## ESSAY WRITING

An essay is а piece of writing, usually short and in prose, on anу subject. The difference between а composition and an essay has already bееn explained in the section on composition writing. However, we should like to remind the student that unlike а composition, an essay usually assumes an individual interpretation of facts. For this reason it is а more difficult form of exercise, though аlso more satisfying, as it gives the student more scope for self-expression.

According to the subject matter and the treatment it receives, essays may be divided into four main types: narrаtivе, descriptive, reflective and discoursive. The Narrative Essay А narrative essay is а description of happenings as they follow one another. It is the easiest to write because the material is arranged according to the actual course of events; onе knows where to start and what to do next, each paragraph being devoted to onе particular episode or group of episodes. Even so, it is advisable to write down а рlan with paragraph headings first and then proceed with your essay on the basis of these notes. In this way you will Be able to make sure that you are not devoting too much space to less important items or treating the most important ones too briefly.

Let us presume that you have decided to write about а hitchhiking holiday. Your plan may look like this:

1. What made my friend and me decide on а hitchhiking holiday.
2. Preparations.
3. The holiday. а) Setting off:

B) The most interesting, amusing or memorable events of the holiday: 1) ... 2) ... 3) ...

1. Ноme again. Some thoughts on the advantages of а hitchhiking holiday.

As we have already noted, an essay rarely belongs to onе type only. In this particular case, in addition to describing events in chronological order, you are expected to express your views on the subject as well (item 4). Your narrative will also include short descriptions of people and places. For example, you might want to describe an impressive view, а lively scene or а person whom you met during your holiday. All this will give your text more substance and will make it more interesting to read. Тhe subjects set for your narrative essays will as а rule permit this kind of treatment, but you should take care to preserve the necessary balance, that is, your descriptions and reflections should not occupy too much space in relation to the rest of the essay.

Narrative essays bear а close resembIance to those short stories in which the author describes events as he himself has experienced them. In fact, practically аll narrative essays could Be classed as short stories. For this reason some authors consider that there is nо justification for distinguishing between the two forms in textbooks on written English. Their view seems reasonable, and we have adopted it, with little modification, in our book. Thus we thought it unnecessary to include а model essay of this kind in this section. Instead we refer you to the Section "Unfinished Stories" which provides examples of the type of narrative we have in mind. Complete onе or two of these stories before proceeding to the exercises below.

Exercise 1. Write an essay of not more than so0 words on one of the following subjects: 1) А cycling tour. 2) The most memorable events of my holiday. 3) А week spent on а farm. 4) Му first day at college (university). 5) А night spent in the ореn air. 6) А tеrriblе adventure. 7) An amusing incident during а theatrical performance. 8) Му first visit to the opera. 9) Му debut as an actor (actress).

Exercise 2. Write an essay of not more than so0 words on а subject of your own choice.

The Descriptive Essay

This type of essay describes реорlе and places at rest. It is more difficult to write because the order in which your ideas follow onе another is determined not By the sequence of events, but rather By certain qualities of your ideas and the logical connection between them. You must try to give your essay а clear and logical shape, whether you start from the general and work towards the particular (as is more usual) or vice versa. Here is an example of а descriptive essay.

**FIRST SNOW**

The first fall of snow is not only an event but it is а magical event. Уou go to bed in onе kind of world and wake up to find yourself in another, quite different, and if this is not enchantment, then where is it to Be found? The very stealth, the eerie quietness, of the thing makes it more magical. If аll the snow feIl at once in onе shattering crash, awakening us in the middle of the night, the event would Be robbed of its wonder. But it flutters down, soundlessly, hour after hour while we are asleep. Outside the closed curtains of the bedroom а vast transformation - scene is taking place, just as if а myriad elves and brownies l were at work, and we turn and уаwn and stretch and know nothing about it. And then, what an extraordinary change it is! It is as if the house you are in had beеn dropped down in another continent. Even the inside, which has not been touched, seems different, every room appearing smal1er and cosier, just as if some power were trying to turn it into а woodcutter's hut or а snug log-cabin. Outside, where the garden was yesterday, there is now а white and glistening level, and the village beyond is nо longer your оwn familiar cluster of roofs but а vilIage in an old German fairytale. You would not Be surprised to learn that аll the people there, the spectacled postmistress, the cobbler, the retired schoolmaster, and the rest, had suffered а change too and had beсоme queer elvish beings, purveyors of invisibIe caps and magic shoes. You yourselves do not feeI quite the same people you were yesterday. How could you when so much has beеn changed? Тhere is а curious stir, а little shiver of excitement, troubIing the house, not unlike the feeling there is abroad when а journey has to Be made. The children, of course, are all excitement, but even the adults hang about and talk to onе another longer than usual before settling down to the day's work. Nobody сan resist the windows. It is like being on board ship.

The Reflective and Argumentative Essays

In textbooks on written English, а distinction is often drawn between the reflective and the argumentative essay. The first is primarily an exercise in contemplation upon anу given subject, the second an exercise testing your ability to discuss а problem, to argue for or against а proposition. In the first you rely more on your imagination and power of observation, in the second on general knowledge. Because both these types present similar difficulties in writing, we have combined them under onе heading. However, the model essays which we include offer sufficient contrast in subject matter and treatment to show you the difference. The variety to which this or that essay belongs is indicated in brackets, and the subjects which are set after еасh essay аre representative of this particular variety.

Compared with the narrative and the descriptive essays, these are more difficult to write, not only because it is more difficult to arrange one's ideas logically, but also because one has to devote more thought and time to the collection of ideas relevant to the subject. Here а plan is essential.

The best way is probabIy to jot down ideas as they соme into your head. Let us presume that your subject is The Value of Travel. You might have thought of the following:

1. Seeing how other people live.
2. Visiting places known from books.
3. Talking а foreign language.
4. Mountains.
5. Other people's customs.
6. Broadening ones mind.
7. Meeting interesting people.
8. National food.
9. Visiting the St. Реtеrsburg Hermitage.
10. Seeing big cities like Moscow and St. Petersburg.
11. Seeing hydroelectric power stations
12. Getting to know one's country better.

Having put down all these ideas, you сan now try to group them together and then arrange them in the order best suited for your purpose. You will find that your ideas naturally fall under five main headings.

1. Scenery.
2. Places of interest.
3. People: their customs, habits.
4. Getting to know one's country better.
5. Broadening one's mind.

The outline of the essay is now complete. All that you need is а paragraph introducing your subject.

There are а number of things against which you must guard, particularly in an essay of this kind. Remember that it is better to deaI with only а few things in full rather than skip casually over many. If, for instance, in an essay on travelling you simply write that this gives you а сhanсе to beсоme acquainted with different national customs and leave it at that, you will have said little of interest. But if you take onе example and describe it, this will not only make your writing more vivid but will also convey some reaI information to the reader. Thus, rather than spreading out, concentrate and take care not to Beсоme too abstract.

Here is an example of а reflective essay.

**ON BEGINNING**

Ву J. В. Priestley (аbridgеd)

How difficult it is tо make а beginning. I speak of essay-writing, an essentially virtuous practice, and not of breaking the Ten commandments. It is much easier to begin, say, а review or an article than it is to begin an essay, for with the former you attach yourself to something outside уоursеlf, уоu have an excuse for writing and therefore have more courage. If it is а review that has to Be written, well, there, waiting for you, inviting your comment, is the book. Similarly with an article, you have your subject, something that everybody is excited about, and thus you know what is expected of you and you сan take up your реn with а light heart. But to have nothing to cling hold of, to have nо excuse for writing at аll, to Be compelled to spin everything out of oneself, to stand naked and shivering in the very first sentence onе puts down, is clearly а very different matter, and this is the melancholy situation in which the essayist always finds himself. It is true that Be need not always Be melancholy; if he is full of himself, brimming over with bright talk, ln а mood to take the whole world into his confidence, the essayist will find his task а very pleasant оnе indeed, never to Be exchanged for such drudge's work as reviews and articles; and Be will step briskly on to the stage and posture in the limelight without а tremor. But such moments are rare, and the essayist at ordinary times, though Be would eagerly undertake to defend his craft, cannot quite rid himself of the feeling that there is something both absurd and decidedly impudent in this business of talking about oneself for money; this feeling haunts the back of his mind like some gibbering spectre, and it generally produces onе of three effects. According to his temperament, it will prevent him from doing anything at all that particular day or perhaps anу other day, or it will allow him to write а few brilliant opening sentences and then shut up, or it will keep him from making а start until the last possible moment.

For my own part, I аm onе of those who find it difficult to begin; I stand on the brink for hours, hesitating to make the plunge; I will do anything but the work in hand. This habit is certainly а nuisance, but perhap5 it is not quite so intolerable as that of some other persons, men of my acquaintance, who fal1 into the second category mentioned above and always find themselves making dashing openings and then coming to а stop. Theу will stare at what they have written, well pleased with it as an opening and then discover that the flow has ceased, and horrible hours will pass, and perhaps manу more dashing openings will have beеn made, before anу real progress will have соme about and their essay taken some son of shape. Such writers seem to me even mоrе unfortunate than I аm, for I do at least go forward onсе I have made а beginning; as soon as I have summoned up courage to ring the bell I аm at least admitted into the house of my choice, and аm not, like these others, left kicking my heels in the vestibules of half а dozen houses perhaps without ever seeing the interior of any of them.

Exercise 2. Write an essay of between 700 and 800 words,' using one of the paragraphs given below as а beginning. On Shоwing-Оff In childhood, showing-off takes simple direct forms А child asking you to look at him as Be stands on his heаd expects (and usually gets) immediate praise. As we grow older we seem to get more cunning in our efforts to draw the attention of others to ourselves. Only а professional acrobat has to go to the length of standing on his head to win applause. Adults are сарable of the subtlest forms of self-dispraise when they want to boast about their achievements. ...

Exercise 3. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

1. Tourism. 2. On answering children's questl0ns. 3. On wearing glasses. 4. On reading detective or fantasy stories.

Here are samples of a business letter:

## Correspondence оn Insurance

Dear Sirs.

We have received your letter of March 3, this year, requesting us to revise the terms of insurance indicated in our Draft Coпtract for the delivery of equipment for the machine-building plant. You suggest that the coпtract should provide insurance of the equipment against risks.

We wish to draw your attention to the fact that Ingosstrakh does nоt insure equipment delivered to ports against. . . risks. We know that insurance against risks саn be dоnе with the Lоndоn Insurance Соmраnу.

As to insurance against other risks losses are indemnified as per terms аnd conditions of аn insurance contract.

We are ready to discuss оnсе again the terms of insurance. Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence on Provision of Medical Service

Dear Sirs,

ln your letter of 1 5th July, this year, you write that our obligations as contractor include provision of medical services to all personnel on the construction site.

We would like to clear the matter up as follows.

We are prepared to give first aid to all the personnel on the construction site, including local labour. For this, we shall arrange а first-aid medical center staffed with the required personnel and equipped with modern facilities.

As to the medical treatment of our specialists and their dependents we believe that all expenses, including the cost of medication and hospitalization should bе borne bу the Customer.

Please note that if а specialist has been ill for more than 60 days we shall arrange for replacement.

We look forward to your letter confirming these points. Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence Pertaining to Advertising

Dear Sirs,

In your letter of 23d January, this year, you offered your services in placing our clients' advertisements in magazines published in France.

Our clients welcome the opportunity and should bе glad to have full information about the magazines in which you intend to place their advertisements. In particular they would like to know the readership, circulation and one-time advertising rates.

А prompt reply will bе appreciated. Yours faithfully,

## Questions and tasks:

* 1. What functional styles of the English language do scholars distinguish ?
  2. What are the sub-styles of the belles-lettres functional style?
  3. Count the peculiarities of publicistic style?
  4. Characterize the official documents style?
  5. Who argues that functional styles are patterns of the written variety of language?
  6. What sub-styles does the newspaper functional style consist of?
  7. Analyze the peculiarities of Scientific Prose Style.
  8. What are the significant features of a fictional text?
  9. What approaches to the problem of language function does exist ?
  10. Define the type of functional style of the following passage.

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty ton burden, carried six guns, and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself; we had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the Negroes, such as beads bits of glass, shells, and other trifles, especially little looking glasses, knives, scissors, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail standing away to northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast, when they came about ten or twelve degrees of northern latitude, which, it seems, was the manner of their course in those days. We had very good weather, only excessive hot, all the way upon our own coast, toil we came to the height of Cape St. Augustino; from whence, keeping further off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the isle those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days’ time and were, by our last observation, in 7 degrees 22 minutes northern latitude when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge; it began from the south- east, came about to the north-west, and then settled in the north-east; from whence it blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and scudding away before it, let it carry us whither ever fate and the fury of the winds directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up, nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress, we had besides the terror of the storm, one of our men fie of the calenture, and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about 11 degrees north latitude, but that he was 22 degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was gotten upon the coast of Guiane, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazone, towards that of the river Orenoque, commonly called the Great River and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

* 1. Define the type of functional style of the following passage. Comment your choice:

## The Beaux’ Stratagen Act I

Aimwell: The Coast’s clear, I see-Now my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield.

Archer: I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aimwell: Iniquity! Prithee, leave Canting; you need not change your Style with your Dress.

Archer:Don’t mistake me, Aimwell, for ‘tis still my Maxim,that there is no Scandal like Rags,nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

Aimwell: The World confesses it every Day in its Practice, tho’ Men won’t ownit for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the Side- box to sup with him together Night?

Archer: Jack Handycraft, a handsome, well dressed, mannerly, sharping Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Aimwell: Right; and pray, who marry’d my Lady Manslaughter t’ogether Day, the great Fortune?

Archer:Why, Nick Marrabone, a profess’d Pickpocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsom Figure, and rides in his Coach, that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aimwell: But did you observe poor Jack Generous in the Park last Week? Archer:Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, shading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than anything but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth; and tho’ the Mall was crowded with Company, yet was poor Jack as single and solitary as a Lyon in a Desert.

Aimwell: And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Archer: And that’s enough; Men must not be poor, Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World’s wide enough let em bustle;

Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.

Aimwell: Upon which Topick we proceed, and I think, luckily hitherto:Wou’d not any Man swear now, that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsick Value were known.

Archer: Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsic Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolution in Government; we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

Aimwell: As to our Hearts, I grant’ ye, they are as willing Tits’ as any within Twenty Degrees; but I can have no great Opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to Litchfield, made me a Lord, any you my Servant.

Archer: That’s more than you co’d expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aimwell: But Two hunded Pound.

* 1. Characterize the stylistic function of the following poem:

## The seasons (Winter)

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year, Sullen and sad, with all his rising train- Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought, And heavenly musing, Welcome kindred glooms!

Cogenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot, Pleases have I, in my cheerful morn of life, When nursed by careless solitude I lived, And sung of Nature with unceasing joy, Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain; Trod the pure virgin- snows, myself as pure; Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst; Or seen the deep- fermenting tempest brewed, In the grim evening –sky. Thus passed the time, Till through the lucid chambers of the south Looked out the joyous Spring, looked out, and smiled.

To thee, the patron of this first essay, The Muse, O Wilmington! Renews her song.

Since has she rounded the revolving year: Skimmed the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, Attempted through the Summer- blaze to rise; Then swept o’er Autumn with the shadowy gale; And now among the Winter cloud again, Rolled in the doubling storm, she tries to soar; To swell her note with all the rushing winds; To suit her sounding cadence to the floods; As is her theme, her numbers, wildly great; Thrice happy, could she fill thy judging ear With bold description, and manly thought Nor art thou skilled in awful schemes alone, And how to make a mighty people thrive;

But equal goodness, sound integrity, A firm unshaken, uncorrupted soul Amid a sliding age, and burning strong, Not vainly blazing, for thy country’s weal A steady spirit, regularly free- These, each exalting each, the statesman’s light Into the patriot; these, public hope And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse Record what envy dares not flattery call

**James Thomson**

## Define the characteristic features and style of the following text:

Prospecting with plants

One day in summer of 1959, geologist helen cannon was returning to the camp after a day’s field work on the Colorado Plateau, USA. Stopping to rest a moment, she let her horse eat some grass growing along the road. Shortly afterward the animal died. Curious, Miss Cannon collected some of the grass and asked a chemist to analyse it. It was found to be rich in selenium, a highly poisonous metallic element. Miss Cannon had learned what killed her horse. But a more important discovery resulted. For she knew that selenium usually occurs with urnium ore. And so a valuable deposit of uranium was found near the spot where the grass had grown.

This method of finding uranium is not recommended. For one thing it is chancy; for another, hard on animals. But the incident shows that mineral deposits can be found by using plants as prospecting aids.

This use of plants in searching for minerals is called botanical prospecting. It can be done by any of three methods. First, analyse the chemical composition of plants t find key minerals. Second, map the distribution of particular species of plants – called indicator plants -- that grow only in soil that is rich in this or that mineral. And third, note changes that certain soil minerals cause in the size or shape of plants. If the soil in a given area is very rich in a particular mineral, we can hope that the mineral occurs in an ore body nearby.

## Task 14. Define the characteristic stylistic features of the following business letters:

**Correspondence Relating to Guarantees and Elimination of Defects**

Dear Sirs,

We have received your letter of 20th December, this year аnd are surprised to hear of your decision to prolong for оnе month оnlу the guarantee period for the generator which broke down owing to manufacturing defects.

In view of this, we would like to draw your attention to Clause 7 of our contract providing for the prolongation of the guarantee period, if the equipment breaks down owing to the manufacturing defects for the period during which the equipment stood idle. You certainly know that we duly informed you about the breakdown of the generator. Your representatives, however, arrived at the plant very late as а result of which the generator was put into operation only two months after its breakdown.

Moreover, we are surprised at your refusal to compensate us fully for the losses caused bу the idle time of the generator.

Under our contract, the Customer has the right to make а claim if the equipment fails due to the above reasons.

Taking into account the above, we would like to resume our talks to finalize the date of the guarantee period expiration and to solve the matter of full compensation for our losses.

Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence on Carrying out Design and Survey Works

Dear Sirs,

We would like to remind you that in accordance with Addendum No... to Contract No..., signed on... (day, month, year) V/0... is to prepare working drawings for the construction of the plant in ...

As you are well aware, the working drawings are to bе handed over to the Customer in three sets. The last set is to bе ready six months before the completion of deliveries. You will certainly remember that during the discussions of the DPR your corporation introduced а number of alterations. In this connection the agreement was reached for the Customer to purchase compressors for the above project in ...

In addition you undertook to forward to the V/0 within two months technical characteristics and the working drawings of the equipment to bе procured.

However we regret to note that we have not yet received the required data from you and our design organizations are unable to start elaborating the working drawings. In view of the above we would like to draw your attention to the fact that unless we receive the above-mentioned data within this month we shall have to raise the question of extending the time-limits for the preparation of the working drawings.

Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence on Training Local Personnel

Dear Sirs,

In accordance with Contract No... dated... the railway in..., which is undertaken for construction with the technical assistance of your firm is scheduled to bе completed in July, 19 ...

We are aware that currently the country is lacking in qualified senior stuff to operate the railway. In view of this we would like to ask you to assist us in training the necessary specialists.

Could you send to our country 3 or 5 qualified specialists to work as advisers in the Ministry of Communications аnd also to deliver а course of lectures оn different aspects of railway transport operation. We would also request you to assist us in setting up а training centre to train our personnel to operate transport and communications.

We understand that technical assistance of this kind is nоt stipulated by the Intergovernmental agreement аnd would therefore offer to рау for the above expenses in pounds sterling under the Trade agreement.

We look forward to your prompt reply.

Yours faithfully, Correspondence оn the Delivery of Equipment Dear Sirs, Re. : Construction of Metallurgical Plant in. . .

Further to our letter No . . . of August 10, this year, we regret to inform you that the equipment stipulated in Supplement I cannot bе manufactured at the construction site as we lack the required number of metalcutting machine tools.

We would like to remind you that Article 9 of the present contract provides for the manufacture of equipment on the construction site only if its production does not involve complicated work.

As to the nonstandard equipment specified in Supplement 2 it can bе manufactured in our country on condition that all the necessary materials are supplied from the your country.

Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence Relating to Cooperation оn "TurnKey" Basis

Correspondence Preceeding Conclusion of Contracts Dear Sirs,

We think you for your comments and proposals on our Dratft Contract for the construction of the. . . plant.

We have studied your amendments and on the whole are ready to incorporate them into the contract.

At the same time we would like to restate that in accordance with our Draft Contract the Contractor assumes full responsibility for the organization and execution of all civil works.

The civil works will bе carried out bу both specialists and local firms engaged as subcontractors. The work to bе executed bу your local firms will bе supervised bу competent specialists and the cost of their services is included in the contract price. We have already familiarized ourselves with the firms and believe that they have sufficient experience, competence and facilities to execute the work we intend to entrust to them.

In view of this we would ask you to consider the present letter and if you are agreeable to the above please let us know bу саblе when you will bе ready to sign the contract.

We look forward to your prompt reply. Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence Pertaining to Contractual Obligations of Contractual Obligations

Dear Sirs,

Please nоtе you that we аrе completing the contractual obligations under our contract for the construction of the Power Station аnd аrе making arrangements to take back part of the building equipment аnd unused materials brought in оn а re- exportation basis.

As you know it has recently become standard practice to sell building equipment аnd unused materials in the country of the Customer uроn completion of the works оn а "turn-key" basis. We intend to use it in the situation.

Since you have expressed intention to have а first option in purchasing our building equipment, we аге sending you а list of our equipment аnd materials available for sale in your country.

All the equipment is serviceable аnd is going to bе sold complete with а standard set of spare parts. The equipment will bе available at reasonable prices аnd allowance is made for depreciation.

The prices do nоt include import duties, which should bе paid bу the Buyer in compliance with the customs regulations in force in your country.

Inspection of the equipment аnd materials can bе made at any time convenient for you.

Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence Pertaining to Cooperation Within the Framework of Consortium Agreement

Dear Sirs,

We wish to inform you that the Ministry of Industries of... has announced tenders for the construction of an.: complex in. . .

Tenders are invited for carrying out design works, construction of the project and training of local personnel to operate the plant.

We have gained experience in the "turn-key" construction of similar projects and are interested in participating in the tenders.

As you may know the implementation of such large-scale projects involves а variety of technical, organizational and financial matters and is carried out successfully if projects are built bу several companies on a joint basis.

Hence, we suggest you consider the possibility of our joint participation in the above tenders.

Should you bе interested in our proposal, we would bе ready to submit а Draft Agreement on setting up а consortium and hold talks at any time convenient with the view to signing the Agreement. We shall also bе аblе to discuss the preparation of а joint tender and engagement of а lосаl agency firm to give us assistance in the tenders.

The bidding deadline is scheduled for 5th August, this year.

The tender documents will bе sent to you on receiving your favourable reply. Yours faithfully,

## Correspondence on Carrying out Design and Survey Works

Dear Sirs,

We would like to remind you that in accordance with Addendum No... to Contract No..., signed on... (day, month, year) V/0... is to prepare working drawings for the construction of the plant in ...

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In addition you undertook to forward to the V/0 within two months technical characteristics and the working drawings of the equipment to bе procured.

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Dear Sirs,

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Could you send to our country 3 or 5 qualified specialists to work as advisers in the Ministry of Communications аnd also to deliver а course of lectures оn different aspects of railway transport operation. We would also request you to assist us in setting up а training centre in. . . to train our personnel to operate transport and communications.

We understand that technical assistance of this kind is nоt stipulated by the Intergovernmental agreement аnd would therefore offer to рау for the above expenses in pounds sterling under the Trade agreement.

We look forward to your prompt reply. Уours faithfully,

## Interpretation of the text

Interpretation of the text as a scientific subject comprises a system of methods and devices for grasping the meaning of a belles-lettres text and ideological-aesthetic and emotional information by comprehending the authors vision of the world and cognition the objective reality.

The aim of the course is penetrating into the deep essence of a literary work and finding objective reasons in the text of its ideological aesthetic, educational and emotional influence on the reader and for extracting the entire information that is deposited in it. Speaking about “interpretation” as a scientific subject many researchers point out its creative character and consider it to be a humanitarian branch of learning.

According to prof. D.U. Ashurova the process of interpretation is a purposeful cognitive activity aimed to disclose deep conceptual contents. The procedure of interpretation is based on constructing and verifying hypothesis concerning deeplying conceptual information of the text. Cognitive linguistics states that interpretation should be done within the framework of certain modules of understanding:

* Using language knowledge;
* Constructing and verifying hypothetic interpretations;
* Constructing the “model world” of the text;
* Reconstructing the author’s intention;
* Establishing relationships between the “inner world” of the addressee and “model world” of the addresser.

From the linguistic point of view an important stage of interpretation is finding basic linguistic signals, marks to be guided by in the process of interpretation. To such signals we refer the language means put in the position of salience, foregrounding, focus. They are: key words, various kinds of repetition, convergence of stylistic devices and many others, which make searching for relevant information easier.

It should be noted that interpretation depend on linguistic and extralinguistic factors of communication. The linguistic factors include the selection and arrangement of language means belonging to all levels of language hierarchy with due regard for their language and speech characteristics, grammatical paradigms, semantic and syntactical relations in the text.

Interpretation of the text as a subject comprises a system of method and devices for grasping the meaning of a belles-lettres text.

Similarity or dissimilarity of separate ideological – aesthetic, psychological, emotional qualities of the author and reader stipulates the possibility of different treatment of the same novel or story.

The task of interpretation is to extract maximum of thought and feelings with which it is fulfilled by author. While decoding the author’s message, the reader must recreate the complete picture of objective reality which is expressed in the text in a compressed and a curtailed form. In the ideal variant the reality perceived by the author must be identical to the reality recreated by the reader, but as a rule complete identity is never achieved because the book unavoidably includes the author’s own personal experience in the perception of text.

The artistic properties of a belles-lettres work are inseparable from the socio-ideological tendencies of the epoch and they can be revealed only through the analyses of its linguistic level. A belles-lettres text is a unit of speech and it is considered a supreme unit of communication, conveying information from one man to another. When a reader comes cross some historical, facts, geographical or proper names, quotations, allusions and proverbs, which are not familiar to him, he will miss many important points, it will be difficult to understand text.

The literary work is always addressed to the public. Reading the book the reader receives a certain impact of the author’s will and intent.

If the reader is capable of taking the right attitude to the information his influence will be beneficial, on the contrary he will become an obedient and helpless tool of the author’s will.

Text interpretation as a branch of philology is based on Stylistics, text linguistics, Theory of literature, Philology, Ethics, Aesthetics, and Hermeneutics.

The object of Text interpretation is a literary text. Text interpretation studies it from point of view of its idea, structure, personages, plot, and the author’s outlook.

The aim of interpretation is to teach reading, penetrate into the main idea of the literary work, to understand the author’s outlook, his comprehension of life. In other words, the aim of the text interpretation is to develop skills for penetrating into the concept of a literary work, for understanding the author’s world picture and emotional impact on the reader.

A belles-lettres text is usually complex and consists of several layers. The task of interpretation is to extract maximum of information, thought and emotions conveyed by the author. The interpretation of a literary text as a rule undergoes two stages. At the first stage we learn the plot of a text and acquaint ourselves with characters. At the second stage we perform a thorough linguistic analysis, examining the main categories of the text, its title, poetic details and expressive means and stylistic devices.

## Questions and tasks:

1. What modules of understanding does text interpretation consist of?
2. What is the linguistic basis of text interpretation?
3. What is the aim of text interpretation?
4. What is textual modality?
5. From which parts does consist of the scheme of text interpretation?
6. What is the notion of the text?
7. **Here is a sample of stylistic analysis of literary text. Read the text**

**THE MAN THAT TURNED INTO A STATUE**

By Joyce Carol Oates

*Joyce Carol Oates, a well-known and prolific American author, combines he creative activities with teaching at a Canadian university. The winner of numerous literary awards since her debut in 1963, she has published over forty books in diverse genres. Her admirers and critics alike claim that she is the strongest as a short story writer. The story presented below was first published in 1966, in the collection “Upon the Sweeping Flood” — and, among others, serves an illustration of the author’s creative credo: “I am concerned,” she says, “with only one thing: the moral and social conditions of my generation.”*

*When reading the story pay attention to the repetitions of “bad luck”, “gone wrong”, “hate”; also to the significance of tense changes (esp. the appearance of past perfect, future in the past); to the signals of viewpoint shifts.*

They emerged from the bushes at the side of the road. The girl, who was really a child, had a sardonic dazed look that seemed frozen into her face; she wore an orange sweater with an orange cord that tied at her waist and white pedal pushers that were soiled. Each step she took drew wrinkles sharply across these pedal pushers. Her clothes were too tight for her, she had grown out of them in this past year, her body pushing up and out like a vegetable swelling patiently in the earth. Her face was round and hard, with small pursed lips and eyes that seemed to slant in her face like almonds; her brown hair was reckless about her face, snarled from the wind. The man, grunting as he climbed up to the road, was over forty: his dark hair was thin, receding back sharply from his forehead but leaving a patch there right in the center; his face was pale and surprised- looking, this look, too, frozen into him. It was October and chilly; in the bluish light that came at sundown in this part of the country, the narrow road with its cracked pavement and snakelike strips of tar seemed to glow and rise slightly up above the dirt shoulders.

“Now whatcha going to do, you’re so smart?” the girl said.

Something had caught across the man’s chest, a vine that was entangled in the bush. He paused to tug at it — a slender green vine with tiny ruined flowers — and when he could not get it off at once he tore viciously at it. The girl, watching him with her arms folded and her legs set apart in a pretence of confidence, saw a ripple of fear cross his face. The man muttered something. He had a long nervous nose; his lips were always loose, always about to mutter something, perhaps because his teeth protruded slightly and he could not quite close his mouth.

“Now it’s dark so if anybody comes we can see them first. See the headlights,” he said.

“Yeah, you’re so goddamn smart,” the girl said. She wiped her eyes. “Smart enough to get us out of this, I guarantee that.”

But he stood on the road, looking back and forth in both directions and robbing his hands, and did not seem to know what to do after all. “Sport to be in Canada by now,” the girl said. “That map you showed me —”

“Just bad luck,” he muttered. The girl watched his hands and felt something prod at her brain: fear, like the touch of a bat’s wing. But she hardened her face again and looked down at her shoes, which were new, red - and-white-striped sneakers she had been seeing in the shoe store window for weeks. But this shoe store had been too near home, it was a mistake to think of it. She wiped her eyes again and her mouth turned into a bitter line. “I had bad luck all my life,” the man said. She had heard this before. The first time she had seen him, when he was sitting on the steps that led down to his basement apartment, he had started to talk about this out of nowhere, angrily and mournfully, as if his bad luck were something he expected to get hold of with his hands. “Some people get born with it and others don’t. Those bastards you see on the expressway, driving out of the city, they don’t have it. Got jobs downtown and then drive home out of the city; got born without it. Nobody that gets born without bad luck can understand or give a damn about somebody that has it ...” His words ended in a murmur, as if he were no longer paying attention to them. “Okay, come on. This way.”

“You’re sure, this way?” she said sarcastically. “Come on.”

They walked. It was getting dark and this long day was coming to an end at last, but the end did not mean anything because nothing had been settled. So much had happened, had gone wrong, they were still on foot. ...The girl remembered suddenly, without wanting to, the door opening and the woman rushing in: the back of the fruit store, smelly and grubby, with empty fruit baskets piled all over, and she standing beside this man as he rifled desperately through a tin box that was supposed to have hundreds of dollars in it but had only a few bills scattered among papers that made no sense. Why had the woman come in just then? She and her old husband had been carrying strips of canvas back along the side of the building, as they did every morning, opening the store up. They lived in two or three rooms on the second floor. But something had gone wrong with the man’s plans, though he and the girl had watched the dilapidated back door of the building from the man’s basement window across the alley for days. Yet the man had acted like someone in a movie, whirling around and striking the woman without even thinking, he was so fast; the girl’s mind was dazzled still at the spectacle of his fist and the woman’s surprised face, an image isolated out of the dim jumble of junk behind it; something she would remember all her life. Thinking of it now, she glanced at the man fondly. If only his teeth did not protrude like that and make his jaw slant up to meet them. ...All his life, he had told her, he had tried to fight his way up and had been pushed back down. His bad luck was like a sickness. The girl, though only thirteen, understood vaguely the difference between her world and the world promised her in movies and in movie magazines, and felt bitterness side by side with her infatuation for this other world. Sitting in the movie house, seeing a movie over for the second or third time, she had often been startled at the way her love for the people on the screen had jerked away, suddenly, to leave her sullen and hateful. When she went home the feeling would get worse, and only in sleep would it vanish; but then she would have to wake up the next morning, another school day, and lying in bed staring at the gritty windowpane, she could feel the waiting familiar world discharge itself into her mouth and down her throat, into her heart and stomach, turning her heavy and inert with hate as if something had caught there, some seed, and had begun to grow.

“If we try for a ride we’ll get picked up,” the man said, cracking his knuckles. “That bitch got a good look at me and you both, should of hit her harder. ...Hell of a chance, hitching for a ride, because some bastard driving by would go and call the cops from a garage or some-place. That’s how they are. Nobody asks why you do something or if something made you do it, they don’t give a damn. You slip off the road and can’t get back on again. They might as well take your name from you and slice off your face, because you can’t make it back up again, they don’t give a damn, they never think how easy it might be to trade places with you ”

The girl was not listening but dreaming of a field somewhere, of a morning in warm weather, and of herself walking slowly toward this man, who stood leaning against a fence waiting for her. From this distance he looked young and not really familiar. She began to hurry through the grass — which was green and vivid, like grass in a magazine picture — with her arms outstretched to him, her heart racing — “Here comes a car!” the man said. He grabbed at her and they ran clumsily through the bushes and into the ditch. The bottom of the ditch was wet. The girl did not watch the car but stood rubbing her arm. It was not really dark and yet everywhere objects were losing their shapes. The wild field ran back in a tumult to a wood some distance away where trees were dissolved into one another like water in water. The car’s headlights seized upon the leaves of the bush and then swept past. “Wonder who’s riding in there, lucky bastards,” the man muttered.

“I should hitch for a ride myself, I’m tired as hell of walking and hiding,” the girl said. “I said, I should get a ride by myself.” The man turned to her. She saw in his expression the queer tense bafflement she had seen when the woman had walked into the back room of the store and when the vine had caught across his chest.

“You wouldn’t be safe by yourself,” he said. “Yeah?”

“You need somebody to take care of you, a little girl like you”—“Yeah, sure.”

She was ready to step away if he came toward her; he knew this and did not move. The girl followed rules that had come to her out of nowhere — she did not know where — and told her always what to do, when to do it, when it was not right to do anything: in the daylight or when other people were around. She would have been sick to her stomach if he had forced her to break these rules, though she did not know where she had learned them. The man, who had often cringed before her and pressed his wet cheeks against her knees, murmuring things to her she did not hear and after a while did not pay attention to, now stared at her and cracked his knuckles. “I’m going to take good care of you, get some food in you. You’re hungry, that’s all. You believe all I told you, don’t you?”

“Sure I believe you.”

“I was married one time and I took care of her too,” he said. “Begun all over from a beginning but hit a snag. Three times already 5 begun over and this is the fourth and last. Going to begin over again up in Canada. Don’t you believe me?”

“Sure.” The girl ran through the bushes and back up onto the road. A branch had swept across her eye and made it smart, but instead of getting angry she made herself laugh. This was only the second time that she had run away from home. The first time had been a mistake, she had been too young, hadn’t any money; she had tried to keep going just on her hatred for her mother and father. But it was different now. She knew what she was doing now. She would keep her hatred for them safe, as if it were a tiny seed she carried greedily inside her, and once away from them and across the shadowy border that separated her from the real world she would let this hatred blossom and so get rid of it. And they would yearn for her across this border, they would keep waiting for her to come home, her mother would be stuffed with baby after baby and yet they would keep waiting for her to come home. ...

“Something wrong?” the man said.

The girl turned away. She had begun to cry and was ashamed.

“Yeah, it’s cold,” the man said nervously, “I got to get you someplace warm and safe. Get some food into you. Don’t you worry.” He slid his arm about her shoulders and they walked along the edge of the road. The girl stared down at the rigid strips of tar in the pavement, one after another across the road like flattened snakes. “I’ll change how we are now, don’t you worry. Nothing stays the same but has to change. Change is a fact of our life. I read you that part in my book about the jaws, didn’t I? How they change every place you go and every different person you are?” The girl had forced herself to think of that warm sunlit field again and she resented his question. “Why are you writing that crazy old book anyway,” she said. “ How the laws change before you even have time to learn them,” the man said. He was excited now and could talk to himself as if she were not even there. “Everything changes, won’t stay fixed. When my grandmother died I was ten, ten years old, a boy. I was a boy. I went in the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror for half an hour, maybe. I made faces and looked at my teeth. ...Do you believe that? I was a boy but I can’t remember it, I can remember only a boy in the mirror that I couldn’t possibly have been, that was somebody else, a boy who’s still a boy... not me... And when that boy that was supposed to be me came out of the bathroom he had to think about his grandmother again, because she was dead and the house smelled of it and there was no way to forget. Everybody smelled of it. All this is in my book too. *The Man That Turned into a Statue,* that’s what it’s called.” He touched his coat gently; he must have been carrying the notebook there. “Remember why it’s called that?”

“Cause that’s what you’re trying to do,” the girl sneered. “Turn into a statue!”

“My wife too, she’s in there. …She was a small woman with hair your color, she had pierced ears. Bluish hands, as if she could never get them warm. She put a crucifix up on the wall that I could feel watching me, tiny little blind eyes in the crucified man, no eyes at all, really, but I could feel them watching me even in the dark. ...I didn’t want to hate her,” he said angrily. “I didn’t want to hate anyone. Never. Not once. I was always pushed into it, like being pushed into a fire from other people crowding up close. It was like a big whirlpool in the ocean, the deepest part, where everything spins round and round and gets sucked in, and you can’t get away from it. If you ran your whole life in the opposite direction you’d get sucked there anyhow, so what the hell? But I never wanted to hate.”

He hugged her clumsily and she felt a surge of gratitude. He would take care of her. She did not understand much of what he said, did not even listen to it, but she knew he would take care of her. These shoes she wore, right now, he had paid for; he had not even asked for the change. He had seemed not to know there was any change.

“Another incident in my book,” he said in a different voice, a chatty voice, “a man and woman were fighting in a bar. I was there. The man knocked her down right by the juke box, that was all lit up different colors and playing some song. Then he started kicking her and I went over. I said, what the hell are you doing? I told him to stop. But he never paid any attention, and when I pulled his arm he just pushed me away. He never paid any attention. So I went back and sat down. That incident is in there too, with a lot of description. I’m particularly good at description —”

Somewhere close, a dog had begun to bark. The man froze. They could hear the dog running but in the dusk could see only the vague jumbled field beside them. The girl began trembling. “Don’t worry,” the man muttered.

“Bad comes to worst I got this knife.”

The dog appeared before them: not a large dog but nervous and wiry, with a dull black coat and dancing paws and ears cringing back alongside its head. “Here, here boy,” the man said. “It’s okay, boy. We don’t want no trouble. It’s okay.” The dog snarled. It leaped toward them and froze; crouched low, with its mouth twisted up into what looked like a grin. The girl stood behind the man, shivering. She was frightened, not so much by the dog itself as by the way the dog seemed to hate them, as if there were something wrong with them, people the dog had never encountered before. She could feel her own face twisting into a painful mirroring of the dog’s look. “Here, boy. Nice boy. Here, here,” the man pleaded. He even extended his hand. The dog eyed them suspiciously. For a moment it hesitated, as if thinking; then it leaped at the man’s hand. They heard its teeth click. “Bastard,” the man said. The dog fell away as if yanked to one side. The man turned to face it, cracking his knuckles. He began again, murmuring to the dog, bending with his hand out, his shoulders hunched and obsequious. The dog crouched snarling against the road. For some seconds it did not move and the man straightened a little. “Maybe if we just keep on walking,” he said. “Show him we got somewhere to go. Sometimes they let you go, then.”

They walked on. The dog followed them. At first it kept some distance away but then it came nearer; just as the girl glanced around it lunged at the man’s leg, its snarls breaking out into harsh barks that sounded like coughs. The man cried out and kicked it away. “The bastard, why don’t it let us alone! The bastard!” he said. His voice was profoundly sad. The dog retreated and watched them. After a moment the man put his arm around the girl’s shoulders again, to protect her, and they turned to walk on. The girl kept looking back. That dog, she thought, was the kind of dog she had always seen whining at screen doors or looking out car windows, its ears flapping in the wind; it never barked viciously or leaped at anyone. She had been seeing dogs like this all her life but now something was wrong.

Then the dog leaped again. Suddenly it was close behind them and against the man’s legs, its muzzle darting from place to place and its teeth flashing. The man kicked it away but it lunged back at once. Something seemed to enliven it, some inexplicable energy that drove it on, snarling maliciously and desperately. The man cried out in pain. He stooped and picked something up

— a tree branch — and slashed at the dog. The dog pranced and leaped. “Get back or I’ll kill you,” the man sobbed. He tried to flick the branch across the dog’s face but the dog always ducked away. “I’ll kill you, kill you,” he said. He threw the branch at the dog and took out of his pocket the knife he used to clean his fingernails and to pick mud off his shoes. The girl could not tell if he threw himself down on the dog or if his knees suddenly collapsed, jerking and terrified.

When the man got to his feet he was panting violently. He stumbled backward. The dog lay writhing; it was bleeding from a wound in its stomach. The man stared as if he could not remember where he was, what had happened. “Well, you got him,” the girl said hollowly. She touched the man and he did not seem to notice. “He shouldn’t of come after us,” she said. She saw that the front of the man’s pants was speckled with blood. They would get him, then, she thought, and when they did she would say he had kidnapped her. He had forced her to come with him. And they would believe her, and she would wait for another man to come to her just as she had waited for this one...

“Let’s go. Got to keep going,” the man said. He began walking fast. The girl hurried to keep up with him. In a while they saw a house ahead, with its porch light on. “That was their dog. I spose,” the man said. “Think they heard him bark?” But no one was out on the porch. The light was an ugly yellow light that fell upon the porch roof and slashed the floor in half, lighting up an old sofa and some junk but leaving the rest in shadow, and lighting up the driveway and a car parked there on a small incline.

The girl felt terror rising stupidly within her at the sight of this house.

Each window was lit, even the attic window. Someone lived up there — a child, probably. A little bedroom. She knew they would not go past the house but would go in, and this knowledge pressed down upon her like a giant palm on the top of her head. Her legs were suddenly exhausted under the strain. “We had better hurry on past here,” she said.

“But we got to get some food,” the man said. He was still trembling and his voice too was trembling. She had known he would say this. “It’s not like I don’t have the money to pay for it. I do. I’ll pay for it. If I just didn’t have this bad luck always behind me... somebody else would be up in Canada now, all safe, and not make you walk around at night, chased by dogs...”

“I don’t want to go in that house,” the girl said.

“I never asked for no dog to come, that’s for sure,” the man said. They were at the end of the driveway now. The girl had stopped shivering. She saw, brushing behind one of the windows, a woman’s figure, a flash of color drawing back a curtain and almost immediately releasing it. “You think they might know about us, those people in there?” the man said. “Heard about it on the radio or something?”

“How the hell do I know,” said the girl.

“I got to take care of you. I guarantee that. ...” He took a step forward. She wanted to pull him back but instead stared at the side of his face in fascination. What was there about him that enchanted her, what was it in his humble malicious face that seemed to show how he was enchanted as well? “I bet they’re eating in there. Smell it? That’s food. Do you smell it?”

“No, nothing.”

She smelled something else — an odor of blood and earth and night. “Sure you smell it. Potatoes or something. Meat. ...” He put the knife away and went up the driveway. His feet crunched in the gravel. Tediously the girl followed; as he approached the light she saw the bloodstains on his pants, dark wet clots. She was too exhausted to say anything. It did not matter anyway. “We can pay for anything we eat, that’s not the trouble. I pay as I go.

Always have always will. My word is always been good, you can ask anybody that

Before he got to the porch someone was at the door, a fat man in just an undershirt and pants. “Yeah, what do you want?” he said. He loomed up close against the screen door so that his face was dim. “What do you two want?”

“Hello, mister,” said the man in a new voice. He waited for the girl to come up beside him; her legs had begun to ache. “We had a accident up the road and had to walk. Had some trouble. Was wondering if we could —”

“Car trouble?”

“Car trouble, yes, and had to walk, and haven’t eaten for a longtime”

A child appeared behind the man, a girl with long dark hair. The man turned and said something to her; she went away. The girl’s eyes narrowed, seeing her.

“Mister, we had a lot of bad luck and sure would appreciate some help.”

The man hesitated. He had a big stomach that strained against his white undershirt and bulged a little over his belt. Then he said, “We got no telephone here.”

“If we could have something to eat – I – I’ll pay for it – ” “No.”

“I got money, look here. Look, that’s a fact. I’ll pay for it , anything you want. My little girl here – ”

“No.”

The girl wondered if that fat man had seen the blood. He had begun shaking his head, but the man continued up the driveway and went right up to the porch just the same. He muttered all the way, right through the fat man’s angry voice, as if he did not hear it. “I don’t run no roadside restaurant here,” the fat man said, “I don’t have no open house for tramps! What the hell ar e you doing? What do you think you’re – ”

Still with his shoulders bent apologetically, the man opened the screen door and plunged the knife into the fat man’s chest. The girl’s eyes seemed to pinch, jerking her head forward. The fat man had been talking and was now silent. He fell back into the light, his body turning, his arms outstretched, and the girl could see now a brilliant stream of blood emerging out of him as if his words had turned into this. Inside the house, someone screamed. The man went right in the house, as if he were coming home, and with the knife still in his hand ran through to the next room. He might have known all the rooms in the house, nothing would surprise him. The girl, leaning against the door frame, caught the screen door as it swung idly back to her and stared at the dying man; he stared at her. Coldness enveloped her body like a flame. The dying man gazed at her with a look of angry curiosity over the heaving blossom of blood on his chest. From the other room there were screams; something overturned. Crashing. Glass, dishes broken. Every sound was another weight added to her body, making her heavy and old, so that she did not think she would ever be able to move again.

After a minute or so the man returned, still hurrying. “Come on,” he said. “It’s okay. I fixed it.” He pulled at the girl’s arm and she saw that he was trying to smile. “Okay. Everything okay. I’ll take care of you.”

She stared at him. She had forgotten how to talk.

“Come on,” he said. “In here, I got them dragged out back. They won’t bother you now, come on. We better hurry.”

She allowed him to lead her into the kitchen. There things were knocked about — chairs, plates, silverware on the floor, a mess of potatoes down by her feet. They had been eating supper, apparently. Most of the dishes were still on the table. “Come on. Sit. Sit down,” the man said nervously. Blood had splashed up onto his chest and throat, but he did not notice. There was blood smeared faintly on his forehead. The girl, sitting at the table, looked about and saw blood gleaming on the linoleum, by the sink. A screen door led out back into the darkness; there was blood in great sweep strokes, like angels’ wings, to this door and out it, into nothing. The girl sat, slowly. She felt the chair hard beneath her and the table against her cold arms, elbows. “Here, there’s this,” the man said. He pushed a plate toward her: on it were a piece of meat and some mashed potatoes with gravy on them. The gravy was greasy. She looked up to see the man shaking salt on his food. He tried to smile, nervously, brightly, like a host uncertain of his charm. “Okay, come on. We better hurry. Got us a car now but we better hurry anyway. You know how it is.” The girl’s gaze fell back down to the plate before her, as if it were suddenly overcome. Her hand groped for something — a fork. She found one and picked it up. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the man eating, his head lowered toward the plate, like a dog, and turned also a little to the side so that he chewed with a look of precise, methodical concentration. The girl tried to remember something but could not. She could not remember what it was that eluded her, just as she could not get hold of the dreams that pleased her so at night when she woke: everything vanished, brushed away. Was something lost or had she simply passed over into the real world, so that now old things were dismissed and new things had names yet to be learned? She could hear the man chewing.

She poked at the mashed potatoes with the fork. The man, raising his head suddenly, said through a mouthful of food, “Here, it needs this,” and pushed the salt shaker at her. The salt shaker was in the form of a baby chick, bright lacquered yellow. The girl picked it up and shook salt onto the half - eaten food. She watched the tiny white granules fall; they were not lost but remained there, waiting to be eaten. She set the salt shaker down and her fingers brushed against the man’s arm, reaching out for something else across the table. “Got to be always in a hurry, sorry for it,” he muttered, stuffing bread into his mouth, “but it isn’t always going to be like this. I guarantee that. Got us a new life coming up.” She could see the faint pale gleam of his skin beneath his hair, blank and white, something she had never been able to see before. She felt like a bride awakened to a body strange and new.

Kuharenko V.A. suggests the following analysis of this literary text:

Joyce Carol Oates is well-known for the depth and subtlety of her psychological portraits. Unlike most representatives of psychological prose, she seemingly offers explicit characterization of personages: the past of her protagonists which had shaped them into what they are in the story, their preferences and desires motivating their behaviour are given alongside their actions.

“The Man That Turned into a Statue” is a good example of what has just been pointed out: the age of the man and the girl, their appearance, their changing moods, their relations, their past stories, their plans for the future — all is neatly laid out before the reader, so that the task of the interpreter seems deceptively simple, almost primitive. Indeed, if all is said what is there that demands interpreter’s special attention and sophisticated analysis?

While reading a book our first priority is to reveal the author’s point of view, his evaluative perspective, the so-called “idea” of the book, its moral, ethical and aesthetic message which explains why and what for the book was written, in the first place. What underlies the facts of the plot, what is the conceptual information of the book?

Approaching the story with this task in mind we realize that to give answers to these and similar questions is not all that simple, because the author describes the characters in detail but does not pass judgement on them. To reveal the writer’s standpoint, thus, we shall have to carefully collect and consider elements of various levels of the text structure that might be expressive in this respect.

Though the story is told by the effaced author, it often shifts into the girl’s psyche. In fact, the initial accident that had set the characters on their doomed journey is given as a piece of her recollection. It is not undesignedly that such verbs as “to think”, “to feel”, “to recollect”, “to remember”, “to know” are repeatedly used as predicates for the subject “she”. Cf: “The girl remembered suddenly...”, “...she could feel the waiting familiar world...”, “She knew what she was doing now”, “She could feel her own face twisting...”, “They would get him, she thought...”, and many other cases.

The girl’s viewpoint, dominates most descriptions. Besides such explicit signals as “she saw...”, “she could hear...”, “she could see...”, “she could not tell...”, which introduce the girl as the observer, participant and narrator, in many cases there are qualifications of events, which betray her presence in a subtler way: “The girl felt terror rising *stupidly* within her...”, “Someone lived up there — a child, *probably*”, “It was getting dark, and *this* long day was coming to an end, *at last”.* The man is watched and judged by her. The complicated mixture of his attitudes — false self-assuredness, even bravado, alienation and resentment against the whole world, nervousness and desperate viciousness, fright and recklessness, tenderness and cruelty — all these conflicting moods and feelings are censored by the girl.

She does not speak much, and when she does, it is either the monosyllabic “Sure”, or the non-grammatical, sullen and harsh retorts, so that her character is shaped by the author mainly through various forms of the girl’s interior speech, and the blended forms of represented speech, or entrusted narrative. Her outward pose is juxtaposed to her real inner self: clinging to the man for care and support (cf,: “She felt a surge of gratitude. He would take care of her”) she, at the same time, appraises him coldly and calmly (cf: “she was mocking him”, “his humble malicious face”, “she saw the bloodstains on his pants”, “she could see the man eating like a dog”, etc.).

The man’s character, on the other hand, unfolds through external forms of presentation. His actions are described by the omniscient, effaced (the author) or the entrusted (the girl) narrator. His considerations are voiced in lengthy remarks, in the open dialogue.

The juxtaposition of two characters, thus, is carried out an all levels of the textual structure both in form and content, including not only their contrasting roles in the plot, the secretiveness of one *vs* the openness of the other, but also the difference of their compositional presentation and the function of each one in bringing into sharper focus the author’s narrative perspective, i.e. the author’s message.

At first glance the pair looks strange and incongruous, and we are baffled looking for issues that might have brought them together. The author helps us, introducing into the interior speech and daydreaming of one and the voiced speech of the other the bond of unity — the constantly repeated word “hate” and its derivatives — “hatred”, “hateful”. This repetition epitomizes the cause-effect sequence of the tragedy. The girl is filled with hatred towards her drab, dull and dreary existence. The intensity of her resentment is made clear to the reader with a series of metaphors and similies, materializing the feeling into a physically grasped object, discharging “itself into her mouth and down her throat...”, “a tiny seed she carried greedily inside her…. she would let this hatred blossom.”

Alienated from their world, they are uncertain of their surroundings — it is not accidental, that such words as “fear”, “nervousness”, “bafflement”, “uncertainty”, “terror” are used to characterize their momentary feelings. “The girl began trembling”, “The man froze”, “Coldness enveloped her body like a flame” — are their reactions to the impact of the outside world which they both hate.

The roots of her hatred for her parents, home, school, come from the gap between her everyday life and the reality of others, passing by luxurious cars or living in the wonderful world of the movies. The sham made-up glitter of the screen enters her day- dreaming, obscures the demarcation line between the actual and the imagined. The barriers between true — false, moral — immoral, possible —impossible, permitted — forbidden in this situation are destroyed, which inevitably leads to the disintegration of a human being.

Joyce Carol Oates brings her message to the focal point in the small fragment of the girl’s represented speech: “They would get him, then, she thought, and when they did she would say he had kidnapped her. ...and she would wait for another man to come to her just as she had waited for this one...” The girl is not bloodstained. All atrocities were commited by her companion. But her degradation is deeper and more complete than his, because still following him and calmly viewing his actions she had already betrayed him. This eventful night shed her of all scruples and sentiments she might have had and she emerged to a new life of aggressive, self-centered egoism and individualism.

The story is horrifying. Not only and not so much because of the naturalistic and macabre details of multiple murders, but because of their non- provoked, groundless, senseless, even casual character. The final supper scene adds the last link to the chain where social disparity breeds hatred, which leads to violence. But murdering others, one inevitably kills oneself as a human being, loses the right of belonging to mankind, turns to stone.

The title of the story thus is ambivalent. Its immediate direct meaning is explained by the characters themselves — the statue looms above the crowd, the man would catch his luck at last and would rise to the pedestal scorning all those that remained beneath. “Turning into a statue”, twice repeated, is supported by “turning to stone”, which adds a new dimension to the meaning of the phrase, namely: “insensitive, unfeeling, callous”.

The story has an open end, the impending fate of the characters remains unknown. But following the inner logic of their development, laid out by the author, it is possible to prognosticate their future actions and deeds, with adequate accuracy.

The protagonists have no names. They are referred to either as “the man” and “the girl”, or pronominally. This anonymity serves to enhance their typicality, their ordinariness. Both their outrageous and common actions are described in neighbouring sentences, their cold blooded crime and a peaceful meal presented as one sequence of events make both these actions conventional, which strips the protagonists of shocking emotions, as befits those turned to stone.(13)

Text 1

## IT’S JUST THE WAY IT IS

*by H. E. Bates*

November day falls harshly on the clean tarmac, and the wind, turning suddenly, lifts sprays of yellow elm leaves over the black hangars.

The man and the woman, escorted by a sergeant, look very small as they walk by the huge cavernous openings where the bombers are.

The man, who is perhaps fifty and wears a black overcoat and bowler hat, holds an umbrella slantwise over the woman, who is about the same age, but very grey and slow on her feet, so that she is always a pace or two behind the umbrella and must bend her face against the rain.

On the open track beyond the hangars, they are caught up by the wind, and are partially blown along huddled together. Now and then the man looks up at the Stirlings, which protrude over the track, but he looks quickly away again and the woman does not look at all.

“Here we are, sir,” the sergeant says at last. The man says “Thank you,” but the woman does not speak.

They have come to a long one-storeyed building, painted grey, with “Squadron Headquarters” in white letters on the door. The sergeant opens the door for them and they go in, the man flapping and shaking the umbrella as he closes it down.

The office of the Wing Commander is at the end of a passage; the sergeant taps on the door, opens it and salutes. As the man and woman follow, the man first, taking off his hat, the woman hangs a little behind, her face passive.

“Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, sir,” the sergeant says. “Oh, yes, good afternoon.” The sergeant saluting closes the door and goes.

“Good afternoon, sir,” the man says. The woman does not speak.

“Won’t you please sit down, madam?” the Wing Commander says. “And you too, sir. Please sit down.” He pushes forward two chairs, and slowly the man and the woman sit down, the

man leaning his weight on the umbrella.

The office is small and there are no more chairs. The Wing Commander

remains standing, his back resting against a table, beyond which, on the wall, the flight formations are ticketed up.

He is quite young, but his eyes, which are glassy and grey, seem old and focused distantly so that he seems to see far beyond the man and the woman and even far beyond the grey-green Stirlings lined up on the dark tarmac in the rain. He folds his arms across his chest and is glad at last when the man looks up at him and speaks.

“We had your letter, sir. But we felt we should like to come and see you, too.” “I am glad you came.”

“I know you are busy, but we felt we must come. We felt you wouldn’t mind.” “Not at all. People often come.”

“There are just some things we should like to ask you.” “I understand.”

The man moves his lips, ready to speak again, but the words do not come. For a moment his lips move like those of someone who stutters, soundlessly, quite helplessly. His hands grip hard on the handle of the umbrella, but still the words do not come and at last it is the Wing Commander who speaks.

“You want to know if everything possible was done to eliminate an accident?”

The man looks surprised that someone should know this, and can only nod his head.

“Everything possible was done.” “Thank you, sir.”

“But there are things you can never foresee. The weather forecast may say, for example, no cloud over Germany, for perhaps sixteen hours, but you go over and you find a thick layer of cloud all the way, and you never see your target—and perhaps there is severe icing as you come home.”

“Was it like this when...”

“Something like it. You never know. You can’t be certain.” Suddenly, before anyone can speak again, the engines of a Stirling close by are revved up to a roar that seems to shake the walls of the room; and the woman looks up startled, as if terrified that the plane will race forward and crash against the windows. The roar of airscrews rises furiously and then falls again, and the sudden rise and fall of sound seems to frighten her into speech.

“Why aren’t you certain? Why can’t you be certain? He should never have gone out! You must know that! You must know it! You must know that he should never have gone!”

“Please,” the man says.

“Day after day you are sending out young boys like this. Young boys who haven’t begun to live. Young boys who don’t know what life is.' Day after day you send them out and they don’t come back and you don’t care! You don’t care!”

She is crying bitterly now and the man puts his arm on her shoulder. She is wearing a fur and he draws it a fraction closer about her neck.

“You don’t care, do you! You don’t care! It doesn’t matter to you You don’t care!”

“Mother,” the man says.

Arms folded, the Wing Commander looks at the floor,, silently waiting for her to stop. She goes on for a minute or more longer, shouting and crying her words, violent and helpless, until at last she is exhauste: and stops. Her fur slips off her shoulder and falls to the ground, an: the man picks it up and holds it in his hands, helpless, too.

The Wing Commander walks over to the window and looks out. The airscrews of the Stirling are turning smoothly, shining like steel pin- wheels in the rain, and now, with the woman no longer shouting, the room seems very silent, and finally the Wing Commander walks back across the room and stands in front of the man and woman again.

“You came to ask me something,” he says. “Take no notice, sir. She is upset.” “You want to know what happened? Isn’t that it?” “Yes, sir. It would help us a little, sir.” The Wing Commander says very quietly:

“Perhaps I can tell you a little. He was always coming to me and asking to go out on operations. Most of them do that. But he used to come and beg to be allowed to go more than most. So more often than not it was £ question of stopping him from going rather than making him go. I: was a question of holding him back. You see?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And whenever I gave him a trip he was very happy. And the crew were happy. They liked going with him. They liked being together because they liked him so much and they trusted him. There were sever, of them and they were all together.”

The woman is listening, slightly lifting her head.

“It isn’t easy to tell you what happened on that'trip. But we know, that conditions suddenly turned very bad and that there was bad clou: for a long way. And we know that they had navigational difficulties and that they got a long way off their course.”

“Even that might not have mattered, but as they were coming back the outer port engine went. Then the radio transmitter went and the receiver. Everything went wrong. The wireless operator somehow got the transmitter and the receiver going again, but then they ran short of petrol. You see, everything was against him.”

“Yes, sir.”

“They came back the last hundred miles at about a thousand feet. But they trusted him completely, and he must have known they trusted him. A crew gets like that—flying together gives them this tremendous faith in each other.”

“Yes, sir.”

“They trusted him to get them home, and he got them home. Everything was against him. He weathered the outer starboard engine and then, in spite of everything, got them down on two engines. It was a very good show. A very wonderful show.”

The man is silent, but the woman lifts her head. She looks at the Wing Commander for a moment or two, immobile, very steady, and then says, quite distinctly, “Please tell us the rest.”

“There is not much,” he says. “It was a very wonderful flight, but they were out of luck. They were up against all the bad luck in the world. When they came to land they couldn’t see the flare-path very well, but he got them down. And then, as if they hadn’t had enough, they came down slightly off the runway and hit an obstruction. Even then they didn’t crash badly. But it must have thrown him and he must have hit his head somewhere with great force, and that was the end.”

“Yes, sir. And the others?” the man says.

“They were all right. Even the second pilot. I wish you could have talked to them. It would have helped if you could have talked to them. They know that he brought them home. They know that they owe everything to him.”

“Yes, sir.”

The Wing Commander does not speak, and the man very slowly puts the fur over the woman’s shoulders. It is like a signal for her to get up, and as she gets to her feet the man stands up too, straightening himself, no longer leaning on the umbrella.

“I haven’t been able to tell you much,” the Wing Commander says. "It’s just the way it is.”

“It’s everything,” the man says.

For a moment the woman still does not speak, but now she stands quite erect. Her eyes are quite clear, and her lips, when she does speak at last, are quite calm and firm.

“I know now that we all owe something to him,” she says. “Good-bye.” “Good- bye, madam.”

“Good-bye, sir,” the man says. “You are all right for transport?” “Yes, sir. We have a taxi.”

“Good. The sergeant will take you back.” “Good-bye, sir. Thank you.”

“Good-bye,” the woman says. “Good-bye”.

They go out of the office. The sergeant meets them at the outer door, and the man puts up the umbrella against the rain. They walk away along the wet perimeter, dwarfed once again by the grey-green noses of the Stirlings. They walk steadfastly, almost proudly, and the man holds the umbrella a little higher than before, and the woman, keeping up with him now, lifts her head.

And the Wing Commander, watching them from the window, momentarily holds his face in his hands.

“Good. The sergeant will take you back.” “Good-bye, sir. Thank you.”

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And the Wing Commander, watching them from the window, momentarily holds his face in his hands.

## Questions and tasks:

1. Say a few words about the author and the cultural context.
2. Relate the plot of the story.
3. Characterize the composition of the text.
4. What is the conceptual information of the text?
5. What is the role of poetic details in revealing information ?
6. What are stylistic devices? Describe their functions.
7. Comment on the vocabulary of the text (literary, bookish, foreign words, poetic words, colloquialisms, neologisms, slang and so on.), famed thematic and key words.
8. Comment on the implicit information (implicit title, implicit detail, SDs).
9. Comment on the meaning of the title and connect it with the conceptual information.

Text 2

## Eve

*By J. Galsworthy*

The honourable Wilfrid Desert’s rooms were opposite a picture gallery off Cork Street. The only male member of the aristocracy writing verse that any one would print, he had chosen them for seclusion rather than for comfort. His “junk” however, was not devoid of the taste and luxury which overflows from the greater houses of England. Furniture from the Hampshire seat of the Cornish nobleman, Lord Mullyon, had oozed into two vans, when Wilfrid settled in. He was seldom to be found, however, in his nest, and was felt to be a rare bird, owing his rather unique position among the younger writers partly to his migratory reputation. He himself hardly, perhaps, knew where he spent his time, or did his work, having a sort of mental claustrophobia, a dread of being hemmed-in by people. When the war broke out he had just left Eton; when the war was over he was twenty-three, as old a young man as ever turned a stave. His friendship with Michael, begun in hospital, had languished and renewed itself suddenly, when in 1920 Michael joined Danby and Winter, Publishers, of Blake Street, Covent Garden. The scattery enthusiasm of the sucking publisher had been roused by Wilfrid ‘s verse. Hob-nobbing lunches over the poems of one in need of literary anchorage, had been capped by the firm’s surrender to Michael’s insistence. The mutual intoxication of the first book Wilfridhad written and the first book Michael had sponsored was crowned at Michael’s wedding. Best man! Since then, so far as Desert could be tied to anything, he had been tied to those two; nor, to do him justice, had he realized till a month ago that the attraction was not Michael, but Fleur. Desert never spoke of the war, it was not possible to learn from his own mouth an effect which he might have summed up thus: “I lived so long with horror and death; I saw men so in the raw; I put hope of anything out of my mind so utterly, that I can never more have the faintest respect for theories, promises, conventions, moralities, and principles. I have hated too much the men who wallowed in them while I was wallowing in mud and blood. Illusion is off. No religion and no philosophy will satify me – words, all words. I have still my senses – no thanks to them; am still capable – I find – of passion; can still grift my teeth and grin; have still some feeling of trench loyalty, but whether real or just a complex, I don’t yet know. I am dangerous, but not so dangerous as those who trade in words, principles, theories, and all manner of fanatical idiocy to be worked out in the blood and sweat of other men. The war’s done one thing for me – converted life to comedy. Laugh at it – there’s nothing else to do!”

Leaving the concert hall on the Friday night, he had walked straight home to his rooms. And lying down full length on a monk’s seat of the fifteenth century, restored with down cushions and silk of the twentieth, he crossed his hands behind his head and delivered himself to these thoughts: I am not going on like this. She has bewitched me. It doesn’t mean anything to her. But it means hell to me. I’ll finish with it on Sunday ---Persia’s a good place. Arabia’s a good place – plenty of blood and sand! She’s incapable of giving anything up. How has she hooked herself into me! By trick of eyes, and hair, by her walk, by the sound of her voice ---by trick of warmth, scent, colour. Fling her cap over the windmill ---not she! What then? Am I to hang about her Chinese fireside and her little Chinese dog; and have this ache and this fever because I can’t be kissing her? I’d rather be flying again in the middle of Boche whiz-bangs! Sunday! How women like to drag out agonies! It’ ll be just this afternoon all over again. “How unkind of you to go, when you friendship is so precious to me! Stay, and be my tame cat, Wilfrid !” No, my dear, for once you’re up against it! And—so am I, by the Lord!.....

When in that gallery which extends asylum to British art, those two young people met so accidentally on Sunday morning in front of Eve smelling at the flowers of the Garden of Eden, there were present also six mechanics in various stages of decomposition, a custodian and a couple from the provinces, none of whomseemed capable of observing anything whatever. And, indeed, that meeting was inexpressive. Two young people, of the disillusioned class, exchanging condemnations of the past. Desert with his off-hand speech, his smile, his well-tailored informality, suggested no aching heart. Of the two Fleur was the paler and more interesting. Desert kept saying to himself: “No melodrama—that’s all it would be!”. And Fleur was thinking: If I can keep him ordinary like this, I shan’t lose him, because he’ll never go away without a proper outburst.” It was not until they found themselves a second time before the Eve, that he said:

“I don’t know why you asked me to come, Fleur. It’s playing the goat for no earthly reason. I quite understand your feeling. I’m a bit of ‘Ming’ that you don’t want to lose. But it’s not good enough, my dear; and that’s all about it.” “How horrible of you, Wilfrid!” “Well! Here we part! Give us your flipper.”

His eyes - rather beautiful – looked dark and tragic above the smile on his lips, and she said stammering:

“Wilfrid - I - I don’t know. I want time. I can’t bear you to be unhappy. Don’t go away! Perhaps I - I shall be unhappy, too; I – I don’t know.”

Through Desert passed the bitter thought: She can’t let go --- she doesn’t know how. But he said quite softly: ”Cheer up, my child; you’ll be over all that in a fortnight. I’ll send you something to make up. Why shouldn’t I make it China--- one place is as good as another is? I’ll send you a bit of real ‘Ming’, of a better period than this”

Fleur said passionately:

“You’re insulting! Don’t!”

“I beg your pardon. I don’t want to leave you angry.” “What is it you want of me?”

“Oh! no – come! This is going over it twice. Besides, since Friday I’ve been thinking. I want nothing, Fleur, except a blessing and your hand. Give me! Come on!”

Fleur put her hand behind her back. It was too mortifying! He took her for a cold-blooded, collecting little cat – clutching and playing with mice that she didn’t want to eat!

“You think I’m made of ice,” she said, and her teeth caught her upper lip: “Well, I’m not!”

Desert looked at her; his eyes were very wretched. “I didn’t mean to play up your pride,” he said. “Let’s drop it, Fleur. It isn’t any good.”

Fleur turned and fixed her eyes on the Eve – rumbustious-looking female, care- free, avid, taking her fill of flower perfume! Why not be care-free, take anything that came along? Not so much love in the world that one could afford to pass, leaving it unsmelled, unplucked. Run away! Go to the East! Of course, she couldn’t do anything extravagant like that! But, perhaps --- What did it matter? One man or another, when neither did you really love!

From under herdrooped, white, dark-lashed eyelids she saw the expression on his face, and that he was standing stiller than the statues. And suddenly she said:” You will be a fool to go.Wait!” And without another word or look, she walked away, leaving Desert breathless before the avid Eve.

## Questions and tasks:

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