

**МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ**

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высшего профессионального образования**

**«НИЖЕГОРОДСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ  
ЛИНГВИСТИЧЕСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ  
ИМ. Н.А. ДОБРОЛЮБОВА»**

**ТЕОРИЯ АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА**

**УЧЕБНО-МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЕ МАТЕРИАЛЫ  
ДЛЯ СТУДЕНТОВ V КУРСА ФАКУЛЬТЕТА АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА  
ОТДЕЛЕНИЯ ЗАОЧНОГО ОБУЧЕНИЯ**

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Учебно-методические материалы содержат материалы, необходимые для успешной подготовки к государственному экзамену по теории английского языка, в том числе требования к ответу на государственном экзамене, список экзаменационных вопросов и развернутый план анализа текста, а также методические рекомендации и образец выполнения контрольной работы по теории английского языка, тексты для анализа, список рекомендованной литературы. Материалы предназначены для самостоятельной и аудиторной работы студентов отделения заочного обучения.

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Государственный экзамен по теории английского языка как часть итоговой государственной аттестации выпускников НГЛУ им. Н.А. Добролюбова.....	4
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# **ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ ЭКЗАМЕН ПО ТЕОРИИ АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА КАК ЧАСТЬ ИТОГОВОЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЙ АТТЕСТАЦИИ ВЫПУСКНИКОВ НГЛУ им. Н.А. ДОБОЛЮБОВА**

## **Общие положения**

Целью итоговой государственной аттестации является установление уровня подготовленности выпускника университета к выполнению профессиональных задач и соответствия его подготовки требованиям государственного образовательного стандарта высшего профессионального образования.

Государственный экзамен по теории английского языка является обязательным для студентов, выполняющих дипломную работу по методике преподавания английского языка.

К государственному экзамену допускаются студенты, успешно завершившие освоение основной образовательной программы: полностью выполнившие учебный план, не имеющие задолженностей, сдавшие все экзамены и зачеты, в том числе имеющие зачет за контрольную работу по теории английского языка (см. ниже).

Результаты государственного экзамена определяются оценками «отлично», «хорошо», «удовлетворительно», «неудовлетворительно» и объявляются в день экзамена по окончании процедуры.

Студентам, завершившим освоение основной образовательной программы и не подтвердившим соответствие подготовки требованиям государственного образовательного стандарта (то есть получившим неудовлетворительную оценку на государственном экзамене) назначаются повторные аттестационные испытания с полной их оплатой, не ранее чем через одиннадцать месяцев и не позже чем через пять лет после прохождения итоговой государственной аттестации впервые.

## **Требования к экзамену и организационные вопросы**

На экзамене студенты должны продемонстрировать знание основных положений прослушанных теоретических курсов, ориентируясь на список экзаменационных вопросов.

Государственный экзамен по теории английского языка включает теоретическую и практическую части. Студенту предлагается дать развернутые ответы на два теоретических вопроса в рамках изучавшихся дисциплин: лексикологии, стилистики, истории английского языка, теоретической грамматики, теоретической фонетики. Практическая часть представляет собой лингвистический анализ текста современной англоязычной прозы, осуществляемый по аспектам: стилистика, лексикология, грамматика, история языка (в любом порядке).

Анализ текста является инициативным: студент самостоятельно отбирает из текста языковые манифестации, представляющие, по его мнению, интерес для анализа с точки зрения названных лингвистических аспектов. Примерной схемой анализа, помимо предлагаемого ниже плана, могут служить экзаменационные вопросы, а также контрольные задания как по теории английского языка в целом, так и по каждой из теоретических дисциплин в отдельности (см. УММ по истории английского языка, теоретической грамматике, лексикологии, стилистике).

Последовательность ответа может быть любой, на усмотрение экзаменаторов. Объем ответа также не регламентируется. Экзаменатор имеет право остановить студента и предложить ему перейти к другому аспекту анализа или другому пункту теоретического вопроса, проиллюстрировать материалом текста то или иное положение, прокомментировать любую из представленных в тексте единиц.

Студенту предоставляется от полутора до двух часов для подготовки к ответу. При этом разрешается пользоваться настоящими учебно-методическими материалами, англо-русским и англо-английским словарями. Основная часть времени, отведенного на подготовку к ответу, должна быть уделена работе над текстом. Подготовленный анализ текста следует записать как можно подробнее, чтобы ускорить процедуру экзамена. Напротив, ответ на теоретический вопрос записывается лишь в виде плана, сопровождающегося языковыми примерами, предпочтительно из анализируемого текста. Не допускается дословное конспектирование ответа с последующим его чтением. В этом случае члены комиссии могут прервать отвечающего и задать уточняющие вопросы. Студент должен свободно владеть материалом и продемонстрировать это в процессе экзамена. Записи используются лишь для иллюстрации теоретических положений.

Следует решительно избегать хрестоматийных примеров, приводимых в учебных пособиях и лекционных курсах, поскольку именно способность проиллюстрировать основные положения ответа материалом текста является одним из основных критериев оценки ответа на государственном экзамене.

Необходимо также иметь в виду, что предлагаемый ниже план анализа текста является обобщенным и приблизительным: составители пособия стремились включить в него как можно больше возможных аспектов анализа языковых явлений. Разумеется, не все упомянутые в плане явления можно (и нужно) найти в тексте. Следует, прежде всего, обращать внимание на спорные, нестандартные, интересные случаи, избегая тривиальных констатаций (напр., «table» - существительное единственного числа).

### **Критерии оценки**

Решение об оценках принимается государственной аттестационной комиссией по окончании процедуры экзамена. Оценка складывается из следующих параметров:

1. Полнота раскрытия научной проблематики, затронутой в ответе на вопрос.
2. Способность проиллюстрировать основные положения ответа материалом текста.
3. Глубина понимания излагаемого материала, способность к обоснованию выдвигаемых положений, логичность аргументации.
4. Полнота и корректность практического анализа, инициативность и оригинальность в отборе языковых средств, отсутствие шаблонных, хрестоматийных примеров.
5. Уровень владения материалом, способность свободно ориентироваться в проблемах современной лингвистики, проводить аналогии, сопоставлять языковые явления, использовать межпредметные связи.

### **Экзаменационные вопросы Лексикология**

#### **1. Этимологический состав лексики современного английского языка**

Исконно-английская лексика, ее основные характеристики. Группа общеиндоевропейской лексики (определение, тематическая представленность). Группа общегерманской лексики (определение, тематическая представленность). Заимствованная лексика. Прямое заимствование. Косвенное заимствование. Язык-источник. Язык-посредник. Устный и письменный пути заимствования. Основные способы заимствования (транслитерация, калькирование, семантическое калькирование). Ассимиляция. Степени ассимиляции. Полностью ассимилированная лексика. Слова-гибриды. Частично ассимилированная лексика (семантически, грамматически, фонетически, графически не ассимилированная лексика). Неассимилированная лексика (варваризмы). Этимологические дублиеты. Интернационализмы. Типологические характеристики заимствований из различных языков (греческого, латинского, скандинавского, кельтского, французского, итальянского, испанского, португальского, голландского, немецкого, русского и др.).

#### **2. Способы словообразования в современном английском языке**

Типы морфологической структуры слова. Историческое изменение (опрошение) структуры слова. Методы анализа морфологической структуры слова (морфологический, словообразовательный, метод непосредственно составляющих, трансформационный). Продуктивные способы словообразования. Аффиксация (префиксация, суффиксация). Основные принципы классификации аффиксов (транспонирующая способность, этимология,

значение, валентность, продуктивность, частотность, стилистическая окраска). Конверсия. Причины широкого распространения конверсии в английском языке. Основные конверсионные модели. Критерии определения направления производности в конверсионных парах. Словосложение. Графический, фонетический, семантический, структурный, морфологический синтаксический критерии сложного слова. Классификации сложных слов по различным принципам. Специфика словосложения в английском языке. Обратное словообразование. Сокращение. Усечение. Инициальное сокращение. Графическая аббревиация. Телескопия. Малопродуктивные способы словообразования. Звукоподражание. Редупликация. Непродуктивные способы словообразования. Чередование звуков. Изменение ударения.

### **3. Значение слова. Изменение значения слова. Причины изменения значения слова**

Типы значений слова. Грамматическое значение. Лексическое значение. Структура лексического значения слова. Денотативный компонент значения. Коннотативный компонент значения. Стилистический, эмоционально-оценочный компоненты коннотации. Метод компонентного анализа. Мотивированность слова. Типы мотивированности (фонетическая, морфологическая, семантическая). Деэтимологизация. Народная этимология. Экстралингвистические причины изменения значения слова. Психологические причины. Эвфемизмы. Лингвистические причины семантических изменений (эллипс, дифференциация синонимов, постоянный контекст, закон аналогии). Природа семантических изменений. Метафорический перенос. Модели метафорического переноса. Метонимический перенос. Модели метонимического переноса. Результаты семантических изменений. Сужение (специализация) и расширение (генерализация) значения. Ухудшение и улучшение значения.

### **4. Полисемия и омонимия. Синонимия. Антонимия**

Смысловая (семантическая) структура слова. Лексико-семантический вариант. Проблема разграничения ЛСВ слова. Семантический, конструктивный, фразовый типы контекста. Типы организации семантической структуры полисемантического слова. Радиальная связь. Цепочечная связь. Омонимия. Проблема классификации омонимов. Классификация по степени идентичности (полные, неполные – омофоны, омографы). Классификация по типу различающего значения (лексические, лексико-грамматические, грамматические). Моделированная омонимия. Классификация проф. А.И. Смирницкого. Источники омонимии (звуковая конвергенция, распад полисемии). Критерии разграничения полисемии и омонимии. Семантический критерий. Дистрибутивный критерий. Графический критерий. Синонимия. Критерии синонимичности. Синонимический ряд. Доминанта синонимического ряда. Классификация синонимов по степени эквивалентности (полные, частичные, контекстуальные синонимы); по выполняемым функциям (идеографические, стилистические, семантико-

стилистические синонимы). Источники синонимии. Антонимия. Типы антонимов.

### **5. Фразеологические словосочетания в современном английском языке**

Проблема разграничения свободных, устойчивых нефразеологических, фразеологических сочетаний. Фразеологические единицы. Критерии устойчивости фразеологических единиц. Классификация фразеологических единиц. Классификация В.В. Виноградова (фразеологические сращения, фразеологические единства, фразеологические сочетания). Классификация А.И. Смирницкого (по функциональному признаку: фразеологические единицы, идиомы; по структуре: одновершинные, двухвершинные, многовершинные фразеологизмы). Классификация Н.Н. Амосовой (фраземы, идиомы). Классификация А.Н. Кунина (номинативные, номинативно-коммуникативные, коммуникативные, междометные фразеологические единицы). Источники фразеологических единиц.

## **Стилистика**

### **1. Стилистическая классификация лексики**

Традиционно выделяемые классы слов; недостатки традиционной классификации лексики. Стилистическая классификация Ю.М. Скребнева, ее критерии. Стилистически нейтральная и стилистически окрашенная лексика. Субнейтральная и супернейтральная лексика. Три степени возвышенности/сниженности лексики. Краткая характеристика традиционно выделяемых стилистических групп слов: степень возвышенности/сниженности, отличие от смежных групп, функции в художественном тексте. Субнейтральная лексика: коллоквиализмы, профессионализмы, диалектизмы, сленгизмы, жаргонизмы, вульгаризмы. Супернейтральная лексика: общелитературные слова, варваризмы, термины, канцеляризмы, архаизмы, поэтизмы.

### **2. Стилистическая фонетика и стилистическая морфология**

Предмет и задачи стилистической фонетики. Классификация стилистических фонетических средств и их функции в художественном произведении. Фонетические средства речевой характеристики (определения, примеры). Авторские фонетические средства (определения, примеры). Предмет и задачи стилистической морфологии. Стилистически значимые транспозиции грамматических форм. Транспозиции местоимений. Транспозиции глаголов. Транспозиции существительных. Варьирование морфем.

### **3. Фигуры замещения**

Предмет и задачи стилистической семасиологии. Фигуры замещения как приемы, основанные на переносе значения. Понятие тропа. Фигуры количества. Гипербола. Мейозис. Литота как разновидность мейозиса. Фигуры качества. Метонимия. Синекдоха как разновидность метонимии. Метафора. Олицетворение как разновидность метафоры. Ирония и ее разно-



видности (ирония как троп, ирония как авторское отношение). Прочие фигуры замещения: антономасия, аллюзия, эпитет, перифраз, аллегория.

#### **4. Фигуры совмещения**

Предмет и задачи стилистической семасиологии. Фигуры совмещения как приемы, основанные на комбинации значений. Фигуры равенства. Сравнение. Отличие сравнения от метафоры. Синонимы-заменители. Фигуры неравенства. Синонимы-уточнители. Отличие синонимов-заменителей от синонимов-уточнителей. Нарастание. Разрядка. Каламбур. Зевгма. Фигуры контраста. Антитеза. Оксюморон.

#### **5. Стилистический синтаксис**

Классификация синтаксических стилистических средств. Приемы, основанные (1) на недостатке структурных элементов (эллиптические предложения, номинативные предложения, апосиопеза, асиндетон, опущение вспомогательных элементов); (2) на избыточности структурных элементов (простой повтор, полисиндетон, пролепс, синтаксическая тавтология); (3) на необычном размещении компонентов предложения (инверсия (полная, частичная), обособление, парентеза); (4) на транспозиции синтаксических структур (псевдоутвердительные предложения; псевдоотрицательные предложения; псевдопобудительные предложения; псевдовопросительные предложения); (5) на совмещении синтаксических структур (анафора, эпифора, анадиплозис, обрамление, хиазм).

При ответе на теоретический вопрос по стилистике студент должен продемонстрировать:

1. Знание номенклатуры соответствующих экспрессивных стилистических средств, умение дать каждому точное терминологическое определение и привести пример на английском языке. Если студент не может привести пример стилистического приема или дает примеры на русском языке, оценка может быть снижена на балл.
2. Знание классификации стилистических средств, умение объяснить основания (критерии) классификации. В случае, если студент лишь называет классы (приемы), составляющие классификацию, но не может объяснить, почему тот или иной прием включен в данную группу (например, почему метафора относится к фигурам замещения, а оксюморон – к фигурам совмещения), оценка может быть снижена на балл.

### **Теоретическая грамматика**

#### **1. Именные части речи (существительное, прилагательное, слова категории состояния, местоимение), их семантические, морфологические и функциональные характеристики**

Имя существительное как часть речи (семантические, морфологические, функциональные характеристики). Категория падежа. Различные трактовки категории падежа (двухпадежная теория; четырехпадежная теория).

рия; теория отсутствия падежных различий). Роль предлогов в выражении падежных отношений. Проблема адъективации существительных. Категория числа. Открытые и закрытые модели множественного числа существительных. Нетрадиционное определение категории числа. Категория рода. Трактовки категории рода имени существительного в отечественной и зарубежной лингвистике. Категория детерминации имени существительного, лексические и синтаксические детерминативы в современном английском языке. Имя прилагательное как часть речи (семантические, морфологические, функциональные характеристики). Качественные и относительные прилагательные. Грамматическая категория степеней сравнения. Проблема аналитических форм степеней сравнения (формы с *more, most, less, least*). Понятие элитива. Проблема полной и частичной субстантивации прилагательных. Слова категории состояния. Проблемный характер лингвистического статуса слов категории состояния. Гетерогенный характер местоимений как части речи. Разряды местоимений. Проблема грамматической омонимии в системе местоимений.

## **2. Глагол. Грамматические категории глагола**

Глагол как часть речи. Принципы классификации глагола в отечественной и зарубежной лингвистике. Категория времени как универсальная грамматическая категория. Проблема количества временных форм в современном английском языке. Нейтрализация и транспозиция временных форм. Категории лица, числа. Категория вида. Понятие категории вида в отечественной и зарубежной лингвистике. Проблемный характер вида как грамматической и семантической категории. Транспозиция и нейтрализация видовых форм. Категория временной отнесенности. Трактовка этой категории в отечественной и зарубежной лингвистике. Категория залога. Проблема синтетических и аналитических залоговых форм (формы среднего, возвратного, взаимного залога). Лингвистический статус грамматических форм *to be + Participle II, to get + Participle II*. Категория наклонения. Характеристика изъявительного наклонения. Повелительное наклонение, категориальные формы повелительного наклонения. Проблема статуса аналитических форм повелительного наклонения. Сослагательное наклонение. Лингвистический статус форм сослагательного наклонения. Проблема количества и номенклатуры форм сослагательного наклонения.

## **3. Неличные формы глагола. Проблема статуса неличных форм. Смешанный характер свойств неличных форм глагола**

Личные и неличные формы глагола. Категория финитности. Предикативность как категориальный признак личных форм глагола. Неличные формы глагола. Проблема принадлежности неличных форм глагола к частям речи. Инфинитив. Глагольные и именные свойства инфинитива. Конструкции вторичной предикации с инфинитивом. Герундий. Причастие I. Глагольные и именные свойства герундия, причастия I. Проблема омонимии *ing*-овых форм (герундий, отглагольное имя, причастие I, имя прилагательное).

тельное). Проблема полугерундия. Причастие II. Проблема омонимии форм V+ed (причастие II, имя прилагательное). Конструкции вторичной предикации с причастием. Конструкции вторичной предикации с герундием.

#### **4. Проблема определения словосочетания. Классификация словосочетаний. Сочинение и подчинение как основные типы синтаксических связей в словосочетании. Предикативное словосочетание**

Проблема разграничения словосочетания и предложения. Лингвистический статус словосочетания. Синтаксическая и морфологическая классификация словосочетаний. Сочинительные словосочетания, их характеристика. Подчинительные словосочетания, их характеристика. Проблема предикативного словосочетания. Согласование, управление, примыкание, замыкание как основные типы связи компонентов подчинительных словосочетаний. Классификация словосочетаний в отечественной и зарубежной лингвистике.

#### **5. Предложение как уровень синтаксического анализа. Методы анализа (дистрибутивный анализ, анализ по непосредственно составляющим, трансформационная грамматика, актуальное членение)**

Дистрибутивная модель Ч.Фриза. Принципы анализа и линейный характер отношений между словами в предложении. Метод непосредственно составляющих. Принципы анализа. Недостатки метода. Трансформационная модель. Принципы анализа. Ядерные и поверхностные структуры. Система базовых трансформаций. Недостатки метода. Актуальное членение предложения. Языковые средства выражения темы и ремы. Соотношение тема-рематического и традиционного деления предложения на главные и второстепенные члены. Степени коммуникативного динамизма. Недостатки метода.

#### **6. Проблема определения предложения. Коммуникативные и структурные типы предложений. Основные проблемы**

Определение предложения. Категориальные признаки предложения: предикативность, модальность, интонационное оформление, определенная грамматическая организация. Структурный, семантический, прагматический аспекты предложения, их взаимодействие. Структурная классификация предложений, ее дихотомический характер: простые – сложные; полные – эллиптические; односоставные – двусоставные; распространенные – нераспространенные. Коммуникативные типы предложений. Проблема восклицательных и отрицательных предложений. Простое предложение, его основные структурно-семантические типы. Осложненное предложение. Типы осложненных предложений. Сложное предложение. Определение и классификация сложных предложений. Сложносочиненное предложение. Лингвистический статус его составляющих. Типы сложноподчиненных предложений, принципы их классификации.

## **7. Члены предложения**

Традиционная модель членов предложения. Принципы анализа. Статус главных членов предложения. Подлежащее. Типы подлежащего. Сказуемое. Типы сказуемого. Дискуссионный характер второстепенных членов предложения. Дополнение. Типы дополнения. Определение. Типы определения. обстоятельство. Типы обстоятельства.

## **История английского языка**

### **1. Фонетические особенности германских языков. Основные фонетические процессы в общегерманском и древнеанглийском**

Индоевропейская и германская системы гласных. Независимые изменения гласных. Германское преломление. Аблаут в индоевропейском и общегерманском. Системы согласных в индоевропейском и общегерманском. Первое передвижение согласных (закон Гримма). Закон Вернера.

Фонетическая система древнеанглийского языка. Палатальная перегласовка (i-умлаут). Удлинение гласных. Палатализация согласных. Оглушение и озвончение щелевых. Отражение этих явлений в современном английском языке.

### **2. Основные изменения фонетической системы в среднеанглийском и новоанглийском**

Редукция неударных гласных, ее причины и последствия. Сокращение и удлинение гласных. Монофтонгизация древнеанглийских дифтонгов и возникновение новых дифтонгов. Изменение отдельных гласных в среднеанглийском. Возникновение шипящих и аффрикат. Фонологизация щелевых. Великий сдвиг гласных. Другие изменения гласных в новоанглийском. Изменения в системе согласных в новоанглийском. Озвончение глухих щелевых согласных, вокализация r, упрощение сочетаний согласных.

### **3. Развитие системы существительных от древнеанглийского до наших дней**

Структура индоевропейского имени и ее эволюция в общегерманском. Сильное и слабое склонение существительных в древнеанглийском. Корневые основы. Второстепенные типы склонения. Грамматические категории существительного.

Стирание различий между сильным и слабым склонением в среднеанглийском. Изменения в грамматических категориях. Происхождение и распространение притяжательного падежа и флексии -s для выражения множественного числа имен существительных. Остатки древнеанглийских форм множественного числа в системе существительных новоанглийского периода.

#### **4. Развитие системы местоимений и прилагательных от древнеанглийского до наших дней**

Личные и указательные местоимения в древнеанглийском: этимологические параллели, грамматические категории. Сильное и слабое склонение прилагательных, степени сравнения.

Изменения в парадигме личных местоимений в среднеанглийском, развитие указательных местоимений. Становление системы артикля. Образование новых групп местоимений. Распад системы склонения прилагательных, утрата грамматических категорий, развитие категории сравнения.

#### **5. Развитие личных форм глагола от древнеанглийского до наших дней**

Морфологическая классификация глаголов в древнеанглийском. Сильные глаголы; аблаут в древнеанглийском сильном глаголе. Слабые глаголы как германская инновация. Претерито-презентные, аномальные и супплетивные глаголы. Грамматические категории глагола, система спряжения.

Изменения в системе морфологических классов в среднеанглийском. Развитие глагольных категорий, возникновение новых глагольных форм и категорий. Новая группировка глаголов в новоанглийский период.

#### **6. Развитие неличных форм глагола и структур вторичной предикации от древнеанглийского до наших дней**

Неличные формы глагола в древнеанглийском: инфинитив, причастие. Их именные и глагольные черты. Конструкции вторичной предикации: винительный с инфинитивом, винительный с причастием, дательный абсолютный. Развитие инфинитива и причастия в среднеанглийском и новоанглийском: утрата именных характеристик, усиление глагольных характеристик. Возникновение герундия. Развитие вторично предикативных конструкций как проявление тенденции к усложнению синтаксиса письменной речи.

#### **7. Эволюция синтаксических единиц от древнеанглийского до наших дней**

Типы синтаксической связи и способы ее выражения в древнеанглийском. Простое предложение. Порядок слов. Отрицание. Сложное предложение, средства связи между его частями, типы придаточных. Роль корреляции в структуре сложного предложения.

Изменения в способах выражения подчинительной связи в среднеанглийском и новоанглийском. Изменения в структуре простого предложения. Изменения в структуре сложного предложения, развитие средств связи.

## Теоретическая фонетика

### 1. Теория фонемы

Менталистический подход (И. А. Бодуэн де Куртенэ). Дефиниция фонемы как абстрактной единицы языка (Ф. де Соссюр). Функциональный подход (Н.С. Трубецкой). Дефиниция фонемы Д. Джоунза. Определение фонемы представителями американской лингвистической школы (Л. Блумфильд и др.). Дефиниция фонемы академика Л.В. Щербы.

### 2. Сегментные фонемы английского языка, их дистинктивные признаки

Дистинктивные признаки гласных фонем. Дистинктивные признаки согласных фонем.

### 3. Суперсегментные фонемы английского языка. Компоненты интонации и их функции

Определение интонации. Компоненты интонации. Фразовое ударение и его функции. Тон голоса и его функции. Темп и его функции. Ритм и его функции. Паузация и ее функции. Тембр голоса и его функции.

### 4. Фоностилистика. Сегментные и супрасегментные фоностилистические характеристики

Определение фоностилистики. Сегментный уровень: официальный (формальный) и неофициальный (неформальный) фоностили и их характеристики. Супрасегментный уровень: информационный (официальный), академический, декламационный, публицистический и коллоквиальный (разговорный) интонационные стили и их характеристики.

### 5. Орфоэпическая норма. Варианты английского произношения

Произносительный стандарт Великобритании. Региональные типы произношения в Великобритании. Национальные варианты английского языка. Произносительный стандарт в США (сравнительная характеристика с произносительным стандартом Великобритании).

## Примерный план анализа текста

### Стилистика

Стилистический анализ опирается на смысловую составляющую текста. Прежде чем приступить к стилистическому анализу, нужно полностью, в мельчайших деталях понять содержание полученного отрывка. Рекомендуется прочесть его несколько раз, выписывая и идентифицируя стилистические приемы. (Перевод незнакомых слов нужно посмотреть в словаре). Подумайте, для передачи каких конкретных смыслов используются найденные вами стилистические средства. Затем изложите ваш анализ в виде рецензии, кратко формулируя содержание и более подробно рассматривая языковой аспект экспрессивности. Практические рекомендации, приведенные ниже в сносках, помогут избежать наиболее часто встречающихся ошибок.

I. Кратко (в 3-4 предложениях) охарактеризуйте общую идею анализируемого отрывка<sup>1</sup>.

II. Дайте функциональную характеристику текста: укажите типы повествования (прямая речь персонажа, авторское повествование, несобственно-прямая речь) и их основные признаки.<sup>2</sup>

### III. Стилистическая фонетика

Найдите и опишите фонетические стилистические приемы, используемые для речевой характеристики персонажей: фонетическое варьирование (опущение, замена, редукция звуков) и просодические стилистические средства (эмфатическое ударение, интонация, паузы, ритм). Опишите авторские стилистические средства (аллитерация, ономастопея и др.)<sup>3</sup>

### IV. Стилистическая морфология

Найдите в тексте случаи морфологических транспозиций (местоимений, глаголов, существительных и др.), стилистически значимого повтора и варьирования морфем<sup>4</sup>.

### V. Стилистическая лексикология

<sup>1</sup> Не допускается пересказ текста. Не нужно описывать конкретные детали, повороты сюжета (в этом случае комиссия может прервать ответ). Необходимо дать предельно краткое смысловое резюме. Напр.: **Неверно:** В отрывке рассказывается о том, как героиня по имени Джулия, приезжает на вокзал в Лондоне, куда должен прибыть ее бывший возлюбленный. Джулия очень волнуется, боясь опоздать на встречу. Она слышит звуки прибывающего поезда, и перед ней встают картины прошлого, когда они с Джоном (так звали ее возлюбленного) расстались почти десять лет назад, когда ему пришлось уехать из Англии по ложному обвинению. Джулия вспоминает, как Джон, уезжая ... и т.п.

**Верно:** В отрывке описывается, как поезд приближается к вокзалу большого города, где героиня ожидает приезда человека, которого она любила и с которым судьба разлучила ее много лет назад. Текст создает атмосферу напряженного ожидания и волнения героини. Автор рисует картину происходящего с ее точки зрения. С этой целью используется конвергенция стилистических приемов...

<sup>2</sup> Следует избегать формальной характеристики выявленных типов повествования (простого перечисления соответствующих признаков). Необходимо каждый тезис подкреплять конкретными примерами из текста. Напр.: В отрывке представлены авторская речь и речь персонажа. Речь персонажа носит разговорный характер благодаря коллоквиальной парентезе (Well..., after all), эллиптическим предложениям (-Tired?- Not at all), наличию стяженных (it's, can't) и просторечных (ain't) форм, коллоквиальных и субколлоквиальных слов и выражений (chap; Buck up, darling). В речи автора, которая носит книжный характер, преобладает общелитературная лексика (considerate, worship), много сложных и осложненных предложений: (1) Michael had never heard Fleur cry, and to see her, flung down across the bed, smothering her sobs in the quilt, gave him a feeling akin to panic. (2) She struggled up and sat cross-legged, her flushed face smudged with tears, her hair disordered)

<sup>3</sup> Если в отрывке выявлены приемы на уровне стилистической фонетики, следует не просто назвать их, а раскрыть характер экспрессивного эффекта и механизм его создания. Напр.:

**Неверно:** В отрывке используется прием аллитерации (Nobody. Helpmate) и эмфатическое ударение (W-I-F-E).

**Верно:** Раздражение героя непонятливостью собеседника отражено с помощью фонетических стилистических средств. Эмфатическое ударение передается написанием заглавными буквами через дефис (W-I-F-E). Прием аллитерации (повтор начальных согласных в смежных словах) - Nobody. Helpmate – придает высказыванию дополнительную смысловую весомость.

<sup>4</sup> Поиск стилистически релевантных морфологических форм не является самоцелью. При анализе на уровне стилистической морфологии нужно не ограничиваться общими фразами, а как можно конкретнее охарактеризовать создаваемый стилистико-смысловой эффект. Например:

**Неверно:** В тексте есть случай морфологической транспозиции с целью эмфазы (She did shoot the man).

**Верно:** Транспозиция вспомогательного глагола do в реплике героя (She did shoot the man) передает интонации нетерпения и настойчивости.

Охарактеризуйте с точки зрения экспрессивно-стилистического потенциала лексику анализируемого отрывка. Не нужно стремиться к формальному выделению в тексте различных стилистических классов слов. Необходима привязка к смысловой канве анализируемого текста. При отсутствии значимых в смысловом отношении приемов на данном уровне можно перейти к стилистической семасиологии.

## VI. Стилистическая семасиология

Найдите и опишите 3-4 стилистических приема на уровне семасиологии (фигуры замещения и фигуры совмещения). Анализ стилистических приемов на этом уровне следует уделить особое внимание ввиду их повышенной смысловой «весомости». Нужно не только увидеть прием, но и раскрыть его смысловую нагрузку, уметь объяснить механизм создания стилистического эффекта. В случае тропов, например, можно назвать прямое и переносное значение и пояснить отношение между ними (перенос по сходству, смежности, контрасту). Приветствуется, если в ходе анализа будут продемонстрированы знания теории (места приема в классификации стилистических средств) и выявлены случаи стилистической конвергенции<sup>5</sup>.

## VII. Стилистический синтаксис

Найдите и опишите стилистические приемы на уровне синтаксиса, стараясь «привязать» их к смысловой стороне текста и вскрыть источники (механизмы создания) экспрессивности<sup>6</sup>.

## Лексикология

### I. Этимология

1. Приведите примеры исконно-английской лексики (общеиндоевропейской и общегерманской), охарактеризуйте ее особенности. Приведите соответствия в родственных языках.
2. Приведите примеры заимствованных слов, установите их этимологию. Укажите степень ассимиляции.

<sup>5</sup> Напр.: *Метафорический эпитет (sleepy trees) передает спокойствие и безмятежность природы, окружавшей героя. Инвертированный эпитет (mountain of a man) дает экспрессивную характеристику внешности героя - грузного, неповоротливого человека - и представляет собой конвергенцию метафоры (переноса по сходству) и гиперболы (преувеличения). Стертая антитеза в сочетании с аллитерацией (now or never) передает решимость героини не отступить. Фигура контраста – оксюморон adoring hatred – помогает передать противоречивость чувства, испытываемого при этом героиней.*

<sup>6</sup> Приветствуется знание теории (места приема в классификации). Если в тексте имеются транспозиции синтаксических структур, необходимо назвать (и объяснить) вид транспозиции.

**Неверно:** В отрывке использованы приемы параллелизма с анафорой (*People staggering and falling. People fighting and cursing*) и подхвата (...*people. People...*). С точки зрения стилистического анализа интересен также риторический вопрос (*Who knows?*).

**Верно:** В описании толпы автор использует конвергенцию стилистических средств. Подхват (...*people. People...*) дополняется и усиливается анафорическим повтором слова “*people*” в серии параллельных конструкций (*People staggering and falling. People fighting and cursing*). Эти приемы в сочетании с антитезой (*into gates, coming out of gates*) создают соответствующий ритмический рисунок и передают хаотичность движения людей в толпе, атмосферу ожесточения). Риторический вопрос (*Who knows?*) представляет собой эмфатическое отрицание (псевдо- отрицательное предложение в классификации профессора Ю. М. Скребнева).



3. Приведите примеры этимологических гибридов и этимологических дублетов.

4. Найдите в тексте интернациональные слова.

## **II. Морфологическая структура слова**

1. Выделите несколько слов с различной морфологической структурой. Проанализируйте их, используя методы морфологического, словообразовательного анализов, анализа по НС.

2. Приведите примеры слов с опрошенной морфологической структурой.

## **III. Словообразование**

1. Выделите слова, образованные с помощью аффиксации, дайте полную характеристику аффиксов.

2. Приведите примеры сложных слов, охарактеризуйте их с точки зрения способов, с помощью которых соединяются компоненты, семантической независимости, типа основы, структуры непосредственно составляющих и по степени мотивированности. Прокомментируйте особенности словосложения в английском языке на основе материала текста.

3. Найдите примеры слов, образованных по конверсии. Восстановите направление деривационного процесса, установите тип семантических отношений между компонентами конверсионных пар.

4. Выделите слова, образованные с помощью: сокращения, реверсии, звукоподражания, телескопии, редупликации, изменения ударения, чередования звуков.

## **IV. Семасиология**

1. Найдите в тексте слова, иллюстрирующие различные типы и степени мотивированности.

2. Укажите слова, значение которых является результатом расширения, сужения, ухудшения, улучшения значения. Определите тип семантического переноса (метафора, метонимия) в отобранных из текста словах и объясните процесс.

3. Подберите примеры многозначных слов, определите тип организации семантической структуры.

4. Подберите омонимы к нескольким словам из текста, определите тип и источник омонимии.

5. Подберите синонимы к нескольким словам из текста, определите тип и источник синонимии.

6. Подберите антонимы к нескольким словам из текста, определите тип антонимов.

## **V. Фразеология**

1. Выберите из текста (по возможности) фразеологические единицы и охарактеризуйте их согласно существующим классификациям.

## **История языка**

### **I. Историческая фонетика**

1. Найдите в тексте примеры, иллюстрирующие фонетические явления общегерманского периода: первый перебой согласных (закон Гримма), закон Вернера, ротацизм, общегерманское преломление, спонтанные изменения гласных, аблаут.
2. Найдите в тексте остатки фонетических явлений древнеанглийского периода (i-умлаут, удлинение гласных, палатализация согласных, оглушение и озвончение щелевых).
3. Проследите фонетическое развитие нескольких слов (3-4 слова) от древнеанглийского периода до наших дней (см. УММ по истории языка). Прокомментируйте изменения в орфографии.

### **II. Историческая морфология**

1. Найдите в тексте несколько существительных, исторически относившихся к различным типам склонения: остатки основ на гласную, остатки n-основ, корневых основ (по возможности).
2. Прокомментируйте происхождение множественного числа и притяжательного падежа существительного. Объясните нерегулярные формы множественного числа (если они представлены в тексте).
3. Прокомментируйте происхождение степеней сравнения прилагательных, представленных в тексте.
4. Найдите в тексте остатки древнеанглийских парадигматических форм личных, указательных, возвратных, относительных местоимений.
5. Найдите в тексте глаголы, исторически относившиеся к различным типам спряжения (сильные, слабые, претерито-презентные, аномальные, супплетивные). Прокомментируйте происхождение различных глагольных форм и категорий (будущее время, пассив, перфект, длительный вид).
6. Прокомментируйте происхождение и развитие неличных форм (инфинитив, причастие, герундий), представленных в тексте.

### **III. Исторический синтаксис**

1. Прокомментируйте на материале текста частотность различных типов подчинительной связи в современном английском языке по сравнению с древнеанглийским.
2. Сравните структуру простого предложения в древнеанглийском и новоанглийском (порядок слов, отрицание).
3. Сравните структуру сложного предложения и систему средств связи в древнеанглийском и новоанглийском.

## **Теоретическая грамматика**

### **I. Морфология**

1. Выделите и охарактеризуйте различные типы морфем (лексические – грамматические; свободные – связанные; формально выраженные – фор-

мально невыраженные; морфы дополнения – морфы замещения; непрерывистые – прерывистые).

2. Найдите в тексте различные виды оппозиций (бинарные – многочленные; привативные – градуальные – эквиполентные). Назовите грамматические категории, которые они репрезентируют.

3. Найдите примеры нейтрализации и транспозиции оппозиций.

4. Приведите примеры из текста, иллюстрирующие:

- различие между знаменательными и служебными частями речи;
- примеры перехода из одной части речи в другую;
- неоднозначные трактовки статуса различных частей речи.

5. Проиллюстрируйте материалом текста:

- различные способы образования множественного числа существительных;
- существительные *singularia tantum* и *pluralia tantum*;
- различные способы выражения падежных отношений;
- способы выражения категории рода у существительных.

6. Приведите примеры, иллюстрирующие синтетический, аналитический, супплетивный способы образования степеней сравнения прилагательных; различные степени субстантивации прилагательных.

7. Выделите местоимения различных типов, укажите случаи лексико-грамматической омонимии.

8. Найдите в тексте:

- глаголы различных типов согласно существующим классификациям;
- примеры, иллюстрирующие синтетический, аналитический, супплетивный способы выражения различных глагольных категорий (время, вид, залог, наклонение, временная отнесенность); назовите эти категории; прокомментируйте их неоднозначный статус;
- примеры неличных форм глагола (инфинитив, герундий, причастие), укажите именные и глагольные характеристики данной формы, ее синтаксическую функцию в данном предложении, приведите оппозиции.

## **II. Синтаксис**

1. Проиллюстрируйте материалом текста: морфологическую классификацию словосочетаний (по характеру стержневого компонента); классификацию по отношениям между компонентами (сочинение, подчинение, предикация); различные типы подчинительной связи (согласование, управление, примыкание, замыкание); классификацию Л. Блумфильда (эндоцентрические/ экзоцентрические).

2. Приведите примеры различных коммуникативных и структурных типов предложений согласно существующим классификациям.

3. Выделите главные и второстепенные члены предложения различных типов.

4. Проанализируйте простые предложения с точки зрения анализа по непосредственно составляющим, трансформационного анализа, актуального членения предложения.
5. Приведите примеры и укажите тип субституции и репрезентации.

## **КОНТРОЛЬНАЯ РАБОТА ПО ТЕОРИИ АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА**

### **Объяснительная записка**

Настоящие контрольные задания охватывают программный материал теоретических дисциплин, изучавшихся студентами в соответствии с учебным планом: лексикологии, теоретической грамматики, стилистики, истории английского языка.

Главная цель контрольной работы – помочь студенту выработать навыки лингвистического анализа, являющегося частью государственного экзамена по теории английского языка. Соотнесение представленных в тексте языковых средств с соответствующими разделами теории языка способствует систематизации имеющихся у студентов знаний по теоретическим дисциплинам, помогает взглянуть на известные явления под новым углом зрения. Кроме того, работа позволяет проконтролировать усвоение студентом программного материала и степень подготовленности к государственному экзамену.

Выполнение заданий осуществляется на материале отрывков из англоязычной прозы XX века, представленных в списке текстов для анализа (всего 20 вариантов).

Номер варианта назначается преподавателем в соответствии с фактическим списком студентов. Список с номерами контрольных работ хранится в учебном отделе ОЗО. Работы, не соответствующие нумерации, не зачитываются и возвращаются студенту без оценки.

Контрольные работы сдаются не позднее, чем за две недели до начала государственных экзаменов. В противном случае кафедра не гарантирует их проверку.

### **Оценка контрольной работы**

Оценка «зачет» ставится при соблюдении следующих условий:

1. Выполнены все задания контрольной работы.
2. Количество отобранных примеров соответствует указанному в заданиях.
3. Оформление заданий соответствует образцу.
4. Работа в целом демонстрирует усвоение студентом программного материала.

Оценка «незачет» ставится в следующих случаях:

1. Номер текста не соответствует назначенному преподавателем номеру варианта.
2. Две или более работы оказываются идентичными.
3. Задания выполнены не в полном объеме (например, не выполнена какая-либо часть задания, вместо пяти примеров даны три и т.п.)
4. Ошибки, допущенные студентом, свидетельствуют о незнании базовых понятий, отсутствии логики, непонимании основных связей и сущности языковых явлений.

### **Методические рекомендации**

1. Перед выполнением контрольных заданий повторите теоретический материал, используя рекомендованные учебники и учебные пособия, УММ и лекционные курсы.
2. Внимательно прочитайте текст для анализа, постарайтесь полностью понять его содержание.
3. При выполнении контрольной работы пользуйтесь англо-русским, англо-английским и этимологическим словарями, словарем синонимов и др.
4. В ходе стилистического анализа пользуйтесь рекомендациями, данными выше по анализу текста на государственном экзамене.
5. Анализируя *ing*-форму (форму сослагательного наклонения и др.), приведите предложение или его часть, чтобы форма была употреблена в контексте.
6. При выполнении заданий 4.3. (этимологические дублеты); 6.3. (синонимы); 6.4. (омонимы) обратите внимание на то, что в тексте не обязательно должны быть оба члена пары; достаточно одного, второй нужно привести самим.
7. Приводя примеры заимствованных слов, слов, иллюстрирующих различные способы словообразования, не следует повторяться, нужно приводить по одному примеру каждого вида.

### **Контрольные задания**

**Задание 1.** Кратко (3-4 предложения) охарактеризуйте текст с точки зрения его содержания: основная идея текста, герои, их характеры/отношения/действия.

**Задание 2.** Определите типы повествования, использованные в отрывке (авторская речь, речь персонажа, несобственно-прямая речь), и опишите специфические элементы на уровне фонетики, морфологии, лексики, синтаксиса, характерные для каждого типа.

**Задание 3.** Найдите в тексте 7-8 стилистических приемов (фонетические экспрессивные средства, тропы и фигуры речи, экспрессивные морфологи-

ческие и синтаксические формы), определите их терминологически, объясните природу их экспрессивности и смысловую нагрузку в тексте.

**Задание 4.** Найдите в тексте:

- 1) 7 заимствованных слов (из разных языков), установите их этимологию, укажите степень ассимиляции;
- 2) примеры этимологических гибридов (2);
- 3) примеры этимологических дублетов (2);
- 4) интернациональные слова (2).

**Задание 5.** Выделите 5 слов, иллюстрирующих различные способы словообразования. Прокомментируйте их морфологическую структуру.

**Задание 6.** Найдите в тексте:

- 1) 5 слов, значение которых является результатом расширения, сужения, ухудшения или улучшения значения, метафорического и метонимического переноса;
- 2) 2 примера многозначных слов (определите тип организации семантической структуры);
- 3) подберите синонимы к 2 словам из текста, укажите тип и источник синонимии;
- 4) подберите омонимы к 2 словам из текста, укажите тип и источник омонимии.

**Задание 7.**

1. Выпишите по 2 примера синтетических и аналитических форм, выражающих:

- а) глагольные категории;
- б) падежи имени существительного;
- в) степени сравнения имени прилагательного.

Назовите эти формы.

2. Выберите одну форму и объясните ее проблемный статус.

3. Выпишите *ing*-форму, идентифицируйте ее (причастие, герундий, отглагольное существительное), приведите аргументы в пользу вашей трактовки, укажите именные и глагольные черты данной формы.

**Задание 8.** Проиллюстрируйте материалом текста (по два примера):

- а) морфологическую классификацию словосочетаний (по характеру стержневого компонента);
- б) классификацию по типу синтаксической связи между компонентами: сочинение, подчинение (укажите подвид: согласование, управление, примыкание, замыкание), предикация;
- в) классификацию Л. Блумфильда (эндоцентрические/ экзоцентрические).

**Задание 9.** Выпишите из текста предложения различных структурных типов:

- а) простое (эллиптические/односоставное) – по одному;
- б) осложненное с различными осложняющими элементами, в том числе, конструкциями вторичной предикации – три.

Прокомментируйте типологические характеристики каждого из них.

**Задание 10.**

1. Выпишите из текста пять слов индоевропейского происхождения.
2. Для трех слов дайте параллели в негерманских языках индоевропейской семьи – русском, латинском, греческом (по хрестоматии А.И. Смирницкого или другим хрестоматиям из списка литературы); прокомментируйте фонетические соответствия между родственными словами (законы Гримма и Вернера, германское преломление, независимые изменения гласных).
3. Выпишите пять слов германского происхождения.

**Задание 11.** Выпишите из текста три слова, иллюстрирующие расхождение между современной английской орфографией и произношением, объясните это расхождение с точки зрения исторического развития, назовите фонетические процессы, вызвавшие эти изменения.

**Задание 12.**

1. Выпишите из текста пять исторически сильных глаголов; назовите тип аблаута и класс, к которому относился глагол в древнеанглийском.
2. Выпишите пять исторически слабых глаголов, выделите дентальный суффикс.

**Образец выполнения контрольной работы**  
**Текст (W.M. Thackeray Vanity Fair)**

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had – apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports – quite lonely, and almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings – those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbour, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?) – if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more, – small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in præsenti* might be acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart, but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small...

‘Hold out your other hand, sir,’ roars Cuff to his little schoolfellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

‘Take that, you little devil!’ cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child’s hand. – Don’t be horrified, ladies, every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will so do and be done by, in all probability. Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up.

I can’t tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin’s foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny; or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, ‘Hold off, Cuff; don’t bully that child any more; or I’ll –’

‘Or you’ll what?’ Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. ‘Hold out your hand, you little beast.’

‘I’ll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life,’ Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff’s sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff’s astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting, and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him...

Yes, when the hour of battle came, little Osborne was almost ashamed to say ‘Go it, Figs;’ and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat; at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

... Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might – once at Mr. Cuff’s left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.



Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. ‘Well hit, by Jove,’ says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. ‘Give it him with the left, Figs my boy.’

Figs’s left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, ‘Go it, Figs,’ as there were youths exclaiming ‘Go it, Cuff.’ At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a Bell’s Life, I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard – (that is, it *would* have been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place) – it was Ney’s column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles – it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle – in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary’s nose, and sent him down for the last time.

‘I think *that* will do for him,’ Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot’s ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And Dobbin’s spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; ‘coached’ him in play-hours; carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public Midsummer examination... All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate?...

Dobbin was much too modest a young fellow to suppose that this happy change in all his circumstances arose from his own generous and manly disposition: he chose, from some perverseness, to attribute his good fortune to the sole agency and benevolence of little George Osborne, to whom henceforth he vowed such a love and affection as is only felt by children – such an affection, as we read in the charming fairy-book, uncouth Orson had for splendid young Valentine his conqueror. He flung himself down at little Osborne’s feet, and

loved him. Even before they were acquainted, he had admired Osborne in secret. Now he was his valet, his dog, his man Friday. He believed Osborne to be the possessor of every perfection, to be the handsomest, the bravest, the most active, the cleverest, the most generous of created boys. He shared his money with him: bought him uncountable presents of knives, pencil-cases, gold seals, toffee, Little Warblers, and romantic books, with large coloured pictures of knights and robbers, in many of which later you might read inscriptions to George Sedley Osborne, Esquire, from his attached friend William Dobbin – the which tokens of homage George received very graciously, as became his superior merit.

**Задание 1.** Краткая характеристика содержания отрывка.

В отрывке представлены два героя-антипода: надменный задира, богач Реджинальд Кафф, и благородный бедняк Уильям Доббин. Доббин вступает в драку с Каффом, чтобы защитить школьника Джорджа Осборна, и побеждает негодя. Эта победа меняет к лучшему многое в его жизни.

**Задание 2.** Функциональная характеристика текста.

Текст представляет собой авторскую речь с вкраплениями прямой речи персонажей. Речь автора носит книжный характер. В ней широко представлены общелитературная лексика и слова высокого стилистического регистра (*dominating, tyranny, reverie, commencement, intrepid adversary, benevolence* и т.п.). Коннотативная возвышенность и тривиальная референциальная отнесенность многих из них (напр., уличная драка именуется «выдающимся сражением» - *famous combat*) подчеркивают иронический тон повествования. Для авторской речи характерны богатая образность (см. примеры ниже) и сложность синтаксической структуры предложений с многочисленными придаточными и вводными конструкциями (напр., *If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings – those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbours ...* и т.д.).

Речь персонажей носит разговорный характер, признаками которого являются стяженные формы (*I'll*), фамильярные обращения (*you little devil, you little beast, my boy*), подбадривающие выкрики зевак, наблюдающих за дракой (*Go it*); эмфатическое ударение, передаваемое на письме курсивом (*I think that will do for him*).

**Задание 3.** Стилистическая интерпретация отдельных приемов и фрагментов текста.

В первом, вводном, абзаце авторские размышления о не всегда благоприятной роли взрослых в воспитании детей представлены в форме риторического вопроса (псевдо-отрицательного предложения): *... for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbours, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor*

*lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?*

Особенностью авторского стиля является обилие перифразов, образно характеризующих героев и их поступки – *that splendid bully and tyrant (Cuff), that exercise of tyranny (Cuff bullying little Osborn), this amazing champion (Dobbin)*, и перифрастических аллюзий в конвергенции с гиперболой и анафорой: *Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting, and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him...*

Автором неоднократно используются синонимы-уточнители: (а) *wonder and incredulity* - при описании изумления маленького Джорджа Осборна, когда на выручку ему пришел У. Доббин; (б) *reeling and groggy* - в описании побежденного Доббином Каффа; (в) *love and affection* – в описании чувств Доббина к Дж. Осборну.

Преданность Доббина своему новому другу характеризует выразительно метафора, усиленная асиндетоном (*he was his valet, his dog, his man Friday*) и сравнение в конвергенции с гиперболой (*such an affection, as we read in the charming fairy-book, uncouth Orson had for splendid young Valentine his conqueror*).

**Задание 4.** Найдите в тексте:

- 1) 7 заимствованных слов (из разных языков), установите их этимологию, укажите степень ассимиляции:
  - stumble – (Sc) – полностью ассимилированное;
  - connoisseur – (Fr) – не ассимилированное фонетически и графически;
  - devil – (Lat-Gk) – полностью ассимилированное;
  - knout – (Russ) – не ассимилированное семантически;
  - mystery – (Lat-Gk) – не ассимилированное графически;
  - monarch – (Lat-Gk) – не ассимилированное графически;
  - algebra – (Arabic) – полностью ассимилированное;
- 2) примеры этимологических гибридов (2):
  - ungentlemanlike – un (Native) – gentle (Fr-Lat) – man (Native) – like (Native);
  - schoolfellow – school (Lat-Gk) – fellow (Sc);
- 3) примеры этимологических дублетов (2):
  - master (Lat) – magistrate (Lat);
  - gentle (Fr-Lat) – genteel (Fr);
- 4) интернациональные слова (2):
  - tyranny – (Fr-Lat-Gk);
  - opponent – (Lat).

**Задание 5.** Выделите 5 слов, иллюстрирующих различные способы словообразования. Прокомментируйте их морфологическую структуру:

- roar – звукоподражание; корневое слово;
- left-handed – словосложение; сложно-производное слово;

neighbour – словосложение; опрощение морфологической структуры;  
 belabour – префиксация; производное слово;  
 breath – (to) breathe – смешанное чередование (чередование гласных и согласных);  
 cut (n) – конверсия; производное слово; модель V→N; тип семантических отношений: действие – результат действия.

**Задание 6.** Найдите в тексте:

- 1) 5 слов, значение которых является результатом расширения, сужения, ухудшения, улучшения значения, метафорического, метонимического переноса:

knight – улучшение значения; ОЕ «слуга»;  
 girl – сужение значения; МЕ «ребенок любого пола»;  
 teach – расширение значения;  
 to hug the enemy – метафора;  
 the arms of battle – метафора;

- 2) 2 примера полисемантических слов (определите тип организации семантической структуры):

hand – 1. either of the movable parts at the end of a person's arm, including the fingers; 2. a pointer or needle on a clock, machine, measuring instrument; 3. handwriting; 4. a) a game of cards; b) a set of playing cards held by one person in a game; 5. a unit equal to 0,1 metres, used in measuring a horse's height at the shoulder; 6. a sailor on a ship; 7. a worker; 8. someone with skill, knowledge, or experience of the stated kind; 9. encouragement given by clapping the hands, a burst of applause; 10. help; 11. an influence or share in some action or event; 12. control, power or responsibility. Тип организации семантической структуры – радиально-цепочечная полисемия;

- 3) подберите синонимы к 2 словам из текста, укажите тип и источник синонимии:

rage (Fr-Lat) – anger (Sc) – indignation (Fr-Lat) – fury (Fr-Lat) – ire (Fr-Lat) – wrath (native); семантико-стилистические синонимы; источник – заимствование из других языков;

- 4) подберите омонимы к 2 словам из текста, укажите тип и источник омонимии:

seal (Fr-Lat) – the official mark of a government, company, made by pressing a pattern into red wax, which is fixed to certain formal and official writings; seal (CGmc) – a large fish-eating animal living mostly on cool seacoasts and floating ice; полные лексические омонимы; источник – звуковая конвергенция.

**Задание 7.**

1. Выпишите по 2 примера синтетических и аналитических форм, выражающих:

а) глагольные категории (время, временная отнесенность, вид, залог, наклонение):

would accrue (small harm would accrue) – аналитический способ образования наклонения (условное наклонение);

had admired – аналитический способ образования категории временной отнесенности (перфектная временная отнесенность);

had (If I had the pen of a Napier) – синтетический способ образования наклонения (сослагательное II, настоящее время);

б) падежи имени существительного:

grocer's cart – синтетический способ образования родительного падежа;

a feeling of revenge – аналитический способ образования родительного падежа (предлог of);

inscriptions to George Sedley Osborne – аналитический способ образования дательного падежа (предлог to);

в) степени сравнения имени прилагательного:

handsomest, bravest, cleverest – синтетический способ образования превосходной степени сравнения;

most active, most generous – аналитический способ образования превосходной степени сравнения.

2. Выберите одну форму и объясните ее проблемный статус:

had (If I had the pen of a Napier) – не имеет однозначного толкования;

А.И. Смирницкий – сослагательное II, настоящее время;

Л.С. Бархударов – форма прошедшего времени в особом синтаксическом окружении;

Б.А. Ильиш – нереальное условие.

3. Выпишите *ing*-форму, идентифицируйте ее (причастие, герундий, отглагольное существительное), приведите аргументы в пользу Вашей трактовки, укажите именные и глагольные черты данной формы:

offering (the honour of offering the conqueror a knee) – герундий, действительный залог, неперфектная временная отнесенность, общий вид; это герундий, т.к. имеет следующие *именные характеристики*:

- употребляется с предлогом;
- выполняет функцию постпозитивного предложного определения;

*глагольные характеристики герундия*:

- имеет категорию залога (offering – being offered);
- имеет категорию временной отнесенности (offering – having offered);
- имеет глагольную сочетаемость (принимает прямое дополнение – a knee).

**Задание 8.** Проиллюстрируйте материалом текста (по два примера):

а) морфологическую классификацию словосочетаний (по характеру стержневого компонента):

quite lonely, almost happy – адъективные словосочетания;

struck terror, dropped neatly – глагольные словосочетания;

our children, romantic books – именные словосочетания;

б) классификацию по типу синтаксической связи между компонентами сочинение, подчинение (укажите подвид: согласование, управление, примыкание, замыкание), предикация:

shall describe or calculate, blush and wonder – сочинение;

this time, that arm – согласование;

to him, rules him – управление;

his circumstances, wonderful advances – примыкание;

the middle-sized form, a great cut – замыкание;

Dobbin started up, ball plump (I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards) – предикация;

в) классификацию Л. Блумфильда (эндоцентрические/ экзоцентрические):

uncountable presents, reeling and groggy – эндоцентрические;

George received, for him – экзоцентрические.

**Задание 9.** Выпишите из текста предложения различных структурных типов:

а) простое (эллиптические/ односоставное) (2):

It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it – простое двусоставное полное предложение;

б) осложненное с различными осложняющими элементами (3):

Dobbin *quivered*, and *gathered himself up* in his narrow old clothes – предложение, осложненное сочинением (однородные сказуемые);

He believed *Osborne to be the possessor of every perfection, to be the handsomest, the bravest, the most active, the cleverest, the most generous of created boys.* – предложение, осложненное подчинением (конструкция вторичной предикации, the objective-with-the infinitive).

**Задание 10.**

1. Выпишите из текста пять слов индоевропейского происхождения: tree; love; do; eye; young; light.

2. Для трех слов дайте параллели в негерманских языках индоевропейской семьи – русском, латинском, греческом (по хрестоматии А.И. Смирницкого или другим хрестоматиям из списка литературы); прокомментируйте фонетические соответствия между родственными словами (законы Гримма и Вернера, германское преломление, независимые изменения гласных):

**book** – лат. *fagus*, рус. буква

ИЕ bh → герм. b, лат. f – 3-й акт первого перебора согласных (закон Гримма);

ИЕ g → герм. k – 2-й акт закона Гримма;

ИЕ a → герм. o – независимые изменения гласных.

**mind** – лат. *mentis*

ИЕ t → герм. d – закон Вернера;

ИЕ e → герм. i – германское преломление (перед n + согласный).

3. Выпишите пять слов германского происхождения: little; find; learn; give; like.

**Задание 11.** Выпишите из текста три слова, иллюстрирующие расхождение между современной английской орфографией и произношением, объясните это расхождение с точки зрения исторического развития, назовите фонетические процессы, вызвавшие эти изменения:

**might [maɪt] – ДА miht [mixt]**

Диграф gh введен в СА для обозначения звука [x];

В НА [x] выпал перед t;

Предшествующий краткий гласный удлинился;

Долгий [i:] перешел в [ai] – великий сдвиг гласных.

**book [buk] – ДА boc [bo:k]**

В СА долгота гласного стала обозначаться удвоенным oo;

Буква c заменена буквой k;

[o:] → [u:] – великий сдвиг гласных;

[u:] → [ʊ] – сокращение гласного перед k.

**Задание 12.**

1. Выпишите из текста пять исторически сильных глаголов; назовите тип аблаута и класс, к которому относился глагол в древнеанглийском:

bore (прош. от bear) ДА *beran*, IV класс, качественный аблаут;

2. Выпишите пять исторически слабых глаголов, выделите дентальный суффикс:

*told* (прош. от *tell*)

*liked*

### Тексты для анализа

#### Текст 1 (Katherine Mansfield *Je Ne Parle Pas Français*)

I do not know why I have such a fancy for this little café. It's dirty and sad, sad. It's not as if it had anything to distinguish it from a hundred others – it hasn't; or as if the same strange types came here every day, whom one could watch from one's corner and recognize and more or less (with a strong accent on the less) get the hang of.

But pray don't imagine that those brackets are a confession of my humility before the mystery of the human soul. Not at all; I don't believe in the human soul. I never have. I believe that people are like portmanteaux - packed with certain things, started going, thrown about, tossed away, dumped down, lost and found, half emptied suddenly, or squeezed fatter than ever, until finally the Ultimate Porter swings them on to the Ultimate Train and away they rattle ...

... There are no portmanteaux to be examined here because the clientele of this cafe, ladies and gentlemen, does not sit down. No, it stands at the counter, and it consists of a handful of workmen who come up from the river, all powdered over with white flour, lime or something, and a few soldiers, bringing with them thin, dark girls with silver rings in their ears and market baskets on their arms....

Do you believe that every place has its hour of the day when it really does come alive? That's not exactly what I mean. It's more like this. There does seem to be a moment when you realize that, quite by accident, you happen to have come on to the stage at exactly the moment you were expected. Everything is arranged for you - waiting for you. Ah, master of the situation! You fill with important breath. And at the same time you smile, secretly, slyly, because Life seems to be opposed to granting you these entrances, seems indeed to be engaged in snatching them from you and making them impossible, keeping you in the wings until it is too late, in fact . . . Just for one you've beaten the old hag.

Anyhow, the 'short winter afternoon was drawing to a close', as they say, and I was drifting along, either going home or not going home, when I found myself in here, walking over to this seat in the corner.

I hung up my English overcoat and grey felt hat on that same peg behind me, and after I had allowed the waiter time for at least twenty photographers to snap their fill of him, I ordered a coffee.

He poured me out a glass of the familiar, purplish stuff with a green wandering light playing over it, and shuffled off, and I sat pressing my hands against the glass because it was bitterly cold outside.

Suddenly I realized that quite apart from myself, I was smiling. Slowly I raised my head and saw myself in the mirror opposite. Yes, there I sat, leaning on the table, smiling my deep, sly smile, the glass of coffee with its vague plume of steam before me and beside it the ring of white saucer with two pieces of sugar.

I opened my eyes very wide. There I had been for all eternity, as it were, and now at last I was coming to life ...

It was very quiet in the cafe. Outside, one could just see through the dusk that it had begun to snow. One could just see the shapes of horses and carts and people, soft and white, moving through the feathery air. The waiter disappeared and reappeared with an armful of straw. He strewed it over the floor from the door to the counter and round about the stove with humble, almost adoring gestures. One would not have been surprised if the door had opened and the Virgin Mary had come in, riding upon an ass, her meek hands folded over her big belly...

I reached over to the next table for a writing-pad.

No paper or envelopes, of course. Only a morsel of pink blotting-paper, incredibly soft and limp and almost moist, like the tongue of a little dead kitten, which I've never felt.

I sat – but always underneath, in this state of expectation, rolling the little dead kitten's tongue round my finger and rolling the soft phrase round my mind while my eyes took in the girls' names and dirty jokes and drawings of bottles and cups that would not sit in the saucers, scattered over the writing-pad.

But then, quite suddenly, at the bottom of the page, written in green ink, I fell on to that stupid, stale little phrase: *Je ne parle pas français*.



There! it had come – the moment – the *geste*! And although I was so ready, it caught me, it tumbled me over; I was simply overwhelmed. And the physical feeling was so curious, so particular. It was as if all of me, except my head and arms, all over me that was under the table, had simply dissolved, melted, turned into water. Just my head remained and two sticks of arms pressing on to the table. But, ah! the agony of that moment! How can I describe it? I didn't think of anything. I didn't even cry out to myself. Just for one moment I was not. I was Agony, Agony, Agony.

Then it passed, and the very second after I was thinking: 'Good God! Am I capable of feeling as strongly as that? But I was absolutely unconscious! I hadn't a phrase to meet it with! I was overcome! I was swept off my feet! I didn't even try, in the dimmest way, to put it down!'

And up I puffed and puffed, blowing off finally with: 'After all I must be first-rate. No second-rate mind could have experienced such an intensity of feeling so ... purely.'

The waiter has touched a spill at the red stove and lighted a bubble of gas under a spreading shade. It is no use looking out of the window, madame; it is quite dark now. Your white hands hover over your dark shawl. They are like two birds that have come home to roost. They are restless, restless . . . You tuck them, finally, under your warm little armpits.

*Je ne parle pas français. Je ne parle pas français.* All the while I wrote that last page my other self has been chasing up and down out in the dark there. It left me just when I began to analyse my grand moment, dashed off distracted, like a lost dog who thinks at last, at last, he hears the familiar step again.

'Mouse! Mouse! Where are you? Are you near? Is that you leaning from the high window and stretching out your arms for the wings of the shutters? Are you this soft bundle moving towards me through the feathery snow? Are you this little girl pressing through the swing-doors of the restaurant? Is that your dark shadow bending forward in the cab? Where are you? Where are you? Which way must I turn? Which way shall I run? And every moment I stand here hesitating you are farther away again. Mouse! Mouse!'

Now the poor dog has come back into the cafe, his tail between his legs, quite exhausted.

'It was a ... false ... alarm. She's nowhere ... to ... be seen.'

'Lie down then! Lie down! Lie down!'

## **Текст 2 (Katherine Mansfield Je Ne Parle Pas Français)**

I date myself from the moment that I became the tenant of a small bachelor flat on the fifth floor of a tall, not too shabby house, in a street that might or might not be discreet. Very useful, that . . . There I emerged, came out into the light and put out my two horns with a study and a bedroom and a kitchen on my back. And real furniture planted in the rooms. In the bedroom a wardrobe with a long glass, a big bed covered with a yellow puffed-up quilt, a bed table with a

marbled top and a toilet set sprinkled with tiny apples. In my study – English writing-table with drawers, writing-chair with leather cushions, books, armchair, side-table with paper-knife and lamp on it and some nude studies on the walls. I didn't use the kitchen except to throw old papers into.

Ah, I can see myself that first evening, after the furniture men had gone and I'd managed to get rid of my atrocious old concierge – walking about on tip-toe, arranging and standing in front of the glass with my hands in my pockets and saying to that radiant vision: 'I am a young man who has his own flat. I write for two newspapers. I am going in for serious literature. I am starting a career. The book that I shall bring out will simply stagger the critics. I am going to write about things that have never been touched on before. I am going to make a name for myself as a writer about the submerged world. But not as others have done before me. Oh, no! Very naïvely, with a sort of tender humour and from the inside, as though it were all quite simple, quite natural. I see my way quite perfectly. Nobody has ever done it as I shall do it because none of the others have lived my experiences. I'm rich – I'm rich.'

I met Dick Harmon at an evening party given by the editor of a new review. It was a very select, very fashionable affair. One or two of the older men were there and the ladies were extremely *comme il faut*. They sat on cubist sofas in full evening dress and allowed us to hand them thimbles of cherry brandy and to talk to them about their poetry. For, as far as I can remember, they were all poetesses.

It was impossible not to notice Dick. He was the only Englishman present, and instead of circulating gracefully round the room as we all did, he stayed in one place leaning against the wall, his hands in his pockets, that dreamy half smile on his lips, and replying in excellent French in his low, soft voice to anybody who spoke to him.

'Who is he?'

'An Englishman. From London. A writer. And he is making a special study of modern French literature.'

That was enough for me. My little book, *Fake Coins*, had just been published. I was a young, serious writer who was making a special study of modern English literature.

But I really had not time to fling my line before he said, giving himself a soft shake, coming right out of the water after the bait, as it were: 'Won't you come and see me at my hotel? Come about five o'clock and we can have a talk before going out to dinner.'

'Enchanted!'

I was so deeply, deeply flattered that I had to leave him then and there to preen and preen myself before the cubist sofas. What a catch! An Englishman, reserved, serious, making a special study of French literature...

That same night a copy of *Fake Coins* with a carefully cordial inscription was posted off, and a day or two later we did dine together and spent the evening talking.

Talking – but not only of literature. I discovered to my relief that it wasn't necessary to keep to the tendency of the modern novel, the need of a new form, or the reason why our young men appeared to be just missing it. Now and again, as if by accident, I threw in a card that seemed to have nothing to do with the game, just to see how he'd take it. But each time he gathered it into his hands with his dreamy look and smile unchanged. Perhaps he murmured: 'That's very curious.' But not as if it were curious at all.

That calm acceptance went to my head at last. It fascinated me. It led me on and on till I threw every card that I possessed at him and sat back and watched him arrange them in his hand.

'Very curious and interesting...'

By that time we were both fairly drunk, and he began to sing his song very soft, very low, about the man who walked up and down seeking his dinner.

But I was quite breathless at the thought of what I had done. I had shown somebody both sides of my life. Told him everything as sincerely and truthfully as I could. Taken immense pains to explain things about my submerged life that really were disgusting and never could possibly see the light of literary day. On the whole I had made myself out far worse than I was – more boastful, more cynical, more calculating.

And there sat the man I had confided in, singing to himself and smiling... It moved me so that real tears came into my eyes. I saw them glittering on my long silky lashes – so charming.

### **Текст 3 (Katherine Mansfield Psychology)**

When she opened the door and saw him standing there she was more pleased than ever before, and he, too, as he followed her into the studio, seemed very very happy to have come.

'Not busy?'

'No. Just going to have tea.'

'And you are not expecting anybody?'

'Nobody at all.'

Ah! That's good.'

He laid aside his coat and hat gently, lingeringly, as though he had time and to spare for everything, or as though he were taking leave of them for ever, and came over to the fire and held out his hands to the quick, leaping flame.

Just for a moment both of them stood silent in that leaping light. Still, as it were, they tasted on their smiling lips the sweet shock of their greeting.

Their secret selves whispered: 'Why should we speak? Isn't this enough?'

'More than enough. I never realized until this moment...'

'How good it is just to be with you ...'

‘Like this...’

‘It’s more than enough.’

But suddenly he turned and looked at her and she moved quickly away.

‘Have a cigarette? I’ll put the kettle on. Are you longing for tea?’

‘No. Not longing.’

‘Well, I am.’

‘Oh, you.’ He thumped the Armenian cushion and flung on to the *som-mier*. ‘You’re a perfect little Chinese.’

‘Yes, I am,’ she laughed. ‘I long for tea as strong men long for wine.’

She lighted the lamp under its broad orange shade, pulled the curtains and drew up the tea table. Two birds sang in the kettle; the fire fluttered. He sat up clasping his knees. It was delightful – this business of having tea – and she always had delicious things to eat – little sharp sandwiches, short sweet almond fingers, and a dark, rich cake tasting of rum – but it was an interruption. He wanted it over, the table pushed away, their two chairs drawn up to the light, and the moment come when he took out his pipe, filled it, and said, pressing the tobacco tight into the bowl: ‘I have been thinking over what you said last time and it seems to me ...’

Yes, that was what he waited for and so did she. Yes, while she shook the teapot hot and dry over the spirit flame she saw those other two, him, leaning back, taking his ease among the cushions, and her, curled up *en escargot* in the blue shell armchair. The picture was so clear and so minute it might have been painted on the blue teapot lid. And yet she couldn’t hurry. She could almost have cried: ‘Give me time.’ She must have time in which to grow calm. She wanted time in which to free herself from all these familiar things with which she lived so vividly. For all these gay things round her were part of her - her offspring – and they knew it and made the largest, most vehement claims. But now they must go. They must be swept away, shooed away – like children sent up the shadowy stairs, packed into bed and commanded to go to sleep – at once – without a murmur!

For the special thrilling quality of their friendship was in their complete surrender. Like two open cities in the midst of some vast plain their two minds lay open to each other. And it wasn’t as if he rode into hers like a conqueror, armed to the eyebrows and seeing nothing but a gay silken flutter – nor did she enter his like a queen walking soft on petals. No, they were eager, serious travellers, absorbed in understanding what was to be seen and discovering what was hidden making the most of this extraordinary absolute chance which made it possible for him to be utterly truthful to her and for her to be utterly sincere with him.

And the best of it was they were both of them old enough to enjoy their adventure to the full without any stupid emotional complication. Passion would have ruined everything; they quite saw that. Besides, all that sort of thing was over and done with for both of them – he was thirty-one, she was thirty – they

had had their experiences, and very rich and varied they had been, but now was the time for harvest – harvest.

Carefully she cut the cake into thick little wads and he reached across for a piece.

‘Do realize how good it is,’ she implored. ‘Eat it imaginatively. Roll your eyes if you can and taste it on the breath. It’s not a sandwich from the hatter’s bag – it’s the kind of cake that might have been mentioned in the Book of Genesis ... And God said: “Let there be cake. And there was cake. And God saw that it was good.”

‘You needn’t entreat me,’ said he. ‘Really you needn’t. It’s a queer thing but I always do notice what I eat here and never anywhere else. I suppose it comes of living alone so long and always reading while I feed ... my habit of looking upon food as just food . . . something that’s there, at certain times ... to be devoured ... to be ... not there.’ He laughed. ‘That shocks you. Doesn’t it?’

‘To the bone,’ said she.

‘But – look here.’ He pushed away his cup and began to speak very fast. ‘I simply haven’t got any external life at all. I don’t know the names of things a bit – trees and so on – and I never notice places or furniture or what people look like. One room is just like another to me – a place to sit and read or talk in – except,’ and here he paused, smiled in a strange naïve way, and said, ‘except this studio.’ He looked round him and then at her; he laughed in his astonishment and pleasure. He was like a man who wakes up in a train to find that he has arrived, already, at the journey’s end.

‘Here’s another queer thing. If I shut my eyes I can see this place down to every detail – every detail... Now I come to think of it – I’ve never realized this consciously before. Often when I am away from here, I revisit it in spirit – wander about among your red chairs, stare at the bowl of fruit on the black table – and just touch, very lightly, that marvel of a sleeping boy’s head.’

He looked at it as he spoke. It stood on the corner of the mantelpiece; the head to one side down-drooping, the lips parted, as though in his sleep the little boy listened to some sweet sound ...

‘I love that little boy,’ he murmured. And then they both were silent.

#### **Текст 4 (Katherine Mansfield Psychology)**

A new silence came between them. Nothing in the least like the satisfactory pause that had followed their greetings – the ‘Well, here we are together again, and there’s no reason why we shouldn’t go on from just where we left off last time.’ That silence could be contained in the circle of warm, delightful fire and lamplight. How many times hadn’t they flung something into it just for the fun of watching the ripples break on the easy shores. But into this unfamiliar pool the head of the little boy sleeping his timeless sleep dropped – and the ripples flowed away, away – boundlessly far – into deep glittering darkness.

And then both of them broke it. She said: 'I must make up the fire,' and he said: 'I have been trying a new ...' Both of them escaped. She made up the fire and put the table back, the blue chair was wheeled forward, she curled up and he lay back among the cushions. Quickly! Quickly! They must stop it from happening again.

'Well, I read the book you left last time.'

'Oh, what do you think of it?'

They were off and all was as usual. But was it? Weren't they just a little too quick, too prompt with their replies, too ready to take each other up? Was this really anything more than a wonderfully good imitation of other occasions? His heart beat; her cheek burned and the stupid thing was she could not discover where exactly they were or what exactly was happening. She hadn't time to glance back. And just as she had got so far it happened again. They faltered, wavered, broke down, were silent. Again they were conscious of the boundless, questioning dark. Again, there they were – two hunters, bending over their fire, but hearing suddenly from the jungle beyond a shake of wine and a loud, questioning cry...

She lifted her head. 'It's raining,' she murmured.

Well. Why didn't they just give way to it – yield – and see what would happen then? But no. Vague and troubled though they were, they knew enough to realize their precious friendship was in danger. She was the one who would be destroyed – not they – and they'd be no party to that.

He got up, knocked out his pipe, ran his hand through his hair and said: 'I have been wondering very much lately whether the novel of the future will be a psychological novel or not. How sure are you that psychology *qua* psychology has got anything to do with literature at all?'

'Do you mean you feel there's quite a chance that the mysterious non-existent creatures – the young writers of today – are trying simply to jump the psychoanalyst's claim?'

'Yes, I do. And I think it's because this generation is just wise enough to know that it is sick and to realize that its only chance of recovery is by going into its symptoms – making an exhaustive study of them tracking them down - trying to get at the root of the trouble.'

'But oh,' she wailed. 'What a dreadfully dismal outlook.'

'Not at all,' said he. 'Look here . . .' On the talk went. And now it seemed they really had succeeded. She turned in her chair to look at him while she answered. Her smile said: 'We have won.' And he smiled back, confident: 'Absolutely.'

But the smile undid them. It lasted too long; it became a grin. They saw themselves as two little grinning puppets jiggling away in nothingness.

'What have we been talking about?' thought he. He was so utterly bored he almost groaned.

‘What a spectacle we have made of ourselves,’ thought she. And she saw him laboriously – oh, laboriously – laying out the grounds and herself running after, putting here a tree and there a flowery shrub and here a handful of glittering fish in a pool. They were silent this time from sheer dismay.

The clock struck six merry little pings and the fire made a soft flutter. What fools they were – heavy, stodgy, elderly – with positively upholstered minds.

And now the silence put a spell upon them like solemn music. It was anguish – anguish for her to bear it and he would die – he’d die if it were broken... And yet he longed to break it. Not by speech. At any rate not by their ordinary maddening chatter. There was another way for them to speak to each other, and in the new way he wanted to murmur: ‘Do you feel this too? Do you understand it at all?’...

Instead, to his horror, he heard himself say: ‘I must be off; I’m meeting Brand at six.’

What devil made him say that instead of the other? She jumped – simply jumped out of her chair, and he heard her crying: ‘You must rush, then. He’s so punctual. Why didn’t you say so before?’

‘You’ve hurt me; you’ve hurt me! We’ve failed!’ said her secret self while she handed him his hat and stick, smiling gaily. She wouldn’t give him a moment for another word, but ran along the passage and opened the big outer door.

Could they leave each other like this? How could they? He stood on the step and she just inside holding the door. It was not raining now.

‘You’ve hurt me – hurt me,’ said her heart. ‘Why don’t you go? No, don’t go. Stay. No – go!’ And she looked out upon the night... It was too late to do anything now. Was it too late? Yes, it was. A cold snatch of hateful wind blew into the garden. Curse life! He heard her cry ‘*au revoir*’ and the door slammed.

Running back into the studio she behaved so strangely. She ran up and down lifting her arms and crying: ‘Oh! Oh! How stupid! How imbecile! How stupid!’ And then she flung herself down on the *sommier* thinking of nothing – just lying there in her rage. All was over. What was over? Oh – something was. And she’d never see him again – never. After a long long time (or perhaps ten minutes) had passed in that black gulf her bell rang a sharp quick jingle. It was he, of course. And equally, of course, she oughtn’t to have paid the slightest attention to it but just let it go on ringing and ringing. She flew to answer.

### **Текст 5 (Hal Porter First Love)**

My paternal grandfather was English, military and long-nosed. He married twice, and had seven sons and four daughters. My maternal grandfather, Swiss, agricultural and long-nosed, married once but had six sons and six daughters. As a child, therefore, I was well-provided not only with ancestral aunts and uncles but also with the uncle-husbands and wife-aunts they had married. Since

each of these couples were abundantly productive, long-nosed cousins of all ages, from braggart striplings and chatterbox young women to india-rubber babies like tempestuous Queen Victorias with bonnets awry congested my boyhood. It seems to me now that what my grandparents imported to Australia along with fecundity and long noses was largely noise. Noise, in their case, can be enlarged to cover vivacity bordering on uproar, devil-may-care wildness, a febrile intensity about issues of great unimportance. From the most feckless uncle to the most social aunt, from bread-line-treading aunts to rich uncles, all were afflicted by this rowdy insouciance. My mother, essentially provincial, was nevertheless giddy as a porpoise, and lived like a windmill rotating to alternate gusts of temper and charm.

In this uproarious tribal whirlpool I was odd boy out. A throwback inheritance of some less mettlesome blood braked me. I had the same passion for decorous behaviour as they had for fits-and-starts behaviour, for conversations at full pitch, for gambling and gipsying about. This perversity of self-restraint caused me to lag behind, to be a some-time observer rather than a full-time participant. Yet, oddly enough, I also had maximum esprit de corps. Nor was I niminy-piminy and stand-offish. Japan-shaped scabs blotched my fruit-stealer's country boy knees; my bare soles were as ring-like as fire-walkers'. I could swim like a toad, swear like a cow-cocky and smoke like a debutante. These abilities and simulated ferocities were, however, strictly conventional. In their execution I went just so far. I drew a line. Other members of the family always went farther and further. I would not, for example, kill snakes as Uncle Foster and cousins and brothers did by cracking them like whips. Sticks did me. As well as affecting protective discretions such as this, and making withdrawals from hereditary bravura, I often broke the wrong rules. My brothers and country cousins each had a dog, usually a bossy fox-terrier or a smart-alec mong with lots of heeler in it. I had a cat. I found its relative muteness and disdainful independence preferable to the ostentatious servility and noisily neurasthenic demands of dogs. Need I say that I wore spectacles and spoke in polysyllables? Not only did I violate the clan code by visible nonconformity but I was mentally and invisibly rebellious... I became the tree for believers not to stand by when lightning flashed...

As the one child in this riotous shuffling to and fro who was family-obsessed and a born archivist, I was a magpie of a different colour. I wanted facts, dates, the how and why and where, all possible information about the past of the living gods and goddesses I paid homage to. I begged postcards of all sorts ... and spring-cleaning aunts sent me packets of photographs; uncles put aside for me dim, henna-coloured snapshots or postcards of magenta-nosed drunks with crayfish semaphoring from their hip-pockets which they had dug out of drawers holding the treasures of a lifetime ... sovereign-cases, insurance policies, opal tie-pins, wives' first love-letters, and the halves of pairs of cuff-



links. On my behalf, archaeology into their own racy and cluttered pasts became an accepted pastime of my aunts and uncles.

Alas!

At the height of ray miniature fame, at the unornamental age of ten, a bee-keeper stung by his own bee, I fell in love with a photograph, I fell deeply, unfalteringly and hauntedly in love.

The photograph came in a packet of postcards from Aunt Meta. Had I not been alone in the house, with nobody peering over my shoulder, I could have been saved a long ecstasy and a savage destruction. Alone I was, however, when the postman came; alone I unwrapped my gift and, among postcards of Gaiety Girls, and snapshots of bowler-hatted uncles in jinkers, and ant-waisted aunts leaning on or being leaned on by bicycles, alone I came upon my fate. Nothing can undo what was done that instant, that day.

I saw the photograph. The door of the one addled world I had known closed softly behind me. I was in the anteroom to Paradise. Its jewelled throne was mine. I perceived that all loves experienced in the back room past were imaginary, were delusions, were nothing. I had been wastefully librating above shadows – however spirited; visions – however cock-a-hoop; hollow beings; deceptive shapes; creatures of gauze; dresses empty of women; names without men to them. I had had merely a bowing acquaintance with love.

The photograph was of a girl about my own age. She was dressed in Dolly Vardenish costume. Since she held a shepherd's crook feminized by a large bow I gathered she was being Bo Peep for a fancy dress party. Or was she Bo Peep herself? There was nothing on the photograph to tell. The tilted oval of the hat with its rosebuds and ribbons, the black hatching of the elbow-length mittens, the criss-cross-laced bodice, all excited me romantically. What flooded into my being, however, to reveal inner depths and expanses never revealed before, was the illumination from the smile and the eyes. It did not occur to me that what really confronted the smile and the eyes were a camera like half-a-concertina on a tripod which was concealed with a nameless human under a black cloth. No! That faintly scented smile was for me. Those eyes, bottomless, and yet of dark sharpness, were looking into me. A gale of voices whirled through the galleries of my consciousness, aromatizing them, purging them of all former presences, and calling out deliciously "Thou!" "Thou!"

I was eavesdropping on eternity. Eternity is time's victim. Eternity had scarcely begun when I heard my mother at the front door. With the unflurried movements of a master criminal I put the photograph in an inside pocket. I was aware that the pocket was on the left, and the divine face deliberately turned inwards. The eyes looked directly into my heart which I imagined crimson as a playing-card heart, plump as an artichoke, and composed of a material with the texture of magnolia petals. I extinguished the lights in my face, swept up the other photographs with a gambler's gesture and, as my mother entered, cried out

... oh, perfect imitation of a frank and guileless boy ... “Look what Aunt Meta sent!” Not a word about the divinity staring into my heart, not a word.

### Текст 6 (John Galsworthy *The Apple Tree*)

He awoke feeling as if he had eaten heavily overnight instead of having eaten nothing. And far off, unreal, seemed yesterday's romance! Yet it was a golden morning. Full spring had burst at last — in one night the ‘goldie-cups,’ as the little boys called them, seemed to have made the field their own, and from his window he could see apple blossoms covering the orchard as with a rose and white quilt. He went down almost dreading to see Megan: and yet, when not she but Mrs. Narracombe brought in his breakfast, he felt vexed and disappointed. The woman's quick eye and snaky neck seemed to have a new alacrity this morning. Has she noticed?

‘So you an' the moon went walkin' last night, Mr. Ashurst! Did ye have your supper anywheres?’

Ashurst shook his head.

‘We kept it for you, but I suppose you was too busy in your brain to think o' such a thing as that?’

Was she mocking him, in that voice of hers, which still kept some Welsh crispness against the invading burr of the West Country? If she knew! And at that moment he thought: ‘No, no; I'll clear out. I won't put myself in such a beastly false position.’

But, after breakfast, the longing to see Megan began and increased with every minute, together with fear lest something should have been said to her which had spoiled everything. Sinister that she had not appeared, not given him even a glimpse of her! And the love poem, whose manufacture had been so important and absorbing yesterday afternoon under the apple trees, now seemed so paltry that he tore it up and rolled it into pipe spills. What had he known of love, till she seized his hand and kissed it! And now — what did he not know? But to write of it seemed mere insipidity! He went up to his bedroom to get a book, and his heart began to beat violently, for she was in there making the bed. He stood in the doorway watching; and suddenly, with turbulent joy, he saw her stoop and kiss his pillow, just at the hollow made by his head last night. How let her know he had seen that pretty act of devotion? And yet, if she heard him stealing away, it would be even worse. She took the pillow up, holding it as if reluctant to shake out the impress of his cheek, dropped it, and turned round.

‘Megan!’

She put her hands up to her cheeks, but her eyes seemed to look right into him. He had never before realised the depth and purity and touching faithfulness in those dew-bright, and he stammered:

‘It was sweet of you to wait up for me last night.’

She still said nothing, and he stammered on:

‘I was wandering about on the moor; it was such a jolly night. I – I’ve just come up for a book.’

Then, the kiss he had seen her give the pillow afflicted him with sudden headiness, and he went up to her. Touching her eyes with his lips, he thought with queer excitement: ‘I’ve done it! Yesterday all was sudden – anyhow; but now – I’ve done it!’ The girl let her forehead rest against his lips, which moved downwards till they reached hers. That first real lover’s kiss – strange, wonderful, still almost innocent – in which heart did it make the most disturbance?

‘Come to the big apple tree to-night, after they’ve gone to bed. Megan – promise!’

She whispered back: ‘I promise.’ Then, scared at her white face, scared at everything, he let her go, and went downstairs again. Yes! he had done it now! Accepted her love, declared his own. He went out to the green chair as devoid of a book as ever; and there he sat staring vacantly before him, triumphant and remorseful, while under his nose and behind his back the work of the farm went on. How long he had been sitting in that curious state of vacancy he had no notion when he saw Joe standing a little behind him to the right. The youth had evidently come from hard work in the fields, and stood shifting his feet, breathing loudly, his face coloured like a setting sun, and his arms, below the rolled-up sleeves of his blue shirt, showing the hue and furry sheen of ripe peaches. His red lips were open, his blue eyes with their flaxen lashes stared fixedly at Ashurst, who said ironically:

‘Well, Joe, anything I can do for you?’

‘Yeas.’

‘What, then?’

‘Yu can goo away from yere. Us don’ want yu.’

Ashurst’s face, never too humble, assumed its most lordly look.

‘Very good of you, but, do you know, I prefer the others should speak for themselves.’

The youth moved a pace or two nearer, and the scent of his honest heat afflicted Ashurst’s nostrils.

‘What d’yu stay yere for?’

‘Because it pleases me.’

‘ ‘Twon’t please yu when I’ve bashed yure head in!’

‘Indeed! When would you like to begin that?’

Joe answered only with the loudness of his breathing, but his eyes looked like those of a young and angry bull. Then a sort of spasm seemed to convulse his face.

‘Megan don’ want yu.’

A rush of jealousy, of contempt, and anger with this thick, loud-breathing rustic got the better of Ashurst’s self-possession; he jumped up, and pushed back his chair.

‘You can go to the devil!’

And as he said those simple words, he saw Megan in the doorway with a tiny brown spaniel puppy in her arms. She came up to him quickly:

‘Its eyes are blue!’ she said.

Joe turned away; the back of his neck was literally crimson. Ashurst put his finger to the mouth of the little brown bull-frog of a creature in her arms. How cosy it looked against her!

‘It’s fond of you already. Ah! Megan, everything is fond of *you*.’

### Текст 7 (John Galsworthy The Apple Tree)

‘She’s sensitive, that’s why.’

‘What’s that?’

‘I mean, she feels everything.’

‘Ah! She’s very lovin’-hearted.’

Ashurst, who felt colour coming into his cheeks, held out his tobacco pouch.

‘Have a fill, Jim?’

‘Thank ‘ee, sir. She’s one in an ‘underd, I think.’

‘I expect so,’ said Ashurst shortly, and folding up his pouch, walked on.

‘Lovin’-hearted!’ Yes! And what was he doing! What were his intentions – as they say – towards this loving-hearted girl? The thought dogged him, wandering through fields bright with buttercups, where the little red calves were feeding, and the swallows flying high. Yes, the oaks were before the ashes, brown-gold already every tree in different stage and hue. The cuckoos and a thousand birds were singing; the little streams were very bright. The ancients believed in a golden age, in the garden of the Hesperides!...

Ashurst crossed out unchallenged to the hillside above the stream. From that slope a tor mounted to its crown of rocks. The ground there was covered with a mist of blue-bells, and nearly a score of crab-apple trees were in full bloom. He threw himself down on the grass. The change from the buttercup glory and oak-goldarned glamour of the fields to this entereal beauty under the grey tor filled him with a sort of wonder; nothing the same, save the sound of running water and the songs of the cuckoos. He lay there a long time, watching the sunlight wheel till the crab-trees threw shadows over the bluebells, his only companions a few wild bees. He was not quite sane, thinking of that morning’s kiss, and of tonight under the apple tree. In such a spot as this, fauns and dryads surely lived: nymphs, white as the crab-apple blossom, retired within those trees: fauns, brown as the dead bracken, with pointed ears, lay in wait for them. The cuckoos were still calling when he woke... ‘Tonight!’ he thought. Just as from the earth everything was pushing up, unfolding under the soft insistent fingers of an unseen hand, so were his heart and senses being pushed, unfolded. He got up and broke off a spray from a crab-apple tree. The buds were like Megan – shell-like, rose-pink, wild, and fresh: and so, too, the opening flowers, white, and

wild, and touching. He put the spray into his coat. And all the rush of the spring within him escaped in a triumphant sigh.

It was nearly eleven that night when Ashurst put down the pocket 'Odyssey' which for half an hour he had held in his hands without reading, and slipped through the yard down to the orchard. The moon had just risen, very golden, over the hill, and like a bright, powerful, watching spirit peered through the bars of an ash tree's half-naked boughs. In among the apple trees it was still dark, and he stood making sure of his direction, feeling the rough grass with his feet. A black mass close behind him stirred with a heavy grunting sound, and three large pigs settled down again close to each other, under the wall. He listened. There was no wind, but the stream's burbling whispering chuckle had gained twice its day-time strength. One bird, he could not tell what, cried 'Pip – pip,' 'Pip – pip,' with perfect monotony: he could hear a night-jar spinning very far off: an owl hooting. Ashurst moved a step or two, and again halted, aware of a dim living whiteness all round his head. On the dark unstirring trees innumerable flowers and buds all soft and blurred were being bewitched to life by the creeping moonlight. He had the oddest feeling of actual companionship, as if a million white moths or spirits had floated in and settled between dark sky and darker ground, and were opening and shutting their wings on a level with his eyes. In the bewildering, still, scentless beauty of that moment he almost lost memory of why he had come to the orchard. The flying glamour which had clothed the earth all day had not gone now that night had fallen, but only changed into this new form. He moved on through the thicket of stems and boughs covered with that live powdering whiteness, till he reached the big apple tree. No mistaking that, even in the dark, nearly twice the height and size of any other, and leaning out towards the open meadows and the stream. Under the thick branches he stood still again, to listen. The same sounds exactly, and a faint grunting from the sleepy pigs. He put his hands on the dry, almost warm tree trunk, whose rough mossy surface gave forth a peaty scent at his touch. Would she come – would she! And among these quivering, haunted, moon-witched trees he was seized with doubts of everything! All was unearthly here, fit for no earthly lovers: fit only for god and goddess, faun and nymph – not be almost a relief if she did not come. But all the time he was listening. And still that unknown bird went 'Pip – pip,' 'Pip – pip,' and there rose the busy chatter of the little trout stream, whereon the moon was flinging glances through the bars of her treeprison. The blossom on a level with his eyes seemed to grow more living every moment, seemed with its mysterious white beauty more a part of his suspense. He plucked a fragment and held it close – three blossoms. Sacrilege to pluck fruit-tree blossom – soft, sacred, young blossom – and throw it away! Then suddenly he heard the gate close, the pigs stirring again grunting; and leaning against the trunk, he pressed his hands to its mossy sides behind him, and held his breath. She might have been a spirit threading the trees, for all the noise she made! Then he saw her quite close – her dark form part of a little

tree, for her white face part of its blossom: so still, and peering towards him. He whispered: 'Megan!' and held out his hands. She ran forward, straight to his breast. When he felt her heart beating against him, Ashurst knew to the full the sensations of chivalry and passion. Because she was not of his world, because she was so simple and young and headlong, adoring and defenceless, how could he be other than her protector in the dark! Because she was all simple Nature and beauty, as much a part of this spring night as was the living blossom, how should he not take all that she would give him — how not fulfil the spring in her heart and his! And torn between these two emotions he clasped her close, and kissed her hair. How long they stood there without speaking he knew not. The stream went on chattering, the owls hooting, the moon kept stealing up and growing whiter; the blossom all round them and above brightened in suspense of living beauty. Their lips had sought each other's, and they did not speak. The moment speech began all would be unreal! Spring has no speech, nothing but rustling and whispering. Spring has so much more than speech in its unfolding flowers and leaves, and the coursing of its streams, and in its sweet restless seeking! And sometimes spring will come alive, and, like a mysterious Presence stand, encircling lovers with its arms, laying on them the fingers of enchantment, so that, standing lips to lips, they forget everything but just a kiss. While her heart beat against him, and her lips quivered on his, Ashurst felt nothing but simple rapture — Destiny meant her for his arms, Love could not be flouted! But when their lips parted for breath, division began again at once.

### **Текст 8 (F. Scott Fitzgerald Winter Dreams)**

... And one day it came to pass that Mr. Jones — himself and not his ghost — came up to Dexter with tears in his eyes and said that Dexter was the best caddy in the club, and wouldn't he decide not to quit if Mr. Jones made it worth his while, because every other — — caddy in the club lost one ball a hole for him — regularly —

'No, sir,' said Dexter decisively, 'I don't want to caddy any more.' Then, after a pause: 'I'm too old.'

'You're not more than fourteen. Why the devil did you decide just this morning that you wanted to quit? You promised that next week you'd go over to the state tournament with me.'

'I decided I was too old.' Dexter handed in his 'A Class' badge, collected what money was due him from the caddy master, and walked home to Black Bear Village.

'The best — — caddy I ever saw,' shouted Mr. Mortimer Jones over a drink that afternoon. 'Never lost a ball! Willing! Intelligent! Quiet! Honest! Grateful!'

The little girl who had done this was eleven — beautifully ugly as little girls are apt to be who are destined after a few years to be inexpressibly lovely and bring no end of misery to a great number of men. The spark, however, was perceptible. There was a general ungodliness in the way her lips twisted down at

the corners when she smiled, and in the – Heaven help us! – in the almost passionate quality of her eyes. Vitality is born early in such women. It was utterly in evidence now, shining through her thin frame in a sort of glow.

She had come eagerly out on to the course at nine o'clock with a white linen nurse and five small new golf-clubs in a white canvas bag which the nurse was carrying. When Dexter first saw her she was standing by the caddy house, rather ill at ease and trying to conceal the fact by engaging her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation graced by startling and irrelevant grimaces from herself.

'Well, it's certainly a nice day, Hilda,' Dexter heard her say. She drew down the corners of her mouth, smiled, and glanced furtively around, her eyes in transit falling for an instant on Dexter.

Then to the nurse:

'Well, I guess there aren't very many people out here this morning, are there?

The smile again – radiant, blatantly artificial – convincing.

'I don't know what we're supposed to do now,' said the nurse, looking nowhere in particular.

'Oh, that's all right. I'll fix it up.'

Dexter stood perfectly still, his mouth slightly ajar. He knew that if he moved forward a step his stare would be in her line of vision – if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her face. For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before – in bloomers.

Suddenly, involuntarily, he laughed, a short abrupt laugh – then, startled by himself, he turned and began to walk quickly away.

'Boy!'

Dexter stopped.

'Boy –'

Beyond question he was addressed. Not only that, but he was treated to that absurd smile, that preposterous smile – the memory of which at least a dozen men were to carry into middle age...

The situation was resolved by the fortuitous appearance of the caddy-master, who was appealed to immediately by the nurse.

'Miss Jones is to have a little caddy, and this one says he can't go.'

'Mr. McKenna said I was to wait here till you came,' said Dexter quickly.

'Well, he's here now.' Miss Jones smiled cheerfully at the caddy-master. Then she dropped her bag and set off at a haughty mince toward the first tee.

'Well?' The caddy-master turned to Dexter. 'What you standing there like a dummy for? Go pick up the young lady's clubs.'

'I don't think I'll go out to-day,' said Dexter.

'You don't –'

'I think I'll quit.'

The enormity of his decision frightened him. He was a favorite caddy, and the thirty dollars a month he earned through the summer were not to be made elsewhere around the lake. But he had received a strong emotional shock, and his perturbation required a violent and immediate outlet...

When he was twenty-three Mr. Hart – one of the gray-haired men who like to say ‘Now there’s a boy’ – gave him a guest card to the Sherry Island Golf Club for a week-end. It was a curious day, slashed abruptly with fleeting, familiar impressions. One minute he had the sense of being a trespasser — in the next he was impressed by the tremendous superiority he felt toward Mr. T. A. Hedrick, who was a bore and not even a good golfer any more.

Then, because of a ball Mr. Hart lost near the fifteenth green, an enormous thing happened. While they were marching the stiff grasses of the rough there was a clear call of ‘Fore!’ from behind a hill in their rear. And as they all turned abruptly from their search a bright new ball sliced abruptly over the hill and Mr. T. A. Hedrick in the abdomen.

‘By Gad!’ cried Mr. T. A. Hedrick, ‘they ought to put some of these crazy women off the course. It’s getting to be outrageous’ ...

‘That Judy Jones!’ remarked Mr. Hedrick on the next tee, as they waited — some moments — for her to play on ahead. ‘All she needs is to be turned up and spanked for six months and then to be married off to an old-fashioned cavalry captain.’

‘My God, she’s good-looking!’ said Mr. Sandwood, who was just over thirty.

‘Good-looking!’ cried Mr. Hedrick contemptuously, ‘she always looks as if she wanted to be kissed! Turning those big cow-eyes on every calf in town!’

It was doubtful if Mr. Hedrick intended a reference to the maternal instinct.

‘She’d play pretty good golf if she’d try,’ said Mr. Sandwood.

‘She has no form,’ said Mr. Hedrick solemnly.

‘She has a nice figure,’ said Mr. Sandwood.

‘Better thank the Lord she doesn’t drive a swifter ball,’ said Mr. Hart, winking at Dexter.

Later in the afternoon the sun went down with a riotous swirl of gold and varying blues and scarlets, and left the dry, rustling night of Western summer. Dexter watched from the veranda of the Golf Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest-moon. Then the moon held a finger to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. Dexter put on his bathing-suit and swam out to the farthest raft, where he stretched dripping on the wet canvas of the springboard.

### Текст 9 (O. Henry Lost on Dress Parade)

Mr. Towers Chandler was pressing his evening suit in his hall bedroom. One iron was heating on a small gas stove; the other was being pushed vigorous-



ly back and forth to make the desirable crease that would be seen later on extending in straight lines from Mr. Chandler's patent leather shoes to the edge of his low-cut vest. So much of the hero's toilet may be entrusted to our confidence. The remainder may be guessed by those whom genteel poverty has driven to ignoble expedient. Our next view of him shall be as he descends the steps of his lodging-house immaculately and correctly clothed; calm, assured, handsome-in appearance the typical New York young clubman setting out, slightly bored, to inaugurate the pleasures of the evening.

Chandler's honorarium was \$18 per week... Out of each week's earnings Chandler set aside \$1. At the end of each ten weeks with the extra capital thus accumulated he purchased one gentleman's evening from the bargain counter of stingy old Father Time. He arrayed himself in the regalia of millionaires and presidents; he took himself to the quarter where life is brightest and showiest, and there dined with taste and luxury. With ten dollars a man may, for a few hours, play the wealthy idler to perfection. The sum is ample for a well considered meal, a bottle bearing a respectable label, commensurate tips, a smoke, cab fare, and the ordinary etceteras.

This one delectable evening culled from each dull seventy was to Chandler a source of renascent bliss. To the society bud comes but one debut, it stands alone sweet in her memory when her hair has whitened, but to Chandler each ten weeks brought a joy as keen, as thrilling, as new as the first had been. To sit among bon vivants under palms in the swirl of concealed music, to look upon the habitués of such a paradise and to be looked upon by them – what is a girl's first dance and short-sleeved tulle compared with this?

Up Broadway Chandler moved with the vespertine dress parade. For this evening he was an exhibit as well as a gazer. For the next sixty-nine evenings he would be dining in cheviot and worsted at dubious table d'hotes, at whirlwind lunch counters, on sandwiches and beer in his hall bedroom. He was willing to do that, for he was a true son of the great city of razzle-dazzle and to him one evening in the limelight made up for many dark ones.

Chandler protracted his walk until the Forties began to intersect the great and glittering primrose way, for the evening was yet young, and when one is of the beau monde only one day in seventy, one loves to protract the pleasure. Eyes bright, sinister, curious, admiring, provocative, alluring were bent upon him, for his garb and air proclaimed him a devotee to the hour of solace and pleasure.

At a certain corner he came to a standstill, proposing to himself the question of turning back toward the showy and fashionable restaurant in which he usually dined on the evenings of his special luxury. Just then a girl scuttled lightly around the corner, slipped on a patch of icy snow and fell plump upon the sidewalk. Chandler assisted her to her feet with instant and solicitous courtesy. The girl hobbled to the wall of the building, leaned against it and thanked him demurely.

'I think my ankle is strained,' she said. 'It twisted when I fell.'

‘Does it pain you much?’ inquired Chandler.

‘Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two.’

‘If I can be of any further service,’ suggested the young man, ‘I will call a cab, or –’

‘Thank, you,’ said the girl, softly but heartily. ‘I am sure you need not trouble yourself any further. It was so awkward of me. And my shoe heels are horridly commonsense; I can’t blame them at all.’

...‘I think,’ he said to her, with frank gravity, ‘that your foot needs a longer rest than you suppose. Now, I am going to suggest a way in which you can give it that and at the same time do me a favor. I was on my way to dine all by my lonely self when you came tumbling round the corner. You come with me and we’ll have a cozy dinner and a pleasant talk together, and by that time your game ankle will carry you home very nicely, I am sure.’

...When the two were established at a well-appointed table, with a promising waiter hovering in attendance, Chandler began to experience the real joy that this regular outing always brought to him...

Then it was that the Madness of Manhattan, the Frenzy of Fuss and Feathers, the Bacillus of Brag, the Provincial Plague of Pose seized upon Towers Chandler. He was on Broadway, surrounded by pomp and style, and there were eyes to look at him. On the stage of that comedy he had assumed to play the one-night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had not the power to prevent him from acting it.

So he began to prate to Miss Marian of clubs, of teas, of golf and riding and kennels and cotillions and tours abroad and threw out hints of a yacht lying at Larchmont. He could see that she was vastly impressed by this vague talk, so he endorsed his pose by random insinuations concerning great wealth, and mentioned familiarly a few names that are handled reverently by the proletariat. It was Chandler’s short little day, and he was wringing from it the best that could be had, as he saw it. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.

‘This way of living that you speak of, she said, ‘sounds so futile and purposeless. Haven’t you work to do in the world that might interest you more?’

‘My dear Miss Marian,’ he exclaimed. ‘Work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon – with a policeman at every corner ready to jump into your auto and take you to the station, if you get up any greater speed than a donkey cart’s gait. We do-nothings are the hardest workers in the land.’

The dinner was concluded, the waiter generously feed, and the two walked out to the corner where they had met. Miss Marian walked very well now; her limp was scarcely noticeable.

... In his chilly bedroom Chandler laid away his evening clothes for a sixty-nine days' rest. He went about it thoughtfully. 'That was a stunning girl,' he said to himself. 'She's all right, too. I'd be sworn, even if she does have to work. Perhaps if I'd told her the truth instead of all that razzle-dazzle we might – but, confound it. I had to play up to my clothes.' Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwams of the tribe of the Manhattans.

The girl, after leaving her entertainer, sped swiftly cross-town until she arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods. Here she entered hurriedly and ascended to a room where a handsome young lady in an elaborate house dress was looking anxiously out the window.

'Oh, you madcap!' exclaimed the elder girl, when the other entered. 'When will you quit frightening us this way? It's two hours since you ran out in that rag of an old dress and Marie's hat. Mamma has been so alarmed. She sent Louis in the auto to try to find you. You are a bad, thoughtless Puss.'

'Don't scold, Sis. My costume and Marie's hat were just what I needed. Every one thought I was a shop-girl, I am sure.'

### **Текст 10 (O. Henry The Gift of the Magi)**

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Delia counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Delia did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name 'Mr. James Dillingham Young'.

The 'Dillingham' had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20 the letters of 'Dillingham' looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called 'Jim' and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Delia. Which is all very good.

Delia finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a

gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$ 1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling – something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$ 8 flat. A very thin mid very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Delia, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Delia's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Delia would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Delia's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: 'Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds'. One flight up Delia ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the 'Sofronie'.

'Will you buy my hair?' asked Delia.

'I buy hair,' said Madame. 'Take your hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it.'

Down rippled the brown cascade.

'Twenty dollars,' said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

'Give it to me quick,' said Delia.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them in-

side out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation – as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value – the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Delia reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends – a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

'If Jim doesn't kill me,' she said to herself, 'before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do – oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?'

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two – and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Delia, and there was an impression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

### **Текст 11 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)**

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddlebags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid jade-faced painters of Tokio who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through

the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement, and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and, closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

‘It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done,’ said Lord Henry, languidly. ‘You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place.’

‘I don’t think I shall send it anywhere,’ he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. ‘No: I won’t send it anywhere.’

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows, and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy opium-tainted cigarette. ‘Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion.’

‘I know you will laugh at me,’ he replied, ‘but I really can’t exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it.’

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

‘Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same.’

‘Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn’t know you were so vain; and I really can’t see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you - well, of course you have an intellectual expression, and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or some-

thing horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless, beautiful creature, who should be always here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him.'

'You don't understand me, Harry,' answered the artist. 'Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are – my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks – we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly.'

### **Текст 12 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)**

After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. 'I am afraid I must be going, Basil,' he murmured, 'and before I go, I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago.'

'What is that?' said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

'You know quite well.'

'I do not, Harry.'

'Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason.'

'I told you the real reason.'

'No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish.'

'Harry,' said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, 'every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the coloured canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul.'

Lord Henry laughed. 'And what is that?' he asked.

‘I will tell you,’ said Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

‘I am all expectation, Basil,’ continued his companion, glancing at him.

‘Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry,’ answered the painter; ‘and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it.’

Lord Henry smiled, and, leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass, and examined it. ‘I am quite sure I shall understand it,’ he replied, gazing intently at the little golden white-feathered disk, ‘and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible.’

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blossoms, with their clustering stars, moved to and fro in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirrup by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly floated past on its brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward’s heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

‘The story is simply this,’ said the painter after some time. ‘Two months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon’s. You know we poor artists have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stockbroker, can gain a reputation for being civilised. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that someone was looking at me. I turned halfway round, and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with someone whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then – but I don’t know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that Fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows. I grew afraid, and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made me do so; it was a sort of cowardice. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape.’

‘Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all.’

‘I don’t believe that, Harry, and I don’t believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive – and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud – I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. “You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?” she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?’

‘Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty,’ said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long, nervous fingers.



‘I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to Royalties, and people with Stars and Garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and parrot noses. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionise me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other.’

‘And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?’ asked my companion. ‘I know she goes in for giving a rapid *precis* of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been perfectly audible to everybody in the room, the most astounding details. I simply fled. I like to find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his goods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know.’

‘Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!’ said Hallward, listlessly.

‘My dear fellow, she tried to found a *salon*, and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?’

‘Oh, something like, “Charming boy – poor dear mother and I absolutely inseparable. Quite forget what he does – afraid he – doesn’t do anything – oh, yes, plays the piano – or is it the violin, dear Mr. Gray?” Neither of us could help laughing, and we became friends at once.’

‘Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is for the best ending for one,’ said the young lord, plucking another daisy.

Hallward shook his head. ‘You don’t understand what friendship is, Harry,’ he murmured – ‘or what enmity is, for that matter. You like everyone; that is to say, you are indifferent to everyone.’

‘How horribly unjust of you!’ cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back, and looking up at the little clouds that, like ravelled skeins of glossy white silk, were drifting across the hollowed turquoise of the summer sky. ‘Yes; horribly unjust of you. I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool. They are all men of some intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very vain of me? I think it is rather vain.’

### Текст 13 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard, and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled ebony cane. 'How English you are, Basil! That is the second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman – always a rash thing to do – he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now, the value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probabilities are that the more insincere the man is, the more purely intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will not be coloured by either his wants, his desires, or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles, and I like persons with no principles better than anything else in the world. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?'

'Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me.'

'How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art.'

'He is all my art to me now,' said the painter, gravely. 'I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinoüs was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that Art cannot express it. There is nothing that Art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way – I wonder will you understand me? – his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before. "A dream of form in days of thought:" – who is it who says that? I forget; but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad – for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty – his merely visible presence – ah! I wonder can you realise all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in it all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body – how much that is! We in our madness, have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, an ideality that is void. Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price, but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have

ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me. Some subtle influence passed from him to me, and for the first time in my life I saw in the plain woodland the wonder I had always looked for, and always missed.'

'Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray.'

Hallward got up from the seat, and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. 'Harry,' he said, 'Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I find him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all.'

'Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?' asked Lord Henry.

'Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it; and I will not bare my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry – too much of myself!'

'Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions.'

'I hate them for it,' cried Hallward. 'An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Some day I will show world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray.'

'I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won't argue with you. It is only the intellectually lost who ever argue. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?'

The painter considered for a few moments. 'He likes me,' he answered, after a pause; 'I know he likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. I find a strange pleasure in saying things to him that I know I shall be sorry for having said. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we all in the studio and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real delight in giving me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given away my whole soul to someone who treats it as if it were a flower to put in his coat, a bit of decoration to charm his vanity, an ornament for a summer's day.'

'Days in summer, Basil, are apt to linger,' murmured Lord Henry. 'Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there is no doubt that Genius lasts longer than Beauty. That accounts for the fact that we all take such pains to over-educate ourselves. In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that endures, and so we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The thoroughly well-informed man – that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the thoroughly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-à-brac shop, all monsters and dust, with every-

thing priced above its proper value. I think you will tire first, all the same. Some day you will look at your friend, and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing, or you won't like his tone of colour, or something. You will bitterly reproach him in your own heart, and seriously think that he has behaved very badly to you. The next time he calls, you will be perfectly cold and indifferent. It will be a great pity, for it will alter you. What you have told me is quite a romance, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic.'

#### **Текст 14 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)**

As soon as it was over, Dorian Gray rushed behind the scenes into the greenroom. The girl was standing there alone, with a look of triumph on her face. Her eyes were lit with an exquisite fire. There was a radiance about her. Her parted lips were smiling over some secret of their own.

When he entered, she looked at him, and an expression of infinite joy came over her. 'How badly I acted tonight, Dorian!' she cried.

'Horribly!' he answered, gazing at her in amazement – 'horribly! It was dreadful. Are you ill? You have no idea what it was. You have no idea what I suffered.'

The girl smiled. 'Dorian,' she answered, lingering over his name with long-drawn music in her voice, as though it were sweeter than honey to the red petals of her mouth – 'Dorian, you should have understood. But you understand now, don't you?'

'Understand what?' he asked, angrily.

'Why I was so bad tonight. Why I shall always be bad. Why I shall never act well again.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'You are ill, I suppose. When you are ill you shouldn't act. You make yourself ridiculous. My friends were bored. I was bored.'

She seemed not to listen to him. She was transfigured with joy. An ecstasy of happiness dominated her.

'Dorian, Dorian,' she cried, 'before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. I was Rosalind one night, and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia were mine also. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came – oh, my beautiful love! – and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what reality really is. Tonight, for the first time in my life, I saw through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which I had always played. Tonight, for the first time, I became conscious that the Romeo was hideous, and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery was vulgar, and that the words I had to speak were unreal, were not my

words, were not what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher, something of which all art is but a reflection. You had made me understand what love really is. My love! my love! Prince Charming! Prince of life!

I have grown sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can ever be. What have I to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on tonight, I could not understand how it was that everything had gone from me. I thought that I was going to be wonderful. I found that I could do nothing. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant. The knowledge was exquisite to me. I heard them hissing, and I smiled. What could they know of love such as ours? Take me away, Dorian – take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might mimic a passion that I do not feel, but I cannot mimic one that burns me like fire. Oh, Dorian, Dorian, you understand now what it signifies? Even if I could do it, it would be profanation for me to play at being in love. You have made me see that.'

He flung himself down on the sofa, and turned away his face. 'You have killed my love,' he muttered.

She looked at him in wonder, and laughed. He made no answer. She came across to him, and with her little fingers stroked his hair. She knelt down and pressed his hands to her lips. He drew them away, and a shudder ran through him.

Then he leaped up, and went to the door: 'Yes,' he cried, 'you have killed my love. You used to stir my imagination. Now you don't even stir my curiosity. You simply produce no effects. I loved you because you were marvellous, because you had genius and intellect, because you realised the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art. You have thrown it all away. You are shallow and stupid. My God! how mad I was to love you! What a fool I have been! You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name. You don't know what you were to me, once. Why, once . . . Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I wish I had never laid eyes upon you! You have spoiled the romance of my life. How little you can know of love, if you say it mars your art! Without your art you are nothing. I would have made you famous, splendid, magnificent. The world would have worshipped you, and you would have borne my name. What are you now? A third-rate actress with a pretty face.'

The girl grew white, and trembled. She clenched her hands together, and her voice seemed to catch in her throat. 'You are not serious, Dorian?' she murmured. 'You are acting.'

'Acting! I leave that to you. You do it so well,' he answered, bitterly.

She rose from her knees, and, with a piteous expression of pain in her face came across the room to him. She put her hand upon his arm, and looked into his eyes. He thrust her back. 'Don't touch me!' he cried.

A low moan broke from her, and she flung herself at his feet, and lay there like a trampled flower. 'Dorian, Dorian, don't leave me!' she whispered. 'I am

so sorry I didn't act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I will try – indeed, I will try. It came so suddenly across me, my love for you. I think I should never have known it if you had not kissed me – if we had not kissed each other. Kiss me again, my love. Don't go away from me. I couldn't bear it. Oh! don't go away from me. My brother ... No; never mind. He didn't mean it. He was in jest... But you, oh! can't you forgive me for tonight? I will work so hard, and try to improve. Don't be cruel to me because I love you better than anything in the world. After all, it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. I should have shown myself more of an artist. It was foolish of me; and yet I couldn't help it. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me.' A fit of passionate sobbing choked her. She crouched on the floor like a wounded thing, and Dorian Gray, with his beautiful eyes, looked down at her, and his chiselled lips curled in exquisite disdain. There is always something ridiculous about the emotions of people whom one has ceased to love. Sibyl Vane seemed to him to be absurdly melodramatic. Her tears and sobs annoyed him.

'I am going,' he said at last, in his calm, clear voice. 'I don't wish to be unkind, but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me.'

She wept silently, and made no answer, but crept nearer. Her little hands stretched blindly out, and appeared to be seeking for him. He turned on his heel, and left the room. In a few moments he was out of the theatre.

### **Текст 15 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)**

Where he went to he hardly knew. He remembered wandering through dimly-lit streets, past gaunt black-shadowed archways and evil-looking houses. Women with hoarse voices and harsh laughter had called after him. Drunkards had reeled by cursing, and chattering to themselves like monstrous apes. He had seen grotesque children huddled upon doorsteps, and heard shrieks and oaths from gloomy courts.

As the dawn was just breaking he found himself close to Covent Garden. The darkness lifted, and, flushed with feint fires, the sky hollowed itself into a perfect pearl. Huge carts filled with nodding lilies rumbled slowly down the polished empty street. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers, and their beauty seemed to bring him an anodyne for his pain. He followed into the market, and watched the men unloading their waggons... Under the portico, with its grey sun-bleached pillars, loitered a troop of dragged bareheaded girls, waiting for the auction to be over... Some of the drivers were lying asleep on a pile of sacks. Iris-necked, and pink-footed, the pigeons ran about picking up seeds.

After a little while, he hailed a hansom, and drove home. For a few moments he loitered upon the doorstep, looking round at the silent Square with its blank, close-shuttered windows, and its staring blinds. The sky was pure opal now, and the roofs of the houses glistened like silver against it. From some chimney opposite a thin wreath of smoke was rising. It curled, a violet riband, through the nacre-coloured air.

In the huge gilt Venetian lantern, spoil of some Doge's barge, that hung from the ceiling of the great oak-panelled hall of entrance, lights were still burning from three flickering jets: thin blue petals of flame they seemed, rimmed with white fire. He turned them out, and, having thrown his hat and cape on the table, passed through the library towards the door of his bedroom, a large octagonal chamber on the ground floor that, in his new-born feeling for luxury, he had just had decorated for himself, and hung with some curious Renaissance tapestries that had been discovered stored in a disused attic at Selby Royal. As he was turning the handle of the door, his eye fell upon the portrait Basil Hallward had painted of him. He started back as if in surprise... In the dim arrested light that struggled through the cream-coloured silk blinds, the face appeared to him to be a little changed. The expression looked different. One would have said that there was a touch of cruelty in the mouth. It was certainly strange.

He turned round, and, walking to the window, drew up the blind. The bright dawn flooded the room, and swept the fantastic shadows into dusty corners, where they lay shuddering. But the strange expression that he had noticed in the face of the portrait seemed to linger there, to be more intensified even. The quivering, ardent sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing...

He threw himself into a chair, and began to think. Suddenly there flashed across his mind what he had said in Basil Hallward's studio the day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly. He had uttered a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and the portrait grow old; that his own beauty might be untarnished, and the face on the canvas bear the burden of his passions and his sins; that the painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and thought, and that he might keep all the delicate bloom and loveliness of his then jus conscious boyhood. Surely his wish had not been fulfilled? Such things were impossible. It seemed monstrous even to think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the mouth.

Cruelty! Had he been cruel? It was the girl's fault, not his. He had dreamed of her as a great artist, had given his love to her because he had thought her great. Then she had disappointed him. She had been shallow and unworthy. And, yet, a feeling of infinite regret came over him, as he thought of her lying at his feet sobbing like a little child. He remembered with what callousness he had watched her. Why had he been made like that? Why had such a soul been given to him? But he had suffered also. During the three terrible hours that the play had lasted, he had lived centuries of pain, æon upon æon of torture. His life was well worth hers. She had marred him for a moment, if he had wounded her for an age. Besides, women were better suited to bear sorrow than men. They lived on their emotions. They only thought of their emotions. When they took lovers, it was merely to have someone with whom they could have scenes. Lord Henry

had told him that, and Lord Henry knew what women were. Why should he trouble about Sibyl Vane? She was nothing to him now.

But the picture? What was he to say of that? It held the secret of his life, and told his story. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it teach him to loathe his own soul? Would he ever look at it again?

No; it was merely an illusion wrought on the troubled senses. The horrible night that he had passed had left phantoms behind it. Suddenly there had fallen upon his brain that tiny scarlet speck that makes men mad. The picture had not changed. It was folly to think so.

Yet it was watching him, with its beautiful marred face and its cruel smile. Its bright hair gleamed in the early sunlight. Its blue eyes met his own. A sense of infinite pity, not for himself, but for the painted image of himself, came over him. It had altered already, and would alter more. Its gold would wither into grey. Its red and white roses would die. For every sin that he committed, a stain would fleck and wreck its fairness. But he would not sin. The picture, changed or unchanged, would be to him the visible emblem of conscience. He would resist temptation. He would not see Lord Henry any more – would not, at any rate, listen to those subtle poisonous theories that in Basil Hallward's garden had first stirred within him the passion for impossible things. He would go back to Sibyl Vane, make her amends, marry her, try to love her again. Yes, it was his duty to do so. She must have suffered more than he had. Poor child! He had been selfish and cruel to her. The fascination that she had exercised over him would return. They would be happy together. His life with her would be beautiful and pure.

He got up from his chair, and drew a large screen right in front of the portrait, shuddering as he glanced at it. 'How horrible!' he murmured to himself, and he walked across to the window and opened it. When he stepped out on to the grass, he drew a deep breath. The fresh morning air seemed to drive away all his sombre passions. He thought only of Sibyl. A faint echo of his love came back to him. He repeated her name over and over again. The birds that were singing in the dew-drenched garden seemed to be telling the flowers about her.

### **Текст 16 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)**

'...But how are you going to begin?'

'By marrying Sibyl Vane.'

'Marrying Sibyl Vane!' cried Lord Henry, standing up, and looking at him in perplexed amazement. 'But, my dear Dorian –'

'Yes, Harry, I know what you are going to say. Something dreadful about marriage. Don't say it. Don't ever say things of that kind to me again. Two days ago I asked Sibyl to marry me. I am not going to break my word to her. She is to be my wife.'

'Your wife! Dorian! ... Didn't you get my letter? I wrote to you this morning, and sent the note down, by my own man.'



‘Your letter? Oh, yes, I remember. I have not read it yet, Harry. I was afraid there might be something in it that I wouldn’t like. You cut life to pieces with your epigrams.’

‘You know nothing then?’

‘What do you mean?’

Lord Henry walked across the room, and, sitting down by Dorian Gray, took both his hands in his own, and held them tightly. ‘Dorian,’ he said, ‘my letter – don’t be frightened – was to tell you that Sibyl Vane is dead.’

A cry of pain broke from the lad’s lips, and he leaped to his feet, tearing his hands away from Lord Henry’s grasp. ‘Dead! Sibyl dead! It is not true! It is a horrible lie! How dare you say it?’

‘It is quite true, Dorian,’ said Lord Henry, gravely. ‘It is in all the morning papers. I wrote down to you to ask you not to see anyone till I came. There will have to be an inquest, of course, and you must not be mixed up in it. Things like that make a man fashionable in Paris. But in London people are so prejudiced. Here, one should never make one’s *début* with a scandal. One should reserve that to give an interest to one’s old age. I suppose they don’t know your name at the theatre? If they don’t, it is all right. Did any one see you going round to her room? That is an important point.’

Dorian did not answer for a few moments. He was dazed with horror. Finally he stammered, in a stifled voice, ‘Harry, did you say an inquest? What did you mean by that? Did Sibyl –? Oh, Harry, I can’t bear it! But be quick. Tell me everything at once.’

‘I have no doubt it was not an accident, Dorian, though it must be put in that way to the public. It seems that as she was leaving the theatre with her mother, about half-past twelve or so, she said she had forgotten something upstairs. They waited some time for her, but she did not come down again. They ultimately found her lying dead on the floor of her dressing-room. She had swallowed something by mistake, some dreadful thing they use at theatres. I don’t know what it was, but it had either prussic acid or white lead in it. I should fancy it was prussic acid, as she seems to have died instantaneously.’

‘Harry, Harry, it is terrible!’ cried the lad.

‘Yes; it is very tragic, of course, but you must not get yourself mixed up in it. I see by *The Standard* that she was seventeen. I should have thought she was almost younger than that. She looked such a child, and seemed to know so little about acting. Dorian, you mustn’t let this thing get on your nerves. You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look in at the Opera. It is a Patti night, and everybody will be there. You can come to my sister’s box. She has got some smart women with her.’

‘So I have murdered Sibyl Vane,’ said Dorian Gray, half to himself – ‘murdered her as surely as if I had cut her little throat with a knife. Yet the roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden. And tonight I am to dine with you, and then go on to the Opera, and sup somewhere,

I suppose, afterwards. How extraordinarily dramatic life is! If I had read all this in a book, Harry, I think I would have wept over it. Somehow, now that it has happened actually, and to me, it seems far too wonderful for tears. Here is the first passionate love-letter I have ever written in my life. Strange, that my first passionate love-letter should have been addressed to a dead girl. Can they feel, I wonder, those white silent people we call the dead? Sibyl! Can she feel, or know, or listen? Oh, Harry, how I loved her once! It seems years ago to me now. She was everything to me. Then came that dreadful night – was it really only last night? – when she played so badly, and my heart almost broke. She explained it all to me. It was terribly pathetic. But I was not moved a bit. I thought her shallow. Suddenly something happened that made me afraid. I can't tell you what it was, but it was terrible. I said I would go back to her. I felt I had done wrong. And now she is dead. My God! my God! Harry, what shall I do? You don't know the danger I am in, and there is nothing to keep me straight. She would have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her.'

'My dear Dorian,' answered Lord Henry, taking a cigarette from his case, and producing a gold-latten matchbox, 'the only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all the possible interest in life. If you had married this girl you would have been wretched. Of course you would have treated her kindly. One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing. But she would have soon found out that you were absolutely indifferent to her. And when a woman finds that out about her husband, she either becomes dreadfully dowdy, or wears very smart bonnets that some other woman's husband has to pay for. I say nothing about the social mistake, which would have been abject, which, of course, I would not have allowed, but I assure you that in any case the whole thing would have been an absolute failure.'

'I suppose it would,' muttered the lad, walking up and down the room, and looking horribly pale. 'But I thought it was my duty. It is not my fault that this terrible tragedy has prevented my doing what was right. I remember your saying once that there is a fatality about good resolutions – that they are always made too late. Mine certainly were.'

'Good resolutions are useless attempts to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is absolutely *nil*. They give us, now and then, some of those luxurious sterile emotions that have a certain charm for the weak. That is all that can be said for them. They are simply cheques that men draw on a bank where they have no account.'

### Текст 17 (O. Wilde The Picture of Dorian Gray)

There was a silence. The evening darkened in the room. Noiselessly, and with silver feet, the shadows crept in from the garden. The colours faded wearily out of things.

After some time Dorian Gray looked up. 'You have explained me to myself, Harry,' he murmured, with something of a sigh of relief. 'I felt all that you have said, but somehow I was afraid of it, and I could not express it to myself. How well you know me! But we will not talk again of what has happened. It has been a marvellous experience. That is all. I wonder if life has still in store for me anything as marvellous.'

'Life has everything in store for you, Dorian. There is nothing that you, with your extraordinary good looks, will not be able to do.'

'But suppose, Harry, I became haggard, and old, and wrinkled? What then?'

'Ah, then,' said Lord Henry, rising to go – 'then, my dear Dorian, you would have to fight for your victories. As it is, they are brought to you. No, you must keep your good looks. We live in an age that reads too much to be wise, and that thinks too much to be beautiful. We cannot spare you. And now you had better dress, and drive down to the club. We are rather late, as it is.'

'I think I shall join you at the Opera, Harry. I feel too tired to eat anything. What is the number of your sister's box?'

'Twenty-seven, I believe. It is on the grand tier. You will see her name on the door. But I am sorry you won't come and dine.'

'I don't feel up to it,' said Dorian, listlessly. 'But I am awfully obliged to you for all that you have said to me. You are certainly my best friend. No one has ever understood me as you have.'

'We are only at the beginning of our friendship, Dorian,' answered Lord Henry, shaking him by the hand. 'Good-bye. I shall see you before nine-thirty, I hope. Remember, Patti is singing.'

As he closed the door behind him, Dorian Gray touched the bell, and in a few minutes Victor appeared with the lamps and drew the blinds down. He waited impatiently for him to go. The man seemed to take an interminable time over everything.

As soon as he had left, he rushed to the screen, and drew it back. No; there was no further change in the picture. It had received the news of Sibyl Vane's death before he had known of it himself. It was conscious of the events of life as they occurred. The vicious cruelty that marred the fine lines of the mouth had, no doubt, appeared at the very moment that the girl had drunk the poison, whatever it was. Or was it indifferent to results? Did it merely take cognizance of what passed within the soul? He wondered, and hoped that some day he would see the change taking place before his very eyes, shuddering as he hoped it.

Poor Sibyl! what a romance it had all been! She had often mimicked death on the stage. Then Death himself had touched her, and taken her with him. How had she played that dreadful last scene? Had she cursed him, as she died? No; she had died for love of him, and love would always be a sacrament to him now. She had atoned for everything, by the sacrifice she had made of her life. He would not think any more of what she had made him go through, on that horrible

night at the theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful tragic figure sent on to the world's stage to show the supreme reality of Love. A wonderful tragic figure? Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her childlike look, and winsome fanciful ways, and shy tremulous grace. He brushed them away hastily, and looked again at the picture.

He felt that the time had really come for making his choice. Or had his choice already been made? Yes, life had decided that for him – life, and his own infinite curiosity about life. Eternal youth, infinite passion, pleasures subtle and secret, wild joys and wilder sins – he was to have all these things. The portrait was to bear the burden of his shame: that was all.

A feeling of pain crept over him as he thought of the desecration that was in store for the fair face on the canvas. Once, in boyish mockery of Narcissus, he had kissed, or feigned to kiss, those painted lips that now smiled so cruelly at him. Morning after morning he had sat before the portrait wondering at its beauty, almost enamoured of it, as it seemed to him at times. Was it to alter now with every mood to which he yielded? Was it to become a monstrous and loathsome thing, to be hidden away in a locked room, to be shut out from the sunlight that had so often touched to brighter gold the waving wonder of its hair? The pity of it! the pity of it!

For a moment he thought of praying that the horrible sympathy that existed between him and the picture might cease. It had changed in answer to a prayer; perhaps in answer to a prayer it might remain unchanged. And, yet, who, that knew anything about Life, would surrender the chance of remaining always young, however fantastic that chance might be, or with what fateful consequences it might be fraught? Besides, was it really under his control? Had it indeed been prayer that had produced the substitution? Might there not be some curious scientific reason for it all? If thought could exercise its influence upon a living organism, might not thought exercise an influence upon dead and inorganic things? Nay, without thought or conscious desire, might not things external to ourselves vibrate in unison with our moods and passions, atom calling to atom in secret love or strange affinity? But the reason was of no importance. He would never again tempt by a prayer any terrible power. If the picture was to alter, it was to alter. That was all. Why inquire too closely into it?

For there would be a real pleasure in watching it. He would be able to follow his mind into its secret places. This portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. As it had revealed to him his own body, so it would reveal to him his own soul. And when winter came upon it, he would still be standing where spring trembles on the verge of summer. When the blood crept from its face, and left behind a pallid mask of chalk with leaden eyes, he would keep the glamour of boyhood. Not one blossom of his loveliness would ever fade. Not one pulse of his life would ever weaken. Like the gods of the Greeks, he would be strong, and fleet, and joyous. What did it matter what happened to the coloured image on the canvas? He would be safe. That was everything.

He drew the screen back into its former place in front of the picture, smiling as he did so, and passed into his bedroom, where his valet was already waiting for him. An hour later he was at the Opera, and Lord Henry was leaning over his chair.

### Текст 18 (W.M. Thackeray *Vanity Fair*)

Although schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life, who is really deserving of all the praises the stone-cutter carves over his bones; who *is* a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife, or husband; who actually *does* leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss; so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then, that the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor. Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady of this singular species; and deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva of a woman could not see from the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, or a Mrs. Billington, and dance like Hillisberg or Parisot; and embroider beautifully; and spell as well as a Dictionary itself; but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of everybody who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery, and the one-eyed tart-woman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall. She had twelve intimate and bosom friends out of the twenty-four young ladies...

But as we are to see a great deal of Amelia, there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was a dear little creature; and a great mercy it is, both in life and in novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most sombre sort, that we are to have for a constant companion, so guileless and good-natured a person...

The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer – the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophise, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness, the result of argument; but it was intolerably dull, pompous, and tedious; and having the fear of her schoolmistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occa-

sions of the visits of parents, and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

‘You’ll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!’ said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming down stairs with her own bandbox.

‘I suppose I must,’ said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, and with a perfect accent, ‘Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux.’

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did: but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head, (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban,) she said, ‘Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning.’ As the Hammersmith Semiramis spoke, she waved one hand, both by way of adieu, and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honour; on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. ‘Heaven bless you, my child,’ said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl’s shoulder at Miss Sharp. ‘Come away, Becky,’ said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them for ever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall – all the dear friends – all the young ladies – the dancing-master who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlour-boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted – that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

Sambo of the bandy-legs slammed the carriage-door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. ‘Stop!’ cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

‘It’s some sandwiches, my dear,’ said she to Amelia. ‘You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here’s a book for you that my sister – that is, I – Johnson’s *Dictionary*, you know; you mustn’t leave us without that. Good-by. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!’ And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotions.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window, and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. ‘Well, I never,’ – said she – ‘what an audacious’ – Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so, farewell to Chiswick Mall.

### Текст 19 (W.M. Thackeray *Vanity Fair*)

‘How could you do so, Rebecca?’ at last she said, after a pause.

‘Why, do you think Miss Pinkerton will come out and order me back to the black-hole?’ said Rebecca, laughing.

‘No: but –’

‘I hate the whole house,’ continued Miss Sharp in a fury. ‘I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames, I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there, I wouldn’t pick her out, that I wouldn’t. O how I should like to see her floating in the water yonder, turban and all, with her train streaming after her, and her nose like the beak of a wherry.’

‘Hush!’ cried Miss Sedley.

‘Why, will the black footman tell tales?’ cried Miss Rebecca, laughing. ‘He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul; and I wish he would; and I wish I had a means of proving it, too. For two years I have only had insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse than any servant in the kitchen. I have never had a friend or a kind word, except from you. I have been made to tend the little girls in the lower schoolroom, and to talk French to the Misses, until I grew sick of my mother-tongue. But that talking French to Miss Pinkerton was capital fun, wasn’t it? She doesn’t know a word of French, and was too proud to confess it. I believe it was that which made her part with me; and so thank Heaven for French. *Vive la France! Vive l’Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!*’

‘O Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame!’ cried Miss Sedley; for this was the greatest blasphemy Rebecca had as yet uttered; and in those days, in England, to say, ‘Long live Bonaparte!’ was as much as to say, ‘Long live Lucifer!’ ‘How can you – how dare you have such wicked, revengeful thoughts?’

‘Revenge may be wicked, but it’s natural,’ answered Miss Rebecca. ‘I’m no angel.’ And, to say the truth, she certainly was not.

... All the world used her ill, said this young misanthropist, and we may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice. This is certain, that if the world neglected Miss Sharp, she never was known to have done a good action in behalf of anybody; nor can it be expected that twenty-four young ladies should all be as amiable as the heroine of this work, Miss Sedley (whom we have selected for the very reason that

she was the best-natured of all, otherwise what on earth was to have prevented us from putting up Miss Swartz, or Miss Crump, or Miss Hopkins, as heroine in her place?) – it could not be expected that every one should be of the humble and gentle temper of Miss Amelia Sedley; should take every opportunity to vanquish Rebecca's hard-heartedness and ill-humour; and, by a thousand kind words and offices, overcome, for once at least, her hostility to her kind.

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent, Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendour.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil; her duties being to talk French, as we have seen; and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp; being shot dead by a glance of her eyes which was fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple-woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea, even, of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp,



but that she was bound to her under a forfeit, and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sate commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions – often but ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. O why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

... The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good-humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly entrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

### Текст 20 (W.M. Thackeray Vanity Fair)

So that when Lieutenant Osborne, coming to Russell Square on the day of the Vauxhall party, said to the ladies, 'Mrs. Sedley, Ma'am, I hope you have room; I've asked Dobbin of ours to come and dine here, and go with us to Vauxhall. He's almost as modest as Jos.'

'Modesty! pooh,' said the stout gentleman, casting a *vainqueur* look at Miss Sharp.

'He is – but you are incomparably more graceful, Sedley,' Osborne added, laughing. 'I met him at the Bedford, when I went to look for you; and I told him

that Miss Amelia was come home, and that we were all bent on going out for a night's pleasuring; and that Mrs. Sedley had forgiven his breaking the punch-bowl at the child's party. Don't you remember the catastrophe, Ma'am, seven years ago?'

'Over Mrs. Flamingo's crimson silk gown,' said good-natured Mrs. Sedley. 'What a gawky it was! And his sisters are not much more graceful. Lady Dobbin was at Highbury last night with three of them. Such figures! my dears.'

'The Alderman's very rich, isn't he?' Osborne said archly. 'Don't you think one of the daughters would be a good spec for me, Ma'am?'

'You foolish creature! Who would take *you*, I should like to know, with your yellow face?'

'Mine a yellow face? Stop till you see Dobbin. Why, he had the yellow fever three times; twice at Nassau, and once at St. Kitts.'

'Well, well; yours is quite yellow enough for us. Isn't it, Emmy?' Mrs. Sedley said: at which speech Miss Amelia only made a smile and a blush; and looking at Mr. George Osborne's pale countenance, and those beautiful black, curling, shining whiskers, which the young gentleman himself regarded with no ordinary complacency, she thought in her little heart, that in His Majesty's army, or in the wide world, there never was such a face or such a hero. 'I don't care about Captain Dobbin's complexion,' she said, 'or about his awkwardness. I shall always like him, I know,' her little reason being, that he was the friend and champion of George.

'There's not a finer fellow in the service,' Osborne said, 'nor a better officer, though he is not an Adonis, certainly.' And he looked towards the glass himself with much *naïveté*; and in so doing, caught Miss Sharp's eye fixed keenly upon him, at which he blushed a little, and Rebecca thought in her heart, "*Ah, mon beau Monsieur!* I think I have *your* gauge,' – the little artful minx!

That evening, when Amelia came tripping into the drawing-room in a white muslin frock, prepared for conquest at Vauxhall, singing like a lark, and as fresh as a rose – a very tall ungainly gentleman, with large hands and feet, and large ears, set off by a closely cropped head of black hair, and in the hideous military frogged coat and cocked-hat of those times, advanced to meet her, and made her one of the clumsiest bows that was ever performed by a mortal.

This was no other than Captain William Dobbin, of his Majesty's – Regiment of Foot, returned from yellow fever, in the West Indies, to which the fortune of the service had ordered his regiment, whilst so many of his gallant comrades were reaping glory in the Peninsula.

He had arrived with a knock so very timid and quiet, that it was inaudible to the ladies upstairs: otherwise, you may be sure Miss Amelia would never have been so bold as to come singing into the room. As it was, the sweet fresh little voice went right into the Captain's heart, and nestled there. When she held out her hand for him to shake, before he enveloped it in his own, he paused, and thought – 'Well, is it possible – are you the little maid I remember in the pink

frock, such a short time ago – the night I upset the punch-bowl, just after I was gazetted? Are you the little girl that George Osborne said should marry him? What a blooming young creature you seem, and what a prize the rogue has got!’ All this he thought, before he took Amelia’s hand into his own, and as he let his cocked-hat fall.

His history since he left school, until the very moment when we have the pleasure of meeting him again, although not fully narrated, has yet, I think, been indicated sufficiently for an ingenious reader by the conversation in the last page. Dobbin, the despised grocer, was Alderman Dobbin – Alderman Dobbin was Colonel of the City Light Horse, then burning with military ardour to resist the French Invasion. Colonel Dobbin’s corps, in which old Mr. Osborne himself was but an indifferent corporal, had been reviewed by the Sovereign and the Duke of York; and the colonel and alderman had been knighted. His son had entered the army: and young Osborne followed presently in the same regiment. They had served in the West Indies and in Canada. Their regiment had just come home, and the attachment of Dobbin to George Osborne was as warm and generous now as it had been when the two were schoolboys.

So these worthy people sat down to dinner presently. They talked about war and glory, and Boney and Lord Wellington, and the last Gazette. In those famous days every gazette had a victory in it, and the two gallant young men longed to see their own names in the glorious list, and cursed their unlucky fate to belong to a regiment which had been away from the chances of honour. Miss Sharp kindled with this exciting talk, but Miss Sedley trembled and grew quite faint as she heard it. Mr. Jos told several of his tiger-hunting stories, finished the one about Miss Cutler and Lance the surgeon; helped Rebecca to everything on the table, and himself gobbled and drank a great deal.

He sprang to open the door for the ladies, when they retired, with the most killing grace – and coming back to the table, filled himself bumper after bumper of claret, which he swallowed with nervous rapidity.

‘He’s priming himself,’ Osborne whispered to Dobbin, and at length the hour and the carriage arrived for Vauxhall.

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# ТЕОРИЯ АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА

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