

PART I. Exercises in Translation

Chapter 1. Lexical Problems of Translation

1.1. Handling Context-Free Words

Exercises

I. Suggest the Ukrainian substitutes for the following English proper names. Explain your way of translation.

Adam, Albert, Alexander, Alexandra, Alfred, Anthony, Aurora, Angelica, Ada, Adelaide, Adolphus, Agatha, Aggie, Agnes, Alec, Barnard, Beatrice, Beatrix, Bridget, Calvin, Camilla, Camille, Cecilia, Cecily, Cedric, Daniel, Douglas, Duncan, Edith, Erasmus, Evangeline, Evelyn, Frances, Gabrielle, Gustavus, Harold, Heloise, Honoria, Horace, Hortense, Howard, Jacqueline, Janet, Jean, Leonard, Leonora, Lucius, Lucia, Marcia, Margery, Myrtle, Nigel, Olive, Oswald, Patrick, Paula, Ralph, Regina, Sabina, Simeon, Theobald, Ursula, Vida, Viola, Walter, Wendell, Will, Winifred, Zoe.

II. Translate the following sentences. Pay attention to the way the geographical and proper names should be rendered into Ukrainian.

1. The first ship I was ever in was a sailing-vessel. She was twenty-eight days going from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands. But the main reason for the particularly slow passage was that she got becalmed, and lay in one spot fourteen days in the centre of the Pacific, two thousand miles from land.

2. The pilot whose acquaintance I made, agreed to teach me the Mississippi river from New Orleans to St. Louis for five hundred dollars, which were to be paid out of the first wages I should receive after graduating.

3. It was a hot afternoon. There was not a cloud in the sky. The blue waters of the South Atlantic were quite empty and only the British tramp steamer Sutherland was proceeding on her way home from Montevideo to Swansea.

4. It was the feeling of social engagement, and lack of indifference to the social struggle of their times that distinguished the great masters of the past. Didn't Dante place his political adversaries in the Inferno's lowest and most dreadful circles? Didn't Shakespeare and Moliere, Goethe and Goya expose the vices and virtues of their times, invariably rejecting the attitude of aloof bystanders?

5. Whilst many of old customs have faded away, that of Morris dancing has achieved a remarkable revival in the present century, and new groups of Morris dancers are appearing every year. The Morris, a rustic merry-making, was common in England in the 14th century, and may have been introduced by Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I. It was a popular feature of village festivals.

III. Translate the following list of music and drama festivals popular in Great Britain with particular attention to the way the titles should be rendered into Ukrainian.

FESTIVALS OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

Post-war years have witnessed a significant increase in the number of festivals of music and drama though not enough has been done to involve the general public in these activities. Some of the festivals, however, are widely popular and a number of other festivals of music and drama, less well-known but sufficiently important to be mentioned, are also included in the list below.

Burns Night. Scotland (January 25).

St. Pancras Arts Festival. London (February and March).

Pitlochry Drama Festival. Pitlochry, Perthshire, Scotland (April and October).

Season of Shakespeare Plays. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire (April – Nov.).

The Glyndebourne Festival. Sussex (May – August).

Aldeburgh Festival. Aldeburgh, Suffolk (June).

The Bath Festival. Bath, Somerset (June).

York Mystery Plays and Festival of the Arts. York (June and July).

Chichester Theatre Festival Season. Sussex (July – Sept.).

Malvern Theatre Festival Season. Worcestershire (July – Oct.).

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts ("The Proms"). Royal Albert Hall, London (July – Sept.).

Edington Music Festival. Edington, Wiltshire (August).

Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales (August). Site varies from year to year.

Edinburgh International Festival (Sept.).

The Three Choirs Festival (Sept.). Held in turn at the Cathedrals of Gloucester (1968, 1971, etc.), Worcester (1969, 1972, etc.), and Hereford (1970, 1973, etc.).

Commonwealth Arts Festival (Sept. – Oct.). It is held at London, Glasgow, Cardiff and Liverpool.

*(Customs and Festivals of Great Britain and Northern Ireland
Purnell and Sons LTD.)*

IV. Translate the names of the following English trade unions, public bodies, companies and corporations into Ukrainian.

National Union of Teachers (NUT); Transport and General Workers Union (TGWU); Union of Post Office Workers (UPOW); The British Field Sports Society; Greenpeace; Boy Scouts Association; International Association for Teaching English as a Foreign Language Association (IATEFL); Department of Education and Science; Joint Nature Conservation Committee environmental protection; Educational Supply Association; British National Oil Corporation; British Overseas Airways Corporation; Philips Records Co.; General Electric Co. Ltd.; United Press International; The National Council for the Training of

Journalists (NCTJ); Department of Education and Science; The Royal Commission on the Press; The United Federation of Teachers.

V. Suggest the methods of translation into Ukrainian of the following titles of newspapers and magazines (journals).

Contemporary Life; Kyiv Post; The Daily Telegraph; Daily Mirror; Financial Times; The New York Times; The Asahi Weekly Magazine; The New York Herald Tribune; The New York Daily News; The Guardian; The Los Angeles Times; Washington Post; Time Magazine; Newsweek; TV Guide; Editor and Publisher; Quill; The Reporter; The New Republic; Colliers; Saturday Evening Post; Look.

VI. Translate the following words and collocations. Explain the type of equivalence you have chosen.

Man-carrying aircraft; arbitration; casting vote; machination; might-have-been; for the love of Mike; Empire settlement; mentalism; Mercator's chart; back-bencher; must-have-been; nonce-word; minstrel; brain drain; machine-minder; maid-of-all-work; monopolist; moralism; nitrogen-gathering plants; non-credit study; New Look; nihilism; metaphrast; nomenclature; breakthrough; mission-school; non grata; crippling taxes; Nobelist; octogenarian; obstructionism; monkey-board; monkey-boat; palindrome; mouth-friend; parachute; brain washing; pedantism; a never-say-die spirit; propaganda; night-letter; nole pros; nominating convention; ready-to-serve; shadow cabinet; polling date; sit-down strike; sit-in; sky-scrape question; smoking-room talk; obstacle-crossing ability; ocean-spanning; odd-man-out; Redbricker; soft goods; tag day; tongue-fence; Russian ball game; sandwich-man; second-pair back; shadow factory; sheltered industry.

VII. Analyse the terminological units in the following texts and suggest the way they should be translated into Ukrainian.

COMPUTERS

We might list the essential constituent parts of a digital general-purpose computer as follows. First, core store (some times called memory) for holding numbers, both those forming the data of the problem and those generated in the course of the calculation. It is also used for storing program instructions. Second, an arithmetic unit, a device for performing calculations on those numbers. Third, a control unit, a device for causing the machine to perform the desired operations in the correct sequence. Fourth, input devices whereby numbers and operating instructions can be supplied to the machine, and fifth, output devices for displaying the results of a calculation. The input and output devices are called peripherals.

The usual method for inputting data for processing into a computer is via an input peripheral such as a punched card reader or punched paper tape recorder or

from magnetic tape. The computer is programmed to accept data in any or all of these media. The computer operator, in order to start the input process, will type a 'go' message on the console typewriter. For real time processing the operator will use an interrogating typewriter. This asks a question of the computer about the state of specific files of data already on line to the computer. The data may be stored, or it may be sorted according to a plan desired by the programmer. It may be merged with existing information already in the store. Or, if we want immediate 'answers' or output it could be by printer, that is an output device for spelling out computer results as numbers, symbols or words. These vary from high-speed printers to electric typewriters.

(A Book of Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy reader)

THE PERSONAL COMPUTER

A personal computer is a small computer based on a microprocessor; it is a microcomputer. Not all microcomputers, however, are personal computers. A microcomputer can be dedicated to a single task such as controlling a machine tool or metering the injection of fuel into an automobile engine; it can be a word processor, a video game or a "pocket computer" that is not quite a computer. A personal computer is something different: a stand-alone computer that puts a wide array of capabilities at the disposal of an individual. We define a personal computer as a system that has all the following characteristics.

1. The price for the computer system is within the reach of individual buyers.
2. The system either includes or can be linked to secondary memory in the form of cassette tapes or disks.
3. The microprocessor can support a primary-memory capacity of 64 kilobytes or more. (A kilobyte is equal to 2^{10} , or 1,024, bytes. A byte is a string of eight bits, or binary digits. One byte can represent one alphabetic character or one or two decimal digits. A 64-kilobyte memory can store 65,536 characters, or some 10,000 words of English text).
4. The computer can handle at least one high-level language, such as Basic, Fortran or Cobol. In a language of this kind instructions can be formulated at a fairly high level of abstraction and without taking into account the detailed operations of the hardware.
5. The operating system facilitates an interactive dialogue; the computer responds immediately (or at least quickly) to the user's actions and requests.
6. Distribution is largely through mass-marketing channels, with emphasis on sales to people who have not worked with a computer before.
7. The system is flexible enough to accept a wide range of programs serving varied applications; it is not designed for a single purpose or a single category of purchasers.

The definition will surely change as improved technology makes possible – and as the marketplace demands – the inclusion of more memory and of more

special hardware and software features in the basic system.

(A Book of Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy reader)

ASSEMBLY LINES

The most dramatic stage of mass production is the assembly. Parts are brought together along a moving assembly line and the product takes shape as if by magic. For small products, a single line may be sufficient.

Today the mass production of automobiles (about 10 million produced annually) provides an outstanding example of the efficiency that can be attained on assembly lines. The total system includes a complex arrangement of subassembly or feeder lines, and a final assembly line. Through careful planning and split-second timing, parts and sub-assemblies for various body styles and optional features meet on the final assembly line to form each automobile exactly as ordered.

On a feeder line sheet steel body panels are clamped in a frame and then welded together into the body shell. At the next station body finishers grind and smooth welds and the unit is then rust-proofed and painted. Instrument panels and other interior parts are installed and the body is ready to be joined to the chassis.

At the start of the main assembly line, axles and wheel suspensions are assembled and joined to the main frame. As the frame moves along the main line, the engine (assembled on another line) is positioned on the frame along with the transmission and drive shaft.

Tires are mounted on wheels, inflated and balanced; then they join the main assembly line where they are attached in a few moments. The chassis is now ready to receive the body which is lowered into place.

With the body and chassis joined, the front end and hood are attached at the next station. Radiator grille, headlights, and body trim members are then applied. On down the assembly line a conveyor delivers matching seat assemblies. As the automobile nears the end of the main line, bumpers and many other exterior and interior parts are added. Checks and adjustments are made on the body, electrical system, steering, wheel alignment, and various mechanical and hydraulic systems. Finally the engine is started and submitted to dynamometer tests. The completed automobile is then driven off the assembly line.

(A Book of Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy reader)

1.2. Handling Context-Bound Words

Exercises

I. Read the following sentences and state what meanings of polysemantic words in bold type are actualized in them.

1. He is an **authority** on phonetics. Kate is still an **awkward** driver. 2. Alan kept up the **ball**. 3. Everybody considered him to be off his **centre**. 4. She **danced** a child on her knee to make him sleep. 5. Alan was an odd **egg**. 6. They tried to put a new **face** on the problem. 7. Nick **gained** the upper hand. 8. He touched his **hat** to a lady. 9. The idea gave her the **horrors**. 10. This one **impatient** minute the silence was unbearable to her. 11. John is considered to be a man of excellent **judgement**. 12. Alice **kept** on at her friend about job. 13. Pete is a **lame** duck in his class. 14. She looked at me again with that peculiar **steady** gaze. 15. He felt that he was beginning to clear up the **mess** into which his life had fallen. 16. Her honesty **contributed** to the general regard for her good sense. 17. Mother watched us both tensely, but I knew that however hard she listened, she was bound to miss the **point**. 18. Strickland lived **in a dream** and reality meant nothing to him. 19. I realized with **mixed** feelings that an important part of her happiness consisted in looking after me. 20. Old Thomas had never **interfered** to the smallest degree in the affairs of others. 21. My heart still **resisted** what my head was telling me. 22. At this point in his **reflections** he arrived at Downing Street. 23. The uniform set off her figure to **advantage**. 24. Mark never even **troubled** to answer her letters. 25. "Let me **urge** upon you the importance of this measure", said Paul. 26. June **keeps** after me all the time to tell her about what uncle Dave is like. 27. Some noise was heard, but no one entered the library for the **best part** of an hour. 28. **Consider** our hands! They are strong hands. 29. Although she kept her head down she felt the blood **run into** her face. 30. What did it cost to **put up** those columns.

II. Render the following text in English:

Словесні знаки легко розвивають багатозначність. Багато слів мають не одне, а кілька закріплених за ними в узусі значень. Чим частіше слово вживається в мові, тим більше підстав чекати від нього розгорнутої полісемії. Більше того, полісемія – конститутивна властивість природних мов, особливість, яка впливав з їх природи.

В основі розрізнення значень багатозначного слова лежать ті ж механізми, які керують розрізненням/ототожненням понять і самих явищ відображеного свідомістю світу, при цьому не виключаються неясні проміжні випадки, коли не можна визначити, чи ми маємо справу з одним і тим самим значенням, чи з різними. У власне лінгвістичному плані різниця значень виявляється в особливостях сполучуваності, в різноманітних наборах трансформацій, синонімічних замін та антонімічних слів, перекладних еквівалентів тощо. У кожного значення вони свої, і це є допоміжним засобом лінгвістичної об'єктивації гіпотез про розмежування полісемії. Тій самій меті ефективно служать компонентний аналіз значень і порівняння їх дефініцій та тлумачень.

Проводячи розмежування значень багатозначного слова, встановлюючи зміст цих значень та порівнюючи їх між собою, ми переконуємося, що

значення пов'язані одне з одним відношеннями семантичної деривації, що одне значення постає з іншого за певними схемами семантичного словотвору (семантичного слововиводу), і що всі вони у своїх взаємозв'язках утворюють семантичну структуру слова. На відміну від омонімії, різні значення одного багатозначного слова пов'язані в єдину структуру тим, що мають у своєму змісті значну спільну частину.

III. Find appropriate Ukrainian equivalents to the words "require", "union", "master" in the following sentences.

1. **It requires** the feminine temperament to repeat the same thing three times with unabated zest. 2. Truly this is all Becky asked of a man, all she **required**, that he have the power to make her laugh. 3. I should have remembered that when one is going to lead an entirely new life, one **requires** regular and wholesome meals. 4. He had replied to the telegram he had received that he **required** no help. 5. It gave Austin pleasure to read and memorize the great speeches whether they were **required** in the course or not. 6. Does he know **what is required of him?** 7. The **union** of small towns into one big city is taking place nowadays. 8. **Union** is strength. 9. They live in perfect **union**. 10. He was a member of a closed **union**. 11. Nicholas joined the **union** of automobile workers. 12. Each girl dreams to have a happy **union**. 13. Raymond goes into the **union**. 14. The students of our group are members of the **union**. 15. The workers demanded **union** wages. 16. Stephen work in a **union** shop. 17. Her dress was made of **union** cloth. 18. Her father is the **master** of a book shop. 19. After her mother's death Angela became a **master** of a large fortune. 20. Margie is the **master** of their house. 21. She was not a **master** in her own house. 22. Morris wanted to be his own **master**. 23. Nancy was allowed to be **master** of her time. 24. Having heard such a terrible news he tried to be **master** of himself. 25. He was happy to take his master's degree. 26. Leonard was fond of the old **masters**. 27. Everybody in the room understood that Calvin was a past **master** of that art. 28. **Master** sound track was kept in conspicuous place. 29. He was a real master of satire. 30. Like master like man.

IV. Explain the contextual meanings of the words in bold type in the sentences below and suggest their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. Few writers can even **approach** Shakespeare in greatness. 2. "When is the best time to **approach** the boss", asked Mike. 3. There are reports of students **sitting in** at several universities. 4. The Trade Union executive committee passed a resolution advising the workers to "**sit-out**" the elections. 5. He didn't believe in the **old wives'** stories. 6. Those who think gangsters can be found only in gambling dens are **old-timers**. 7. Jane's accent **proclaimed** her a foreigner. 8. The news **proclaimed** by Pete astonished everybody. 9. "I am all at **sea**", she confessed. 10. "Don't you know what country is the **mistress** of the sea?" he inquired. 11. The air was **thick** with rain. 12. Hilary and Jeremy are as **thick** as

glue. 13. She has great **facility** in learning foreign languages. 14. His way of life offers no **facilities** for study. 15. The topic of their tomorrow discussion is Mark Twain's **pattern**. 16. Everybody considered her to be a **pattern** wife. 17. The chairman raised a new **issue** on the problem. 18. Mother was upset because her daughters were at **issue**. 19. The issue of the paper devoted about half of its twenty news **columns** to the presidential elections. 20. A **column** of smoke was seen at a distance. 21. She has noticed the letter **dates** from London. 22. His books are **dated** now. 23. The bombing succeeded in neither suppressing the **fighting spirit** nor in deranging the economic life of the country. 24. Evidently his dreamy fancies had not interfered with either his **spirits** or his appetite. 25. The facts **favoured** Tom's theory rather than Jim's. 26. She stands high in our **favour**. 27. Do you suffer from the **strain** of modern life? 28. Edmund could not hold back a burst of **strained**, ironical laughter. 29. He **engaged** me in a lovely conversation. 30. His good nature **engages** everybody to him.

V. Render into Ukrainian the connotational meanings of the words in bold type in the sentences below.

1. It is her sister's **ambition** to become a doctor. 2. Prior to the Civil War many slaveowners in the South nursed **ambitious** plans of extending their rule to the whole of the United states. 3. Roger was famous for his **appetite** for fame. 4. Human **appetites** have no limits. 5. A man who goes from door to door selling things has to be **aggressive** if he wants to succeed. 6. People of good will are tireless advocates of peace, and at the same time are **aggressive** supporters of the anti-war movement. 7. Through a **mixture** of good luck and good management he had done well in the Bar examinations. 8. Did you get appointments **mixed** or something? 9. Much of the candidate's popularity is manufactured, much of his glamour has been **streamlined** by nimble-witted press agents. 10. The strikers demanded a modern, **streamlined**, effective machinery. 11. Dick's conduct was against **nature**. 12. Her **natural** son was a promising violinist. 13. John had a habit to **sugar** his words. 14. Romantic writers used to **sugar up** reality. 15. **Tossed** about in the storms of life Roy found himself in Perth.

1.3. Handling Equivalent-Lacking Words

Exercises

I. Suggest Ukrainian substitutes for the new words in the following sentences.

1. The United States of America worked out a formula known as dollar diplomacy. 2. The U.S. President's failure to expand on his free-trade ideas yesterday will give America's trading partners a nail-biting weekend. 3. Throw-away umbrellas made of paper were marketed by a Tokyo paper goods firms. 4. His golfmanship was well known. 5. Mary's double-edged argument puzzled

everybody in the room. 6. Randall was a well-known Japanologist in his district. 7. "Her brother Tom is a lady-killer", said grandma in a whisper. 8. She worked as a baby-minder in the neighbourhood to earn her living. 9. His political views are an odd mixture of the doctrines of free enterprise and those of welfarists. 10. Statesmanship is highly praised these days. 11. Laser shopping is introduced throughout the city. 12. Pop promo of the group was of high quality. 13. Alice is known as a baby-snatcher. 14. They say several killer satellites have been orbited recently. 15. Teleprompter is a friend of any speaker on TV.

II. Translate the following sentences paying attention to adequate rendering into Ukrainian of equivalent-lacking words.

1. Four children were found suffering from exposure yesterday after being missed for more than 15 hours. 2. Wild-lifers are environment-conscious people. 3. Many politicians achieve their success due to charisma and demagoguery. 4. Fluid fuels replaced solid fuels and became more popular all over the world because of their technical advantages. 5. The law required the use of the Ukrainian language and it aroused temporal backlash of Russian-speaking opinion. 6. They belonged to the same condominium. 7. Do-gooders sharply criticised disadvantages of a new plan suggested by the chairman. 8. Grantmanship – the fine art of picking off research funds – is very important today. 9. Everybody believed that a new campaign was a big business set-up. 10. The participants of teach-ins discussed many topical questions.

III. Examine the italicized words and phrases used in different contexts. Observe variations in the meaning of words of general semantics in various contexts. Translate them into Ukrainian.

1. *I've-cleared up one point* you asked me about. 2. He had a very sympathetic manner, and I really began *to see his point*. 3. *There was no point in making haste*. No one would be up yet. 4. He was *driving straight to the point*. 5. The sun was *on the point of setting* and, looking straight into it, it was hard to see anything distinctly. 6. Pascal and I *disagreed*, I am sure, on *every possible point*, and yet we lived together. 7. Henry *came to the point*, briefly and with all the persuasive force he could command. 8. His moustaches have always been *his sensitive point*. He is inordinately proud of them. 9. His opinion of his son *went up a point*. 10. His nerves were at *breaking point*. 11. I admit that I may *be overstressing that point*. 12. She had not *missed the point of* the early questions which had been put in her presence. 13. *At this point* in the story, Joan and Mrs. Nudd laughed until they wept. 14. Bard had the best practice in Hedleston and he *made a particular point of keeping* himself up to date. 15. *In point of fact*, he had never known a day's ill-health. 16. You don't dare to have somebody *stick to the point* when he tells you something? 17. Everyone was kind *to the point of solicitousness*. 18. She felt that she *had scored a point* over her adversary. 19. He argued until he'd *proved his point*. 20. The message was brief and *to the*

point. 21. John has won a series of sports activities. He *has a reputation for* being an excellent sportsman. 22. Continuing to put forward all his athletic potential John, therefore, *lives up to his reputation* as a good boxer. 23. *Can she have lost her reputation?* 24. Losing three out of four bouts *ruined John's reputation* as a leading boxer. 25. The purest treasure mortal times afford is *spotless reputation*. 26. *His reputation for wit* was known to everybody. 27. Most of them had been at the firm anything from twenty to forty years, for the firm *had a fixed reputation*. 28. *A lot of scientists of world reputation* were invited to the Forum held in Kiev. 29. Many years of flamboyant living made him a person of *doubtful or even unsavoury reputation*. 30. Winning three tournaments straight made him *enjoy a high reputation* among his fellow sportsmen.

IV. Explain the difference between the contextual and the dictionary meanings of italicized words below and suggest their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. Mr. James Duffy lived in Chapelizod because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was the citizen and because he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, *modern* and pretentious. 2. He does all our insurance examining and they say he's *some* doctor. 3. He seemed prosperous, *extremely married* and unromantic. 4. "What do you think?" The question *pops* their heads up. 5. We *tooled* the car into the street and *eased* it into the ruck of folks. 6. He *inched* the car forward. 7. "Of course it was considered a great chance for me, as he is so rich. And – and – we *drifted* into a sort of understanding – I suppose I should call it an engagement – " "You may have drifted into it; but you will *bounce* out of it, my pettikins, if I am to have anything to do with it." 8. He sat with the strike committee for many hours in a smoky room and *agonized* over ways and means. 9. Betty *loosed* fresh tears. 10. When the food came, they *wolfed* it down rapidly. 11. He had seen many places and been many *things*: railroad foreman, plantation overseer, boss mechanic, cow-puncher, and Texas deputy-sheriff. 12. Station platforms were such long, impersonal, dirty, ugly *things*, with too many goodbyes, lost hearts, and tears stamped into the concrete paving. 13. "Let me say, Virginia, that I consider your conduct most unbecoming. Nor at all that of a pure young widow." "Don't be an idiot. Bill. *Things* are happening." "What kind of things?" "Queer things." 14. I need young critical *things* like you to punch me up. 15. Oh! the way the women wear their prettiest every *thing*!

V. Render into Ukrainian the occasional words in the following examples:

1. The girls could not take off their panama hats because this was not far from the school gates and hatlessness was an offence. 2. David, in his new grown-upness, had already a sort of authority. 3. That fact had all the unbelievableness of the sudden wound. 4. Suddenly he felt a horror of her otherness. 5. Lucy

wasn't Willie's luck. Or his unluck either. 6. She was waiting for something to happen or for everything to un-happen. 7. He didn't seem to think that that was very funny. But he didn't seem to think it was especially unfunny. 8. "You asked him." "I'm un-asking him," the Boss replied. 9. He looked pretty good for a fifty-four-year-old former college athlete who for years had overindulged and underexercized. 10. She was a young and unbeautiful woman. 11. The descriptions were of two unextraordinary boys: three and a half and six years old. 12. The girl began to intuit what was required of her. 13. "Mr. Hamilton, you haven't any children, have you?" "Well, no. And I'm sorry about that, I guess. I am sorriest about that." 14. "To think that I should have lived to be good-morninged by Belladonna Took's son!" 15. There were ladies too, *en cheveux*, in caps and bonnets, some of whom knew Trilby, and thee'd and thou'd with familiar and friendly affection, while others mademoiselle'd her with distant politeness and were mademoiselle'sd and madame'd back again. 16. Parritt turns startledly. 17. The chairs are very close together – so close that the advisee almost touches knees with the adviser.

VI. Translate the following text into Ukrainian paying attention to the adequate rendering into Ukrainian of patterned forms.

PATTERNED FORMS

Many new words are patterned or modeled on older words. The form and meaning of the new word shows the direct influence of its forerunner. A patterned form may be a simple word, an acronym, a blend, a compound, a derivative, an idiom, or even a foreign term; it is distinctive, because it might never have been coined had a previous form or pattern of forms not existed to serve as the blueprint for its creation. However, the form or forms given in these etymologies are not necessarily to be interpreted as the one word which served as the pattern.

A new word or expression may eventually become a pattern itself for newer forms, inspiring the coinage of similar words or expressions. Thus *sexism*, which was patterned *on racism*, became in turn the pattern for *ageism*, HEIGHTISM, SPECIESISM, and other words in *-ism* where the suffix often suggests prejudice or discrimination. The revival of interest in *acupuncture* not only spawned such forms as STAPLEPUNCTURE and QUACKUPUNCTURE but also inspired the revival of ACUPRESSURE. And the hybrid economic condition *stagflation* begot the more recent hybrids SLUMPFLATION and HESIFLATION.

Older and well-established terms, however, are the usual models for new words created by pattern. The forms RIDERSHIP and VIEWERSHIP are natural descendants of the pattern represented *by readership* (1920's) and *listenership* (1940's). There would probably be no word spelled WHYDUNIT

without the preceding *whodunit* (1930). The DEBIT CARD of today is surely indebted to the *credit card* of the 1950's. The competitive COOK-OFF owes as much to *bake-off* (1952) as SAILOFF owes to the earlier FLY-OFF. But probably the oldest models are *adolescence* (OED, 1430) and *senescence* (OED, 1695), on which the coinage MIDDLESCENCE was patterned. Another very old pattern word is *double-entendre* (OED, 1673), the apparent model for SINGLE-ENTENDRE.

Patterned forms are often deliberately coined as contrastive terms. A BRAIN GAIN is the reverse of a *brain drain*; to DECRUIT contrasts with to *recruit*; and BASSE COUTURE is the opposite of *haute couture*. A SOUND-ALIKE, however, may also be a *look-alike* (1940's), and a LIPSPEAKER is usually an excellent *lip reader* (1900).

Analogy, the tendency to imitate or follow what is accepted and generally used in the language, also provides a stimulus for patterned formations. Analogy is active on all levels of language (pronunciation, inflection, spelling, etc.), forcing varying degrees of uniformity and standardization. The new patterned forms of language reinforce existing lexical patterns and stimulate the formation of ones as they are needed.

(The Second Barnhat Dictionary of New English.
Barnhat, Harper & Row Publ., 1980)

VII. Define the meaning of the lexical units in italics in the following microcontext. Translate the text into Ukrainian.

1. In truth, *bag ladies* have a great deal of pride and dignity in spite of their disarray. They have chosen the agony of doorwaylife rather than the far worse agony of being forced to beg and grovel on their knees for assistance from city agencies supposedly designed to help people in trouble, but which in fact destroy them.

2. "Experts" from the same 35 governments will meet in Geneva this September to try to work out practical ways to put the principles of Helsinki into effect. Their work will be broken down into four clusters of issues that have come to be called "*baskets*".

3. The *boom babies* provide a strong core readership within what is sometimes called "the upper half of the eighteen-to-thirty-five market" not just because of their numbers but also because of their habits.

4. *Broadcast satellites* are expected to provide both developed and less-developed countries with further means of transmitting their own television programs and setting up both medical and educational consulting services in sparsely settled areas or regions where lines of microwave towers would be expensive to establish and maintain, as in India or the Canadian arctic.

5. These disputed pictures are different. They are *cook-ups*.

6. The Chancellor and the President still hope that an enlarged and improved *currency snake* will be an important step in the direction of eventual economic

and monetary union within the Community.

7. Dr. Whitehead suggested *de-regulating radio* – that is, to impose no requirements at all for community service as a condition for licence-holding on a long-term basis.

8. The presenter, Malcolm MacEwen, said that "some people tend to dismiss Friends of the Earth as doomsters or *ecofreaks*, but I have found that responsible scientists don't share this view".

VIII. Translate the following sentences paying attention to the following cases of morphemic foregrounding:

1. The District Attorney's office was not only panelled, draped and carpeted, it was also chandeliered with a huge brass affair hanging from the center of the ceiling. (D. Uhnak) 2. He's no public offender, bless you, now! He's medalled and ribboned, and starred, and crossed, and I don't know what all'd, like a born nobleman. (Ch. Dickens) 3. I gave myself the once-over in the bathroom mirror: freshly shaved, clean-shirted, dark-suited and neck-tied. (D. Uhnak) 4. Well, a kept woman is somebody who is perfumed, and clothed, and wined, and dined, and sometimes romanced heavily. (J. Carson) 5. It's the knowledge of the unendingness and of the repetitious uselessness that makes Fatigue fatigue. (J. Jones) 6. The loneliness would suddenly overcome you like lostness and too-lateness, and a grief you had no name for. (R.P. Warren) 7. I came here determined not to be angry, or weepy, or preachy. (J. Updike) 8. Militant feminists grumble that history is exactly what it says – His-story – and not Her story at all. (D. Barthelme) 9. This dree to-ing and fro-ing persisted throughout the night and the next day. (D. Barthelme) 10. "I love you mucher." "Plently mucher? Me tooer." (J. Baldwin) 11. "I'm going to build me the God-damnedest, biggest, chromium-platedest, formaldehyde-stinkingest free hospital and health center." (R.P. Warren) 12. So: I'm not just talented. I'm geniused. (Sh. Delaney) 13. Chickens – the tiny balls of fluff passed on into semi-naked pullethood and from that into dead henhood. (Sh. Anderson) 14. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you. (R. Sheridan) 15. "Ready?" said the old gentleman, inquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, brushed, and brandied. 16. But it is impossible that I should give myself. My being, my me-ness is unique and indivisible. (Ch. Dickens)

IX. Translate the texts below into Ukrainian. Explain the ways you employed to convey faithfully the notions of the specifically British national lexicon.

THE CEREMONY OF THE KEYS

Every night at 9.53 p.m. the Chief Warder of the Yeomen Warders (Beefeaters) of the Tower of London lights a candle lantern and then makes his way towards the Bloody Tower. In the Archway his Escort await his arrival. The Chief Warder, carrying the keys, then moves off with his Escort to the West Gate, which he locks, while the Escort "present arms". Then the Middle and Byward Towers are locked.

The party then return to the Bloody Tower Archway, and there they are halted by the challenge of the sentry. "Halt!" he commands. "Who goes there?" The Chief Warder answers, "The keys." The sentry demands, "Whose keys?" "Queen Elizabeth's keys," replies the Chief Warder. "Advance, Queen Elizabeth's keys; all's well," commands the sentry.

Having received permission to proceed through the Archway, the party then form up facing the Main Guard of the Tower. The order is given by the officer-in-charge to "Present Arms". The Chief Warder doffs his Tudor-style bonnet and cries, "God preserve Queen Elizabeth." "Amen," answer the Guard and Escort.

At 10 p.m. the bugler sounds the "Last Post". The Chief Warder proceeds to the Queen's House, where the keys are given into the custody of the Resident Governor and Major.

The Ceremony of the Keys dates back 700 years and has taken place every night during that period, even during the blitz of London in the last war. On one particular night, April 16, 1941, bomb blast disrupted the ceremony, knocking out members of the Escort and Yeomen Warders. Despite this, the duty was completed.

Only a limited number of visitors are admitted to the ceremony each night. Application to see it must be made at least forty-eight hours in advance at the Constable's office in the Tower. Visitors with permission are admitted at 9.40 p.m. and leave at 10 p.m.

*(Customs and Festivals of Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
Purnell and Sons Ltd.)*

TROOPING THE COLOUR

During the month of June, a day is set aside as the Queen's official birthday. This is usually the second Saturday in June. On this day there takes place on Horse Guards' Parade in Whitehall the magnificent spectacle of *Trooping the Colour*, which begins at about 11.15 a.m. (unless rain intervenes, when the ceremony is usually postponed until conditions are suitable).

This is pageantry of rare splendour, with the Queen riding side-saddle on a highly trained horse.

The colours of one of the five regiments of Foot Guards are trooped before the Sovereign. As she rides on to Horse Guards' Parade the massed array of the Brigade of Guards, dressed in ceremonial uniforms, await her inspection.

For twenty minutes the whole parade stands rigidly to attention while being inspected by the Queen. Then comes the Trooping ceremony itself, to be

followed by the famous March Past of the Guards to the music of massed bands, at which the Queen takes the Salute. The precision drill of the regiments is notable.

The ceremony ends with the Queen returning to Buckingham Palace at the head of her Guards.

The Escort to the Colour, chosen normally in strict rotation, then mounts guard at the Palace.

*(Customs and Festivals of Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
Purnell and Sons Ltd.).*

THE SOVEREIGN'S ENTRY INTO THE CITY OF LONDON

Whenever the Sovereign wishes to enter the City of London on state occasions, he or she is met by the Lord Mayor at the site of Temple Bar, which marks the City boundary. First the Sword and Mace are reversed; then the Lord Mayor surrenders the City's Pearl Sword as a symbol of the Sovereign's overriding authority.

The City Sword is held pointing downwards. The Sovereign then touches its hilt and returns it immediately. On receiving it back, the Lord Mayor bears it before the Sovereign, after which the royal party is allowed entry.

This custom dates back to 1588, on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's drive to Old St. Paul's to give thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

*(Customs and Festivals of Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
Purnell and Sons Ltd.).*

SWAN-UPPING

When swans were first introduced into Britain (probably from Cyprus about the thirteenth century) they were very rare and were considered a great delicacy in the kitchens of the nobility. They were proclaimed royal birds, and the reigning sovereign was, and still is, Seigneur of the Swans. Ownership of all the swans on the Thames is divided between the Queen and two of the oldest trade Companies in the City of London, the Dyers and the Vintners. These two Companies were granted the privilege in the reign of Elizabeth I. Once a year, usually in the second half of July, the ceremony of swan-upping and marking is performed from gaily flagged skiffs by the Queen's Swanmaster and the Swanmasters of the Dyers and Vintners. The Swanmasters wear special gold-braided uniforms, and their assistants are dressed in striped jerseys. Their task is to mark cygnets on the Thames from London Bridge to Henley-on-Thames. Royal swans are not marked, but those of the Dyers' Company are recorded by one nick in the bill; those of the Vintners by two nicks. There are always several hundred birds to be marked, and the job takes a week or more to complete.

*(Customs and Festivals of Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
Purnell and Sons Ltd.).*

X. Read the following text. Speak on peculiarities of translation loans. Translate the text into English. Explain the ways you employed to convey faithfully the notions of the specifically Ukrainian national lexicon.

З погляду перекладацької практики виділяємо явні "і скриті (приховані, потаємні) реалії. Останні – це слова типу укр. піч, сорочка ("вишиванка"), скриня ("оздоба хати на Гуцульщині, зроблена без єдиного цвяха схованка для одягу та взагалі для вартісних речей") в українсько-англійському бінарному зіставленні. Вони начебто мають відповідники у мові-сприймачі, але співвідносні денотати в позамовній дійсності дуже відрізняються між собою, так що беззастережна субституція їх позначень, що мають різну художньо-стилістичну наповненість, може спричинити ряд додаткових труднощів (лексичний збіг відповідних номінацій при культурологічній розбіжності). В українсько-англійському бінарному зіставленні до прихованих реалій належить лексема *рушник*. У значенні "утиральник", "утирач", "утирало", "втирало", для позначення необхідної в хаті ужиткової речі, вона рівновартна рос. "полотенце", англ. towel, польс. ręcznik, нім. das Handtuch. Але на Україні лексемою "рушник" позначають і декоративні рушники, вишивані та ткані, що споконвіку є суттєвим атрибутом усякденних та урочистих народних звичаїв, обрядів, правил. На вишиваному рушникові подають хліб як, символ гостинності, вишиваним рушником прикрашають господу, на шлюбний рушник стають молоді, просячи батьківського благословення. Звідси прислів'я "на рушник стати – повік друга мати", і текст весільного запрошення: "Стелися, доле, рушниками, У цей щасливий, добрий час. Щоб розділити радість з нами, Ласкаво просимо до нас!". І рядки І. Гнатюка "Мій рід гуцульський в рушниках перевисає до народів"; і назви збірок "Рушник землі" С. Чернілевського та "Рушник на камені" К. Куцюка-Кочинського. Під впливом позамовної дійсності з опорним компонентом "рушник" в українській мові виникло чимало реалій-етнографізмів, з погляду лінгвістики, – фразеологічних одиниць: подавати (ткати, дбати) рушники, їхати (слати) за рушниками, вернутися з рушниками. Тому-то слушно вчинили російські перекладачі, подаючи Малишкову (а, по суті, уже, загальнонародну) "Пісню про рушник" під заголовком "Годы молодые", і не намагаючись опоетизувати російське "полотенце". "Вельми яскравою українською реалією" називають український рушник С. Влахов і С. Флорин.

(Р.П. Зорівчак. Реалія і переклад)

XI. Discuss grammatical peculiarities of Ukrainian and English. Read this text and comment on the ways of rendering Ukrainian segmented constructions in English:

В англomовних перекладах абсолютні конструкції часто компенсують стилістичні нюанси, які вносять в український текст обривані речення. Ось епізод з оповідання "Сміх" М. Коцюбинського. Пан Чубинський, почувши

регіт Варвари тоді, коли очікував співчуття від неї, пішов за нею до кухні. І раптом зрозумів, чому Варвара, що жила в нелюдських умовах» не могла жаліти панів. Змальовуючи цю сцену, письменник вживає обривані речення: "Лише дивився. Великими очима, наляканими, гострими і незвичайно видющими". Актуалізації дії сприяє активна форма дієприкметника, що в українській мові несе сильний заряд експресії. В кращих англійських перекладах знаходимо абсолютну конструкцію: "He could say no more, and just stood staring, his eyes wide, anxious, searching, and suddenly unveiled"; "He just stood and stared, his eyes wide, anxious and unusually searching".

В українському художньому мовленні частіше, ніж в англійському, експресію спричиняють приєднання – відокремлені означення або порівняння в еліптичній формі, як в акварелі М. Коцюбинського "На камені": "По голому сірому виступі скелі ліпились татарські халупки, зложені з дикого каміння, з плоскими земляними покрівлями, одна на одній, як хатки з карт. Без тинів, без воріт, без вулиць". Англійські перекладачі А. Мистецький і Дж. Гуральський виявилися не такі сміливі. У них приєднання перетворюється просто в окреме речення з конструкцією there: "There were no fences, no gates, no streets"; "There were no fences, gates or streets." Від цього переклад багато втрачає. Правда, у першому перекладі певне нагнітання, посилення створюється повтором частки "no". У перекладі А. Микитяка приєднання включено в попереднє речення, що дуже знизило його експресивний потенціал: "The small Tatar huts, built of unhewn stones, with flat earthen roofs, one above the other like little card houses, without any fences, gates or streets, clung all over the bare gray projection of the rock".

Але інколи перекладачам сміливості вистачає, порівн.: "Заплакала за мною хата. Як дитина за мамою – так заплакала" – "The house wept after me also. Like that child after his mother".

В оповіданні "Дорогою ціною" М. Коцюбинський також використовує прийом приєднання. Ось лежить тяжко поранений Остап, якого палить гарячка. Він очікує Соломію і раптом відчуває, що біля нього жива істота – "Проти нього стояв не пес, а вовк. Великий, сірий, забовтаний, з гарячими й голодними очима" У перекладі Л. Прокопа і О. Сологубенка похаплива, динамічна розповідь перетворюється в просту констатацію фактів: "In front of him stood not a dog, but a wolf. He was huge, grey, splattered, with hungry burning eyes".
(Р.П. Зорівчак. Реалія і переклад)

XII. Render the following text in English.

Історія української імміграції в Канаді привертала до себе увагу багатьох дослідників як на Україні, так і в зарубіжних країнах. Немає сумніву, що з'являться ще нові цікаві розвідки, які відкриють немало важливих сторінок заокеанської епопеї переселенців з України.

Розширюється діапазон і соціологічних досліджень етнічних взаємовідносин у суспільстві Канади, інтерес до яких дуже посилюється у зв'язку з активізацією боротьби франкомовної меншості за рівноправність з англоканадцами та в зв'язку з проголошенням на початку 70-х років державною політикою "багатокультурності" Канади.

Розглядаючи обставини функціонування етнічних мов у такій багатомовній країні, як Канада, треба зважати на те, що вони існують не ізольовано, а виступають як ланки загальної мовної ситуації. Мовною (або лінгвістичною) ситуацією звичайно називають сукупність усіх мов, територіальних і соціальних діалектів, функціональних мовних стилів і т. ін., які використовуються в даній країні для забезпечення комунікації на всіх суспільних рівнях. Відрізняють у мовній ситуації два виміри: горизонтальний, тобто просторовий соціально-функціональний розподіл її компонентів, і вертикальний, тобто взаємна їх підпорядкованість, ієрархія. Різні мови, що функціонують у єдиній мовній ситуації, не існують кожна сама по собі, а складають систему, в якій виступають як взаємно пов'язані ланки, впливаючи одна на одну.

За сучасного стану двомовності, коли домінуюча роль у спілкуванні двомовців уже цілком належить англійській мові, стає важко визначити кількісні параметри корпусу запозичених англіцизмів в українській мові Канади. Практично будь-які обмеження в сфері, яка приведена вище, зникають, і в українських текстах можуть з'являтися будь-які англійські слова. Так, наприклад, в текстах публіцистичного і соціально-політичного змісту зберігається значна частина англійської термінології. Пор.: *Малося на меті провести "патріацію" – "вбатьківцевлення" конституції* (patriation, дослівно: "повернення на батьківщину").

Вони без більших труднощів обходять корективну фіскальну і монетарну політику окремих держав (corrective "виправний, коригуючий", fiscal "фінансовий", пор. пол. fiskalny, укр. фіскальний "пов'язаний з виконанням обов'язків фіскала"; monetary "грошовий", пор. пол. monetarny "монетний").

Рада є умандатована законом розглядати напрямні політики багатокультурності й пересилати на руки міністра рекомендації щодо пріоритетів цієї програми (mandate "уповноважувати, доручати", пор. пол. mandat, укр. мандат; priority "порядок черговості, терміновість", пол. priorytet "пріоритет").

Досить часто англійські слова вживаються в українських контекстах без граматичної адаптації, тобто не приймаючи будь-яких українських закінчень:

Він зберіг із "гай-скул" чудові спомини (high school "середня школа").

У часі т. зв. "овпен гавз" цього хмароссягу... (open house "час відчинених дверей", "час прийому екскурсій").

Ну що ж, підемо на велфер (well-fair "тимчасова допомога на час

безробіття").

Нажив справжній "флат" аж на п'ять кімнат (flat "квартира, мешкання").

Перекладач передав йому "месидж" (message "лист").

Досить значну групу українських термінів, що вживаються в англійських текстах, складають історизми – слова і словосполучення, що означають різні явища, поняття, події, пов'язані з історією України, напр.: pan – пан. Khan – хан, Cossack – козак, Zaporizhyans або Zaporizhian Cossacks – запорожці, Sitch – січ, the Hetman – гетьман, the oprishky – опришки, the Burlaks – бурлаки, shlyakhta – шляхта, the Haidamaki – гайдамаки, the kozachok – козачок та ін. Пор.:

They made movie about Zaporizhian Cossacks. – Вони зняли мультфільм про запорізьких козаків. The Haidamak were ruthlessly suppressed. – Гайдамацький рух був нещадно придушений. One of the largest Haidamak uprisings was in 1768. – Одно з найбільших повстань гайдамаків було в 1768 році. Andriy, the kozachok house boy, rushed in. – Вбіг козачок Андрій.

В останньому прикладі термін kozachok пояснюється англійським словосполученням house boy. По-перше, англomовні читачі могли б без цього не зрозуміти, що таке козачок, а по-друге, вони могли асоціювати його з близьким і більш знайомим їм словом Cossack "козак". Такі пояснення при історизмах досить поширені:

This war was led by the Cossack Hetman (chieftain) Bohdan Khmelnytsky. – Цю війну вів козацький гетьман (вождь) Богдан Хмельницький.

(Ю.О. Жлуктенко. Українська мова на лінгвістичній карті Канади)

1.4. Handling Translator's False Friends

Exercises

I. Study carefully the following words. Note the difference in the meaning in English and in Ukrainian and suggest the appropriate equivalents .

1. accurate; 2. appellation; 3. artist; 4. balloon; 5. billet; 6. compositor; 7. data; 8. decade; 9. decoration; 10. Dutch; 11. fabric; 12. fabulist; 13. intelligence; 14. macaroon; 15. magistrature 16. matrass; 17. momentous; 18. motorist; 19. obligation; 20. officiant; 21. physique; 22. probe; 23. production; 24. propaganda; 25. prospect; 26. protection; 27. pathos; 28. replica; 29. scunner; 30. spectre.

II. Note the meanings of the English international words and translate them in the given examples.

1. **agitation** *n.* 1. Moving or shaking (of a liquid); 2. Anxiety; 3. Discussion or debate (for the purpose of bringing about a change); social or political unrest

or trouble caused by such discussion

She was in a state of agitation.

2. **civil** *adj.* 1. of human society; of people living together; 2. not of the armed forces; 3. politely helpful

Can't you be more civil?

3. **dramatic** *adj.* 1. sudden or exciting; 2. catching and holding the imagination by unusual appearance or effects

His success was dramatic.

4. **industry** *n.* 1. quality of being hard-working; being always employed usefully; 2. (branch of) trade or manufacture (contrasted with distribution and commerce)

Mary is admired for her indefatigable industry.

5. **idiom** *n.* 1. specific character of the language of a people or country, e.g. one peculiar to a district, group of people, or to one individual; 2. succession of words whose meaning is not obvious through knowledge of the individual words but must be learnt as a whole (especially when not used literally)

He studied the idiom of the Northern England countryside.

6. **legend** *n.* 1. old story handed down from the past, esp. one of doubtful truth; 2. literature of such stories; 3. inscription on a coin or medal; 4. explanatory words on a map, a picture, etc.

Covering a portion of wall from ceiling to floor, were several long strips of paper on which had been painted in black the legend: "It's later than you think."

7. **paralysis** *n.* 1. loss of feeling or power to move in any or every part of the body; 2. state of total powerlessness

It was typical of the kind of paralysis into which Norman's mind had fallen.

III. Identify the genuine international and pseudo-international meanings in the following lexemes.

Accumulator; ambition; balance; buffet; calendar; civil; dramatic; dynamic; effective; expedition; fiction; front; humanity; hypothetical; instrument; imitation; juridical; liberal; locomotive; marshal; minister; nation; natural; officer; original; pamphlet; paragraph; record; revolution; scene; storm; terror; twist; vector; vulgar.

IV. Suggest possible ways of translation into Ukrainian for each international word and proper name in the text below.

In the Mirror of the Census

All that is going on around us assumes a brilliant political coloration, with the current census in Ukraine being no exception. This domain is, like the British Parliament, a place of a bitter competition between two parties, those who speak Ukrainian and those who speak Russian. Each suspects cheating and doctoring everywhere, each accuses the authorities of bias, both of them call on people not to fall victim to provocation and to fill out the questionnaires giving the truth,

the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, i.e., to fearlessly call themselves as either Ukrainian or Russian speaking. Both groups are convinced that the census results will be fixed, that the number of, say, Russian and Russian-speakers will be radically underrated, which is, after all, the ultimate purpose of this horrible provocation called the census. Both sides are utterly indignant over how the questions are worded in the census forms, which testifies, incidentally, in favour of those questions. The antagonists from both sides believe that the census results will simultaneously understate the number of both Russian and Ukrainian speakers, which will in turn entail the introduction of a second official language as well as further discrimination against what used to be called the great and powerful Russian language in this country. Of Ukraine's Russian speaking citizens, especially active are the Russian communities in the southern and eastern regions. For instance, Odessa residents saw hundreds of thousands of leaflets calling on "citizens of New Russia" (tsarist name for the region) not to be afraid and boldly say who they are. Quite active in getting the flock ready for the dread census are the clergy of the Odessa-Ismayil diocese of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church (Moscow Patriarchate). The Odessa priests loyal to Moscow do not exactly champion the revival and wide use of the language spoken by most Ukrainian citizens.

In general, it sometimes begins to seem that some time machine has taken you to the Middle Ages, to the epoch of the first censuses in the Russian Empire (which, incidentally, recorded only males). People were highly suspicious of and anticipated the worst from censuses. Sometimes it would even come to rebellions: peasants were ready to face death rather than have their names placed on the diabolical lists.

Meanwhile, everything is not as dramatic as the "census politicians" claim.

Chapter 2. Collocational Aspects of Translation

2.1. Handling Attributive Groups

Exercises

I. Point out the possible meanings of the following attributive groups.

1. London docks; 2. school leavers; 3. animal husbandry; 4. livestock products; 5. consumer demands; 6. wage cuts; 7. electricity cuts; 8. aggressive supporter; 9. bold adventure; 10. non-smoker carriage; 11. "keep wages down" lobby; 12. a 44-hour week; 13. the Guardian International subscribers; 14. Research and Development Society; 15. Scotland Yard detectives; 16. Trafalgar Square rally; 17. a "Buy America" (American cars) campaign; 18. four-part program; 19. the latest sun eclipse; 20. John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library; 21. World Economic Forum (in Davos); 22. Good Neighbour Policy;

23. public school girl; 24. Middle East Conference; 25. a welfare-reform plan.

II. Suggest the ways of conveying the meaning into Ukrainian of the following attributive groups.

1. consumers' goods industries; 2. perfect likeness; 3. practical joker; 4. Ukraine-British business partnership; 5. nuclear power stations; 6. major ocean routes; 7. Royal Court Theatre; 8. local educational authorities; 9. the first NBA championship (U.S.A.); 10. civil defence organization; 11. social insurance expenditure; 12. pop music fans; 13. the Windows operating systems; 14. the Constitution Day reception; 15. Believe in Yourself festival; 16. an all-expense-paid trip to Artek; 17. top trade-union leaders; 18. International Copyright Protection; 19. the Cabinet of Ministers' resolution; 20. French government buildings; 21. a France-Ukraine friendship group; 22. the old books salesman; 23. Kharkiv Skovoroda Teachers Training University; 24. the Midlands car factory trade union committee; 25. a health insurance programme.

III. Identify the attributive groups in the given sentences and render their meanings into Ukrainian.

1. The Ukrainian Ministry of Foreign Affairs announced that the new travel regime is connected with the Cabinet of Ministers' resolution No. 426 of May 6, 2001 coming into force. 2. Ukrainian-Russian bilateral relations unexpectedly flourished in December: the two countries proclaimed 2002 as the Year of Ukraine in Russia and 2003 as the Year of Russia in Ukraine. 3. The committee studied a trade union activities draft document in dealing with the multinational companies. 4. About 300 complaints and appeals against the violations of human rights and liberties have been submitted to the Verkhovna Rada Committee Against Organized Crime And Corruption that year. 5. The United States Army Engineer Research and Development Laboratories at Fort Belvoir are currently testing a multi-purpose tracked vehicle. 6. The Fund To Promote the Development of the Arts in Ukraine presents a one-man show by Kyiv painter and graphic artist Yuri Lutskevych (1934-2001). 7. Oleksandr Synytsia is among the winners of the Day (newspaper) of the New Millennium Third International Photo Contest conducted by our newspaper together with Kodak Ukraine. The special prize, a ten day tour by Europe, was presented by Artek's 94 Ltd. Tourist Company. 8. The Verkhovna Rada investigating commission knows the faces, first, and last names of the real murders, but does not want to disclose the source of information for fear that contract killers might silence this source. 9. Lee McKeown, aged 19, lead with the Bay City Rollers pop group appeared at Oxford Magistrates' Court yesterday charged with assaulting two newspaper photographers and damaging equipment belonging to one of them. 10. The satellite is some 15 times heavier than previous US spy satellite models.

IV. Transform the following Ukrainian noun word-groups into English multi-

member attributive groups.

1. Науково-дослідні інститути академії наук України. 2. Викладачі та студенти Київської музичної академії ім. П.І. Чайковського. 3. Результати весняно-літньої студентської сесії. 4. Студенти-заочники Херсонського державного університету. 5. Призери фінального туру міської олімпіади. 6. Новорічні та різдвяні свята українських студентів. 7. Книжковий фонд Херсонського державного університету. 8. Читачі національної бібліотеки ім. Вернадського. 9. Український чемпіон-непрофесіонал. 10. Молодший медперсонал лікарні. 11. Англійська служба охорони здоров'я. 12. Півторамісячна літня відпустка. 13. Головна осіння кампанія. 14. Лондонські підземні тунелі. 15. Кубок європейських володарів кубків.

V. Explain the meanings of the multi-member attributive groups and translate the following sentences.

1. American Power Boat Association Gold Cup Champions were present at the party. 2. The action was organized by the Zakarpattia Oblast State Administration. 3. World Number One amateur tennis player Roy Emerson was interviewed yesterday. 4. The three-man UN mission left London after a week of talks with the British Government. 5. The famous Hollywood actors will appear in the soon-to-be-released film. 6. The American Labor Party Political Action Committee Election Campaign Planning Board launched a new fund-raising drive. 7. The British Aircraft Corporation combined shop-stewards committee expressed full support for the National Union of Miners. 8. To watch it happen, all within two and a half hours, was a thrilling sight. 9. He has that unmistakable tall lanky "rangy" loose-jointed graceful closecropped formidable clean American look. 10. There was none of the Old-fashioned Five-Four-Three-Two-One-Zero business, so tough on the human nervous system. 11. Harrison a well-tailored aristocrat was an out-and-out leaflet-writing revolutionary at the time. 12. He acknowledged an early-afternoon customer with a be-with-you-in-a-minute nod. 13. He was being the boss again, using the it's-my-money-now-do-as-you're-told voice. 14. The Amalgamated Engineering Union South Essex District Committee is sending a delegation to meet Members of Parliament with a request for engineers to flood the lobby when they have finished work. 15. Eleven-year-old Liuda Boiko from Uzhhorod excels at playing the violin and painting. She also walked away with first prize at believe in Yourself festival, an all-expense-paid trip to Artek, a famous summer camp in the Crimea.

2.2. Handling Phraseological Units

Exercises

I. Translate the story below into Ukrainian. Use the list of idioms below where necessary for the purpose.

Up, Up and Away

On Monday, out of the clear sky, the local travel agent telephoned Janice to tell her that she had won two tickets to the Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta in New Mexico.

Janice and John, her husband, had always wanted to go ballooning at the festival, but they thought that such a trip was beyond their reach. She was walking on air when she telephoned John to tell him the good news. At first, John thought that Janice was joking and full of hot air, but when he realized that she was not building castles in the air, his annoyance vanished into thin air. As soon as John came home from work, Janice and John eagerly talked about the trip. Soon their plans grew by leaps and bounds. Janice's head was in the clouds all the time because she was anticipating the trip and her first balloon ride.

Two weeks before the trip, Janice was rushed to the hospital. After examining her, the doctor burst her bubble when he said that she would need an operation. The doctor's decision went over like a lead balloon. Janice was devastated. Now their balloon vacation was up in the air. She knew that without the free tickets, the cost of the trip would be sky high. But Janice was lucky. The operation was not serious, and she begged the doctor to let her go on the trip. One week later, Janice and John took their dream trip. They were on cloud nine as their balloon rose into the blue sky. Janice smiled and thought: sometimes it pays to reach for the sky.

Idioms to the story:

1. The sky's the limit – there is upper limit;
2. Out of the clear blue sky – suddenly; without warning;
3. Go sky high – go very high;
4. Walk on air – be very happy; euphoric;
5. By leaps and bounds – rapidly;
6. Full of hot air – talking nonsense;
7. Go fly a kite – go away and stop bothering me;
8. Burst one's bubble – disillusion someone;
9. Have one's head in the clouds – be unaware of what is going on;
10. Up in the air – undecided; uncertain;
11. Out of thin air – out of nowhere; out of nothing;
12. Vanish into thin air – disappear leaving a trace;
13. On cloud nine – very happy;
14. Reach for the sky – aspire to something; set one's goals high;
15. Beyond one's reach – more than one can afford;
16. Under a cloud of suspicion – be suspected of something;
17. Go over like a lead balloon – not well received by others;
18. As high as a kite – very happy;
19. Breath of fresh air – new, fresh, and imaginative approach;
20. Build castles in the air – daydream; make plans that never come true.

II. Suggest suitable Ukrainian versions for the following English proverbs, sayings and catchwords:

1. actions speak louder than words; 2. all that glitters is not gold; 3. work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; 4. a bad workman always blames the tools; 5. barking dogs seldom bite; 6. beauty is only skin deep; 7. creaking gate hangs long; 8. don't cross the bridge until you come to it; 9. don't put the cart before the horse; 10. the early bird catches the worm; 11. every dog has his day; 12. forbidden fruit is sweetest; 13. if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; 14. it's easy to be wise after the event; 15. it's never too late to mend; 16. it never rains but it pours; 17. more haste less speed; 18. no gain without pain; 19. necessity is the mother of invention; 20. never look a gift horse in the mouth; 21. no news (is) good news; 22. one swallow doesn't make a summer; 23. out of sight, out of mind; 24. paddle your own canoe; 25. the proof of the pudding is in the eating; 26. the road to hell is paved with good intentions; 27. the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak (The Bible); 28. still waters are deep; 29. time and tide wait for no man; 30. too many cooks spoil the broth; 31. when the cat's away the mice will play; 32. where there's a will, there's a way; 33. while there's life, there's hope; 34. you can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; 35. you may lead a horse to water, but you can not make him drink; 36. man proposes and God disposes; 37. give a man a fish and he eats all day. Teach him catch fish and he eats for a lifetime; 38. education makes people easy to lead but difficult to drive, easy to govern but impossible to enslave; 39. good advice comes from the aged; 40. an old man is like a child; 41. early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; 42. there is no place like home; 43. one today is worth two tomorrows; 44. a man is old as he feels, a woman is old as she looks; 45. many a good cow has a bad/evil calf; 46. one's eyes drop millstones; 47. a forgetful head makes a weary pair of heels; 48. great talkers are all little doers; 49. a great ship asks deep water/s; 50. great weeds grow apiece; 51. to have not a penny to one's name/to have not a shirt to one's back; 52. keep your mouth shut and your ears open; 53. spare the rod and spoil the child; 54. a sparrow in the hand is better than the pigeon on the roof; 55. a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; 56. birds of a feather flock together; 57. the ass is known by its ears; 58. a bird is known by its note, and a man by its talk; 59. a bitten child dreads the dog; 60. a burnt child dreads the fire/a scalded cat/dog fears cold water; 61. the face is the index of the mind; 62. a fair face may hide a foul heart; 63. far from eye, far from heart/seldom seen, soon forgotten; 64. to fear as the devil fears the holy water; 65. to fiddle while Rome is burning; 66. one's fingers are (all) thumbs; 67. fish begins to stink at the head; 68. fools will be fools; 69. a fool when he is silent is counted wise; 70. friends may meet but mountains never; 71. friends are thieves of time; 72. God helps those who help themselves; 73. man is known by the company he keeps; 74. a good Jack makes a good Jill; 75. every god has his way; 76. fine feathers make the bird; 77. don't have too many irons in the tire; 78. while there's life there's hope; 79. the wish is

father to the thought; 80. a word is enough to the wise; 81. a rolling stone catches no moss; 82. rain at seven, fine at eleven.

III. Offer corresponding Ukrainian versions for the following English proverbs and sayings:

1. speak of devil and he will appear; 2. to teach the dog to bark; 3. you can not wash charcoal white; 4. velvet paws hide sharp paws; 5. he that will strive, must rise at five; 6. life is not all cakes and ale; 7. little thieves are hanged, but great ones escape; 8. physician, heal thyself; 9. rule with the rod of iron; 10. like teacher, like pupil; 11. like master, like land; 12. like father, like son; 13. like master, like servant; 14. like author, like book; 15. like mistress, like maid; 16. like priest, like people; 17. as the tree, so the fruits; 18. as old clock crows, so doth the young; 19. like begets like; 20. as is the gardener so is the garden; 21. like carpenter, like chips; 22. as is the workman, so is the work; 23. like draws to like; like cures like.

IV. Offer English semantic equivalents for the Ukrainian proverbs and sayings below. Use exercise III for the purpose where necessary.

Який учитель, такий і учень; який господар, таке й поле; яка хата, такий тин/який батько, такий син; який автор, така й книжка; який піп, така й парафія/зі злої трави-лихе сіно; тернина грушок не родить; яке коріння, таке й насіння; яблуко від яблуні недалеко падає; яка пряжа, таке й полотно; по роботі пізнати майстра; який Яків – стільки й дяки; який пастух, така й череда; які самі, такі й сани; яка грушка, така й юшка; рибак рибака впізнає здалека; видно пана по халявах; який їхав, таку й здивав/стрів; малі злодії попадаються – великі вириваються.

V. Translate the following phraseological/idiomatic expressions, proverbs and saying into English and define the ways in which their meaning can be faithfully conveyed.

1. який Сава, така й слава; 2. що було, то загуло; 3. з ким поведешся, того й наберешся; 4. на світі нема нічого вічного; 5. ледве зводити кінці з кінцями; 6. шила в мішку не сховаєш; 7. найкраща риба – ковбаса/гарна птиця ковбаса; 8. тихо, як у вусі/чути, як трава росте; 9. не відкладай на завтра те, що можна зробити сьогодні; 10. одна паршива вівця всю отару поганить; 11. хто сміється, тому не минеться; 12. краще жайворонок у руці, ніж журавель у небі; 13. людям язиків не зав'яжеш; 14. темно, хоч в око стрель; 15. підвезти воза/підкласти свиню; 16. чуже бачити аж під лісом, а свого й під носом не помічати; 17. підірвати довір'я до себе; 18. грошей добру колійку/грошей дай Боже; 19. всі дівчата, мов квітки, а звідки погані баби беруться; 20. тримати язик за зубами/ні пари з уст; 21. дати прочухана/нагріти чуба; 22. не лишити каменя на камені; 23. ні пуху, ні луски; 24. морочити комусь голову; 25. козак не без долі/і в наше віконце

ще загляне сонце; 26. білими нитками шито; 27. служити і вашим, і нашим; 28. м'яко стеле, та твердо спати; 29. недовго (комусь) ряст топтати; 30. не водись з дурнем; 31. попасти пальцем у небо; 32. пусті слова/балачки; 33. верзти нісенітницю; 34. наговорити сім мішків/кіп гречаної вовни; 35. узнати/спізнати, по чім ківш лиха; 36. в гурті І смерть не страшна/поділене горе – півгоря; 37. око за око/зуб за зуб; 38. обіцянка-цяцянка, а дурному радість; 39. дурнів не орють, не сіють (а вони самі родяться); 40. знайте нас: ми кислиці – то з нас квас; 41. а яке мені діло/моя хата з краю; 42. був кінь, та з'їздився; 43. біда вимучить, біда й навчить; 44. рука руку мие. 45. зарізати курку, що несла золоті яйця.

VI. Choose in part B of the exercise below the corresponding English equivalents for the following Ukrainian idiomatic/phraseological expressions and substantiate the way in which you decided to translate them.

A. 1. виїденого яйця не вартий; 2. я не я, і хата не моя/моя хата з краю; 3. купається/плаває, як вареник у маслі; 4. як тільки язик повертається; 5. як сніг на голову; 6. лупцювати, як Сидорову козу; 7. (дивитися) як цап/баран на нові ворота; 8. спіймати облизня; 9. чув дзвін, та не знає, де він; 10. як чугуївська верства (високий); 11. чого я там не бачив; 12. спасти на думку; 13. отримати прочухана; 14. рости, як із води; 15. здоров'я – найдорожчий скарб; 16. розбити глек із кимсь; 17. розв'язувати руки комусь; 18. сім п'ятниць на тиждень; 19. кашу маслом не збавиш; 20. водити за ніс (когось); 21. морочити комусь голову/піддурювати когось; 22. від долі не втечеш/у всякого своя доля; 23. клепки не вистачає (комусь); 24. верзти нісенітницю; 25. справи йшли як по маслу; 26. з вірогідного джерела/з вірогідних джерел, із свіжих рук; 27. буря в склянці води; 28. гроші/гаманець, або життя; 29. не їла душа часнику, не буде й смердіти.

B. 1. is not worth a straw; 2. it does not concern me/it is not business of mine; 3. one lives in luxury/on the fat of the land; 4. how dare(s) one say so; 5. to come plump upon one/to come like a bolt from the blue; 6. to beat the life out of one; 7. to look/be astounded, to be very surprised; 8. to fail face/be a complete failure; 9. that is mere hearsay/rumor; 10. (as) tall as a maypole; 11. I've nothing lost there; 12. to bring back (call) to memory; 13. to grow (take) one's gruel; 14. to overgrow; 15. good health is above wealth; 16. to have a quarrel with one/to break off with one; 17. to give rein/to give full scope (swing) to one; 18. to keep changing one's mind; 19. plenty is no plague; 20. to pull (one) by the nose; 21. to pull one's leg; 22. every bullet has its billet; 23. (one) has not all his buttons/one has a screw loose, one is a little wanting, one is not right up there; 24. to talk nonsense/bunkum; 25. things went swimmingly/without a hitch, work like butter; 26. straight from the horse's mouth/straight from the tin; 27. A storm in a tea-pot/tea-cup; 28. to stand and deliver; 29. People throw stones only at trees with them.

VII. Comment on specific features of Ukrainian phraseological units of comparison:

Фразеологізовані порівняння української мови мають деякі особливості:

1. Окрему групу серед українських компаративних зворотів становлять фразеологічні одиниці, які виникли через компресію семантичне надлишкових елементів: *соловейком щєбече; вию совою*.

2. Оскільки порядок слів в українській мові відносно вільний, в ній часто, зокрема в поезії, вживаються порівняння в препозитивній формі – спочатку образ, потім значення. Так, у "Кобзарі", за приблизними підрахунками, є 164 порівняння з препозитивною формою із загальної кількості 600, наприклад: *Мов лату на латі, На серце печалі нашили літа; Неначе цвяшок в серце вбитий. Оцю Марину я ношу; Неначе степом чумаки У осені верству проходять, Так і мене минають годи*.

3. Порівняння у всіх мовах щільно пов'язані з символікою, а українська символіка дуже своєрідна, глибоко відмінна від англійської. Так, у нашому художньому мовленні дуже часто зустрічаються порівняння з калиною як символом грації, ніжності, жіночої цнотливості. Англійська мова таких порівнянь не знає.

4. Українські компаративні фразеологічні одиниці часто побудовані на реаліях нашого побуту. Українській мові, наприклад, властиве порівняння позитивного регістру зі словом *писанка* як лексично послабленою частиною.

Розмальовування яєць навесні характерне для багатьох народів, однак на Україні писанкарство, що сягає у сиву давнину, надзвичайно розвинулося, урізноманітнилось, і українська писанка стала всесвітньою.

Так, у поемі "Княжна" є рядки, сповнені зворушливим милуванням природою України, створені Т.Г. Шевченком далеко від рідної землі: "Село! – і серце одпочине. Село на нашій Україні – Неначе писанка село, Зеленим гаєм поросло".

(Р.П. Зорівчак Фразеологічна одиниця як перекладознавча категорія)

VIII. Offer all possible ways in which the following English idioms can be translated:

1. like teacher, like pupil; 2. let the dead bury the dead; 3. he who keeps company with the wolves, will learn to howl; 4. the morning sun never lasts a day; 5. to keep a body and soul together; 6. murder will out; 7. of all birds give me mutton; 8. one could have heard a pin drop; 9. one today is worth two tomorrows; 10. one rotten apple decays the bushel; 11. people who are too sharp cut their own fingers; 12. pie in the sky; 13. pigs grunt about everything and nothing; 14. pitch darkness; 15. To play a dirty (mean, nasty) trick on one; 16. to point out a mote in one's eye; 17. to poison the fountains of trust; 18. a pretty penny; 19. a pretty little pig makes an ugly sow; 20. to keep one's tongue

between one's teeth; 21. to make it hot for one; 22. to make mince meat/to make meat of smth.; 23. more power to your elbow; 24. to pull one's leg; 25. every dog has his day; 26. this is too thin; 27. to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; 28. a saint's words and cat's claws; 29. one's sands are running out; 30. never bray at an ass; 31. to find a mare's nest; 32. sounding brass; 33. to talk through one's hat; 34. to talk a dog's (horse's) hind leg off; 35. to touch bottom; 36. company in distress makes sorrow less; 37. tit for tat; 38. tomorrow come never; 39. weeds want no sowing; 40. we got the coach up the hill; 41. what's Hecuba to me/to you; 42. when bees are old they yield no honey; 43. the wind in a man's face makes him wise; 44. scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. 45. To kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

Chapter 3. Grammatical Aspects of Translation

3.1. Handling Equivalent Forms and Structures

Exercises

I. Translate the following sentences with the special attention to the choice of Ukrainian equivalents to render the meaning of the English infinitives.

1. These conditions are sufficiently homogeneous to be grouped together. 2. Sanscrit, the earliest of the Indo-European tongues to make its appearance in written form, definitely displays the pitch-accent pattern. 3. There is a distinction to be made between these classes of words. 4. He was the first English painter to portray his native countryside so sincerely. 5. The second book, to be published shortly, will deal with the history of the national-liberation movement. 6. These writers were no pedants. They were practical men who were accustomed to use their pens for practical purposes, and who wrote to make themselves understood, not to display their cleverness or learning. 7. To begin with, dialectal varieties are as numerous in Tuscany as anywhere else in the peninsula. 8. But the exceptions are too numerous here for any rule to be stated. 9. A name, to be a complete word, must, as the logicians put it, possess both denotation and connotation. 10. It is significant, however, that over most of England and the Lowlands of Scotland the language which came to predominate was English. 11. This ornament is to be found later in the group of Shibe in the Altai. 12. To consider in turn each of the predecessors of Byzantine culture, which did or could affect its development, and to give a general outline of the character of the contribution of each is the aim of this chapter. 13. In 1542, nearly fifty years after Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, the Portuguese reached Japan, the first Europeans to view its shores. 14. A few additional factors of a geographical character which may have exercised an influence on artistic developments of one sort or another may also be noted.

15. More curious is the mixture of "literary" and "colloquial" styles, of "high" and "low", to use the eighteenth-century terms. 16. This work was compiled by a learned monk named Dionysios of Fournas, who appears to have lived at the end of the fourteenth century. 17. The vital problem is to examine the premises on which he based his conclusions. 18. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the Confucian scholars used to shave their heads like Buddhist priests. 19. It remains, however, for much of this material to be published in an easily accessible form. 20. To his sovereign or lord a man was bound to be faithful, to his parents dutiful, and to his elder brother respectful. 21. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it said to have been written by himself. 22. The population was divided into a number of different classes: serfs were to be found, and slavery existed. 23. To prepare civil officials, schools were established in the capital and provinces. 24. The only remaining traces of these tribes are pit dwellings and shell mounds, and they must have been in the most primitive stages of culture. 25. The people of this period are supposed to have lived in huts of skins, leaving no traces behind them. 26. In olden days the swordsmen used to travel all over Japan in order to perfect themselves in this art. 27. The essential fault of this work is to be found in the very plan. 28. The captain managed to secure his sextant, but when he went back for his chronometers, the chart-room was too deep in water for him to be able to reach them. 29. A distinction, which one might be tempted to make from our material is that between literary and everyday language. 30. The country was torn to pieces, as it were, politically and socially. All over Japan the feudal lords were at war with one another. The masses must have suffered very much. 31. The occasions when a Japanese samurai was bound to commit suicide were innumerable. 32. In addition to the local and unimportant peculiarities to be found in the British Isles, many different dialects must be springing up in other parts of the world. 33. My chief object in writing this chapter has been to make the reader realize that language is not exactly what a one-sided occupation with dictionaries and the usual grammars might lead us to think, but a set of habits, of actions, and that each word and each sentence spoken is a complex action on the part of the speaker. 34. As a rule, the poet is believed to be governed by language more than he governs it. 35. The dictionary shows that the number of words which may have originated in this way is very large. 36. The attempt is sometimes made to fix laws or rules for correct English in disregard of the fact that the language changes, and that the standard or correct expression cannot be made to depend entirely on the use of an earlier time. 37. All the principal species of animal now raised for food seem to have been domesticated already in the Near East and Europe by societies still in the neolithic stage. 38. The polished stone celt used to be regarded by archaeologists systematists as the type fossil of the neolithic phase. And it was of course used by most but all, neolithic societies, for carpentry, as in mesolithic times. 39. The relative conciseness of

Latin has been thought to be shown by the fact that there are fewer words in a Latin sentence than in a normal English translation of it. 40. In order to explain, or rather better to understand the sudden and glorious rise of Elizabethan literature, it is necessary to take a glance at the historical events which preceded it, and which may be said to have done much to make it possible. 41. The Chinese word for "mother" for instance, is "ma", even though Chinese is not supposed to have any connection with the languages of the West. 42. Further investigations along the same lines are likely to produce not only interesting information about the development of Byzantine painting, but also about the history of the whole European theatre. 43. Edward refused to admit baronial claims which were not attested in writing or could not be shown to have operated since the coronation of Richard I in 1190. 44. The Guildhall at Exeter, said to be the oldest municipal building in the country, is well worth a visit. 45. These fragments proved to be parts of a few large tablets. 46. Articles of this description appear to occur in Germany, and a number of specimens derived from the Island of Rügen, and thought to belong to this class, were presented for inspection by Mr. R. 47. Books of more lasting interest demand fuller treatment, and the presence of bibliographies, tables and illustrations should be indicated on cards likely to be con-suited by research workers. 48. The lake-dwellers of the stone age possessed a species of domestic dog of middle size, which they seem to have much valued, if the fact that it was not used as food, unless in cases of extreme need, warrants such a conclusion. 49. From 1580-1596 appeared the plays which may be said to represent the second stage of the Drama. 50. It is very probable that other deposits of the same nature will be found in the neighbouring territory close to the same ancient lake. This seems to be indicated by the remains of fossil animals recently discovered near Ambrona.

II. Note the way the meaning of the English passive forms is rendered in your translation of the following sentences:

1. In Eire, the Irish Free State, Irish has been made the official language and is spoken by about three million people, practically all of whom also speak English. 2. Few references to other works have been given in the body of the text, although the author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to all the works listed in general bibliography and the chapter bibliographies to which the student is referred for anything beyond the outline here offered. 3. It is recognized that equivalence in both meaning and style cannot always be retained. When, therefore, one must be abandoned for the sake of the other, the meaning must have priority over the stylistic forms. 4. The bibliographies at the close of each chapter have again been brought up to date, though they have at the same time also been somewhat simplified. 5. The formation of a common language is assisted by intercourse of any kind, so especially by military service. 6. The Stone Age Section has been given the largest space, especially now that a special exhibition of the new acquisitions has been arranged. 7. He began his writing in the old style, and though he could not, as an educated man brought in

close contact with the younger poets, be unaffected by them, he was by no means a consistent adherent of the school. 8. The opportunity has been taken here to publish a revised edition covering a much wider and more representative selection of London's libraries. 9. Meanwhile, in 1704, the Kamchatkan tradesman Vasilii Kolesov had been ordered by the authorities in Yakutsk to explore the limits of Kamchatka and to investigate whether there existed islands and if so to whom they belonged. 10. Long after Sanskrit ceased to be spoken as anyone's native language, it remained (as classical Latin remained in Europe) the artificial medium for all writing on learned topics. 11. These two individuals, the speaker and the hearer, and their relations to one another should never be lost sight of, if we want to understand the nature of language, and that part of language which is dealt with in grammar. 12. The whole question of Middle English dialects is now being subjected to rigorous scrutiny by A. McIntosh (Edinburgh) and some others. 13. Thinking arises only out of sense-perception and must be preceded by it. 14. The Reference books in the Reading Room are kept under review and, wherever necessary, new books are substituted for those which are superseded. 15. Much of the older grammatical equipment of particles and terminations is now dispensed with (in Modern Japanese). 16. Slaves (in America) were chattels; they were denied even the sensibilities of a brute animal. Two hundred years of legislation had sanctified and sanctioned Negro Slaves a property. And property they indeed were. Like domestic animals they were referred to as "stock". 17. Nevertheless, it may be affirmed that there were repeated glaciations in Northern Germany, and it may safely be asserted that the maximum glaciation there coincided with the Mindel Glacial Stage in the Alpine region. 18. The general plan, however, of this series has not been lost sight of. Important writers have been treated at comparatively greater length, to the neglect of many lesser notabilities and an attempt has been made, in so far as the state of our knowledge permits, to follow the literature and to trace the causes which determined its character at particular periods. 19. In 1837 one ship made its way nearly to Yedo in the effort to return a few castaways. She was fired upon and returned without having landed her charges. 20. American artists from Brockden Brown and Poe to Henry James and Eliot have suffered this fate. They have been thought of as expatriots and they have been denied a place in the literary history of the nation because they criticized their civilization. 21. Within a few centuries, owing to the difficulty of communications and the lack of a literary tradition, the Anglo-Saxon of England and the Frisian of the German lowlands had developed into widely divergent languages. At a much later period the coming of English-speaking immigrants to the shores of America was attended by a somewhat similar linguistic divergence. 22. Roman Latin had become the standard, normal Speech of all Italy and after the first century A.D. no reference was made to local accents or dialectal variations. 23. People are influenced by the pronunciation and words they hear on the radio and TV or in spoken motion pictures, and our radio and TV-picture language is imitated more and more by the people who hear it so that our language tends to become more and more uniform all the time. 24. It is assumed by many people that a repetition of a word will make the meaning more emphatic, but this is not always the case. 25. Simpler forms are substituted for the older, and the vocabulary is enriched

by the accession of a vast number of new words. 26. As new things were invented, they were given names built up from Latin and Greek roots. 27. As before noticed, the work of Mr. Wells as a true novelist must really be judged on the work of the period 1900-1909. 28. There can be little doubt that the Angles, Saxons and Jutes were a mixture of many tribal elements; though after they had been settled a few generations in England, Angles were being addressed as Saxons, Saxons were calling themselves Angles and the whole conglomeration was being referred to as Englishmen and their language as English speech. 29. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that two kinds of cattle were common during the stone age. 30. It will be seen that the distinction between different parts of speech always depends on formal criteria.

III. Select the appropriate word order in the Ukrainian translations of the following sentences:

1. What the author really meant, and what he showed in his own work, was something quite different from what he actually stated. 2. The number of possible sounds (in a language) runs into the hundreds, and probably, the thousands. No one language uses more than a small fraction of all these possible sounds, usually – no fewer than twenty and no more than sixty. Even where two languages use what seems to be the same sound, there are almost always small differences that a trained ear can catch. 3. Whatever subject comedy dealt with, its purpose was to expose and ridicule the follies and vices of what Johnson called real men. That this was the end of Johnson's comedies is made very clear throughout his work. 4. The vegetation of Japan is luxurious and as much of the land as is tillable responds splendidly to the efforts of the farmers. 5. As interesting as Inge's ideas and comments were, what he was as a human being was even more fascinating. 6. Whether or to what extent such sun and moon worship was passed on to our North West European ancestors from the aborigines of the north whom they overran absorbed, it is perhaps impossible to determine. 7. That translation is an interpretive art is a self-evident truth. Yet it is a paradox peculiar to the translator that he is the only interpretive artist working in a which is both identical with, and different from, the original he sets out to render in his own terms. 8. What Greece and Rome have been to Europe, China has been to the nations of the Far East. 9. Whether they were direct ancestors or not, the Australopithecine and other fossils at least show us that manlike animals could make and use tools before they reached the brain capacity of Modern Man. 10. What we are interested in is whether there linkage, in the sense of selective affinity, between and consonants, between vowels and vowels, and consonants and consonants. 11. Where the text of the poems in this book from that of earlier printed versions, the change has been made at the author's request. 12. In some continental European countries, there are language academies which practically legislate the language... Not that the Academies really want process of language change. They only want to turn it into what they consider desirable channels. But the Academy's view of what is a desirable channel and the view of the great body of speakers aren't always quite the same. 13. Why the noble example set by Chaucer should not have been ably followed up or even developed in other directions it is difficult to tell. 14. Human

language is in some ways similar to, but in other ways, vastly different from, other kinds of animal communications. 15. Man lives in society, and acts together with his fellow-men. His whole mode of life is social. Therefore just as it is in his social activity that he enlarges his perceptions, so it is in his social activity that, starting from these perceptions, he begins to form ideas, to think and to develop his ideas. 16. In comparative lexicology we constantly see how the things to be represented by words are grouped differently according to the whims of different languages, what is fused together in one being separated in another. 17. Between 1400 and 1500 the final "e" which characterized so many Middle English words ceased to be pronounced. Where it occurred after a consonant preceded by a short vowel it was generally dropped; where it succeeded a consonant preceded by a long vowel, it was retained as a sign of vowel-length. 18. The victory was rewarded with the honor of a full triumph: Marcellus was denied a triumph on the technical grounds that he was unable to withdraw his army from Sicily, and had to be content with an ovation. That Marcellus and his supporters felt that he had been unjustly treated is indicated by his celebration of an official triumph on the Alban hill. 19. Older books (in the library) should receive fuller treatment, and in many libraries, the greater the age of the book, the more detail included on the appropriate catalogue entries. 20. That many words which are separated in spelling are in reality compounds is also proved by the fact that they are grammatically treated as if they were single words. 21. Material of significance belongs to two categories. The former must be studied by the philologist before it can be utilized by the historian; the latter must similarly pass through the hands of field archaeologists. 22. On the forested plains of Northern Europe the hunters and fishers seem to have been still largely nomadic in Pre-Boreal times, to have shifted annually from summer to winter camps during the Boreal phase, but to have settled down in permanent encampments beside good fishing-grounds or oyster-beds in the Atlantic, at the same time improving their technique. 23. Having defined what we mean by a culture area we may now return to the question of how far and in what way these areas are correlated with environment. 24. In "Alice in Wonderland" (1865) Lewis Carroll reached the highest point of what may be called the "nonsense" story, in which the most absurd things seem to be given for the moment almost the semblance of truth. 25. The author's imagination, steeped in the realms of medieval chivalry, is perfectly matched by his style, which is simple and effective.

IV. Employ the partitioning or integrating procedures to translate the following text into Ukrainian.

Archie Sluter had one burning ambition: to cross the Atlantic in a rowboat. His friends tried to argue him out of it, describing the undertaking as foolhardy, nevertheless Sluter persisted. "I know," he would say, "that the dangers are great, but I am perfectly willing to risk my life in the interests of science." When asked what scientific interests could be served by such a stunt, Sluter would talk vaguely of phenomena he proposed to observe: ocean currents, winds, marine life. But actually, as he himself knew perfectly well, his real motivation was a

simple one: a boundless craving for adventure. Sluter proposed to leave from Finley, a small seaport near Derve. Since he expected the voyage to last between a hundred and two hundred days, depending on how fast he rowed, he gave a great deal of thought to provisions. He finally decided to depend mainly on three staples: dried beef, raisin, and powdered milk. Coffee, which he liked very much, was a luxury that he couldn't manage, for he would have no way to heat it. However, since he was very fond of sweets, he did put them in such items as chocolate bars and licorice sticks. The citizens of Finley, a town which had seen many adventurers go forth, regarded Sluter's venture with interest and good humor. One oldster, in particular, a sea captain, whose career went back to the days of sailing ships, gave Sluter a great deal of advice. "You'll want to have a good compass," he remarked one day, "in order to tell which way you're going." Sluter who hadn't thought of this thanked the Captain and put it down on his list. Another time Cap'n Bob – his real name was George, but everyone called him Cap'n Bob – asked whether Sluter had remembered to leave space for water kegs. "I don't need water," Sluter replied, "because I shall be drinking powdered milk." "Yes," said Cap'n Bob, "but you'll be needing water, Mr. Sluter, to put the milk into liquid form." Sluter, seeing the force of the argument, put water on the list too. At last the day of departure arrived and a large crowd estimated at five hundred people came down to the beach to see Sluter off. Willing hands helped him get the boat through the breakers and everyone cheered when he broke out the oars and started to row. Encouraged by this send-off, Sluter rowed briskly for two hours. Then he rested for a bit and had lunch: dried beef, raisin, and powdered milk. He was well through the surf though he could still see them, but he couldn't distinguish faces. Sluter rowed much of the night and all the next day he was determined to get out of sight of the crowd which embarrassed him. When on the second evening he could still see the well-wishers on the beach he felt rather discouraged. Exhausted from nearly thirty-six hours of rowing, he fell asleep and slept all night long. Awakening he found that the sun was shining and that several people were standing around the boat which had drifted ashore. "Where you made your mistake, Mr. Sluter," said Cap'n Bob, who was among those present, "was in starting from this side of the ocean. The winds and currents are all against you whereas they'd be helping you if you were coming the other way." Sluter, feeling a little piqued that the Captain had not told him this before, nevertheless thanked him courteously. However, he proposed to rest a little before deciding whether to cross the ocean and try again.

V. State the type of the composite sentences in the following texts. Translate them into Ukrainian.

1. WHAT IS GRAMMAR?

1. There are many ways of thinking about grammar, many senses in which the term is used. 2. One way is this: grammar is something that produces the

sentences of a language. 3. This is what we shall mean by grammar in this book. 4. Grammar is the heart of language, and language is the foremost of the features that make human beings human. 5. We are sometimes told that grammar is dull but useful. 6. It is better to look at it differently: properly approached, grammar is an absorbingly interesting study, and it may even do us some practical good.

2. THE SYSTEM OF A LANGUAGE

1. One of the most puzzling things about languages is that human beings are able to learn to speak them. 2. Listen to any English conversation and note the tremendous diversity of the structures that occur. There seems to be no end to the variety. 3. Scholars who have tried to put all of English into grammar books have sometimes found that four or seven or ten large volumes are not enough. 4. When we look at this apparently immense complexity, we wonder how anyone can be bright enough or have a powerful enough memory to learn a language and use it. 5. Yet, we all do this. Even those of us who are not very bright and those who have poor memories manage somehow or other to learn at least one language. 6. We master virtually all of its grammar (though, of course, not all of its vocabulary), and we achieve this without conscious study and at a very early age. Some children do more than this. 7. If their homes are bilingual, they learn two languages. In some parts of the world – the Middle East, for instance – it is not uncommon to find children of six or seven speaking four languages. 8. If there is any explanation at all, it must be that language structure is not really as complicated as it looks at first. There must be some kind of system to it simple enough to be grasped and held by any human mind, however ordinary. The grammarian's task is therefore to seek out this system, to be always trying to describe languages in the shortest and simplest way possible.

3. BASIC AND TRANSFORMED SENTENCES

1. When we try to describe English, we find that we get the shortest and neatest description if we suppose that it consists of two fundamentally different kinds of sentences. 2. There is first of all a kernel or base – a rather small set of sentence types which we have here called basic sentences. All the rest of English is transformation. That is, all the more complicated sentences of English can be explained as deriving from the basic sentences. 3. Given the kernel, the set of basic sentences, we can describe the great variety of English by explaining the rules by which complicated sentences are made out of basic sentences.

VI. *State the type of the sentence. Analyse the ways in which the clauses are connected. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian.*

1. Two is company but three is none. 2. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. 3. Will you be able to help me, or shall I ask someone else? 4. It was very cold outside, so they put on fur coats and high

boots. 5. The more he knew, the more he desired to know. 6. The moon went down, the stars grew pale, the cold day broke. 7. To know things by name is one thing; to know them by seeing them, quite another. 8. The triumph of the revolution is guaranteed, for the majority of the people are supporting it. 9. The party took no doctor with them to the Pole, nor did they take a cook. 10. I had no sooner arrived in London than there began a big bus drivers strike. 11. Hardly had Ashley done it, when he regretted it. 12. No sooner had the dog seen the stranger than it began to growl savagely. 13. Not only an almost breathtaking face did April Morrison have, but It was very clever too. 14. He made an offer, which I did not accept. 15. He wanted me to accept the offer, which I did not do. 16. Here is what is going to happen. 17. That's all I need. 18. It was surprising how little she had changed. 19. All I did was to perform a common act of courtesy. 20. What I want is to be paid for what I do. 21. What he had been waiting for happened. 22. The question is why she told me a lie. 23. It looks as if spring will never come. 24. I turned out all the lights to make it look no one was in. 25. It was hard to imagine that this small man had any importance. 26. I wrote him a letter expressing my gratitude for the impression his book had made on me. 27. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wines. 28. Mrs. Skinner liked to say aloud all the thoughts that passed through her head. 29. The next day (which was Friday) we met in the evening to pack. 30. He had no enemies; none, that is, whom he knew. 31. He looked like a respectable family solicitor, which indeed he was. 32. It was a gloomy day which made us all depressed. 33. We shall see what we shall see. 34. What did you say your name was? 35. Only after her departure did he realize that nothing could be changed. 36. He knew on which side his bread was buttered. 37. Who and what he was, Martin never learned. 38. What I have gone through you can't imagine. 39. I don't like it when you make fuss about nothing. 40. "Do as I tell you," he said. 41. You look at me as if I were talking absolute nonsense. 42. You'd better look for the umbrella where you may have left it. 43. I will remember you as long as I live. 44. Don't trouble trouble until trouble troubles you. 45. Do not count your chickens before they are hatched. 46. If youth knew; if age could. 47. If you want to succeed, you must plan your time carefully. 48. Had he been more polite, he wouldn't have talked like that. 49. If you knew him better, you would like him more. 50. Since you won't take advice, there is no point in asking it. 51. It was so hot that nobody wanted to do anything. 52. There was enough fuel in the tank, so that we were able to go on without refilling. 53. It isn't so bad as it might appear at first sight. 54. I intend to go on fighting this election as if nothing had happened. 55. He didn't see anything as if he had got blind. 56. Whatever advice you give, be short. 57. No matter what he says, don't believe him. 58. I know you won't say anything until it's all over. 59. I can't blame a man if he is born a fool, but I can blame even a fool for being lazy. 60. As I was saying, we have no enemies – at least, none I know. 61. "It will make it easier for all of us if we know the truth." "I don't think you'll much

like the truth if I tell you." 62. That's extraordinary how I am recognized wherever I go these days. 63. A man of his age – he was ninety-eight in August of that year – should not have been encouraged to play such games. 64. A classic is something that every body wants to have read and nobody wants to read. 65. There is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done. 66. In a little cottage near the river it was where we decided to stop for the night. 67. Ships carry life-boats so that the crew can escape if the ship sinks. 68. I want to see him, if I can. In case he has anything to tell me. 69. However rich one may be, there is always something one wants. 70. Philip Bosinney was known to be a young man without fortune, but Forsyte girls had become engaged to such before, and had actually married them.

3.2. Handling Equivalent-Lacking Forms and Structures

Exercises

I. Substitute the definite article for an appropriate possessive pronoun. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian.

1. He had uttered a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and **the** portrait grow old – . (O. Wilde) 2. It was his beauty that ruined him, his beauty and **the** youth that he had prayed for. (O. Wilde) 3. "Take the thing off **the** face. I wish to see it." (O. Wilde) 4. I know **the** age better than you do, though you will prate about it so tediously. (O. Wilde) 5. The next night, of course, I arrived at **the** place again. (O. Wilde) 6. At last, liveried in the costume of **the** age, Reality entered the room in the shape of a servant to tell the Duchess that her carriage was waiting. (O. Wilde) 7. – and you have often told me that it is personalities, not principles, that move **the** age. (O. Wilde) 8. "He began to talk about the house". (J. Fowles) 9. In England he never quite capitalized on the savage impact, the famous «black sarcasm» of **the** Spanish drawings. (J. Fowles) 10. The friendship, **the** rapport became comprehensible – . (J. Fowles)

II. Give your reasons for the choice of the indefinite pronoun to express the lexical meaning of articles. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian.

1. "A Mr. Forsyte to see you, sir". (J. Galsworthy) 2. "By the way, have you any spare clothes you could give the wife of a poor snipe? – . (J. Galsworthy) 3. He was moving slowly on the Bond Street, when a little light lady, coming from the backwater, and reading as she went, ran into him behind. (J. Galsworthy) 4. Haviland looked at him for a moment and then hung up his hat and coat. (M. Wilson) 5. "I saw a Mrs. Danvers on the twelfth floor at two o'clock", he said. (D. du Maurier) 6. There was a woman sitting before the fire. (K. Mansfield) 7. There lay a young man, fast asleep – sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. (K. Mansfield) 8. In a few

minutes **a** man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick. (E. Hemingway) 9. "We're going to kill **a** Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Anderson?". (E. Hemingway) 10. As he swung, head down, into Talgarth Street he was conscious, suddenly, of **a** man running. (A. Cronin) 11. "– not to be acquainted with **a** Jarndyce is queer, ain't it, Miss Flite?". (Ch. Dickens) 12. Every old gang has **a** Billy in it. (S. Leacock) 13. "What **a** fool Rawdon Grawley has been to go and marry a governess!". (W. Thackeray) 14. After **a** pause Lord Henry pulled out his watch. (O. Wilde) 15. When all that is settled, I shall take **a** West End theatre and bring her out properly. 16. **A** woman in a fluttering shawl was creeping slowly by the railings, staggering as she went. (O. Wilde) 17. At last he heard **a** step outside, and the door opened. (O. Wilde) 18. When **a** government makes bad mistake of judgement, the electorate turns against it as soon as it feels the effect. (J. Galsworthy) 19. This small sum seemed **a** fortune. (J. London) 20. He hadn't **a** penny. (S. Maugham)

III. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian. Identify how the contextual meanings of the bold type articles are realized in Ukrainian.

1. Desperately he came to **a** halt in front of one decent picture hanging on the walls. (A. Huxley) 2. I honestly think if **a** person's **an** artist nobody ought to have any feeling at all about meeting him. (D. Parker) 3. Life worried and bored him, and time was **a** vexation. (J. London) 4. He is **a** man. (J. London) 5. He was over to San Francisco yesterday looking for **a** ship. (J. London) 6. "What's that?" he replied to **a** question from Olney that broke in upon his train of thought. (J. London) 7. "Yes, she is **a** peacock in everything but beauty", said Lord Henry. (O. Wilde) 8. I have not laid eyes on him for **a** week. (O. Wilde) 9. They are always telling that it (America) is **the** Paradise for women. (O. Wilde) 10. Were people to gape at **the** mystery of his life? (O. Wilde) 11. "**An** eternity", she tells me... (O. Wilde) 12. There is hardly a single person in **the** House of Commons worth painting – . (O. Wilde) 13. I want to place her on a pedestal of gold, and to see **the** world worship the woman who is mine. (O. Wilde) 14. Then he discovered Henley and wrote **a** series of sea-poems on the model of Hospital Sketches. (J. London) 15. For **a** generation... the Old Hundredth (night club) has maintained a solid front against all adversity. (F. Fitzgerald) 16. So when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in **a** commuting town, it sounded like **a** great idea. (F. Fitzgerald) 17. "You can tell me **the** truth without giving me any of that lip." 18. This was his programme for **a** week. (J. London) 19. How can **a** man write so badly? (E. Hemingway) 20. When she returned with the grammar, she drew **a** chair near his. (J. London)

IV. Substitute the articles in bold type for the appropriate particles and translate the sentences into Ukrainian.

1. I believe some pictures of mine had made a real success at **the** time...

(O. Wilde) 2. It was **the** passions about whose origin we deceived ourselves that tyrannised most strongly over us. (O. Wilde) 3. You are **the** type the age is searching for – . (O. Wilde) 4. It seems to be **the** one thing that can make modern life mysterious or marvellous to us. (O. Wilde) 5. Conscience is **the** trade-name of the firm. (O. Wilde) 6. You are **the one** man in the world who is entitled to know everything about me – . (O. Wilde) 7. "Years ago, when I was a boy", said Dorian Gray – . (O. Wilde) 8. **The very** thought of it stirs me. (J. London) 9. – when that was over and he had failed to kill his loneliness but only made it worse, he had written to her, the first one, **the one** who left him. (E. Hemingway) 10. "I suppose, it's **the** thing to do", Macomber agreed. (E. Hemingway) 11. "She went into **a** house" "Into a house!" Michael dived his cigarette-case. (J. Galsworthy) 12. – I have this coloured laundress. She is **a** real character. (D. Parker) 13. – He says he wouldn't sit down at the table with one (Negro) for **a** million dollars. (D. Parker) 14. She is more than **an** individual. (O. Wilde) 15. "That's better", the sheriff said. "That's **a** civil answer". (W. Saroyan) 16. "You should go and see Claud Brains. He's **a** real genius". (J. Galsworthy) 17. I have no doubt it was not **an** accident, Dorian. (O. Wilde) 18. What **a** girl! (T. Dreiser) 19. ... "but I shall have to ask them what the name of **the** country is, you know". (L. Carroll) 20. It sounded **an** excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged. (L. Carroll) 21. That will be **a** queer thing, to be sure! (L. Carroll) 22. "Ah, that's **the** great puzzle!." (L. Carroll) 23. "What **a** curious feeling"! said Alice. (L. Carroll) 24. Either **the** well was very deep, or she fell very slowly. (L. Carroll) 25. She did not no **the** actual fire of love.

V. Point out the difference in the lexical meaning expressed by the indefinite and the definite articles in the following sentences.

1. As he passed the bronze statue of the Four Moors **a man's figure** emerged from an old house on the opposite side of the shipping basin. 2. **The man** approached unsteadily along the water side, shouting an English song. (E. Voynich) 3. As they passed by the gateway of the Uffizi, he crossed the road and stooped down at **a dark bundle** that was lying against the railings. (E. Voynich) 4. **The bundle** moved, and answered something in a low, moaning voice. (E. Voynich) 5. "What a fool Rawdon Grawley has been to go and marry **a governess!**" (W. Thackeray) 6. "But there was something about the **governess** too. Green eyes, fair skin, pretty figure". (W. Thackeray) 7. It was as John had said – he and she just wanted to live and **the past** was in their way – **a past** they had not shared in, and did not understand. (J.K. Jerome) 8. I've written a lot of them (his sayings) down in **a book** for fear of losing them. 9. It is only fair that at the back of the **book** I would be allowed a few pages to myself to put down some things. (J.K. Jerome) 10. It was **an early morning** of a sunny day.

(J.K. Jerome) 11. He remembered suddenly **the early morning** when he slept on the house-boat after her father died – . (J. Galsworthy) 12. He wrote **a pamphlet** on Malt on returning to England – . (J. Galsworthy) 13. She ...took an interest in **the pamphlet** on Malt: was often affected, even to tears. (J. Galsworthy) 14. There came **a morning** at the end of September when aunt Ann was unable to take from Smither's hands the insignia of personal dignity. (J. Galsworthy) 15. **The morning** after a certain night on which Soames at last asserted his rights and acted like a man he breakfasted alone. (J. Galsworthy)

VI. Choose the appropriate Ukrainian aspect forms to render the meaning of the verbs in bold type in the following sentences.

1. The ship **was being controlled** skilfully by its pilot-navigator. The equipment **was talking nervously** to itself – cycling, whirring, clicking, buzzing. It **was sensing and avoiding** hazards to the sides, seeking an ideal landing place below.

The designers of the pilot-navigator **had purposely obsessed** the equipment with one idea – and that idea was to seek shelter for the troops and material it **was supposed** to be carrying. The pilot-navigator **was to set** the troops and material down in the deepest hole it could find. The assumption was that the landing **would be in the face** of hostile fire.

Twenty Earthling minutes later, the pilot-navigator **was still talking** to itself – finding as much to talk about as ever.

And the ship **was still falling**, and falling, and falling fast.

The seeming searchlights and sky-scrappers outside **were no longer to be seen**. There was only inky blackness.

Inside the ship, there was silence of a hardly lighter shade, Unk and Boaz **sensed** what was happening to them – found what **was happening** unspeakable.

They sensed correctly that they **were being buried** alive.

The ship lurched suddenly, throwing Boaz and Unk to the floor. The violence **brought** violent relief.

"Home at last!" yelled Boaz. "Welcome home!"

Then the ghastly feeling of the leaf-like fall began again.

Twenty Earthling minutes later, the ship **was still falling** gently.

Its lurches were more frequent.

To protect themselves against the lurches, Boaz and Unk **had gone** to bed. They lay face down, their hands gripping the steel pipe supports of their bunks.

To make their misery complete, the pilot-navigator decreed that night **should fall** in the cabin.

A grinding noise **passed over** the dome of the ship, forced Unk and Boaz to turn their eyes from their pillows to the portholes. There was a pale yellow light outside now.

Unk and Boaz shouted for joy, ran to the portholes. They reached them just in

time **to be thrown** to the floor again as the ship freed itself from an obstruction, began its fall again.

One Earthling minute later, the fall stopped.

There was a modest click from the pilot-navigator. **Having delivered** its cargo safely from Mars to Mercury, as instructed, it had shut itself off.

It **had delivered** its cargo to the floor of a cave one hundred and sixteen miles below the surface of Mercury.

2. "Nora, you look a bit tired. What've you been doing all day?" "I've been **cleaning** the whole house. I said I **was going** to do." "But I wanted you to wait until the week-end so that I could help." "Oh, well, I thought I might as well get on with it. It was about time. The furniture **has been looking** shabby for months, so this morning I took all the loose covers off the arm-chairs and I washed them. That bit of sun early this afternoon **helped** to dry them." "Well, I hope you had a rest this afternoon." "No, since lunchtime I've **been turning out** the rooms upstairs. I **haven't quite finished** them yet." "My goodness! You **have been working** hard."

VII. State the form and function of the gerund. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian.

1. Arguing over trifles is a waste of time. 2. Do you mind my putting down your address and telephone number? 3. She enjoyed giving parties. 4. She was very proud of being admired. 5. I shall never forget seeing the Swiss Alps for the first time. 6. I remember meeting him before the war. 7. I don't remember ever having seen him. 8. He had never liked being a military man and devoted the rest of his life to growing flowers. 9. He had a way of talking with women. 10. Before going on an expedition we had to test the equipment. 11. We've gone too far, there's no backing out. 12. There'll be some sweating to check it up. 13. Being alone in your country is worse than being alone anywhere else. 14. His being absent-minded was noticed by everybody. 15. There is no danger of it happening again. 16. It was a silly thing, his telling them the truth. 17. Is it worth while your trying to convince him of being wrong? 18. She never did a thing without consulting her solicitor. 19. He was reprimanded for breaking the rules of the game. 20. Can I rely on you setting matters right? 21. We must consider whether it is worth while accepting this proposal. 22. He was wakened by someone knocking at the door. 23. There came the sound of the door closing, then being locked. 24. Nora hated her husband always throwing his things about. 25. Nora, I can't bear it lying flat on my back and doing nothing. 26. He succeeded in taking first place in the speed skating contest. 27. He was charged with murdering Mrs. Ann Baker, a widow of 45. 28. He was in jail for having killed a man in a fight. 29. Father didn't approve of my having rejected the offer. 30. He insisted on repeating the experiment to control the results. 31. I insist on being treated with a certain consideration. 32. The delegation objected to

discussing this proposal thus formulated. 33. He objected to Mr. Dixon being elected Chairman of the club. 34. There are a lot of things to consider before making a final decision. 35. I prefer thinking matters over and over again rather than jumping to conclusions. 36. Century after century passed without such discoveries being made. 37. Negroes marching has peacefully challenged white supremacy. 38. The British Prime Minister arrived in Paris with the object of resuming negotiations about entering the Common Market. 39. This line of thinking has proved to be very useful in designing such structures. 40. X-raying is the basic principle in revealing the structure of these atoms. 41. Protecting the personnel against radioactive radiation holds an important place in working out the scheme. 42. The problem could not be solved without necessary experiments being carried out. 43. The art of writing good prose is largely the lost one of calling things by their right names. 44. Communists will spare no effort toward building a collective security system. 45. In preparing his work for the press Marx virtually rewrote the entire manuscript. 46. He began by explaining the situation in the North. 47. The greatest trial of patience is hearing a stammering barrister examining a stuttering witness in the presence of a judge hard of hearing. 48. *Old man*: One can't help saying that old age is the least pleasant time of our life. *Young woman*: What would you give for being now as young as I am? *Old man*: Oh, a great deal. I would put up with being as foolish as you are. 49. *Young girl*: Could you tell me, Grannie, how you have succeeded in preserving my grandfather's love and respect through all these long years of your married life? *Grandmother*: Well, my child, by very simple means: by doing all that pleased him and by enduring silently all that displeased me. 50. I am surprised at his having done it so quickly.

VIII. State the form and function of the participle. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian.

A. 1. The actress starring in the film is very young. 2. He spent all spare time training for the contest. 3. Entering the room the detective found it empty. 4. Knowing the harmful effects of the rays they took special precautions. 5. The housekeeper must have heard her mistress talking with the visitor. 6. The girl was photographed addressing the students' meeting. 7. They looked at her in surprise as though not believing her story. 8. While giving evidence the witness avoided looking at the accused. 9. They carried out a number of experiments using the most up-to-date methods and equipment. 10. Having completed the experiments they compared the results. 11. Special mention must be made of the extensive research now being conducted in bio-chemistry. 12. The Israeli vessels were seen sailing toward Port Said. 13. The participants of the conference achieved unity on the main questions affecting peace in the world. 14. Ending the discussion, the delegates adopted a resolution calling on the peoples of the world to take action for collective security. 15. Having learnt the sad news she

got upset.

B. 1. "Will you give me a hand?" "Of course! What do you want done?"
2. We must have some pictures made of the exact position where the body was found. 3. We tried all the methods recommended. 4. The article referred to was published in the latest issue of the 'Nature'. 5. All people concerned are to submit papers to the Committee. 6. A list of commonly used terms suggested by Dr Stanley Gill was circulated. 7. The type of a clause chosen in translation may be determined by syntactical reasons. 8. The discovery made by the scientist is of vital importance for space exploration. 9. They were playing football watched by the coach. 10. The problem may be considered solved. 11. Bitterly disappointed, the explorers set out on the return journey. 12. The children were taught not to speak to the grown-ups unless spoken to. 13. The game, if lost, might cost him a fortune. 14. They did all, as instructed. 15. Do you think we may regard the matter as settled? 16. When interviewed, the scientist refused to comment on the latest discovery. 17. When completed, the new building will house all the basic laboratories.

3.3. Handling Modal Forms

Exercises

I. Analyse the meaning of the modal verbs. Translate the sentences into Ukrainian.

1. The inevitable must be accepted. 2. Cars must not be parked in front of the entrance. 3. All Americans said Miss Davis must send a new request to the Governor. 4. If one must die, and clearly one must, I can die. 5. You may break the body, but you cannot break the spirit. 6. A fool may ask more questions than a wise man can answer. 7. It is fantastic and it cannot be true. 8. I'm wondering if something can be done about it. 9. We were both silent. What we had said could not be taken back. 10. It was very hot and I had to take a drink of beer to cool my mouth. 11. I'll have to push my way through the crowd to get out. 12. It's one of those things a person has to do; sometimes a person has to go a very long distance out of his way. 13. I know everything. You don't have to explain. 14. Why should I have to do everything to please him? 15. What is to be done? We can't sit around like this the whole day. 16. The arrangement was that you were to give your views and I was to say what I thought of them. 17. If I were a failure, I did not know what was to become of me. 18. I promised to take her to the theatre last Saturday and I really forgot all about it. We were to have met at the station. 19. You needn't hurry; we have plenty of time. 20. If we didn't want to tell him the truth, we needn't have told him a lie. 21. Wisdom shouldn't be spoken about when you are happy. 22. He looked more than ever

out of place. He should have stayed at home, he thought. 23. I think you ought to show some respect for the dead. 24. I am sorry. I oughtn't to have said it in the presence of the children. 25. He felt very low and I thought I ought to do all I could to cheer him up. 26. Give him my card, please, and ask if he might see me. 27. "I think you'd better stay a while." "I might as well." 28. George was so fond of sleeping that he might just as well be dead. 29. Time adverbs may come at either end of the sentence, but not in the middle. 30. Never mind, old chap. It might happen to anyone. 31. In weather like this a native hut must be a rather uncomfortable place to live in. 32. He is not to be found anywhere. He must have left. 33. I can't imagine what he must be thinking of me. 34. Who can he be? Can I have met him before? 35. For all I know, he may be an actor. His face seems so familiar. 36. He was an actor; could anyone know when an actor was true and not acting. 37. He must be an actor. I must have seen him in some film recently. 38. We may have run across one another in the war. 39. I may not have made a very distinguished career, but I certainly have done nothing to be ashamed of. 40. I'm not to blame. You might have warned me. 41. What can have happened to change him so much? 42. So if you heard a stranger come out of Mrs. Wood's back door, it must've been before three thirty. 43. The waiter must have misunderstood the foreigner and brought him a wrong dish. 44. You shall stay just where you are ! 45. Forgive me. I promise you it shall not happen again. 46. I will not have you speak to me like that. 47. You must control your temper: I will not have these scenes repeated. 48. If you will forgive my saying so, you shouldn't have done what you did. 49. He told me he would be glad if I wouldn't come. 50. All nurses annoy me; they always will think that you'd like "a nice cup of tea" at 5 in the morning. 51. It was after midnight and I suggested going but he would not hear of it. 52. No matter how hard he tried, the engine would not start. 53. You will translate the text in writing for tomorrow. 54. The aircraft will take off at 1 a. m. 55. Parliament will have heard of this earlier. 56. I knew his father Professor Harold Pyle – you'll have heard of him. 57. Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about his perjury.

II. Compare the following sentences containing modal verbs. Translate them into Ukrainian. Take care not to confuse these forms of modality and their meanings.

1. He must have left. – He should have left. 2. He had to do it. – He should have done it. 3. She needn't have taken the trouble. – She didn't have to take the trouble. 4. I have to tell you everything. – Let me say what I have to say.

III. Identify the type of modal meaning expressed by the modal verbs and mood forms in the English sentences below. Suggest the appropriate means and ways for faithful translating these sentences into Ukrainian.

1. I should have seen them farther first. 2. "I would have it as a gift." 3. "Jacob would have insisted on going to the police." 4. "Most people, Mr.

Poirot, would let this business go." 5. "If only one were like birds!" 6. "I should be sorry to interrupt you." 7. "I suggested we should meet here..." 8. "I couldn't squeeze a tear out of my eyes, if life depended on it..." 9. "A real change of air surroundings would be very helpful if you could arrange it." 10. "The thing was "rich", as his father would have said – if he knew, I would see her further first." 11. "I wish you had not put yourself to so much trouble." 12. "You had better move over to the other side." 13. "I wouldn't stay with you, though if you didn't worry me." 14. What a delight it would be if it would endure. 15. "I wouldn't have wanted you to come if I hadn't loved you." 16. "He had been anxious that morning in case she might take it into her head to come." 17. "I'd have been hurt, if you hadn't called". 18. "It wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't been all alone in the house." 19. "It wouldn't have happened if Douglas hadn't come here." 20. Had he not known, it could be so easy. 21. Even if they had wanted me to stay, I should have refused. 22. Happy they could have been, if they could have dismissed me at a month's warning too. 23. She wished she had an opportunity of a few words with him, so that she would have told him not to worry. 24. "If you had been in love with him, you wouldn't have wanted three days to think it over. You'd have said yes there and then." 25. And their feet would have yet trod many trails and not dusting brushed the clouds aside and cleared the air.

IV. Identify the modal meanings expressed through optative or subjunctive modality in the English sentences below and translate them into Ukrainian.

1. "I wish it hadn't happened. Oh, I wish it hadn't happened." 2. "If you rested, I would go," I urged him. 3. "I think I'd better ring off." 4. "And with time on my side I would look back on the day without bitterness..." 5. "On your way bums," the policeman said, prodding us with his billy. 6. "You go up to bed," I said, "You are sick". 7. "Don't think," I said, "Just take it easy." 8. "Let's not have any ordering, nor any silliness, Francis," Margot said. 9. "Behave yourself." "Oh, shut up," Macober almost shouted. 10. "Let's go to the car," said Macober. "Let's all have a drink. Come along." 11. "You ought to take some broth to keep your strength up." 12. "It would have been natural for him to go to sleep." 13. "I'd rather stay awake." 14. "Well, he says himself, he wouldn't have white servants." 15. "I guess maybe I'd better shake hands", she said. "I wouldn't for the world have him think I had any feeling". 16. "I think I'd better shake hands, just the way I would with anybody else." 17. The girls wouldn't have thought so much of him if they'd seen him then. 18. If he couldn't get something to do he'd have to commit suicide. 19. "The swim shouldn't take you much over an hour and a quarter." 20. "We'd better be getting back," one of the girls said. 21. "Richard should stay here and I should go up North," Frank said. 22. "I wish you hadn't stopped your German," said Mor. 23. "If you should happen to change your mind, I'm always ready to take off your hands." 24. "I expect you've not finished your business. I should be sorry to interrupt." 25. "If Joe were only with him!"

26. Happy they could have been, if they could have dismissed me at a month's warning too. 27. "But for your help, the old woman would not have risked crossing the street." They were ready to attack the intruders, should they prove unfriendly. 28. "If they were hunters, I must hide before they saw me." 29. If worst came to worst. 30. He suggested that they should have a stroll through the Luxembourg museum. 31. Then, perhaps, I'd be able to judge if I could help. 32. Even if they had wanted me to stay, I should have refused. 33. If we could get hold of her, we might learn a lot more. 34. "I wish you had not put yourself to so much trouble," Stephen said. 35. "I think I'd sooner have the other one," said Mr. Povey.

Chapter 4. STYLISTIC ASPECTS OF TRANSLATION

4.1 Handling Stylistically-Marked Language Units

Exercises

I. Identify the referents of the following paraphrases.

1. the Man of Destiny; 2. the Stars and Stripes; 3. Attic salt; 4. the three sisters; 5. the Prince of Darkness; 6. the three R's; 7. the Iron Duke; 8. the Land of Cakes; 9. the Badger State; 10. the Wise Men of the East; 11. the Land of the Thousand Lakes; 12. the Evergreen State; 13. From O'Groafs to Land's End; 14. Bow Church; 15. Cambridge blue; 16. the Mother State; 17. the City of Seven Hills; 18. the King of Bark; 19. the King of beasts; 20. the King of birds; 21. the King of Cockneys; 22. King Cotton; 23. the King of the jungle; 24. the King of Kings; 25. the King of the world.

II. Translate the following sentences taking special care to reproduce the stylistic effect of substandard forms.

1. "Here we are now," she cried, returning with the tray. "And don't look so miz". (J.B. Priestley) 2. "What's the dif," he wanted to know. (Th. Smith) 3. "Don't wanna sleep, Don't wanna die, just wanna go a-travelin' through the pastures of the sky." (T. Capote) 4. "Go in there, you slob. I hope you get a hell of a lot of fun out of it. He looks too damned sick." (E. Hemingway) 5. "Goddamn sonofabitching stool," Fishbelly screamed, raining blows on Bert's head. "Lawd Gawd in heaven, I'll kill, kill every chink-chink goddamn chinaman white man on this sonofabitching bastard earth." (R. Write) 6. Before she sang the French girl would say, "And now we like to geeve you our impression of Vooly Voo Fransay. Eet ees the story of a leetle Franch girl who comes to a beeg ceety, just like New York." (B. Malamud) 7. "Gag me with a

spoon," she said to show disgust.

4.2. Handling Stylistic Devices

Exercises

I. *Render this text in English:*

Мово-мовонько... Рідна, ріднесенька, найрідніша... Як осягнути глибини твої? Як охопити твої словесні горизонти? Як передати гармонію твоїх форм, витончену синтаксичну архітектоніку, як доторкнутися до делікатної матерії твоєї стилістики? Де б'ється твоє невмируще серце, де сховані джерела?

Справді, надзвичайно складно дослідити мовний феномен – явище унікальне, багатогранне, що поєднує матеріальне та ідеальне, раціональне та емоційне, генетичне і духовне, буденне і безсмертне. Феномен, що сполучає народ і світ, народ і особистість, а також покоління, віддалені в часі.

Мова – це генетично-духовна програма нації, яка виконує життєво важливі функції: етнічно-диференційну, пізнавальну, виражальну, зображальну, естетичну, етичну. Мовна програма забезпечує кожному народові етнічну неповторність, історичну спадкоємність, зберігає культурні надбання.

Знаменитий німецький мовознавець В. Гумбольдт наголошував: "...мова народу є його дух і дух народу є його мова". Рідне слово через семантику, граматику розкриває сутність моральних чинників, щоб ми могли вибирати Праведність чи Гріховність, щоб могли пізнати одвічні цінності. Мова кожного народу має невичерпний потенціал Гуманізму, мова зародилася і розвивається як феномен Гуманності, бо її зачаття – у людських устах, бо дорога її від людини до людини.

II. *Pick out homonyms in the poem and analyse their meanings.*

The English Language

By Mary Hemsley

Some words have different meanings,
and yet they're spelt the same.

A cricket is an insect,
to play it – it's a game.

On every hand, in every land,
It's thoroughly agreed,

The English language to explain
is very hard indeed.

Some people say that you're a dear,
yet dear is far from cheap.

A jumper is a thing you wear,

yet a jumper has to leap.
It's very clear, it's very queer,
and pray who is to blame
for different meanings to some words,
pronounced and spelt the same?

A little journey is a trip,
a trip is when you fall.
It doesn't mean you have to dance
whene'er you hold a ball.
Now here's a thing that puzzles me:
musicians of good taste
will very often form a band –
I've one around my waist!

You spin a top, go for a spin,
or spin a yarn may be –
yet every spin's a different spin
as you can plainly see.
Now here's a most peculiar thing –
'twas told me as a joke –
a dumb man wouldn' speak a word,
yet seized a wheel and spoke.

A door may often be ajar,
but give the door a slam,
and then your nerves receive a jar –
and then there's jars of jam.
You've heard, of course, of traffic jams,
and jams you give your thumbs.
And adders, too, one is a snake,
the other adds up sums.

A policeman is a copper,
it's a nickname (impolite!),
yet a copper in the kitchen is an article you light.
On every hand, in every land,
it's thoroughly agreed –
the English language to explain
is very hard indeed!

III. Suggest the possible ways of translating the metaphors in the following sentences.

1. I woke early to see the kiss of the sunrise summoning a rosy flush to the western cliffs, which sight never fails to raise my spirits. 2. On the opposite bank an emerald ribbon of fields and foliage bordered the river; beyond lay the desert, the Red Land of the ancient texts. 3. The cat sat bolt upright on the seat

opposite ours, staring out the window, pretending not to eavesdrop on our conversation. 4. Gradually there appeared out of the mists shapes more visible perhaps to the imagination than the sight: magic castles rising from the foam – the ruined but majestic walls of ancient temples. 5. You are the bravest little woman I know, Amelia, and that stiff upper lip of yours is a credit to the whole British nation. 6. Years had passed since I last beheld the plain of Amarna, yet in eternal Egypt a decade is no more than the blink of an eye. 7. Any artefact made of or covered with gold could start the gossip mills grinding and lead to the usual exaggeration. 8. I passed a crocodile of choir boys, in starched collars and peculiar caps, on their way to Tom Gate. 9. All undergraduates and graduates and wives and tradespeople walked that unmistakable English church-going pace which eschewed equally both haste and idle sauntering. 10. Criss-cross about the world he travelled with them, waxing in wickedness like a Hogarthian page boy. 11. She was entrancing, with that fragile beauty which in extreme youth sings out for love and withers at the first cold wind. 12. I went there full of curiosity and the faint, unrecognised apprehension that here, at last, I should find that low door in the wall, which opened on an enclosed and enchanted garden, which was somewhere, not overlooked by any window, in the heart of that grey city. 13. Long hours of work in her youth, authority in middle life, repose and security in her age, had set their stamp on her lined and serene face. 14. Here was planted the seed of what would become his life's harvest. 15. A nightmare distorted the images of the evening into horrific shapes. 16. Everything was black and dead-still in the quadrangle; only at the quarter-hours the bells awoke and sang over the gables. 17. He could tell her nothing new of the wonders of his presentation and knighthood; and his civilities were worn out like his information. 18. Some literary works rise above neat distinctions of genre to carve out new riverbeds. 19. I insist on the freedom, on my own right to browse at will among the basic texts that are the inheritance of centuries – be they those of St. Augustine, Pascal, or Blake. 20. Blake grieved over the fate of the human soul, a divine spark/alien into matter and hungering for an otherworldly home in the Kingdom of Light. 21. To himself, born in the Year of the Judgement, Blake assigned a providential mission, that of a knight, who, armed with pen, graving tool, and brush, would deal the dragon of the lie a mortal wound. 22. If a ever a phantom-city had its own history, a city of street lamps in the fog, of sobs in the dark, of slinking prostitutes, of drunkards, of people reeling from hunger – then the London of Blake's poetry has pride of place, ahead of Dickens's London, ahead of Balzac's Paris, of Gogol's and Dostoevsky's St. Petersburg. 23. By Blake, Eternity, measurable in clock seconds, trails endlessly into oblivion and reaches indefinitely into the future. 24. To be free is to refute the false eternity (an endless succession of moments lapsing into nothingness) and false infinity (illusory space, indefinite duration), and to know true eternity and true infinity as the eternal Now. 25. The Sky is an immortal Tent built by God; and every space that a Man views around his

dwelling-place is his Universe on the verge of which the Sun rises and sets.

IV. Suggest the possible ways of translating the metaphors in the following jokes.

She was home from college for holidays, and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't this perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then he turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm!"

2. "Your wife looks stunning tonight. Her gown is a poem."

"What do you mean, poem?" replied the struggling author. "That gown is two poems and a short story."

V. Suggest the possible ways of translating the metonymies in the following sentences.

1. He went about her room, after his introduction, looking at her pictures, her bronzes and clays, asking after the creator of this, the painter of that, where a third thing came from. 2. She wanted to have a lot of children, and she was glad that things were that way, that the Church approved. Then the little girl died. Nancy broke with Rome the day her baby died. It was a secret break, but no Catholic breaks with Rome casually. 3. "Evelyn Glasgow, get up out of that chair this minute." The girl looked up from her book. "What's the matter?" "Your satin. The skirt 'll be a mass of wrinkles in the back." 4. Except for a lack of youth, the guests had no common theme, they seemed strangers among strangers: indeed, each face, on entering, had struggled to conceal dismay at seeing others there. 5. She saw around her, clustered about the white tables, multitudes of violently red lips. Powdered cheeks, cold, hard eyes, self-possessed arrogant faces, and insolent bosoms. 6. Dinah, a slim, fresh, pale eighteen, was pliant and yet fragile. 7. The man looked a rather old forty-five, for he was already going grey. 8. The delicatessen owner was a spry and jolly fifty. 9. "It was easier to assume a character without having to tell too many lies and you brought a fresh eye and mind to the job." 10. "Some remarkable pictures in this room, gentlemen. A Holbein, two Van Dycks and if I am not mistaken, a Velasquez. I am interested in pictures." 11. "You have nobody to blame but yourself." "The saddest words of tongue or pen." 12. For several days he took an hour after his work to make inquiry taking with him some examples of his pen and inks. 13. There you are at your tricks again. The rest of them do earn their bread, you live on my charity. 14. I crossed a high toll bridge and negotiated a no man's land and came to the place where the Stars and Stripes stood shoulder to shoulder with the Union Jack. 15. The

praise was enthusiastic enough to have delighted any common writer who earns his living by his pen. 16. He made his way through the perfume and conversation. 17. His mind was alert and people asked him to dinner not for old times' sake, but because he was worth his salt. 18. Up the Square, from the corner of King Street, passed a woman in a new bonnet with pink strings, and a new blue dress that sloped at the shoulders and grew to a vast circumference at the hem. Through the silent sunlit solitude of the Square this bonnet and this dress floated northwards in search of romance. 19. Two men in uniforms were running heavily to the Administration building. As they ran, Christian saw them throw away their rifles. They were portly men who looked like advertisements for Munich beer, and running came hard to them. The first prisoner stopped and picked up one of the discarded rifles. He did not fire it, but carried it, as he chased the guards. He swung the rifle like a club, and one of the beer advertisements went down. 20. On his rare visits to London he usually stayed at the Ritz.

VI. Read this text. Speak on peculiarities of translation loans. Comment on the difficulties of translation of metonymic units into English:

В українському художньому мовленні чимало фразеологізованих метонімій – носіїв сконденсованого змісту. Оскільки метонімія інколи стосується загальнолюдських понять, частина фразеологічних одиниць такого характеру має повні або часткові англійські еквіваленти фразеологічного рівня. Семантико-стилістичні функції деяких з безеквівалентних щодо англійської мови метонімій відтворюють дескриптивним перекладом, і лише окремі калькують. У цьому відношенні цікава вже згадувана фразеологічна одиниця метонімічного характеру *мишам на снідання*, де ціле – *їжа* – позначається через часткове – *снідання*. В англійському перекладі їй відповідає образна, деякою мірою ампліфікована, калька **for the mice to tear at And nibble**. Але фразеологізм оригіналу яскравіший, ніж його англійська версія, сухіша й художньо спрощена: *їсти* – загально; *гризти* – відомо, що миші гризуть. А от перенести на них людські звичаї, сказати, що миші не просто *їдять* чи *гризуть*, коли є що, а, як люди, *снідають*, *отже*, і *обідають* і *вечеряють* – це вже яскравіше. Таким чином, англійська калька не відтворила стилістичних і емоційних конотацій оригіналу, лише його семантику.

У творах красного письменства та в народній словесності зустрічається фразеологізм-метонімізм "кулінарного" семантичного поля *хліб і сіль* – "харчі, їжа". Ця фразеологічна одиниця пов'язана з побутом українського народу, з його споконвічною традицією в урочистих випадках зустрічати гостей хлібом-сіллю, вважати хліб і сіль основою життя, що й відбилося в українських прислів'ях: *без грошей до міста, без солі додому; голодному хліб на гадці; голодній кумі хліб на умі* та інших, а також у художньому слові, як у вірші Т. Коломієць: "Весіль і побратань посол єдиний, Із дав-

нини він зветься *хліб та сіль*. Його ми перше, ніж накрити стіл, Підносим друзям, кличучи в гостину". Залежно від контексту, конотації цього фразеологізму можуть бути й сатиричними, пейоративними. Так, в уривковій ліричному монологу з поеми "Кавказ", який виголошують представники царату та яким поет викриває облудність царських маніфестів, ця фразеологічна одиниця є пейоративом: "До нас в науку! ми навчим, По чому хліб і сіль по чім!" Англійська мова не має фразеологічного еквівалента для даного українського вислову. Принаймні, не один із доступних нам англійських словників, включаючи й російсько-англійські фразеологічні словники, не подає цього вислову як усталеного.

Не знаходимо його і в англійському красному письменстві. Правда, він уведений в реєстр сучасних англо-російських перекладних словників: **to eat somebody's bread and salt** – "бути чьим-то гостем"; **bread and salt** – "хлеб-соль". При перекладі уривка з поеми "Кавказ" Дж. Вір міг би використати різнообразні часткові англійські еквіваленти: фразеологічну одиницю **meat and drink** або запозичену від німців **bread and butter**. Він же виявив позитивне прагнення зберегти образну експресію вислову оригіналу, сповнену сатиричних конотацій, і наблизив звучання калькового вислову до оригіналу: "We'll teach you what The price of bread is, and of salt!". Експресію на синтаксичному рівні в оригіналі – повторення прийменника **no** – відтворюється у перекладі інверсією та повторенням прийменника **of**. Певним експресію на морфологічному рівні в перекладі було би вживання пасивного стану дієслова **to teach**, доцільною самою семантикою своєї граматичної форми, – **you'll be taught**.

(Р.П. Зорівчак. Фразеологічна одиниця як перекладознавча категорія)

VII. *Translate the following similes into Ukrainian.*

1. As blind as a bat – as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber – as warm as toast;
As flat as a flounder – as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer – as sharp as an awl;
As brittle as glass – as tough as gristle;
As neat as a pin – as clean as a whistle;
As red as a rose – as square as a box.
As wet as a fish – as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird – as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge – as crafty as a rat;
As strong as a horse – as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint – as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily – as black as coal;
As plain as a pike – as rough as a bear;
As tight as a drum – as free as the air;
As heavy as lead – as light as a feather;

As steady as time – uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven – as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark – as sick as a dog;
As savage as a tiger – as mild as a dove;

2. The menu was rather less than a panorama, indeed, it was as repetitious as a snore. 3. The topic of the Younger Generation spread through the company like a yawn. 4. Penny-in-the-slot machines stood there like so many vacant faces, their dials glowing and flickering – for nobody. 5. She has always been as live as a bird. 6. She was obstinate as a mule, always had been, from a child. 7. Children! Breakfast is just as good as any other meal and I won't have you gobbling like wolves. 8. Six o'clock still found him in indecision. He had had no appetite for lunch and the muscles of his stomach fluttered as though a flock of sparrows was beating their wings against his insides. 9. And the cat, released, leaped and perched on her shoulder: his tail swinging like a baton, conducting rhapsodic music. 10. He felt that his presence must, like a single drop of some stain, tincture the crystal liquid that was absolutely herself. 11. He has a round kewpie's face. He looks like an enlarged, elderly, bald edition of the village fat boy, a sly fat boy, congenitally indolent, a practical joker, a born grafter and con merchant. 12. You could have knocked me down with a feather when he said all those things to me. I felt just like Balaam when his ass broke into light conversation. 13. Two footmen leant against the walls looking as waxen as the clumps of flowers sent up that morning from hothouses in the country. 14. The Dorset Hotel was built in the early eighteen hundreds and my room, like many an elderly lady, looks its best in subdued light. 15. For a long while – for many years in fact – he had not thought of how it was before he came to the farm. His memory of those times was like a house where no one lives and where the furniture has rotted away. But tonight it was as if lamps had been lighted through all the gloomy dead rooms. 16. It was an unforgettable face, and a tragic face. Its sorrow welled out of it as purely, naturally and unstopably as water out of a woodland spring. 17. He ached from head to foot, all zones of pain seemingly interdependent. He was rather like a Christmas tree whose lights wired in series, must all go out if even one bulb is defective. 18. Indian summer is like a woman. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, she comes and goes as she pleases so that one is never sure whether she will come at all nor for how long she will stay. 19. You're like the East, Dinny. One loves it at first sight or not at all and one never knows it any better. 20. He felt like an old book: spine defective, covers dull, slight foxing, fly missing, rather shaken copy. 21. Susan at her piano lesson, playing that thing of Scarlatti's. The sort of music, it struck him, that would happen if the bubbles in a magnum of champagne were to rush up rhythmically and as they reached the surface, burst into sound as dry and tangy as the wine from whose depth they had arisen. 22. There was no moon, a clear dark, like some velvety garment, was wrapped around the trees, whose thinned branches, resembling plumes, stirred in the still, warm air. 23. There are

in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance. 24. H.G. Wells reminded her of the rice paddies in her native California. Acres and acres of shiny water but never more than two inches deep. 25. On the wall hung an amateur oil painting of what appeared to be a blind man's conception of fourteen whistling swan landing simultaneously in the Atlantic during a half-gale. 26. Today she had begun by watching the flood. The water would crouch and heave at a big boulder fallen off the bluff-side and the red-and-white foam would fly. It reminded her of the blood-streaked foam every heave would fling out of the nostrils of a windbroke horse. 27. I'm not nearly hot enough to draw a word-picture that would do justice to that extraordinarily hefty crash. Try to imagine the Albert Hall falling on the Crystal Palace and you will have got the rough idea. 28. Her startled glance descended like a beam of light, and settled for a moment on the man's face. He was fortyish and rather fat, with a moustache that made her think of the yolk of an egg, and a nose that spread itself. His face had an injected redness. 29. Huddled in her grey fur against the sofa cushions she had a strange resemblance to a captive owl bunched in its soft feathers against the wires of a cage. The supple erectness of her body was gone, as though she had been broken by cruel exercise, as though there were no longer any reason for being beautiful, and supple, and erect. 30. Someone might have observed in him a peculiar resemblance to those plaster reproductions of the gargoyles of Notre Dame which may be seen in the shop windows of artists' colourmen. 31. Walser felt the strangest sensation, as if these eyes of the trapeze gymnast were a pair of sets of Chinese boxes, as if each one opened into a world, an infinite plurality of worlds, and these unguessable guests exercised the strongest possible attraction, so that he felt himself trembling as if he, too, on an unknown threshold.

VIII. Translate the following text into English.

Що таке "мова газети"?

Головною особливістю, яка виділяє вдову газети як різновид публіцистичного стилю серед стилів літературної мови, слід назвати соціальну оцінність мови газети. Засоби масової інформації мобілізують усі можливості, усі ресурси мови для впливу на розум і почуття читачів. На відміну від інших стилів літературної мови у газетно-публіцистичному переконання виступає як головна функція мови, при цьому воно має, як правило, підкреслено агітаційний характер. Це виявляється насамперед у виборі мовних засобів.

Важливою особливістю мови газети є її загальнодоступність, комунікативна загальнозначущість. Газетне слово звернено до всіх. Тому воно повинно бути просте слово, здатне, проте, дуже ясно і дуже точно

виражати найскладніші поняття.

Зверненість газетного слова до всіх, до незчисленної за кількістю і різномірної за складом аудиторії визначав принципи відбору мовних засобів. Головне тут – тенденція до вилучення слів, які перебувають на периферії мови і не мають якостей доступності. Це — вузькоспеціальні слова і вислови, діалектизми, арготизми, поетизми, варваризми, індивідуальні неологізми та ін.

Газетно-публіцистичному стилю властивий особливий характер експресивності. Якщо в художній літературі образність становить головний її принцип, основу, то в інших стилях вона можлива, але не обов'язкова. Експресивність, виразність публіцистики не зводиться до образності і не обмежується нею. Це лише один з можливих компонентів, один із складників виразності газетно-публіцистичного мовлення.

Публіцистика емоційна, дійова, виразна, але природа цієї виразності Інша, ніж у художній літературі. Самий підхід до дійсності в публіцистиці і художній літературі принципово відмінний, завдання письменника – зображувати, малювати дійсність і лише через створені ним картини, персонажі виявляти свої симпатії і антипатії. Тут функція переконання, оцінка – вторинна. Публіцист же прямо і відверто агітує, переконує, пропагує. Тут переконання – первинне, воно виражається у слові, його значенні, емоційних відтінках.

Газета гостро потребує експресивних засобів, але ця експресія має соціальний характер, вона цілеспрямована, оцінна; метафори, епітети, порівняння виконують тут особливу роль, що дозволяє говорити про газетно-публіцистичний тип їх. Складні, штучні метафори, епітети, доречні, наприклад, у поезії чи в деяких жанрах прози, суперечать природі масової комунікації. Естетичними критеріями тут служать простота і ясність.

Якщо говорити в цілому про експресивність газетно-публіцистичного стилю, то вона не зводиться до метафор, порівнянь, епітетів та ін. Експресивно значущими виявляються усі мовні засоби, оскільки вони втілюють публіцистичну ідею. Ось чому в публіцистиці (як і в художній літературі) такою важливою є проблема вибору точного і яскравого, дійового і виразного слова.

До специфічних рис газетно-публіцистичного мовлення слід віднести і особливий характер її стандартизованості. Переважна більшість газетних кліше (стереотипів мовлення) має позитивний чи негативний характер. Хоча газетні кліше більш консервативні і стійкі у порівнянні з кліше художнього мовлення, але й вони "зношуються". Будь-який вислів, особливо той, який був розрахований на емоційний, експресивний вплив, з плином часу втрачає свою виражальну силу, перетворюється у штамп і підлягає заміні або оновленню.

("Особливості мови і стилю засобів масової інформації")

IX. Translate the following text into Ukrainian.

ENGLISH IN NEWSPAPERS

The varieties of English which are characteristic of different branches of knowledge and used only within a limited group of specialists are often called jargons.

Journalistic writing in its most characteristic form, newspaper reporting, also has many of the features which classify a language variant as a jargon. Its very strongly character results from its functions and techniques.

The basic functions of the press are to inform, to attract interest and to persuade. Its technical aspect is determined by the necessity of immediate response to events of the present and the limited space for presenting the information concerning the events.

The outcome of these basic conditions is a number of characteristic features. Journalistic English puts stress on information about facts, events and people; the language, therefore, tends to be factual. There is no place in hurriedly prepared newspaper writing for aestheticizing or embellishment with elaborate metaphors and phrases; sentences may often be clumsy and unbalanced, or overloaded with information. Other journalistic techniques are used, however, with appeal to the more general reader and which ensure a bigger reading audience.

There are, of course, differences in the quality of newspapers. Some papers are straightforward and objective, while others are characterized by sensationalism and other "cheap" tricks, which they use so often that these techniques have become associated with journalism in general.

Sensational journalism favours striking and unusual news events, preferably those evoking excitement and horror. The world today provides a profusion of material for sensational articles about wars, political and economic crises, crime, famine, earthquakes, and floods. The worst types of sensational papers concentrate on shocking reports of murder and unnatural crime. At their mildest they describe such events as the appearance of the Loch Ness monster.

Another popular means of attracting the readers' attention is by adding "human interest" to a news story, supplying human details of an event and bringing out the prominent characteristics of a person involved (which often boils down to mere gossip). And thus we may learn, for instance, about the personal affairs of royalty and of the table manners of a well-known politician.

The use of vivid dramatic language (especially adjectives) greatly helps in attracting the interest of the reader, but this is not the end goal of journalism; the interest of the reader is often attracted in order to persuade or dissuade, to move them to believe or disbelieve, to like or dislike, according to the writer's intentions. Those intentions are most obvious in articles on political and social problems.

The desire to create a vivid picture while providing as much information as possible in a limited space, often results in unusual sentence structures which

combine disconnected items of information. The following is a typical headline:

Attractive Brunette Cynthia Kills Her Ex-Soldier Brother

One may well ask what the fact that Cynthia is a brunette has to do with the murder. The effects of such irrelevant combinations are often unintentionally amusing.

Newspaper articles abound in unnecessary adjectives and such journalistic clichés as "heroic, tragic, dramatic", etc. This is also true of adverbials. As regards the position of adverbials in a sentence, newspaper writers seem to prefer to put them either at the end or at the beginning of a clause as in the following sentence:

Across the street. Brown said, the building was where she died.

Adjectival forms of the type of "Council refusal" and excessive compounding are due to the tendency to condense the language.

The length of sentences varies and there is no rule about it. When the sentences are long, they tend to be stylistically awkward and sometimes unclear. The use of dashes adds to the often casual character of this kind of writing and the frequent omission of commas may also contribute to the lack of clarity.

Unlike regular commas, inverted commas are used very frequently. They appear in articles containing reported speech. Newspaper writers often use direct quotations, rather than indirect speech, to create an objective authenticity, as in:

The identical two-storey brick structures had been blazing for about eight hours.

"Fire brigade? The sergeant-major said,

"No, they came and went when they heard the snipers".

Newspaper reporting is one of the few kinds of writing which uses graphic devices, one such device being the paragraphing of a text into small units for easier reading. The most obvious technique, however, is the use of different types and sizes of print, especially in headlines. Sometimes the letters may be minute or gigantic, depending on the importance given to the news.

Headlines carry the characteristic features of news-paper writing to an extreme. Whereas news stories or editorials are sometimes written in careless style and grammar, their headlines often tend to be misleading; definite and indefinite articles are habitually omitted, nouns are used as modifiers or verbs. Headlines are frequently ambiguous because of the possibility of interpreting them in different ways; they may be puzzling because of the drastic elimination of all that is considered unessential. This is illustrated by the example given below:

Brown in Dawa Kidnap Drama

The ambiguity is not altogether unintentional: it serves as an additional means of attracting attention by intriguing and puzzling.

Headlines are forceful and effective because they consist of words rich in meaning, for the most part nouns and verbs, the most important parts of speech.

The effectiveness of a headline is increased by the occasional use of alliteration:

Mystery Mother Murder

The features of journalistic writing which have been pointed out here are among the most salient. Some further characteristics of newspaper writing may be found.

(M. Edelson, *Varieties of Written English*)

PART II. TEXTS AND ASSIGNMENTS FOR SELF-TRAINING

Fulfill the following tasks

- I. Read the text .
- II. Identify different types of lexical units, attributive groups, idioms, grammatical forms and structures, identify stylistically-marked units and stylistic devices.
- III. Review all possible ways of solving each particular problem involved.
- IV. Translate the text.
- V. Discuss the translation with your tutor or fellow-students.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

When this new nation took its first census in 1790 there were four million Americans, 90% of them descendants of English colonists. Thus there was no question that English was the mother tongue and native language of the United States. By 1720, however, some English colonists in America had already begun to notice that their language differed seriously from that spoken back home in England. Almost without being aware of it, they had:

- (1) coined some new words for themselves;
- (2) borrowed other words from the Indians, Dutch, French, and Spanish;
- (3) been using English dialect words in their general speech;
- (4) continued to use some English words that had now become obsolete in England;
- (5) evolved some peculiar uses, pronunciations, grammar, and syntax.

Doing these things was very natural. Many of the coinages and borrowings were for plants, animals, landscapes, living conditions, institutions, and attitudes which were seldom if ever encountered in England, so the English had no words for them. The widespread use of English dialect words was also natural: most of the Puritans came from England's southern and south-eastern counties and spoke the East Anglia dialect, most of the Quakers spoke the midland dialect, and after 1720 many new colonists were Scots-Irish, speaking the Ulster dialect. The continuing use of words that had become obsolete in England, and of unusual usage, pronunciations, grammar, and syntax, was also natural for colonists isolated from the niceties of current English speech and English education. Thus, naturally, a hundred years after the Pilgrims landed, English as spoken in America differed from that spoken in England.

In 1756, a year after he published his *Dictionary of the English Language*, Doctor Samuel Johnson was the first to refer to an *American dialect*. In 1780, soon after the American Revolution began, the word *American* was first used to refer to our language; in 1802 the term *the American Language* was first recorded, in the U.S. Congress; and in 1806 Noah Webster coined the more precise term *American English*.

Was American English good or bad? By 1735 the English began calling it

"barbarous" and our native words *barbarisms*. When the anti-American Dr. Johnson used the term *American dialect* he meant it as an insult. Such English sneering at our language continued unabated for a hundred years after the Revolutionary War.

...during and after the Revolutionary War we became proud of our American language. It was a badge of independence. In 1778 the Continental Congress recommended that when the French minister visited "all replies or answers" to him should be made "in the language of the United States" (not only as opposed to French but also as opposed to English English). In his 1789 *Dissertations on the English Language* Noah Webster wrote that the reasons for American English being different than English English are simple: As an independent nation, our honor requires us to have a system of our own, in language as well as government.

Such men as Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Rush agreed it was good politics. And it was sensible: being a different people in a different country and having different experiences, we Americans were bound to continue to develop our own brand of English. What the English called barbarisms we proudly called *Americanisms*. John Witherspoon coined this word in 1781, in a series of papers he wrote for the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser*, and defined it as any word or usage peculiar to English as used in America. A Scot who came to the colonies as president of the College of New Jersey (later Princeton University), Witherspoon was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the Congress. In this series of papers he presented his observations on the state of the English language in America, giving the first good list of American words, pronunciations, usages, and blunders. He noted our use of *mad* for "angry" (since the 1770s); our cant use of *to take in* (since the 1770s) and *bamboozle* (since 1703) for "to swindle"; our heavy use of such contractions as *ain't*, *can't*, *don't*, and *couldn't*; common mistakes as "lay" for "lie" and "knowed" for "knew"; and such pronunciations as "winder" for "window".

Later, of course, we were to add more Indian and Spanish words to our language in our westward movement, borrow words and intonations from such immigrant groups as the Germans and Italians, and – like the English themselves – continue to coin new words and change the meanings of old ones, develop our own dialects and pronunciations, and evolve more of our own grammatical and syntactical uses and misuses. Since World War II, however, best-selling books, movies, TV shows, popular songs, and jet-propelled tourists have spread American English to England and English English to the U.S. Modern politics, pop culture, jet planes, and electronics seem to be bringing the two "languages" closer together again. (С.Б. Флексер "I Hear America Talking")

HYPHEN

Many compounds are formed with the hyphen as a connector, but as such words become established the hyphen is often dropped in favor of the solid

form. (Compounds are listed separately and alphabetically.)

The hyphen is used in constructions like these: *three-mile hike*, *30-car train*. It is also used to avoid confusion in words like *re-form* (meaning to form again).

Hyphens should not be used in constructions like the following if the meaning is clear without them: *sales tax bill*, *foreign aid plan*. But: *pay-as-you-go-plan*. The hyphen is not needed in these forms: *navy blue skirt*, *dark green paint*.

In many compounds, the hyphen should be used to avoid ambiguity or absurdity: *small-business man*, not *small businessman* (note separation of solid compound; see compound words); *unfair-practices charge*, not *unfair practices charge*.

The usefulness of the hyphen in forming compounds that serve as adjectives before nouns is demonstrated in the entries *ill-* and *well-*. An example: *He wore a well-tailored gray suit*. But hyphen is omitted when the words follow the noun they modify: *The suit was well tailored*.

Do not use the hyphen to connect an adverb ending in *ly* with a participle in such phrases as *newly married couple*, *elegantly furnished house*. But adjectives ending in *ly* are another matter: *a gravelly-voiced*, *grizzly-maned statesman of the old school*.

Hyphens are not used in titles like these: *commander in chief*, *director general*, *editor in chief*, *secretary general*. Do use the hyphen in titles like *secretary-treasurer*.

The suspensive hyphen is a useful device: *On successive days there were three-, five- and nine-inch snowfalls*. But because of the typographical hazard, copy containing suspensive hyphens should be carefully marked and proofs carefully checked.

Street numbers in Queens take the hyphen: *107-71 111 th Street*.

Use the hyphen in such expressions as *Italian-American*, *Japanese-American*. But: *French Canadian*.

(L. Jordan "The New York Times Manual of Style and Usage")

DIALECT

Unless a reporter has a sharp ear and accurate notes he would do well to avoid trying to render dialect. Misspellings of words that do not alter their pronunciations – *pleez*, *sez*, *attenshun*, *kum* – will get him nowhere; they will not suggest dialect. Other misspellings may approximate but not render exactly a manner of speech by a minority. For example: "*Les get this straight – bagels and lox the Oil of Sanvich dint invent.*" Two or three of those spellings are not quite on target. In general, a safer and less obnoxious way to get dialect across is to rely on the choice of words and the oddities of construction. Thus, with no trace of snobbery or condescension, that sentence could be written: "Let's get this straight – bagels and lox the Earl of Sandwich didn't invent."

(L. Jordan "The New York Times Manual of Style and Usage")

THE KING'S ENCORE

I am told that in a German concert or opera they hardly ever encore a song; that though they may be dying to hear it again, their good breeding usually preserves them against requiring the repetition.

Kings may encore; this is quite another matter; it delights everybody to see that the King is pleased; and as to the actor encored, his pride and gratification are simply boundless. Still, there are circumstances in which even a royal encore

—

But it is better to illustrate. The King of Bavaria is a poet, and has a poet's eccentricities — with the advantage over all other poets of being able to gratify them, no matter what form they may take. He is fond of the opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of an audience; therefore, it has sometimes occurred, in Munich, that when an opera has been concluded and the players were getting off their paint and finery, a command has come to them to get their paint and finery on again. Presently the King would arrive, solitary and alone, and the players would begin at the beginning and do the entire opera over again with only that one individual in the vast solemn theatre for audience. Once he took an odd freak into his head. High up and out of sight, over the prodigious stage of the court theatre is a maze of interlacing water-pipes, so pierced that, in case of fire, innumerable little thread-like streams of water can be caused to descend; and in case of need this discharge can be augmented to a pouring flood. American managers might take a note of that. The King was sole audience. The opera proceed, it was a piece with a storm in it; the mimic thunder began to mutter, the mimic wind began to wail and sough, and the mimic rain to patter. The King's interest rose higher and higher: it developed into enthusiasm. He cried out: "It is good, very good indeed! But I will have real rain! turn on the water!" The manager pleaded for the reversal of the command; said it would ruin the costly scenery and the splendid costumes, but the King cried: "No matter, no matter, I will have real rain! Turn on the water!" So the real rain was turned on and began to descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower-beds and gravel-walks of the stage. The richly dressed actresses and actors tripped about singing bravely and pretending not to mind it. The King was delighted — his enthusiasm grew higher. He cried out: "Bravo, bravo! More thunder! more lightning! turn on more rain!" The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the storm-winds raged, the deluge poured down. The mimic royalty on the stage, with their soaked satins clinging to their bodies, slopped around ankle-deep in water, warbling their sweetest and

best, the fiddlers under the caves of the stage sawed away for dear life, with the cold overflow spouting down the backs of their necks, and the dry and happy King sat in his lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons applauding. "More yet!" cried the King; "more yet – let loose all the thunder, turn on all the water! I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!" When this most tremendous and effective storm that had ever been produced in any theatre was at last over, the King's approbation was measureless. He cried – "Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it again!" But the manager succeeded in persuading him to recall the encore, and said the company would feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in the mere fact that the encore was desired by his Majesty, without fatiguing him with a repetition to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky performers were those whose parts required changes of dress; the others were a soaked, bedraggled, and uncomfortable lot, but in the last degree picturesque. The stage scenery was ruined, trap-doors were so swollen that they wouldn't work for a week afterwards, the fine costumes were spoiled, and no end of minor damages were done by that remarkable storm. It was a royal idea – that storm – and royally carried out. But observe the moderation of the King: he did not insist upon his encore. If he had been a gladsome, unreflecting American opera-audience he probably would have had his storm repeated and repeated until he drowned all those people.

F. R. Stockton

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of

the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, – a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial, to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side; and the wedding was promptly

and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion: and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the working and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of

denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an aesthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors, – those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king; but he did not think at all of that royal personage: his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth, that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done, – she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who

blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it.

He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash: it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door, – the lady or the tiger?

Agatha Christie

THE HEBB OF DEATH

"Now then Mrs. B.," said Sir Henry Clithering encouragingly. Mrs. Bantry, his hostess, looked at him in cold reproof.

"I've told you before that I will not be called Mrs. B. It's not dignified."

"Scheherazade, then."

"And even less am I Sche – – What's her name? I never can tell a story properly; ask Arthur if you don't believe me."

"You're quite good at the facts, Dolly," said Colonel Bantry, "but poor at the embroidery."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Bantry. She flapped the bulb catalogue she was holding on the table in front of her. "I've been listening to you all and I don't know how you do it. 'He said, she said, you wondered, they thought, everyone implied' – well, I just couldn't, and here it is! And besides, I don't know anything to tell a story about."

"We can't believe that, Mrs. Bantry," said Dr. Lloyd. He shook his grey head in mocking disbelief.

Old Miss Marple said in her gentle voice, "Surely, dear – "

Mrs. Bantry continued obstinately to shake her head.

"You don't know how banal my life is. What with the servants and the difficulties of getting scullery maids, and just going to town for clothes, and dentists, and Ascot, which Arthur hates, and then the garden – – "

"Ah!" said Dr. Lloyd. "The garden. We all know where your heart lies, Mrs. Bantry."

"It must be nice to have a garden," said Jane Helier, the beautiful young actress. "That is, if you hadn't got to dig or to get your hands messed up. I'm ever so fond of flowers."

"The garden," said Sir Henry. "Can't we take that as a starting point? Come, Mrs. B. The poisoned bulb, the deadly daffodils, the herb of death!"

"Now it's odd your saying that," said Mrs. Bantry. "You've just reminded me. Arthur, do you remember that business at Clodderham Court? You know, old Sir Ambrose Bercy. Do you remember what a courtly charming old man we thought him?"

"Why, of course. Yes, that was a strange business. Go ahead, Dolly."

"You'd better tell it, dear."

"Nonsense. Go ahead. Must paddle your own canoe. I did my bit just now."

Mrs. Bantry drew a deep breath. She clasped her hands and her face registered complete mental anguish. She spoke rapidly and fluently.

"Well, there's really not much to tell. The Herb of Death – that's what put it into my head, though in my own mind I call it sage and onions."

"Sage and onions?" asked Dr. Lloyd.

Mrs. Bantry nodded.

"That was how it happened, you see," she explained. "We were staying, Arthur and I, with Sir Ambrose Bercy at Clodderham Court, and one day, by mistake (though very stupidly, I've always thought), a lot of foxglove leaves were picked with the sage. The ducks for dinner that night were stuffed with it and everyone was very ill, and one poor girl – Sir Ambrose's ward—died of it."

She stopped.

"Dear, dear," said Miss Marple, "how very tragic."

"Wasn't it?"

"Well," said Sir Henry, "what next?"

"There isn't any next," said Mrs. Bantry. "That's all."

Everyone gasped. Though warned beforehand, they had not expected quite such brevity as this.

"But, my dear lady," remonstrated Sir Henry, "it can't be all. What you have related is a tragic occurrence but not in any sense of the word a problem."

"Well, of course there's some more," said Mrs. Bantry. "But if I were to tell you, you'd know what it was."

She looked defiantly round the assembly and said plaintively:

"I told you I couldn't dress things up and make it sound properly like a story ought to do."

"Ah ha!" said Sir Henry. He sat up in his chair and adjusted an eyeglass. "Really, you know, Scheherazade, this is most refreshing". Our ingenuity is challenged. I'm not so sure you haven't done it on purpose – to stimulate our curiosity. A few brisk rounds of 'Twenty Questions' is indicated, I think. Miss Marple, will you begin?"

"I'd like to know something about the cook, said Miss Marple. "She must have been a very stupid woman, or else very inexperienced."

"She was just very stupid," said Mrs. Bantry. "She cried a great deal afterward and said the leaves had been picked and brought into the kitchen as sage, and how was she to know?"

"Not one who thought for herself," said Miss Marple. "Probably an elderly woman and I dare say, a very good cook?"

"Oh, excellent," said Mrs. Bantry.

"Your turn, Miss Helier," said Sir Henry,

"Oh! You mean – to ask a question?" There was a pause while Jane pondered. Finally she said helplessly, "Really – I don't know what to ask."

Her beautiful eyes looked appealingly at Sir Henry.

"Why not *dramatis personae*, Miss Helier?" he suggested, smiling.

Jane still looked puzzled.

"Characters in order of their appearance," said Sir Henry gently.

"Oh, yes," said Jane. "That's a good idea."

Mrs. Bantry began briskly to tick people off on her fingers.

"Sir Ambrose – Sylvia Keene (that's the girl who died) – a friend of hers who was staying there, Maud Wye, one of those dark ugly girls who manage to make an effect somehow – I never know how they do it. Then there was a Mr. Curle who had come down to discuss books with Sir Ambrose – you know, rare books – queer old things in Latin – all musty parchment. There was Jerry Lorimer – he was a kind of next-door neighbour. His place, Fairlies, joined Sir Ambrose's estate. And there was Mrs. Carpenter, one of those middle-aged pussies who always seem to manage to dig themselves in comfortably somewhere. She was by way of being *dame de compagnie* to Sylvia, I suppose."

"If it is my turn," said Sir Henry, "and I suppose it is, as I'm sitting next to Miss Helier, I want a good deal, I want a short verbal portrait, please, Mrs. Bantry, of all the foregoing."

"Oh!" Mrs. Bantry hesitated.

"Sir Ambrose now," continued Sir Henry. "Start with him. What was he like?"

"Oh, he was a very distinguished-looking old man – and not so very old really – not more than sixty, I suppose. But he was very delicate – he had a weak heart, could never go upstairs – had to have a lift put in, and so that made him seem older than he was. Very charming manners – courtly – that's the word that describes him best. You never saw him ruffled or upset. He had beautiful white hair and a particularly charming voice."

"Good," said Sir Henry. "I see Sir Ambrose. Now the girl Sylvia – what did you say her name was?"

"Sylvia Keene. She was pretty – really very pretty. Fair-haired, you know, and a lovely skin. Not, perhaps, very clever. In fact, rather stupid."

"Oh, come, Dolly," protested her husband.

"Arthur, of course, wouldn't think so," said Mrs. Bantry dryly. "But she was stupid – she really never said anything worth listening to."

"One of the most graceful creatures I ever saw," said Colonel Bantry warmly. "See her playing tennis – charming, simply charming. And she was full of fun – most amusing little thing. And such a pretty way with her." I bet the young fellows all thought so."

"That's just where you're wrong," said Mrs. Bantry. "Youth, as such, has no charms for young men nowadays. It's only old duffers like you, Arthur, who sit maundering on about young girls."

"Being young's no good," said Jane. "You've got to have S.A."

"What," said Miss Marple, "is S.A.?"

"Sex appeal," said Jane.

"Ah yes," said Miss Marple. "What in my day they used to call 'having the come hither in your eye.'"

"Not a bad description," said Sir Henry. "The *dame de compagnie* you described, I think, as a pussy, Mrs. Bantry?"

"I didn't mean a cat you know," said Mrs. Bantry. "It's quite different. Just a

big soft white purry person. Always very sweet. That's what Adelaide Carpenter was like."

"What sort of aged woman?"

"Oh! I should say fortyish. She'd been there some time – ever since Sylvia was eleven, I believe. A very tactful person. One of those widows left in unfortunate circumstances, with plenty of aristocratic relations, but no ready cash. I didn't like her myself – but then I never do like people with very white long hands. And I don't like pussies."

"Mr. Curle?"

"Oh, one of those elderly stooping men. There are so many of them about, you'd hardly know one from the other. He showed enthusiasm when talking about his musty books, but not at any other time. I don't think Sir Ambrose knew him very well."

"And Jerry next door?"

"A really charming boy. He was engaged to Sylvia. That's what made it so sad."

"Now I wonder – – " began Miss Marple, and then stopped.

"What?"

"Nothing, dear."

Sir Henry looked at the old lady curiously. Then he said thoughtfully:

"So this young couple were engaged. Had they been engaged long?"

"About a year. Sir Ambrose had opposed the engagement on the plea that Sylvia was too young. But after a year's engagement he had given in and the marriage was to have taken place quite soon."

"Ah! Had the young lady any property?"

"Next to nothing – a bare hundred or two a year."

"No rat in that hole, Clithering," said Colonel Bantley, and laughed.

"It's the doctor's turn to ask a question," said Sir Henry. "I stand down."

"My curiosity is mainly professional," said Dr. Lloyd. "I should like to know what medical evidence was given at the inquest – that is, if our hostess remembers, or, indeed, if she knows."

"I know roughly," said Mrs. Bantley. "It was poisoning by digitalin – is that right?"

Dr. Lloyd nodded.

"The active principle of the foxglove – digitalis – acts on the heart. Indeed, it is a very valuable drug in some forms of heart trouble. A very curious case altogether. I would never have believed that eating a preparation of foxglove leaves could possibly result fatally. These ideas of eating poisonous leaves and berries are very much exaggerated. Very few people realise that the vital principle, or alkaloid, has to be extracted with much care and preparation."

"Mrs. MacArthur sent some special bulbs round to Mrs. Toomie the other day," said Miss Marple. "And Mrs. Toomie's cook mistook them for onions, and all the Toomies were very ill indeed."

"But they didn't die of it," said Dr. Lloyd.

"No, they didn't die of it," admitted Miss Marple.

"A girl I knew died of ptomaine poisoning," said Jane Helier.

"We must get on with investigating the crime," said Sir Henry.

"Crime?" said Jane, startled. "I thought it was an accident."

"If it were an accident," said Sir Henry gently, "I do not think Mrs. Bantry would have told us this story. No, as I read it, this was an accident only in appearance – behind it is something more sinister. I remember a case – various guests in a house party were chatting after dinner. The walls were adorned with all kinds of old-fashioned weapons. Entirely as a joke, one of the party seized an ancient horse pistol and pointed it at another man, pretending to fire it. The pistol was loaded and went off killing the man. We had to ascertain in that case, first, who had secretly prepared and loaded that pistol, and secondly, who had so led and directed the conversation that that final bit of horseplay resulted – for the man who had fired the pistol was entirely innocent!

"It seems to me we have much the same problem here. Those digitalin leaves were deliberately mixed with the sage, knowing what the result would be. Since we exonerate the cook – we do exonerate the cook, don't we? – the question arises: Who picked the leaves and delivered them to the kitchen?"

"That's easily answered," said Mrs. Bantry. "At least the last part of it is. It was Sylvia herself who took the leaves to the kitchen. It was part of her daily job to gather things like salad or herbs, bunches of young carrots – all the sort of things that gardeners never pick right. They hate giving you anything young and tender – they wait for them to be fine specimens. Sylvia and Mrs. Carpenter used to see to a lot of these things themselves. And there was foxglove actually growing all among the sage in one corner, so the mistake was quite natural."

"But did Sylvia actually pick them herself?"

"That nobody ever knew. It was assumed so."

"Assumptions," said Sir Henry, "are dangerous things."

"But I do know that Mrs. Carpenter didn't pick them," said Mrs. Bantry. "Because, as it happened, she was walking with me on the terrace that morning. We went out there after breakfast. It was unusually nice and warm for early spring. Sylvia went alone down into the garden, but later I saw her walking arm in arm with Maud Wye."

"So they were great friends, were they?" asked Miss Marple.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bantry. She seemed as though about to say something but did not do so.

"Had she been staying there long?" asked Miss Marple.

"About a fortnight," said Mrs. Bantry. There was a note of trouble in her voice. "You didn't like Miss Wye?" suggested Sir Henry.

"I did. That's just it. I did." The trouble in her voice had grown to distress.

"You're keeping something back, Mrs. Bantry," said Sir Henry accusingly.

"I wondered just now," said Miss Marple. "but I didn't like to go on." "When did you wonder?"

"When you said that the young people were engaged. You said that that was what made it so sad. But, if you know what I mean, your voice didn't sound right when you said it – not convincing, you know."

"What a dreadful person you are," said Mrs. Bantry. "You always seem to know. Yes, I was thinking of something. But I don't really know whether I ought to say it or not"

"You must say it," said Sir Henry. "Whatever your scruples, it mustn't be kept back."

"Well, it was Just this," said Mrs. Bantry. "One evening – in fact the very evening before the tragedy – I happened to go out on the terrace before dinner. The window in the drawing-room was open. And as it chanced I saw Jerry Lorimer and Maud Wye. He was – well – kissing her. Of course I didn't know whether it was just a sort of chance affair, or whether – well, I mean, one can't tell. I knew Sir Ambrose never had really liked Jerry Lorimer – so perhaps he knew he was that kind of young man. But one thing I am sure of: that girl, Maud Wye, was really fond of him. You'd only to see her looking at him when she was off guard. And I think, too, they were really better suited than he and Sylvia were."

"I am going to ask a question quickly, before Miss Marple can," said Sir Henry. "I want to know whether, after the tragedy, Jerry Lorimer married Maud Wye?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bantry. "He did. Six months afterward."

"Oh! Scheherazade, Scheherazade," said Sir Henry. "To think of the way you told us this story at first! Bare bones indeed – and to think of the amount of flesh we're finding on them now."

"Don't speak so ghoulishly," said Mrs. Bantry. "And don't use the word flesh. Vegetarians always do. They say, 'I never eat flesh,' in a way that puts you right off your nice little beefsteak. Mr. Curle was a vegetarian. He used to eat some peculiar stuff that looked like bran for breakfast. Those elderly stooping men with beards are often faddy. They have patent kinds of underwear too."

"What on earth, Dolly," said her husband, "do you know about Mr. Curle's underwear?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Bantry with dignity. "I was just making a guess."

"I'll amend my former statement," said Sir Henry. "I'll say instead that the dramatis personae in your problem are very interesting. I'm beginning to see them all – eh, Miss Marple?"

"Human nature is always interesting, Sir Henry. And it's curious to see how certain types always tend to act in exactly the same way."

"Two women and a man," said Sir Henry. "The old eternal human triangle. Is that the base of our problem here? I rather fancy it is."

Dr. Lloyd cleared his throat.

"I've been thinking," he said rather diffidently. "Do you say, Mrs. Bantry, that you yourself were ill?"

"Was I not! So was Arthur! So was everyone!"

"That's just it – everyone," said the doctor. "You see what I mean? I'm saying that whoever planned this thing went about it very curiously, either with a blind belief in chance, or else with an absolutely reckless disregard for human life. I can hardly believe there is a man capable of deliberately poisoning eight people with the object of removing one among them."

"I see your point," said Sir Henry thoughtfully. "I confess I ought to have thought of that."

"And mightn't he have poisoned himself too?" asked Jane.

"Was anyone absent from dinner that night?" asked Miss Marple.

Mrs. Bantry shook her head. "Everyone was there."

"Except Mr. Lorimer, I suppose, my dear. He wasn't staying in the house, was he?"

"No, but he was dining there that evening, said Mrs. Bantry.

"Oh!" said Miss Marple in a changed voice. "That makes all the difference in the world."

She frowned vexedly to herself. "I've been very stupid," she murmured. "Very stupid indeed."

"I confess your point worries me, Lloyd," said Sir Henry. "How ensure that the girl, and the girl only, should get a fatal dose?"

"You can't," said the doctor. "That brings me to the point I'm going to make. Supposing the girl was not the intended victim, after all? "

"What?"

"In all cases of food poisoning the result is very uncertain. Several people share a dish. What happens? One or two are slightly ill; two more, say, are seriously indisposed; one dies. That's the way of it – there's no certainty anywhere. But there are cases where another factor might enter in. Digitalin is a drug that acts directly on the heart – as I've told you, it's prescribed in certain cases. Now, there was one person in that house who suffered from a heart complaint. Suppose he was the victim selected? What would not be fatal to the rest would be fatal to him – or so the murderer might reasonably suppose. That the thing turned out differently is only proof of what I was saying just now – the uncertainty and unreliability of the effect of drug's on human beings."

"Sir Ambrose," said Sir Henry, "you think he was the person aimed at? Yes, yes – and the girl's death was a mistake."

"Who got his money after he was dead?" asked Jane.

"A very sound question, Miss Helier. One of the first we always ask in my late profession," said Sir Henry.

"Sir Ambrose had a son," said Mrs. Bantry slowly. "He had quarrelled with him many years previously. The boy was wild, I believe. Still, it was not in Sir Ambrose's power to disinherit him – Clodderham Court was entailed. Martin Bercy succeeded to the title and estate. There was, however, a good deal of other property that Sir Ambrose could leave as he chose, and that he left to his ward Sylvia. I know this because Sir Ambrose died less than a year after the events I am telling you of, and he had not troubled to make a new will after Sylvia's death. I think the money went to the Crown – or perhaps it was to his son as next of kin – I don't really remember."

"So it was only the interest of a son who wasn't there and the girl who died herself to make away with him," said Sir Henry thoughtfully. "That doesn't seem very promising."

"Didn't the other woman get anything? asked Jane. "The one Mrs. Bantry calls the Pussy woman."

"She wasn't mentioned in the will," said Mrs. Bantry.

"Miss Marple, you're not listening," said Sir Henry. "You're somewhere far away."

"I was thinking of old Mr. Badger, the chemist," said Miss Marple. "He had a very young housekeeper – young enough to be not only his daughter but his

granddaughter. Not a word to anyone, and his family, a lot of nephews and nieces, full of expectations. And when he died, would you believe it, he'd been secretly married to her for two years? Of course, Mr. Badger was a chemist, and a very rude, common old man as well, and Sir Ambrose Bercy was a very courtly gentleman, so Mrs. Bantry says, but for all that human nature is much the same everywhere."

There was a pause. Sir Henry looked very hard at Miss Marple who looked back at him with gently quizzical blue eyes. Jane Helier broke the silence.

"Was this Mrs. Carpenter good-looking?" she asked.

"Yes, in a very quiet way. Nothing startling."

"She had a very sympathetic voice," said Colonel Bantry.

"Purring – that's what I call it," said Mrs. Bantry. "Purring!"

"You'll be called a cat yourself one of these days, Dolly."

"I like being a cat in my home circle," said Mrs. Bantry. "I don't much like women anyway, and you know it. I like men and flowers."

"Excellent taste," said Sir Henry. "Especially in putting men first."

"That was tact," said Mrs. Bantry. "Well, now, what about my little problem? I've been quite fair, I think. Arthur, don't you think I've been fair?"

"Yes, my dear. I don't think there'll be any inquiry into the running by the stewards of the Jockey Club."

"First boy," said Mrs. Bantry, pointing a finger at Sir Henry.

"I'm going to be long-winded. Because, you see, I haven't really got any feeling of certainty about the matter. First Sir Ambrose. Well, he wouldn't take such an original method of committing suicide – and on the other hand, he certainly had nothing to gain by the death of his ward. Exit Sir Ambrose. Mr. Curle. No motive for death of girl. If Sir Ambrose was intended victim, he might possibly have purloined a rare manuscript or two that no one else would miss. Very thin, and most unlikely. So I think that, in spite of Mrs. Bantry's suspicions, Mr. Curle is cleared. Miss Wye. Motive for death of Sir Ambrose – none. Motive for death of Sylvia pretty strong. She wanted Sylvia's young man, and wanted him rather badly – from Mrs. Bantry's account. She was with Sylvia that morning in the garden so had opportunity to pick leaves. No, we can't dismiss Miss Wye so easily. Young Lorimer. He's got a motive in either case. If he gets rid of his sweetheart, he can marry the other girl. Still it seems a bit drastic to kill her – what's a broken engagement these days? If Sir Ambrose dies, he will marry a rich girl instead of a poor one. That might be important or not – depends on his financial position. If I find that his estate was heavily mortgaged and that Mrs. Bantry has deliberately withheld that fact from us, I shall claim a foul. Now Mrs. Carpenter. You know, I have suspicions of Mrs. Carpenter. Those white hands, for one thing", and her excellent alibi at the time the herbs were picked – I always distrust alibis. And I've got another reason for suspecting her which I shall keep to myself. Still, on the whole, if I've got to plump, I shall plump for Miss Maud Wye, because there's more evidence against her than anyone else."

"Next boy," said Mrs. Bantry, and pointed at Dr. Lloyd.

"I think you're wrong, Clithering, in sticking to the theory that the girl's death was meant. I am convinced that the murderer intended to do away with Sir

Ambrose. I don't think that young Lorimer had the necessary knowledge. I am inclined to believe that Mrs. Carpenter was the guilty party. She had been a long time with the family, knew all about the state of Sir Ambrose's health, and could easily arrange for this girl Sylvia (who, you said yourself, was rather stupid) to pick the right leaves. Motive, I confess, I don't see; but I hazard the guess that Sir Ambrose had at one time made a will in which she was mentioned. That's the best I can do."

Mrs. Bantry's pointing finger went on to Jane Helier.

"I don't know what to say," said Jane, "except this: Why shouldn't the girl herself have done it? She took the leaves into the kitchen after all. And you say Sir Ambrose had been sticking out against her marriage. If he died, she'd get the money and be able to marry at once. She'd know just as much about Sir Ambrose's health as Mrs. Carpenter would."

Mrs. Bantry's finger came slowly round to Miss Marple.

"Now then, school marm," she said.

"Sir Henry has put it all very clearly – very clearly indeed," said Miss Marple. "And Dr. Lloyd was so right in what he said. Between them they seem to have made things so very clear. Only I don't think Dr. Lloyd quite realised one aspect of what he said. You see, not being Sir Ambrose's medical adviser, he couldn't know just what kind of heart trouble Sir Ambrose had, could he?"

"I don't quite see what you mean, Miss Marple," said Dr. Lloyd.

"You're assuming – aren't you? – that Sir Ambrose had the kind of heart that digitalin would affect adversely? But there's nothing to prove that that's so. It might be just the other way about."

"The other way about?"

"Yes, you did say that it was often prescribed for heart trouble?"

"Even then, Miss Marple, I don't see what that leads to?"

"Well, it would mean that he would have digitalin in his possession quite naturally – without having to account for it. What I am trying to say (I always express myself so badly) is this: Supposing you wanted to poison anyone with a fatal dose of digitalin. Wouldn't the simplest and the easiest way be to arrange for everyone to be poisoned – actually by digitalin leaves? It wouldn't be fatal in anyone else's case, of course, but no one would be surprised at one victim because, as Dr. Lloyd said, these things are so uncertain. No one would be likely to ask whether the girl had actually had a fatal dose of infusion of digitalis or something of that kind. He might have put it in a cocktail or in her coffee or even made her drink it quite simply as a tonic."

"You mean Sir Ambrose poisoned his ward, the charming girl whom he loved?"

"That's just it," said Miss Marple. "Like Mr. Badger and his young housekeeper. Don't tell me it's absurd for a man of sixty to fall in love with a girl of twenty. It happens every day – and I dare say with an old autocrat like Sir Ambrose, it might take him queerly. These things become a madness sometimes. He couldn't bear the thought of her getting married – did his best to oppose it – and failed. His mad jealousy became so great that he preferred killing her to letting her go to young Lorimer. He must have thought of it some time beforehand, because that foxglove seed would have to be sown among the sage."

He'd pick it himself when the time came and send her into the kitchen with it. It's horrible to think of, but I suppose we must take as merciful a view of it as we can. Gentlemen of that age are sometimes very peculiar indeed where young girls are concerned. Our last organist – but there, I mustn't talk scandal."

"Mrs. Bantry," said Sir Henry, "is this so?"

Mrs. Bantry nodded.

"Yes. I'd no idea of it – never dreamed of the thing being anything but an accident. Then, after Sir Ambrose's death, I got a letter. He had left directions to send it to me. He told me the truth in it. I don't know why – but he and I always got on very well together."

In the momentary silence she seemed to feel an unspoken criticism and went on hastily:

"You think I'm betraying a confidence – but that isn't so. I've changed all the names. He wasn't really called Sir Ambrose Bercy. Didn't you see how Arthur stared stupidly when I said that name to him? He didn't understand at first. I've changed everything. It's like they say in magazines and in the beginning of books: 'All the characters in this story are purely fictitious.' You'll never know who they really are."

J.D. Salinger

DOWN AT THE DINGHY

It was a little after four o'clock on an Indian Summer afternoon. Some fifteen or twenty times since noon, Sandra, the maid, had come away from the lake-front window in the kitchen with her mouth set tight. This time as she came away, she absently untied and re-tied her apron strings, taking up what little slack her enormous waistline allowed. Then she went back to the enamel table and lowered her freshly uniformed body into the seat opposite Mrs. Snell. Mrs. Snell having finished the cleaning and ironing was having her customary cup of tea before walking down the road to the bus stop. Mrs. Snell had her hat on. It was the same interesting, black felt headpiece she had worn, not just all summer, but for the past three summers— through record heat waves, through change of life, over scores of ironing boards, over the helms of dozens of vacuum cleaners. The Hattie Carnegie label was still inside it, faded but (it might be said) unbowed.

"I'm not gonna worry about it," Sandra announced, for the fifth or sixth time, addressing herself as much as Mrs. Snell. "I made up my mind I'm not gonna worry about it. What *for*?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Snell. "*I* wouldn't. I really wouldn't. Reach me my bag, dear."

A leather handbag, extremely worn, but with a label inside it as impressive as the one inside Mrs. Snell's hat, lay on the pantry. Sandra was able to reach it without standing up. She handed it across the table to Mrs. Snell, who opened it and took out a pack of mentholated cigarettes and a folder of Stork Club

matches.

Mrs. Snell lit a cigarette, then brought her teacup to her lips, but immediately set it down in its saucer. "If this don't hurry up and cool off, I'm gonna miss my bus." She looked over at Sandra, who was staring, oppressedly, in the general direction of the copper sauce-pans lined against the wall. "Stop *worryin'* about it," Mrs. Snell ordered. "What good's it gonna do to worry about it? Either he tells her or he don't. That's all. What good's *worryin'* gonna do?"

"I'm not *worryin'* about it," Sandra responded. "The last thing I'm gonna do is *worry* about it. Only, it drives ya loony, the way that kid goes pussyfootin' all around the house. Ya can't *hear* him, ya know. I mean nobody can *hear* him, ya know. Just the other day I was shellin' beans – right at this here table – and I almost stepped on his *hand*. He was sittin' right under the table."

"Well. I wouldn't worry about it."

"I mean ya gotta weigh every word ya say around him," Sandra said. "It drives ya loony."

"I *still* can't drink this," Mrs. Snell said. "... That's terrible. When ya gotta weigh every word ya say and all."

"It drives ya loony! I mean it. Half the time I'm half loony." Sandra brushed some imaginary crumbs off her lap, and snorted. "A four-year-old kid!"

"He's kind of a good-lookin' kid," said Mrs. Snell. "Them big brown eyes and all."

Sandra snorted again. "He's gonna have a nose just like the father." She raised her cup and drank from it without any difficulty. "I don't know what they wanna stay up here all October for," she said malcontentedly, lowering her cup. "I mean none of 'em even go anywheres *near* the water now. *She* don't go in, *he* don't go in, the *kid* don't go in. *Nobody* goes in now. They don't even take that crazy boat out no more. I don't know what they threw good money away on it for."

"I don't know how you can drink yours. I can't even drink mine."

Sandra stared rancorously at the opposite wall. "I'll be so gladda get backa the city. I'm not foolin'. I hate this crazy place." She gave Mrs. Snell a hostile glance. "It's all right for *you*, you live here all year round. You got your social life here and all. You don't care."

"I'm gonna drink this if it kills me," Mrs. Snell said, looking at the clock over the electric stove.

"What would *you* do if you were in my shoes?" Sandra asked abruptly. "I mean what would you do? Tella truth."

This was the sort of question Mrs. Snell slipped into as if it were an ermine coat. She at once let go her teacup. "Well, in the *first* place," she said, "I wouldn't *worry* about it. What *I'd* do, I'd look around for another – "

"I'm not *worried* about it," Sandra interrupted.

"I know that, but what *I'd* do, I'd just get me – "

The swinging door opened from the dining room and Boo Boo Tannenbaum, the lady of the house, came into the kitchen. She was a small, almost hipless girl of twenty-five, with styleless, colorless, brittle hair pushed back behind her ears, which were very large. She was dressed in knee-length jeans, a black turtleneck pullover, and socks and loafers. Her joke of a name aside, her general unprettiness aside, she was – in terms of permanently memorable, immoderately perceptive, small-area faces – a stunning and final girl. She went directly to the refrigerator and opened it. As she peered inside, with her legs apart and her hands on her knees, she whistled, unmelodically, through her teeth, keeping time with a little uninhibited, pendulum action of her rear end. Sandra and Mrs. Snell were silent. Mrs. Snell put out her cigarette, unhurriedly.

"Sandra..."

"Yes, ma'am?" Sandra looked alertly past Mrs. Snell's hat.

"Aren't there any more pickles? I want to bring him a pickle."

"He et 'em," Sandra reported intelligently. "He et 'em before he went to bed last night. There was only two left."

"Oh. Well, I'll get some when I go to the station, I thought maybe I could lure him out of that boat." Boo Boo shut the refrigerator door and walked over to look out of the lake-front window. "Do we need anything else?" she asked, from the window.

"Just bread."

"I left your check on the hall table, Mrs. Snell. Thank you."

"O.K.," said Mrs. Snell. "I hear Lionel's supposeta be runnin' away." She gave a short laugh.

"Certainly looks that way," Boo Boo said, and slid her hands into her hip pockets.

"At least he don't run very *far* away," Mrs. Snell said, giving another short laugh.

At the window. Boo Boo changed her position slightly, so that her back wasn't directly to the two women at the table. "No," she said, and pushed back some hair behind her ear. She added, purely informatively. "He's been hitting the road regularly since he was two. But never very hard. I think the farthest he ever got – in the city, at least – was to the Mall in Central Park. Just a couple of blocks from home. The least far – or nearest – he ever got was to the front door of our building. He stuck around to say goodbye to his father."

Both women at the table laughed.

"The Mall's where they all go skatin' in New York," Sandra said very sociably to Mrs. Snell. "The kids and all."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Snell.

"He was only three. It was just last year," Boo Boo said, taking out a pack of cigarettes and a folder of matches from a side pocket in her jeans. She lit a cigarette, while the two women spiritedly watched her. "Big excitement. We had the whole police force out looking for him."

"They find him?" said Mrs. Snell.

"Sure they found him!" said Sandra with contempt. *Wuddaya think?*"

They found him at a quarter past eleven at night, in the middle of – my God, February, I think. Not a child in the park. Just muggers, I guess, and an assortment of roaming degenerates. He was sitting on the floor of the bandstand, rolling a marble back and forth along a crack. Half-frozen to death and looking – "

"Holy Mackerel!" said Mrs. Snell. "How come he did it? I mean what was he runnin' away about?"

Boo Boo blew a single, faulty smoke-ring, at a pane of glass. "Some child in the park that afternoon had come up to him with the dreamy misinformation, 'You stink, kid.' At least, that's why we think he did it. I don't know, Mrs. Snell. It's all slightly over my head."

"How long's he been doin' it?" asked Mrs. Snell. "I mean how long's he been doin' it?"

"Well, at the age of two-and-a-half," Boo Boo said biographically, "he sought refuge under a sink in the basement of our apartment house. Down in the laundry. Naomi somebody – a close friend of his – told him she had a worm in her thermos bottle. At least, that's all we could get out of him." Boo Boo sighed, and came away from the window with a long ash on her cigarette. She started for the screen door. "I'll have another go at it," she said, by way of goodbye to both women.

They laughed.

"Mildred," Sandra, still laughing, addressed Mrs. Snell, "you're gonna miss your bus if ya don't get a move on."

Boo Boo closed the screen door behind her.

She stood on the slight downgrade of her front lawn, with the low, glaring, late afternoon sun at her back. About two hundred yards ahead of her, her son Lionel was sitting in the stern seat of his father's dinghy. Tied, and stripped of its main and jib sails, the dinghy floated at a perfect right angle away from the far end of the pier. Fifty feet or so beyond it, a lost or abandoned water ski floated bottom up, but there were no pleasure boats to be seen on the lake; just a stern-end view of the county launch on its way over to Leech's Landing. Boo Boo found it queerly difficult to keep Lionel in steady focus. The sun; though not especially hot, was nonetheless so brilliant that it made any fairly distant image – a boy, a boat – seen almost as wavering and refractive as a stick in water. After a couple of minutes, Boo Boo let the image go. She peeled down her cigarette Army style, and then started toward the pier.

It was October, and the pier boards no longer could hit her in the face with reflected heat. She walked along whistling "Kentucky Babe" through her teeth. When she reached the end of the pier, she squatted, her knees audible, at the right edge, and looked down at Lionel. He was less than on oar's length away

from her. He didn't look up.

"Ahoy," Boo Boo said. "Friend. Pirate. Dirty dog. I'm back."

Still not looking up, Lionel abruptly seemed called upon to demonstrate his sailing ability. He swung the dead tiller all the way to the right, then immediately yanked it back in to his side. He kept his eyes exclusively on the deck of the boat.

"It is I," Boo Boo said. "Vice-Admiral Tannenbaum. Née Glass. Come to inspect the stermaphors."

There was a response.

"You aren't an admiral. You're a *lady*" Lionel said. His sentences usually had at least one break of faulty breath control, so that, often, his emphasized words, instead of rising, sank. Boo Boo not only listened to his voice, she seemed to watch it.

"Who told you that? Who told you I wasn't an admiral?"

Lionel answered, but inaudibly.

"Who?" said Boo Boo.

"Daddy."

Still in a squatting position, Boo Boo put her left hand through the V of her legs, touching the pier boards in order to keep her balance. "Your daddy's a nice fella," she said, "but he's probably the biggest landlubber I know. It's perfectly true that when I'm in port I'm a lady – *that's* true. But my true calling is first, last, and always the bounding – "

"You aren't an admiral," Lionel said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You aren't an admiral. You're a lady all the time."

There was a short silence. Lionel filled it by changing the course of his craft again – his hold on the tiller was a two-armed one. He was wearing khaki-colored shorts and a clean, white T-shirt with a dye picture, across the chest, of Jerome the Ostrich playing the violin. He was quite tanned, and his hair, which was almost exactly like his mother's in color and quality, was a little sun-bleached on top.

"*Many* people think I'm not an admiral," Boo Boo said, watch him. "Just because I don't shoot my mouth off about it." Keeping her balance, she took a cigarette and matches out of the side pocket of her jeans. "I'm almost never tempted to discuss my rank with people. Especially with little boys who don't even look at me when I talk to them. I'd be drummed out of the bloomin' service." Without lighting her cigarette, she suddenly got to her feet, stood unreasonably erect, made an oval out of the thumb and index finger of her right hand, drew the oval to her mouth, and – kazoo style – sounded something like a bugle call. Lionel instantly looked up. In all probability, he was aware that the call was bogus, but nonetheless he seemed deeply aroused; his mouth fell open. Boo Boo sounded the call – a peculiar amalgamation of "Taps" and "Reveille" –

three times, without any pauses. Then, ceremoniously, she saluted the opposite shoreline. When she finally reassumed her squat on the pier edge, she seemed to do so with maximum regret, as if she had just been profoundly moved by one of the virtues of naval tradition closed to the public and small boys. She gazed out at the petty horizon of the lake for a moment, then seemed to remember that she was not absolutely alone. She glanced – venerably – down at Lionel, whose mouth was still open. "That was a secret bugle call that only admirals are allowed to hear." She lit her cigarette, and blew out the match with a theatrically thin, long stream of smoke. "If anybody knew I let you hear that call – " She shook her head. She again fixed the sextant of her eye on the horizon.

"Do it again."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

Boo Boo shrugged. "Too many low-grade officers around, for one thing." She changed her position, taking up a cross-legged, Indian squat. She pulled up her socks. "I'll tell you what I'll do, though," she said, matter-of-factly. "If you'll tell me why you're running away, I'll blow every secret bugle call for you I know. All right?"

Lionel immediately looked down at the deck again. "No," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"Because I don't want to," said Lionel, and jerked the tiller for emphasis.

Boo Boo shielded the right side of her face from the glare of the sun. "You told me you were all through running away," she said. "We talked about it, and you told me you were all through. You promised me."

Lionel gave a reply, but it didn't carry.

"What?" said Boo Boo.

"I didn't promise."

"Ah, yes, you did. You most certainly did."

Lionel resumed steering his boat. "If you're an admiral," he said, "where's your *fleet*?"

"My fleet. I'm glad you asked me that," Boo Boo said, and started to lower herself into the dinghy.

"Get off!" Lionel ordered, but without giving over to shrillness, and keeping his eyes down. "Nobody can come in."

"They can't?" Boo Boo's foot was already touching the bow of the boat. She obediently drew it back up to pier level. "Nobody at all?" She got back into her Indian squat. "Why not?"

Lionel's answer was complete, but, again, not loud enough.

"What?" said Boo Boo.

"Because they're not allowed."

Boo Boo, keeping her eyes steadily on the boy, said nothing for a full minute.

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said, finally. "I'd just love to come down in your boat. I'm so lonesome for you. I miss you so much. I've been all alone in the house all day without anybody to talk to."

Lionel didn't swing the tiller. He examined the grain of wood in its handle. "You can talk to Sandra," he said.

"Sandra's busy," Boo Boo said. "Anyway, I don't want to talk to Sandra, I want to talk to you. I wanna come down in your boat and talk to you."

"You can talk from there."

"What?"

"You can talk from *there*."

"No, I can't. It's too big a distance. I have to get up close."

Lionel swung the tiller. "Nobody can come in," he said.

"What?"

"Nobody can come *in*."

"Well, will you tell me from there why you're running away?" Boo Boo asked. "After you promised me you were all through?"

A pair of underwater goggles lay on the deck of the dinghy, near the stern seat. For answer, Lionel secured the headstrap of the goggles between the big and second toes of his right foot, and, with a deft, brief, leg action, nipped the goggles overboard. They sank at once.

"That's nice. That's constructive," said Boo Boo. "Those belong to your Uncle Webb. Oh, he'll be so delighted." She dragged on her cigarette. "They once belonged to your Uncle Seymour."

"I don't care."

"I see that. I see you don't," Boo Boo said. Her cigarette was angled peculiarly between her fingers; it burned dangerously close to one of her knuckle grooves. Suddenly feeling the heat, she let the cigarette drop to the surface of the lake. Then she took out something from one of her side pockets. It was a package, about the size of a deck of cards, wrapped on white paper and tied with green ribbon. "This is a key chain," she said, feeling the boy's eyes look up at her. "Just like Daddy's. But with a lot more keys on it than Daddy's has. This one has ten keys."

Lionel leaned forward in his seat, letting go the tiller. He held out his hands in catching position. "Throw it?" he said. "Please?"

"Let's keep our seats a minute. Sunshine. I have a little thinking to do. I *should* throw this key chain in the lake."

Lionel stared up at her with his mouth open. He closed his mouth. "It's mine," he said on a diminishing note of justice. Boo Boo, looking down at him, shrugged. "I don't care."

Lionel slowly sat back in his seat, watching his mother, and reached behind him for the tiller. His eyes reflected pure perception, as his mother had known they would.

"Here." Boo Boo tossed the package down to him. It landed squarely on his

lap.

He looked at it in his lap, picked it off, looked at it in his hand, and flicked it – sidearm – into the lake. He then immediately looked up at Boo Boo, his eyes filled not with defiance but tears. In another instant, his mouth was distorted into a horizontal figure-8, and he was crying mightily.

Boo Boo got to her feet, gingerly, like someone whose foot has gone to sleep in theatre, and lowered herself into the dinghy. In a moment, she was in the stem seat, with the pilot on her lap, and she was rocking him and kissing the back of his neck and giving out certain information: "Sailors don't *cry*, baby. Sailors *never* cry. Only when their ships go down. Or when they're shipwrecked, on rafts and all, with nothing to drink except – "

"Sandra – told Mrs. Snell – that Daddy's a big – sloppy – kike"

Just perceptibly, Boo Boo flinched, but she lifted the boy off her lap and stood him in front of her and pushed his hair from his forehead. "She did, huh?" she said.

Lionel worked his head up and down, emphatically. He came in closer, still crying, to stand between his mother's legs.

"Well, that isn't *too* terrible," Boo Boo said, holding him between the two vises of her arms and legs. "That isn't the *worst* that could happen." She gently bit the rim of the boy's ear. "Do you know what a kike is, baby?"

Lionel was either unwilling or unable to speak up at once. At any rate, he waited till the hiccupping aftermath of his tears had subsided a little. Then his answer was delivered, muffled but intelligible, into the warmth of Boo Boo's neck. "It's one of those things that go up in the *air*" he said. "With *string* you hold."

The better to look at him. Boo Boo pushed her son slightly away from her. Then she put a wild hand inside the seat of his trousers, startling the boy considerably, but almost immediately withdrew it and decorously tucked in his shirt for him. "Tell you what we'll do," she said. "We'll drive to town and get some pickles, and some bread, and we'll eat the pickles in the car, and then we'll go to the station and get Daddy, and then we'll bring Daddy home and make him take us for a ride in the boat. You'll have to help him carry the sails down. O.K.?"

Jonathan Treitel

GRAFFITI

HALF PAST NOON. Rome is snoozing. A black cat, spray. painted with a pink curseword on its rump, scurries across the Via dei Fori Imperiali, and disappears down an alley. A decent peace resumes. Not absolutely though: dilapidated wooden shop-fronts creak, and a purr emanates from the electricity cables. Moreover there is a sense of perpetual restless motion as if the city were stirring

in its sleep: dust rises and falls in the hazy air; there is an illusion of motion in the graffiti daubed across the facades of buildings.

Eventually, into this cityscape, Umberto comes marching, a clipboard tucked under his right arm. He is a person whose respectability is manifest from his premature baldness, his pale severe suit, and the sunglasses clamped over his eyes. He is advancing at a fair pace. He is trailed at some distance by three shoplifters, four pickpockets, two football hooligans and a public nuisance. 'Come along, boys!' he barks. 'We haven't got all day.'

Umberto is an assistant supervisor in the department of juvenile correction. His charges, boys in their early teens, arc each carrying a large plastic pail in whatever way seem most convenient: whether balanced on a shoulder or clutched against the belly. They are having to circumnavigate rusty cars abandoned along the way. They are sweating and struggling to keep up. Occasionally, when crossing a paving rendered slippery by graffiti paint, one or another of them stumbles, but nobody actually topples.

A stocky football hooligan calls out, 'Can't we take the bus?'

Umberto retorts. 'You are not supposed to be enjoying yourself. You are paying your debt to society.'

A skinnier hooligan says, 'I shouldn't be here, signore. I'm innocent.'

Umberto echoes, '*Innocent* – raising the pitch of the word a little, not quite making it into a question.

Meanwhile a group of pickpockets, while nudging one another, happen to be bumping up against the locked shutters of an *osteria*. Somehow their hands slip inside and emerge with fistfuls of a *fritto misto* of brains and zucchini.

"Several shoplifters are trying to avoid stepping on the cracks.

And the one who is not quite all there (the public nuisance) is laughing to himself.

At last Umberto and his charges have departed in the direction of the Foro Romano. Once more the boulevard is silent. Briefly, an upper storey shutter is opened; a woman in black peers down: she makes the sign against the evil eye, then draws her head in; the shutter is closed.

Umberto moves his hands as if stretching an imaginary cord, indicating that the delinquents slow their pace awhile. They are on the Via Sacra, between the temples to Saturn and to Castor and Pollux. Ahead stand the great broken arches of the Basilica di Massenzio. All the ruins are overpainted with graffiti upon graffiti, great gaudy swirls of luminous paint, winding around the old stones like (the classical allusion springs into Umberto's thoughts) the sea serpent seizing the "as of Laocoön. He asks the boys if they think the Foro has always looked like this.

They do not comprehend his ironic tone. They reply, 'Once as all in one piece, signore.' 'Once it was newer, signore. I'm innocent, signore.'

'Once it was all *clean*,' he stresses. 'I remember, when I was young back in the 1990s, there were hardly any graffiti here, or anywhere in the city, or in any city in the whole world!'

The delinquents stare at him blankly. He realises they can't even conceive of the picture he is presenting. For them, graffiti are a natural feature of the city, as common as litter stray cats. The act of creating it is neither good nor bad. It's only normal that citizens carry cans of spray-paint in their pocket, and leave their mark, on which are superimposed other people's marks, and hence every wall and every door, every roof and shutter and public statue and fountain, every permanent surface indeed, is bedaubed with letters and ideographs.

The delinquents approach the Arco di Tito. The more literate among them read out extracts from the messages visible on the surface: love declarations and soccer slogans in a medley of languages. 'AC Milano is magic and Roma is tragic.' '*Billy te amo*.' 'We won Mondiale.' A pickpocket points out the cartoonish phallic figures painted atop the arch, tracing the shapes with his fingertips in air. The public nuisance presses his palms over his eyes.

Umberto says, 'Can't you see what lies underneath the graffiti? The carvings! Look. They were made by an emperor, to show him conquering Jerusalem. You can see the booty he seized from the Temple, for instance that candelabra over there ...'

A shoplifter shrugs. 'Just another kind of graffiti.'

Umberto sighs. At the university he had studied philosophy. He had been fascinated by the teaching of Vico: that the universe is subject to recurrence. Recurrence, not repetition: history is a kind of spiral... This doctrine comforts him in his work. True, few of the delinquents he supervises are discouraged from committing further crimes, and in any case there are always more boys growing up, but in the fullness of time all the villains will grow old and die, and the world will be much as it was in time past.

How can he explain this to the boys in terms they will understand? He searches for the right words. 'Every creature has a natural enemy: birds eat worms, dogs kill cats, and dogs can die from worms – and that is a good thing, because otherwise we would be overrun with a plague of one animal or another. So it is with weapons. Every instrument of offence is countered by a defence. The sword can be stopped with the shield. Poison gas with a gas mask. A bullet with a bulletproof vest. And just so with graffiti too. Of course people have been scribbling on walls ever since antiquity – you can see the marks on the oldest remains in Ostia or Herculaneum; indeed there is reason to believe we Italians invented the practice of graffiti, which explains why our word for it is borrowed by so many other languages. But, traditionally, there was always some way of wiping the marks off, or covering them over, so they never became too much of a nuisance. A new kind of paint appeared in the 1970s, the cellulose-based sprayable kind, which was hard to erase, so graffiti multiplied in the cities. But the plague was cured with enzymatic solvents. Graffiti went on the retreat. But

then, towards the end of the century, SuperPaint was invented, removable by no known solvent. Now anybody could make a mark which could never be obliterated, other than by tearing down the wall it was painted on, or splashing another graffito on top. Within decades graffiti had spread round the world. And I don't know if you understand how pernicious the plague is: every city is a mess, nobody can think clearly, the place falls apart. To people of your generation the state of things seems universal and permanent – but is it?'

The delinquents gaze down at the ground or up at the sky.

'Look over there, at the Colosseo! A writhing mass of Technicolor maggots! That's what it looks like. You can hardly make out its shape even ... But I remember it was not always like that ...'

It was not always like that. Umberto then was about the age of these boys now. He had a full head of hair, but he already wore sunglasses for his eyes were always sensitive. SuperPaint existed, of course, and graffiti were common but not absolutely universal. It was possible to discover a public building which had entire walls, entire halls even, untouched by a single graffito. For instance the Colosseo, an obvious target, had been daubed along the accessible parts, but higher up you could still see the original naked stones. One summer evening he and half a dozen of his closest friends had set out on an expedition. The gang had entered the Colosseo, rolling in under the tall iron gates. The arena was dim inside; just a snip of moon overhead, plus the perpetual urban glimmer; and the shining eyes of innumerable stray cats. It had all been planned carefully. The ropes and the crampons and the spray-cans of SuperPaint were strapped to their belts. It was not difficult to clamber up the levels of the building, and then ascend the irregular outer wall, right to the top. The friends sprayed their names in huge letters on the summit of the building. How proud they had felt then, established up there above the audience of thousands of howling felines, yet even at the moment of triumph they had been aware how pointless it all was – like a team of gladiators bowing to the crowd: *Morituri te salutamus* – We who are about to die salute you. The gang had descended the difficult way, down the outside of the building. They had danced the night away in a disco in Trastevere. In the morning the sign of the exploit was clearly visible. Of course, in the years since, many other graffiti have been set on top of theirs ... Umberto thinks he can still make out the pattern of his own name. He consults his clipboard. He marches the delinquents off down the Via della Conciliazione, heading for the river.

Less than an hour later Umberto is striding into the Piazza San Pietro. The boys are panting behind; their faces are sticky with dust. Ahead lies the great cathedral itself. Naturally it is wrapped in several layers of black polythene. Indeed the cathedral looks much like every other church or museum or historic site of note in the world – now and during the era in which graffitoing is universal. No serious work of art has been put on public display ever since that

incident some decades ago in which the Mona Lisa was irrevocably moustached. It is still possible to enter San Pietro, but the interior floor, walls and ceiling are boarded over, so the effect is like standing inside an irregular packing case; only a handful of dedicated tourists or pilgrims are present in the Piazza.

'This way, boys!' Umberto jangles his host of keys. He leads the group through a side-entrance into the Museo. The place smells musty; spiders spin in the comers of the boarded-over rooms. It is dim: he pushes the sunglasses up on his shiny pate. He was taken here as an infant, before the place was covered up: he has the vaguest dreamy memory of gorgeous grandeur...

The delinquents dawdle.

'You are not doing this for pleasure. Along this corridor; quick!'

His air of command belies his uncertainty as to where exactly he is. Instructions and a sketch map are on the clipboard, but there are so many rooms here, and the corridors all look identical. True, hand-painted signs are nailed up by the intersections: arrows pointing to STANZE OF RAPHAEL/McDONALD'S/WC ... but it seems unwise to put too much faith in them. 'Down here, boys. Come along!'

He clears his throat and sneaks another look at his sketch map. He waves the group on through a doorway.

At last everybody is gathered in a tall, quite long, not very wide room. The walls are boarded over. Scaffolding has been erected as high as the ceiling, and evidently an effort had been made to drape plastic sheeting there; however it has fallen down and the black polythene lies on the floor in crumpled waves.

Umberto holds his arms out like a policeman stopping traffic. He clears his throat and announces. 'This must surely be the ... ah, cafeteria.'

The boys put down their loads.

'What happens,' he asks, 'when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?'

The delinquents avoid his gaze.

He gestures at the plastic pails. 'What do you suppose is 'n there? Can you guess?'

No response.

'Did you suppose the era of graffiti would continue for ever? Of course not. Nothing is immutable. Everything rises and falls, and comes back in a different manifestation. Industrial chemists have been at work. They have solved the problem, as they were bound to. It was only a matter of time. You are each carrying a full load of the SuperSolvent, capable of removing any kind of paint!

Our task today is to expunge the graffiti in this room. Even as we speak, other teams of delinquents doing community service, and volunteers, and hired clean-up crews busy eradicating graffiti elsewhere in the city. Soon we shall have eliminated it all. And not just here: the whole world will be free of this menace. At last we will be able to see our cities for the rational, orderly places they were

meant to be '

He points upward. He flicks his fingers under his chin in a gesture of distaste. 'That mess has got to go.' He secures his sunglasses over his eyes, to mute the sight.

The delinquents stare upward. They have never seen graffiti quite like this. Luminous, throbbing colours; words and twining shapes; representations of creatures of fantasy and of virtually naked humans ... To them, the vision appears beautiful. They look at it in silence; even the skinny hooligan forgets to protest his innocence; even the public nuisance makes no noise. They are very still, while the images soak into their heads. It seems as if the boys are trapped in stasis, like figures in a painting, doomed to gaze up for ever.

But Umberto makes the clip on the clipboard spring shut with a noise like a cracking whip. 'You are not going to leave until the place is completely spotless!'

And duly, the delinquents climb the scaffolding, with their pails of SuperSolvent and bunches of rags.

Umberto stands beneath. He observes. A contingent cat is slinking between his heels. He has a sense of his own glorious isolation as he watches the underlings do his bidding. He feels a kind of power, and a supreme joy which might be compared to that of an artist in the throes of creation. The football hooligans and shoplifters are dunking rags in the pails, and passing them forward to the pickpockets who, deft-fingered, are performing the act of erasure. The public nuisance is urging his comrades on by means of a hearty cackle. Certainly the SuperSolvent is living up to its promise. A simple wipe with it dissolves all the paint. The boys have already swabbed a good tenth of the ceiling clean, as far as the spark where God's finger touches Adam's.

Conor Cregan

OCHÓN

I AM DROWNING in a cold broth of words and memories.

My father was a big brute of a man who had joined the guards to escape the boat to England; a big brute of a distant man, with big brutish features and distance in his every move—a distant brute of a big man with the head of a block of Wicklow granite and hands the size of ploughshares, covered in warts the size of mountains and tufts of hair you could hide an army in; a granite-headed distant big brute, waned and hairy with teeth all gapped and twisted and stained like the land he came from, all bitter and biled like the people who'd spawned him; a biled brutish twisted gapped granite-headed warted hairy distant man with legs like the boughs of oak trees, dinged and bruised, buckled and bashed and bent. In short, he was like any other father of any other son of Éireann born in those dark days.

Those dark days, and dark indeed they were, dark depressed days, full of

darkness and depression. I never saw the sun until I was ten, and then only for a moment, for my father, bled brutish twisted gapped granite-headed warted hairy distant man that he was, chose that time to speak his first words to me, his first drops of wisdom, for he was man of few words and what words he spoke were indeed drops of wisdom with the value of gold; he chose to speak to me then, while I was enjoying the brief break in depression above my head and thanking God and His son and mother and all the saints for allowing me the joy of sunshine for that instant of time, to speak to me in his all-powerful all-commanding deep bass-baritone voice that sounded like the very depths of hell come up to meet you, to speak from the core of his genitals, the bowels of his being, words pregnant with meaning, fertilised with intent, fruitful as the half-acre of rural Ireland we kept for spuds and cabbages, the half-acre we knelt in every day of the year until the soil was part of us and we were part of it, and when it came time to pick the spuds and cabbages and eat them, it was like we were picking pieces of ourselves and eating them.

"To work," he said.

And I felt the red heat of Satan across my face as my father clouted me with his mighty hand and pitched me headlong into a heap of steaming silage. To work. I pondered those words as he climbed on board his bicycle and headed for the barracks. For he never spoke to me again, except to curse me, before the day he passed into eternity. And that was far off then. To work.

My mother, God bless her, was a saint of a woman; a saint among women when women were saints; sainted and blessed, blessed and sainted. She had twenty-three children in twenty-three years and still remained a virgin; her body bore the sainted look of a fruit tree picked clean and the shape of a potato sack. Thirty years his junior, for my father was not a man of impulse, they were wed while he was on the run during the Tan War, in a small field by a fairy ring; wed at the dead of night with the rain coming down in buckets, tapping out a ghostly rhythm to the words of the priest. A lean girl, she was then, my mother, lean and pale, and she worked for the landlord in the big house.

The landlord! May his bones roast in the fires of hell for ever. And may the devil himself pull my brains out through my nose if I ever have a decent thought about him. The landlord, the curse of Cromwell. May the two of them suffer the sufferings suffered by my ancestors during all the years of oppression. Suffer them tenfold, and tenfold again, and tenfold times tenfold. May I never say their names without spitting; may the spirits of the famine forgive me for having to mention them now. The landlord, rack-renting rugby rapist that he was, took my mother on to work in his kitchen, took her on for sixpence and a jar of porter: her father, my grandfather, had a weakness for the porter, a weakness he prayed to God to set him free of, a weakness brought on by having to watch his family evicted from their sod hovel and their Quarter-acre. So my mother was sold to the landlord – I spit – and my grandfather and his wife and his other eighteen children took to the road and disappeared into the mists of history.

And misty it was then. Misty dark depressing lost land oft rained on, cloaked in sadness, heavy with oppression. And many walked stooped with the weight of oppression, bent double, buckled. My mother was such a one. Working all the hours God sent, and some more, in the kitchen of the landlord – I spit – chopping and boiling spuds and cabbage. Spuds and cabbage. Glory be to God for spuds and cabbage. Spuds and cabbage, the food of my nation. The food of my nation being tested and tasted by him – the landlord – I spit. Tested and tasted for his table; a table full of the tested and tasted things of my land; a land oppressed, misty and oppressed, weighed down and doubled up and lost in the mists of oppression.

What a night it was when the boys, and my father one of them, took the landlord out and beat him to death with hurleys; beat him so you wouldn't know him from the ground where he lay or the colour of the hills; beat him till he was flat and pulped; beat him till the last oppressing breath was driven from him to the eternal damnation awaiting it; beat him and beat him until the land was drunk on his blood. And then burned his great house to the ground, that great heresy of a home, blaspheming against our land, burnt down, wiped out, destroyed. And such a cry of release went out that night as could be heard by those yet to be born. I heard it, though many years were to pass before my incarnation. No small wonder my mother married a man of such courage. The General.

They still called him the General at the barracks, even though he'd only been a general for an hour, during the Civil War. An hour before the other lot dumped arms and the telegram arrived from Dublin, thanking him for his service and telling him they had no more use for him. A bitter way for a man to be treated, a bitter way which made him bitter, bitter as bog water, and hard. He beat my mother that day, beat her till there was no more beating in him, beat her like he was beating the landlord again; and she understood, understood like any wife would of a man who had done what he'd done, gave herself willingly to him to be punched and kicked and belted around the peat-smoked room in their little tenant cottage where generations of his family had lived and died, offered herself as any sainted woman would who knew men and what they needed, who knew this life for what it was, who knew the sanctity of suffering for a woman, and sought it, eagerly.

Eagerly did she seek it and teach her twenty-two daughters, my sisters, and pure honest daughters of Éireann they were, to seek it; to wait for him to consume gallons of poteen and porter – for he was a man of enormous appetites, unfulfilled appetites, hungry demons consuming him as he consumed porter and poteen – and offer themselves to the wrath of his belt or the hawthorn stick he kept in the corner; to offer themselves as Our Lady offered herself, handmaids of their lord, my rather; a lord as lordly as any lord in Ireland, lording over his family like the chieftain he was, chieftain in his own land, chieftain of the half-acre, lord of the cottage. And with the anger of a lord, he would whip them and

flay them till his hands were raw and he could no longer stand through exhaustion, and after, they would sit him down in his rocking chair and feed him broth and bread washed down with the blackest of black stewed tea, so black that even the loins of Beelzebub could not claim it for their own; and they would sit by him and read to him from the legends of old, old legends of young men and great deeds and women of beauty, such beauty as would burn the very eyes from your head.

And before he nodded off, he would say in a beaten voice:
"Women!"

Nor did I escape his fury when he saw fit to mete out punishment to me. Just punishment, may I say, punishment befitting the seriousness of my transgressions, for serious transgressions they were, and the most serious of all was self-abuse. The two most sinful words in the English language.

And English it would be, as only English could contain such words, only the language of the oppressor, Cromwell and the landlord – again I spit. Self-abuse. May I be struck down never to rise again if ever I practise such a terrible sin on our native soil again; if ever I stain my land with the evil seed of my lust. Lust! Another Saxon word. Endless, they are, endless words for the sins no son of Éireann would commit if his mind hadn't been polluted by the oppressor.

In our parish we were raised with a fearsome respect for the chastity of girls, and an even more fearsome fear of the consequences of disrespect. And should I hold that against them may the God that gave me life strike me from the face of my homeland with the agony I deserve. There were three of us lads in the parish school, three of us and the mounting lust of adolescence, three of us with a terrible respect for the lassies, three of us and sin. And sin was the strongest, the strongest by far; stronger than the desire to please God on the altar, than the desire to win county football honours, than the love we had for our native land. Yes, stronger even than that. And though we fought, aided by the savage strokes of Father Brogan's walking stick and the pictures of terrible torment he told us awaited the self-abuser in hell, unspeakable except in the confessional, through the medium of Latin, we were weak and self-abuse took place. Self-abuse of the temple, followed by tortuous guilt and pain and penance. We did penance. We did penance for our eternal souls, penance enough to cleanse the soul of Lucifer himself, and more, fierce merciless penance in the fields of our parish, the fields we tilled and loved, the fields we grew our spuds and cabbages in, the fields of our fathers, muddy stony fields of stone and mud, soaked with the rain of the grey skies, swept by the howling banshee winds of the mountains and the seas, swept soaked stony muddy fields, all stony and soaked and muddy and swept.

Beast that was in me, beast of the devil, full fanned the fires of lust; lust that possessed me, slave I was to it, slave to its carnality, slave to its pleasure. And the altar or that lust, that carnal fury, where we worshipped, all three of us lads, all three of us sons of Éireann, wanting desperately to serve our God and our land, the altar of our sinful mortality was the stone shed between the school and

the barracks, the stone shed where Dev had hidden out for six months, the stone shed where the Virgin herself had appeared in all her glory, glorious woman that she is, the stone shed where Batt Molloy had murdered Planxty Quinn over a quarter-acre of prime and a hundredweight of spuds; murdered him terrible he did, and terrible it was and the end it brought for Molloy; swinging for an hour from the gibbet in Dublin, slow painful agony, cross in his hands, wriggling and writhing and writhing and wriggling at the end of the hangman's rope. Horrible, it was, and horrible it was told by my father who found Batt, drowned in drink and praying for forgiveness, and sent him to his doom.

And found us he did too, my father, big brutish man that he was, found us in the false ecstasy of self-abuse, seduced by Satan, preying on our weaknesses and frustrations, dank cold dark depressing day that it was, and us willing victims of the pleasures he offered, pleasures of the flesh that sinned against the soul, base animal pleasures, pleasures that tore us from our land and our God, damning us for all eternity. And beat us he did, my father, with the vengeance of God; beat us till our flesh was blue and our lungs were empty from screaming; beat us till the sun fell and rose five times, though with the clouds and the mist you couldn't see it; beat us with a horsewhip till the horsewhip broke into a hundred pieces; beat us with a shovel and a pick handle till they fell apart; beat us till his knuckles were skinned to the bone and the leather was worn from his huge peeler boots, boots that could kick the top off a mountain or split a man from his groin to his brain.

But even my father, brutish man that he was, could never deliver a blow as brutal as that delivered by the hand of God on our family when I was sixteen. As brutal a blow as was ever delivered on any home to any family in Ireland, a land of brutal blows, harsh and brutal and unforgiving. My mother, sainted woman that she was, dear suffering sainted woman, slipped on a stone and drowned in the icy waters of Lough Derg while on pilgrimage for our sins. Kneeling, she was, deep in prayer, lost in torment, for torment is a maze in which it is easy to become lost, kneeling for four days and nights, drenched by the rain and the mist, frozen by the wind dizzy with the hunger, blood running from her knees to mix with the waters of the lough. Drowned and lost in those icy depths; and my father rent with grief, tore the very shin from his back and howled such a howl of pain as was never heard before or after in our parish or in any other parish in Ireland; and he raised his fists and cursed the God who'd made him, whose terrible plan he was a victim of, whose mind he never knew, cursed him in wild rage, not knowing the damnation he was bringing on himself, not caring. And my sisters fighting with him to shut him up, to pull him home, pleading with him to prostrate himself and beg God's forgiveness, to offer up every ounce of his being for his soul, not knowing his soul was slipping, slipping slowly in the rain and the wind and the mud, slipping into the darkness, dark darkness that it was, the darkest of dark darkness, black.

And black was the road to Dublin, black as pitch and full of holes. I wore

away many a good pair of brogues bringing myself to that fair city. A year, it was, a year walking, a hard year, where I went four months without meeting another soul, carrying the curse of my father on me, big brutish curse that it was, the curse of a man whose son and heir has turned his back on him and his land to write poetry, the curse of a man left in the clutches of twenty-two daughters and none of them married for fear of sinning, the curse of a man smitten by drink, that faithless mistress, the curse of a man cursed by God, the curse of a man once a general. Once a general.

Long and sad were the poems I wrote, long and sad as the days I spent in Dublin, long poems with long words and long verses, sad poems blackened by the sadness within me, sadness for my home and my county and my family; and wander the streets I did, wander them alone, sad streets, lonely streets, with the only solace bottled and sold in glasses, bottled like the sadness within me and my poems, sold like the soul of my father. For a poor boy up from the country, Dublin is a web of temptation and sadness, and for a poor boy wanting to write poetry, the drink is the quickest way to get caught in that web. And get caught in it I did, drinking till I hadn't penny enough to buy the dripping from a crust of stale bread, drinking till I was thrown out on to the street, left to live in doorways and sing songs about my home county for a few leftovers. Dark was the depression which overcame me then, and darker still when I remembered my home and my county and my family.

And when I found work after two years, it was poor paid work, for all work was poor paid in those days, paid poor for poor it was the poor work we did. Poor work digging a great gape of a hole in the city, a great gape of a hole, big as any hole dug in any part of the world; and I was in that hole five years digging it, without seeing the sun, up to my neck in filth, all for a penny a month. But what a penny, and what you could buy for that penny, though I never spent it all at once for I was saving enough to be able to return home some day. Home. Every son of Éireann's dream: to return to the place from where he came. A noble dream, befitting a noble race.

My dream, and what a dream it was, dreamt during those long sad days in that gape of a hole. And in poems I wrote of the dream, still hoping someone would put them to print somewhere, someone who knew the worth of a poem, long and sad that it was, the worth of a poem by a son of Éireann lonely for his home parish. But the mention of self-abuse was enough to have me damned, damned for writing such words, damned for failing in my duty to my church. My church, once my friend, was now my enemy, and what an enemy to have, enemy that was once a friend, abuser of the self-abuser. And hot-headed sinful beast that I was, with much of the big brutishness of my father, I cursed the church and abused it as I had once abused myself, with more ferocity than that even, and wrote such words about it as should never again be written by a son of Éireann about his land or his church. Cruel vengeful words, sinful and full of the pride of youth, savage as the beatings of my father, wicked as the mind of Satan. And

when we had fought, my church and I, and I had lost as was only right, I had to give up my dream and use what pennies I had to take the boat to England, land of the oppressor, cursed by my ancestors, devoid of soul, abandoned by God.

I was in England when I got word that my father was dying. Eaten away, he was, eaten away by the rancour within him. I packed a small bag, the smallest bag I had, with the smallest things I had, and took the boat home. Home to my native land, the land of my church, the church that had damned me, in the land that had spurned me, to the father that had cursed me. Dark land that it was, damning and spurning and cursing, cursed spurned damned land, all cursed and spurned and damned.

My father lay in his bed, my sisters sitting around him, talking, the priest saying the last rites over him, the matchmaker trying to tease the strength of the will from him; and him pale, deathly pale, yellowing at the eyes, ugly yellow there where his eyes looked up at the roof, struggling to get words from his twisted salivating mouth. There was a stench, the stench of death, I think, such a stench as would make you heave your dinners from a month before up on to the stone floor, vile stench, stinking, odious smell, choking smothering stink of a stench, bile-based and bitter.

"The end is near," the priest said, looking at his watch.

I bent over my father.

Then, as if possessed, my father raised a hand from the bed and lifted it high, clouting eight of my sisters in the process and knocking them across the room like skittles, as if possessed by a demon, demonic in its possession, he raised that ploughshare of a hand, hairy and warty, raised it aloft and caught me by the head with the grip of a man possessed, caught me and pulled me to him, pulled me down to this twisted salivating mouth, and me desperately trying to make my peace with God for fear of what would happen, desperately regretting my life of poetry and self-abuse, desperately regretting my sins against the church and the land of my birth, terrified by the wrath of God and the wrath of my father and not able to distinguish between the two, being pulled down on that bed, petrified, bowels loosening by the second smelling the awful smell of death around my father down, down, deeper down.

'Son,' he whispered in my ear.

'Father,' I replied, held in his vice, feeling the warm liquid run down my leg.

'Son, it's terrified of dying I am, terrified. 'Tis an awful thing, death.'

'Yes.'

'I mean, an awful thing. Truly awful. And worse for a man with no soul. No soul, do you hear. No soul. Soulless. Glory be to Jesus, 'tis a fierce thing.'

'Is it, Father?'

His eyes looked around the room, at my sisters, at the priest, at the matchmaker.

'Maybe not.'

There was a noise in his lungs, a dreadful emptying noise, empty and

dreadful, and he passed away to wherever he was going and whatever awaited him.