at ten. Egbert, will you take a telegram at once to Doctor Jackson? It is a small nursing home for children and for surgical cases, not far from Baker Street. I'm sure Joyce will be all right there.'

'Oh, father, can't I nurse her myself!'

'Well, darling, if she is to have proper treatment, she had best be in a home. The X-ray treatment, and the electric treatment, and whatever is necessary.'

'It will cost a great deal –' said Winifred.

'We can't think of cost, if the child's leg is in danger – or even her life. No use speaking of cost,' said the elder man impatiently.

And so it was. Poor Joyce, stretched out on a bed in the big closed motor-car – the mother sitting by her head, the grandfather in his short grey beard and a bowler hat, sitting by her feet, thick, and implacable in his responsibility – they rolled slowly away from Crockham, and from Egbert who stood there bareheaded and a little ignominious, left behind. He was to shut up the house and bring the rest of the family back to town, by train, the next day.

Followed a dark and bitter time. The poor child. The poor, poor child, how she suffered, an agony and a long crucifixion in that nursing home. It was a bitter six weeks which changed the soul of

Winifred for ever. As she sat by the bed of her poor, tortured little child, tortured with the agony of the knee, and the still worse agony of these diabolic, but perhaps necessary modern treatments, she felt her heart killed and going cold in her breast. Her little Joyce, her frail, brave, wonderful, little Joyce, frail and small and pale as a white flower! Ah, how had she, Winifred, dared to be so wicked, so wicked, so careless, so sensual.

'Let my heart die! Let my woman's heart of flesh die! Saviour, let my heart die. And save my child. Let my heart die from the world and from the flesh. Oh, destroy my heart that is so wayward. Let my heart of pride die. Let my heart die.'

So she prayed beside the bed of her child. And like the Mother with the seven swords in her breast, slowly her heart of pride and passion died in her breast, bleeding away. Slowly it died, bleeding away, and she turned to the Church for comfort, to Jesus, to the Mother of God, but most of all, to that great and enduring institution, the Roman Catholic Church. She withdrew into the shadow of the Church. She was a mother with three children. But in her soul she died, her heart of pride and passion and desire bled to death, her soul belonged to her church, her body belonged to her duty as a mother.

Her duty as a wife did not enter. As a wife she had no sense of duty: only a certain bitterness towards the man with whom she had known such sensuality and distraction. She was purely the *Mater Dolorata*. To the man she was closed as a tomb.

Egbert came to see his child. But Winifred seemed to be always seated there, like the tomb of his manhood and his fatherhood. Poor Winifred: she was still young, still strong and ruddy and beautiful like a ruddy hard flower of the field. Strange – her ruddy, healthy face, so sombre, and her strong, heavy, full-blooded body, so still. She, a nun! Never. And yet the gates of her heart and soul had shut in his face with a slow, resonant clang, shutting him out for ever. There was no need for her to go into a convent. Her will had done it.

And between this young mother and this young father lay the crippled child, like a bit of pale silk floss on the pillow, and a little white pain-quenched face. He could not bear it. He just could not

bear it. He turned aside. There was nothing to do but to turn aside. He turned aside, and went hither and thither, desultory. He was still attractive and desirable. But there was a little frown between his brow as if he had been cleft there with a hatchet: cleft right in, for ever, and that was the stigma.

The child's leg was saved: but the knee was locked stiff. The fear now was lest the lower leg should wither, or cease to grow. There must be long-continued massage and treatment, daily treatment, even when the child left the nursing home. And the whole of the expense was borne by the grandfather.

Egbert now had no real home. Winifred with the children and nurse was tied to the little flat in London. He could not live there: he could not contain himself. The cottage was shut-up – or lent to friends. He went down sometimes to work in his garden and keep the place in order. Then with the empty house around him at night, all the empty rooms, he felt his heart go wicked. The sense of frustration and futility, like some slow, torpid snake, slowly bit right through his heart. Futility, futility: the horrible marsh-poison went through his veins and killed him.

As he worked in the garden in the silence of day he would listen for a sound. No sound. No sound of Winifred from the dark inside of the cottage: no sound of children's voices from the air, from the common, from the near distance. No sound, nothing but the old dark marsh-venomous atmosphere of the place. So he worked spasmodically through the day, and at night made a fire and cooked some food alone.

He was alone. He himself cleaned the cottage and made his bed. But his mending he did not do. His shirts were slit on the shoulders, when he had been working, and the white flesh showed through. He would feel the air and the spots of rain on his exposed flesh. And he would look again across the common, where the dark, tufted gorse was dying to seed, and the bits of cat-heather were coming pink in tufts, like a sprinkling of sacrificial blood.

His heart went back to the savage old spirit of the place: the desire for old gods, old, lost passions, the passion of the cold-blooded, darting snakes that hissed and shot away from him, the

mystery of blood-sacrifices, all the lost, intense sensations of the primeval people of the place, whose passions seethed in the air still, from those long days before the Romans came. The seethe of a lost, dark passion in the air. The presence of unseen snakes.

A queer, baffled, half-wicked look came on his face. He could not stay long at the cottage. Suddenly he must swing on to his bicycle and go – anywhere. Anywhere, away from the place. He would stay a few days with his mother in the old home. His mother adored him and grieved as a mother would. But the little, baffled, half-wicked smile curled on his face, and he swung away from his mother's solicitude as from everything else.

Always moving on – from place to place, friend to friend: and always swinging away from sympathy. As soon as sympathy, like a soft hand, was reached out to touch him, away he swerved, instinctively, as a harmless snake swerves and swerves and swerves away from an outstretched hand. Away he must go. And periodically he went back to Winifred.

He was terrible to her now, like a temptation. She had devoted herself to her children and her church. Joyce was once more on her feet; but, alas! lame, with iron supports to her leg, and a little crutch. It was strange how she had grown into a long, pallid, wild little thing. Strange that the pain had not made her soft and docile, but had brought out a wild, almost maenad temper in the child. She was seven, and long and white and thin, but by no means subdued. Her blonde hair was darkening. She still had long sufferings to face, and, in her own childish consciousness, the stigma of her lameness to bear.

And she bore it. An almost maenad courage seemed to possess her, as if she were a long, thin, young weapon of life. She acknowledged all her mother's care. She would stand by her mother for ever. But some of her father's fine-tempered desperation flashed in her.

When Egbert saw his little girl limping horribly – not only limping but lurching horribly in crippled, childish way, his heart again hardened with chagrin, like steel that is tempered again. There was a tacit understanding between him and his little girl: not what we

would call love, but a weapon-like kinship. There was a tiny touch of irony in his manner towards her, contrasting sharply with Winifred's heavy, unleavened solicitude and care. The child flickered back to him with an answering little smile of irony and recklessness: an odd flippancy which made Winifred only the more sombre and earnest.

The Marshalls took endless thought and trouble for the child, searching out every means to save her limb and her active freedom. They spared no effort and no money, they spared no strength of will. With all their slow, heavy power of will they willed that Joyce should save her liberty of movement, should win back her wild, free grace. Even if it took a long time to recover, it should be recovered.

So the situation stood. And Joyce submitted, week after week, month after month to the tyranny and pain of the treatment. She acknowledged the honourable effort on her behalf. But her flamy reckless spirit was her father's. It was he who had all the glamour for her. He and she were like members of some forbidden secret society who know one another but may not recognize one another. Knowledge they had in common, the same secret of life, the father and the child. But the child stayed in the camp of her mother, honourably, and the father wandered outside like Ishmael, only coming sometimes to sit in the home for an hour or two, an evening or two beside the camp fire, like Ishmael, in a curious silence and tension, with the mocking answer of the desert speaking out of his silence, and annulling the whole convention of the domestic home.

His presence was almost an anguish to Winifred. She prayed against it. That little cleft between his brow, that flickering, wicked, little smile that seemed to haunt his face, and above all, the triumphant loneliness, the Ishmael quality. And then the erectness of his supple body, like a symbol. The very way he stood, so quiet, so insidious, like an erect, supple symbol of life, the living body, confronting her downcast soul, was torture to her. He was like a supple living idol moving before her eyes, and she felt if she watched him she was damned.

And he came and made himself at home in her little home. When he was there, moving in his own quiet way, she felt as if the whole great law of sacrifice, by which she had elected to live, were

annulled. He annulled by his very presence the laws of her life. And what did he substitute? Ah, against that question she hardened herself in recoil.

It was awful to her to have to have him about – moving about in his shirt-sleeves, speaking in his tenor, throaty voice to the children. Annabel simply adored him, and he teased the little girl. The baby, Barbara, was not sure of him. She had been born a stranger to him. But even the nurse, when she saw his white shoulder of flesh through the slits of his torn shirt, thought it a shame.

Winifred felt it was only another weapon of his against her.

'You have other shirts – why do you wear that old one that is all torn, Egbert?' she said.

'I may as well wear it out,' he said subtly.

He knew she would not offer to mend it for him. She *could* not. And no, she would not. Had she not her own gods to honour? And could she betray them, submitting to his Baal and Ashtaroth? And it was terrible to her, his unsheathed presence, that seemed to annul her and her faith, like another revelation. Like a gleaming idol evoked against her, a vivid life-idol that might triumph.

He came and he went – and she persisted. And then the great war broke out. He was a man who could not go to the dogs. He could not dissipate himself. He was pure-bred in his Englishness, and even when he would have killed to be vicious, he could not.

So when the war broke out his whole instinct was against it: against war. He had not the faintest desire to overcome any foreigners or to help in their death. He had no conception of Imperial England, and Rule Britannia was just a joke to him. He was a pure-blooded Englishman, perfect in his race, and when he was truly himself he could no more have been aggressive on the score of his Englishness than a rose can be aggressive on the score of its rosiness.

No, he had no desire to defy Germany and to exalt England. The distinction between German and English was not for him the distinction between good and bad. It was the distinction between blue water-flowers and red or white bush-blossoms: just difference. The difference between the wild boar and the wild bear. And a man was good or bad according to his nature, not according to his nationality.

Egbert was well-bred, and this was part of his natural understanding. It was merely unnatural to him to hate a nation *en bloc*. Certain individuals he disliked, and others he liked, and the mass he knew nothing about. Certain deeds he disliked, certain deeds seemed natural to him, and about most deeds he had no particular feeling.

He had, however, the one deepest pure-bred instinct. He recoiled inevitably from having his feelings dictated to him by the mass feeling. His feelings were his own, his understanding was his own, and he would never go back on either, willingly. Shall a man become inferior to his own true knowledge and self, just because the mob expects it of him?

What Egbert felt subtly and without question, his father-in-law felt also in a rough, more combative way. Different as the two men were, they were two real Englishmen, and their instincts were almost the same.

And Godfrey Marshall had the world to reckon with. There was German military aggression, and the English non-military idea of liberty and the 'conquests of peace' – meaning industrialism. Even if the choice between militarism and industrialism were a choice of evils, the elderly man asserted his choice of the latter, perforce. He whose soul was quick with the instinct of power.

Egbert just refused to reckon with the world. He just refused even to decide between German militarism and British industrialism. He chose neither. As for atrocities, he despised the people who committed them as inferior criminal types. There was nothing national about crime.

And yet, war! War! Just war! Not right or wrong, but just war itself. Should he join? Should he give himself over to war? The question was in his mind for some weeks. Not because he thought England was right and Germany wrong. Probably Germany was wrong, but he refused to make a choice. Not because he felt inspired. No. But just – war.

The deterrent was, the giving himself over into the power of other men, and into the power of the mob-spirit of a democratic army. Should he give himself over? Should he make over his own

life and body to the control of something which he *knew* was inferior, in spirit, to his own self? Should he commit himself into the power of an inferior control? Should he? Should he betray himself?

He was going to put himself into the power of his inferiors, and he knew it. He was going to subjugate himself. He was going to be ordered about by petty *canaille* of non-commissioned officers – and even commissioned officers. He who was born and bred free. Should he do it?

He went to his wife, to speak to her.

'Shall I join up, Winifred?'

She was silent. Her instinct also was dead against it. And yet a certain profound resentment made her answer:

'You have three children dependent on you. I don't know whether you have thought of that.'

It was still only the third month of the war, and the old pre-war ideas were still alive.

'Of course. But it won't make much difference to them. I shall be earning a shilling a day, at least.'

'You'd better speak to father, I think,' she replied heavily.

Egbert went to his father-in-law. The elderly man's heart was full of resentment.

'I should say,' he said rather sourly, 'it is the best thing you could do.'

Egbert went and joined up immediately, as a private soldier. He was drafted into the light artillery.

Winifred now had a new duty towards him: the duty of a wife towards a husband who is himself performing his duty towards the world. She loved him still. She would always love him, as far as earthly love went. But it was duty she now lived by. When he came back to her in khaki, a soldier, she submitted to him as a wife. It was her duty. But to his passion she could never again fully submit. Something prevented her, for ever: even her own deepest choice.

He went back again to camp. It did not suit him to be a modern soldier. In the thick, gritty, hideous khaki his subtle physique was extinguished as if he had been killed. In the ugly intimacy of the camp his thoroughbred sensibilities were just degraded. But he had

chosen, so he accepted. An ugly little look came on to his face, of a man who has accepted his own degradation.

In the early spring Winifred went down to Crockham to be there when primroses were out, and the tassels hanging on the hazel-bushes. She felt something like a reconciliation towards Egbert, now he was a prisoner in camp most of his days. Joyce was wild with delight at seeing the garden and the common again, after the eight or nine months of London and misery. She was still lame. She still had the irons up her leg. But she lurched about with a wild, crippled agility.

Egbert came for a week-end, in his gritty, thick, sand-paper khaki and puttees and the hideous cap. Nay, he looked terrible. And on his face a slightly impure look, a little sore on his lip, as if he had eaten too much or drunk too much or let his blood become a little unclean. He was almost uglily healthy, with the camp life. It did not suit him.

Winifred waited for him in a little passion of duty and sacrifice, willing to serve the soldier, if not the man. It only made him feel a little more ugly inside. The week-end was torment to him: the memory of the camp, the knowledge of the life he led there; even the sight of his own legs in that abhorrent khaki. He felt as if the hideous cloth went into his blood and made it gritty and dirty. Then Winifred so ready to serve the *soldier*, when she repudiated the man. And this made the grit worse between his teeth. And the children running around playing and calling in the rather mincing fashion of children who have nurses and governesses and literature in the family. And Joyce so lame! It had all become unreal to him, after the camp. It only set his soul on edge. He left at dawn on the Monday morning, glad to get back to the realness and vulgarity of the camp.

Winifred would never meet him again at the cottage – only in London, where the world was with them. But sometimes he came alone to Crockham perhaps when friends were staying there. And then he would work awhile in his garden. This summer still it would flame with blue anchusas and big red poppies, the mulleins would sway their soft, downy erections in the air: he loved mulleins: and the honeysuckle would stream out scent like memory, when the owl was

whooing. Then he sat by the fire with the friends and with Winifred's sisters, and they sang the folk-songs. He put on thin civilian clothes and his charm and his beauty and the supple dominancy of his body glowed out again. But Winifred was not there.

At the end of the summer he went to Flanders, into action. He seemed already to have gone out of life, beyond the pale of life. He hardly remembered his life any more, being like a man who is going to take a jump from a height, and is only looking to where he must land.

He was twice slightly wounded, in two months. But not enough to put him off duty for more than a day or two. They were retiring again, holding the enemy back. He was in the rear – three machine-guns. The country was all pleasant, war had not yet trampled it. Only the air seemed shattered, and the land awaiting death. It was a small, unimportant action in which he was engaged.

The guns were stationed on a little bushy hillock just outside a village. But occasionally, it was difficult to say from which direction, came the sharp crackle of rifle-fire, and beyond, the far-off thud of cannon. The afternoon was wintry and cold.

A lieutenant stood on a little iron platform at the top of the ladders, taking the sights and giving the aim, calling in a high, tense, mechanical voice. Out of the sky came the sharp cry of the directions, then the warning numbers, then 'Fire!' The shot went, the piston of the gun sprang back, there was a sharp explosion, and a very faint film of smoke in the air. Then the other two guns fired, and there was a lull. The officer was uncertain of the enemy's position. The thick clump of horse-chestnut trees below was without change. Only in the far distance the sound of heavy firing continued, so far off as to give a sense of peace.

The gorse bushes on either hand were dark, but a few sparks of flowers showed yellow. He noticed them almost unconsciously as he waited, in the lull. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and the air came chill on his arms. Again his shirt was slit on the shoulders, and the flesh showed through. He was dirty and unkempt. But his face was quiet. So many things go out of consciousness before we come to the end of consciousness.

Before him, below, was the highroad, running between high banks of grass and gorse. He saw the whitish muddy tracks and deep scores in the road, where the part of the regiment had retired. Now all was still. Sounds that came, came from the outside. The place where he stood was still silent, chill, serene: the white church among the trees beyond seemed like a thought only.

He moved into a lightning-like mechanical response at the sharp cry from the officer overhead. Mechanism, the pure mechanical action of obedience at the guns. Pure mechanical action at the guns. It left the soul unburdened, brooding in dark nakedness. In the end, the soul is alone, brooding on the face of the uncreated flux, as a bird on a dark sea.

Nothing could be seen but the road, and a crucifix knocked slanting and the dark, autumnal fields and woods. There appeared three horsemen on a little eminence, very small, on the crest of a ploughed field. They were our own men. Of the enemy, nothing.

The lull continued. Then suddenly came sharp orders, and a new direction of the guns, and an intense, exciting activity. Yet at the centre the soul remained dark and aloof, alone.

But even so, it was the soul that heard the new sound: the new, deep 'papp!' of a gun that seemed to touch right upon the soul. He kept up the rapid activity at the machine-gun, sweating. But in his soul was the echo of the new, deep sound, deeper than life.

And in confirmation came the awful faint whistling of a shell, advancing almost suddenly into a piercing, tearing shriek that would tear through the membrane of life. He heard it in his ears, but he heard it also in his soul, in tension. There was relief when the thing had swung by and struck, away beyond. He heard the hoarseness of its explosion, and the voice of the soldier calling to the horses. But he did not turn round to look. He only noticed a twig of holly with red berries fall like a gift on to the road below.

Not this time, not this time. Whither thou goest I will go. Did he say it to the shell, or to whom? Whither thou goest I will go. Then, the faint whistling of another shell dawned, and his blood became small and still to receive it. It drew nearer, like some horrible blast of wind; his blood lost consciousness. But in the second of

suspension he saw the heavy shell swoop to earth, into the rocky bushes on the right, and earth and stones poured up into the sky. It was as if he heard no sound. The earth and stones and fragments of bush fell to earth again, and there was the same unchanging peace. The Germans had got the aim.

Would they move now? Would they retire? Yes. The officer was giving the last lightning-rapid orders to fire before withdrawing. A shell passed unnoticed in the rapidity of action. And then, into the silence, into the suspense where the soul brooded, finally crashed a noise and a darkness and a moment's flaming agony and horror. Ah, he had seen the dark bird flying towards him, flying home this time. In one instant life and eternity went up in a conflagration of agony, then there was a weight of darkness.

When faintly something began to struggle in the darkness, a consciousness of himself, he was aware of a great load and a clanging sound. To have known the moment of death! And to be forced, before dying, to review it. So, fate, even in death.

There was a resounding of pain. It seemed to sound from the outside of his consciousness: like a loud bell clanging very near. Yet he knew it was himself. He must associate himself with it. After a lapse and a new effort, he identified a pain in his head, a large pain that clanged and resounded. So far he could identify himself with himself. Then there was a lapse.

After a time he seemed to wake up again, and waking, to know that he was at the front, and that he was killed. He did not open his eyes. Light was not yet his. The clanging pain in his head rang out the rest of his consciousness. So he lapsed away from consciousness, in unutterable sick abandon of life.

Bit by bit, like a doom came the necessity to know. He was hit in the head. It was only a vague surmise at first. But in the swinging of the pendulum of pain, swinging ever nearer and nearer, to touch him into an agony of consciousness and a consciousness of agony, gradually the knowledge emerged – he must be hit in the head – hit on the left brow; if so, there would be blood – was there blood? – could he feel blood in his left eye? Then the clanging seemed to burst the membrane of his brain, like death-madness.

Was there blood on his face? Was hot blood flowing? Or was it dry blood congealing down his cheek? It took him hours even to ask the question: time being no more than an agony in darkness, without measurement.

A long time after he had opened his eyes he realized he was seeing something – something, something, but the effort to recall what was too great. No, no; no recall!

Were they the stars in the dark sky? Was it possible it was stars in the dark sky? Stars? The world? Ah, no, he could not know it! Stars and the world were gone for him, he closed his eyes. No stars, no sky, no world. No, No! The thick darkness of blood alone. It should be one great lapse into the thick darkness of blood in agony.

Death, oh, death! The world all blood, and the blood all writhing with death. The soul like the tiniest little light out on a dark sea, the sea of blood. And the light guttering, beating, pulsing in a windless storm, wishing it could go out, yet unable.

There had been life. There had been Winifred and his children. But the frail death-agony effort to catch at straws of memory, straws of life from the past, brought on too great a nausea. No, No! No Winifred, no children. No world, no people. Better the agony of dissolution ahead than the nausea of the effort backwards. Better the terrible work should go forward, the dissolving into the black sea of death, in the extremity of dissolution, than that there should be any reaching back towards life. To forget! To forget! Utterly, utterly to forget, in the great forgetting of death. To break the core and the unit of life, and to lapse out on the great darkness. Only that. To break the clue, and mingle and commingle with the one darkness, without afterwards or forwards. Let the black sea of death itself solve the problem of futurity. Let the will of man break and give up.

What was that? A light! A terrible light! Was it figures? Was it legs of a horse colossal – colossal above him: huge, huge?

The Germans heard a slight noise, and started. Then, in the glare of a light-bomb, by the side of the heap of earth thrown up by the shell, they saw the dead face.

DISCUSSION OF THE TEXT

1. What is the theme and the idea of the story? The marriage of Egbert and Winifred? Or the state of the English countryside? Or the theme of the war?
2. What is the main conflict of the story like?
3. Dwell on the tone of narration and the author's point of view.
4. What is the significance of Lawrence's repeated phrases? What does he mean by "an amateur, amateurish"? How do these words characterize Egbert?
5. Account for the title of the story. It is the quote of the poem by W.E. Henley. What idea does Henley convey in his poem? Does Lawrence share Henley's standpoint?
6. Compare the two principal male characters. Expand on the distinctions between Egbert and Godfry Marshall.
7. Focus on the leading themes of the story (love and marriage; the importance of the past; the theme of war).
8. Make a conclusion on how the English identity is revealed in the story under study.

Kew Gardens

Virginia Woolf (1882 – 1941)

British author who made an original contribution to the form of the novel – also distinguished feminist essayist, critic in The Times Literary Supplement, and a central figure of Bloomsbury group. Virginia Woolf's books were published by Hogart Press, which she founded with her husband, the critic and writer Leonard Woolf. Originally their printing machine was small enough to fit on a kitchen table, but their publications later included T.S. Eliot's Waste Land (1922), fiction by Maxim Gorky, E.M. Forster, and Katherine Mansfield, and the complete twenty-four-volume translation of the works of Sigmund Freud.

In her works Woolf developed innovative literary techniques in order to reveal women's experience and find an alternative to the male-dominated views of reality. In her essay 'Mr. Bennett and

Mrs. Brown' Woolf argued that John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells and other realistic English novelists dealt in surfaces but to get underneath these surfaces one must use less restricted presentation of life, and such devices as stream of consciousness and interior monologue and abandon linear narrative.

From the oval-shaped flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart-shaped or tongue-shaped leaves half way up and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with spots of colour raised upon the surface; and from the red, blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar, rough with gold dust and slightly clubbed at the end. The petals were voluminous enough to be stirred by the summer breeze, and when they moved, the red, blue and yellow lights passed one over the other, staining an inch of the brown earth beneath with a spot of the most intricate colour. The light fell either upon the smooth, grey back of a pebble, or, the shell of a snail with its brown, circular veins, or falling into a raindrop, it expanded with such intensity of red, blue and yellow the thin walls of water that one expected them to burst and disappear. Instead, the drop was left in a second silver grey once more, and the light now settled upon the flesh of a leaf, revealing the branching thread of fibre beneath the surface, and again it moved on and spread its illumination in the vast green spaces beneath the dome of the heart-shaped and tongue-shaped leaves. Then the breeze stirred rather more briskly overhead and the colour was flashed into the air above, into the eyes of the men and women who walk in Kew Gardens in July.

The figures of these men and women straggled past the flower-bed with a curiously irregular movement not unlike that of the white and blue butterflies who crossed the turf in zig-zag flights from bed to bed. The man was about six inches in front of the woman, strolling carelessly, while she bore on with greater purpose, only turning her head now and then to see that the children were not too far behind. The man kept this distance in front of the woman purposely, though perhaps unconsciously, for he wished to go on with his thoughts.

"Fifteen years ago I came here with Lily," he thought. "We sat somewhere over there by a lake and I begged her to marry me

all through the hot afternoon. How the dragonfly kept circling round us: how clearly I see the dragonfly and her shoe with the square silver buckle at the toe. All the time I spoke I saw her shoe and when it moved impatiently I knew without looking up what she was going to say: the whole of her seemed to be in her shoe. And my love, my desire, were in the dragonfly; for some reason I thought that if it settled there, on that leaf, the broad one with the red flower in the middle of it, if the dragonfly settled on the leaf she would say 'Yes' at once. But the dragonfly went round and round: it never settled anywhere, of course not, happily not, or I shouldn't be walking here with Eleanor and the children. Tell me, Eleanor. D'you ever think of the past?"

"Why do you ask, Simon?"

"Because I've been thinking of the past. I've been thinking of Lily, the woman I might have married.... Well, why are you silent? Do you mind my thinking of the past?"

"Why should I mind, Simon? Doesn't one always think of the past, in a garden with men and women lying under the trees? Aren't they one's past, all that remains of it, those men and women, those ghosts lying under the trees,... one's happiness, one's reality?"

"For me, a square silver shoe buckle and a dragonfly."

"For me, a kiss. Imagine six little girls sitting before their easels twenty years ago, down by the side of a lake, painting the water-lilies, the first red water-lilies I'd ever seen. And suddenly a kiss, there on the back of my neck. And my hand shook all the afternoon so that I couldn't paint. I took out my watch and marked the hour when I would allow myself to think of the kiss for five minutes only it was so precious the kiss of an old grey-haired woman with a wart on her nose, the mother of all my kisses all my life. Come, Caroline, come, Hubert."

They walked on the past the flower-bed, now walking four abreast, and soon diminished in size among the trees and looked half transparent as the sunlight and shade swam over their backs in large trembling irregular patches.

In the oval flower bed the snail, whose shell had been stained red, blue, and yellow for the space of two minutes or so, now

appeared to be moving very slightly in its shell, and next began to labour over the crumbs of loose earth which broke away and rolled down as it passed over them. It appeared to have a definite goal in front of it, differing in this respect from the singular high stepping angular green insect who attempted to cross in front of it, and waited for a second with its antennæ trembling as if in deliberation, and then stepped off as rapidly and strangely in the opposite direction. Brown cliffs with deep green lakes in the hollows, flat, blade-like trees that waved from root to tip, round boulders of grey stone, vast crumpled surfaces of a thin crackling texture, all these objects lay across the snail's progress between one stalk and another to his goal. Before he had decided whether to circumvent the arched tent of a dead leaf or to breast it there came past the bed the feet of other human beings.

This time they were both men. The younger of the two wore an expression of perhaps unnatural calm; he raised his eyes and fixed them very steadily in front of him while his companion spoke, and directly his companion had done speaking he looked on the ground again and sometimes opened his lips only after a long pause and sometimes did not open them at all. The elder man had a curiously uneven and shaky method of walking, jerking his hand forward and throwing up his head abruptly, rather in the manner of an impatient carriage horse tired of waiting outside a house; but in the man these gestures were irresolute and pointless. He talked almost incessantly; he smiled to himself and again began to talk, as if the smile had been an answer. He was talking about spirits, the spirits of the dead, who, according to him, were even now telling him all sorts of odd things about their experiences in Heaven.

"Heaven was known to the ancients as Thessaly, William, and now, with this war, the spirit matter is rolling between the hills like thunder." He paused, seemed to listen, smiled, jerked his head and continued:

"You have a small electric battery and a piece of rubber to insulate the wire – isolate? insulate? well, we'll skip the details, no good going into details that wouldn't be understood and in short the little machine stands in any convenient position by the head of the bed, we will say, on a neat mahogany stand. All arrangements being

properly fixed by workmen under my direction, the widow applies her ear and summons the spirit by sign as agreed. Women! Widows! Women in black."

Here he seemed to have caught sight of a woman's dress in the distance, which in the shade looked a purple black. He took off his hat, placed his hand upon his heart, and hurried towards her muttering and gesticulating feverishly. But William caught him by the sleeve and touched a flower with the tip of his walking-stick in order to divert the old man's attention. After looking at it for a moment in some confusion the old man bent his ear to it and seemed to answer a voice speaking from it, for he began talking about the forests of Uruguay which he had visited hundreds of years ago in company with the most beautiful young woman in Europe. He could be heard murmuring about forests of Uruguay blanketed with the wax petals of tropical roses, nightingales, sea beaches, mermaids, and women drowned at sea, as he suffered himself to be moved on by William, upon whose face the look of stoical patience grew slowly deeper and deeper.

Following his steps so closely as to be slightly puzzled by his gestures came two elderly women of the lower middle class, one stout and ponderous, the other rosy cheeked and nimble. Like most people of their station they were frankly fascinated by any signs of eccentricity betokening a disordered brain, especially in the well-to-do; but they were too far off to be certain whether the gestures were merely eccentric or genuinely mad. After they had scrutinised the old man's back in silence for a moment and given each other a queer, sly look, they went on energetically piecing together their very complicated dialogue:

"Nell, Bert, Lot, Cess, Phil, Pa, he says, I says, she says, I says, I says, I says"

"My Bert, Sis, Bill, Grandad, the old man, sugar, Sugar, flour, kippers, greens, Sugar, sugar, sugar."

The ponderous woman looked through the pattern of falling words at the flowers standing cool, firm, and upright in the earth, with a curious expression. She saw them as a sleeper waking from a heavy sleep sees a brass candlestick reflecting the light in an unfamiliar way, and closes his eyes and opens them, and seeing the brass candlestick again, finally starts broad awake and stares at the

candlestick with all his powers. So the heavy woman came to a standstill opposite the oval-shaped flower bed, and ceased even to pretend to listen to what the other woman was saying. She stood there letting the words fall over her, swaying the top part of her body slowly backwards and forwards, looking at the flowers. Then she suggested that they should find a seat and have their tea.

The snail had now considered every possible method of reaching his goal without going round the dead leaf or climbing over it. Let alone the effort needed for climbing a leaf, he was doubtful whether the thin texture which vibrated with such an alarming crackle when touched even by the tip of his horns would bear his weight; and this determined him finally to creep beneath it, for there was a point where the leaf curved high enough from the ground to admit him. He had just inserted his head in the opening and was taking stock of the high brown roof and was getting used to the cool brown light when two other people came past outside on the turf. This time they were both young, a young man and a young woman. They were both in the prime of youth, or even in that season which precedes the prime of youth, the season before the smooth pink folds of the flower have burst their gummy case, when the wings of the butterfly, though fully grown, are motionless in the sun.

"Lucky it isn't Friday," he observed.

"Why? D'you believe in luck?"

"They make you pay sixpence on Friday."

"What's sixpence anyway? Isn't it worth sixpence?"

"What's 'it'? what do you mean by 'it'?"

"O, anything I mean you know what I mean."

Long pauses came between each of these remarks; they were uttered in toneless and monotonous voices. The couple stood still on the edge of the flower bed, and together pressed the end of her parasol deep down into the soft earth. The action and the fact that his hand rested on the top of hers expressed their feelings in a strange way, as these short insignificant words also expressed something, words with short wings for their heavy body of meaning, inadequate to carry them far and thus alighting awkwardly upon the very common objects that surrounded them, and were to their

inexperienced touch so massive; but who knows (so they thought as they pressed the parasol into the earth) what precipices aren't concealed in them, or what slopes of ice don't shine in the sun on the other side? Who knows? Who has ever seen this before? Even when she wondered what sort of tea they gave you at Kew, he felt that something loomed up behind her words, and stood vast and solid behind them; and the mist very slowly rose and uncovered, Heavens, what were those shapes? little white tables, and waitresses who looked first at her and then at him; and there was a bill that he would pay with a real two shilling piece, and it was real, all real, he assured himself, fingering the coin in his pocket, real to everyone except to him and to her; even to him it began to seem real; and then but it was too exciting to stand and think any longer, and he pulled the parasol out of the earth with a jerk and was impatient to find the place where one had tea with other people, like other people.

"Come along, Trissie; it's time we had our tea."

"Wherever does one have one's tea?" she asked with the oddest thrill of excitement in her voice, looking vaguely round and letting herself be drawn on down the grass path, trailing her parasol, turning her head this way and that way, forgetting her tea, wishing to go down there and then down there, remembering orchids and cranes among wild flowers, a Chinese pagoda and a crimson crested bird; but he bore her on.

Thus one couple after another with much the same irregular and aimless movement passed the flower-bed and were enveloped in layer after layer of green blue vapour, in which at first their bodies had substance and a dash of colour, but later both substance and colour dissolved in the green-blue atmosphere. How hot it was! So hot that even the thrush chose to hop, like a mechanical bird, in the shadow of the flowers, with long pauses between one movement and the next; instead of rambling vaguely the white butterflies danced one above another, making with their white shifting flakes the outline of a shattered marble column above the tallest flowers; the glass roofs of the palm house shone as if a whole market full of shiny green umbrellas had opened in the sun; and in the drone of the aeroplane the voice of the summer sky murmured its fierce soul. Yellow and black, pink and snow

white, shapes of all these colours, men, women, and children were spotted for a second upon the horizon, and then, seeing the breadth of yellow that lay upon the grass, they wavered and sought shade beneath the trees, dissolving like drops of water in the yellow and green atmosphere, staining it faintly with red and blue. It seemed as if all gross and heavy bodies had sunk down in the heat motionless and lay huddled upon the ground, but their voices went wavering from them as if they were flames lolling from the thick waxen bodies of candles. Voices. Yes, voices. Wordless voices, breaking the silence suddenly with such depth of contentment, such passion of desire, or, in the voices of children, such freshness of surprise; breaking the silence? But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all of wrought steel turning ceaselessly one within another the city murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud and the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colours into the air.

Королевский сад (пер. Д. Аграчева)

Не менее ста стебельков тянулись с продолговатой цветочной клумбы, раскрываясь – почти над самой землей – веером листьев в форме сердца или загнутых язычков, и разворачивали на вершине чаши красных, синих, желтых лепестков, усыпанные густыми цветными пятнышками; а из красного, синего, желтого сумрака на дне чаши поднимался твердый прямой росток, шершавый от золотистой пыли и чуть закругленный на конце. Лепестки были достаточно крупные, чтобы чувствовать летний ветерок, и когда они колыхались, красные, синие и желтые огни набегали друг на друга, бросая на бурую землю невиданные отсветы. Краски ложились то на гладкую серую спинку гальки, то на раковину улитки в матовых бурых разводах; или вдруг, попав в дождевую каплю, взрывались таким половодьем красного, синего и желтого, что казалось, тонкие водяные стенки вот-вот не выдержат и разлетятся вдребезги. Но через мгновенье капля вновь становилась серебристо-серой, а цвета играли уже на мясистом листке, обнажая глубоко запрятанные нити сосу-

дов, и снова улетали и разливали свет на зеленых просторах под сводами листьев в форме сердца или загнутых язычков. Потом налетал более решительный порыв ветра, и, взметнувшись кверху, цветные огни летели в глаза мужчин и женщин, которые гуляют в июле по Королевскому ботаническому саду.

Фигуры этих мужчин и женщин двигались мимо клумбы в каком-то странном хаотическом круговороте, почти как бело-синие бабочки, которые причудливыми зигзагами перелетали с лужайки на лужайку. Мужчина шел чуть впереди, небрежной, расслабленной походкой; женщина ступала более целеустремленно и только иногда оборачивалась, чтобы посмотреть, не слишком ли отстали дети. Мужчина держался впереди намеренно, хотя, может быть, и бессознательно: ему хотелось спокойно подумать. «Пятнадцать лет назад я привел сюда Лили, – думал он. – Мы сидели где-то там, у озера, и я упрашивал ее стать моей женой, долго-долго, и было очень жарко. Над нами без конца кружила стрекоза, как ясно я помню эту стрекозу и еще туфлю с квадратной серебряной пряжкой. Все время, пока я говорил, я видел эту туфлю, и когда она нетерпеливо вздрагивала, я знал, не поднимая глаз, что ответит мне Лили; казалось, она вся в этой туфле. А моя любовь, моя страсть были в стрекозе; почему-то я думал, что, если она сядет вот там, на том листе, широком, с красным цветком посередине, если только стрекоза сядет на том листе, Лили сейчас же скажет: «Да». Но стрекоза все кружила и кружила; она так нигде и не села – ну конечно, и слава богу, а то разве гулял бы я здесь сейчас с Элинор и детьми?»

– Скажи мне, Элинор. Ты когда-нибудь думаешь о прошлом?

– А почему ты спрашиваешь, Саймон?

– Потому что я сейчас думал о прошлом. Я думал о Лили, о женщине, на которой мог бы жениться... Ну что ж ты молчишь? Тебе неприятно, что я думаю о прошлом?

– Почему мне должно быть неприятно, Саймон? Разве не каждый думает о прошлом в саду, где под деревьями лежат мужчины и женщины? Разве они не наше прошлое, не все, что от него осталось, эти мужчины и женщины, эти призраки под деревьями... наше счастье, наша жизнь?

– Для меня – туфля с серебряной пряжкой и стрекоза...

– А для меня – поцелуй. Представь себе, шесть маленьких девочек стоят перед мольбертами, двадцать лет назад, на берегу озера и рисуют водяные лилии, я тогда впервые увидела красные водяные лилии. И вдруг поцелуй вот здесь в шею, сзади. У меня потом весь день тряслась рука, я не могла рисовать. Я доставала часы и отмечала время, когда мне можно будет думать о поцелуе, только пять минут – такой он был драгоценный, – поцелуй седой старушки с бородавкой на носу, главный из всех моих поцелуев, за всю жизнь. Скорее, Кэролайн, скорее, Хьюберт.

Они миновали клумбу и пошли дальше, теперь все четверо рядом, и скоро стали маленькими и полупрозрачными среди деревьев, среди больших и дрожащих солнечных пятен, которые, чередуясь с тенью, не спеша проплывали по их спинам.

В продолговатой цветочной клумбе улитка, чью раковину минуты на две расцветило в красные, синие и желтые тона, теперь чуть-чуть зашевелилась в своей раковине и с трудом поползла по комкам рыхлой земли, которые то и дело отрывались и катились вниз. Перед ней, по-видимому, была твердая цель, что отличало ее от странного, большого и угловатого зеленого насекомого, которое попробовало двинуться вперед, потом застыло на мгновенье с дрожащими усиками, словно размышляя, и вдруг так же быстро и непонятно метнулось обратно. Бурые утесы над глубокими впадинами зеленых озер, плоские, как клинки, деревья, что колышутся от корня до вершины, круглые серые валуны, большие мятые круги тонкой, хрустящей ткани – все это лежало на пути улитки от одного стебля до другого, к заветной цели.

Прежде чем она решила, обойти ли изогнувшийся шатром сухой лист или двинуться напролом, возле клумбы снова раздались шаги людей. На этот раз оба были мужчины. Лицо того, что помоложе, выражало, пожалуй, даже чрезмерное спокойствие; подняв голову, он очень твердо смотрел прямо перед собой, когда его спутник говорил, но едва лишь тот замолкал – снова опускал глаза и иногда отвечал после долгого

молчания, а порой и вовсе не отвечал. У старшего была странно резкая и неровная походка: он выбрасывал вперед руку и круто вздергивал головой, совсем как нетерпеливая лошадь, впряженная в экипаж, которой надоело ждать у подъезда; только у него эти движения были нерешительны и бессмысленны.

Говорил он почти непрерывно; улыбался сам себе и опять начинал говорить, как будто улыбка была ответом. Он говорил о духах – духах умерших, которые и теперь, по его словам, рассказывали ему много загадочного о жизни в раю.

– У древних, Уильям, раем считалась Фессалия, а теперь, после войны, духовное вещество носится по горам как громовые раскаты. – Он остановился, к чему-то прислушался, улыбнулся, дернул головой и продолжал:

– Берешь маленькую электрическую батарейку и немного резины для изоляции обмотки... намотки?.. обмотки?.. – ну ладно, это мелочи, что толку говорить о мелочах, которых никто не поймет, – короче, ставишь весь механизм как-нибудь поудобнее у изголовья кровати, скажем, на изящной лакированной тумбочке. Рабочие устанавливают все как надо, по моим указаниям, и тогда вдова подносит ухо и знаком вызывает дух, как условлено. Женщины! Вдовы! Женщины в черном...

Тут он, по-видимому, заметил вдали женское платье, которое в тени казалось лилово-черным. Он снял шляпу, приложил руку к сердцу и рванулся за ней, что-то бормоча и отчаянно размахивая руками. Но Уильям поймал его за рукав и кончиком трости показал на цветок, чтобы отвлечь его внимание. Посмотрев на цветок в каком-то смятении, старик наклонился и приложил к нему ухо, а потом, словно в ответ на то, что услышал, стал рассказывать о лесах Уругвая, где он путешествовал сотни лет назад в обществе самой прелестной женщины Европы. И долго еще раздавалось его бормотанье о лесах Уругвая, усеянных гладкими, как воск, лепестками тропических роз, о соловьях и песчаных отмелях, о русалках и утопленницах, а Уильям вел его дальше и дальше, и все сильнее светилась терпеливая грусть в его глазах.

Почти тотчас вслед за ними – так близко, что жесты старика уже могли показаться странными, – шли две пожилые женщины, по виду из небогатых, одна полная и медлительная, другая подвижная и румяная. Признаки чудачества, выдающие помутившийся рассудок, и особенно у людей с состоянием, были для них, как для большинства им подобных, чем-то невероятно интересным и увлекательным; но они шли все же слишком далеко, чтобы определить, просто ли старик чудаковат или в самом деле помешан.

Внимательно, в молчании изучив его спину, а затем странно и хитро переглянувшись, они снова стали складывать из непонятных слов свой очень сложный разговор:

– Нелл, Берт, Лот, Сесс, Фил, папа, он говорит, я говорю, а она, а я, а я...

– А мой Берт, сестра, Билл, дед, старик, сахар, Сахар, мука, селедка, зелень, Сахар, сахар, сахар.

Полная женщина смотрела сквозь пестрый поток слов на то, как из земли холодно, прямо и надменно встают цветы, и в лице ее было недоумение. Эти цветы виделись ей так же, как видится человеку, едва очнувшемуся от тяжелого сна, медный подсвечник, который по-новому и непривычно отражает свет; человек закрывает и открывает глаза, и снова видит медный подсвечник, и тогда уж совсем просыпается, и глядит на подсвечник не мигая что есть сил. Так и грузная женщина остановилась у продолговатой клумбы и перестала даже делать вид, что слушает свою спутницу. Слова летели мимо, а она стояла, медленно раскачиваясь взад и вперед, и смотрела на цветы. Потом она сказала, что хорошо бы найти удобное место и выпить чаю.

Улитка обдумала уже все пути, какими можно достигнуть цели, не обходя сухой лист и не влезая на него. Не говоря уж о том, как трудно влезть на лист, она сильно сомневалась, что тонкая ткань, которая так угрожающе вздрагивала и хрустела при малейшем прикосновении рогов, выдержит ее вес; это-то соображение и заставило ее наконец решиться проползти под листом, ибо в одном месте лист изогнулся настолько, что

образовался удобный вход. Она как раз сунула голову внутрь и критически изучала высокую коричневую крышу, понемногу привыкая к прохладным коричневым сумеркам, когда снаружи по траве прошли еще двое.

На этот раз оба были молоды, молодой человек и девушка. Они были в расцвете счастливой юности или даже в том возрасте, который предшествует юному цветению, когда нежный розовый бутон еще не вырвался из упругой оболочки, когда крылья бабочки хотя и выросли, но неподвижно сверкают на солнце.

– Хорошо, что сегодня не пятница, – заметил он.

– Почему? Ты что, суеверный?

– В пятницу за вход берут полшиллинга.

– Ну и что? Разве это не стоит полшиллинга?

– Что «это» – что значит «это»?

– Ну... все... в общем, ты понимаешь.

За каждой из этих фраз следовало долгое молчание; произносились они отрешенно и без выражения. Вдвоем они стояли на краю клумбы и вместе давили на ее зонтик, кончик которого глубоко ушел в мягкую землю. То, что они вот так стояли и его рука лежала на ее руке, странным образом выражало их чувства, и эти короткие незначительные слова тоже что-то выражали; у этих слов короткие крылышки – им не унести далеко тяжкий груз значений, и потому они неловко садятся на привычные предметы вокруг, но какими важными кажутся они при первом, неопытном прикосновении! И кто знает (думали они, вместе сжимая зонтик), какие бездны скрываются, быть может, за ними, какие сияющие ледники лежат на солнце там, на другой стороне?

Кто знает? Кто это видел? Даже когда она спросила, как в Королевском саду подают чай, он почувствовал, что за ее словами высятся туманные очертания, огромные и таинственные, и очень медленно туман рассеялся, и открылись – о боги, что это за картины? – белые-белые столики и официантки, которые смотрят сначала на нее, а потом на него; и счет, по которому он заплатит настоящей монетой в два

шиллинга, и все это правда, все по-настоящему, уверял он себя, нащупывая монету в кармане, по-настоящему для всех, кроме них двоих; даже ему это стало казаться настоящим; а потом... но нет, невозможно больше стоять и думать, и он резко выдернул зонтик из земли, ему очень не терпелось отыскать то место, где пьют чай – со всеми, как все.

– Пошли, Трисси, пора пить чай.

– Но где здесь пьют чай? – спросила она дрожащим от волнения голосом и, скользнув вокруг невидящим взглядом, пошла, увлекаемая им вдаль по зеленой аллее, волоча кончик зонтика по траве, поворачивая голову то вправо, то влево, забыв про чай, порываясь пойти то туда, то сюда, вспоминая про орхидеи, и журавлей на цветочной поляне, и китайскую пагоду, и пурпурную птичку с хохолком; но он вел ее вперед.

Так, повинуясь единому бесцельному и беспорядочному движению, пара за парой проходила мимо клумбы и понемногу пропадала в клубах зеленовато-голубого марева; вначале тела их были вещественны и ярко окрашены, но потом становились призрачны и бесцветны и вовсе растворялись в зелено-голубой дымке. Было очень жарко! Так жарко, что даже дрозд прыгал в тени цветов, как заводная птичка, подолгу замирая между двумя прыжками; белые бабочки не порхали над клумбами, а пританцовывали на месте, одна над другой, так что от крупных цветов тянулись вверх пляшущие белые струи, как разбитые мраморные колонны; стеклянная крыша оранжереи сверкала так, словно на залитой солнцем площади раскрылись сотни ослепительно зеленых зонтиков; а гудение самолета над головой, казалось, исходило из самой души яростного летнего неба.

Желтые и черные, розовые и белоснежные, фигурки мужчин, женщин и детей на мгновенье вспыхивали на горизонте, а потом, когда в глаза ударял желтый свет, разлитый по траве, вздрагивали и прятались в тени деревьев, испаряясь, как водяные капли, в желто-зеленом воздухе, добавляя к нему чуть-чуть красного и синего. Казалось, все, что есть массивного и тяжелого, припало к земле и неподвижно лежит на жаре, но

голоса неровно долетают от этих застывших тел, как огненные язычки мерцают над толстыми восковыми свечами. Голоса. Да, голоса. Бессловесные голоса, что вдруг разрывают тишину с таким сладким блаженством, с такой жгучей страстью или, если это голоса детей, с таким звонким удивлением; разрывают тишину? Но ее нет, этой тишины; все это время крутятся колеса, переключаются скорости в красных автобусах; как в огромной китайской игрушке, крутятся, крутятся один в другом шары из кованой стали, гудит и бормочет большой город; а над этим гулом громко кричат голоса и лепестки несчетных цветов бросают в воздух цветные огни.

ANALYSIS GUIDE:

1. What is in the focus of the author's attention? What is the leading image of the story, its centre?
2. Dwell on the point of view. Whose perspective is the description given through? Comment on the description of the raindrop.
3. To describe the flowers the author uses only three main colours: red, yellow, and blue. What makes the flowers extraordinary? Assess the use of colours in translation.
4. Why do flowers have no names?
5. What is the significance of a specific angle of vision, while describing the objects?
6. Focus on the category of time. Is it usual or slow? How does it correlate with the point of view?
7. Do you feel the author's attitude to his characters?
8. Why was the title changed in translation?
9. Compare the degree of expressiveness of the original and translated texts.
10. Dwell on the additions and omissions, employed by the translator. Account for their relevance in terms of the style and content of the story.

Unit V. DYSTOPIA

Dystopia is a futuristic, imagined universe in which oppressive societal control and the illusion of a perfect society are maintained through corporate, bureaucratic, technological, moral, or totalitarian control. Literally the word ‘dystopia’ means ‘a bad place’. Dystopias, through an exaggerated worst-case scenario, make a criticism about a current trend, societal norm, or political system. Among the characteristics of a dystopian society there are the following:

- Propaganda is used to control the citizens of society.
- Information, independent thought, and freedom are restricted.
- A figurehead or concept is worshipped by the citizens of the society.
- Citizens are perceived to be under constant surveillance.
- Citizens have a fear of the outside world.
- Citizens live in a dehumanized state.
- The natural world is banished and distrusted.
- Citizens conform to uniform expectations. Individuality and dissent are bad.
- The society is an illusion of a perfect utopian world.

Speaking of the traits of dystopian fiction, one may name the following:

1) There is always a back story of a war, rebellion, revolution, natural disaster which resulted in dramatic changes to society.
2) The protagonist often feels trapped and is struggling to escape. He questions the existing social and political systems and believes or feels intuitively that something is terribly wrong with the society in which he or she lives. The protagonist helps the audience to recognize the negative aspects of the dystopian world through his or her perspective.

3) Dystopian literature usually depicts events that take place in the future, it often features technology more advanced than that of contemporary society. It is controlled exclusively by the group in power.
4) It usually has traits of contemporary society as well, to make it more familiar to the readers, and thus, more convincing and involving.
5) It is unresolved, i.e. the narrative deals with individuals who are dissatisfied, rebel, but usually fail to change anything. That is why, dystopia is pervaded with a sense of hopelessness.
6) There is a group of people who are not under the complete control of the state, in whom the protagonist puts his or her hope.
7) The common themes are total control (over physical universe, nature, the human body, etc.); lack of individual identity; lack of God; language influences thought and behaviour.

From **England Your England**

George Orwell (1903 – 1950)

The British author George Orwell, pen name of Eric Blair, achieved prominence in the late 1940s as the author of two brilliant satires 'Animal Farm' (1945), an anti-Soviet tale, and 'Nineteen Eighty-Four' (1949), which shows that the destruction of language is an essential part of oppression. Orwell was an uncompromising individualist and political idealist. V. S. Pritchett called him "the wintry conscience of a generation". He wrote documentaries, essays, and criticism during the 1930s and later established himself as one of the most important and influential voices of the century.

In 1939 the coming of mass warfare for the second time in the country brought to an end all illusions that the conflicts which had torn Spain and Germany during the 30s were simply 'internal' problems. One of the first British writers to recognize that the 20th century was – and would continue to be – an age of ideological struggle – was George Orwell.

Although Orwell is best-known as a novelist, his essays are among the finest of the 20th century. He also produced newspaper articles and reviews, which were written for money, but he carefully crafted his other essays for such journals as Partisan Review, Adelphi, and Horizon. Without hesitation he accused that Yeats is a fascist, H. G. Wells was out of touch with reality, Salvador Dali he found decadent, but he defended P. G. Wodehouse. In 'Why Write?' and 'Politics and the English Language' (1948) Orwell argued that writers have an obligation of fighting social injustice, oppression, and the power of totalitarian regimes.

I

As I write, highly civilized human beings are flying overhead, trying to kill me.

They do not feel any enmity against me as an individual, nor I against them. They are 'only doing their duty', as the saying goes. Most of them, I have no doubt, are kind-hearted law-abiding men who would never dream of committing murder in private life. On the other hand, if one of them succeeds in blowing me to pieces with a well-placed bomb, he will never sleep any the worse for it. He is serving his country, which has the power to absolve him from evil.

One cannot see the modern world as it is unless one recognizes the overwhelming strength of patriotism, national loyalty. In certain circumstances it can break down, at certain levels of civilization it does not exist, but as a *positive* force there is nothing to set beside it. Christianity and international Socialism are as weak as straw in comparison with it. Hitler and Mussolini rose to power in their own countries very largely because they could grasp this fact and their opponents could not.

Also, one must admit that the divisions between nation and nation are founded on real differences of outlook. Till recently it was thought proper to pretend that all human beings are very much alike, but in fact anyone able to use his eyes knows that the average of human behaviour differs enormously from country to country. Things that could happen in one country could not happen in another. Hitler's June purge, for instance, could not have happened in

England. And, as western peoples go, the English are very highly differentiated. There is a sort of back-handed admission of this in the dislike which nearly all foreigners feel for our national way of life. Few Europeans can endure living in England, and even Americans often feel more at home in Europe.

When you come back to England from any foreign country, you have immediately the sensation of breathing a different air. Even in the first few minutes dozens of small things conspire to give you this feeling. The beer is bitterer, the coins are heavier, the grass is greener, the advertisements are more blatant. The crowds in the big towns, with their mild knobby faces, their bad teeth and gentle manners, are different from a European crowd. Then the vastness of England swallows you up, and you lose for a while your feeling that the whole nation has a single identifiable character. Are there really such things as nations? Are we not forty-six million individuals, all different? And the diversity of it, the chaos! The clatter of clogs in the Lancashire mill towns, the to-and-fro of the lorries on the Great North Road, the queues outside the Labour Exchanges, the rattle of pin-tables in the Soho pubs, the old maids hiking to Holy Communion through the mists of the autumn morning – all these are not only fragments, but *characteristic* fragments, of the English scene. How can one make a pattern out of this muddle?

But talk to foreigners, read foreign books or newspapers, and you are brought back to the same thought. Yes, there *is* something distinctive and recognizable in English civilization. It is a culture as individual as that of Spain. It is somehow bound up with solid breakfasts and gloomy Sundays, smoky towns and winding roads, green fields and red pillar-boxes. It has a flavour of its own. Moreover it is continuous, it stretches into the future and the past, there is something in it that persists, as in a living creature. What can the England of 1940 have in common with the England of 1840? But then, what have you in common with the child of five whose photograph your mother keeps on the mantelpiece? Nothing, except that you happen to be the same person.

And above all, it is *your* civilization, it is *you*. However much you hate it or laugh at it, you will never be happy away from it for

any length of time. The suet puddings and the red pillar-boxes have entered into your soul. Good or evil, it is yours, you belong to it, and this side the grave you will never get away from the marks that it has given you.

Meanwhile England, together with the rest of the world, is changing. And like everything else it can change only in certain directions, which up to a point can be foreseen. That is not to say that the future is fixed, merely that certain alternatives are possible and others not. A seed may grow or not grow, but at any rate a turnip seed never grows into a parsnip. It is therefore of the deepest importance to try and determine what England *is*, before guessing what part England *can play* in the huge events that are happening.

II

National characteristics are not easy to pin down, and when pinned down they often turn out to be trivialities or seem to have no connection with one another. Spaniards are cruel to animals, Italians can do nothing without making a deafening noise, the Chinese are addicted to gambling. Obviously such things don't matter in themselves. Nevertheless, nothing is causeless, and even the fact that Englishmen have bad teeth can tell something about the realities of English life.

Here are a couple of generalizations about England that would be accepted by almost all observers. One is that the English are not gifted artistically. They are not as musical as the Germans or Italians, painting and sculpture have never flourished in England as they have in France. Another is that, as Europeans go, the English are not intellectual. They have a horror of abstract thought, they feel no need for any philosophy or systematic 'world-view'. Nor is this because they are 'practical', as they are so fond of claiming for themselves. One has only to look at their methods of town planning and water supply, their obstinate clinging to everything that is out of date and a nuisance, a spelling system that defies analysis, and a system of weights and measures that is intelligible only to the compilers of arithmetic books, to see how little they care about mere efficiency. But they have a certain power of acting without taking thought. Their world-famed hypocrisy – their double-faced attitude towards the

Empire, for instance – is bound up with this. Also, in moments of supreme crisis the whole nation can suddenly draw together and act upon a species of instinct, really a code of conduct which is understood by almost everyone, though never formulated. The phrase that Hitler coined for the Germans, 'a sleep-walking people', would have been better applied to the English. Not that there is anything to be proud of in being called a sleep-walker.

But here it is worth noting a minor English trait which is extremely well marked though not often commented on, and that is a love of flowers. This is one of the first things that one notices when one reaches England from abroad, especially if one is coming from southern Europe. Does it not contradict the English indifference to the arts? Not really, because it is found in people who have no aesthetic feelings whatever. What it does link up with, however, is another English characteristic which is so much a part of us that we barely notice it, and that is the addiction to hobbies and spare-time occupations, the *privateness* of English life. We are a nation of flower-lovers, but also a nation of stamp-collectors, pigeon-fanciers, amateur carpenters, coupon-snippers, darts-players, crossword-puzzle fans. All the culture that is most truly native centres round things which even when they are communal are not official – the pub, the football match, the back garden, the fireside and the 'nice cup of tea'. The liberty of the individual is still believed in, almost as in the nineteenth century. But this has nothing to do with economic liberty, the right to exploit others for profit. It is the liberty to have a home of your own, to do what you like in your spare time, to choose your own amusements instead of having them chosen for you from above. The most hateful of all names in an English ear is Nosey Parker. It is obvious, of course, that even this purely private liberty is a lost cause. Like all other modern people, the English are in process of being numbered, labelled, conscripted, 'co-ordinated'. But the pull of their impulses is in the other direction, and the kind of regimentation that can be imposed on them will be modified in consequence. No party rallies, no Youth Movements, no coloured shirts, no Jew-baiting or 'spontaneous' demonstrations. No Gestapo either, in all probability.

But in all societies the common people must live to some extent *against* the existing order. The genuinely popular culture of England is something that goes on beneath the surface, unofficially and more or less frowned on by the authorities. One thing one notices if one looks directly at the common people, especially in the big towns, is that they are not puritanical. They are inveterate gamblers, drink as much beer as their wages will permit, are devoted to bawdy jokes, and use probably the foulest language in the world. They have to satisfy these tastes in the face of astonishing, hypocritical laws (licensing laws, lottery acts, etc. etc.) which are designed to interfere with everybody but in practice allow everything to happen. Also, the common people are without definite religious belief, and have been so for centuries. The Anglican Church never had a real hold on them, it was simply a preserve of the landed gentry, and the Nonconformist sects only influenced minorities. And yet they have retained a deep tinge of Christian feeling, while almost forgetting the name of Christ. The power-worship which is the new religion of Europe, and which has infected the English intelligentsia, has never touched the common people. They have never caught up with power politics. The 'realism' which is preached in Japanese and Italian newspapers would horrify them. One can learn a good deal about the spirit of England from the comic coloured postcards that you see in the windows of cheap stationers' shops. These things are a sort of diary upon which the English people have unconsciously recorded themselves. Their old-fashioned outlook, their graded snobberies, their mixture of bawdiness and hypocrisy, their extreme gentleness, their deeply moral attitude to life, are all mirrored there.

The gentleness of the English civilization is perhaps its most marked characteristic. You notice it the instant you set foot on English soil. It is a land where the bus conductors are good-tempered and the policemen carry no revolvers. In no country inhabited by white men is it easier to shove people off the pavement. And with this goes something that is always written off by European observers as 'decadence' or hypocrisy, the English hatred of war and militarism. It is rooted deep in history, and it is strong in the lower-middle class as well as the working class. Successive wars have

shaken it but not destroyed it. Well within living memory it was common for 'the redcoats' to be booed at in the streets and for the landlords of respectable public houses to refuse to allow soldiers on the premises. In peace time, even when there are two million unemployed, it is difficult to fill the ranks of the tiny standing army, which is officered by the country gentry and a specialized stratum of the middle class, and manned by farm labourers and slum proletarians. The mass of the people are without military knowledge or tradition, and their attitude towards war is invariably defensive. No politician could rise to power by promising them conquests or military 'glory', no Hymn of Hate has ever made any appeal to them. In the last war the songs which the soldiers made up and sang of their own accord were not vengeful but humorous and mock-defeatist. The only enemy they ever named was the sergeant-major.

In England all the boasting and flag-wagging, the 'Rule Britannia' stuff, is done by small minorities. The patriotism of the common people is not vocal or even conscious. They do not retain among their historical memories the name of a single military victory. English literature, like other literatures, is full of battle-poems, but it is worth noticing that the ones that have won for themselves a kind of popularity are always a tale of disasters and retreats. There is no popular poem about Trafalgar or Waterloo, for instance. Sir John Moore's army at Corunna, fighting a desperate rearguard action before escaping overseas (just like Dunkirk!) has more appeal than a brilliant victory. The most stirring battle-poem in English is about a brigade of cavalry which charged in the wrong direction. And of the last war, the four names which have really engraved themselves on the popular memory are Mons, Ypres, Gallipoli and Passchendaele, every time a disaster. The names of the great battles that finally broke the German armies are simply unknown to the general public.

The reason why the English anti-militarism disgusts foreign observers is that it ignores the existence of the British Empire. It looks like sheer hypocrisy. After all, the English have absorbed a quarter of the earth and held on to it by means of a huge navy. How dare they then turn round and say that war is wicked?

It is quite true that the English are hypocritical about their Empire. In the working class this hypocrisy takes the form of not knowing that the Empire exists. But their dislike of standing armies is a perfectly sound instinct. A navy employs comparatively few people, and it is an external weapon which cannot affect home politics directly. Military dictatorships exist everywhere, but there is no such thing as a naval dictatorship. What English people of nearly all classes loathe from the bottom of their hearts is the swaggering officer type, the jingle of spurs and the crash of boots. Decades before Hitler was ever heard of, the word 'Prussian' had much the same significance in England as 'Nazi' has today. So deep does this feeling go that for a hundred years past the officers of the British army, in peace time, have always worn civilian clothes when off duty.

One rapid but fairly sure guide to the social atmosphere of a country is the parade-step of its army. A military parade is really a kind of ritual dance, something like a ballet, expressing a certain philosophy of life. The goose-step, for instance, is one of the most horrible sights in the world, far more terrifying than a dive-bomber. It is simply an affirmation of naked power; contained in it, quite consciously and intentionally, is the vision of a boot crashing down on a face. Its ugliness is part of its essence, for what it is saying is 'Yes, I *am* ugly, and you daren't laugh at me', like the bully who makes faces at his victim. Why is the goose-step not used in England? There are, heaven knows, plenty of army officers who would be only too glad to introduce some such thing. It is not used because the people in the street would laugh. Beyond a certain point, military display is only possible in countries where the common people dare not laugh at the army. The Italians adopted the goose-step at about the time when Italy passed definitely under German control, and, as one would expect, they do it less well than the Germans. The Vichy government, if it survives, is bound to introduce a stiffer parade-ground discipline into what is left of the French army. In the British army the drill is rigid and complicated, full of memories of the eighteenth century, but without definite swagger; the march is merely a formalized walk. It belongs to a society which is ruled by the sword, no doubt, but a sword which must never be taken out of the scabbard.

And yet the gentleness of English civilization is mixed up with barbarities and anachronisms. Our criminal law is as out-of-date as the muskets in the Tower. Over against the Nazi Storm Trooper you have got to set that typically English figure, the hanging judge, some gouty old bully with his mind rooted in the nineteenth century, handing out savage sentences. In England people are still hanged by the neck and flogged with the cat o' nine tails. Both of these punishments are obscene as well as cruel, but there has never been any genuinely popular outcry against them. People accept them (and Dartmoor, and Borstal) almost as they accept the weather. They are part of 'the law', which is assumed to be unalterable.

Here one comes upon an all-important English trait: the respect for constitutionalism and legality, the belief in 'the law' as something above the State and above the individual, something which is cruel and stupid, of course, but at any rate *incorruptible*.

It is not that anyone imagines the law to be just. Everyone knows that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. But no one accepts the implications of this, everyone takes it for granted that the law, such as it is, will be respected, and feels a sense of outrage when it is not. Remarks like 'They can't run me in; I haven't done anything wrong', or 'They can't do that; it's against the law', are part of the atmosphere of England. The professed enemies of society have this feeling as strongly as anyone else. One sees it in prison-books like Wilfred Macartney's *Walls Have Mouths* or Jim Phelan's *Jail Journey*, in the solemn idiocies that take place at the trials of conscientious objectors, in letters to the papers from eminent Marxist professors, pointing out that this or that is a 'miscarriage of British justice'. Everyone believes in his heart that the law can be, ought to be, and, on the whole, will be impartially administered. The totalitarian idea that there is no such thing as law, there is only power, has never taken root. Even the intelligentsia have only accepted it in theory.

An illusion can become a half-truth, a mask can alter the expression of a face. The familiar arguments to the effect that democracy is 'just the same as' or 'just as bad as' totalitarianism never take account of this fact. All such arguments boil down to saying that

half a loaf is the same as no bread. In England such concepts as justice, liberty and objective truth are still believed in. They may be illusions, but they are very powerful illusions. The belief in them influences conduct, national life is different because of them. In proof of which, look about you. Where are the rubber truncheons, where is the castor oil? The sword is still in the scabbard, and while it stays there corruption cannot go beyond a certain point. The English electoral system, for instance, is an all but open fraud. In a dozen obvious ways it is gerrymandered in the interest of the moneyed class. But until some deep change has occurred in the public mind, it cannot become *completely* corrupt. You do not arrive at the polling booth to find men with revolvers telling you which way to vote, nor are the votes miscounted, nor is there any direct bribery. Even hypocrisy is a powerful safeguard. The hanging judge, that evil old man in scarlet robe and horse-hair wig, whom nothing short of dynamite will ever teach what century he is living in, but who will at any rate interpret the law according to the books and will in no circumstances take a money bribe, is one of the symbolic figures of England. He is a symbol of the strange mixture of reality and illusion, democracy and privilege, humbug and decency, the subtle network of compromises, by which the nation keeps itself in its familiar shape.

III

I have spoken all the while of 'the nation', 'England', 'Britain', as though forty-five million souls could somehow be treated as a unit. But is not England notoriously two nations, the rich and the poor? Dare one pretend that there is anything in common between people with £100,000 a year and people with £1 a week? And even Welsh and Scottish readers are likely to have been offended because I have used the word 'England' oftener than 'Britain', as though the whole population dwelt in London and the Home Counties and neither north nor west possessed a culture of its own.

One gets a better view of this question if one considers the minor point first. It is quite true that the so-called races of Britain feel themselves to be very different from one another. A Scotsman, for instance, does not thank you if you call him an Englishman. You

can see the hesitation we feel on this point by the fact that we call our islands by no less than six different names, England, Britain, Great Britain, the British Isles, the United Kingdom and, in very exalted moments, Albion. Even the differences between north and south England loom large in our own eyes. But somehow these differences fade away the moment that any two Britons are confronted by a European. It is very rare to meet a foreigner, other than an American, who can distinguish between English and Scots or even English and Irish. To a Frenchman, the Breton and the Auvergnat seem very different beings, and the accent of Marseilles is a stock joke in Paris. Yet we speak of 'France' and 'the French', recognizing France as an entity, a single civilization, which in fact it is. So also with ourselves. Looked at from the outsider even the cockney and the Yorkshireman have a strong family resemblance.

And even the distinction between rich and poor dwindles somewhat when one regards the nation from the outside. There is no question about the inequality of wealth in England. It is grosser than in any European country, and you have only to look down the nearest street to see it. Economically, England is certainly two nations, if not three or four. But at the same time the vast majority of the people *feel* themselves to be a single nation and are conscious of resembling one another more than they resemble foreigners. Patriotism is usually stronger than class-hatred, and always stronger than any kind of internationalism. Except for a brief moment in 1920 (the 'Hands off Russia' movement) the British working class have never thought or acted internationally. For two and a half years they watched their comrades in Spain slowly strangled, and never aided them by even a single strike. But when their own country (the country of Lord Nuffield and Mr Montagu Norman) was in danger, their attitude was very different. At the moment when it seemed likely that England might be invaded, Anthony Eden appealed over the radio for Local Defence Volunteers. He got a quarter of a million men in the first twenty-four hours, and another million in the subsequent month. One has only to compare these figures with, for instance, the number of conscientious objectors to see how vast is the strength of traditional loyalties compared with new ones.

In England patriotism takes different forms in different classes, but it runs like a connecting thread through nearly all of them. Only the Europeanized intelligentsia are really immune to it. As a positive emotion it is stronger in the middle class than in the upper class – the cheap public schools, for instance, are more given to patriotic demonstrations than the expensive ones – but the number of definitely treacherous rich men, the Laval-Quisling type, is probably very small. In the working class patriotism is profound, but it is unconscious. The working man's heart does not leap when he sees a Union Jack. But the famous 'insularity' and 'xenophobia' of the English is far stronger in the working class than in the bourgeoisie. In all countries the poor are more national than the rich, but the English working class are outstanding in their abhorrence of foreign habits. Even when they are obliged to live abroad for years they refuse either to accustom themselves to foreign food or to learn foreign languages. Nearly every Englishman of working-class origin considers it effeminate to pronounce a foreign word correctly. During the war of 1914-18 the English working class were in contact with foreigners to an extent that is rarely possible. The sole result was that they brought back a hatred of all Europeans, except the Germans, whose courage they admired. In four years on French soil they did not even acquire a liking for wine. The insularity of the English, their refusal to take foreigners seriously, is a folly that has to be paid for very heavily from time to time. But it plays its part in the English mystique, and the intellectuals who have tried to break it down have generally done more harm than good. At bottom it is the same quality in the English character that repels the tourist and keeps out the invader.

Here one comes back to two English characteristics that I pointed out, seemingly at random, at the beginning of the last chapter. One is the lack of artistic ability. This is perhaps another way of saying that the English are outside the European culture. For there is one art in which they have shown plenty of talent, namely literature. But this is also the only art that cannot cross frontiers. Literature, especially poetry, and lyric poetry most of all, is a kind of family joke, with little or no value outside its own language-group. Except for Shakespeare, the best English poets are barely known in

Europe, even as names. The only poets who are widely read are Byron, who is admired for the wrong reasons, and Oscar Wilde, who is pitied as a victim of English hypocrisy. And linked up with this, though not very obviously, is the lack of philosophical faculty, the absence in nearly all Englishmen of any need for an ordered system of thought or even for the use of logic.

Up to a point, the sense of national unity is a substitute for a 'world-view'. Just because patriotism is all but universal and not even the rich are uninfluenced by it, there can be moments when the whole nation suddenly swings together and does the same thing, like a herd of cattle facing a wolf. There was such a moment, unmistakably, at the time of the disaster in France. After eight months of vaguely wondering what the war was about, the people suddenly knew what they had got to do: first, to get the army away from Dunkirk, and secondly to prevent invasion. It was like the awakening of a giant. Quick! Danger! The Philistines be upon thee, Samson! And then the swift unanimous action – and, then, alas, the prompt relapse into sleep. In a divided nation that would have been exactly the moment for a big peace movement to arise. But does this mean that the instinct of the English will always tell them to do the right thing? Not at all, merely that it will tell them to do the same thing. In the 1931 General Election, for instance, we all did the wrong thing in perfect unison. We were as single-minded as the Gadarene swine. But I honestly doubt whether we can say that we were shoved down the slope against our will.

It follows that British democracy is less of a fraud than it sometimes appears. A foreign observer sees only the huge inequality of wealth, the unfair electoral system, the governing-class control over the press, the radio and education, and concludes that democracy is simply a polite name for dictatorship. But this ignores the considerable agreement that does unfortunately exist between the leaders and the led. However much one may hate to admit it, it is almost certain that between 1931 and 1940 the National Government represented the will of the mass of the people. It tolerated slums, unemployment and a cowardly foreign policy. Yes, but so did public opinion. It was a stagnant period, and its natural leaders were mediocrities.

In spite of the campaigns of a few thousand left-wingers, it is fairly certain that the bulk of the English people were behind Chamberlain's foreign policy. More, it is fairly certain that the same struggle was going on in Chamberlain's mind as in the minds of ordinary people. His opponents professed to see in him a dark and wily schemer, plotting to sell England to Hitler, but it is far likelier that he was merely a stupid old man doing his best according to his very dim lights. It is difficult otherwise to explain the contradictions of his policy, his failure to grasp any of the courses that were open to him. Like the mass of the people, he did not want to pay the price either of peace or of war. And public opinion was behind him all the while, in policies that were completely incompatible with one another. It was behind him when he went to Munich, when he tried to come to an understanding with Russia, when he gave the guarantee to Poland, when he honoured it, and when he prosecuted the war half-heartedly. Only when the results of his policy became apparent did it turn against him; which is to say that it turned against its own lethargy of the past seven years. Thereupon the people picked a leader nearer to their mood, Churchill, who was at any rate able to grasp that wars are not won without fighting. Later, perhaps, they will pick another leader who can grasp that only Socialist nations can fight effectively.

Do I mean by all this that England is a genuine democracy? No, not even a reader of the *Daily Telegraph* could quite swallow that.

England is the most class-ridden country under the sun. It is a land of snobbery and privilege, ruled largely by the old and silly. But in any calculation about it one has got to take into account its emotional unity, the tendency of nearly all its inhabitants to feel alike and act together in moments of supreme crisis. It is the only great country in Europe that is not obliged to drive hundreds of thousands of its nationals into exile or the concentration camp. At this moment, after a year of war, newspapers and pamphlets abusing the Government, praising the enemy and clamouring for surrender are being sold on the streets, almost without interference. And this is less from a respect for freedom of speech than from a simple perception that these things don’t matter. It is safe to let a

paper like *Peace News* be sold, because it is certain that ninety-five per cent of the population will never want to read it. The nation is bound together by an invisible chain. At any normal time the ruling class will rob, mismanage, sabotage, lead us into the muck; but let popular opinion really make itself heard, let them get a tug from below that they cannot avoid feeling, and it is difficult for them not to respond. The left-wing writers who denounce the whole of the ruling class as 'pro-Fascist' are grossly over-simplifying. Even among the inner clique of politicians who brought us to our present pass, it is doubtful whether there were any *conscious* traitors. The corruption that happens in England is seldom of that kind. Nearly always it is more in the nature of self-deception, of the right hand not knowing what the left hand doeth. And being unconscious, it is limited. One sees this at its most obvious in the English press. Is the English press honest or dishonest? At normal times it is deeply dishonest. All the papers that matter live off their advertisements, and the advertisers exercise an indirect censorship over news. Yet I do not suppose there is one paper in England that can be straightforwardly bribed with hard cash. In the France of the Third Republic all but a very few of the newspapers could notoriously be bought over the counter like so many pounds of cheese. Public life in England has never been *openly* scandalous. It has not reached the pitch of disintegration at which humbug can be dropped.

England is not the jewelled isle of Shakespeare's much-quoted message, nor is it the inferno depicted by Dr Goebbels. More than either it resembles a family, a rather stuffy Victorian family, with not many black sheep in it but with all its cupboards bursting with skeletons. It has rich relations who have to be kow-towed to and poor relations who are horribly sat upon, and there is a deep conspiracy of silence about the source of the family income. It is a family in which the young are generally thwarted and most of the power is in the hands of irresponsible uncles and bedridden aunts. Still, it is a family. It has its private language and its common memories, and at the approach of an enemy it closes its ranks. A family with the wrong members in control – that, perhaps, is as near as one can come to describing England in a phrase.

1941

DISCUSSION OF THE TEXT

1. The essay is written in 1941. What is Orwell's attitude to the war?
2. Dwell on the concept of patriotism. What is peculiar to English patriotism?
3. In what way, according to the author, is England different from the rest of Europe?
4. Comment on the author's phrase: "The English are not gifted artistically". Do you agree with it?
5. What is meant by "the privateness of English life"?
6. Why is Gestapo impossible in England, in Orwell's opinion?
7. Are the English puritanical?
8. What is the most marked English characteristic?
9. Why does Orwell call the English hypocritical?
10. Are the English law-abiding citizens?
11. Make the conclusion about the English national identity, summing up the main characteristics, as pointed out by the author.

From **Nineteen Eighty-Four**

* APPENDIX. The Principles of Newspeak *

Newspeak was the official language of Oceania and had been devised to meet the ideological needs of Ingsoc, or English Socialism. In the year 1984 there was not as yet anyone who used Newspeak as his sole means of communication, either in speech or writing. The leading articles in *The Times* were written in it, but this was a *tour de force* which could only be carried out by a specialist. It was expected that Newspeak would have finally superseded Oldspeak (or Standard English, as we should call it) by about the year 2050. Meanwhile it gained ground steadily, all Party members tending to use Newspeak words and grammatical constructions more and more in their everyday speech. The version in use in 1984, and embodied in the Ninth and Tenth Editions of the Newspeak Dictionary, was a provisional one, and contained many superfluous

words and archaic formations which were due to be suppressed later. It is with the final, perfected version, as embodied in the Eleventh Edition of the Dictionary, that we are concerned here.

The purpose of Newspeak was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of Ingsoc, but to make all other modes of thought impossible. It was intended that when Newspeak had been adopted once and for all and Oldspeak forgotten, a heretical thought – that is, a thought diverging from the principles of Ingsoc – should be literally unthinkable, at least so far as thought is dependent on words. Its vocabulary was so constructed as to give exact and often very subtle expression to every meaning that a Party member could properly wish to express, while excluding all other meanings and also the possibility of arriving at them by indirect methods. This was done partly by the invention of new words, but chiefly by eliminating undesirable words and by stripping such words as remained of unorthodox meanings, and so far as possible of all secondary meanings whatever. To give a single example. The word *free* still existed in Newspeak, but it could only be used in such statements as 'This dog is free from lice' or 'This field is free from weeds'. It could not be used in its old sense of 'politically free' or 'intellectually free' since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts, and were therefore of necessity nameless. Quite apart from the suppression of definitely heretical words, reduction of vocabulary was regarded as an end in itself, and no word that could be dispensed with was allowed to survive. Newspeak was designed not to extend but to *diminish* the range of thought, and this purpose was indirectly assisted by cutting the choice of words down to a minimum.

Newspeak was founded on the English language as we now know it, though many Newspeak sentences, even when not containing newly-created words, would be barely intelligible to an English-speaker of our own day. Newspeak words were divided into three distinct classes, known as the A vocabulary, the B vocabulary (also called compound words), and the C vocabulary. It will be simpler to discuss each class separately, but the grammatical peculiarities of the language can be dealt with in the section devoted to the A vocabulary, since the same rules held good for all three categories.

The A vocabulary

The A vocabulary consisted of the words needed for the business of everyday life – for such things as eating, drinking, working, putting on one's clothes, going up and down stairs, riding in vehicles, gardening, cooking, and the like. It was composed almost entirely of words that we already possess words like *hit, run, dog, tree, sugar, house, field* – but in comparison with the present-day English vocabulary their number was extremely small, while their meanings were far more rigidly defined. All ambiguities and shades of meaning had been purged out of them. So far as it could be achieved, a Newspeak word of this class was simply a staccato sound expressing *one* clearly understood concept. It would have been quite impossible to use the A vocabulary for literary purposes or for political or philosophical discussion. It was intended only to express simple, purposive thoughts, usually involving concrete objects or physical actions.

The grammar of Newspeak had two outstanding peculiarities. The first of these was an almost complete interchangeability between different parts of speech. Any word in the language (in principle this applied even to very abstract words such as *if* or when) could be used either as verb, noun, adjective, or adverb. Between the verb and the noun form, when they were of the same root, there was never any variation, this rule of itself involving the destruction of many archaic forms. The word *thought,* for example, did not exist in Newspeak. Its place was taken by *think,* which did duty for both noun and verb. No etymological principle was followed here: in some cases it was the original noun that was chosen for retention, in other cases the verb. Even where a noun and verb of kindred meaning were not etymologically connected, one or other of them was frequently suppressed. There was, for example, no such word as *cut,* its meaning being sufficiently covered by the noun-verb *knife.* Adjectives were formed by adding the suffix-*ful* to the noun-verb, and adverbs by adding -*wise*. Thus for example, *speedful* meant 'rapid' and *speedwise* meant 'quickly'. Certain of our present-day adjectives, such as *good, strong, big, black, soft,* were retained, but

their total number was very small. There was little need for them, since almost any adjectival meaning could be arrived at by adding *-ful* to a noun-verb. None of the now-existing adverbs was retained, except for a very few already ending in *-wise*: the *-wise* termination was invariable. The word *well,* for example, was replaced by *goodwise.*

In addition, any word – this again applied in principle to every word in the language – could be negatived by adding the affix *un-* or could be strengthened by the affix *plus-*, or, for still greater emphasis, *doubleplus-*. Thus, for example, *uncold* meant 'warm', while *pluscold* and *doublepluscold* meant, respectively, 'very cold' and 'superlatively cold'. It was also possible, as in present-day English, to modify the meaning of almost any word by prepositional affixes such as *ante-*, *post-*, *up-*, *down-*, etc. By such methods it was found possible to bring about an enormous diminution of vocabulary. Given, for instance, the word *good,* there was no need for such a word as *bad,* since the required meaning was equally well – indeed, better – expressed by *ungood.* All that was necessary, in any case where two words formed a natural pair of opposites, was to decide which of them to suppress. *Dark,* for example, could be replaced by *unlight,* or *light* by *undark,* according to preference.

The second distinguishing mark of Newspeak grammar was its regularity. Subject to a few exceptions which are mentioned below all inflexions followed the same rules. Thus, in all verbs the preterite and the past participle were the same and ended in *-ed.* The preterite of *steal* was *stealed,* the preterite of *think* was *thinked,* and so on throughout the language, all such forms as *swam, gave, brought, spoke, taken,* etc., being abolished. All plurals were made by adding -s or -es as the case might be. The plurals of *man, ox, life,* were *mans, oxes, lifes.* Comparison of adjectives was invariably made by adding *-er, -est (good, gooder, goodest),* irregular forms and the *more, most* formation being suppressed.

The only classes of words that were still allowed to inflect irregularly were the pronouns, the relatives, the demonstrative adjectives, and the auxiliary verbs. All of these followed their ancient usage, except that *whom* had been scrapped as unnecessary,

and the *shall, should* tenses had been dropped, all their uses being covered by *will* and *would.* There were also certain irregularities in word-formation arising out of the need for rapid and easy speech. A word which was difficult to utter, or was liable to be incorrectly heard, was held to be *ipso facto* a bad word: occasionally therefore, for the sake of euphony, extra letters were inserted into a word or an archaic formation was retained. But this need made itself felt chiefly in connection with the B vocabulary. *Why* so great an importance was attached to ease of pronunciation will be made clear later in this essay.

The B vocabulary

The B vocabulary consisted of words which had been deliberately constructed for political purposes: words, that is to say, which not only had in every case a political implication, but were intended to impose a desirable mental attitude upon the person using them. Without a full understanding of the principles of Ingsoc it was difficult to use these words correctly. In some cases they could be translated into Oldspeak, or even into words taken from the A vocabulary, but this usually demanded a long paraphrase and always involved the loss of certain overtones. The B words were a sort of verbal shorthand, often packing whole ranges of ideas into a few syllables, and at the same time more accurate and forcible than ordinary language.

The B words were in all cases compound words.

They consisted of two or more words, or portions of words, welded together in an easily pronounceable form. The resulting amalgam was always a noun-verb, and inflected according to the ordinary rules. To take a single example: the word *goodthink,* meaning, very roughly, 'orthodoxy', or, if one chose to regard it as a verb, 'to think in an orthodox manner'. This inflected as follows: noun-verb, *goodthink;* past tense and past participle, *goodthinked;* present participle, *good-thinking;* adjective, *goodthinkful;* adverb, *goodthinkwise;* verbal noun, *goodthinker.*

The B words were not constructed on any etymological plan. The words of which they were made up could be any parts of speech,

and could be placed in any order and mutilated in any way which made them easy to pronounce while indicating their derivation. In the word *crimethink* (thoughtcrime), for instance, the *think* came second, whereas in *thinkpol* Thought Police) it came first, and in the latter word *police* had lost its second syllable. Because of the great difficulty in securing euphony, irregular formations were commoner in the B vocabulary than in the A vocabulary. For example, the adjective forms of *Minitrue, Minipax,* and *Miniluv* were, respectively, *Minitruthful, Minipeaceful,* and *Minilovely,* simply because *-trueful, -paxful,* and *-loveful* were slightly awkward to pronounce. In principle, however, all B words could inflect, and all inflected in exactly the same way.

Some of the B words had highly subtilized meanings, barely intelligible to anyone who had not mastered the language as a whole. Consider, for example, such a typical sentence from a *Times* leading article as *Oldthinkers unbellyfeel Ingsoc.* The shortest rendering that one could make of this in Oldspeak would be: 'Those whose ideas were formed before the Revolution cannot have a full emotional understanding of the principles of English Socialism.' But this is not an adequate translation. To begin with, in order to grasp the full meaning of the Newspeak sentence quoted above, one would have to have a clear idea of what is meant by *Ingsoc.* And in addition, only a person thoroughly grounded in Ingsoc could appreciate the full force of the word *bellyfeel,* which implied a blind, enthusiastic acceptance difficult to imagine today; or of the word *oldthink,* which was inextricably mixed up with the idea of wickedness and decadence. But the special function of certain Newspeak words, of which *oldthink* was one, was not so much to express meanings as to destroy them. These words, necessarily few in number, had had their meanings extended until they contained within themselves whole batteries of words which, as they were sufficiently covered by a single comprehensive term, could now be scrapped and forgotten. The greatest difficulty facing the compilers of the Newspeak Dictionary was not to invent new words, but, having invented them, to make sure what they meant: to make sure, that is to say, what ranges of words they cancelled by their existence.

As we have already seen in the case of the word free, words which had once borne a heretical meaning were sometimes retained for the sake of convenience, but only with the undesirable meanings purged out of them. Countless other words such as *honour, justice, morality, internationalism, democracy, science,* and *religion* had simply ceased to exist. A few blanket words covered them, and, in covering them, abolished them. All words grouping themselves round the concepts of liberty and equality, for instance, were contained in the single word *crimethink,* while all words grouping themselves round the concepts of objectivity and rationalism were contained in the single word *oldthink.* Greater precision would have been dangerous. What was required in a Party member was an outlook similar to that of the ancient Hebrew who knew, without knowing much else, that all nations other than his own worshipped 'false gods'. He did not need to know that these gods were called Baal, Osiris, Moloch, Ashtaroth, and the like: probably the less he knew about them the better for his orthodoxy. He knew Jehovah and the commandments of Jehovah: he knew, therefore, that all gods with other names or other attributes were false gods. In somewhat the same way, the party member knew what constituted right conduct, and in exceedingly vague, generalized terms he knew what kinds of departure from it were possible. His sexual life, for example, was entirely regulated by the two Newspeak words *sexcrime* (sexual immorality) and *goodsex* (chastity). *Sexcrime* covered all sexual misdeeds whatever. It covered fornication, adultery, homosexuality, and other perversions, and, in addition, normal intercourse practised for its own sake. There was no need to enumerate them separately, since they were all equally culpable, and, in principle, all punishable by death. In the C vocabulary, which consisted of scientific and technical words, it might be necessary to give specialized names to certain sexual aberrations, but the ordinary citizen had no need of them. He knew what was meant by *goodsex* – that is to say, normal intercourse between man and wife, for the sole purpose of begetting children, and without physical pleasure on the part of the woman: all else was *sexcrime.* In Newspeak it was seldom possible to follow a heretical thought further than the perception that it was heretical: beyond that point the necessary words were nonexistent.

No word in the B vocabulary was ideologically neutral. A great many were euphemisms. Such words, for instance, as *joycamp* (forced-labour camp) or *Minipax (*Ministry of Peace, i.e. Ministry of War) meant almost the exact opposite of what they appeared to mean. Some words, on the other hand, displayed a frank and contemptuous understanding of the real nature of Oceanic society. An example was *prolefeed,* meaning the rubbishy entertainment and spurious news which the Party handed out to the masses. Other words, again, were ambivalent, having the connotation 'good' when applied to the Party and 'bad' when applied to its enemies. But in addition there were great numbers of words which at first sight appeared to be mere abbreviations and which derived their ideological colour not from their meaning, but from their structure. Compound words such as *speakwrite*, were of course to be found in the A vocabulary, but these were merely convenient abbreviations and had no special ideological colour.

So far as it could be contrived, everything that had or might have political significance of any kind was fitted into the B vocabulary. The name of every organization, or body of people, or doctrine, or country, or institution, or public building, was invariably cut down into the familiar shape; that is, a single easily pronounced word with the smallest number of syllables that would preserve the original derivation. In the Ministry of Truth, for example, the Records Department, in which Winston Smith worked, was called *Recdep,* the Fiction Department was called *Ficdep,* the Teleprogrammes Department was called *Teledep,* and so on. This was not done solely with the object of saving time. Even in the early decades of the twentieth century, telescoped words and phrases had been one of the characteristic features of political language; and it had been noticed that the tendency to use abbreviations of this kind was most marked in totalitarian countries and totalitarian organizations. Examples were such words as *Nazi, Gestapo, Comintern, Inprecorr, Agitprop.* In the beginning the practice had been adopted as it were instinctively, but in Newspeak it was used with a conscious purpose. It was perceived that in thus abbreviating a name one narrowed and subtly altered its meaning, by cutting out

most of the associations that would otherwise cling to it. The words *Communist International*, for instance, call up a composite picture of universal human brotherhood, red flags, barricades, Karl Marx, and the Paris Commune. The word *Comintern*, on the other hand, suggests merely a tightly-knit organization and a well-defined body of doctrine. It refers to something almost as easily recognized, and as limited in purpose, as a chair or a table. *Comintern* is a word that can be uttered almost without taking thought, whereas *Communist International* is a phrase over which one is obliged to linger at least momentarily. In the same way, the associations called up by a word like *Minitrue* are fewer and more controllable than those called up by *Ministry of Truth.* This accounted not only for the habit of abbreviating whenever possible, but also for the almost exaggerated care that was taken to make every word easily pronounceable.

In Newspeak, euphony outweighed every consideration other than exactitude of meaning. Regularity of grammar was always sacrificed to it when it seemed necessary. And rightly so, since what was required, above all for political purposes, were short clipped words of unmistakable meaning which could be uttered rapidly and which roused the minimum of echoes in the speaker's mind. The words of the B vocabulary even gained in force from the fact that nearly all of them were very much alike. Almost invariably these words – *goodthink, Minipax, prolefeed, sexcrime, joycamp, Ingsoc, bellyfeel, thinkpol,* and countless others – were words of two or three syllables, with the stress distributed equally between the first syllable and the last. The use of them encouraged a gabbling style of speech, at once staccato and monotonous. And this was exactly what was aimed at. The intention was to make speech, and especially speech on any subject not ideologically neutral, as nearly as possible independent of consciousness. For the purposes of everyday life it was no doubt necessary, or sometimes necessary, to reflect before speaking, but a Party member called upon to make a political or ethical judgement should be able to spray forth the correct opinions as automatically as a machine gun spraying forth bullets. His training fitted him to do this, the language gave him an almost foolproof instrument, and the texture of the words, with their harsh sound and a

certain wilful ugliness which was in accord with the spirit of Ingsoc, assisted the process still further.

So did the fact of having very few words to choose from. Relative to our own, the Newspeak vocabulary was tiny, and new ways of reducing it were constantly being devised. Newspeak, indeed, differed from most all other languages in that its vocabulary grew smaller instead of larger every year. Each reduction was a gain, since the smaller the area of choice, the smaller the temptation to take thought. Ultimately it was hoped to make articulate speech issue from the larynx without involving the higher brain centres at all. This aim was frankly admitted in the Newspeak word *duckspeak*, meaning 'to quack like a duck'. Like various other words in the B vocabulary, *duckspeak* was ambivalent in meaning. Provided that the opinions which were quacked out were orthodox ones, it implied nothing but praise, and when *The Times* referred to one of the orators of the Party as a *doubleplusgood duckspeaker* it was paying a warm and valued compliment.

The C vocabulary

The C vocabulary was supplementary to the others and consisted entirely of scientific and technical terms. These resembled the scientific terms in use today, and were constructed from the same roots, but the usual care was taken to define them rigidly and strip them of undesirable meanings. They followed the same grammatical rules as the words in the other two vocabularies. Very few of the C words had any currency either in everyday speech or in political speech. Any scientific worker or technician could find all the words he needed in the list devoted to his own specialty, but he seldom had more than a smattering of the words occurring in the other lists. Only a very few words were common to all lists, and there was no vocabulary expressing the function of Science as a habit of mind, or a method of thought, irrespective of its particular branches. There was, indeed, no word for 'Science', any meaning that it could possibly bear being already sufficiently covered by the word *Ingsoc.*

From the foregoing account it will be seen that in Newspeak the expression of unorthodox opinions, above a very low level, was

well-nigh impossible. It was of course possible to utter heresies of a very crude kind, a species of blasphemy. It would have been possible, for example, to say *Big Brother is ungood.* But this statement, which to an orthodox ear merely conveyed a self-evident absurdity, could not have been sustained by reasoned argument, because the necessary words were not available. Ideas inimical to Ingsoc could only be entertained in a vague wordless form, and could only be named in very broad terms which lumped together and condemned whole groups of heresies without defining them in doing so. One could, in fact, only use Newspeak for unorthodox purposes by illegitimately translating some of the words back into Oldspeak. For example, *All mans are equal* was a possible Newspeak sentence, but only in the same sense in which *All men are red-haired* is a possible Oldspeak sentence. It did not contain a grammatical error, but it expressed a palpable untruth – i.e. that all men are of equal size, weight, or strength. The concept of political equality no longer existed, and this secondary meaning had accordingly been purged out of the word *equal.* In 1984, when Oldspeak was still the normal means of communication, the danger theoretically existed that in using Newspeak words one might remember their original meanings. In practice it was not difficult for any person well grounded in *doublethink* to avoid doing this, but within a couple of generations even the possibility of such a lapse would have vanished. A person growing up with Newspeak as his sole language would no more know that *equal* had once had the secondary meaning of 'politically equal', or that *free* had once meant 'intellectually free', than for instance, a person who had never heard of chess would be aware of the secondary meanings attaching to *queen* and *rook.* There would be many crimes and errors which it would be beyond his power to commit, simply because they were nameless and therefore unimaginable. And it was to be foreseen that with the passage of time the distinguishing characteristics of Newspeak would become more and more pronounced – its words growing fewer and fewer, their meanings more and more rigid, and the chance of putting them to improper uses always diminishing.

When Oldspeak had been once and for all superseded, the last link with the past would have been severed. History had already been rewritten, but fragments of the literature of the past survived here and there, imperfectly censored, and so long as one retained one's knowledge of Oldspeak it was possible to read them. In the future such fragments, even if they chanced to survive, would be unintelligible and untranslatable. It was impossible to translate any passage of Oldspeak into Newspeak unless it either referred to some technical process or some very simple everyday action, or was already orthodox *(goodthinkful* would be the Newspeak expression) in tendency. In practice this meant that no book written before approximately 1960 could be translated as a whole. Pre-revolutionary literature could only be subjected to ideological translation – that is, alteration in sense as well as language. Take for example the well-known passage from the Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government...

It would have been quite impossible to render this into Newspeak while keeping to the sense of the original. The nearest one could come to doing so would be to swallow the whole passage up in the single word *crimethink.* A full translation could only be an ideological translation, whereby Jefferson's words would be changed into a panegyric on absolute government.

A good deal of the literature of the past was, indeed, already being transformed in this way. Considerations of prestige made it desirable to preserve the memory of certain historical figures, while at the same time bringing their achievements into line with the philosophy of Ingsoc. Various writers, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens, and some others were therefore in process of translation: when the task had been completed, their original

writings, with all else that survived of the literature of the past, would be destroyed. These translations were a slow and difficult business, and it was not expected that they would be finished before the first or second decade of the twenty-first century. There were also large quantities of merely utilitarian literature – indispensable technical manuals, and the like – that had to be treated in the same way. It was chiefly in order to allow time for the preliminary work of translation that the final adoption of Newspeak had been fixed for so late a date as 2050.

О новоязе (пер. В. Голышева)

Новояз, официальный язык Океании, был разработан для того, чтобы обслуживать идеологию ангсоца, или английского социализма. В 1984 году им еще никто не пользовался как единственным средством общения – ни устно, ни письменно. Передовые статьи в «Таймс» писались на новоязе, но это дело требовало исключительного мастерства, и его поручали специалистам. Предполагали, что старояз (т. е. современный литературный язык) будет окончательно вытеснен новоязом к 2050 году. А пока что он неуклонно завоевывал позиции: члены партии стремились употреблять в повседневной речи все больше новоязовских слов и грамматических форм. Вариант, существовавший в 1984 году и зафиксированный в девятом и десятом изданиях Словаря новояза, считался промежуточным и включал в себя много лишних слов и архаических форм, которые надлежало со временем упразднить. Здесь пойдет речь об окончательном, усовершенствованном варианте, закрепленном в одиннадцатом издании Словаря.

Новояз должен был не только обеспечить знаковыми средствами мировоззрение и мыслительную деятельность приверженцев ангсоца, но и сделать невозможными любые иные течения мысли. Предполагалось, что, когда новояз утвердится навеки, а старояз будет забыт, неортодоксальная, то есть чуждая ангсоцу, мысль, постольку поскольку она выражается в словах, станет буквально немыслимой. Лексика была сконструирована

так, чтобы точно, а зачастую и весьма тонко выразить любое дозволенное значение, нужное члену партии, а кроме того, отсечь все остальные значения, равно как и возможности прийти к ним окольными путями. Это достигалось изобретением новых слов, но в основном исключением слов нежелательных и очищением оставшихся от неортодоксальных значений – по возможности от всех побочных значений. Приведем только один пример. Слово «свободный» в новоязе осталось, но его можно было использовать лишь в таких высказываниях, как «свободные сапоги», «туалет свободен». Оно не употреблялось в старом значении «политически свободный», «интеллектуально свободный», поскольку свобода мысли и политическая свобода не существовали даже как понятия, а следовательно, не требовали обозначений. Помимо отмены неортодоксальных смыслов, сокращение словаря рассматривалось как самоцель, и все слова, без которых можно обойтись, подлежали изъятию. Новояз был призван не расширить, а сузить горизонты мысли, и косвенно этой цели служило то, что выбор слов сводили к минимуму.

Новояз был основан на сегодняшнем литературном языке, но многие новоязовские предложения, даже без новоизобретенных слов, показались бы нашему современнику непонятными. Лексика подразделялась на три класса: словарь A, словарь B (составные слова) и словарь C. Проще всего рассмотреть каждый из них отдельно; грамматические же особенности языка можно проследить в разделе, посвященном словарю A, поскольку правила для всех трех категорий – одни и те же.

Словарь A заключал в себе слова, необходимые в повседневной жизни – связанные с едой, питьем, работой, одеванием, хождением по лестнице, ездой, садоводством, кухней и т. п. Он почти целиком состоял из слов, которыми мы пользуемся сегодня, таких, как «бить», «дать», «дом», «хвост», «лес», «сахар», но по сравнению с сегодняшним языком число их было крайне мало, а значения определены гораздо строже. Все неясности, оттенки смысла были вычищены. Насколько возможно, слово этой категории представляло собой отрывистый звук или звуки

и выражало лишь одно четкое понятие. Словарь А был совершенно непригоден для литературных целей и философских рассуждений. Он предназначался для того, чтобы выражать только простейшие целенаправленные мысли, касавшиеся в основном конкретных объектов и физических действий.

Грамматика новояза отличалась двумя особенностями. Первая – чисто гнездовое строение словаря. Любое слово в языке могло породить гнездо, и в принципе это относилось даже к самым отвлеченным, как, например, «если»: «еслить», «есленно» и т. д. Никакой этимологический принцип тут не соблюдался; словом-производителем могли стать и глагол, и существительное, и даже союз; суффиксами пользовались гораздо свободнее, что позволяло расширить гнездо до немыслимых прежде размеров. Таким образом были образованы, например, слова «едка», «яйцевать», «рычевка», «хвостистски» (наречие), «настроенческий», «убежденец». Если существительное и родственный по смыслу глагол были этимологически не связаны, один из двух корней аннулировался: так, слово «писатель» означало «карандаш», поскольку с изобретением версификатора писание стало означать чисто физический процесс. Понятно, что при этом соответствующие эпитеты сохранялись, и писатель мог быть химическим, простым и т. д. Прилагательное можно было произвести от любого существительного, как, например: «пальтовый», «жабный», от них – соответствующие наречия и т. д.

Кроме того, для любого слова – в принципе это опять-таки относилось к каждому слову – могло быть построено отрицание при помощи «не». Так, например, образованы слова «нелицо» и «недонос». Система единообразного усиления слов приставками «плюс-» и «плюсплюс-», однако, не привилась ввиду неблагозвучия многих новообразований (см. ниже). Сохранились прежние способы усиления, несколько обновленные. Так, у прилагательных появились две сравнительных степени: «лучше» и «более лучше». Косвенно аналогичный процесс применялся и к существительным (чаще отглагольным) путем сцепления близких слов в родительном падеже: «наращивание ускорения тем-

пов развития». Как и в современном языке, можно было изменить значение слова приставками, но принцип этот проводился гораздо последовательнее и допускал гораздо большее разнообразие форм, таких, например, как «подустать», «надвзять», «отоварить», «беспреступность» (коэффициент), «зарыбление», «обескоровить», «довыполнить» и «недододать». Расширение гнезд позволило радикально уменьшить их общее число, то есть свести разнообразие живых корней в языке к минимуму.

Второй отличительной чертой грамматики новояза была ее регулярность. Всякого рода особенности в образовании множественного числа существительных, в их склонении, в спряжении глаголов были по возможности устранены. Например, глагол «пахать» имел деепричастие «пахая», «махать» спрягался единственным образом – «махаю» и т. д. Слова «цыпленок», «крысенок» во множественном числе имели форму «цыпленки», «крысенки» и соответственно склонялись, «молоко» имело множественное число – «молоки», «побои» употреблялось в единственном числе, а у некоторых существительных единственное число было произведено от множественного: «займ». Степенями сравнения обладали все без исключения прилагательные, как, например, «бесконечный», «невозможный», «равный», «тракторный» и «двухвесельный». В соответствии с принципом покорения действительности все глаголы считались переходными: завозразить (проект), задействовать (человека), растаять (льды), умалчивать (правду), взмыть (пилот взмыл свой вертолет над вражескими позициями). Местоимения с их особой нерегулярностью сохранились, за исключением «кто» и «чей». Последние были упразднены, и во всех случаях их заменило местоимение «который» («которого»). Отдельные неправильности словообразования пришлось сохранить ради быстроты и плавности речи. Труднопроизносимое слово или такое, которое может быть неверно услышано, считалось ipso facto плохим словом, поэтому в целях благозвучия вставлялись лишние буквы или возрождались архаические формы. Но по преимуществу это касалось словаря В. Почему придавалось такое значение удобопроизносимости, будет объяснено в этом очерке несколько позже.

Словарь B состоял из слов, специально сконструированных для политических нужд, иначе говоря, слов, которые не только обладали политическим смыслом, но и навязывали человеку, их употребляющему, определенную позицию. Не усвоив полностью основ ангсоца, правильно употреблять эти слова было нельзя. В некоторых случаях их смысл можно было передать староязовским словом или даже словами из словаря A, но это требовало длинного описательного перевода и всегда было сопряжено с потерей подразумеваемых смыслов. Слова B представляли собой своего рода стенограмму: в несколько слогов они вмещали целый круг идей, в то же время выражая их точнее и убедительнее, чем в обыкновенном языке.

Все слова были составными. Они состояли из двух или более слов или частей слов, соединенных так, чтобы их удобно было произносить. От каждого из них по обычным образцам производилось гнездо. Для примера: от «благомыслия», означавшего приблизительно «ортодоксию», «правоверность», происходил глагол «благомыслить», причастие «благомыслящий», прилагательное «благомысленный», наречие «благомысленно» и т. д.

Слова B создавались без какого-либо этимологического плана. Они могли состоять из любых частей речи, соединенных в любом порядке и как угодно препарированных – лишь бы их было удобно произносить и оставалось понятным их происхождение. В слове «мыслепреступление», например, мысль стояла первой, а в слове «благомыслие» – второй. Поскольку в словаре B удобопроизносимость достигалась с большим трудом, слова здесь образовывались не по такой жесткой схеме, как в словаре A. Например, прилагательные от «минилюба» и «миниправа» были соответственно «минилюбный» и «миниправный» просто потому, что «-любовный» и «-праведный» было не совсем удобно произносить. В принципе же их склоняли и спрягали, как обычно.

Некоторые слова B обладали такими оттенками значения, которых почти не улавливал человек, не овладевший языком в целом. Возьмем, например, типичное предложение из передовой

статьи в «Таймс»: «Старомыслы не нутрят ангсоц». Кратчайшим образом на староязе это можно изложить так: «Те, чьи идеи сложились до Революции, не воспринимают всей душой принципов английского социализма». Но это неадекватный перевод. Во-первых, чтобы как следует понять смысл приведенной фразы, надо иметь четкое представление о том, что означает слово «ангсоц». Кроме того, лишь человек, воспитанный в ангсоце, почувствует всю силу слова «нутрить», подразумевающего слепое восторженное приятие, которое в наши дни трудно вообразить, или слова «старомысл», неразрывно связанного с понятиями порока и вырождения. Но особая функция некоторых новоязовских слов наподобие «старомысла» состояла не столько в том, чтобы выражать значения, сколько в том, чтобы их уничтожать. Значение этих слов, разумеется немногочисленных, расширялось настолько, что обнимало целую совокупность понятий; упаковав эти понятия в одно слово, их уже легко было отбросить и забыть. Сложнее всего для составителей Словаря новояза было не изобрести новое слово, но, изобретя его, определить, что оно значит, то есть определить, какую совокупность слов оно аннулирует.

Как мы уже видели на примере слова «свободный», некоторые слова, прежде имевшие вредный смысл, иногда сохранялись ради удобства – но очищенными от нежелательных значений. Бесчисленное множество слов, таких, как «честь», «справедливость», «мораль», «интернационализм», «демократия», «религия», «наука», просто перестали существовать. Их покрывали и тем самым отменяли несколько обобщающих слов. Например, все слова, группировавшиеся вокруг понятий свободы и равенства, содержались в одном слове «мыслепреступление», а слова, группировавшиеся вокруг понятий рационализма и объективности, – в слове «старомыслие». Большая точность была бы опасна. По своим воззрениям член партии должен был напоминать древнего еврея, который знал, не вникая в подробности, что все остальные народы поклоняются «ложным богам». Ему не надо было знать, что имена этих богов – Ваал, Осирис, Молох, Астарта и т. д.; чем меньше он о них

знает, тем полезнее для его правоверности. Он знал Иегову и заветы Иеговы, а поэтому знал, что все боги с другими именами и другими атрибутами – ложные боги. Подобным образом член партии знал, что такое правильное поведение, и до крайности смутно, лишь в общих чертах представлял себе, какие отклонения от него возможны. Его половая жизнь, например, полностью регулировалась двумя новоязовскими словами: «злосекс» (половая аморальность) и «добросекс» (целомудрие). «Злосекс» покрывал все нарушения в этой области. Им обозначались блуд, прелюбодеяние, гомосексуализм и другие извращения, а кроме того, нормальное совокупление, рассматриваемое как самоцель. Не было нужды называть их по отдельности, все были преступлениями и в принципе карались смертью. В словаре С, состоявшем из научных и технических слов, для некоторых сексуальных нарушений могли понадобиться отдельные термины, но рядовой гражданин в них не нуждался. Он знал, что такое «добросекс», то есть нормальное сожительство мужчины и женщины с целью зачатия и без физического удовольствия для женщины. Все остальное – «злосекс». Новояз почти не давал возможности проследить за вредной мыслью дальше того пункта, что она вредна; дальше не было нужных слов.

В словаре В не было ни одного идеологически нейтрального слова. Многие являлись эвфемизмами. Такие слова, например, как «радлаг» (лагерь радости, т. е. каторжный лагерь) или «минимир» (министерство мира, то есть министерство войны), обозначали нечто противоположное тому, что они говорили. Другие слова, напротив, демонстрировали откровенное и презрительное понимание подлинной природы строя, например, «нарпит», означавший низкосортные развлечения и лживые новости, которые партия скармливала массам. Были и двусмысленные слова – с «хорошим» оттенком, когда их применяли к партии, и с «плохим», когда их применяли к врагам. Кроме того, существовало множество слов, которые на первый взгляд казались просто сокращениями, – идеологическую окраску им придавало не значение, а их структура.

Настолько, насколько позволяла человеческая изобретательность, все, что имело или могло иметь политический смысл, было сведено в словарь В. Названия всех организаций, групп, доктрин, стран, институтов, общественных зданий кроились по привычной схеме: одно удобопроизносимое слово с наименьшим числом слогов, позволяющих понять его происхождение. В министерстве правды отдел документации, где работал Уинстон Смит, назывался доко, отдел литературы – лито, отдел телепрограмм – телео и т. д. Делалось это не только для экономии времени. Слова-цепни стали одной из характерных особенностей политического языка еще в первой четверти XX века; особенная тяга к таким сокращениям, была отмечена в тоталитарных странах и тоталитарных организациях. Примерами могут служить такие слова, как «наци», «гестапо», «коминтерн», «агитпроп». Сначала к этому методу прибегали, так сказать, инстинктивно, в новоязе же он практиковался с осознанной целью. Стало ясно, что, сократив таким образом имя, ты сузил и незаметно изменил его смысл, ибо отрезал большинство вызываемых им ассоциаций. Слова «Коммунистический Интернационал» приводят на ум сложную картину: всемирное человеческое братство, красные флаги, баррикады, Карл Маркс, Парижская коммуна. Слово же «Коминтерн» напоминает всего лишь о крепко спаянной организации и жесткой системе доктрин. Оно относится к предмету столь же легко узнаваемому и столь же ограниченному в своем назначении, как стол или стул. «Коминтерн» – это слово, которое можно произнести, почти не размышляя, в то время как «Коммунистический Интернационал» заставляет пусть на миг, но задуматься. Подобным же образом «миниправ» вызывает гораздо меньше ассоциаций (и их легче предусмотреть), чем «министерство правды». Этим объяснялось не только стремление сокращать все, что можно, но и на первый взгляд преувеличенная забота о том, чтобы слово легко было выговорить.

Благозвучие перевешивало все остальные соображения, кроме ясности смысла. Когда надо было, регулярность

грамматики неизменно приносилась ему в жертву. И справедливо – ибо для политических целей прежде всего требовались четкие стриженые слова, которые имели ясный смысл, произносились быстро и рождали минимальное количество отзвуков в сознании слушателя. А от того, что все они были скроены на один лад, слова В только прибавляли в весе. Многие из них – ангсоц, злосекс, радлаг, нарпит, старомысл, мыслепол (полиция мыслей) – были двух- и трехсложными, причем ударения падали и на первый и на последний слог. Они побуждали человека тараторить, речь его становилась отрывистой и монотонной. Это как раз и требовалось. Задача состояла в том, чтобы сделать речь – в особенности такую, которая касалась идеологических тем, – по возможности независимой от сознания. В повседневной жизни, разумеется, необходимо – по крайней мере иногда необходимо – подумать, перед тем как заговоришь; партиец же, которому предстояло высказаться по политическому или этическому вопросу, должен был выпускать правильные суждения автоматически, как выпускает очередь пулемет. Обучением он подготовлен к этому, новояз – его орудие – предохранит его от ошибок, фактура слов с их жестким звучанием и преднамеренным уродством, отвечающим духу ангсоца, еще больше облегчит ему дело.

Облегчалось оно еще и тем, что выбор слов был крайне скудный. По сравнению с нашим языком лексикон новояза был ничтожен, и все время изобретались новые способы его сокращения. От других языков новояз отличался тем, что словарь его с каждым годом не увеличивался, а уменьшался. Каждое сокращение было успехом, ибо чем меньше выбор слов, тем меньше искушение задуматься. Предполагалось, что в конце концов членораздельная речь будет рождаться непосредственно в гортани, без участия высших нервных центров. На эту цель прямо указывало новоязовское слово «речекряк», то есть «крякающий по-утиному». Как и некоторые другие слова В, «речекряк» имел двойственное значение. Если крякали в ортодоксальном смысле, это слово было не чем иным, как похвалой, и, когда «Таймс» писала об одном из партийных

ораторов: «идейно крепкий речекряк», – это был весьма теплый и лестный отзыв.

Словарь С был вспомогательным и состоял исключительно из научных и технических терминов. Они напоминали сегодняшние термины, строились на тех же корнях, но, как и в остальных случаях, были определены строже и очищены от нежелательных значений. Они подчинялись тем же грамматическим правилам, что и остальные слова. Лишь немногие из них имели хождение в бытовой речи и в политической речи. Любое нужное слово научный или инженерный работник мог найти в особом списке, куда были включены слова, встречающиеся в других списках. Слов, общих для всех списков, было очень мало, а таких, которые обозначали бы науку как область сознания и метод мышления независимо от конкретного ее раздела, не существовало вовсе. Не было и самого слова «наука»: все допустимые его значения вполне покрывало слово «англсоц».

Из вышесказанного явствует, что выразить неортодоксальное мнение сколько-нибудь общего порядка новояз практически не позволял. Еретическое высказывание, разумеется, было возможно – но лишь самое примитивное, в таком, примерно, роде, как богохульство. Можно было, например, сказать: «Старший Брат плохой». Но это высказывание, очевидно нелепое для ортодокса, нельзя было подтвердить никакими доводами, ибо отсутствовали нужные слова. Идеи, враждебные англсоцу, могли посетить сознание лишь в смутном, бессловесном виде, и обозначить их можно было не по отдельности, а только общим термином, разные ереси свалив в одну кучу и заклеймив совокупно. В сущности, использовать новояз для неортодоксальных целей можно было не иначе, как с помощью преступного перевода некоторых слов обратно на старояз. Например, новояз позволял сказать: «Все люди равны», – но лишь в том смысле, в каком старояз позволял сказать: «Все люди рыжие». Фраза не содержала грамматических ошибок, но утверждала явную неправду, а именно что все люди равны по росту, весу и силе. Понятие гражданского равенства больше не существовало,

и это второе значение слова «равный», разумеется, отмерло. В 1984 году, когда старояз еще был обычным средством общения, теоретически существовала опасность того, что, употребляя новоязовские слова, человек может вспомнить их первоначальные значения. На практике любому воспитанному в двоемыслии избежать этого было нетрудно, а через поколение-другое должна была исчезнуть даже возможность такой ошибки. Человеку, с рождения не знавшему другого языка, кроме новояза, в голову не могло прийти, – что «равенство» когда-то имело второй смысл – «гражданское равенство», а свобода когда-то означала «свободу мысли», точно так же как человек, в жизни своей не слыхавший о шахматах, не подозревал бы о другом значении слов «слон» и «конь». Он был бы не в силах совершить многие преступления и ошибки – просто потому, что они безымянны, а следовательно, немыслимы. Ожидалось, что со временем отличительные особенности новояза будут проявляться все отчетливей и отчетливей – все меньше и меньше будет оставаться слов, все уже и уже становиться их значение, все меньше и меньше будет возможностей употребить их не должным образом.

Когда старояз окончательно отомрет, порвется последняя связь с прошлым. История уже была переписана, но фрагменты старой литературы, не вполне подчищенные, там и сям сохранились, и, покуда люди помнили старояз, их можно было прочесть. В будущем такие фрагменты, если бы даже они сохранились, стали бы непонятны и непереводимы. Перевести текст со старояза на новояз было невозможно, если только он не описывал какой-либо технический процесс или простейшее бытовое действие или не был в оригинале идейно выдержанным (выражаясь на новоязе – благомысленным). Практически это означало, что ни одна книга, написанная до 1960 года, не может быть переведена целиком. Дореволюционную литературу можно было подвергнуть только идеологическому переводу, то есть с заменой не только языка, но и смысла. Возьмем, например, хорошо известный отрывок из Декларации независимости:

«Мы полагаем самоочевидными следующие истины: все люди сотворены равными, всех их создатель наделил определенными неотъемлемыми правами, к числу которых принадлежат жизнь, свобода и стремление к счастью. Дабы обеспечить эти права, учреждены среди людей правительства, берущие на себя справедливую власть с согласия подданных. Всякий раз, когда какая-либо форма правления становится губительной для этих целей, народ имеет право изменить или уничтожить ее и учредить новое правительство…»

Перевести это на новояз с сохранением смысла нет никакой возможности. Самое большее, что тут можно сделать, – это вогнать весь отрывок в одно слово: мыслепреступление. Полным переводом мог стать бы только идеологический перевод, в котором слова Джефферсона превратились бы в панегирик абсолютной власти.

Именно таким образом и переделывалась, кстати, значительная часть литературы прошлого. Из престижных соображений было желательно сохранить память о некоторых исторических лицах, в то же время приведя их труды в согласие с учением ангсоца. Уже шла работа над переводом таких писателей, как Шекспир, Мильтон, Свифт, Байрон, Диккенс, и некоторых других; по завершении этих работ первоначальные тексты, а также все остальное, что сохранилось от литературы прошлого, предстояло уничтожить. Эти переводы были делом трудным и кропотливым; ожидалось, что завершатся они не раньше первого или второго десятилетия XXI века. Существовало, кроме того, множество чисто утилитарных текстов – технических руководств и т. п., – их надо было подвергнуть такой же переработке. Окончательный переход на новояз был отложен до 2050 года именно с той целью, чтобы оставить время для предварительных работ по переводу.

Приложение. Принципы Новояза (пер. Д. Иванова и В. Недошивина)

Новояз – официальный язык Океании – был разработан в соответствии с идеологическими потребностями Ангсоца – Английского Социализма. В 1984 году еще не было никого, кто пользовался бы новоязом как единственным средством устного или письменного общения. Передовицы «Таймс» писались на нем, но то было *tour de force*, что мог осуществить лишь специалист. Предполагалось, что окончательно новояз заменит собой старояз (или обычный английский) примерно к 2050 году. Пока же он укреплял и расширял свои позиции, потому что члены Партии стремились как можно чаще использовать в повседневной речи его словарь и грамматические конструкции. Вариант, имевший хождение в 1984 году и закрепленный в девятом и десятом изданиях «Словаря новояза», был временным, содержал множество лишних слов и устаревших сочетаний, которые предполагалось упразднить позднее. В приложении мы рассмотрим окончательный, усовершенствованный вариант, включенный в одиннадцатое издание «Словаря».

Цель новояза не только в том, чтобы последователи Ангсоца имели необходимое средство для выражения своих мировоззренческих и духовных пристрастий, но и в том, чтобы сделать невозможными все иные способы мышления. Ставилась задача, чтобы с окончательным принятием его и забвением старояза еретическое мышление – то есть мышление, отклоняющееся от принципов Ангсоца, – оказалось в буквальном смысле немыслимым, во всяком случае в той мере, в какой мышление зависит от слововыражения. Поэтому издание составлялось таким образом, чтобы придать точное и часто весьма тонкое выражение каждому понятию, которое могло бы понадобиться члену Партии, исключив при этом иные значения и даже возможность «выйти» на них случайно, окольным путем. Частично это достигалось образованием новых слов, но главным образом – уничтожением нежелательных или лишением

оставшихся слов каких бы то ни было неортодоксальных значений и, насколько возможно, всех других значений. Приведем хотя бы один пример. Слово *«свободен»* по-прежнему существовало в новоязе, но употребить его можно было лишь в таких выражениях, как: «Собака свободна от блох» или «Поле от сорняков свободно». Употребить же подобное понятие в привычном смысле – «политически свободен» или «свободен интеллектуально» – было нельзя, поскольку политической и интеллектуальной свободы не существовало даже в качестве общих представлений, и они неизбежно становились безымянными. Язык не только очищался от явно еретических слов – сокращение словарного состава рассматривалось как самоцель, и ни одно слово, без которого можно было обойтись, не оставлялось. Новояз не расширял, а *свертывал* сферу мысли, и опосредованно цель эта достигалась сведением к минимуму выбора слов.

Основу новояза составлял известный нам ныне английский язык, хотя многие предложения на новом языке, даже не содержащие в себе свежих словообразований, были бы с трудом поняты говорящими по-английски сегодня. Слова этого языка были разделены на три четко очерченных класса: А-лексикон, Б-лексикон (именуемый также составными словами) и В-лексикон. Каждый класс проще рассмотреть в отдельности, но грамматические особенности языка разбираются в разделе, посвященном А-лексикону, поскольку к остальным категориям применяются те же правила.

А-лексикон. А-лексикон состоит из слов, необходимых для повседневном жизни, обозначающих еду, питье, работу, одевание, подъем и спуск по лестницам, поездки на транспорте, труд в саду, приготовление пищи и т. п. Почти целиком он составлен из уже известных нам слов – таких, как *бить, бежать, собака, дерево, сахар, дом, поле,* – но число их в сравнении со словарным запасом сегодняшнего английского языка крайне ограничено, их значение закреплено более жестко. Все двусмысленности, все оттенки значения были вычищены. Насколько этого можно было добиться, любое

слово данного класса стало просто отрывистым звуком, выражающим *одно* четкое понятие. Было бы совершенно невозможно использовать А-лексикон в литературных целях или для политической философской дискуссии. Выражение простых, целенаправленных мыслей, связанных обычно с конкретными объектами или физическими действиями, – вот назначение этого лексикона.

Грамматика новояза имеет две отличительные особенности. Во-первых, почти полную взаимозаменяемость различных частей речи. Любое слово в языке (в принципе это относится даже к весьма абстрактным понятиям типа *если* или *когда)* могло использоваться как глагол, существительное, прилагательное или наречие. Между глаголом и существительным в том случае, когда они одного корня, нет никаких различий; данное правило уже само по себе привело к уничтожению множества устаревших форм. Например, слова *мыслить* в новоязе не существует, его место заняло слово *мысль,* которое служило и существительным, и глаголом. Причем этимологический принцип здесь не соблюдается: в одних случаях сохраняется существительное, в других – глагол. Даже тогда, когда существительное и глагол, сходные по значению, не связываются этимологически, что-то одно зачастую убирается. Так, например, нет слова *резать,* значение его вполне передается существительным-глаголом *нож.* Прилагательные и наречия образовываются добавлением к существительному-глаголу стандартных суффиксов и частиц. Таким образом, к примеру, *скоростевой* значит *быстрый,* а *скоростно – быстро.* Ряд наших сегодняшних прилагательных, таких, как *хороший, сильный, большой, черный, мягкий,* оставили, по их общее число было ничтожным. Особой необходимости в них не было, поскольку практически любой признак предмета мог обозначаться добавлением стандартного суффикса к существительному-глаголу. Из наречий, имеющих хождение теперь, ничего не осталось, кроме весьма немногих слов, уже оканчивавшихся на стандартное окончание, которое соблюдалось неукоснительно.

Кроме того, каждому слову – это опять-таки относилось в принципе к любой единице языка – могло быть придано противоположное значение добавлением приставочной частицы *не-*. С другой стороны, оно могло быть усилено приставкой *плюс-* или, для большего усиления, *плюсплюс-*. Так, например, слово *нетеплый* означало холодный, а *плюстеплый* и *плюсплюстеплый* соответственно означали *очень теплый* и *горячий.* Как и в современном английском, значение практически любого слова можно было изменить такими приставочными образованиями, как *пред-, после-, выше-, ниже-* и т. д. Этими способами удалось очень значительно сократить словарь. При наличии, скажем, слова *польза* отпадала необходимость в слове *вред,* поскольку нужный смысл в равной степени хорошо – и даже лучше – передавало *непольза.* При наличии любой пары естественных антонимов оставалось лишь решить, какое изъять. К примеру, слово *тьма* могло заменить слово *несвет* или *свет – нетьму.*

Второй отличительной чертой грамматики нового языка была его нормативность. За исключением немногих случаев, речь о которых впереди, все изменения формы слова подчинялись единым правилам. Это касалось, например, всех неправильных глаголов английского языка. Теперь все они в прошедшем или давнопрошедшем времени оканчивались одинаково, а все старые формы были упразднены. Все формы множественного числа существительных образовывались строго при помощи стандартных окончаний. Множественное число слов-исключений было уничтожено. Степени сравнения прилагательных опять-таки неизменно образовывались при помощи стандартных окончаний (например: *хорош – хорошее – хорошейший)*; все неправильные формы (*лучше, худший)* и сложные конструкции, начинающиеся с *более* или *самый,* изымались.

Словами, где по-прежнему допускалось отступление от жесткой нормативности, были прежде всего местоимения и вспомогательные глаголы. Они употреблялись по старинке, кроме форм *него, нее, них,* которые были изъяты как ненужные.

Некоторый отход от формальностей при образовании слов вызывался необходимостью быстрой и удобной речи. Слово, которое было трудно произнести быстро или которое могло быть не так расслышано, *ipso facto* считалось плохим словом; вот почему иногда во имя благозвучия в слово вставлялись лишние (убирались из него мешающие) буквы или сохранялась его архаическая форма. Однако прежде всего это имело отношение к Б-лексикону. Из последующих разделов данного приложения станет понятно, *почему* удобству произношения придавалась такая важность.

Б-лексикон. Б-лексикон состоял из слов, специально созданных в политических целях, которые, так сказать, не только имеют все до одного политический подтекст, но и предназначаются для того, чтобы внушить желательные идеи тому, кто употребляет их. Без полного понимания принципов Ангсоца употреблять правильно такие слова было трудно. В некоторых случаях их можно было переводить на старояз или даже передавать словами А-лексикона, но это, как правило, связано с утратой некоторых оттенков. Слова Б-лексикона были своего рода устной стенографией, где зачастую несколько слогов вмещали в себя целый ряд идей, и в то же время были более точной и сильной формой выражения, чем обычная речь.

Но во всех случаях слова Б-лексикона были составными. Они состояли из двух или более слов или частей слов, сплавленных в единую удобопроизносимую форму. Итогом всегда оказывалось существительное-глагол, грамматически изменяющееся по общим правилам. Приведем пример. Слово *добродум* означает, очень приблизительно, «общепринятые взгляды» или, если считать его глаголом, «думать в общепринятом духе». Формы его: существительное-глагол *добродум,* причастие *добродумающий,* прилагательное *добродумный,* наречие *добродумно,* отглагольное существительное *добродумач.*

Слова Б-лексикона не создавались по какому-либо этимологическому плану. Их элементы могли быть любой частью речи, располагаться в любом порядке, и в целях

благозвучия, их можно было калечить любым способом, лишь бы сохранился их изначальный смысл. В слове *преступмысль* (преступное мышление) *мысль,* например, стояла в конце, в то время как в слове *мыслькоп* (полиция мысли) – в начале, причем в последнем случае от понятия *полиция* были оставлены лишь первые три буквы. В Б-лексиконе сложнее было сохранить благозвучие, поэтому неправильные образования в нем встречались чаще, чем в А-лексиконе. Например, прилагательными от *Миниправда, Минимир* и *Минилюбовь* являлись соответственно *миниправый, минимирный* и *минилюбый* просто потому, что прилагательные, образованные стандартно, были бы несколько трудны для произношения. Однако в принципе все слова Б-лексикона грамматически изменялись, и изменялись одинаково.

Некоторые слова в этом лексиконе имели столь утонченное значение, что оказывались едва понятны тому, кто не овладел языком в совершенстве. Возьмем, к примеру, типичное предложение из передовицы «Таймс»: *Стародумачи небрюхчувств Англсоц.* Если коротко передать это на староязе, то предложение звучало бы так: «Те, чьи взгляды сформировались до Революции, не могут обладать полным эмоциональным восприятием принципов Английского Социализма». Однако данный перевод неадекватен. Начать с того, что для уяснения всего смысла приведенного предложения необходимо ясно представлять, что имеется в виду под *Англсоцем.* Кроме того, только человек, поднаторевший в Англсоце, способен по достоинству оценить силу слова *брюхчувств,* буквально обозначающего слепое, восторженное усвоение идеи, представить которое сегодня трудно, или глубину слова *стародумач,* в котором сложно переплетены понятия и дурного умысла, и порока. Впрочем, особая функция целого ряда слов нового языка, одним из которых и было слово *стародумач,* заключалась не только в выражении того или иного значения, но и в уничтожении его. Слова эти, по необходимости малочисленные, как бы наращивали свое понятийное значение, спрессовывая внутри себя целую обойму слов, которые после

появления одного обобщающего термина легко могли быть изъяты из обращения и забыты. Для составителей «Словаря новояза» самой большой трудностью оказалось не изобретение новых слов, а уяснение смысла вновь изобретенных, т. е. необходимо было точно уяснить, так сказать, какие обоймы слов уничтожаются новыми словами.

Как мы убедились на примере слова *свободный,* некоторые архаизмы, имевшие когда-то еретический смысл, ради удобства порой сохранялись, но лишь после вычистки из них нежелательного значения. Бесконечное число иных слов, вроде честь, *справедливость, мораль, интернационализм, демократия, наука, религия,* просто перестало существовать. Несколько обобщающих слов выражали эти понятия и, таким образом, уничтожали их. Скажем, все слова, группирующиеся вокруг идей свободы и равенства, слились в одно слово – *преступмысль,* а все слова, связанные с идеями объективности и рационализма, – в слово *стародум.* Большая определенность и ясность была бы опасной. От члена Партии требовалось, чтобы взгляды его были подобны верованиям древнего иудея, который, не ведая ни о чем, понимал лишь, что любой другой народ поклоняется «фальшивым богам». Ему и нужды не было знать, что богов этих зовут Ваал, Осирис, Молох, Астарта и т. д. Быть может, чем меньше он знал о них, тем лучше было для его правоверности. Есть Иегова и его заветы, а стало быть, все боги с другими именами или иными атрибутами – фальшивые боги. В том же духе и член Партии знал, какое поведение считается правильным, любые возможные отклонения от него представлял очень смутно, в общих словах. К примеру, сексуальная жизнь его полностью регулировалась двумя словами: *сексгрех* (половая аморальность) и *добросекс* (целомудрие). *Сексгрех* означал все и всяческие сексуальные проступки: прелюбодеяние, супружеские измены, гомосексуализм и прочие извращения, а также нормальный половой акт, практикуемый как самоцель. Именовать все это в отдельности не было необходимости, поскольку все преступления такого рода равно осуждались и в принципе все карались смертью. Скажем, в В-лексиконе,

который содержал термины науки и техники, могла возникнуть потребность в специальном названии тех или иных половых отклонений, по обычному гражданину не надо было их знать. Он знал, что такое *добросекс* – нормальный половой акт между мужем и женой с единственной целью зачатия ребенка и без физического удовлетворения со стороны женщины, а все остальное – *сексгрех.* На новоязе редко удавалось проследить еретическую мысль дальше осознания того, что она и есть еретическая, за этой гранью нужных слов как бы не существовало.

Ни одно слово Б-лексикона не было идеологически нейтральным. Многие являлись эвфемизмами. Такие слова, как, например, *восторглаг* (исправительно-трудовой лагерь) или *Минимир* (Министерство Мира, т. е. военное министерство), означали прямо противоположное тому, что вроде бы говорилось. Некоторые слова, напротив, выражали откровенное и циничное понимание реальностей общества Океании. Примером служит слово *рабкорм,* означавшее вздорные развлечения и фальшивые новости, которыми Партия питала массы. Случались и понятия амбивалентного смысла, имевшие значение *хорош* применительно к Партии и *плох* – применительно к ее врагам. Существовало также множество слов, которые на первый взгляд выглядели просто аббревиатурами и получали идеологическую окраску не столько от мысли, сколько от собственной структуры.

Все имевшее или способное иметь политическую значимость, насколько это удавалось выдумать, включалось в Б-лексикон. Название каждой организации, объединения людей, доктрины, страны, любого общественного института или общественного здания неизменно урезалось до привычной формы, т. е. до одного легко произносимого слова с наименьшим числом слогов, достаточным для сохранения изначального смысла. Например, в Министерстве Правды Исторический Отдел, в котором работал Уинстон Смит, назывался *Истотд,* Художественный Отдел – *Худотд,* а Отдел Телевизионных Программ – *Телепрогр* и т. д. И делалось это не

только для экономии времени. Уже в первые десятилетия двадцатого века телескопические слова и фразы стали одной из характерных черт политического языка. Было замечено, что тенденция использовать подобные конструкции особенно проявлялась в тоталитарных странах и организациях. Примерами здесь служат слова *нацi, гестапо, коминтерн, инпрекорр, агитпроп.* Вначале они использовались неосознанно, словно инстинктивно, но в новоязе они применялись уже вполне сознательно. Считалось, что сокращение слова до аббревиатуры приводит к сужению и некоторому изменению его значения благодаря ликвидации ассоциативных связей, которые в иных случаях появлялись бы. Сочетание *Коммунистический Интернационал,* например, порождает в воображении сложную картину всеобщего человеческого братства, красных флагов, баррикад, Карла Маркса и Парижской коммуны. Слово *Коминтерн,* напротив, предполагает тесно сплоченную организацию, точно изложенную доктрину. Оно относится к понятию, которое почти так же легко узнать, назначение которого так же ограничено, как у стула или стола. *Коминтерн* – это слово можно произнести, не утруждая разум, в то время как *Коммунистический Интернационал* – фраза, над которой всякий раз приходится задумываться хотя бы на мгновение. Примерно так же *Миниправда* вызывает меньше ассоциаций, и они легче поддаются контролю, чем слова «Министерство Правды». Это объясняется не только привычкой при каждом удобном случае образовывать аббревиатуры, но и преувеличенной заботой о том, чтобы сделать любое слово легкопроизносимым.

Благозвучие слов в новоязе перевешивало все другие соображения, за исключением точности понятий. Нормативность грамматики всегда приносилась в жертву, когда это считалось необходимым. Это было справедливо, поскольку, прежде всего ради достижения политических целей, требовались рубленые слова с точным смыслом, которые проговаривались бы быстро, вызывая минимальные отголоски в сознании говорящего. Слова Б-лексикона даже выигрывали в силе оттого, что едва ли не все они были схожи. Почти неизменно все эти

добродум, минимир, рабкорм, сексгрех, восторглаг, англсоц, брюхчувств, мысльпол и бессчетное число других слов состояли из двух-трех слогов, причем первый и последний слоги были равноударными. Употребление их привело к бормочущему стилю речи, отрывистому и в то же время монотонному. Этого и добивались. Цель заключалась в том, чтобы речь людей, особенно на темы идеологически не нейтральные, максимально обособлялась от сознания. В обиходе возникала, хотя бы изредка, потребность подумать, прежде чем говорить. Но из члена Партии, которому приходилось произносить политические и этические суждения, правильные мнения должны были вылетать автоматически, как пули из автомата. Его специально учили этому, а язык давал ему почти безотказный механизм и такие слова – жесткие и преднамеренно грубые в соответствии с духом Ангсоца, что еще более способствовало его успеху.

Этому способствовал и весьма ограниченный выбор слов. Словарь новояза хотя и был родствен нашему языку, все же невелик, более того, постоянно изыскивались новые способы его сокращения. В сущности, от всех иных языков новояз отличается тем, что словарный запас его уменьшался, а не рос. Каждое сокращение считалось достижением, ибо чем меньше выбор, тем меньше искушений утруждать себя размышлением. В конечном счете надеялись сделать источником артикулированной речи непосредственно голосовые связки, абсолютно не затрагивая при этом высшие мозговые центры. Подобная цель откровенно выступала наружу в слове *уткоречь,* означавшем *«крякать, как утка».* Как и ряд других слов Б-лексикона, *уткоречь* была амбивалентна по значению. Если мнения, которые выкрикивались, носили ортодоксальный характер, слово не выражало ничего, кроме похвалы. И когда «Таймс» сообщала, что один из ораторов Партии *плюсплюсхорош уткоречер,* газета тем самым удостаивала его теплой и ценной похвалы.

В-лексикон. В-лексикон служил дополнением к двум другим и состоял исключительно из научно-технических терминов. Они походили на научные термины, которыми мы

пользуемся сегодня, образовывались от тех же корней, но и к ним применялись обычные меры для жесткой фиксации смысла и очищения от нежелательных оттенков. Подчинялись они тем же грамматическим правилам, что и слова двух других лексиконов. Очень немногие В-слова имели хождение в обиходной или политической речи. Каждый ученый или инженер мог найти все требующиеся ему слова в перечне терминов по его специальности, но он редко знал (разве что очень поверхностно) слова, включенные в другие перечни. Лишь очень немногие слова встречались во всех перечнях. И не было словаря, определявшего функцию науки как свойства разума или способа мышления, вне связи с ее прикладными направлениями и отраслями. Не было и самого слова *наука,* потому что любое понятие, которое бы им обозначалось, уже в достаточной мере выражалось словом *Ангсоц.*

Дальнейшие рассуждения покажут, что выражение неортодоксальных мыслей на новоязе было почти невозможным, за исключением самого примитивного уровня. Конечно, можно было сказать какую-нибудь очень низкопробную ересь, нечто вроде богохульства. Можно было, например, сказать: *«Большой Брат нехорош».* Но для ортодоксального уха подобное заявление оказалось бы не более чем самоочевидным абсурдом, который разумными доводами подкрепить нельзя, поскольку необходимых для этого слов просто не было. Враждебные Ангсоцу идеи можно было выразить лишь в неясной бессловесной форме, можно было назвать лишь очень общими терминами, которые собирали в одну кучу и осуждали чохом множество разных ересей, не определяя их при этом. То есть для неортодоксальных целей новояз фактически можно было использовать лишь путем незаконного перевода некоторых слов обратно на старояз. К примеру, *«Все люди равны»* – такое предложение в принципе было возможно, но лишь в той мере, в какой па староязе допустимо предложение *«Все люди рыжие».* Грамматических ошибок здесь нет, но сообщается очевидная неправда, т. е. что все люди равны по росту, весу или силе. Идеи политического равенства больше не существовало, значит, это вторич-

ное значение слова *равны* уже было вычищено. В 1984 году, когда старояз еще оставался нормативным средством общения, теоретически существовала опасность, что, используя слова нового языка, кто-то мог вспомнить их старое значение. На практике человеку, хорошо поднаторевшему в *«двоемыслии»,* избегнуть этого было несложно, а через два-три поколения и эта опасность исчезнет сама собой. Человек, взращенный на новоязе, как на единственном родном языке, больше не будет знать, что слово *равен* когда-то имело второе значение – «политически равный» или что понятие *свободен* когда-то означало «интеллектуально свободный». Точно так же, как человек, который никогда не слышал о шахматах, не может знать, что у слов *королева* и *ладья* есть еще какие-то значения. Много преступлений и ошибок человек просто не сможет совершить только из-за того, что они безымянны и, как таковые, непредставимы. И можно предвидеть, что со временем отличительные характеристики новояза будут проявляться все более и более ярко: слов в нем будет становиться все меньше и меньше, их значение будет фиксироваться жестче, а вероятность неверного или неточного их использования будет стремиться к нулю.

С отменой старояза раз и навсегда порвется последняя связующая нить с прошлым. История уже переписана, но кое-где еще сохранились небрежно отцензурированные фрагменты литературы прошлого, и, пока кто-то сохраняет знание старояза, их можно прочесть. В будущем эти фрагменты, даже если они сохранятся, станут непонятными, и непереводимыми. Ведь невозможно перевести что-либо со старояза на новояз, если только в нем не описывается какой-либо технический процесс, какое-либо примитивное обиходное действие или нечто уже ставшее ортодоксальным (*добродумным* скажут на новоязе). Практически это будет означать, что ни одна книга, написанная примерно до 1960 года, уже не может быть переведена целиком. Дореволюционную литературу вообще можно будет подвергнуть только идеологическому переводу, т. е. заменить в ней не просто язык, но и смысл.

Возьмите, к примеру, хорошо известный отрывок из «Декларации независимости»:

Мы считаем самоочевидными истинами, что все люди созданы равными, что они наделены создателем определенными неотъемлемыми правами и что среди таковых – жизнь, свобода и стремление к счастью. Для обеспечения этих прав среди людей создаются Правительства, получающие власть от согласия управляемых. Всякий раз, когда данная форма правления становится пагубной для данной цели, право народа – изменить или свергнуть ее и образовать новое Правительство.

Перевести это на новояз, сохраняя смысл оригинала, совершенно невозможно. Лучше всего заменить весь отрывок единственным словом – *преступмысль*. Полным же может быть только идеологический перевод, с помощью которого слова Джефферсона превратятся не более чем в панегирик абсолютистскому правительству.

Довольно значительная часть литературы прошлого уже переводится подобным образом. Соображения престижа делали желательным сохранить память о некоторых исторических фигурах, приведя их достижения в соответствие с духом Ангсоца. Сочинения ряда писателей, таких, как Шекспир, Мильтон, Свифт, Байрон, Диккенс, и некоторых других находились в процессе перевода. После завершения этой работы их оригинальные творения, а также все уцелевшее от литературы прошлого будет уничтожено. Но такие переводы – занятие медленное и трудное, его завершения можно было ожидать не ранее первого или второго десятилетия двадцать первого века. К тому же имелось огромное количество чисто утилитарной литературы – необходимых технических инструкций, руководств и т. п., – которая требовала такой же обработки. И для того главным образом, чтобы дать достаточно времени для предварительной работы по переводу, окончательное принятие новояза и было отнесено на столь поздний срок, на 2050 год.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Why does Orwell pay so much attention to language in his novel? What is the role of language in any society? in totalitarian society? Which features of Newspeak fulfill this role best of all? Why?
2. What linguistic characteristics of the novel may present a translation problem? Why?
3. Study the two translations of the novel. Which translation appeared the first, in your opinion? Prove your standpoint.
4. Compare the lexical peculiarities of the original and translated texts. Account for the changes.
5. Compare the syntactical structures of the original and translated texts in terms of the norms and their functions.
6. Dwell on the translation of the individual neologisms.
7. Comment on the translation of realia.
8. Compare the author's point of view in the English and Russian texts.
9. Which translation decisions do you like most of all? least of all?
10. Assess the quality of translation in general. Whose translation do you like best? Account for your choice.

Unit VI. POSTMODERNISM

Postmodernism is a complicated term, or set of ideas, one that has only emerged as an area of academic study since the mid-1980s. Postmodernism is hard to define, because it is a concept that appears in a wide variety of disciplines or areas of study, including art, architecture, music, film, literature, sociology, communications, fashion, and technology. It is hard to locate it temporally or historically, because it is not clear exactly when postmodernism begins.

Postmodernism, like modernism, follows most of its ideas, rejecting boundaries between high and low forms of art, rejecting rigid genre distinctions, emphasizing pastiche, parody, bricolage, irony, and playfulness. Postmodern art (and thought) favors reflexivity and self-consciousness, fragmentation and discontinuity (especially in narrative structures), ambiguity, simultaneity, and an emphasis on the destructured, decentered, dehumanized subject.

But – while postmodernism seems very much like modernism in these ways, it differs from modernism in its attitude toward a lot of these trends. Modernism, for example, tends to present a fragmented view of human subjectivity and history, but presents that fragmentation as something tragic, something to be lamented and mourned as a loss. Many modernist works try to uphold the idea that works of art can provide the unity, coherence, and meaning which has been lost in most of modern life; art will do what other human institutions fail to do. Postmodernism, in contrast, doesn't lament the idea of fragmentation, provisionality, or incoherence, but rather celebrates that. The world is meaningless? Let's not pretend that art can make meaning then, let's just play with nonsense.

According to Jean Baudrillard, in postmodern society there are no originals, only copies – or what he calls "simulacra." You might think, for example, about painting or sculpture, where there is an original work (by Van Gogh, for instance), and there might also be thousands of copies, but the original is the one with the highest value (particularly monetary value). Contrast that with CDs or music recordings, where there is no "original," as in painting – no recording

that is hung on a wall, or kept in a vault; rather, there are only copies, by the millions, that are all the same, and all sold for (approximately) the same amount of money. Another version of Baudrillard's "simulacrum" would be the concept of virtual reality, a reality created by simulation, for which there is no original. This is particularly evident in computer games/simulations – think of Sim City, Sim Ant, etc.

Finally, postmodernism is concerned with questions of the organization of knowledge. In modern societies, knowledge was equated with science, and was contrasted to narrative; science was good knowledge, and narrative was bad, primitive, irrational (and thus associated with women, children, primitives, and insane people). Knowledge, however, was good for its own sake; one gained knowledge, via education, in order to be knowledgeable in general, to become an educated person. This is the ideal of the liberal arts education. In a postmodern society, however, knowledge becomes functional – you learn things, not to know them, but to use that knowledge.

From **The Collector**

John Fowles (1926 – 2005)

English novelist and essayist, master of layered story-telling, illusionism, and purposefully ambiguous endings. Among Fowles's best-known novels are The French Lieutenant's Woman (1969), adapted into screen in 1981, and The Magus (1965), which have gained a cult status. His protagonists must often confront their past, self-delusions and illusions, in order to gain their personal freedom or peace of mind.

John Fowles enjoys a justifiably high standing as both a novelist of outstanding imaginative power, and as a highly self-conscious 'postmodernist' author who fully registers the artifice inherent in the act of writing, the fictiveness of fiction itself. Fowles's writing is dominated by the consciousness of the author as a figure within his own books, entering the narrative at certain points to comment on the action, the characters' motives and possibilities, and

explain how things might have been different. Able with equal ease to transform futures or point out absurdities, the novelist is a capricious, no longer an omnipotent god; a magician whose tricks may all be bogus; or simply a late-arriving, rather seedy impresario. Exercising free will, playing with fiction's constraints and conventions, the writer's authority is nevertheless relative: appropriate for an era of relative not absolute values. They operate on the reader's consciousness on several levels at once; as page-turning narratives with memorable characters, demonstrations of the novelist's craft, historical and political commentaries; and as profound reflections on the whole spectrum of human behaviours.

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She just gave me a funny look and went past me into the room opposite, what I called the dining-room, though the furniture people called it the dual-purpose room, it was half fitted out for me to work in. There were my three cabinets, which she saw at once.

"Aren't you going to show me my fellow-victims?"

Of course I wanted nothing better. I pulled out one or two of the most attractive drawers – members of the same genus drawers, nothing serious, just for show, really.

"Did you buy them?"

Of course not, I said. All caught or bred by me and set and arranged by me. The lot.

"They're beautifully done."

I showed her a drawer of Chalkhill and Adonis Blues, I have a beautiful var. ceroneus Adonis and some var. tithonus Chalkhills, and I pointed them out. The var. ceroneus is better than any they got in the N.H. Museum. I was proud to be able to tell her something. She had never heard of aberrations.

"They're beautiful. But sad."

Everything's sad if you make it so, I said.

"But it's you who make it so!" She was staring at me across the drawer. "How many butterflies have you killed?"

You can see.

“No, I can’t. I’m thinking of all the butterflies that would have come from these if you’d let them live. I’m thinking of all the living beauty you’ve ended.”

You can’t tell.

“You don’t even share it. Who sees these? You’re like a miser, you hoard up all the beauty in these drawers.”

I was really very disappointed, I thought all her talk was very silly. What difference would a dozen specimens make to a species?

“I hate scientists,” she said. “I hate people who collect things, and classify things and give them names and then forget all about them. That’s what people are always doing in art. They call a painter an impressionist or a cubist or something and then they put him in a drawer and don’t see him as a living individual painter any more. But I can see they’re beautifully arranged.”

She was trying to be nice again.

The next thing I said was, I do photography too.

I had some pictures of the woods behind the house, and some of the sea coming over the wall at Seaford, really nice ones, I enlarged them myself. I put them out on the table where she could see them.

She looked at them, she didn’t say anything.

They’re not much, I said. I haven’t been doing it long.

“They’re dead,” She gave me a funny look sideways. “Not these particularly. All photos. When you draw something it lives and when you photograph it it dies.”

It’s like a record, I said.

“Yes. All dry and dead.” Well I was going to argue, but she went on, she said, “These are clever. They’re good photographs as photographs go.”

After a bit I said, I’d like to take some pictures of you.

“Why?”

You’re what they call photogenic.

She looked down, then she looked up at me and said, “All right. If you want to. Tomorrow.”

***

October 24th

Another bad day. I made sure it was bad for Caliban, too. Sometimes he irritates me so much that I could scream at him. It's not so much the way he looks, though that's bad enough. He's always so respectable, his trousers always have creases, his shirts are always clean. I really think he'd be happier if he wore starched collars. So utterly not with it. And he stands. He's the most tremendous stander-around I've ever met. Always with that I'm-sorry expression on his face, which I begin to realize is actually contentment. The sheer joy of having me under his power, of being able to spend all and every day staring at me. He doesn't care what I say or how I feel – my feelings are meaningless to him – it's the fact that he's got me.

I could scream abuse at him all day long; he wouldn't mind at all. It's me he wants, my look, my outside; not my emotions or my mind or my soul or even my body. Not anything human.

He's a collector. That's the great dead thing in him.

What irritates me most about him is his way of speaking. Cliche after cliche after cliche, and all so old-fashioned, as if he's spent all his life with people over fifty. At lunch-time today he said, I called in with regard to those records they've placed on order. I said, Why don't you just say, "I asked about those records you ordered?"

He said, I know my English isn't correct, but I try to make it correct. I didn't argue. That sums him up. He's got to be correct, he's got to do whatever was "right" and "nice" before either of us was born.

I know it's pathetic, I know he's a victim of a miserable Nonconformist suburban world and a miserable social class, the horrid timid copycatting genteel in-between class. I used to think D and M's class the worst. All golf and gin and bridge and cars and the right accent and the right money and having been to the right school and hating the arts (the theatre being a pantomime at Christmas and Hay Fever by the Town Rep – Picasso and Bartok dirty words unless you wanted to get a laugh). Well, that is foul. But Caliban's England is fouler.

It makes me sick, the blindness, deadness, out-of-dateness, stodginess and, yes, sheer jealous malice of the great bulk of England.

Коллекционер (пер. И. Бессмертной)

Она странно так на меня взглянула и прошла мимо, в комнату напротив; я называл эту комнату столовой, хотя эти люди из фирмы, которые ее обставляли, назвали ее «комнатой двойного назначения». Полкомнаты было отведено для работы. Там стояли мои три шкафа, и она их сразу заметила.

– А вы не покажете мне товарок по несчастью? Ничего лучшего я и желать не мог. Вытащил пару самых интересных ящиков, с представителями одного вида, на самом деле ничего серьезного, так, просто для показа.

– Вы их купили?

Конечно, нет, говорю. Всех сам поймал или вывел, и сам накалывал, аранжировка тоже моя. Все мое.

– Очень красиво сделано.

Показал ей ящики и с голубянками, и с перламутровками, и с меловками {Клегг смешивает специальные и бытовые названия бабочек. – прим. переводчика}. У меня есть и ночные var. {Видимо, Клегг не подозревает, что «var.», списанное им с ярлыков в музее, означает «вариант.» – прим. переводчика}, и дневные, и я ей указал на разницу. У меня ведь есть очень красивые var., даже лучше, чем в Музее естественной истории в Лондоне. Я был очень горд – ведь тут я мог ей что-то показать и объяснить. И еще, она никогда не слыхала про аберрации {Аберрация – здесь: изменение внешнего вида бабочки, в основном окраски, вызванное неправильным расположением чешуек на крыльях. – прим. переводчика}.

– Они кажутся очень красивыми. И печальными.

Это как посмотреть. Все от нас зависит.

– От вас зависит! Это же вы все сами сделали! Сколько бабочек вы убили? - Стоит напротив, с той стороны ящика, и смотрит на меня во все глаза.

Ну, вы же видите.

– Нет, не вижу. Я думаю обо всех тех бабочках, которые вывелись бы, если бы эти остались жить. Только представьте

себе эту трепетную, живую красоту, погубленную вами! Ну, кто может это себе представить.

– Вы даже этих никому не показываете, ни с кем не делитесь! Ну кто это видит? Вы, как скупец деньгами, набили свои ящики красотой и заперли на замок.

Я ужасно расстроился, ужасно был разочарован. Все, что она говорила, было так глупо. Какое значение может иметь несколько убитых бабочек для целого вида?

А она говорит:

– Терпеть не могу ученых. Ненавижу тех, кто коллекционирует, классифицирует и дает названия, а потом напрочь забывает о том, что собрал и чему дал имя. С искусством тоже так. Назовут художника импрессионистом или кубистом или еще как-то, уберут подальше в ящик и перестают замечать в нем живого человека, художника, личность. Но я вижу, вы их очень красиво аранжировали.

Это она опять попыталась быть со мной милой и любезной.

Тут я сказал, я еще и фотографирую. У меня были фотографии, сделанные в лесу за домом, и еще как море перехлестывает через парапет в Сифорде {Сифорд – город и порт на юге Англии. – прим. переводчика}, очень неплохие. Я их сам увеличивал. Положил их на стол, так, чтоб ей было видно.

Она посмотрела и молчит.

Не очень получилось, говорю. Я недавно этим начал заниматься.

– Они мертвые, – говорит. И странно так смотрит, сбоку. – Не только эти. Вообще все фотографии. Когда рисуешь что-нибудь, оно живет. А когда фотографируешь, умирает.

Как музыка на пластинке, говорю.

– Да, засыхает и умирает.

Я было собрался спорить, а она говорит:

– Но эти снимки удачны. Насколько могут быть удачны снимки.

Помолчали немного. Я сказал, мне хотелось бы вас сфотографировать.

– Зачем?

Ну, вы, как говорится, фотогеничны.

Она глаза опустила. Потом говорит:

– Хорошо. Если вам так хочется. Завтра.

24 октября

Еще один плохой день. Я очень постаралась, чтобы он стал плохим и для Калибана. Иногда К. вызывает во мне такое раздражение, что хочется заорать. И дело не в том, как он выглядит, хоть это достаточно противно. Он всегда такой респектабельный, брюки отглажены, безукоризненная складка, сорочки безупречно свежие. Кажется, если бы сейчас носили высокие крахмальные воротнички, он был бы самым счастливым человеком на свете. Вот уж кто воистину устарел! И все время стоит. Самый невероятный стояльщик из всех, кого я знаю. И вечно с такой миной, будто хочет сказать: «Простите великодушно!» Но теперь-то я уже поняла, что на самом деле эта мина выражает абсолютное довольство собой. Глубочайшее наслаждение тем, что я – в его власти, что все дни напролет он может проводить, разглядывая меня. Ему безразлично, что я говорю, что чувствую, мои чувства ничего для него не значат. Ему важно только, что он меня поймал. Словно бабочку. И что я – здесь.

Я могла бы выкрикивать ему в лицо всяческие ругательства сутки напролет – он бы и глазом не моргнул. Ему нужна я, мой вид, моя наружность, а вовсе не мои чувства, мысли, душа, даже и не тело. Ничего, что есть во мне одушевленного, человеческого.

Он – коллекционер. Коллекционерство – огромное мертвое нечто, заполняющее все его существо.

Больше всего меня раздражает то, как он говорит. Штамп за штампом, клише за клише, и все такие устаревшие, будто всю жизнь он общался с одними стариками. Сегодня за обедом он

произнес: «Я наведался в магазин по поводу тех пластинок, в отношении которых был сделан заказ». А я говорю, почему бы просто не сказать: «Я узнавал про пластинки, которые вы просили»?

Он ответил:

– Я сознаю, что моя речь не вполне правильна, но я стараюсь говорить корректно.

Я не стала спорить. В этом – весь он. Он стремится выглядеть корректно, он должен вести себя прилично и поступать правильно, в соответствии с нормами, существовавшими задолго до нашего рождения.

Я понимаю – это трагедия, я понимаю, он – жертва убогого мещанского мирка, насквозь пропитанного затхлыми установлениями нонконформистской церкви; жалкая жертва промежуточного социального слоя, униженно и гротескно стремящегося перенять стиль жизни и манеры людей из «высшего общества». Раньше я считала тот круг, к которому принадлежат М. и П., самым ужасным. Все только гольф, и джин, и бридж, и именно такая марка машины, и именно такой акцент речи, именно такая сумма денег в банке, и обучение в именно той школе, и презрение к искусству, которого не знают и не понимают, поскольку ничего в театре, кроме рождественской пантомимы, не видели, а Пикассо и Барток {Барток Бела (1881-1945) – известный венгерский композитор и музыковед-фольклорист. В своих произведениях сочетал элементы архаичного фольклора с современными динамичными средствами выражения. Оказал большое влияние на формирование композиторских школ 30–50-х гг. в странах Восточной и Средней Европы. – прим. переводчика} для них – всего лишь бранные слова или тема для шуток. Конечно, все это отвратительно. Но мир Калибана – отвратительней стократ.

Я просто заболеваю, когда думаю о слепом, мертвом безразличии, затхлой неповоротливости и консерватизме огромного множества людей у нас в стране. И конечно же, самое отвратительное в них – всепоглощающая злобная зависть.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. The novel has a peculiar structure: the same events are first described through the perspective of the kidnapper – Frederick Clegg, and then as a diary of the victim – Miranda Grey. What is the purpose of such structure?
2. Analyze the allusions in the extract. How are they translated into Russian? What is the role of a commentary in the translator's work?
3. What characteristics of postmodernism do you come across in the novel?
4. You are given two samples from the different parts of the novel. Does the speech of the characters differ? What can you say about the character (education, class, social status, hobbies, etc.) of the protagonists, judging by their speech? Assess the speech characterization in translation.
5. Characterize the main conflict of the novel.
6. Dwell on the theme of art. What is the difference between painting and photography, according to Miranda? Do you agree with her?
7. Focus on English national identity, as presented in the novel.
8. What do you think about the quality of translation? Enumerate its advantages and disadvantages.

Unit VII. ENGLISH HUMOUR

British writers of the 20th century used humour in various ways throughout their works. Some writers, such as George Bernard Show and W. Somerset Maugham, were known for their comedies of manners. Others, like Sir A. Conan Doyle, A. Christie, and Alfred Hitchcock, wrote mystery novels infused with humorous elements. Political humour permeated the works of Sir W. Chirchill and G. Orwell, while writers such as J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis combined humour with religion and myth.

Because humour is difficult to define, it is also difficult to classify. However, there are some broad categories which it is helpful to distinguish, as long as we recognize that these should not be regarded as 'tight' categories. Some examples of humour will fit more than one category, and others will almost create their own unique category.

- **Wit**

This is usually thought of as intellectual humour, relying upon clever use of words to achieve its purpose. Wit represents a carefully designed use of language, whether it be spoken or written. It is not intended to convulse the reader, or hearer, with laughter, but rather to bring an appreciative chuckle at the cleverness of the writer's or speaker's achievement. Originally wit was seen as a separate and distinct category from humour. Now the distinctions are blurred and we tend to see wit as a type of humour.

- **'Gentle' humour**

The label for this type of humour is perhaps a particularly poor one. However, there is a whole field of humour, basically deriving from the essays and articles of writers such as Lamb, Addison and Hazlitt at the end of the 18th century, whose main quality seems to be gentle, wry, 'human' humour. It lacks the bite of satire and is not as pretentious or deliberately 'clever' as wit tends to be. It relies heavily upon the writer's ability to describe a situation or person in such a way that small humorous aspects are highlighted, without being caricatured.

- **Parody**

Parody is the use of language to imitate another author, speaker, or well-known piece of language. Because much parody is deliberately humorous, it is included here along with other kinds of humour. However, it needs to be noted that sometimes parody has a serious purpose and is not really humorous at all.

Humorous parody belittles the original, making it seem ridiculous, and derives some of its humour from the fact that we recognize it as a 'take-off', a 'send-up'.

- **Satire**

Satire involves the use of sarcasm, irony and ridicule to expose and laugh at the foolishness and vice of men. Although intended to be humorous, satire has a serious purpose. The satirist aims his arrows at a particular target hoping that when we laugh we will also change.

- **'Sick' (black) humour**

This category covers a fast-growing area of humour that derives its laughs from the light-hearted treatment of subjects which are normally very serious. Examples could include the light-hearted treatment of serious misfortunes such as natural disasters, illness, mental retardation, birth deformities, certain areas of religion and sex.

Lamb to the Slaughter

Roald Dahl (1916 – 1990)

British novelist, short story writer, poet and a screenwriter. He has been referred to as "one of the greatest story tellers for children of the 20th century". In 2008 The Times placed Dahl 16th on its list of "The list of 50 greatest British writers since 1945". His short stories are known for their unexpected endings, and his children's books for their unsentimental, often very dark humour.

For the first fifteen years of his writing career, Dahl concentrated on writing for adults. His short stories are classics of the storyteller's craft. It comes as no surprise to learn that he took

advice from Ernest Hemingway ("never use a colon or a semicolon" and "when it starts going well, quit"). He was not, by his own admission, a quick writer and might take six months on a story – "sometimes as much as a month on the first page". And he refused to write at all unless he could come up with a really good plot.

Dahl's adult writing was favourably compared to O'Henry and Saki. He won the Edgar Award from the Mystery Writers of America three times.

The room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight – hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whisky. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of the head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin – for this was her sixth month with child – had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger, darker than before.

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tyres on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

"Hullo, darling," she said.

"Hullo," he answered. She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both his hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel – almost as a sunbather feels the sun that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved the intent, far look in his eyes when they rested on her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whisky had taken some of it away.

"Tired, darling?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm tired." And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it, left. She wasn't really watching him but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

"I'll get it!" she cried, jumping up.

"Sit down," he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whisky in it.

"Darling, shall I get your slippers?"

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

"I think it's a shame," she said, "that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long."

He didn't answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

"Darling," she said. "Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday."

"No," he said.

“If you’re too tired to eat out,” she went on, “it’s still not too late. There’s plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair."

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

“Anyway,” she went on, “I’ll get you some cheese and crackers first.”

“I don’t want it,” he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. “But you must have supper. I can easily do it here. I’d like to do it. We can have lamb chops. Or pork. Anything you want. Everything’s in the freezer.”

“Forget it,” he said.

“But, darling, you must eat! I’ll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like.”

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

“Sit down,” he said. “Just for a minute, sit down.”

It wasn’t till then that she began to get frightened.

“Go on,” he said. “Sit down.”

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass frowning.

“Listen,” he said, “I’ve got something to tell you.”

“What is it, darling? What’s the matter?”

He had become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near the corner of his left eye.

“This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I’m afraid,” he said. “But I’ve thought about it a good deal and I’ve decided the only thing to do is tell you right away. I hope you won’t blame me too much.”

And he told her. It didn’t take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat very still through it all, watching him with a

kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

"I'll get the supper," she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her.

When she walked across the room she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all – except a slight nausea and a desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now – down the stairs to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it again.

A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

"For God's sake," he said, hearing her, but not turning round. "Don't make supper for me. I'm going out."

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head.

She might just as well have hit him with a steel club.

She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying. Then he crashed to the carpet.

The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.

It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill them both – mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn't know. And she certainly wasn't prepared to take a chance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned the oven on high, and shoved it inside. Then she washed her hands and ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her face, touched up her lips and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar. She tried again.

"Hullo Sam," she said brightly, aloud.

The voice sounded peculiar too.

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

That was better. Both the smile and the voice were coming out better now. She rehearsed it several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, went out the back door, down the garden, into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop.

"Hullo Sam," she said brightly, smiling at the man behind the counter.

"Why, good evening, Mrs Maloney. How're you?"

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

The man turned and reached up behind him on the shelf for the peas.

"Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight," she told him. "We usually go out Thursdays, you know, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house."

"Then how about meat, Mrs Maloney?"

"No, I've got meat, thanks. I got a nice leg of lamb, from the freezer."

"Ah."

"I don't much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I'm taking a chance on it this time. You think it'll be all right?"

"Personally," the grocer said, "I don't believe it makes any difference. You want these Idaho potatoes?"

"Oh yes, that'll be fine. Two of those."

"Anything else?" The grocer cocked his head on one side, looking at her pleasantly. "How about afterwards? What you going to give him for afterwards?"

"Well what would you suggest, Sam?"

The man glanced around his shop. "How about a nice big slice of cheesecake? I know he likes that."

"Perfect," she said. "He loves it."

And when it was all wrapped and she had paid she put on her brightest smile and said, "Thank you, Sam. Good night."

"Good night, Mrs Maloney. And thank you."

And now, she told herself as she hurried back, all she was doing now, she was returning home to her husband and he was waiting for his supper; and she must cook it good, and make it as tasty as possible because the poor man was tired; and if, when she entered the house, she happened to find anything unusual, or tragic, or terrible, then naturally it would be a shock and she'd become frantic with grief and horror. Mind you, she wasn't expecting to find anything. She was just going home with the

vegetables. Mrs Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do everything right and natural. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for any acting at all.

Therefore, when she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was humming a little tune to herself and smiling.

"Patrick!" she called. "How are you darling?"

She put the parcel down on the table and went through into the living-room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body, it really was rather a shock. All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him, "Quick! Come quick! Patrick's dead!"

"Who's speaking?"

"Mrs Maloney. Mrs Patrick Maloney."

"You mean Patrick Maloney's dead?"

"I think so," she sobbed. "He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead."

"Be right over," the man said.

The car came over quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both – she knew nearly all the men at that precinct – and she fell right into Jack Noonan's arms, weeping hysterically. He put her gently into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O'Malley, kneeling by the body.

"Is he dead?" she cried.

"I'm afraid he is. What happened?"

Briefly, she told her story about going out to the grocer and coming back to find him on the floor. While she was talking, crying and talking, Noonan discovered a small patch of congealed blood on

the dead man's head. He showed it to O'Malley who got up at once and hurried to the phone.

Soon, other men began to come into the house. First a doctor, then two detectives, one of whom she knew by name. Later, a police photographer arrived and took pictures, and a man who knew about fingerprints. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse, and the detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. But they always treated her kindly. She told her story again, this time right from the beginning, when Patrick had come in, and she was sewing, and he was tired, so tired he hadn't wanted to go out for supper. She told how she'd put the meat in the oven – "it's there now, cooking" – and how she'd slipped out to the grocer for vegetables, and come back to find him lying on the floor.

"Which grocer?" one of the detectives asked.

She told him, and he turned and whispered something to the other detective who immediately went outside into the street.

In fifteen minutes he was back with a page of notes, and there was more whispering, and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases "... acted quite normal very cheerful... wanted to give him a good supper... peas... cheesecake... impossible that she.."

After a while, the photographer and the doctor departed and two other men came in and took the corpse away on a stretcher. Then the fingerprint man went away. The two detectives remained, and so did the two policemen. They were exceptionally nice to her, and Jack Noonan asked if she wouldn't rather go somewhere else, to her sister's house perhaps, or to his own wife who would take care of her and put her up for the night.

No, she said. She didn't feel she could move even a yard at the moment. Would they mind awfully if she stayed just where she was until she felt better? She didn't feel too good at the moment, she really didn't.

Then hadn't she better lie down on the bed? Jack Noonan asked.

No, she said, she'd like to stay right where she was, in this chair. A little later perhaps, when she felt better, she would move.

So they left her there while they went about their business, searching the house. Occasionally one of the detectives asked her another question. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently as he passed by. Her husband, he told her, had been killed by a blow on the back of the head administered with a heavy blunt instrument, almost certainly a large piece of metal. They were looking for the weapon. The murderer may have taken it with him, but on the other hand he may've thrown it away or hidden it somewhere on the premises.

"It's the old story," he said. "Get the weapon, and you've got the man."

Later, one of the detectives came up and sat beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could've been used as the weapon? Would she mind having a look around to see if anything was missing a very big spanner for example, or a heavy metal vase.

They didn't have any heavy metal vases, she said.

"Or a big spanner?"

She didn't think they had a big spanner. But there might be some things like that in the garage.

The search went on. She knew that there were other policemen in the garden all around the house. She could hear their footsteps on the gravel outside, and sometimes she saw the flash of a torch through a chink in the curtains. It began to get late, nearly nine she noticed by the clock on the mantel. The four men searching the rooms seemed to be growing weary, a trifle exasperated.

"Jack," she said, the next time Sergeant Noonan went by. "Would you mind giving me a drink?"

"Sure I'll give you a drink. You mean this whisky?"

"Yes, please. But just a small one. It might make me feel better."

He handed her the glass. "Why don't you have one yourself," she said. "You must be awfully tired. Please do. You've been very good to me."

"Well," he answered. "It's not strictly allowed, but I might take just a drop to keep me going."

One by one the others came in and were persuaded to take a little nip of whisky. They stood around rather awkwardly with the

drinks in their hands, uncomfortable in her presence, trying to say consoling things to her. Sergeant Noonan wandered into the kitchen, came out quickly and said, "Look, Mrs Maloney. You know that oven of yours is still on, and the meat still inside."

"Oh dear me!" she cried. "So it is!"

"I better turn it off for you, hadn't I?"

"Will you do that, Jack. Thank you so much."

When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark, tearful eyes. "Jack Noonan," she said.

"Yes?"

"Would you do me a small favour – you and these others?"

"We can try, Mrs Maloney."

"Well," she said. "Here you all are, and good friends of dear Patrick's too, and helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be terribly hungry by now because it's long past your supper time, and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don't you eat up that lamb that's in the oven? It'll be cooked just right by now."

"Wouldn't dream of it," Sergeant Noonan said.

"Please," she begged. "Please eat it. Personally I couldn't touch a thing, certainly not what's been in the house when he was here. But it's all right for you. It'd be a favour to me if you'd eat it up. Then you can go on with your work again afterwards."

There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen, but they were clearly hungry, and in the end they were persuaded to go into the kitchen and help themselves. The woman stayed where she was, listening to them through the open door, and she could hear them speaking among themselves, their voices thick and sloppy because their mouths were full of meat.

"Have some more, Charlie?"

"No. Better not finish it."

"She wants us to finish it. She said so. Be doing her a favour."

"Okay then. Give me some more."

“That is the hell of a big club the guy must’ve used to hit poor Patrick,” one of them was saying. “The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledge-hammer.”

“That is why it ought to be easy to find.”

“Exactly what I say.”

“Whoever done it, they’re not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need.”

One of them belched. “Personally, I think it’s right here on the premises.”

“Probably right under our very noses. What you think, Jack?”

And in the other room, Mary Maloney began to giggle.

Убийство Патрика Мэлони (пер. И. Богданова)

В комнате было натоплено, чисто прибрано, шторы задернуты, на столе горели две лампы: одна – возле нее, другая – напротив, где стоял еще один стул. В буфете, у нее за спиной, были приготовлены два высоких стакана, содовая, виски. В ведерко были уложены кубики свежего льда.

Мэри Мэлони ждала мужа с работы.

Она то и дело посматривала на часы, но не с беспокойством, а лишь затем, чтобы лишний раз убедиться, что каждая минута приближает момент его возвращения. Движения ее были неторопливы, и казалось, что она все делает с улыбкой. Она склонилась над шитьем, и вид у нее при этом был удивительно умиротворенный. Кожа ее – она была на шестом месяце беременности – приобрела полупрозрачный оттенок, уголки рта разгладились, а глаза, в которых появилась безмятежность, казались гораздо более круглыми и темными, чем прежде.

Когда часы показали без десяти пять, она начала прислушиваться и спустя несколько минут, как всегда в это время, услышала, как по гравию зашелестели шины, потом хлопнула дверца автомобиля, раздался звук шагов за окном, в замке повернулся ключ. Она отложила шитье, поднялась и, когда он вошел, направилась к нему, чтобы поцеловать его.

– Привет, дорогой, – сказала она.

– Привет, – ответил он.

Она взяла у него шинель и повесила в шкаф. Затем подошла к буфету и приготовила напитки – ему покрепче, себе послабее; и скоро она снова сидела на своем стуле за шитьем, а он – напротив нее, на своем стуле, сжимая в обеих ладонях высокий стакан и покачивая его, так что кубики льда звенели, ударяясь о стенки.

Для нее это всегда было самое счастливое время дня. Она знала – он не очень-то разговорится, пока не выпьет немного, и рада была после долгих часов одиночества посидеть и молча, довольная тем, что они снова вместе. Ей было хорошо с ним рядом, и она чувствовала – почти так же, как, загорая, солнечные лучи, – что от него исходит тепло, когда они оставались наедине. Ей нравилось, как он сидит, беспечно развалясь на стуле, как входит в дверь или медленно передвигается по комнате большими шагами. Ей нравился этот внимательный и вместе с тем отстраненный взгляд его глаз, когда он смотрел на нее, ей нравилось, как он забавно кривит губы, и особенно то, что он ничего не говорит о своей усталости и сидит молча до тех пор, пока виски не снимет хотя бы часть утомления.

– Устал, дорогой?

– Да, – ответил он. – Устал.

И, сказав это, он сделал то, чего никогда не делал прежде. Он поднял стакан и разом осушил его, хотя тот был полон наполовину – да, пожалуй, наполовину. Она в ту минуту не смотрела на него, но догадалась, что он именно это и сделал, услышав, как кубики льда ударились о дно стакана, когда он опустил, руку. Он подался вперед, помедлил с минуту, затем поднялся и неторопливо направился к буфету, чтобы налить себе еще.

– Я принесу! – воскликнула она, вскакивая на ноги.

– Сядь, – сказал он.

Когда он снова сел на стул, она обратила внимание на то, что он не пожалел виски и напиток в его стакане приобрел темно-янтарный оттенок.

– Тебе принести тапочки, дорогой?

– Не надо.

Она смотрела, как он потягивает темно-желтый крепкий напиток, и видела маленькие маслянистые круги, плававшие в стакане.

– Это просто возмутительно, – сказала она, – заставлять полицейского в твоем чине целый день быть на ногах.

Он ничего на это не ответил, и она снова склонилась над шитьем; между тем всякий раз, когда он подносил стакан к губам, она слышала, как кубики льда стукаются о стенки стакана.

– Дорогой, – сказала она, – может, я принесу тебе немного сыру? Я ничего не приготовила на ужин, потому что сегодня четверг.

– Не нужно, – ответил он.

– Если ты слишком устал и не хочешь пойти куда-нибудь поужинать, то еще не поздно что-то приготовить. В морозилке много мяса, и можно поесть и не выходя из дома.

Она посмотрела на него, дожидаясь ответа, улыбнулась, кивком выражая нетерпение, но он не сделал ни малейшего движения.

– Как хочешь, – настаивала она, – а я все-таки для начала принесу печенье и сыр.

– Я ничего не хочу, – отрезал он.

Она беспокойно заерзала на стуле, неотрывно глядя на него своими большими глазами.

– Но ты же должен поужинать. Во всяком случае я что-нибудь приготовлю. Я с удовольствием это сделаю. Можно сделать баранью отбивную. Или свиную. Что бы ты хотел? У нас все есть в морозилке.

– Выброси все это из головы, – сказал он.

– Но, дорогой, ты должен поесть. Я все равно что-нибудь приготовлю, а там как хочешь, можешь и не есть.

Она поднялась и положила шитье на стол возле лампы.

– Сядь, – сказал он. – Присядь на минутку.

Только с этой минуты ею овладело беспокойство.

– Ну же, – говорил он. – Садись.

Она медленно опустилась на стул, не спуская с него встревоженного взгляда. Он допил второй стакан и теперь, хмурясь, рассматривал его дно.

– Послушай, – сказал он, – мне нужно тебе кое-что сказать.

– Что такое, дорогой? Что-то случилось?

Он сделался совершенно недвижим и так низко опустил голову, что свет от лампы падал на верхнюю часть его лица, а подбородок и рот оставались в тени. Она увидела, как у него задергалось левое веко.

– Для тебя это, боюсь, будет потрясением, – заговорил он. – Но я много об этом думал и решил, что лучше уж разом все выложить. Надеюсь, ты не слишком строго будешь меня судить.

И он ей все рассказал. Это не заняло у него много времени – самое большее, четыре-пять минут, и она слушала его очень спокойно, глядя на него с ужасом, который возрастал по мере того, как он с каждым словом все более отдалялся от нее.

– Ну вот и все, – произнес он. – Понимаю, что я не вовремя тебе обо всем этом рассказал, но у меня просто нет другого выхода. Конечно же, я дам тебе деньги и прослежу за тем, чтобы о тебе позаботились. Но не нужно из-за всего этого поднимать шум. Надеюсь, ты не станешь этого делать. Будет не очень-то хорошо, если об этом узнают на службе.

Поначалу она не хотела ничему верить и решила, что все это – выдумка. Ей пришло в голову, что он, может, вообще ничего не говорил и что она себе все это вообразила. Наверно, ей лучше заняться своими делами и вести себя так, будто она ничего не слышала, а потом, когда она придет в себя, ей, быть может, нетрудно будет убедиться в том, что ничего вообще не произошло.

– Пойду приготовлю ужин, – выдавила она из себя, и на сей раз он ее не удерживал.

Она не чувствовала под собой ног, когда шла по комнате. Она вообще ничего не чувствовала – ее лишь слегка подташнивало и мутило. Она все делала механически – спустилась в погреб, нащупала выключатель, открыла

морозилку, взяла то, что попалось ей под руку. Она взглянула на то, что оказалось в руках. То, что она держала, было завернуто в бумагу, поэтому она сняла бумагу и взглянула еще раз.

Баранья нога.

Ну что ж, пусть у них на ужин будет баранья нога. Она понесла ее наверх, взявшись за один конец обеими руками, и, проходя через гостиную, увидела, что он стоит к ней спиной у окна, и остановилась.

– Ради Бога, – сказал он, услышав ее шаги, но при этом не обернулся, – не надо для меня ничего готовить.

В эту самую минуту Мэри Мэлони просто подошла к нему сзади, не задумываясь, высоко подняла замороженную баранью ногу и с силой ударила его по затылку.

Результат был такой же, как если бы она ударила его железной дубинкой.

Она отступила на шаг, помедлила, и ей показалось забавным то, что он секунды четыре, быть может, пять, стоял и едва заметно покачивался. Потом он рухнул на ковер.

При падении он задел небольшой столик, тот перевернулся, и грохот заставил ее выйти из оцепенения. Холодея, она медленно приходила в себя и в изумлении из-под полуопущенных ресниц смотрела на распростертое тело, по-прежнему крепко сжимая в обеих руках кусок мяса.

Ну что ж, сказала она про себя. Итак, я убила его. Неожиданно мозг ее заработал четко и ясно, и это ее еще больше изумило. Она начала очень быстро соображать. Будучи женой сыщика, она отлично знала, какое ее ждет наказание. С этим все ясно. Впрочем, ей все равно. Пусть это произойдет. Но, с другой стороны, как же ребенок? Что говорится в законе о тех, кто ждет ребенка? Они что, их обоих убивают – мать и ребенка? Или же ждут, когда наступит десятый месяц? Как они поступают в таких случаях?

Этого Мэри Мэлони не знала. А испытывать судьбу она никак не собиралась.

Она отнесла мясо на кухню, положила его па противень, включила плиту и сунула в духовку. Потом вымыла руки и быстро

поднялась в спальню. Сев перед зеркалом, она припудрила лицо и подкрасила губы. Попыталась улыбнуться. Улыбка вышла какая-то странная. Она сделала еще одну попытку.

– Привет, Сэм, – весело сказала она громким голосом. И голос звучал как-то странно. – Я бы хотела купить картошки, Сэм. Да, и еще, пожалуй, баночку горошка.

Так лучше. И улыбка и голос на этот раз получились лучше. Она повторила те же слова еще несколько раз. Потом спустилась вниз, надела пальто, вышла в заднюю дверь и, пройдя через сад, оказалась на улице.

Еще не было и шести часов, и в бакалейной лавке горел свет.

– Привет, Сэм, – весело сказала она, обращаясь к мужчине, стоявшему за прилавком.

– А, добрый вечер, миссис Мэлони. Что пожелаете?

– Я бы хотела купить картошки, Сэм. Да, и еще, пожалуй, баночку горошка.

Продавец повернулся и достал с полки горошек.

– Патрик устал и не хочет никуда идти ужинать, – сказала она. – По четвергам мы обычно ужинаем не дома, а у меня как раз в доме не оказалось овощей.

– Тогда как насчет мяса, миссис Мэлони?

– Нет, спасибо, мясо у меня есть. Я достала из морозилки отличную баранью ногу.

– Ага!

– Обычно я ничего не готовлю из замороженного мяса, Сэм, но сегодня попробую. Думаешь, что-нибудь получится?

– Лично я, – сказал бакалейщик, – не вижу разницы, замороженное оно или нет. Эта картошка вас устроит?

– Да, вполне. Выберите две картофелины.

– Что-нибудь еще? – Бакалейщик склонил голову набок, добродушно глядя на нее. – Как насчет десерта? Что вы даете ему на десерт?

– А что бы вы предложили, Сэм?

Продавец окинул взглядом полки своей лавки.

– Что вы скажете насчет доброго кусочка творожного пудинга? Я знаю, он это любит.

– Отлично, – сказала она. – Это он действительно любит.

И когда покупки были завернуты и оплачены, она приветливо улыбнулась ему и сказала:

– Спасибо, Сэм. Доброй ночи.

– Доброй ночи, миссис Мэлони. И спасибо вам

А теперь, говорила она про себя, торопливо направляясь к дому, теперь она возвращается к своему мужу, который ждет ужина; и она должна хорошо его приготовить, и чтобы он был вкусный, потому что бедняга устал; а если, когда она войдет в дом, ей случится обнаружить что-то необычное, неестественное или ужасное, тогда, понятно, увиденное потрясет ее и она обезумеет от горя и ужаса. Но ведь она не знает, что ее ждет что-то ужасное. Она просто возвращается домой с овощами. Сегодня четверг, и миссис Патрик Мэлони идет домой с овощами, чтобы приготовить мужу ужин.

Вот так себя и веди, говорила она себе. Делай все правильно и веди себя естественно. Делай все так, чтобы это выглядело естественно, и тогда совсем не нужно будет играть.

Поэтому, войдя на кухню через заднюю дверь, она что-то напевала себе под нос и улыбалась.

– Патрик! – позвала она. – Как ты там, дорогой?

Она положила пакет на стол и прошла в гостиную; и, увидев его лежащим на полу, скорчившимся, с вывернутой рукой, которую он придавил всем телом, она действительно испытала потрясение. Любовь к нему всколыхнулась в ней, она подбежала к нему, упала на колени и разрыдалась. Это нетрудно было сделать. Игры не понадобилось.

Спустя несколько минут она поднялась и подошла к телефону. Она помнила наизусть номер телефона полицейского участка и, когда ей ответили, крикнула в трубку:

– Быстрее! Приезжайте быстрее! Патрик мертв!

– Кто это говорит?

– Миссис Мэлони. Миссис Патрик Мэлони.

– Вы хотите сказать, что Патрик Мэлони мертв?

– Мне кажется, да, – говорила она сквозь рыдания. – Он лежит на полу, и мне кажется, он мертв.

– Сейчас будем, – ответили ей.

Машина приехала очень быстро, и когда она открыла дверь, вошли двое полицейских. Она знала их обоих – она знала почти всех на этом участке – и, истерически рыдая, упала в объятия Джека Нунана. Он бережно усадил ее на стул и подошел к другому полицейскому по имени О'Молли, склонившемуся над распростертым телом.

– Он мертв? – сквозь слезы проговорила она.

– Боюсь, что да. Что здесь произошло? Она сбивчиво рассказала ему о том, как вышла в бакалейную лавку, а когда вернулась, нашла его лежащим на полу. Пока она говорила, плакала и снова говорила, Нунан обнаружил на голове умершего сгусток запекшейся крови. Он показал рану О'Молли, который немедленно поднялся и торопливо направился к телефону.

Скоро в дом стали приходить другие люди. Первым явился врач, за ним прибыли двое полицейских, одного из которых она знала по имени. Позднее пришел полицейский фотограф и сделал снимки, а за ним – еще какой-то человек, специалист по отпечаткам пальцев. Полицейские, собравшиеся возле трупа, вполголоса переговаривались, а сыщики тем временем задавали ей массу вопросов. Но, обращаясь к ней, они были неизменно предупредительны. Она снова все рассказала, на этот раз с самого начала, когда Патрик пришел и она сидела за шитьем, а он так устал, что не хотел никуда идти ужинать. Она сказала и о том, как поставила мясо – «оно и сейчас там готовится» – и как сбегала к бакалейщику за овощами, а когда вернулась, он лежал на полу.

– К какому бакалейщику? – спросил один из сыщиков.

Она сказала ему, и он обернулся и что-то прошептал другому сыщику, который тотчас же вышел на улицу.

Через пятнадцать минут он возвратился с исписанным листком, и снова послышался шепот, и сквозь рыдания она слышала некоторые из произносимых вполголоса фраз: «... вела себя нормально... была весела... хотела приготовить для него

хороший ужин... горошек... творожный пудинг... невозможно, чтобы она...».

Спустя какое-то время фотограф с врачом удалились и явились два других человека и унесли труп на носилках. Потом ушел специалист по отпечаткам пальцев. Остались два сыщика и еще двое полицейских. Они вели себя исключительно деликатно, а Джек Нунан спросил, не лучше ли ей уехать куда-нибудь, к сестре, например, или же она могла бы переночевать у его жены, которая приглядит за ней.

Нет, сказала она. Она чувствует, что не в силах даже сдвинуться с места. Они очень будут возражать, если она просто посидит, покуда не придет в себя? Ей действительно сейчас не очень-то хорошо.

Тогда не лучше ли ей лечь в постель, спросил Джек Нунан.

Нет, ответила она, она бы предпочла просто посидеть на стуле. Быть может, чуть позднее, когда она почувствует себя лучше, она сможет найти в себе силы, чтобы сдвинуться с места.

И они оставили ее в покое и принялись осматривать дом. Время от времени кто-то из сыщиков задавал ей какие-нибудь вопросы. Проходя мимо нее, Джек Нунан всякий раз ласково обращался к ней. Ее муж, говорил он, был убит ударом по затылку, нанесенным тяжелым тупым предметом, почти с уверенностью можно сказать – металлическим. Теперь они ищут оружие. Возможно, убийца унес его с собой, но он мог и выбросить его или спрятать где-нибудь в доме.

– Обычное дело, – сказал он. – Найди оружие и считай, что ты нашел убийцу.

Потом к ней подошел один из сыщиков и сел рядом. Может, в доме есть что-то такое, спросил он, что могло быть использовано в качестве оружия? Не могла бы она посмотреть: не пропало ли что, например большой гаечный ключ или тяжелая металлическая ваза?

У них нет металлических ваз, сказала она.

– А большой гаечный ключ?

Кажется, у них нет и большого гаечного ключа. Но что-то вроде этого можно найти в гараже.

Поиски продолжались. Она знала, что полицейские ходят и в саду, вокруг дома. Она слышала шаги по гравию, а в щели между шторами иногда мелькал луч фонарика. Становилось уже поздно, часы на камине показывали почти десять часов. Четверо полицейских, осматривавших комнаты, казалось, устали и были несколько раздосадованы.

– Джек, – сказала она, когда сержант Нунан в очередной раз проходил мимо нее, – не могли бы вы дать мне выпить?

– Конечно. Может, вот этого виски?

– Да, пожалуйста. Но только немного. Может, мне станет лучше.

Он протянул ей стакан.

– А почему бы и вам не выпить? – сказала она. – Вы, должно быть, чертовски устали. Прошу вас, выпейте. Вы были так добры ко мне.

– Что ж, – ответил он. – Вообще-то это не положено, но я пропущу капельку для бодрости.

Один за другим в комнату заходили и другие полицейские и после уговоров выпивали по глотку виски. Они стояли вокруг нее со стаканами в руках, чувствуя себя довольно неловко в ее присутствии, и пытались произносить какие-то слова в утешение. Сержант Нунан забрел на кухню, тотчас же вышел оттуда и сказал:

– Послушайте-ка, миссис Мэлони, а плита-то у вас так и горит, и мясо все еще в духовке.

– О Боже! – воскликнула она. – И правда!

– Может, я ее выключу?

– Да, пожалуйста, Джек. Большое вам спасибо. Когда сержант снова вернулся, она взглянула на него своими большими, темными, полными слез глазами.

– Джек Нунан, – сказала она.

– Да?

– Не могли бы вы сделать мне одолжение и другие тоже?

– Попробуем, миссис Мэлони.

– Видите ли, – сказала она, – тут собрались друзья дорогого Патрика, и вы помогаете напасть на след человека,

который убил его. Вы, верно, ужасно проголодались, потому что время ужина давно прошло, а Патрик, я знаю, не простил бы мне, упокой Господь его душу, если бы я отпустила вас без угощения. Почему бы вам не съесть эту баранью ногу, которую я поставила в духовку? Она уже, наверно, готова.

– Об этом и разговора быть не может, – ответил сержант Нунан.

– Прошу вас, – умоляюще проговорила она. – Пожалуйста, съешьте ее. Лично я и притронуться ни к чему не смогу, во всяком случае ни к чему такому, что было в доме при нем. Но вас-то это не должно тревожить. Вы сделаете мне одолжение, если съедите ее. А потом вы можете продолжить свою работу.

Четверо полицейских поколебались было, но они явно уже проголодались, и в конце концов она уговорила их отправиться на кухню и поесть. Женщина осталась на своем месте, прислушиваясь к их разговору, доносившемуся из-за открытых дверей, и слышала, как они немногословно переговаривались между собой, пережевывая мясо.

– Еще, Чарли?

– Нет. Оставь ей.

– Она хочет, чтобы мы ничего не оставляли. Она сама так сказала. Говорит, сделаем ей одолжение.

– Тогда ладно. Дай еще кусочек.

– Ну и дубина же это, должно быть, была, которой этот парень ударил беднягу Патрика, – говорил один из них. – Врач говорит, ему проломили череп, точно кувалдой.

– Потому нетрудно будет ее найти.

– Точно, и я так говорю.

– Кто бы это ни сделал, долго таскать с собой эту штуку он не будет.

Кто-то из них рыгнул.

– Лично мне кажется, что она где-то тут, в доме.

– Да наверно, где-то у нас под носом. Как по-твоему, Джек?

И миссис Мэлони, сидевшая в комнате, захихикала.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Dwell on the character drawing. What is the author's method of characterization: telling or showing?
2. Focus on the category of setting (the time and place of action). How is the atmosphere of a regular evening created? Pick out several points that bring home the idea of a comfortable routine?
3. What have you learnt about the relationships of the Maloney couple?
4. How does the author convey the idea that something is wrong with Patrick Maloney? What did he tell his wife, in your opinion?
5. The readers feel sympathy for Mary Maloney and wish she got away with her crime, don't they? How does the author accomplish this?
6. Speak of the genre of the story. Is it a murder story or a dark comedy? Prove your standpoint.
7. How is symbolism used throughout the story?
8. Explain the title of the story. Account for its change in the Russian translation.
9. Describe how Roald Dahl creates the ironic tone of the story, using specific examples from the text. What is the purpose of the author's irony? Do you feel the ring of irony in translation?
10. What is your attitude to black humour? Do you find it appealing? Expand on your answer.
11. Focus on the additions and omissions employed by the translator. Account for their use.
12. Assess the quality of translation in general. Does it produce the same impression on you as the original text?

The Open Window

Hector Hugh Munro (Saki) (1870 – 1916)

Scottish-born writer whose stories satirize the Edwardian social scene, often in a macabre and cruel way. Munro's columns and short stories were published under the pen name 'Saki', who was the cupbearer in The Rubayat of Omar Khayyam, an ancient Persian poem. As a political journalist Saki worked in Russia and France.

Munro is best known for his unsettling and cleverly constructed short stories, often with trick endings. His best fables are often more macabre than Kipling's. In his early stories Saki often portrayed eccentric characters, familiar from Oscar Wilde's plays.

As his contemporaries note, Saki was a misogynist, anti-Semite, and reactionary, who also did not take himself too serious. His stories, "true enough to be interesting and not true enough to be tiresome", were considered ideal reading for schoolboys. However, Saki did not have any interest in safeguarding the Edwardian way of life. "Saki writes like an enemy," said V. S. Pritchett later. "Society has bored him to the point of murder. Out laughter is only a note or two short of a scream of fear."

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to

do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window –"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes to-day, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention – but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly-noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid an imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

Открытая дверь (пер. И. Богданова)

– Тетушка скоро спустится к нам, мистер Натл, – сказала юная особа лет пятнадцати, державшаяся весьма сдержанно. – А пока вам придется смириться с моим обществом.

Фрэмтон Натл попытался выдавить из себя что-то вежливое, что должно было бы польстить племяннице, но при этом никоим образом не задеть тетушку, которая должна была вот-вот прийти. Втайне он сомневался более чем когда-либо прежде, что эти формальные визиты к совершенно незнакомым людям хоть в какой-то мере помогут ему подлечить нервы, с каковой целью он и прибыл в эти места.

«Знаю, что из этого выйдет, – говорила ему сестра, когда он сообщил ей о своем намерении удалиться в деревенскую глушь. – Ты захоронишься там, ни с одной живой душой и словом не обмолвишься, и нервы твои и вовсе сдадут от хандры. Единственное, что я могу сделать, это дать тебе рекомендательные письма ко всем тем, кого я там знаю. Некоторые из них, сколько я помню, довольно милые люди».

«Интересно, – подумал Фрэмтон, – миссис Сэпплтон тоже подпадает под разряд милых людей?»

– Вы многих здесь знаете? – спросила племянница, рассудив, что молча они пообщались уже достаточно.

– Почти никого, – ответил Фрэмтон. – Видите ли, года четыре назад моя сестра гостила здесь в доме священника. Это она снабдила меня рекомендательными письмами к здешним жителям.

Последние слова он произнес с явным сожалением.

– Значит, вы совсем ничего не знаете о моей тетушке? – продолжала сдержанная юная особа.

– Мне известны только ее имя и адрес, – признался гость.

«Интересно, – подумал он, – миссис Сэпплтон замужем или вдова?» Что-то неопределенное говорило о присутствии в доме мужчины.

– Ровно три года назад произошла трагедия, – сказала девушка. – Наверное, уже после того, как здесь гостила ваша сестра.

– Трагедия? – переспросил Фрэмтон.

Ему почему-то казалось, что в этом уединенном месте трагедий быть не может.

– Вас, вероятно, удивляет, что, несмотря на октябрьский вечер, дверь настежь открыта, – сказала племянница, указывая на высокую стеклянную дверь, выходившую на лужайку.

– Для этого времени года довольно тепло, – отозвался Фрэмтон. – А что, эта дверь имеет какое-то отношение к трагедии?

– Через нее три года назад, день в день, вышли ее муж и двое младших братьев; они отправились на охоту. Они так и не вернулись. На пути к тому месту, где они любили стрелять бекасов, им попалось болото, и всех троих затянула коварная трясина. То страшное лето было дождливым, и места, безопасные в прежние годы, сделались вдруг коварными. Что самое ужасное, тела их так и не нашли.

Тут голос девушки утратил сдержанность и задрожал, выдавая одолевавшие ее чувства.

– Бедная тетушка все надеется, что когда-нибудь они вернутся, а вместе с ними и маленький рыжий спаниель, который тоже погиб, и они войдут в эту дверь, как обычно. Вот почему по вечерам дверь не закрывают, пока совсем не стемнеет. Бедная дорогая тетушка, сколько раз она рассказывала мне, как они уходили в тот день. Через руку мужа был перекинут белый макинтош, а Ронни, ее младший брат, напевал: «Ты все скачешь, Берти?» Он всегда пел эту песню, когда хотел поддразнить ее. Эти слова действовали ей на нервы. Знаете, иногда, в тихие, спокойные вечера вроде сегодняшнего, меня бросает в дрожь при мысли о том, что вот сейчас они войдут в эту дверь…

Едва заметно содрогнувшись, она умолкла. Фрэмтон облегченно вздохнул, когда тетушка торопливо вошла в комнату, рассыпаясь в извинениях, что заставила себя ждать.

– Надеюсь, Вера не дала вам соскучиться? – спросила она.

– Она рассказывала очень интересные вещи, – сказал Фрэмтон.

– Вы ведь не станете возражать, если я оставлю дверь открытой, – живо проговорила миссис Сэпплтон. – Мой муж и братья должны вернуться с охоты, а они всегда входят в эту дверь. Сегодня они отправились на болота за бекасами, так что моим бедным коврам достанется. Все вы, мужчины, одинаковы, не правда ли?

Она весело болтала об охоте, о том, что дичи стало мало и каково будет зимой уткам. Фрэмтона охватил подлинный ужас. Он сделал отчаянную попытку перевести разговор на менее жуткую тему, но это удалось ему лишь отчасти. Он понимал, что хозяйка уделяет ему лишь малую толику своего внимания. Взгляд ее то и дело скользил мимо него и устремлялся через открытую дверь на лужайку. И надо же было ему явиться в такую трагическую годовщину! Поистине печальное совпадение.

– Врачи сходятся во мнении, что мне необходим полный покой. Мне следует избегать волнений и чрезмерных физических усилий, – заявил Фрэмтон, придерживавшийся весьма широко распространенного заблуждения, будто совершенно незнакомые люди, равно как и случайные знакомые, жаждут услышать малейшие подробности о болезнях и недугах, их причинах и способах излечения.

– По поводу диеты они расходятся во мнении.

– Вот как? – переспросила миссис Сэпплтон, в самую последнюю минуту подавив зевок. И вдруг она оживилась, вся обратившись в напряженное внимание, но не в ответ на то, что произнес Фрэмтон.

– Ну, вот и они наконец! – воскликнула она. – Как раз к чаю, и вы только посмотрите – с головы до ног в грязи.

Фрэмтон едва заметно вздрогнул и обернулся к племяннице, обратив на нее взор, который должен был выражать сочувствие. Девушка смотрела на открытую дверь. В глазах ее застыл ужас. Похолодев от не поддающегося

описанию страха, Фрэмтон повернулся вместе со стулом и посмотрел в том же направлении.

В сгущающихся сумерках по лужайке двигались к дому три мужские фигуры с ружьями в руках, а у одного из мужчин на плечи был накинут белый макинтош. По пятам за ними плелся рыжий спаниель. Они бесшумно приблизились к дому, и тут хриплый молодой голос выкрикнул из полумрака: «Берти, Берти, что ты скачешь?»

Не помня себя от страха, Фрэмтон схватил трость и шляпу. Его побег был столь стремителен, что он едва ли потом мог вспомнить, как сумел найти ворота парка. Дабы избежать неминуемого столкновения, велосипедист, ехавший по дороге, вынужден был врезаться в изгородь.

– А вот и мы, дорогая, – произнес обладатель белого макинтоша, входя в дверь. – Мы вымокли до нитки, но уже высохли. А кто это убегал отсюда, когда мы подходили к дому?

– Весьма необыкновенный человек, некий мистер Натл, – ответила миссис Сэпплтон. – Только и говорил, что о своих болезнях и сбежал, не попрощавшись и не извинившись, едва увидел вас. Можно подумать, что ему привиделся призрак.

– Наверное, все дело в спаниеле, – невозмутимо прибавила племянница. – Он говорил мне, что боится собак. Свора бродячих собак однажды загнала его на кладбище где-то на берегу Ганга, и ему пришлось провести ночь в свежевыкопанной могиле, а животные прямо над его головой рычали и скалили клыки. Это кого угодно сведет с ума.

Она была большой мастерицей по части выдумывания всяких небылиц.

Открытое окно (пер. К. Муравьевой)

– Моя тетя скоро спустится вниз, – сказала очень самоуверенная юная леди пятнадцати лет. – А до тех пор вам придется побыть в моей компании.

Мистер Наттль постарался найти слова, чтобы надлежащим образом выразить свое уважение племяннице, но при этом не обидеть и отсутствующую тетку.

В душе он усомнился больше чем когда-либо, будут ли эти формальные визиты к незнакомым людям так уж полезны его больным нервам, которые он как раз собрался подлечить.

– Я знаю, что из этого выйдет, – сказала его сестра, когда он готовился к отъезду в этот тихий сельский уголок, – ты заживо похоронишь себя там, ни с кем не будешь встречаться, и твое нервное расстройство только усилится из-за хандры. Я хотя бы дам тебе письма к моим тамошним знакомым. Некоторые из них, насколько я помню, были довольно милы.

Теперь Фремтон размышлял, входит ли миссис Сепплтон, леди, к которой он явился с рекомендательным письмом, в число «милых».

– Знаете ли вы кого-нибудь из соседей? – спросила племянница, рассудив, что они уже достаточно долго просидели молча.

– Можно сказать, ни единой души, – ответил Фремтон. – Моя сестра четыре года назад гостила у здешнего священника и теперь дала мне рекомендательные письма к некоторым из местных жителей.

Последнюю фразу он произнес с нескрываемой грустью.

– Так вы совсем ничего не знаете о моей тете? – продолжала юная леди.

– Только имя и адрес, – признался гость. Он пытался угадать, замужем миссис Сепплтон или вдова: что-то неуловимое в обстановке комнаты, казалось, говорило о присутствии мужчин.

– Три года назад она пережила большую трагедию, – сказала девочка. – Должно быть, это случилось уже после отъезда вашей сестры.

– Трагедию? – переспросил Фремтон. В этой мирной, уютной деревушке любые трагедии казались неуместными.

– Вы можете удивиться, почему вечером, в октябре мы оставляем окно широко открытым, – сказала племянница,

указывая на большое французское окно*, выходящее на лужайку.

– Сейчас довольно тепло для этого времени года, – заметил Фремтон. – Но каким образом это окно связано с трагедией?

– Отсюда ровно три года назад, в этот самый день, тетин муж и два ее младших брата вышли на охоту. Они не вернулись. Пересекая торфяник, на пути к их любимому месту, где они всегда стреляли бекасов, они угодили в болото. Вы знаете, это было ужасно дождливое лето, и места, которые всегда считались безопасными, внезапно превратились в трясину. Их тела так и не смогли найти. В этом и заключается самое страшное…

Тут голос девочки задрожал, утратив свою невозмутимость, и в нем впервые послышались какие-то человеческие нотки.

– Тетя все еще думает, что однажды они вернутся назад – все они и маленький каштановый спаниель, который пропал вместе с ними, и войдут в это окно, как бывало всегда. Вот почему окно каждый день остается открытым до самых сумерек. Бедная тетушка! Я столько раз слышала от нее, как они выходили из дома. Ее муж нес белый плащ, перекинув его через руку, а младший из братьев, Ронни, напевал на ходу, как он всегда это делал, чтобы подразнить ее: «Ах, Берти, если б ты была моей!» – тетя говорила, что это действует ей на нервы. Знаете, иногда, в такие тихие, спокойные вечера, как сейчас, у меня возникает жуткое чувство, что они вот-вот появятся в окне…

Она вздрогнула и замолчала. Фремтон испытал облегчение, когда в комнату торопливо вошла тетка, шумно извиняясь за то, что так долго заставила себя ждать.

– Я надеюсь, Вера развлекала вас? – спросила она.

– Она рассказала мне много интересного, – ответил Фремтон.

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* Т. н. французское окно – стеклянная дверь, обычно ведущая в сад.

– Надеюсь, вам не мешает открытое окно? – оживленно сказала миссис Сепплтон. – Мой муж и братья вот-вот вернутся с охоты, а они всегда входят в дом этим путем. Они ушли на болота, стрелять бекасов. Воображаю, во что они превратят мои бедные ковры. Как это похоже на вас, мужчин, не правда ли?

Она принялась с увлечением болтать об охоте, о том, что дичи становится меньше, и о предстоящем зимовье уток. На Фремтона все это наводило ужас. Отчаянно, но не слишком успешно он пытался перевести разговор на другую, менее страшную тему. Он сознавал, что хозяйка уделяет ему лишь малую толику внимания: ее рассеянный взгляд то и дело обращался, минуя его, к лужайке за открытым окном. Как неудачно вышло, что он нанес свой визит именно в годовщину трагедии!

– Врачи единодушно рекомендуют мне полный покой, отсутствие душевных волнений и советуют избегать любых физических нагрузок, – поведал собеседникам Фремтон. Он разделял широко распространенное заблуждение, будто люди, едва знакомые или даже вовсе незнакомые нам, непременно хотят узнать все до мельчайших подробностей о наших болезнях и немощах, их причине и способе лечения.

– Но в вопросах диеты их мнения расходится, – продолжал он.

– В самом деле? – откликнулась миссис Сепплтон голосом, в котором слышался подавленный зевок. Как вдруг она встрепенулась и проявила самое пристальное внимание – только не к тому, о чем говорил Фремтон.

– Наконец-то они здесь! – воскликнула она. – Как раз к чаю, и, разумеется, все в грязи с головы до ног!

Фремтон слегка вздрогнул и обернулся к племяннице с понимающим взглядом, полным сочувствия. Девочка, оцепенев от ужаса, не сводила глаз с открытого окна. Охваченный смутным леденящим страхом, Фремтон повернулся, не вставая со стула, и посмотрел в том же направлении. В сгущающихся сумерках три фигуры шли через лужайку к окну. Каждый нес под мышкой ружье, и кроме того,

один из них был дополнительно обременен белым плащом, наброшенным на плечи. Усталый каштановый спаниель брел за ними по пятам. Бесшумно они приближались к дому, и тут хриплый молодой голос пропел из темноты: «Ах, говорю я, Берти, если б ты была моей!»

Метнувшись в панике, Фремтон схватил свою трость и шляпу; дверь холла, подъездная аллея, усыпанная гравием, и парадные ворота неясно запомнились ему как этапы его стремительного бегства. Велосипедист, проезжавший по дороге, был вынужден свернуть в кусты, чтобы избежать неминуемого столкновения.

– Вот мы и здесь, моя дорогая, – сказал владелец белого плаща, входя в комнату, – перемазаны грязью, но она уже подсохла. А кто это сейчас выбежал из дома?

– В высшей степени странный человек, мистер Наттль, – сказала миссис Сепплтон, – говорил только о своих болезнях и выскочил наружу без единого слова прощания или извинения, как только вы пришли. Можно подумать, что он увидел привидение.

– Я полагаю, это из-за спаниеля, – невозмутимо заметила племянница. – Мистер Наттль рассказывал мне, что однажды его напугали собаки. Где-то на берегах Ганга стая бродячих псов загнала его на кладбище, и ему пришлось ночевать в свежевырытой могиле, а эти твари рычали, исходили слюной от злости и скалили зубы прямо над ним. Кто угодно перепугался бы до смерти!..

Эта юная леди с легкостью сочиняла самые фантастические истории.

Открытое окно (пер. Е. Гужова)

«Моя тетушка сейчас сойдет, мистер Наттель», сказала весьма хладнокровная девушка лет пятнадцати, «а пока вам придется смириться со мной».

Фремтон Наттель попытался сказать что-нибудь правильное, чтобы должным образом польстить племяннице в

данный момент, но без того чтобы недолжным образом расстроить тетушку, которая сейчас придет. Про себя он более обычного сомневался, смогут ли эти формальные визиты к целому ряду полных незнакомцев способствовать успокоению нервов, которым он предположительно занимается.

«Я знаю, как это будет», сказала его сестра, когда он готовился мигрировать в сельское убежище, «ты похоронишь себя там, ты не будешь разговаривать ни с одной живой душой, и от хандры твои нервы станут еще хуже, чем были. Я просто дам тебе рекомендательные письма ко всем, кого я там знаю. Некоторые, насколько мне помнится, весьма милы.»

Фремтону хотелось знать, входит ли миссис Сэпплтон, леди, которой он представил одно из рекомендательных писем, в разряд милых.

«Многих ли вокруг вы знаете?», спросила племянница, когда рассудила, что у них достаточно долго продолжалось молчаливое духовное общение.

«Ни души», ответил Фремтон. «Понимаете, моя сестра несколько лет назад останавливалась здесь у приходского священника, и она дала мне рекомендательные письма к нескольким местным жителям.»

Последнее замечание он сделал тоном явного сожаления.

«Значит, вы практически ничего не знаете о моей тетушке», продолжала хладнокровная молодая леди.

«Только ее имя и адрес», признался посетитель. Он хотел бы знать, замужем миссис Сэпплтон, или вдова. Нечто неопределенное в комнате казалось намекало на мужское присутствие.

«Ее большая трагедия произошла точно три года назад», сказал ребенок, «значит, это было после отъезда вашей сестры.»

«Трагедия?», спросил Фремтон; в этом покойном сельском месте трагедии казались как-то не к месту.

«Вы, наверное, удивлены, почему в октябрьский день мы держим это окно нараспашку», сказала племянница, показывая на громадное французское окно, открытое на лужайку.

«Для этого времени года еще совсем тепло», сказал Фремтон, «разве открытое окно имеет какое-нибудь отношение к трагедии?»

«Через это окно три года назад в этот самый день ее муж и два ее младших брата ушли утром на охоту. И никогда не вернулись. Пересекая болото на пути к своему излюбленному месту для снайперской стрельбы, все трое утонули в предательской трясине. Понимаете, стояло страшно сырое лето и место, которое в другие годы было безопасно, вдруг поддалось под ногами без предупреждения. Их тела так и не были найдены. Такая ужасная история». Здесь голос ребенка потерял ноту хладнокровия и стал по-человечески неуверенным. «Бедная тетушка все думает, что когда-нибудь они вернутся, они и маленький коричневый спаниель, который пропал вместе с ними, и войдут в это окно, как привыкли всегда делать. Вот почему каждый вечер окно держится открытым до полной темноты. Бедная дорогая тетя, она часто рассказывает мне, как они ушли, ее муж с белым дождевиком через руку, и Ронни, самый младший брат, как всегда напевающий «Берти, почему ты скачешь?», чтобы поддразнить ее, потому что она говорила, что эта песенка действует ей на нервы. Знаете, иногда тихими спокойными вечерами, вроде этого, у меня бывает жуткое ощущение, что все они входят в это окно...»

Она прервалась с легким содроганием. Фремтон почувствовал облегчение, когда в комнату ворвалась тетушка с вихрем извинений на запоздалое появление.

«Надеюсь, Вера развлекла вас?», спросила она.

«С ней было очень интересно», ответил Фремтон.

«Надеюсь, вы не возражаете, что окно открыто», живо спросила миссис Сэпплтон, «мой муж и братья должны вернуться после стрельбы, а они всегда приходят этой дорогой. Сегодня они пошли пострелять на болота, поэтому устроят маленький кавардак на моих бедных коврах. Вы, мужчины, таковы, не правда?»

Она продолжала радостно болтать об охоте, об отсутствии охотничьей птицы и о перспективах зимней охоты на уток.

Фремтону все это казалось чистым ужасом. Он делал отчаянные, но лишь частично успешные, попытки повернуть разговор к менее горячим темам; он сознавал, что хозяйка уделяет ему лишь часть своего внимания, а ее глаза постоянно блуждают мимо него в открытое окно и на лужайку в окне. Несчастливое совпадение, что ему пришлось нанести визит именно в день трагической годовщины.

«Врачи пришли к согласию прописать мне полный покой, отсутствие умственного возбуждения, уклонение от резких физических нагрузок любой природы», объявил Фремтон, который находился в состоянии широко распространенного заблуждения, что абсолютные незнакомцы и случайные знакомые умирают от желания услышать последние новости о лечении и немощах другого, их причинах и протекании. «По поводу диеты врачи не столь согласны», продолжал он.

«Вот как?», сказала миссис Сэпплтон голосом, лишь в последний момент подавив зевок. Потом она вдруг просияла напряженным вниманием - но не к тому, что говорил Фремтон.

«Вот они, наконец!», воскликнула она. «Как раз к чаю, и не кажется, что они по уши в грязи!»

Фремтон слегка вздрогнул и повернулся к племяннице, намереваясь выразить взглядом сочувственное понимание. Однако, ребенок смотрел в открытое окно с изумлением и ужасом в глазах. В холодном потрясении безымянного страха Фремтон повернулся на своем стуле и посмотрел в том же направлении.

В сгущающемся сумраке через лужайку к окну шли три фигуры, все несли под мышками ружья, один из них был дополнительно обременен белым плащом, висящем на плече. Близко к их ногам жался уставший коричневый спаниель. Они бесшумно приблизились к дому, а потом хриплый молодой голос запел из темноты: «Берти, почему ты скачешь?»

Фремтон дико схватил свой стек и шляпу; дверь в холл, дорожка из гравия и входные ворота были смутно отмеченными этапами его панического отступления. Велосипедисту, едущему

по дороге, пришлось врезаться в живую изгородь, чтобы избежать неминуемого столкновения.

«Вот и мы, дорогая», сказал владелец белого макинтоша, входя в окно, «слегка грязные, но в основном сухие. Кто это выскочил, когда мы вошли?»

«Весьма экстраординарный человек, мистер Наттель», ответила миссис Сэпплтон, «говорил только о своих болезнях и унесся без слова прощания или извинения, когда вы появились. Можно подумать, что он увидел привидение».

«Мне кажется, это из-за спаниеля», спокойно объяснила племянница, «он говорил мне, что боится собак. Как-то раз на кладбище где-то на берегах Ганга за ним охотилась стая одичавших собак и ему пришлось провести ночь в свежеотрытой могиле, когда эти твари рычали, хрипели и пускали слюну прямо над ним. Достаточно, чтобы расстроились нервы».

Ее коньком была романтика.

ANALYSIS GUIDE

1. Why is Fremton visiting the countryside?
2. How does Vera explain the fact that the window is left open? What is the real explanation?
3. Why does Fremton rush from the house? How does Vera explain his departure to her aunt?
4. What traits in Fremton's personality might make him accept Vera's story?
5. How does Saki criticize the etiquette of the Edwardian Era in the story?
6. Explain how the way in which Vera presents her story to Fremton makes it seem more believable.
7. What effect did Vera's first story have on you? What about her second story?
8. What word other than romance could you apply to Vera's activities? Why do you think the narrator chose this word? How would you translate this word?

9. By what linguistic means does the author create suspense?
10. Is the story a sample of black humour or wit? Prove your viewpoint by means of the text.
11. Compare the stories by R. Dahl and Saki. What do they have in common? Whose humour appeals to you more?
12. Do you think Vera is a speaking name? Look up the meaning of the name Vera. How might Saki's choice of this name be an example of verbal irony?
13. Does the title of the story present any translation problem? How did the translators solve this problem?
14. Dwell on the ending of the story. In what way is the story's last line ironic? Compare the translation variants.
15. Comment on the three Russian translations of the story. Whose translation do you like most? Whose translation do you like least? Why?

TOPICS FOR COLLOQUIUM

1. The sense of English identity. Englishness in 19-20th century literature.
2. English values as represented in 19-20th century literature: love and marriage, respecting the past, nature, etc.
3. Art and its place in 19-20th century English literature.
4. Gentleman vs. Dandy.
5. The woman question in 19-20th century English literature.
6. Class distinctions in 19-20th century English literature.
7. English humor.
8. "Easy reading": science fiction and detective stories.
9. The development of literary trends and genres in 19-20th century English literature.
10. Literature within the cultural context: historical, political, cultural factors influencing 19-20th English literature.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

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У ч е б н о е и з д а н и е

Борисенко Юлия Александровна

Интерпретация и перевод английской литературы в контексте культур Великобритании

Учебное пособие

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212