

SUGGESTED PATTERN OF LINGUO-STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

1. *Information about the author*

which should provide a deeper insight into the message and style of the text under analysis.

2. *Message of the text:*

the main idea (ideas) of the text and its contents in brief, main thematic lines and turns of the plot.

3. *General character of the text*

1) its slant, vein, tone (humorous, tragic, dramatic, ironical, satirical, romantic, poetic etc.);

2) type of narrative and narrator: subjectivized (in the first person), objectivized (in the third person);

3) the choice of the point of view: the author's point of view, the character's point of view, the onlooker's point of view;

4) form of presentation (or the combination of forms):

a) the author's narrative: narration / expository speech (meditations) / description (panoramic, general view, close-up);

b) reported (represented, non-personal direct speech): inner (unuttered) or outer (uttered) reported speech;

c) direct speech : conversation, monologue, dialogue.

4. *Composition of the text* (and its partitioning into episodes and logical parts):

- exposition
- beginning of the plot
- plot complications
- climax (culmination)
- denouement
- concluding part (ending).

5. *Characters and type of characterization:*

direct (through description by the author or another character), indirect (through action and speech characteristics).

6. *Stylistic effect and means employed.*

Each compositional part, logical part, episode, form of presentation, form of characterization should be characterized from the point of view of its stylistic colouring and the means used to achieve it – choice of the vocabulary, syntactic constructions, tropes, (metaphor, metonymy, simile) used.

7. *Summing up – synthesis of the text.*

Message of the text and leading stylistic means which are employed.

SUGGESTED WORDS AND PHRASES FOR INTERPRETING A LITERARY TEXT

1. *Defining the message*

message

to convey / render / accomplish the ~ (effectively, vividly)
to impress the ~ upon the reader
to identify the ~ (by scanning the text for specific details)
to be relevant for / related to the ~ of the story
the ~ is primarily conveyed by (the protagonist, narrator etc.)
the ~ is intensified / accentuated / reinforced by (setting the action in/the contrast in the exposition/the minor characters etc.)
to collate the meaning of each word with the ~
to affect the understanding of the ~
the ~ is inferred from / embodied in
to determine the ~ retrospectively
to represent the ~ by suggestive rather than by direct expression
to probe into the ~

theme

identify the ~ (by skimming the text)
to develop the ~
thematic planes

problem

to raise / pose the ~ of
to recall the reader to the main ~
to reveal the relevance of the ~

response

to give an immediate personal ~
to give a more considered ~
to give rise to / evoke / arouse / elicit the reader's intellectual and emotional ~
to stir one's ~

conflict

external / internal ~ s
a ~ between man and the established order/between one set of values against another set of values

detail

artistic ~ s are suggestive of / suggest a whole life story
to linger on certain ~ s

2. *Composition and plot*

plot

to form the ~ of the story

the ~ is comprised of the exposition, complications, climax, denouement, and ending

the ~ involves (repetitions etc.)

the ~ unfolds / moves towards / returns to

the ~ is based on / is build around (several conflicts etc.)

the ~ is conventionally structured / is constructed in a circular pattern

to increase the credibility of the ~

to arrange the components of the ~ structure

the ~ is simple / complex / intricate

structure

the over-all ~ of the story

plot ~ techniques:

a straight line narrative ~ (in chronological order)

a complex narrative ~ (with flashbacks)

a circular pattern narrative ~ (the closing event returns the reader to the introductory part)

a frame narrative ~ (a story within a story)

a tightly knit ~

the underlying compositional ~ (сюжет) vs presentational sequencing (фабула)

story

to set the ~ in

to advance the actions of the ~

the span of time covered by the ~ is

a one-scene ~

the impact of the ~

the pivotal elements of the ~

the reader receives the ~ through the eyes of ~ teller

the opening / closing sentence / paragraph of the ~

narrative techniques

retardation

flashbacks (to the past)

foreshadowing (towards the future)

direct address to the reader

to establish a personal relationship with the reader

suspense

to heighten / intensify / increase ~

event

to arrange the ~ s in a chronological / non-chronological order

unexpected turns of ~ s

to give a biased understanding of ~ s

to misinterpret the ~ s

setting

to establish / devise the ~ of the story

the description of the ~ is scattered all over the text

domestic interiors, realistic, historical, fantastic, exotic, rural ~

digression

to interrupt the narrative with ~ s

to make a ~

to be disrupted by ~ s

to resort to ~ s

denouement

to leave out the ~

to place the ~ at the beginning of the story

exposition

extended ~

the ~ tunes the reader to

in medias res ~

ending

surprise ~

outcome

to foreshadow the ~ of the story

cohesion

means of ~

3. *Narrative method*

narrator

a reliable / unreliable ~

the omniscient (analytic) author

the observer-author, on-looker

first person / third person ~

the ~ enters into the mind / reveals the personality of / shares the viewpoint of /

gives a biased view of

narrative method

to adopt a certain ~

standpoint

to view the events from somebody's ~

to support one's ~ with reference to the text

viewpoint

the sequencing of ~ s

to express the author's ~ directly

to reveal the author's ~ standing

to adopt one's ~

shifts in the ~

the dominant ~

4. *Characters and Means of Characterization*

character

means to bring ~ s to life

to reveal the dynamics in the psychological state of a ~

to reveal certain features of the ~ , their motive and morals

to place the ~ in a recognizable environment

protagonist (main / central / major ~) vs antagonist and minor ~s

to use dialogue to create reality in ~ and episode

simple (flat) / complex (well-rounded / well-conceived) ~s

to visualize / depict / portray / describe the ~

to structure the ~ round one key quality

to define the ~ closely

to contribute to ~ development

clearly outlined ~ s

the contrast typifies the ~ (protagonist) as

to evaluate / assess / rate / judge ~ 's actions

characterization

direct / indirect ~

means of ~ :

- presentation of the ~ through action
- speech characteristics
- psychological portrayal
- the portrayal of a ~ (through appearance)

to reinforce ~

to contribute to ~

foil

to serve / act as a ~ to (for)

5. *Tonal System*

tone (slant, vein)

formal, semi-formal, informal, conversational, casual, sympathetic, cheerful, vigorous, serious, humorous, mock-serious, lyrical, dramatic, exciting, agitated, passionate, dispassionate, impassive, detached, matter-of-fact, dry, impartial, melancholy, moralizing, unemotional, pathetic, sarcastic, ironical, bitter, reproachful etc. ~

to assume / set up / establish a formal etc. ~

the ~ is maintained by/to give a melancholy (ironic) ring to the story

~ shifts

atmosphere (mood)

peaceful, cheerful, mysterious, cheerless, gloomy, pensive etc. ~

to create / convey / evoke the ~ of

humour

~ is attained / achieved by / developed through

attitude

agreeable, optimistic, involved, detached, impassive, indifferent, critical, contemptuous, ironical, cynical etc ~

to evoke / share a certain ~

to assume a detached ~

effect

humorous, satirical etc. ~

to contribute to the total ~

interest

to catch and hold the reader's ~

to sharpen the reader's ~

to puzzle the reader

to awaken / arouse / retain ~

overtone

emotional ~s vs the prevailing to

6. *Imagery. System of Images*

imagery

to use ~ to excess

extensive use of ~

image

micro- ~s, extended ~s, synthetic ~s,

hierarchy of ~s:

character ~s, landscape ~s, animal ~s

the story abounds in certain ~s

association

to bring ~s into play

insight

to give ~ into (one's value system or view of life)

impression

to increase the immediacy and freshness of the ~

connotation

to acquire / lose specific ~s in the specific context

emotionally coloured / charged words

charge

to acquire expressive / emotional ~ and become a key-word

symbol

traditional / personal ~

PATTERN STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

Analyze the excerpts, following the tentative pattern:

- 1) Name the book or poem the fragment is taken from.
- 2) Identify the general character of the excerpt (narration, description, expository speech) and its topic (theme).
- 3) Identify the manner of presentation (objectivized or subjectivized), the form of presentation (direct speech, reported speech, first-person narration, interior monologue, or dialogue etc.) and the type of characterization (direct or indirect). In case of description define its plane (close up, middle, or panoramic view).
- 4) Describe the stylistic effect achieved and identify the means (phonetic, morphological, lexical, syntactical, semasiological EM and SD) used to achieve it, expand on their interaction and stylistic functions.

Sample

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted
– nevermore! (E. Poe. *The Raven*)

These are the concluding lines of the famous poem by Edgar Poe *The Raven* which summarize the mood of the whole text saying that a demonic black bird sitting on the bust of Pallas will never take his beak out from the heart of the mourning man. The morbid feeling generated by the supernatural reality of the poem is conveyed through numerous cases of alliteration and assonance which create the effect of dream-like transformation of things into each other, all of them having the same thread of association – the ominous atmosphere emanated by the Raven:

flitting - still - sitting - pallid - his - seeming - dreaming - streaming; Raven - never - chamber - demon; seeming - dreaming - streaming; bust - just; flitting - still - pallid - Pallas - lamp - light - floating; pallid - Pallas; flitting - floating - floor; flitting - still - sitting; shadow - shall.

The sensation of distress and pain which weights heavily upon the author is expressed through the repetition of "dark and heavy" back vowels and diphthongs: door - floor - floating - soul - shadow - throws. The row is crowned with the keyword of the whole poem *nevermore* which is given a special prominence due to its final position intensified by an expressive violation of word order *Shall be lifted nevermore*.

In the excerpts which follow, define the general character of a piece of prose. Identify the lexical EM and SD used. Explain their stylistic functions in the given

context. Describe the relations between stylistically charged lexical units.

Sample 1.

"... Great girl, this kid," Hennessy said, patting Gall's arm. "Interested in my early life. Up from slavery. Amateur boxer, truck driver, stunt man, pool hustler, bartender, publicity man ... What else was I, dear?"

"Garage mechanic, farmhand ..."

"That's it." Hennessy beamed at her. "She's got me down pat. Perfect American banality. I'm famous and she's going to make me famous, aren't you, dear?" He passed his cigarette to Gail and she drew in a long draught, closing her eyes as she did so.

"This isn't any party for me," Craig thought. "Goodnight", he said. "I just wanted to tell you I'm leaving for New York tomorrow" (I. Shaw. *Evening in Byzantium*)

This fragment is taken from *Evening in Byzantium* by I. Shaw. It presents a dialogue, or rather a conversation between a couple (a gentleman and a young lady, probably a journalist or a writer) who came to see Craig, the main character of the novel, and Craig himself. The topic of their discussion concerns the life-story of one of the visitors, whose biography of a self-made man seems to be an embodiment of American Dream (see a series of nomenclature words denoting various occupations). We can also find out what role Gail might play in Hennessy's life and make inference of Craig's attitude towards the two. Hennessy definitely fell for the young woman, which is clearly seen from his gestures (*patting Gall's arm*), facial expression (*beamed at her*), and the vocabulary used (*great girl, dear, got me down pat*). Craig, on the contrary, is exasperated at the small talk (*not any party for me*).

This is characters' speech which reproduces syntactical and lexical peculiarities of the oral type of speech. This is mainly evidenced by a chain of elliptical sentences (*great girl, interested in my early life, up from slavery, amateur boxer, truck driver, stunt man, pool hustler, perfect American banality bartender, publicity man, garage mechanic, farmhand*), question-answer units (*What else was I, dear? - Garage mechanic farmhand*), direct addresses (*dear*), colloquial words and expressions (*kid, slunt man, pool, hustler, isn't party for me, she's got me down pat*), conversational forms (*aren't you, isn't*), emotionally charged words (*beam*) and idioms (*up from slavery*).

Though, in general, the characters speak standard conversational English, the general tone of the dialogue is highly emotional and in part ironical, making almost all the utterances very emphatic. This effect is achieved through the use of syntactic parallelism and enumerations that lead to gradation, of reverse parallelism (*I'm famous and she's going U make me famous*).

Sample 2.

His short grey cloak and robe were rather of Flemish than of French fashion... Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks food. Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half dressed deer's skin. (W. Scott. *Quentin Durward*)

This is a fragment taken from *Quentin Durward*, historical novel by W. Scott,

which presents an objectivized description of a character. The author resorts to his direct characterization through a close-up description of the personage's appearance and clothing. In each of the three sentences, the author concentrates on this or that article of clothing (*a dress, a scarf, a pouch, boots*), thus organizing the excerpt logically. The logical organization and connection of the sentences are emphasized with the help of stylistic inversion in the second sentence and inversion with detachment in the third.

Peculiar lexical units, namely historical (*flower, buskins, pouch*) and archaic (*robe*) words, show that the personage described lived several centuries ago. That's why his appearance, gives an indirect characterization of the epoch, creating a true-to-life atmosphere of antiquity.

CHARLES DICKENS

LITTLE DORRIT

Chapter II

MRS. GENERAL

... Mrs. General was the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until she was as near forty-live as a single lady can be. A stiff commissariat officer of sixty, famous as a martinet, had then become enamoured of the gravity with which she drove the proprieties four-in-hand through the cathedral town society, and had solicited to lie taken beside her on the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed. His proposal of marriage being accepted by the lady, the commissary took his seat behind the proprieties with great decorum, and Mrs. General drove until the commissary died. In the course of their united journey they ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties; but always in a high style, and with composure.

The commissary having been buried with all the decorations suitable to the service (the whole team of proprieties were harnessed to his hearse, and they all had feathers and black velvet housings, with his coat of arms in the corner), Mrs. General began to inquire what quantity of dust and ashes was deposited at the bankers'. It then transpired that the commissary had so far stolen a march on Mrs. General as to have bought himself an annuity some years before his marriage, and to have reserved that circumstance, in mentioning, at the period of his proposal, that his income was derived from the interest of his money. Mrs. General consequently found her means so much diminished that, but for the perfect regulation of her mind, she might have felt disposed to question the accuracy of

that portion of the late service which had declared that the commissary could take nothing away with him.

In this state of affairs it occurred to Mrs. General that she might "form the mind", and eke the manners of some young lady of distinction. Or, that she might harness the proprieties to the carriage of some rich young heiress or widow, and become at once the driver and guard of such vehicle through the social mazes...

... In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts, which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken – had been taken – to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet powder, or had turned grey. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind – to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and beyond all comparison, the properest.

Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking. Accidents, miseries, and offences, were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General, and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish. In that formation process of hers she dipped the smallest of brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.

There was varnish in Mrs. General's voice, varnish in Mrs. General's touch, an atmosphere of varnish round Mrs. General's figure. Mrs. General's dreams ought to

have been varnished – if she had any – lying asleep in the arms of the good St. Bernard, with the feathery snow tailing on his housetop.

Chapter V

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE

.....
"Amy," said Mr. Dorrit, "you have just now been the subject of some conversation between myself and Mrs. General. We agree that you scarcely seem at home here. Ha – how is this?"

A pause.

"I think, father, I require a little time."

"Papa is a preferable mode of address," observed Mrs. General "Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips: especially prunes and prism. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanor, if you sometimes say to yourself in company – on entering a room, for instance – Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes, and prism."

"Pray, my child," said Mr. Dorrit, "attend to the – hum – precepts of Mrs. General."

Poor Little Dorrit with a rather forlorn glance at that eminent varnisher, promised to try...

Mr. Dorrit was even a little more fragmentary than usual: being excited on the subject, and anxious to make himself particularly emphatic.

"I do beg," he repeated, "that this may be attended to, and that you will seriously take pains and try to conduct yourself in a manner both becoming your position as – ha – Miss Amy Dorrit, and satisfactory to myself and Mrs. General."

That lady shut her eyes again, on being again referred to; then, slowly opening them and rising added these words:

"If Miss Amy Dorrit will direct her own attention to, and will accept of my poor assistance in, the formation of a surface, Mr. Dorrit will have no further cause of anxiety.

May I take this opportunity of remarking, as an instance in point, that it is scarcely delicate to look at vagrants with the attention which I have seen bestowed upon them by a very dear young friend of mine? They should not be looked at. Nothing disagreeable should ever be looked at. Apart from such a habit standing in the way of that graceful equanimity of surface which is so expressive of good

breeding, it hardly seems compatible with refinement of mind. A truly refined mind will seem to be ignorant of the existence of anything that is not perfectly proper, placid, and pleasant." Having delivered this exalted sentiment, Mrs. General made a sweeping obeisance, and retired with an expression of mouth indicative of Prunes and Prisms.

Stylistic Analysis

The passage is an extract from Dickens' novel "Little Dorrit". Dickens describes a certain Mrs. General, a snobbish and pretentious lady "whose task was to form the minds of the young ladies of distinction". The character of Mrs. General is a brilliant example of Dickens' biting irony.

The ironical treatment of the subject is seen from the very first lines. Mrs. General is presented as a driver "of the carriage of proprieties". The metaphor is sustained through the whole passage, so the reader inevitably associates Mrs. General with "the cool coach of ceremony" with a pompous and pretentious behaviour that was calculated to impress the people, and thus win Mrs. General a high reputation in bourgeois society. Mrs. General and her husband acted as paragons of virtue and condemned any breach of conduct with pitiless cruelty. Their behaviour is revealed through the metaphor which is prolonged involving relevant details "of their united journey". "In the course of their united journey" Mrs. General and her husband "ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties", in other words they treated people ruthlessly and ruined many a reputation. It was done, however, "in a high style, and with composure".

The first paragraph introduces Mrs. General as a lady who had "led the fashion" or metaphorically speaking "drove the carriage of proprieties". The central image of the metaphor, that of a driver of "the coach of ceremony" is sustained through a series of contributory images as to "four-in-hand" "(she drove the proprieties four in hand)", "the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed", "in the course of their united journey", "they ran over several people", etc.

In the second paragraph one should note a peculiar use of the word "hearse", in its direct meaning it is a part of reality (Mr. General's funeral), on the other hand, in the macrocontext it is a part of the sustained metaphor of the first paragraph ("the coach of ceremony").

In the third paragraph the same image is further developed and enhanced through the use of the synonyms ("coach", "carriage", "vehicle"): note the unity of

the imagery used by Dickens. All the contextual synonyms develop the same idea, that of Mrs. General's drive "through the social mazes".

The choice of epithets employed by Dickens to describe this "accomplished lady" reveals his ironic attitude to her. The main idea expressed through the epithets is to show Mrs. General as an absolutely cold and indifferent woman devoid of any human feeling or emotion "a cool, waxy, blown-out woman". The metaphoric epithet "blown-out" is humorously commented on: "who had never lighted well".

"She was a chalky creation altogether", "dignified", "imposing", "gravely voluminous", but "upright", utterly devoid of any expression. "If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express". The cold and lifeless qualities of Mrs. General are enhanced through the use of a hyperbole "She might have been taken – had been taken – to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin".

Mrs. General's inner qualities are in full harmony with her appearance: "Mrs. General had no opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails on which she started little trains of other people's opinions". The description of Mrs. General's method of "forming a mind" is done through a prolonged metaphor whose central image is a "circular set" of "grooves" or "rails". It is but natural that no knowledge could be acquired under such a teacher as the "rails" led nowhere.

The other no less relevant feature of Mrs. General's method was to conceal "the impropriety" of the world. Mrs. General's task was to get rid of it, "to put it out of sight", "and make believe that there was no such thing". A series of synonymical repetitions is arranged climactically ending in a prolonged metaphor which is the top of the climax: "to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence".

One should note the syntactical arrangement of this paragraph: the use of epiphoric repetition in the first part of the paragraph (the word "opinion" is repeated three times which attracts the reader's attention and brings home to him the utter stupidity and mental mediocrity of Mrs. General and the fashionable set of society in which she rules).

The next paragraph begins with the topical sentence: "Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking". The author dwells on Mrs. General's indifferent, cold and snobbish approach to life, – all human feelings and sufferings were alien to her – this attitude towards life is revealed through the syntactical SD of parallelism which includes two periphrastic constructions: the first based on

metaphor and the second on metonymy. "Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General and blood was to change to milk and water". Concluding the ironical description of Mrs. General Dickens dwells on her ability "to varnish" "the little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made". The metaphor "varnish" exposes Mrs. General as a false and hypocritical creature who deliberately tried to distort reality through the use of sugary lies, so that the dark and squalid aspects of life seemed quite respectable and even pleasant in her interpretation, "...she varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it."

The ironical effect is achieved by the use of the prolongation of the metaphor "varnish" and by the use of the repetition of the word "varnish" throughout the whole paragraph.

In the last passage Mrs. General's method can be seen in practice. Dickens ridicules its foolish pretentiousness and snobbery.

Note the humorous effect created by the nouns "selected on euphonic principle" and forcibly joined together; the SD of alliteration adds to the humorous effect produced by the enumeration of these nouns: "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism".

Summing up the analysis of the character of Mrs. General which is the subject-matter of the chapter one should say that Dickens brilliantly uses imagery, mostly metaphors prolonged and developed throughout the passage, which help to reveal Mrs. General's nature. All EMs and SDs employed by Dickens are keyed to the purpose of exposing Mrs. General; her snobbery, coldness, cruelty and hypocrisy are the objects of the author's ridicule and biting irony.

The syntactical SDs add much to the impact created by the lexical EMs and SDs. One should note the unity of thought and the coherence in the development of each paragraph of the passage, the apt use of parallel constructions, climax and repetition.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF FRANCIS MACOMBER

It was now lunch time and they were all sitting under the double green fly of the dining tent pretending that nothing had happened.

"Will you have lime juice or lemon squash?" Macomber asked.

"I'll have a gimlet," Robert Wilson told him.

"I'll have a gimlet too. I need something." Macomber's wife said.

"I suppose it's the thing to do," Macomber agreed. "Tell him to make three gimlets."

The mess boy had started them already, lifting the bottles out of the canvas cooling bags that sweated wet in the wind that blew through the trees that shaded the tents.

"What had I ought to give them?" Macomber asked.

"A quid would be plenty," Wilson told him. "You don't want to spoil them."

"Will the headman distribute it?"

"Absolutely."

Francis Macomber had, half an hour before, been carried to his tent from the edge of the camp in triumph on the arms and shoulders of the cook, the personal boys, the skinner and the porters. The gunbearers had taken no part in the demonstration. When the native boys put him down at the door of his tent, he had shaken all their hands, received their congratulations, and then gone into the tent and sat on the bed until his wife came in. She did not speak to him when she came in and he left the tent at once to wash his face and hands in the portable wash basin outside and go over to the dining tent to sit in a comfortable canvas chair in the breeze and the shade.

"You've got your lion," Robert Wilson said to him, "and a damned fine one too."

Mrs. Macomber looked at Wilson quickly. She was an extremely handsome and well-kept woman of the beauty and social position which had, five years before, commanded five thousand dollars as the price of endorsing, with photographs, a beauty product which she had never used. She had been married to Francis Macomber for eleven years.

"He is a good lion, isn't he?" Macomber said. His wife looked at him now. She looked at both these men as though she had never seen them before.

One, Wilson, the white hunter, she knew she had never truly seen before. He was about middle height with sandy hair, a stubby mustache, a very red face and extremely cold blue eyes with faint white wrinkles at the corners that grooved merrily when he smiled. He smiled at her now and she looked away from his face at the way his shoulders sloped in the loose tunic he wore with the four big cartridges held in loops where the left breast pocket should have been, at his big brown hands, his old slacks, his very dirty boots and back to his red face again. She noticed where the baked red of his face stopped in a white line that marked the

circle left by his Stetson hat that hung now from one of the pegs of the tent pole.

"Well, here's to the lion." Robert Wilson said. He smiled at her again and, not smiling, she looked curiously at her husband.

Francis Macomber was very tall, very well built if you did not mind that length of bone, dark, his hair cropped like an oarsman, rather thin-lipped, and was considered handsome. He was dressed in the same sort of safari clothes that Wilson wore except that his were new, he was thirty-five years old, kept himself very fit, was good at court games, had a number of big-game fishing records, and had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward.

"Here's to the lion," he said. "I can't ever thank you for what you did."

Margaret, his wife, looked away from him and back to Wilson.

"Let's not talk about the lion," she said.

Wilson looked over at her without smiling and now she smiled at him.

"It's been a very strange day," she said. "Hadn't you ought to put your hat on even under the canvas at noon? You told me that, you know."

"Might put it on," said Wilson.

"You know you have a very red face, Mr. Wilson," she told him and smiled again.

"Drink," said Wilson.

"I don't think so," she said. "Francis drinks a great deal, but his face is never red."

"It's red today," Macomber tried a joke.

"No," said Margaret. "It's mine that's red today. But Mr. Wilson's is always red."

"Must be racial," said Wilson. "I say, you wouldn't like to drop my beauty as a topic, would you?"

"I've just started on it."

"Let's chuck it," said Wilson.

"Conversation is going to be so difficult," Margaret said.

"Don't be silly, Margot," her husband said.

"No difficulty," Wilson said. "Got a damn fine lion."

Margot looked at them both and they both saw that she was going to cry. Wilson had seen it coming for a long time and he dreaded it. Macomber was past dreading it.

"I wish it hadn't happened. Oh, I wish it hadn't happened," she said and started for her tent. She made no noise of crying but they could see that her shoulders were shaking under the rose-colored, sun-proofed shirt she wore.

"Women upset," said Wilson to the tall man. "Amounts to nothing. Strain on the nerves and one thing 'n another."

"No," said Macomber. "I suppose that I rate that for the rest of my life now."

"Nonsense. Let's have a spot of the giant killer," said Wilson. "Forget the whole thing. Nothing to it anyway."

"We might try," said Macomber. "I won't forget what you did for me though."

"Nothing," said Wilson. "All nonsense."

So they sat there in the shade where the camp was pitched under some wide-topped acacia trees with a boulder-strewn cliff behind them, and a stretch of grass that ran to the bank of a boulder-filled stream in front with forest beyond it, and drank their just-cool lime drinks and avoided one another's eyes while the boys set the table for lunch. Wilson could tell that the boys all knew about it now and when he saw Macomber's personal boy looking curiously at his master while he was putting dishes on the table he snapped at him in Swahili. The boy turned away with his face blank.

"What were you telling him?" Macomber asked.

"Nothing. Told him to look alive or I'd see he got about fifteen of the best."

"What's that? Lashes?"

"It's quite illegal," Wilson said. "You're supposed to fine them."

"Do you still have them whipped?"

"Oh, yes. They could raise a row if they chose to complain. But they don't. They prefer it to tile fines."

"How strange!" said Macomber.

"Not strange, really," Wilson said. "Which would you rather do? Take a good birching or lose your pay?"

Then he felt embarrassed at asking it and before Macomber could answer he went on, "We all take a beating every day, you know, one way or another."

This was no better. "Good God," he thought. "I am a diplomat, aren't I?"

"Yes, we take a beating," said Macomber, still not looking at him. "I'm awfully sorry about that lion business. It doesn't have to go any further, does it? I mean no one will hear about it, will they?"

"You mean will I tell it at the Mathaiga Club?" Wilson looked at him now coldly. He had not expected this. So he's a bloody four-letter man as well as a bloody coward, he thought. I rather liked him too until today. Hut how is one to know about an American?

"No," said Wilson. "I'm a professional hunter. We never talk about our clients."

You can be quite easy on that. It's supposed to be bad form to ask us not to talk though."

He had decided now that to break would be much easier. He would eat, then, by himself and could read a book with his meals. They would eat by themselves. He would see them through the safari on a very formal basis – what was it the French called it? Distinguished consideration – and it would be a damn sight easier than having to go through this emotional trash. He'd insult him and make a good clear break. Then he could read a book with his meals and he'd still be drinking their whisky. That was the phrase for it when a safari went bad. You ran into another white hunter and you asked, "How is everything going?" and he answered, "Oh, I'm still drinking their whisky," and you knew everything had gone to pot.

"I'm sorry," Macomber said and looked at him with his American face that would stay adolescent until it became middle-aged, and Wilson noted his crew-cropped hair, fine eyes only faintly shifty, good nose, thin lips and handsome jaw. "I'm sorry I didn't realize that. There are lots of things I don't know."

So what could he do, Wilson thought. He was all ready to break it off quickly and neatly and here the beggar was apologizing after he had just insulted him. He made one more attempt.

"Don't worry about me talking," he said. "I have a living to make. You know in Africa no woman ever misses her lion and no white man ever bolts."

"I bolted like a rabbit." Macomber said.

Now what in hell were you going to do about a man who talked like that, Wilson wondered.

Wilson looked at Macomber with his flat, blue, machine-gunner's eyes and the other smiled back at him. He had a pleasant smile if you did not notice how his eyes showed when he was hurt.

"Maybe I can fix it up on buffalo, " he said. "We're after them next, aren't we?"

"In the morning if you like." Wilson told him. Perhaps he had been wrong. This was certainly the way to take it. You most certainly could not tell a damned thing about an American. He was all for Macomber again. If you could forget the morning. But, of course, you couldn't. The morning had been about as bad as they come.

"Here comes the Memsahib," he said. She was walking over from her tent looking refreshed and cheerful and quite lovely. She had a very perfect oval face, so perfect that you expected her to be stupid. But she wasn't stupid, Wilson thought, no, not stupid.

"How is the beautiful red-faced Mr. Wilson? Are you feeling better, Francis, my pearl?"

"Oh, much," said Macomber.

"I've dropped the whole thing," she said, sitting down at the table. "What importance is there to whether Francis is any good at killing lions? That's not his trade. That's Mr. Wilson's trade. Mr. Wilson is really very impressive killing anything. You do kill anything, don't you?"

"Oh, anything," said Wilson. "Simply anything." They are, he thought, the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened. Or is it that they pick men they can handle? They can't know that much at the age they marry, he thought. He was grateful that he had gone through his education on American women before now because this was a very attractive one.

"We're going after buff in the morning," he told her.

"I'm coming," she said.

"No, you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am. Mayn't I, Francis?"

"Why not stay in camp?"

"Not for anything," she said. "I wouldn't miss something like today for anything."

When she left, Wilson was thinking, when she went off to cry, she seemed a hell of a fine woman. She seemed to understand, to realize, to be hurt for him and for herself and to know how things really stood. She is away for twenty minutes and now she is back, simply enamelled in that American female cruelty. They are the damnedest women. Really the damnedest.

"We'll put on another show for you tomorrow," Francis Macomber said.

"You're not coming." Wilson said.

"You're very mistaken," she told him. "And I want so to see you perform again. You were lovely this morning. This is if blowing things' heads off is lovely."

.....
"I'd like to clear away that lion business." Macomber said. "It's not very pleasant to have your wife see you do something like that."

I should think it would be even more unpleasant to do it. Wilson thought, wife or no wife, or to talk about it having done it. But he said, "I wouldn't think about that any more. Any one could be upset by his first lion. That's all over."

But that night after dinner and a whisky and soda by the fire before going to bed,

as Francis Macomber lay on his cot with tile mosquito bar over him and listened to the night noises it was not all over. It was neither all over nor was it beginning. It was there exactly as it happened with some parts of it indelibly emphasized and he was miserably ashamed at it. But more than shame he felt cold, hollow fear in him. The fear was still there like a cold slimy hollow in all the emptiness where once his confidence had been and it made him feel sick. It was still there with him now.

It had started the night before when he had wakened and heard the lion roaring somewhere up along the river. It was a deep sound and at the end there were sort of coughing grunts that made him seem just outside the tent, and when Francis Macomber woke in the night to hear it he was afraid. He could hear his wife breathing quietly, asleep. There was no one to tell he was afraid, nor to be afraid with him, and, lying alone, he did not know the Somali proverb that says a brave man is always frightened three times by a lion: when he first sees his track, when he first hears him roar and when he first confronts him. Then while they were eating breakfast by lantern light out in the dining tent, before the sun was up, the lion roared again and Francis thought he was just at the edge of camp.

Stylistic Analysis

This story is one of Hemingway's masterpieces. It gives a deep insight into human nature and a true picture of contemporary social and family relations in bourgeois society. Hemingway's basic literary principle which is usually interpreted by his critics as "the iceberg principle" is masterfully realized in this story. "If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have the feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one eighth of it being above water." (E. Hemingway)

The writer leaves the surface comparatively bare: the meaning is plain and simple. The impression of simplicity which strikes the reader from the first is brought out not only by the plain dialogues, the common matter-of-fact events at the beginning of the story but by the language itself.

A close study of the story for the purposes of examining its style involves a careful observation and a detailed description of the language phenomena at various levels.

The text of the story is not homogeneous: the author's narration is interrupted by the dialogues of the characters; inner thoughts of some characters (mostly

Wilson's) are imperceptibly interwoven with the narration.

Wilson's inner thoughts are rendered either in the form of direct speech ("Good God," he thought. "I am a diplomat, aren't I?") or in the form of represented inner speech ("He would eat, then, by himself and could read a book with his meals. They would eat by themselves. He would see them through the safari on a very formal basis – what was it the French called it?")

A rigorous analysis of the vocabulary of the story clearly shows that the author employs common words in his narration and a restricted number of colloquial words in the dialogue and represented speech. Here are some examples of colloquial words: "Tell him to make three *gimlets*."; "You've got your lion," Robert Wilson said to him, "and a *darned* fine one too."; "Oh, yes. They could *raise a row*."

The writer's strong sense of place is revealed by the use of barbarisms, still they are not numerous and always to the point: "He was dressed in the same sort of *safari* clothes that Wilson wore ...". *Safari* – a hunting expedition (Swahili).

In many instances the reader sees that the number of synonyms is deliberately restricted. Note the use of verbs of communication ("to say" and its synonyms).

On the first four pages of the story the verb "to say" is used 22 times (See *Selected Stories* by Ernest Hemingway, Progress Publishers. Moscow, 1971, pp. 231-234): "to tell" – 3; "to ask" – 2; "to speak", "to agree" – once each. No other verb of communication is used.

Besides, the author does not usually add any adverbial modifier to show the manner in which the character speaks. See the first page where the author plainly states: "Macomber asked"; "Robert Wilson told him"; "Macomber's wife said"; "Macomber agreed"; "Macomber asked"; "Wilson told him".

The impression of impassive matter-of-fact narration is brought out also by a very limited use of words denoting feelings. On the first pages we can find only the following words: "pretending", "in triumph", "smiled", "liked".

Hemingway's scrupulous attention to minute details adds to the matter-of-fact and logical tone of the story.

Underneath this simple exterior of restraint there lies a rich treasure of suggestions and implications. The very structure of the story adds to the effect of implication but the actual meaning of what is going on is not clear at the beginning of the story, as the feelings suggested by the writer are not precisely determined. The reader however feels that something has happened and that the characters are strained and full of hidden apprehension and suppressed emotions.

The effect of implication and suspense is brought about in various ways. firstly by the direct means of stating that something has happened but not revealing what. Observe the repetition of the word "happen". The story opens with the sentence: "It was now lunch time and they were all sitting under the double green fly of the dining tent pretending that nothing had happened." Margot's words "I wish it hadn't happened. Oh, I wish it hadn't happened."

Note the word "pretending" which characterizes from the start the atmosphere of suppressed emotion.

There are many other instances where the characters hint at something which took place before the story began: Wilson's words "Forget *the whole thing*."; Macomber's answer "I won't forget *what you did for me* though."; Macomber's words "I'm awfully sorry about *that lion business*."; Wilson's thoughts "If you could *forget the morning*. But, of course, you couldn't. The morning had been about as bad as they come."; Margot's mocking words "I've dropped *the whole thing*... What importance is there to whether Francis is any good at killing lions."

Note that this last remark is more concrete, it hints at what actually happened in a more precise manner. See also Macomber's words: "I bolted like a rabbit."

Margot's mocking remarks: "I wouldn't miss *something like today* for anything." "And I want so to see you *perform again*. You were lovely this morning."

Note the various cases of logical periphrasis used by the characters to say in a round-about way what happened that morning. The reader is kept in constant suspense: "the whole thing"; "about it"; "that lion business"; "something like today".

Observe also the repeated use of the verb "to forget" stressing the intention of the speaker not to think of some unpleasant fact; the verb "to forget" is used four times and its contextual synonym "to drop" – twice.

The hints and suggestive remarks uttered by the characters in their seemingly plain unpretentious dialogues are very effective in their implication.

The effect of implication and suspense is brought about indirectly too: the author mentions the native boys' reaction to what Mr. Macomber did, leaving the reader in the dark as to the actual reasons for their expressions. "Francis Macomber had, half an hour before, been carried to his tent from the edge of the camp *in triumph* on the arms and shoulders of the cook, the personal boys, the skinner and the porters. The gunbearers had taken no part in the *demonstration*. When the native boys put him down at the door of his tent, he had shaken all their hands, received their *congratulations*, and then gone into the tent..."

The words "in triumph", "demonstration", "congratulations" imply that an action which was performed by Mr. Macomber before the story began merits praise and congratulation, but later the reader finds out that Mr. Macomber "had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward". This unexpected phrase and the further description of what took place in the morning make the words "in triumph" and "congratulations" sound ironical to the reader. The macrocontext that comes after these words affects them and determines their meaning.

The peculiar use of the verbs "to look" and "to smile" may also be regarded as an indirect means of creating the effect of implication.

The repeated use of the verb "to look" becomes the expression of Mrs. Macomber's silent reaction and response to the other characters' actions and words: "You've got your lion,' Robert Wilson said to him, 'and a damned fine one too.' Mrs. Macomber *looked* at Wilson quickly." " 'He is a good lion, isn't he?' Macomber said. His wife *looked* at him now. She *looked* at both these men as though she had never seen them before." " 'Well, here's to the lion.' Robert Wilson said. He smiled at her again and, not smiling, she *looked* curiously at her husband "

So, whenever the lion is mentioned the writer shows the silent reaction of Macomber's wife by plainly stating that she constantly looks at her husband or Wilson. The reader becomes aware of some additional meanings hidden in the verb "to look". It is hinted at by the macrocontext of the story and in a few cases determined by the modifiers the writer uses: ("looked") "quickly", "curiously", "away". However additional contextual meaning and emotive colouring is received mainly from the macrocontext. This manner of describing the character's reaction and emotions by presenting simple external actions may be considered a specific SD – metonymical description which is realized only in the macrocontext.

The SD of metonymical description makes the reader supply what is missing and creates the effect of implication. This is one of the ways in which Hemingway employs his "iceberg principle": "I leave out what I know but knowledge is what makes the underwater part of the iceberg," writes Hemingway.

In a similar way the writer uses the verb "to smile": the implication conveyed by this verb is also brought out in the macrocontext. The role of the macrocontext in Hemingway's story is of utmost importance.

Note instances where the verb "to smile" is used: "He *smiled* at her now and she *looked away* from his face." " 'Well, here's to the lion,' Robert Wilson said. He *smiled* at her again and, not *smiling*, she *looked curiously* at her husband." " 'Let's not talk about the lion,' she said. Wilson *looked* over at her without *smiling* and

now she *smiled* at him."

So Hemingway's story devoid of the beginning of any apparent emotional colouring, of any apparent expression of the characters' feelings is impassive and matter-of-fact only on the surface whereas beneath the surface can be found intense emotions, meditations, sufferings.

Read carefully the whole story and observe other instances of the use of the verbs "to look" and "to smile" which can be regarded as metonymical descriptions.

Note that the feelings and emotional reactions of Mrs. Macomber and Wilson are mostly conveyed by this means. Mr. Macomber's fright, on the other hand, is rendered both directly and indirectly (metonymically). Read the two last paragraphs and pick out the words denoting feelings.

Note the role of repetition in heightening the impression of Macomber's growing fear: the word "fear" is used here twice, and the word "afraid" is repeated three times.

One more note about Hemingway's usage of words and how it is related to the description of his characters.

Read the paragraph depicting Mrs. Macomber. The description is more businesslike than emotional. The adjective "handsome" stresses her vigour rather than feminine charm. Further the reader comes across the following statement: "She had a very perfect oval face, so perfect that you expected her to be stupid." The adjective "perfect" is used here in its logical, direct meaning ("a perfect oval face"), stressing the shape of the face and not one's emotional impression. The impartial tone and the absence of emotive words in describing Mrs. Macomber may be accounted for by two reasons: the writer's principle to leave the surface comparatively bare of any emotion, and the desire to emphasize the woman's nature by choosing relevant words and expressions (note the writer's way to explain her purpose for desiring to marry again – "to better herself").

Wilson's thoughts about Mrs. Macomber are presented in a different way: "She is away for twenty minutes and now she is back, simply enamelled in that American female cruelty. They are the damnedest women. Really the damnedest." The adjective "American" has acquired in this sentence a contextual emotive meaning affected by the meanings of the words which follow ("cruelty", "damnedest").

Note a different way the adjective "American" is used when applied to Francis Macomber in the writer's narration: " 'I'm sorry,' Macomber said and looked at him with his American face that would stay adolescent until it became middle-aged..."

To determine what the adjective "American" means in the combination "his American face" we must consider the macrocontext. The words "that would stay adolescent" throw light on the meaning of "American" which acquires an additional contextual emotive meaning of young, boyish, inexperienced. The macrocontext helps to determine what a word means and suggests additional emotive shades of meaning.

Analyse the use of the adjectives "red" and "blue" in the story. Observe the repetition of the word "red" in describing Wilson, the use of the antonym "white" ("She noticed where the baked red of his face slopped in a white line."), play on the word "red" ("Francis drinks a great deal, but his face is never red": " 'It's red today,' Macomber tried a joke") – all these peculiarities of usage stress the adjective "red" as an important detail in describing Wilson and make it an epithet.

Similarly, the adjective "blue" is affected by the surrounding words (it is constantly used in such combinations as "cold blue eyes", "his flat, blue, machinegunner's eyes") and had acquired all additional contextual meaning making it an epithet in the macrocontext.

It is the macrocontext that determines the meanings of some words and suggests their implication in Hemingway's story, and therefore should not be underestimated.

The grammatical peculiarities of the story serve the basic stylistic purpose – that of giving the impression of simplicity and impartiality on the one hand, and creating implication and emotional tension, on the other.

Long sentences which are so characteristic of the author's narration in the story do not produce a sense of complexity. On the contrary, the long sentences give the illusion of simplicity. The impression of simplicity is generally maintained by a peculiar sentence structure.

The most striking feature which is easily observed is the repetition of one and the same conjunction within the sentence. Read this sentence:

"The mess boy had started them already, lifting the bottles out of the canvas cooling hags *that* sweated wet in the wind *that* blew through the trees *that* shaded the tents."

Similar structures can be seen on the same page:

"She was an extremely handsome and well-kept woman of the beauty and social

position *which* had, five years before, commanded five thousand dollars as the price of endorsing, with photographs, a beauty product *which* she had never used."

Or :

"She noticed where the baked red of his face stopped in a white line *that* marked the circle left by his Stetson hat *that* hung now from one of the pegs of the lent pole."

The use of one and the same conjunction and one and the same type of subordinate clause within the sentence (a complex sentence with successive subordination) creates a monotonous analogous description where the author seems concerned only with presenting a bare enumeration of details.

It is interesting to point out that folklore contains clear-cut structures of this type with successive subordination as in the well-known nursery rhyme "This is the house that Jack built...".

The established syntactical pattern which is repeated within the sentence is a stylistically significant feature in the story leading to a seeming lack of variety and maintaining the effect of simplicity.

Note that this holds true not only of the sentence-structure but to a larger extent of the paragraph-structure. The established pattern (or patterns) is repeated with a slight variation throughout the paragraph giving the impression of analogy and logic in structure. Read the paragraph beginning:

"It had started tile night before *when* he had wakened and heard the lion roaring somewhere up along the river."

The predominant sentence-type in the above paragraph is the complex sentence with a subordinate clause of time. The conjunction "when" is repeated five times, the conjunctions "while" and "before" are used once each.

The paragraph being a unity of ideas presents in the story a striking unity of syntactic structure. There is no conspicuous topic sentence, the paragraph gives a series of details or actions which go on and on, as if the writer assumes that his readers want only to learn as quickly and easily as possible what happens. The unity of the paragraph manifests itself in the established syntactical pattern used throughout the whole of the paragraph and in the one and the same conjunction.

Repetition assumes in the story various structural forms. Catch-word repetition (anadiplosis) is frequently used giving the impression of plain, logical structure: "Margot looked at them *both* and they *both* saw that she was going to cry." "But more than shame he felt cold, hollow *fear* in him. The *fear* was still there..."

Note that anadiplosis produces the effect of a "chain-pattern" structure similar to that produced by successive subordination often used in the story.

Anadiplosis is sometimes employed to connect successive paragraphs.

The dominant conjunction which is employed frequently and variously in the story is "and".

The repetition of the conjunction "and" usually maintains parallelism and rhythm:

"In the orchard bush they found a herd of impala, *and* leaving the car they stalked one old ram with long, widespread horns *and* Macomber killed it with a very creditable shot that knocked the buck down at a good two hundred yards *and* sent the herd off bounding wildly *and* leaping over one another's backs in long, leg-drawn-up leaps as unbelievable *and* as floating as those one makes sometimes in dreams." (See *Selected Stories* by Ernest Hemingway. Progress Publishers. Moscow, 1971. pp. 239-240).

The effect of a rhythmical arrangement is heightened in this example by alliteration at the end of the paragraph.

Suspense which is the basic compositional feature of the story manifests itself in the structure of most paragraphs.

Read the paragraph by which the first part of the story culminates:

"That was the story of the lion. Macomber did not know how the lion had felt before lie started his rush, nor during it when the unbelievable smash of the 505 with a muzzle velocity of two tons had hit him in the mouth, nor what kept him coming after that, when the second ripping crash had smashed his hind quarters and he had come crawling on toward the crashing, blasting thing that had destroyed him. Wilson knew something about it and only expressed it by saying, "Damned fine lion," but Macomber did not know how Wilson felt about things either. He did not know how his wife felt except that she was through with him." (See *Selected Stories* by Ernest Hemingway. Progress Publishers. Moscow, 1971. pp. 252).

Note that the paragraph tends toward balanced structure for the sake of contrast: "Macomber did not know..., "Wilson knew...". The repeated use of the words "knew", "did not know" adds to the effect of contrast and gives the impression of a certain established pattern of the paragraph. Observe that parallel constructions are interrupted by inserting modifiers (three instances of subordinate clause of time introduced by "before", "when", "when") and some other relevant details ("of the 505 with a muzzle velocity of two tons"). All this brings about the effect of suspense.

Syntactical parallelism supported and intensified by lexical repetition (four instances of "know"; "nor ... nor"; "when, when ..."; "how, how ...") lends an unmistakable rhythm to the passage. Note that the length of sentences and clauses is shortened and the number of inserted details is lessened by the end of the paragraph and so causing a change in rhythm: from a slow, even rhythm to a rapid, excited rhythm. This change of rhythm heightens the emotional tension and reinforces the implication suggested by the last unexpected sentence of the paragraph: "He did not know how his wife felt except that she was through with him."

Note the repetition of the words "great beauty" and "knew" in the paragraph following the one we have just analysed.

The repeated words do not assume any definite compositional pattern, such a simple scattered repetition contributes to the impression of a colloquial simplicity of narration:

"His wife had been a *great beauty* and she was still a *great beauty* in Africa, but she was not a *great enough beauty* any more at home to be able to leave him and better herself and she *knew* it and he *knew* it. She had missed the chance to leave him and *he knew it*. If he had been better with women she would probably have started to worry about him getting another new, beautiful wife: but she *knew* too much about him to worry about him either." (See *Selected Stories* by Ernest Hemingway. Progress Publishers. Moscow, 1971. pp. 253).

The principle of repetition which reveals itself in the use of the established syntactic pattern and the repetition of one and the same conjunction often leads to the SD of cumulation:

"So they sat there in the shade where the camp was pitched under some wide-topped acacia trees with a boulder-strewn cliff behind them, and a stretch of grass

that ran to the bank of a boulder-filled stream in front with forest beyond it, and drank their just-cool lime drinks and *avoided one another's eyes...*".

The clash between the syntactical analogy and semantic distance in the SD of cumulation brings about the effect of implication and hints at the real relations of the characters.

Analyse the paragraph which contains a striking case of cumulation:

"Francis Macomber was very tall, very well built if you did not mind that length of bone, dark, his hair cropped like an oarsman, rather thin-lipped, and was considered handsome. He was dressed in the same sort of safari clothes that Wilson wore except that his were new, he was thirty-five years old, kept himself very fit, was good at court games, had a number of big-game fishing records, and had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward."

Observe the structure of the paragraph consisting of two sentences based on the analogous description of the main character.

Note that there is no topic sentence. Each sentence of the paragraph presents an enumeration and includes six homogeneous members; the last member in both sentences is linked by means of the conjunction "and".

Pay attention to a change in the type of the last predicates: in the first sentence "was" of the last predicate ("and was considered handsome") is grammatically different (it is an auxiliary verb) from "was" of the preceding predicates (where it is a link verb); likewise "had" of the last predicate in the second sentence ("and had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward") is grammatically different (it is also an auxiliary verb) from "had" of the preceding predicates (where it is a notional verb).

All these similar features contribute to the impression of parallelism in the structure of the paragraph. The last phrase of the first sentence may be regarded as a logical summing up of what was previously said ("and was considered handsome"). The last phrase of the second sentence built on the same grammatical principles unexpectedly presents a semantically alien thought ("and had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward"). Cumulation is striking as the clash between the grammatical identity and semantic difference is sudden and strong. Cumulation gives rise to implication and presents the first obvious hint at what happened before the story began.

Now examine the most dramatic and expressive passage which presents the

crucial point of the story.

The main dramatic force is achieved by syntax – by the writer's masterly utilization of the resources concealed in the syntactic structure of the language. Stylistic tendencies and peculiarities of the story manifest themselves in the passage most intensely and palpably. The paragraph consists of two sentences. The sentence presenting a dramatic culmination is a very long complex sentence, with inner subordination, consisting of 7 co-ordinate clauses and 116 words – the longest sentence in the story. It gives a detailed enumeration of Macomber's successive actions and his feelings:

"Wilson, who was ahead was kneeling shooting, and Macomber, as he fired, unhearing his shot in the roaring of Wilson's gun, saw fragments like slate burst from the huge boss of the horns, and the head jerked, he shot again at the wide nostrils and saw the horns jolt again and fragments fly, and he did not see Wilson now and, aiming carefully, shot again with the buffalo's huge bulk almost on him, his rifle almost level with the on-coming head, nose out, and he could see the little wicked eyes and the head started to lower and he felt a sudden white-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head and that was all he ever felt." (See *Selected Stories* by Ernest Hemingway. Progress Publishers. Moscow, 1971. pp. 269).

The passage tends to rhythmical structure: parallel constructions, various types of repetition, a peculiar scheme of sense-group division – all contribute to this impression. The distribution of the verbs reveals their more or less regular alternations: "saw" – "shot" – "did not see" – "shot" – "could see" – "felt" – "felt". The conjunction "and" is repeated 11 times.

Rhythm reveals itself most obviously in the way the passage is divided into sense-groups which present a certain regularity:

the	1st clause contains	3 sense-groups
2nd	– "– "–	6 – "–
3rd	– "– "–	3 – "–
4th	– "– "–	6 – "–
5th	– "– "–	2 – "–
6th	– "– "–	2 – "–
7th	– "– "–	2 – "–

All these features lend balance to the passage. A change in rhythm from slow to rapid reinforces the effect of suspense and climax.

Suspense is created by a number of interrupting but relevant details postponing

the completion of the thought. The length of the interrupting phrases and coordinate clauses is shortened by the end of the passage (note once again that the last three clauses contain two sense-groups while the first four – three or six) and causing a change in rhythm adds to emotional tension.

Suspense is suddenly broken by an unexpected unpredictable concluding phrase: "and he felt a sudden while-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head and that was all he ever felt." This unpredictability (in meaning) and analogy (in syntactic form) brings about the effect of cumulation and climax. The repetition of the verb "to feel" (a kind of framing) which is substituted for the verb "to see" of the preceding clauses heightens the stylistic effect of climax giving the impression of finality.

The paragraph following the dramatic culmination is different in structure and in its stylistic effect:

"Wilson had ducked to one side to get in a shoulder shot. Macomber had stood solid and shot for the nose, shooting a touch high each time and hitting the heavy horns, splintering and chipping them like hitting a slate roof, and Mrs. Macomber, in the car, had shot at the buffalo with the 6.5 Mannlicher as it seemed about to gore Macomber and had hit her husband about two inches up and a little to one side of the base of his skull." (See *Selected Stories* by Ernest Hemingway. Progress Publishers. Moscow, 1971. pp. 269).

The sentences are not so long, not so fragmentary, the relevant details are not so numerous. Note that some details are repeated ("like slate" – "like hitting a slate roof"). The rhythm of the paragraph is even and quiet giving the impression of an impassionate description. The paragraph may be regarded as a kind of comment on what happened.

Note the use of the Past Perfect which plainly refers the actions to those which have been mentioned.

The idea of suspense and the effect of implication is masterfully revealed at the end of the story the writer does not say plainly whether it was an accident or murder. The writer presents only a sequence of outward actions and the reader is left to imagine more than the words themselves convey.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB

Chapter II

That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen, and began to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers; threw open his chamber window, and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand – as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left; and the opposite side of Goswell Street was over the way. "Such," thought Mr. Pickwick, "are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell Street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it." And having given vent to this beautiful reflection, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes; and his clothes into his portmanteau. Great men are seldom over scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire; the operation of shaving, dressing, and coffeeimbibing was soon performed: and, in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his greatcoat pocket, and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach stand in St. Martin's le Grand.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same, who with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. "Here you are, sir. Now, then, fust cab!" And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's worth, Tommy," cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwill when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly, "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down, when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when ie's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as lie can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on: so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on – he can't help it."

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on," said the cab-driver, sparring away like clock-work. "Come on – all four on you."

"Here's a lark!" shouted half-a-dozen hackney coachmen. "Go to vork, Sam." – and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman. "What did he want my number for?"

"I didn't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for, then?" inquired the cabman.

"I didn't take it," said Mr. Pickwick, indignantly.

"Would any body believe," continued the cabdriver, appealing to the crowd – "Would any body believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain?" (a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick – it was the note-book).

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first – "and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on," and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and back again to the pavement. and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half-a-dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put 'em under the pump," suggested a hot-pieman.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who has been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vandor's proposition: and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed, had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd again.

"We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

"Ain't you, though – ain't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him

by main force, and talking the whole way. "Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take yourself off – respectable gentleman – know him well – none of your nonsense – this way, sir, – where's your friends? – all a mistake, I see – never mind – accidents will happen – best regulated families – never say die – down upon your luck – pull him up – put that in his pipe – like the flavour – damned rascals." And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travellers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

Assignments for Stylistic Analysis

1. Read the passage and speak on the way the main character is presented here.
2. Take the first paragraph for rigorous stylistic analysis:
 - 1) note the SD used to introduce Mr. Pickwick in the opening sentence;
 - 2) pick out instances of repetition, state the kind of repetition and its stylistic effect;
 - 3) explain the peculiarity of the use of the verb "to put" in the phrase "to put himself into his clothes; and his clothes into his portmanteau", say what stylistic effect is achieved by this SD. Note a similar SD in the next paragraph and comment on it.
3. Pick out cases of logical and figurative periphrasis used to characterize Mr. Pickwick and state their stylistic function.
4. What SD is used in the sentence "Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick" and what shade of meaning does it emphasize. Pick out other similar SDs.
5. Comment on the phrase "... requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!" Identify the SD. What is its stylistic function?
6. Study the description of the cabman's attack on Mr. Pickwick and his friends and identify the main SDs used to emphasize the quickness and suddenness of the cabman's movements.
7. Pick out the peculiarities of the cabman's speech and comment on their function.
8. Summing up the analysis:
 - 1) pick out all cases of periphrasis occurring in the passage, classify them and say what makes some of them so humorous;
 - 2) point out the main SDs used to achieve a humorous effect.

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Chapter V

Larry listened to what Isabel said, but made no comment.

His face was inscrutable. "What happened then?" I asked

"One night they were driving back to Chicago in a little open car they had and they had the baby with them.

"They always had the baby along because they hadn't any help, Sophie did everything herself, and anyway they worshipped it.

"And a bunch of drunks in a great sedan driving at eighty miles an hour crashed into them head on. Bob and the baby were killed outright, but Sophie only had concussion and a rib or two broken. They kept it from her as long as they could that Bob and the baby were dead, but at last they had to tell her. They say it was awful. She nearly went crazy...".

"Poor thing."

"When they let her go she started to drink... . It was terrible for her in-laws. They're very nice quiet people and they hated the scandal... . Then her in-laws said they'll make her an allowance if she'd go and live abroad."

"I suppose that's what she's living on now."

"The wheel comes full circle," I remarked.

"There was a time when the black sheep of the family was sent from my country to America; now apparently he's sent from your country to Europe."

"Can't you?" said Isabel coolly. "I can. Of course it was a shock and no one could have sympathized with Sophie more than I did. We'd known one another always. But a normal person recovers from a thing like that. If she went to pieces it's because there was a rotten streak in her. She was naturally unbalanced: even her love for Bob was exaggerated. If she'd had character she'd have been able to make something of life."

"If pots and pans... Aren't you very hard, Isabel?" I murmured.

"I don't think so. I have common sense and I see no reason to be sentimental about Sophie."

... It was not the occasion for me to point out to Isabel that her love for her husband and her children, though sincere enough, was scarcely passionate. Perhaps

she read the thought that was passing through my mind. for she addressed me somewhat truculently.

"What have you got to say?"

"I'm like Gray, I'm sorry for the girl."

"She's not a girl, she's thirty."

"I suppose it was the end of the world for her when her husband and her baby were killed. I suppose she didn't care what became of her and flung herself into the horrible degradation of drink to get even with life that had treated her so cruelly. She'd lived in heaven and when she lost it she couldn't put up with the common earth of common men, but in despair plunged headlong into hell. I can imagine that if she couldn't drink the nectar of the gods any more she thought she might as well drink bathroom gin."

"That's the sort of thing you say in novels. It's nonsense and you know it's nonsense. Sophie wallows in the gutter because she likes it. Other women have lost their husbands and children. It wasn't that that made her evil. Evil doesn't spring from good. The evil was there always. When that motor accident broke her defences it set her free to be herself. Don't waste your pity on her: she's now what at heart she always was."

All this time Larry had remained silent. He seemed to be in a brown study and I thought he hardly heard what we were saying. Isabel's words were followed by a brief silence. He began to speak, but in a strange, toneless voice, as though not to us, but to himself: his eyes seemed to look into the dim distance of past time.

"I remember her when she was fourteen with her long hair brushed back off her forehead and a black bow at the back, with her freckled, serious face. She was a modest, high-minded, idealistic child. She read everything she could get hold of and we used to talk about books."

"When?" asked Isabel, with a slight frown.

"Oh, when you were out being social with your mother. I used to go up to her grandfather's and we'd sit under a great elm they had there and read to one another. She loved poetry and wrote quite a lot herself."

"Plenty of girls do dial at that age. It's pretty poor stuff."

"Of course it's a long time ago and I daresay I wasn't a very good judge."

"You couldn't have been more than sixteen yourself."

"Of course it was imitative. There was a lot of Robert Frost in it. But I have a notion it was rather remarkable for so young a girl. She had a delicate ear and a sense of rhythm. She had a feeling for the sounds and scents of the country, the

first softness of spring in the air and the smell of the parched earth after rain."

"I never knew she wrote poetry," said Isabel.

"She kept it a secret, she was afraid you'd all laugh at her. She was very shy."

"She's not that now."

"When I came back from the war she was almost grown-up. She'd read a lot about the condition of the working classes and she'd seen something of it for herself in Chicago. She'd got on to Carl Sandburg and was writing savagely in free verse about the misery of the poor and the exploitation of the working classes. I daresay it was rather commonplace, but it was sincere and it had pity in it and aspiration. At that time she wanted to become a social worker. It was moving, her desire for sacrifice. I think she was capable of a great deal. She wasn't silly or mawkish, but she gave one the impression of a lovely purity and a strange loftiness of soul. We saw a lot of one another that year."

I could see that Isabel listened to him with growing exasperation. Larry had no notion that he was driving a dagger in her heart and with his every detached word twisting it in the wound. But when she spoke it was with a faint smile on her lips.

"How did she come to choose you for her confidant?"

Larry looked at her with his trustful eyes.

"I don't know. She was a poor girl among all of you who had plenty of dough, and I didn't belong. I was there just because Uncle Bob practiced at Marvin. I suppose she felt that gave us something in common."

Larry had no relations. Most of us have at least cousins whom we may hardly know, but who at least give us a sense that we are part of the human family. Larry's father had been an only son, his mother an only daughter; his grandfather on one side, the Quaker, had been lost at sea when still a young man and his grandfather on the other side had neither brother nor sister. No one could be more alone in the world than Larry.

"Did it ever occur to you that Sophie was in love with you?" asked Isabel.

"Never," he smiled.

"Well, she was."

"When he came back from the war as a wounded hero half tile girls in Chicago had a crush on Larry," said Gray in his bluff way.

"This was more than a crush. She worshipped you, my poor Larry. D'you mean to say you didn't know it?"

"I certainly didn't and I don't believe it."

"I suppose you thought she was too high-minded."

"I can still see that skinny little girl with the bow in her hair and her serious face whose voice trembled with tears when she read that ode of Keats' because it was so beautiful. I wonder where she is now."

Isabel gave a very slight start and threw him a suspicious enquiring glance.

"It's getting frightfully late and I'm so tired I don't know what to do. Let's go."

Assignments for Stylistic Analysis

1. Speak on the scene described in the passage and the characters introduced in it.
2. Give a rigorous analysis of the passage and in so doing dwell on the language of the characters (the Author; Isabel, Larry). Note the choice of words and the use of EMs and SDs.
3. Say how the insight into the characters is given through their speech.
4. Pick out the EMs and SDs used to describe Larry and speak on the effect achieved.
5. Discuss the character of Sophie commenting on the different interpretation of her behaviour given by the author, Isabel, Larry. (Pick out the EMs and SDs used and dwell on their effect.)
6. Comment on the SD used in the following sentence: "Larry had no notion that he was driving a dagger in her heart and with his every detached word twisting it in the wound" and speak on the effect of implication.
7. Say what is implied in the following sentences: "The wheel comes full circle."; "If pots and pans..."
8. Say what you think of Isabel's attitude to Larry and point out the EMs and SDs employed by the author to make this attitude clear to the reader.
9. Pick out cases of colloquialisms and slang and give their neutral equivalents.
10. Summing up your discussion of the passage speak on the use of oral and written types of speech as a means which gives an insight into the characters.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

THE GREAT GATSBY

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a captain before he went to the front, and following the Argonne battles he got his majority and the command of the divisional machine-guns. After the Armistice he tried frantically to get home,

but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead. He was worried now – there was a quality of nervous despair in Daisy's letters. She didn't see why he couldn't come. She was feeling the pressure of the world outside, and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all.

For Daisy was young and her artificial world was redolent of orchids and pleasant, cheerful snobbery and orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the "Beale Street Blues" while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust. At the gray tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

Through this twilight universe Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men, and drowsing asleep at dawn with the beads and chiffon of an evening dress tangled among dying orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately – and the decision must be made by some force – of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality – that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome bulkiness about his person and his position, and Daisy was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

Assignments for Stylistic Analysis

1. Speak on the subject-matter of the passage.
2. What SDs are used in the first paragraph to show the mood of the characters after World War I?
3. Analyse the stylistic peculiarities (syntactical and phonetic) in the sentence "She was feeling the pressure of the world outside, and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all"
4. What EMs and SDs stress the contradictory character of the society? (Pick out epithets, contextual antonyms, oxymoron, etc.)
5. Analyse the SDs of zeugma in the sentence "There was a wholesome

bulkiness about his person and his position", and say how it reveals the author's attitude to Tom Buchanan.

6. Analyse the last two paragraphs of the passage. Comment on the implication suggested by a kind of antithesis "Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief", and the unpredictability of the clinching sentence.

7. Summing up the analysis discuss the SDs used to describe Daisy's "artificial world".

JAMES ALDRIDGE

THE HUNTER

Roy knew about the debts: but farmers were expected to have debts. Farming was always a compromise between keeping what you could and paying what you could, cursing the high interest rates and the government tax, and the Land Banks that kept you poor. Even so, he knew that Sam should have been better off, better off than a man who had to sell his last pig. There was probably no other time in the long farming record of the MacNairs that any one of them had sold his last pig to get cash for tea and sugar. That was the act of a broken man.

"I know these back woods farms are all right for working your own living," Sam went on. "You can get the bare existence out of them; your own butter and milk and corn; but that's not enough for a man and his family, Roy. That's not enough."

"I thought prices were still pretty good," Roy said.

"They've been good since the war, but what's the use of good prices if everything else goes up with it. Anyway, I had a green crop of wheat, and no fodder. The land lay rotten all summer and I had to leave half the hay on the ground."

Roy still could not see it. "If the land is so dirty why didn't you sow some peas or root crops in the spring."

"The land's not dirty," Sam said. "It's sodden."

"What's the matter with the drainage?"

"You know only the front field is tilled. They're caving in."

"Couldn't you get a hemlock scoop, or run some clearing-up-furrows."

"I've only got one pair of hands," Sam said. "That's why you ought to stay. We could set the draining of the four-acre, we could log out the forty-four field and get in some red clover and maybe some Indian corn and potatoes. I just need an extra

hand, Roy, and I can't afford to hire one."

"I thought you'd cleaned the forty-four last summer."

Ruth MacNair sat down at the end of the table, a lost woman with long breasts and contemptuous eyes. "He was too busy hiring out the team," she said, "and spending the money on God knows what. He just lay around all summer watching everyone else work."

Sam did not argue with his wife, and Roy knew that the implication of laziness could not be true. Sam's fault lay in his inability to realize that farming was all planning; never anything else but planning; never buying more seed than you could make money on, never sowing more than you could crop, never selling so much that you left your own cattle and family short. Sam didn't have the mind nor the inclination for it. If he had been slack in the summer it was less a matter of laziness than of hopelessness.

"What about the team? How are they working?" Roy had a particular interest in this subject because he had bought the two Clydesdales for his brother, bought them two years ago out of six months' trapping money. But even here Sam had not known how to look after them.

"I sold the team," Sam said, and looked at Roy for the first time.

"Goddam it, Sam." Roy cried fiercely. "That was the best team in Saint Helen."

Sam tried to say something more, but he couldn't manage it.

Roy regretted his outburst. His anger and his surprise passed with the additional effort of keeping his tongue between his teeth. He felt sorry for his brother and bitterly disappointed and frustrated that this decay was taking place before his eyes, a decay not only of his brother, lint of this house and this home.

"How will you get on without a team?" Roy said unhappily.

"I won't get on, unless you give me a hand. That's what I'm telling you. Roy." There was a tepid threat in Sam's dead voice; but Roy would not commit himself; he could not even see this as a real situation. Sam was low and sour, and in a way it was not really Sam at all.

"What if I ask Jack Burton to give you a hand?" Roy told him. "Jack will do what he can..."

"He's got his own hands full." Sam said.

"We won't have him over here." Ruth MacNair put in. "He's a hog-swiller and a bush-rat; a hired man."

"He's a good farmer, Ruth." Roy said.

"He'll never be anything more than a *jack-about* to me, and I won't have his kind

helping here, unless we can pay him hired-man's money. That's all he is and all he ever will be."

Roy heard her out, knowing she despised Jack as a farmer's daughter could despise the son of a labourer. Jack's father had worked ten years for old Bob Moody – Ruth's father. Now there was none of her family left on the land, whereas Jack had a small rackish farm of his own and was doing well. He had even acquired two acres of Moody land when the old man had been forced to sell up, ruined by the Land Banks, and broken by the continual bickering and arguing and coarsening of his own children, Ruth among them. Roy had always known that she had brought her evil with her into this house, gradually enveloping the quiet Sam in her provocation and her pettiness; never giving him the sanity of easy words, of gentle habit, of physical co-operation. She had contributed so much to the spectacle of Sam as he was that Roy could hardly separate the two, except that Sam was now worn out and hardly ever spoke to his wife, whereas Ruth was still exercising her talents for viciousness. Poor old Sam, Roy thought. All he had ever needed was a calm woman who would keep him at peace and give him respect. All he had achieved was an animal who would keep him at bay, a woman who would hunt for every word to catch and twist in vulgar dispute. More than anything else, her primeval vulgarity had degraded Sam to his present state.

Assignments for Stylistic Analysis

1. Speak on the scene and the characters introduced in the excerpt and SDs used to describe them.
2. Analyse direct speech and speak on its peculiarities.
3. Find various forms of repetition in the author's narration: the repetition of a sound (alliteration); of a conjunction (polysyndeton); of a notional word; of a syntactical pattern (parallelism) and speak on the role of repetition in the structure of a paragraph.
4. Analyse the SD of repetition from the point of view of its compositional design (anaphora, anadiplosis etc.); note what kind of repetition prevails in the excerpt; speak on the stylistic functions of repetition.
5. Take the last paragraph for rigorous analysis; in doing so dwell on the following points:
 - 1) the main thought of the paragraph and the way it is developed;
 - 2) the SD of polysyndeton;
 - 3) the metaphor, the way it is prolonged and the stylistic effect achieved;

- 4) represented speech, its type and stylistic function;
- 5) antithesis as the culmination point of the paragraph.
6. Summing up the analysis of the passage speak on various SDs used to describe Sam's state of hopelessness and frustration.